

MAN'S WORLD

SEVEN / JULY 2022

& RAW EGG JO



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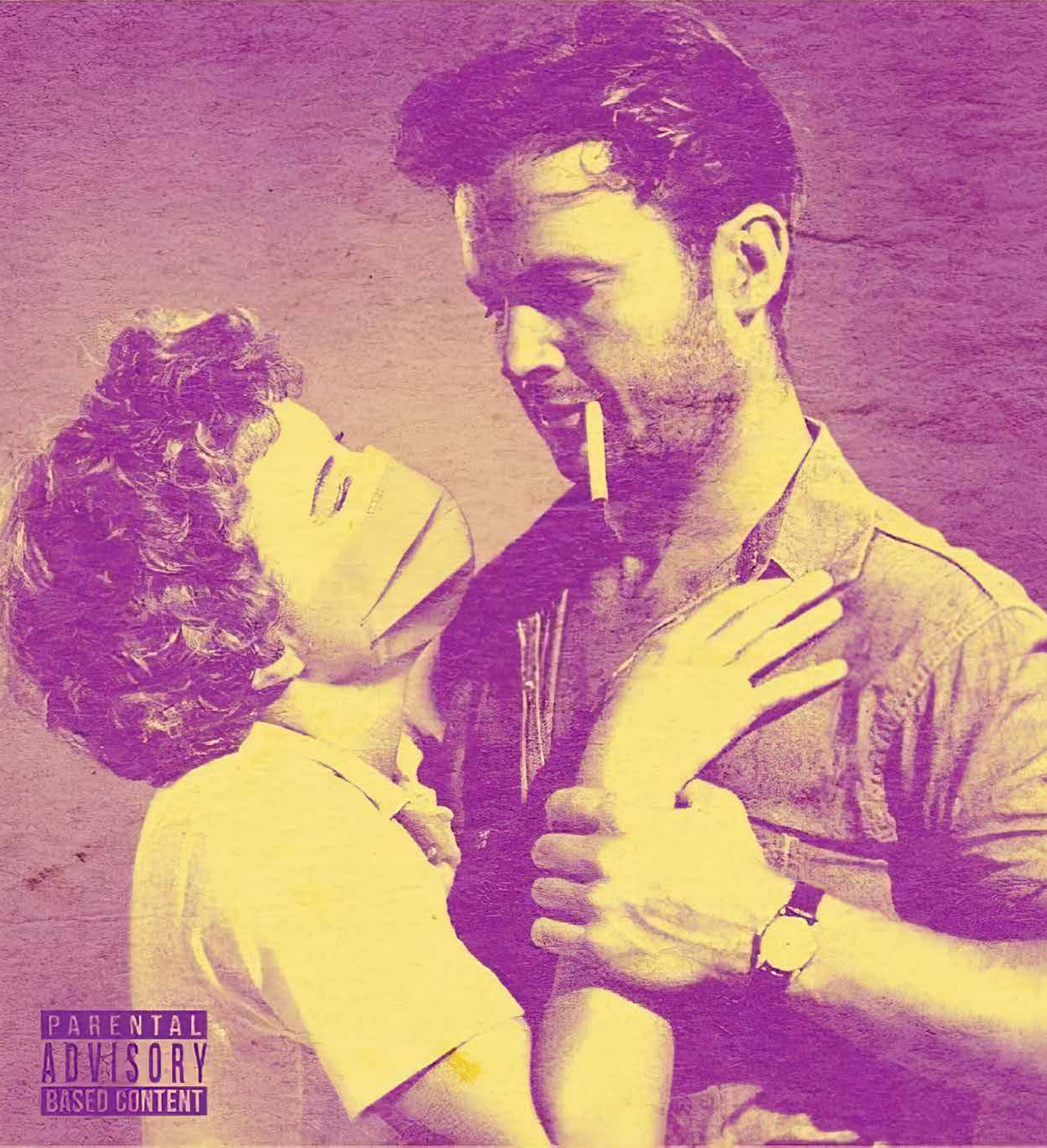
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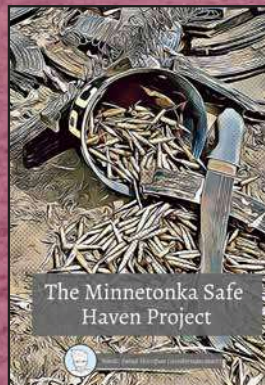
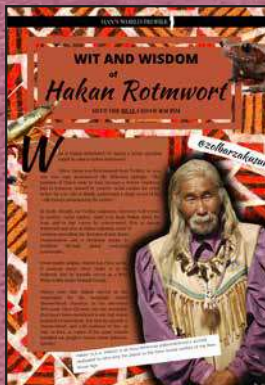
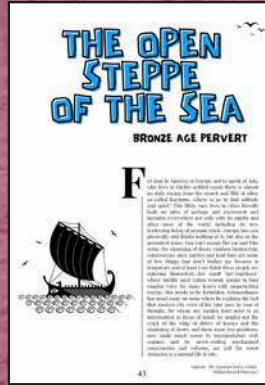
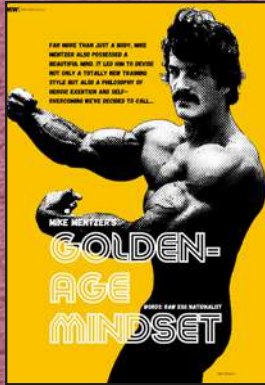
RAW EGG NATIONALIST PRESENTS

MAN'S WORLD 2021



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
BASED CONTENT

RETURN TO THE GOLDEN AGE OF MEN'S MAGAZINES WITH MAN'S WORLD: WHERE MEN CAN BE MEN – NO APOLOGIES GIVEN!



Founded in late 2020 by the Raw Egg Nationalist, MAN'S WORLD has one simple aim: to make men's magazines great again. Here, in the first ever annual, the Raw Egg Nationalist presents the best material from the year's four ground-breaking issues, together with exclusive, new articles and classic, annual content like games, trivia, and a whole lot more.

200 pages of the finest masculine content, featuring essays and articles by Bronze Age Pervert, Zero HP Lovecraft, Faisal Marzipan and many more of the finest writers on the right side of Twitter.



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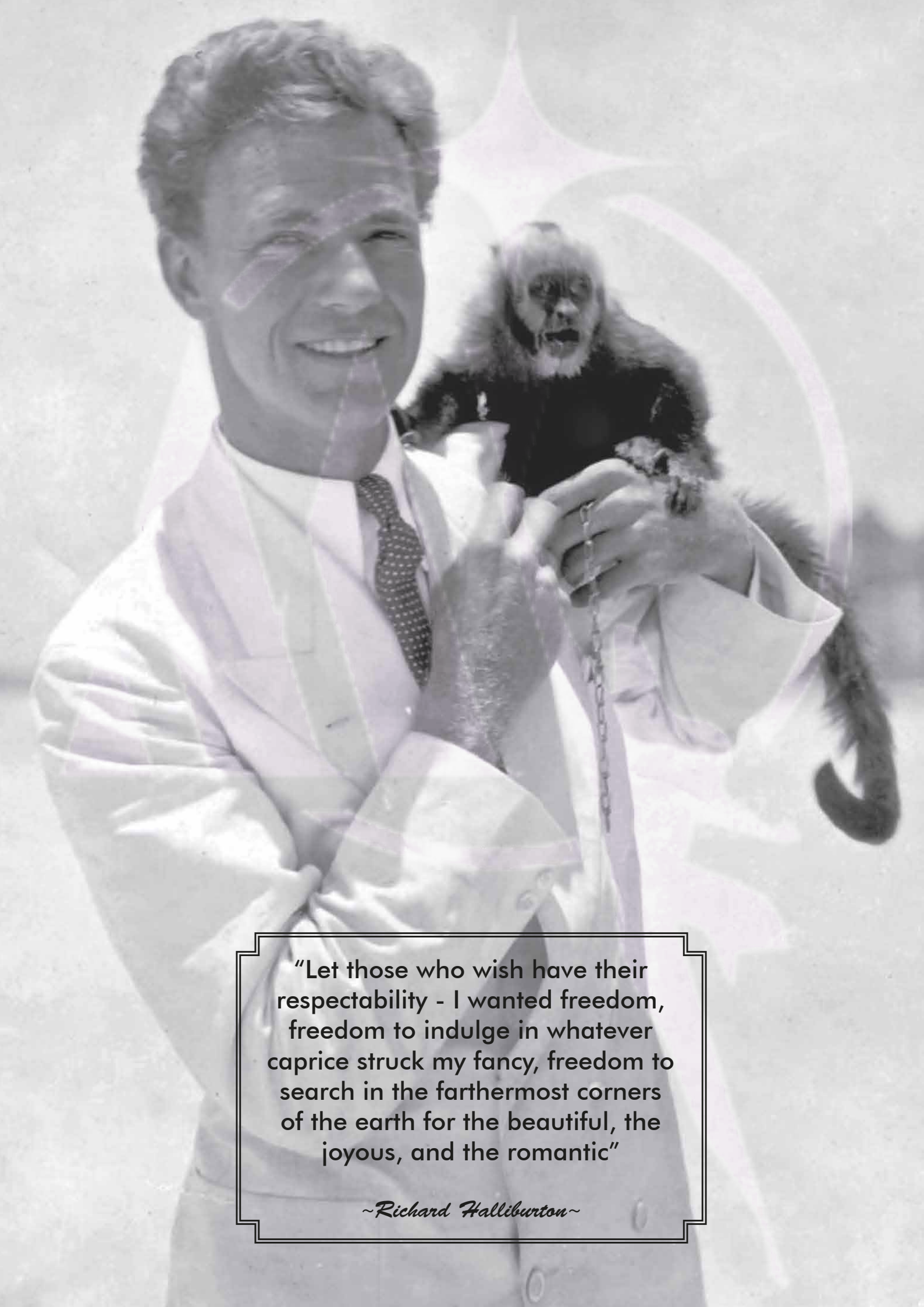


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"Let those who wish have their respectability - I wanted freedom, freedom to indulge in whatever caprice struck my fancy, freedom to search in the farthest corners of the earth for the beautiful, the joyous, and the romantic"

~Richard Halliburton~

MAN'S WORLD

SEVEN / JULY 2022

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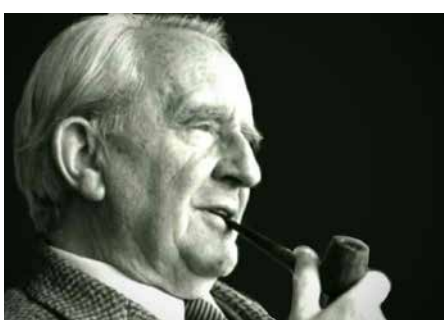
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OTHER FEATURES: THE 39 STEPS, THE CANBERRA FREEDOM PROTEST, RICHARD POE, LETTERS FROM TOLKIEN, FITNESS, FOOD, ROBINSON JEFFERS, MAN'S WORLD SHORTS



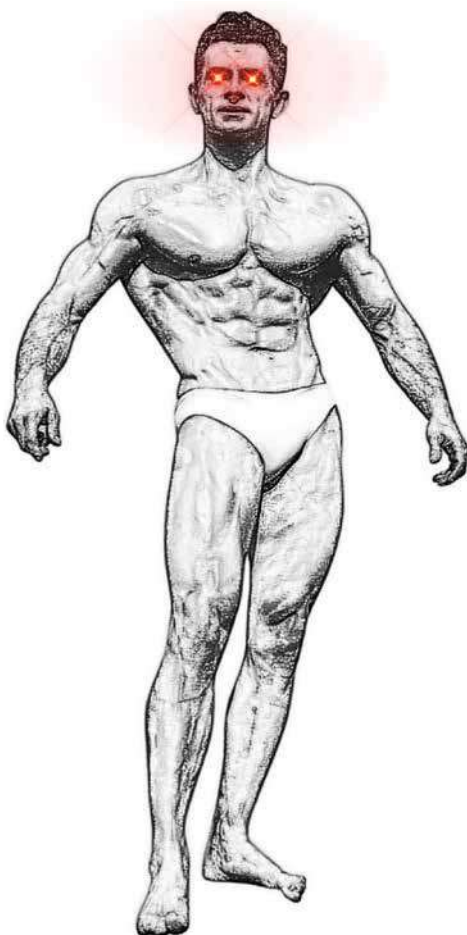
“Hello again! Sorry about the red light.”

Oh, you’re back! Excuse me one moment while I just switch this bloody contraction off... Ah yes, there it is. Anyway, as I was... My eyes are up here, anon – not down there!

Ahem. As I was saying: welcome back, my friend. Welcome to MAN’S WORLD Issue Seven! What a wonderful cover, don’t you think? A work of art. My good friend MIRUMNI did that. He did the covers for my paperback books and he’s currently whipping up some incredible MAN’S WORLD and raw egg nationalism t-shirts. They should be out soon. Watch this space.

A lot’s happened since the last issue dropped. Some good, some bad. The Tucker “testicle tanning” controversy (hence the cover). I’m reliably informed that the documentary, *The End of Men*, which I feature in, will be releasing within the next month. That’s very good. Roe v. Wade. That’s very good too. Uvalde, Ukraine, spiralling inflation and food shortages. Not so good. Life continues to serve us shit sandwiches. So it goes.

Another good thing: I finished writing my new book, *The Eggs Benedict Option*, which will be coming out very soon. To that end, I’ve written an opinion piece outlining the premise of the book – the World Economic Forum’s plan to transform the way we eat, and the way we live, for the worse – and my response



@babygravy9

to that plan, the eponymous Eggs Benedict Option. This is just one of the opinion pieces we’ve got this issue, which include stellar contributions from EVELYN RAE and my fellow Anglo JACK HADFIELD. What else? BRONZE AGE PERVERT returns. We have an amazing comic from ROBOT. A stunning short story about a whale-bone carver by PO HUIXOTE, “The Scrimshander”. And two more fantastic pieces of short fiction too, as well as the continuing serialisation of THE 39 STEPS. We have art: a feature on the surreal, sepulchral art of Zachary Brown; five wonderful illustrations by GRAMAN FOCWALD (@gramanhfocwald on Twitter), which appear dotted throughout the magazine; and five glorious physical studies by MATTHEW THE STOAT. We have interviews: SAM FINLAY, author of *Breakfast with the Dirt Cult*, interviews cult icon JAMES LA FOND and his friend and collaborator LYNNE LOCKHART; and NOOR BIN LADIN returns for another *Conversation*, this time with the equally lovely AMANDA MILIUS. We have motoring, poetry, a book review, wonderful essays on manual labour and vitalist philosophy. The legendary King Arthur. How to interpret bloodwork. Fitness and food. And much, much more.

In short, MAN’S WORLD Issue Seven has it all. Why read anything else? 🍳

“A lot’s happened since the last issue dropped.”

WANT TO WRITE FOR MAN’S WORLD?



Here at Man’s World, we’re always looking for new contributors to dazzle, inform and amuse our readership, which, after four issues now stands at well over 150k. If you have an idea for an article, of any kind, or even a

new section or regular feature, don’t hesitate to get in contact either by tweeting @babygravy9 or sending an email to mansworldmagazine@protonmail.com.

Generally, the word limit for articles is 3,000; although we will accept longer and (much) shorter articles where warranted. Take a look at the sections in this issue for guidance and inspiration.

MAN'S WORLD

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deputy editor

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

art director

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“What Are...”, by Ivan Yonchev

Translated by Viktor

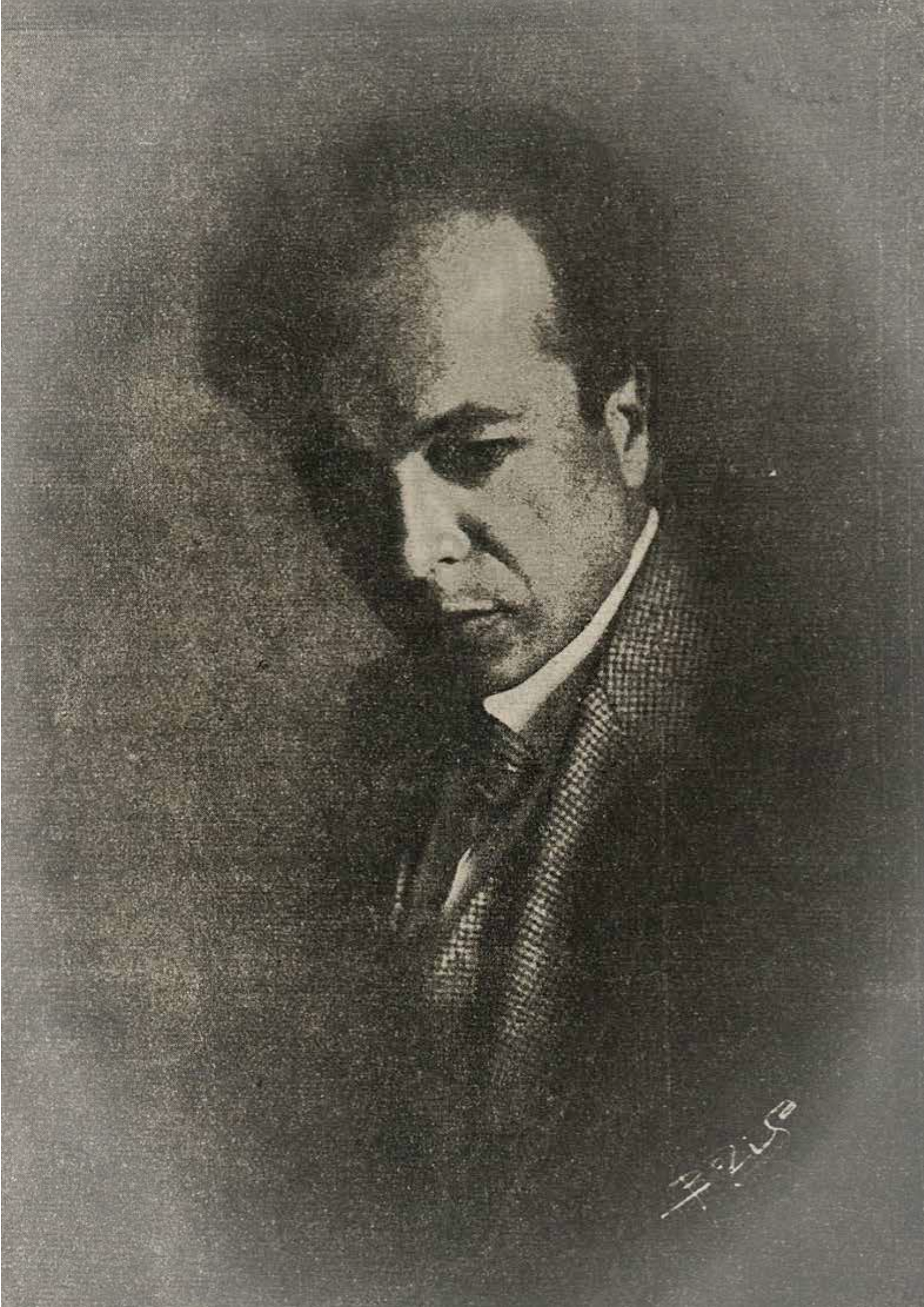
*Yonchev (1884-1918) was a Bulgarian poet.
Most of his works remain untranslated into English.*

What are, dear father, the stars in the sky,
Which with their beauty light up the dark dome?
Those are, my son, the eyes of the dead,
Of all those who died in defence of their home.

What are, dear father, the flowers in the meadows,
Which grow so gently in summer's warm light?
Those are, my son, the hearts of the dead,
The hearts of all those who fell in the fight.

The zephyrs, my father, what are they those winds
Which caress us all and bring wondrous mirth?
Those are, my son, the souls of the dead,
Wandering and seeking the place of their birth.

And what is the sun then, my father,
The sun shining brightly over our land?
That, my young son, that is the glory
Which every immortal leaves after the end.



4250

NEE

W

NEW WRITE

**A podcast for the lost arts,
reclaiming the literary Holy Land
from the heathen**



NOT A CELLPHONE IN SIGHT.





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FACTS JULY 4, 1776 **AND FIGURES**

July 4 2022 is the 246th anniversary of the presentation of the Declaration of Independence to Congress. Or is it?

Never

The scene depicted in this painting never took place. The committee that presented the draft only had five members (Adams, Sherman, Livingston, Jefferson and Franklin)

AUGUST 2 1776

The actual date when most of the representatives signed the Declaration, although some did not sign until as late as 1777

JULY 2 1776

The date when Congress approved Richard Henry Lee's resolution that the Thirteen Colonies were declaring independence from Britain

JULY 4 1776

The date when the Declaration of Independence was printed, which is why this date appears on the document



46

The number of representatives depicted in the painting

57

The number of representatives who actually signed the Declaration



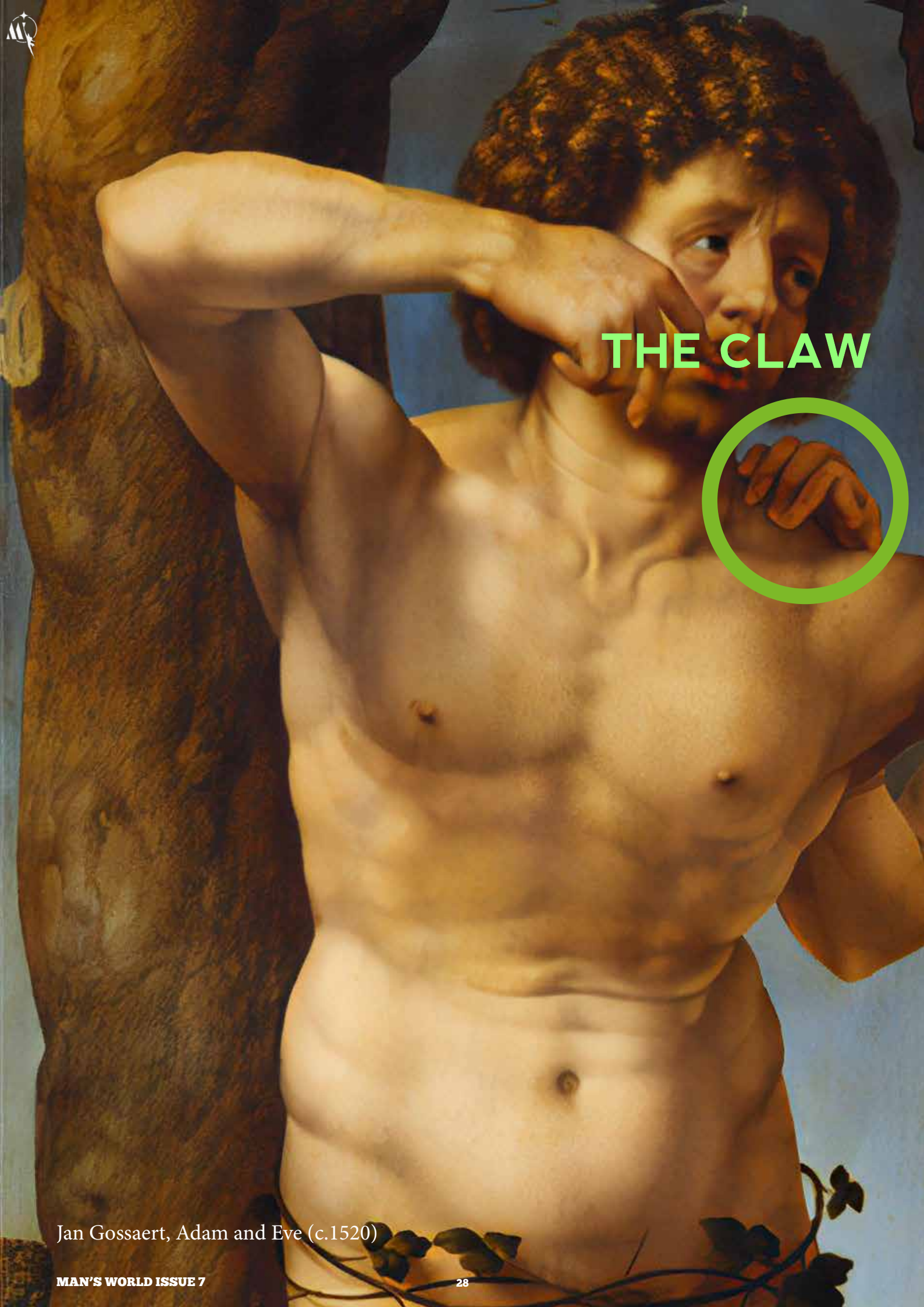
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WITH A TWIST.



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THE CLAW



Jan Gossaert, Adam and Eve (c.1520)

THE HISTORY OF WESTERN ART

with RIVELINO
THE ARTIST





THE AMARETTO SOUR

Try this iconic egg-white cocktail

WHAT YOU NEED

- 1 ½ ounces (3 tablespoons) amaretto
- ½ ounce (1 tablespoon) bourbon whiskey
- 1 ounce (2 tablespoons) lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon simple syrup or maple syrup
- 1 egg white
- 2 dashes Angostura bitters
- For the garnish: cocktail cherry and/or a lemon slice

WHAT TO DO

- Add all of the ingredients (except the garnish) to a cocktail shaker without ice. Shake for 15 seconds.
- Add the ice to the cocktail shaker. Shake again for 30 seconds.
- Strain the drink into a glass; the foam will collect at the top. Garnish with the cherry and /or lemon slice on a cocktail stick.



HM Government

NHS

SUSAN IS DYING OF MONKEYPOX

**BECAUSE YOU WENT TO A
GAY CHEMSEX FESTIVAL ON
THE CANARY ISLANDS**

ZIP UP YOUR TROUSERS > SAVE LIVES > PROTECT THE NHS

Anon has a thought

Anonymous (ID: 32fdXBFz) [Canada]

05/24/22(Tue)19:41:15 No.379317962

>>379314985 #

After a few decades of living in this world, you develop a sixth sense for sensing patterns, blatant bullshit and probability (especially if you happen to have a brain that was geared towards these things to begin with).

These frequent killings of groups of random innocent people simply aren't possible.

People in the U.S. -- if they're actually going to arrive at a point where they're willing to kill a group of people -- are many thousand times more likely to kill a group of people that they feel engaged in injustice against them or people they know or care about.

If these random mass killings were legitimate, there would simultaneously be many thousand times more killings & bombings of politicians, CEO's, bosses in meetings, malpractice doctors, churches involved in molestation, police departments, etc.

Killings of random people in schools, movie theatres, restaurants & such would be virtually non-existent in comparison.

But if the CIA were staging events to scare people into believing that they're not safe anywhere, and that police state expansion and support of military invasions is needed to keep them safe, well, then what we're currently seeing is exactly what you'd expect to see.

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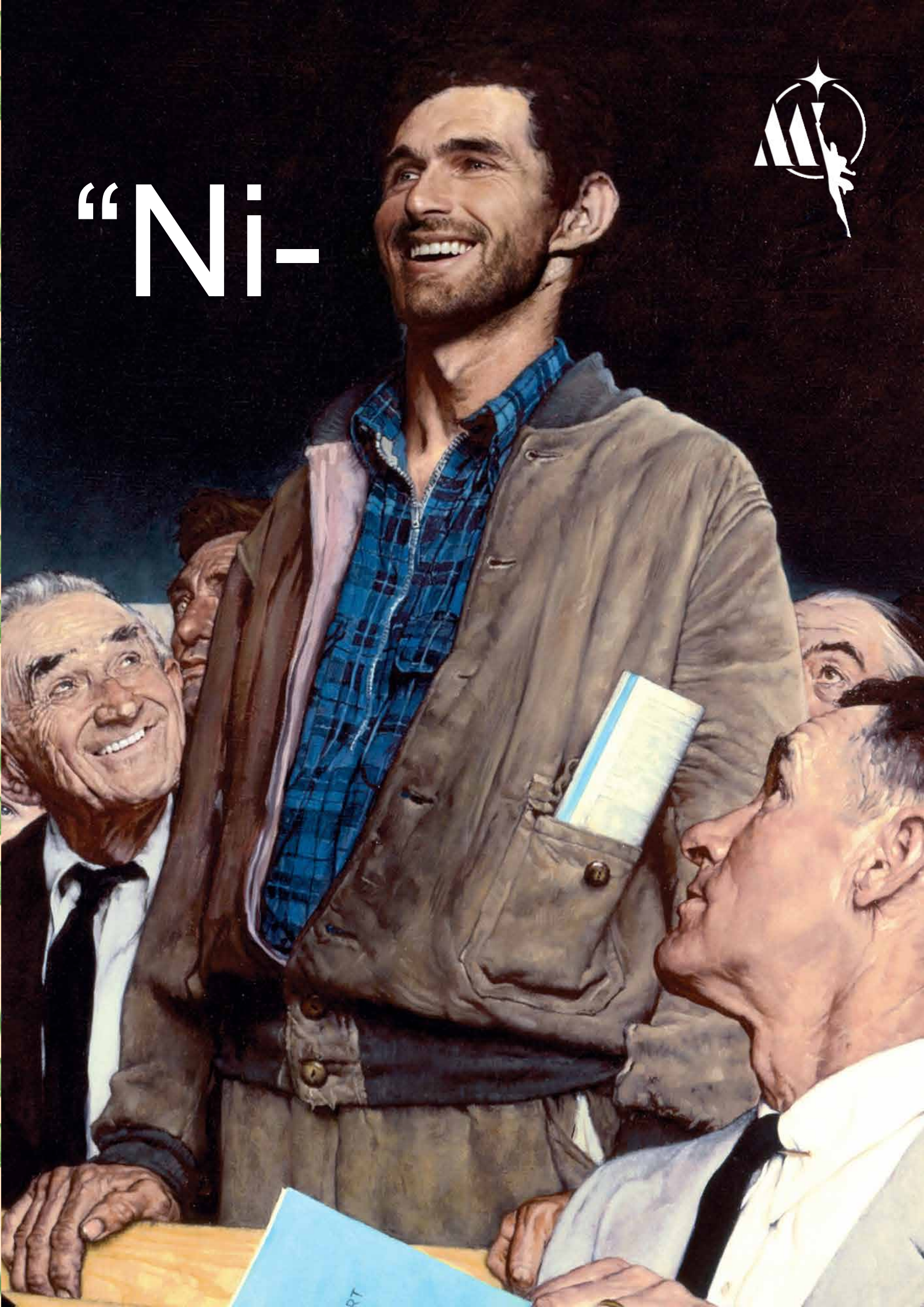
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THE ABSOLUTE STATE OF BLUECHECK TWITTER

CARTOONS BY ENDING BIGLY PROMOTIONAL ACCOUNT (@endingbigly)



GETTING THERAPY TO BECOME LIKE 90%+ OF THE POPULATION IS LIKE HAVING A LIMB CHOPPED OFF AND SHOULD BE BANNED!

UNLIKE HAVING YOUR DICK CHOPPED OFF, WHICH IS NOT AT ALL LIKE HAVING A LIMB CHOPPED OFF, AND MUST BE ENCOURAGED!

WOMAN AREN'T SPECIAL...

100



**EVERY WOMAN HAVE BOBS AND
VAGINE. DON'T LET MESS WITH YOUR
HEAD. NOT EVERY MAN SUCCESSFUL.
YOU ARE THE REAL CATCHES.**



FOLLOW @LIFEMATHCURRY

WHO

HE

?

ΑΜΟΜ
ΒΔΒΜ



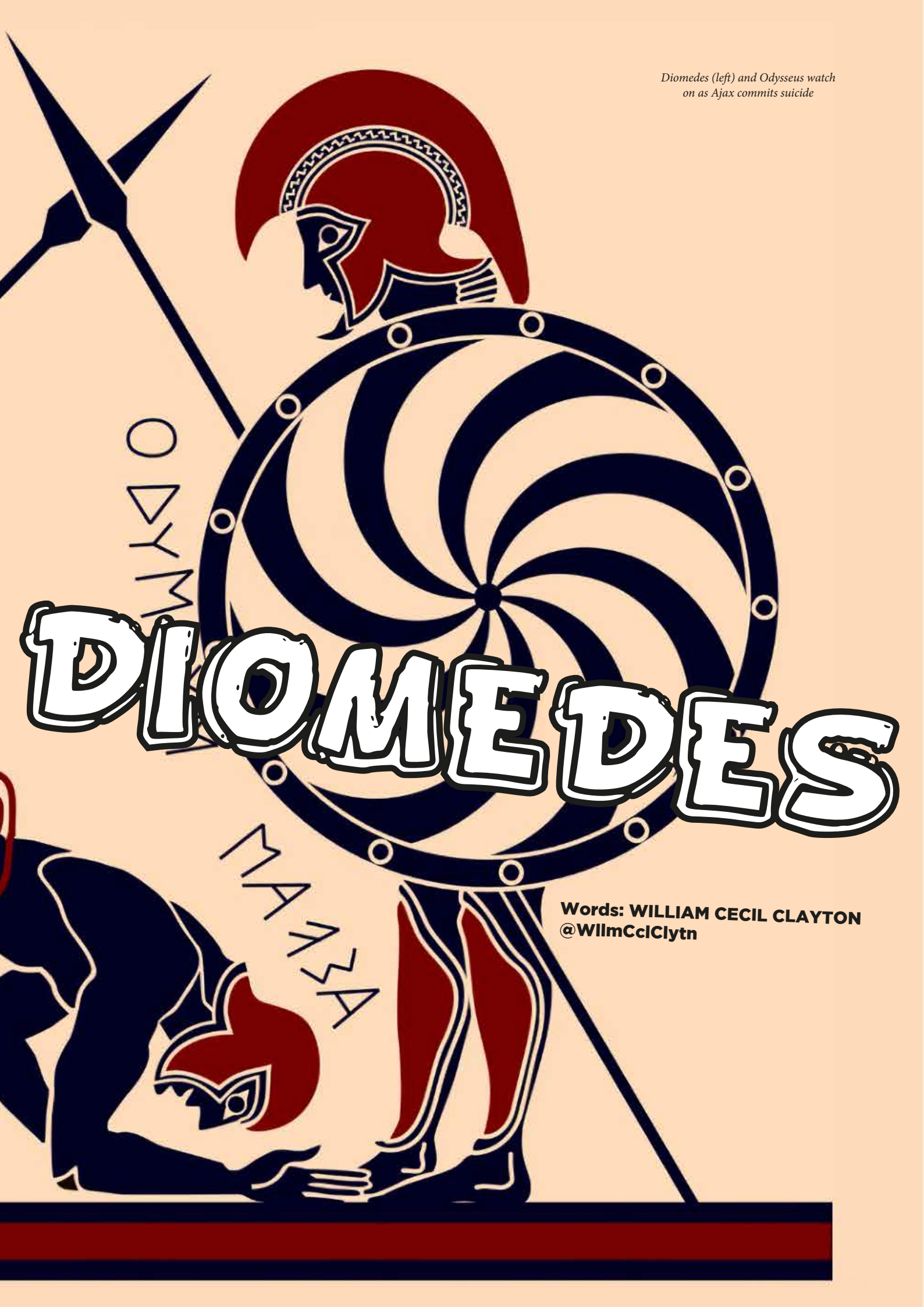
*Diomedes (left) and Odysseus watch
on as Ajax commits suicide*

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

DIOMEDES

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Words: WILLIAM CECIL CLAYTON
@WllmCclClytn





Between the Black ships and the walls of Troy, a man became a lion of fire. This man was Diomedes son of Tydeus. He is best remembered for his actions at Troy in the Late Bronze Age (possibly 1194-1184), but who he is and what he did beyond this is largely forgotten – the subject of myth and speculation.

His father Tydeus was an Aetolian prince who was exiled. Tydeus found refuge in Argos, marrying the king's daughter. He went to Thebes as one of seven champions set on restoring the deposed king Polynices to the throne. The campaign was a failure, with six of the seven champions being killed. The legend says that Athena wanted to grant Tydeus immortality with a special elixir she got from Zeus. However, Tydeus split open the head of the man who mortally wounded him and devoured his brains. This disgusted Athena so much that she let him die.

Diomedes was only four when his father was killed at Thebes. At the funeral, the sons of all the champions swore that they would bring Thebes down to avenge their fathers. They were known as the Epigoni and ten years later they brought war to Thebes. The campaign of the Epigoni was the basis of multiple epics, all of which have been lost to time. This was Diomedes' first major campaign, at the tender age of 15. During the fighting, Diomedes' uncle and heir to the throne of Argos was killed. Adrastus, king of Argos, upon hearing that his son was killed, died of grief. Diomedes was next in line for the throne. Arriving in Argos after avenging his father's death he became king.

Diomedes is described by

Dares Phrygius as "...stocky, brave, dignified, and austere. No one was fiercer in battle. He was loud at the war-cry, hot-tempered, impatient, and daring.' By all accounts, Diomedes was an excellent ruler. His virtue and statecraft were well respected across Greece. His powerful war cry is one thing every account of him mentions.

During Diomedes's reign, his grandfather Oeneus, king of Calydon, was driven off his throne by the sons of Agrius. From here the accounts differ. Apollodorus says that Oeneus was imprisoned and tortured by the sons of Agrius and Pausanias says that Oeneus fled to Argos. Either way, they agree that Diomedes came and took the throne of Calydonia from the sons of Agrius. When Oeneus died Diomedes founded a city west of Argos and below the mountain Artemisium where he buried his grandfather and named it Oenoe in remembrance.

Diomedes brought 80 ships to Troy. Every source on the matter says Diomedes' participation and experience at war were vital for the Achaeans' victory. In skill and prowess, Diomedes was second only to Achilles. His wisdom and understanding of war were greatly respected by Nestor (the oldest and wisest of the Greeks at Troy) and Agamemnon (commander of the Greek forces). He was considered the most experienced and insightful in matters of war even though he was the youngest. This is due to his campaign against Thebes, which was the most significant Greek campaign before the attack on Troy.

Throughout the Iliad, Diomedes stands as the most level-headed and humble of all the other champions. He maintains his composure while being insulted by Agamemnon,

preferring to refute the insult with displays of bravery and power instead of words. Other accounts of Diomedes's character differ. Several states that Diomedes and Odysseus killed Palamedes (a noble champion who was highly respected by the soldiers) for making Odysseus join the war when he feigned madness.

All accounts of the Trojan war have Odysseus and Diomedes working closely together. It is frequently stated that the two of them shared command of the camp and went on many important missions. They were sent to talk to Priam before the start of the war to negotiate the return of Helen and the booty Paris took. They were dispatched together to meet with Priam and his counsel during the war. The two were also sent with Nestor to convince Achilles to return to the fight and offered him prizes from Agamemnon as reconciliation for wronging him. Homer says that Diomedes didn't think it was wise to offer Achilles gifts as it would only inflame his pride more.

Another story is that Agamemnon asked for volunteers to spy on the Trojans. Diomedes was the first to volunteer and picked Odysseus to go out with him (in the Iliad Odysseus left Diomedes on the battlefield earlier that day). The pair found and interrogated a spy named Dolon sent out by Hector. They killed him and stashed his gear in a tree. They learned from Dolon the location of a Thracian camp. They killed 13 Thracians including their king and stole his prized horses and armor. A few accounts claim that without their king the Thracians left Troy.

Diomedes was wounded by one of Paris's arrows in the foot. Even so, he won all competitions he took part in during the funeral

DISSIDENT SOAPS PRESENTS

CEDARWOOD

EUCALYPTUS

FENNEL



ALL NATURAL BODY WASH

DATE A

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THE ONE AND ONLY

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LY!**

games of Patroclus. Driving a chariot drawn by the horses he took from the Thracian king and starting in the back of the pack, Diomedes took the lead and won. He then dueled Ajax, besting him by wounding his neck. The soldiers stopped the fight out of fear for Ajax's life.

After Paris was killed, a son of Priam named Helenus left Troy. He was captured and he told the Greeks that Troy wouldn't fall as long as the Palladium (a wooden idol given to the founder of Troy by Athena) was still within the walls. Again Odysseus and Diomedes were called upon to complete this mission. The pair infiltrated the city through a secret passage and stole the Palladium, then did a bit of killing on the way out. Diomedes was in the lead carrying the Palladium to the ships with Odysseus defending the rear. The story goes that Odysseus wanted the honor of capturing the Palladium for himself, so he raised his sword to kill Diomedes. Seeing the shimmer of the blade he caught Odysseus's sword and disarmed him. Diomedes then bound his hands and lead Odysseus back to the ships. Diomedes did not kill or punish Odysseus because he was too important in the taking of Troy. Diomedes was one of the men inside the Trojan Horse.

After the fall of Troy Diomedes returned to Argos. However, he was not allowed back into the city since his wife had taken a lover who now sat on the throne. This usurper had convinced the Argives to prevent Diomedes from entering the city. From here he travelled to Italy. Virgil relays that he came to the country Daunia where he assisted Daunus the king of that land in finishing his war against the Messapians. Daunus in return gave Diomedes land and

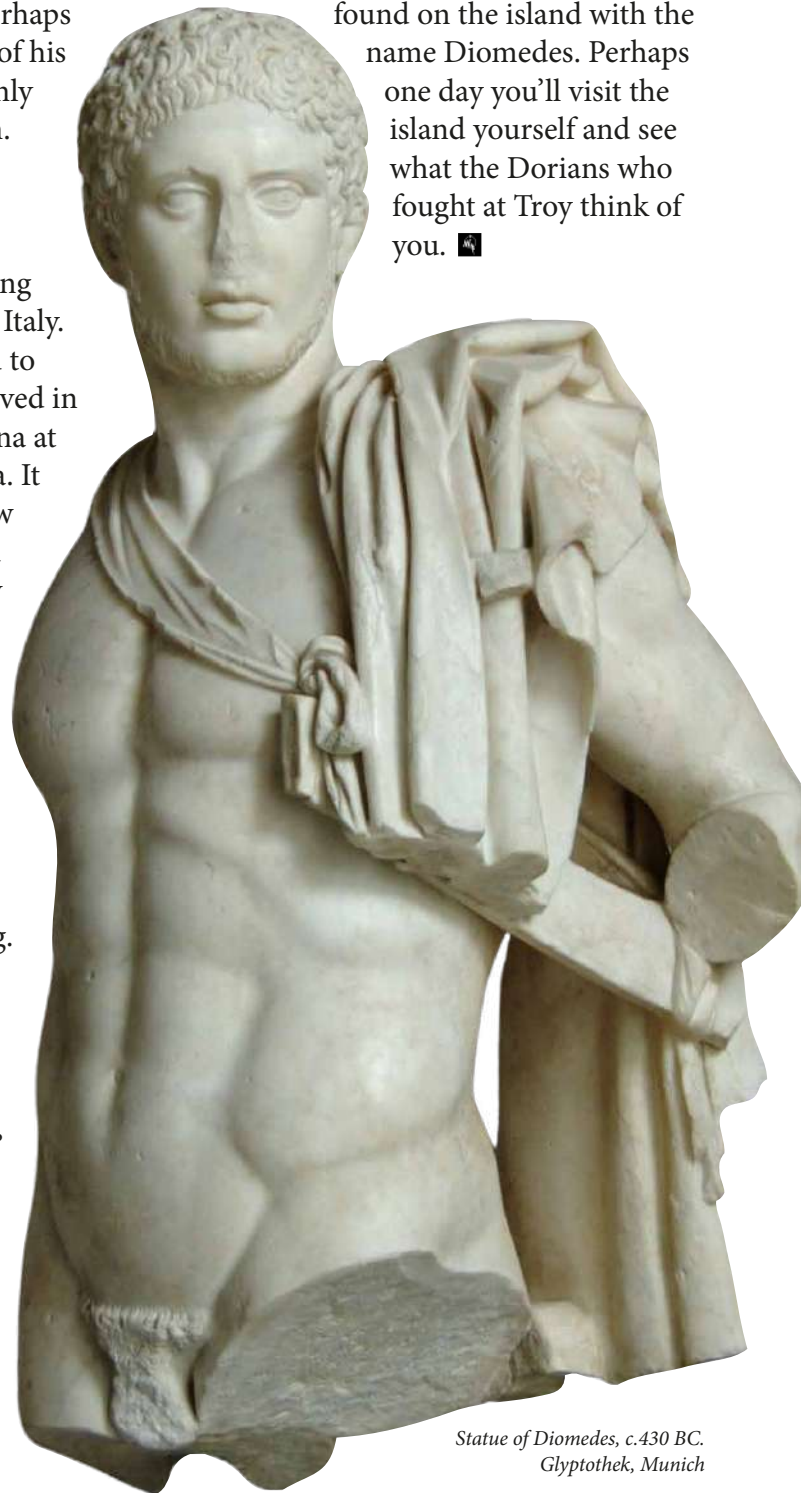
By all accounts, Diomedes was an excellent ruler. His virtue and statecraft were well respected across Greece

his daughter's hand in marriage. Some say Diomedes had a son by this woman who he named after himself. This could be why there are so many contradictory accounts of Diomedes's actions in Italy in comparison to the rest of his life. Perhaps some stories are of his son and mistakenly attributed to him.

Diomedes is accredited with founding several towns and building many temples in Italy. His armor is said to have been preserved in a temple of Athena at Luceria in Apulia. It is hard to tell how Diomedes ended his life. Some say he went back to Argos and was given the immortality that eluded his father, some say he died in Italy, but one legend is rather interesting.

There is an isolated island in the middle of the Adriatic that lays uninhabited, except for a lighthouse. The island is called Pelagruza. This is where Diomedes was buried and his companions

(the Dorians) turned into albatrosses to guard his shrine. It is said that the birds attack weak men, but become tame when an honorable man visits them. This was believed to be a myth, but pottery fragments have been found on the island with the name Diomedes. Perhaps one day you'll visit the island yourself and see what the Dorians who fought at Troy think of you. 🗿



Statue of Diomedes, c.430 BC.
Glyptothek, Munich



THE SCULPTOR'S ART

with FEN DE VILLIERS

“Sculpture is not just about capturing an image or attempting to represent reality. I believe it is more than that. Sculpture is energy realised as form. What does a piece of work do to your spirit? Does it make you feel more alive or does it deaden you? To me, good sculpture has the power to uplift.”



If a sculptor's intention was to capture the pure energy and dynamism of a figure, how would it look? Well, I can think of no stronger embodiment than the “Unique Forms of Continuity in Space” by the great Futurist sculptor Umberto Boccioni. This sculpture is one of the first to capture movement in this manner: not just an intention to move but constant motion, immersed in space, engaged with the forces acting upon it. Boccioni has taken a dynamic freeze frame of a figure, marching forward, burning bright with fire and vitality.

If a man were set alight with pure passion and drive, he would look something like Boccioni's sculpture. I look at this work as a great example of a sculptor who was truly dreaming and making work that stands eternal as a representation of dynamism and force.

“Unique Forms of Continuity in Space” was one of the few sculptures that came out of the hyper-dynamic Futurist movement. It was unfortunately a short-lived movement that is well worth exploring further today. I think we would do well to inspire ourselves with the raw fire seen in Futurist art and bring our current culture forward to more vigorous expressions. ■

Visit fendevilliers.com. Fen tweets @fendevilliers

Umberto Boccioni
"Unique Forms of
Continuity in Space"

1913

Bronze

121.3×88.9×40 cm

90.7 kg



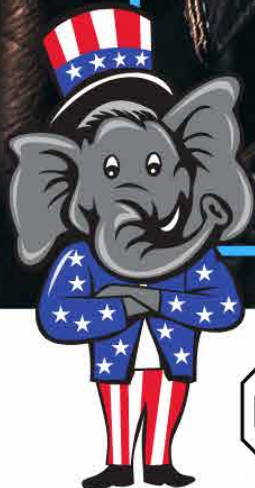


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Republican candidate for the 3rd District*



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**Hippy
mothers**

**Pasture-
raised
eggs**

RWBBs

(Seriously. Only eat eggs.)





THE ASYLUM



VOLUME I

ISSUE III



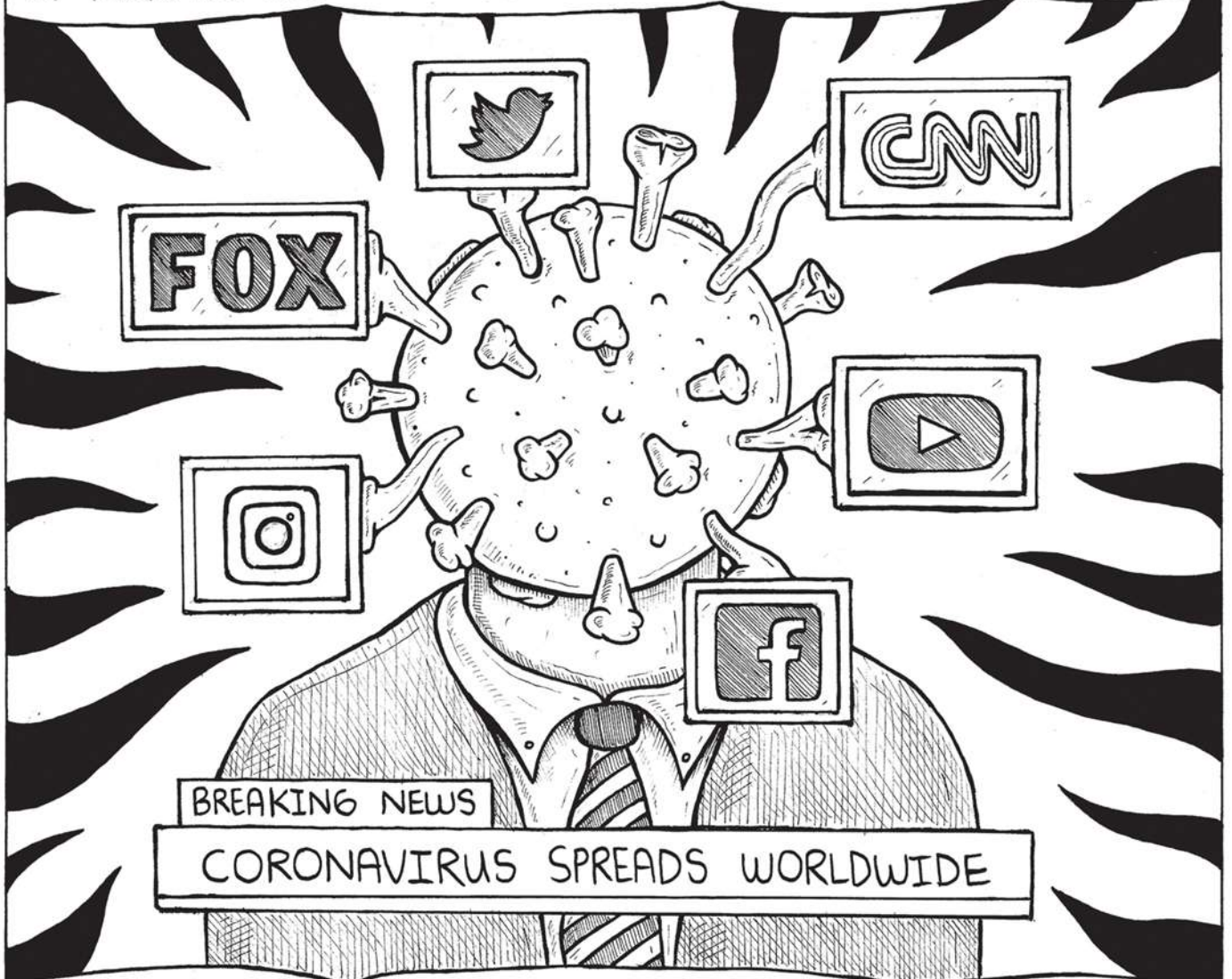
RASKOLNIKOV'S DREAM

FROM CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
BY FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

BY ROBOT



HE DREAMT THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WAS CONDEMNED TO A TERRIBLE NEW STRANGE PLAGUE THAT HAD COME TO EUROPE FROM THE DEPTHS OF ASIA. ALL WERE TO BE DESTROYED EXCEPT A VERY FEW CHOSEN.

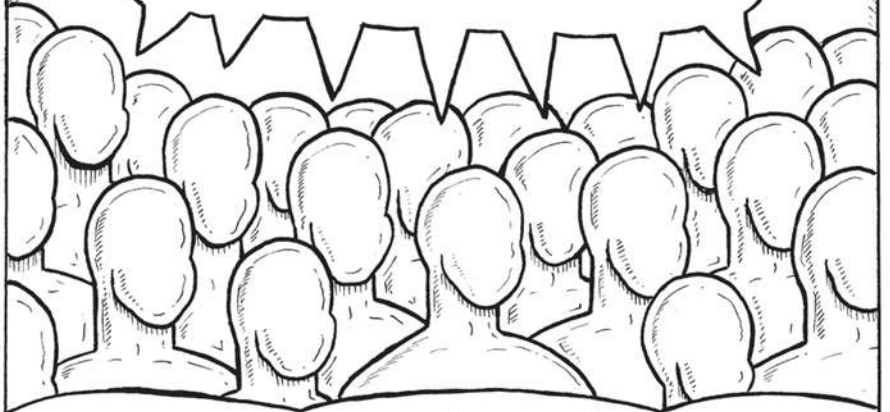


SOME NEW SORTS OF MICROBES WERE ATTACKING THE BODIES OF MEN, BUT THESE MICROBES WERE ENDOWED WITH INTELLIGENCE AND WILL.

MEN ATTACKED BY THEM BECAME AT ONCE MAD AND FURIOUS.



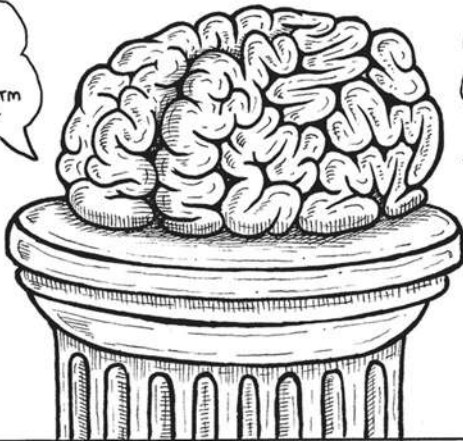
STOP THE SPREAD



BUT NEVER HAD MEN CONSIDERED THEMSELVES SO INTELLECTUAL AND SO COMPLETELY IN POSSESSION OF THE TRUTH AS THESE SUFFERERS.

NEVER HAD THEY CONSIDERED THEIR DECISIONS, THEIR SCIENTIFIC CONCLUSIONS, THEIR MORAL CONVICTIONS SO INFALLIBLE.

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ONLY A VACCINE CAN SAVE US

WHOLE VILLAGES, WHOLE TOWNS AND PEOPLES WENT MAD FROM THE INFECTION.



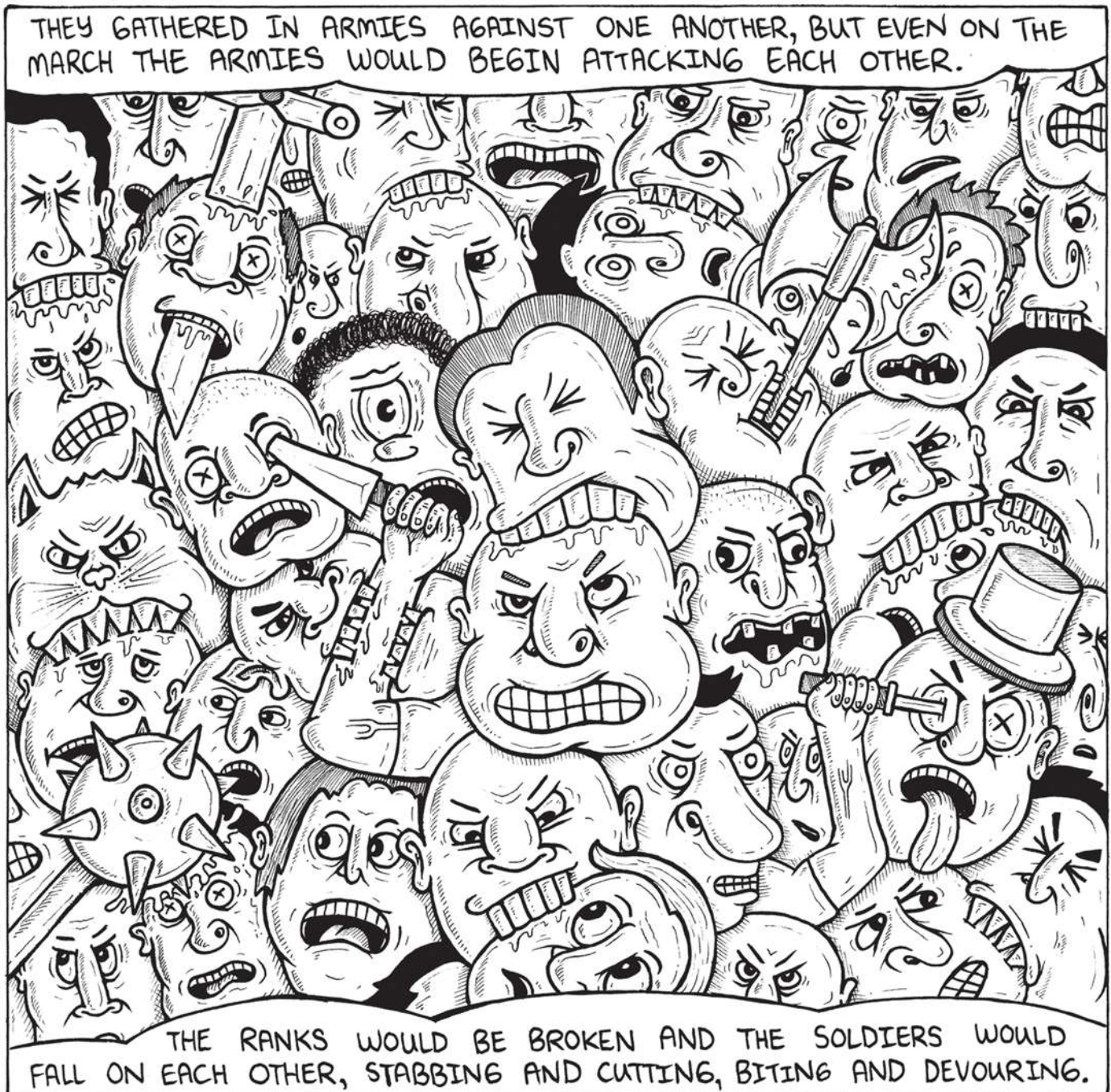
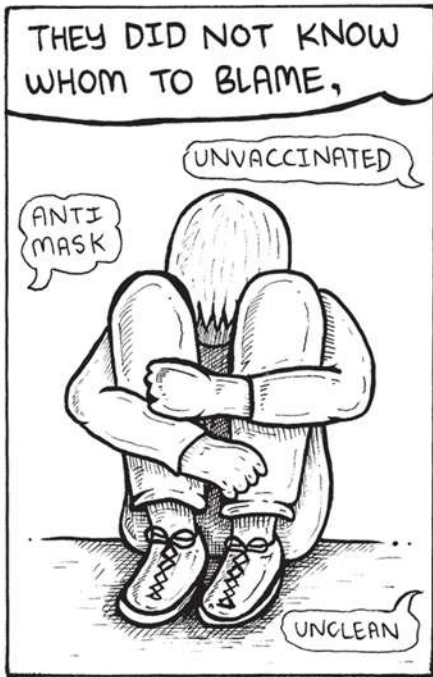
ALL WERE EXCITED AND DID NOT UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER. EACH THOUGHT THAT HE ALONE HAD THE TRUTH



AND WAS WRETCHED LOOKING AT THE OTHERS, BEAT HIMSELF ON THE BREAST, WEPT, AND WRUNG HIS HANDS.

THEY DID NOT KNOW HOW TO JUDGE AND COULD NOT AGREE WHAT TO CONSIDER EVIL AND WHAT GOOD;



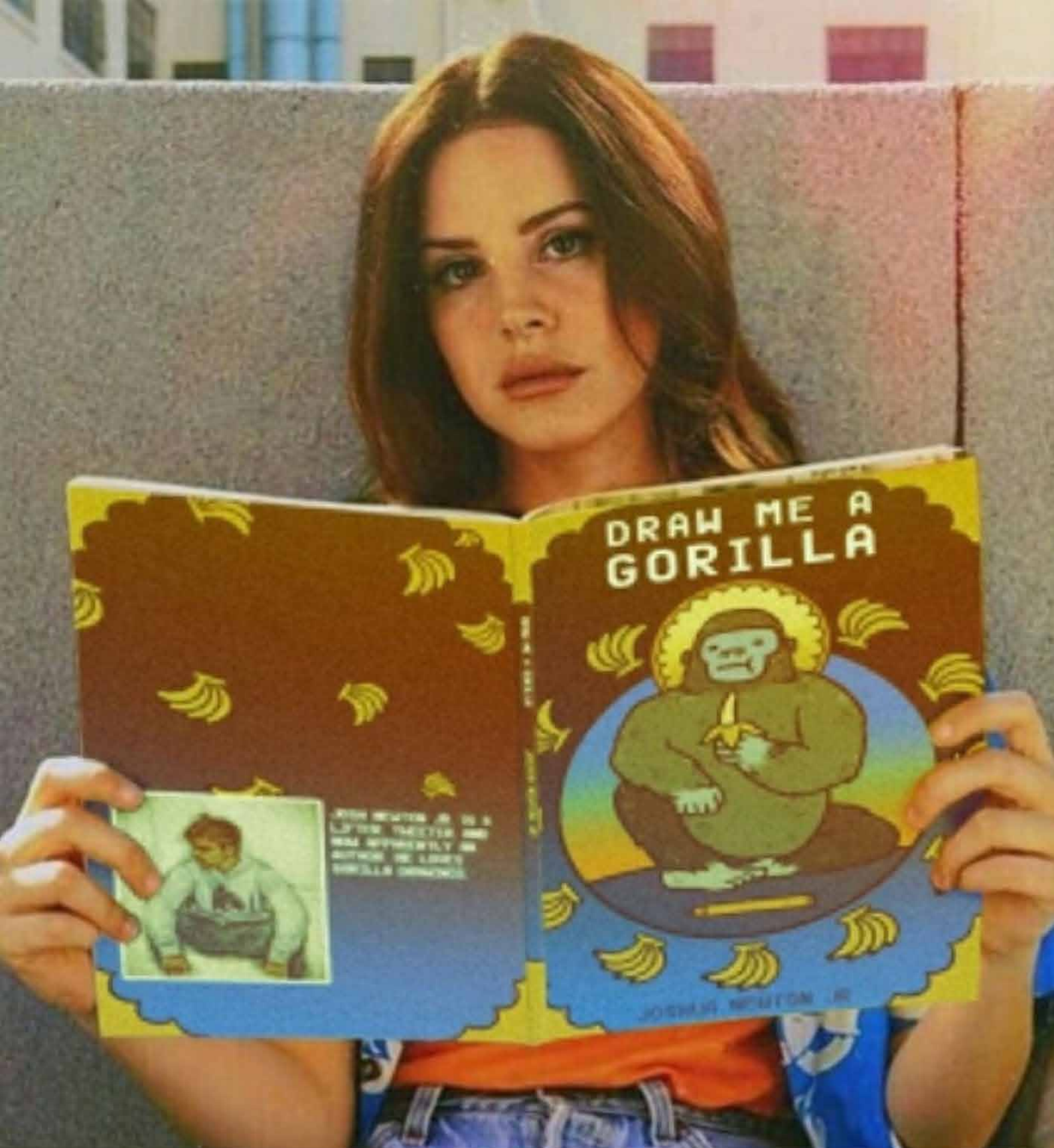




MORNINGS SHOULDN'T SUCK

Wake Up To Life

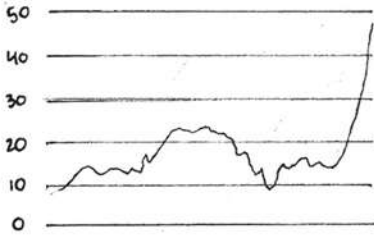
WWW.MORNINGROUTINES.CO



Containing 80+ drawings and interpretations, Draw Me a Gorilla is the personality test everybody's trying. Over 120 pages you'll learn everything you need to know about drawing and interpreting drawings of gorillas. Available now from [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com).

THE ALARM BELL WAS RINGING ALL DAY LONG IN THE TOWNS;

NEW CASE RECORD



TONIGHT AT 10PM

MEN RUSHED TOGETHER, BUT WHY THEY WERE SUMMONED AND WHO WAS SUMMONING THEM NO ONE KNEW.



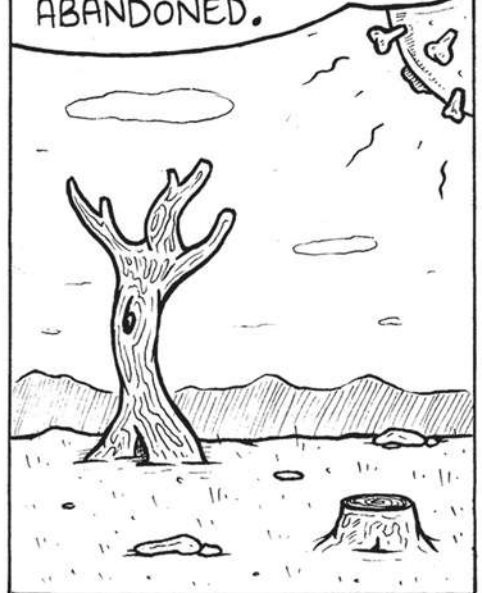
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Burgers



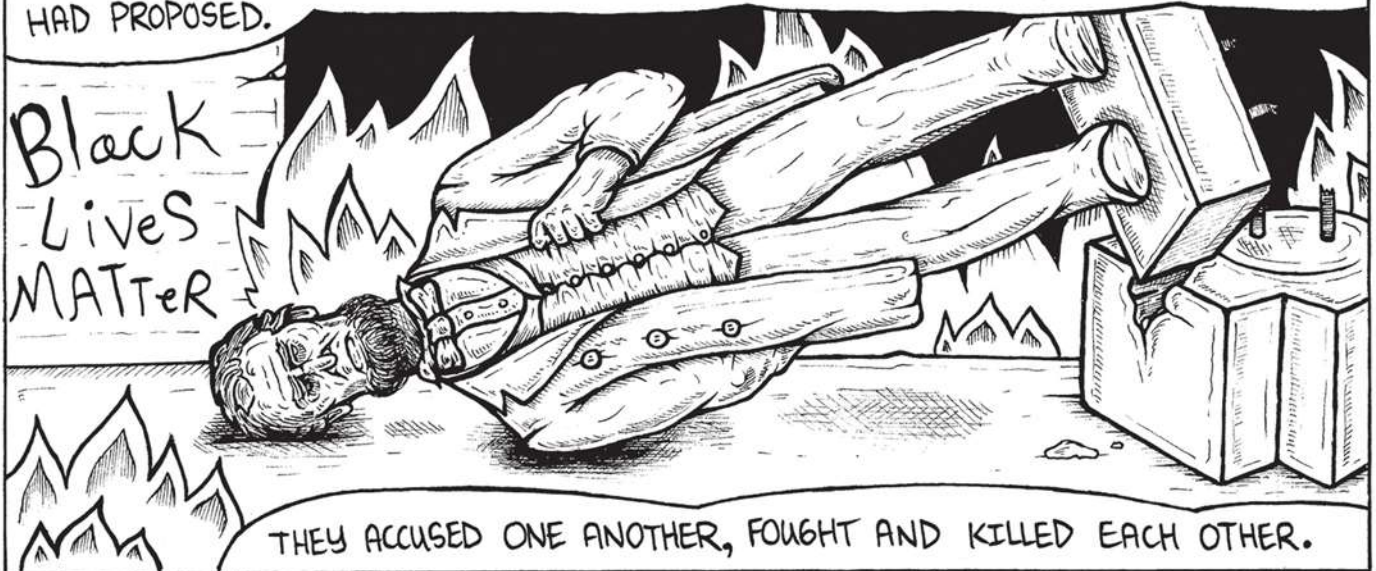
THE MOST ORDINARY TRADES WERE ABANDONED, BECAUSE EVERYONE PROPOSED HIS OWN IDEAS, HIS OWN IMPROVEMENTS, AND THEY COULD NOT AGREE.

THE LAND TOO WAS ABANDONED.

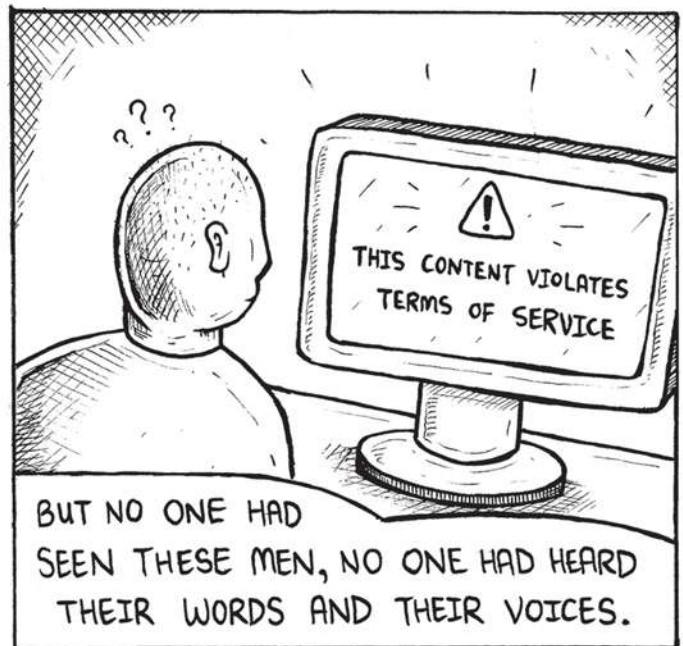
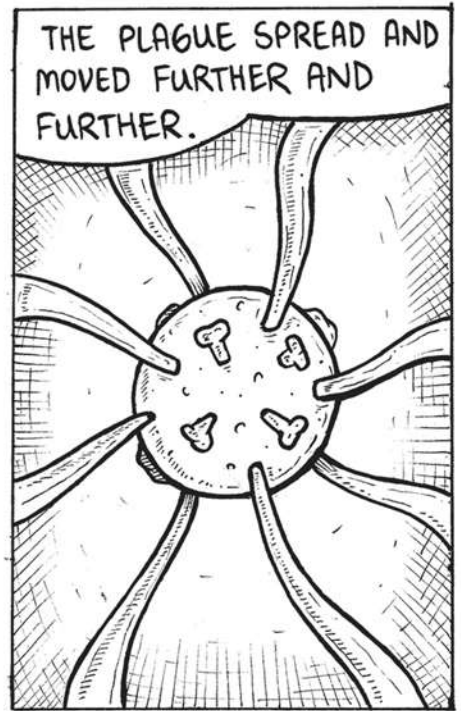
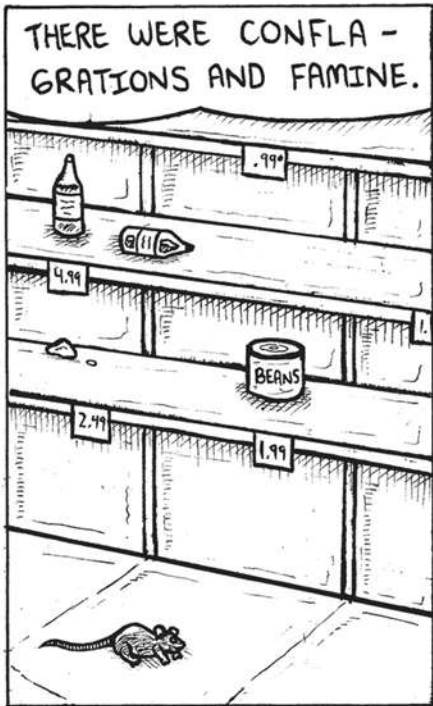


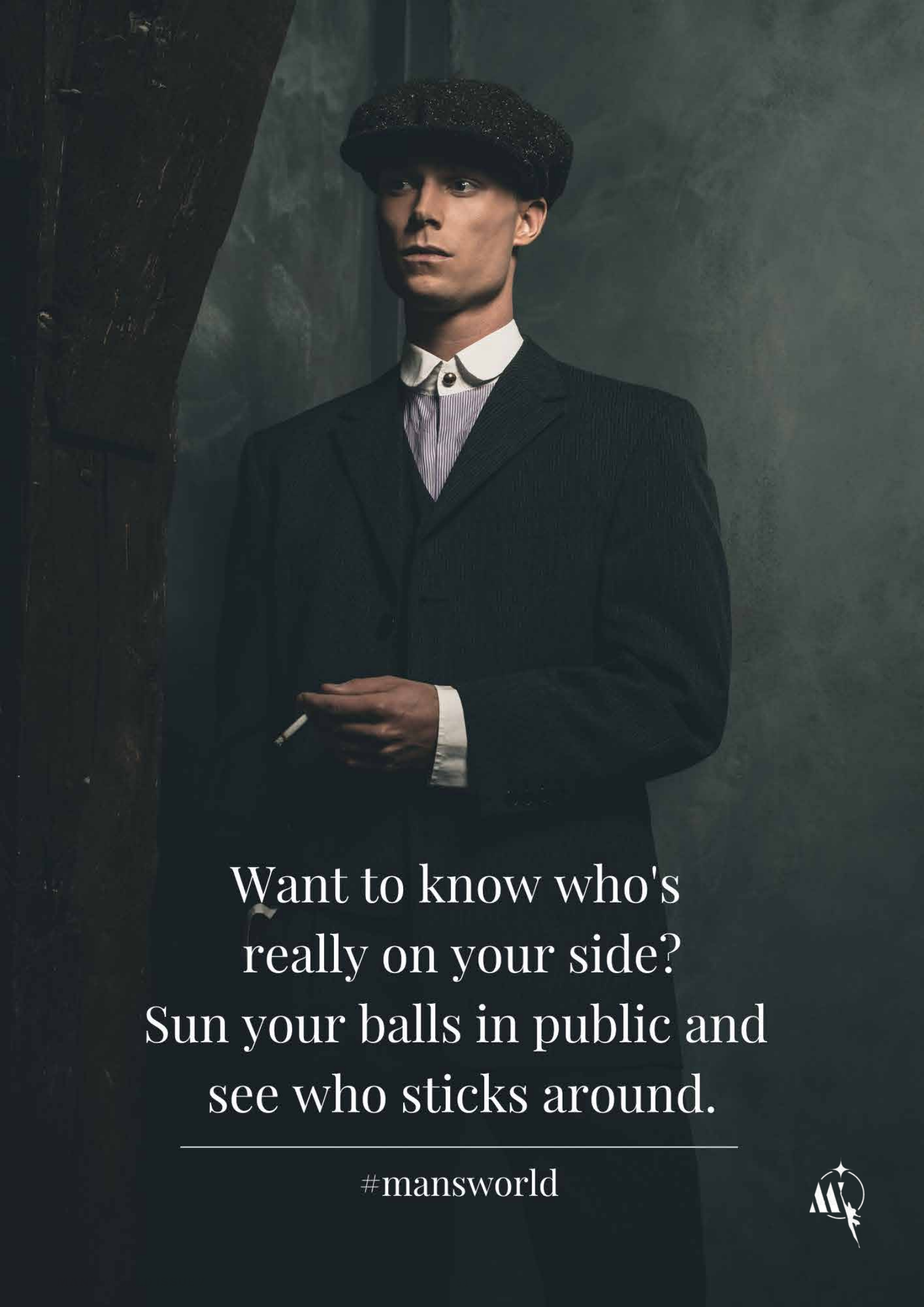
MEN MET IN GROUPS, AGREED ON SOMETHING, SWORE TO KEEP TOGETHER, BUT AT ONCE BEGAN ON SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT FROM WHAT THEY HAD PROPOSED.

Black Lives MATTER



THEY ACCUSED ONE ANOTHER, FOUGHT AND KILLED EACH OTHER.



A man in a dark, textured suit and a flat cap stands against a dark, textured background. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his face and the texture of his clothing.

Want to know who's
really on your side?
Sun your balls in public and
see who sticks around.

#mansworld





MEDITATIONS

Today's best writers, everything you need to know, 1000 words (give or take)

THE EGGS BENEDICT OPTION

There's a war on for the future of food – and that means for everything else as well, says RAW EGG NATIONALIST

You may already know there's a war on for the future of food. (If you don't – where have you

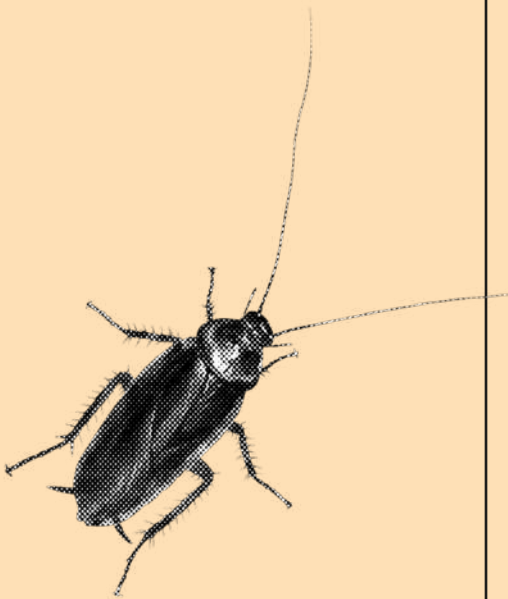
bloody been?) And you may know some of the parties involved in this war. The World Economic Forum. Bill Gates. Beyond Meat and Impossible Burger. Whichever startup it is that had the bright idea to turn cockroaches into “milk” (four times more nutritious than cow's milk, says Healthline!). These parties, to name just a few, represent one side in the war. An axis of weevil. (Sorry, I've been waiting to make that joke since 2002. Ahem.) You may know the products, and the broader ethics, these parties advocate too. Plant-based, “environmentally friendly”, “sustainable”, social-justice oriented, etc.

Truth is, though, you probably don't know the half of it. Because this war on food is not some minor contretemps – a re-run of the “Pastry War” of 1828 between France and Mexico – but part of a truly global conflict that will leave virtually no aspect of our lives untouched. A new world war, with food as a major theatre

of operations. But enough of that metaphor. What I'm saying is, food is not an incidental, but a fundamental, part of the Great Reset.

Ah yes – the Great Reset! That “baseless conspiracy theory” (*The New York Times*)! The one Klaus Schwab, the founder of the World Economic Forum, wrote an entire book on. The one whose dreary slogan, “build back better”, has been on the lips of virtually every head of state, crown prince, activist, philanthropist and captain of industry you could care to name. If a conspiracy is, by definition, something that the conspirators must keep a secret, then the World Economic Forum and its allies and cronies aren't exactly doing a good job of it, are they?

Anyway, I'm not here to convince you that the world's globalist elites are colluding to transform our lives for the worst. You have eyes, ears and a brain. You've filled up your car recently or reached for a ribeye steak in the store, only to discover that it is padlocked. You see what is happening with Ukraine. No. All I want to convince you, since you



MEDITATIONS

probably don't know, is just how essential food is to the looming transformation. When we are finally welcomed to the globalists' nightmare vision of 2030, it won't be a case of "you'll own nothing, have no privacy – oh and by the way you'll be eating bugs!" Instead, you'll be eating bugs and grain-slop because you're a slave; and you'll be a slave because you're eating bugs and grain-slop. (Interestingly, though, the original "Welcome to 2030" article, which has caused so much fuss, barely contains any mention of food, and no mention of bugs.)

The plan for global food transformation is much further advanced than you might think. Concrete measures are already in place. Notably, the World Economic Forum and its partners have come up with a detailed blueprint for the first ever global diet. This "Planetary Health Diet", as it's known, is a collaboration between the Lancet, the world's most prestigious medical journal, and the EAT Foundation, a WEF ally that partners with many of the world's largest food-producing corporations, like Bayer, Cargill, Danone and Unilever. Of course, the diet is almost entirely plant-based, and in line with the World Economic Forum's trademark model of corporate control ("stakeholder capitalism"), complete ownership of the food supply will be given to just a handful of enormously powerful corporations.

One important thing we must do is to understand how the moral justification for such sweeping changes is being constructed. In



THE PLAN FOR GLOBAL FOOD TRANSFORMATION IS MUCH FURTHER ADVANCED THAN YOU MIGHT THINK

the case of the Planetary Health Diet, the justification is based on a twofold obligation to people and planet. By 2050, we must be able 1) to feed a global population that will have reached 10 billion, and 2) to do so in way that is not only "healthy" for the global population, but also for the planet. By "healthy for the planet", the EAT Foundation means that the Diet must be within the boundaries of the Paris Climate Accords and other sustainability commitments, including the UN Sustainable Development Goals, which were adopted by all member nations in 2015. But why, you ask, do I have an obligation to give up eating meat to support the massively expanded future populations of Nigeria and the Central African Republic? Why indeed! We're just supposed to accept the moral force of such claims without question.

My new book, *The Eggs Benedict Option*, is the first comprehensive attempt to understand this plan for food transformation, not only in terms of the justifications offered, but also the social, political, environmental and health consequences if it should come to pass. I'd already suggested, in my cookbook *Raw Egg Nationalism*, that the Agricultural Revolution during the Neolithic (beginning c.12k years ago, but really accelerating c.5k years ago) was the "first Great Reset", and this is a comparison I've come to feel is truly apt the more I've discovered about the Great Reset and the Planetary Health Diet. Now I get to explore the parallels between 2030 BC and the globalists' 2030 AD at much greater length. Just like the transition to grain-based agriculture and the very first agricultural states, the transition

to a global plant-based diet will benefit only those who control the food supply – a narrow elite – and will sicken and stunt the rest of us. I mean this quite literally, too: people will actually shrink. Modern man’s alienation from the foods that sustained his ancestors – the nutrient-dense animal foods the great Weston Price singled out in his classic book *Nutrition and Physical Degeneration* – will at least be complete, and with it his alienation from himself and his true potential.

The new globalist system will be today’s industrial agriculture, in all of its worst aspects, but dialled up to 11. While massive corporations already dominate the food supply – just six companies control 75% of the grain-handling facilities in the US, for instance, and therefore determine the price of grain which determines the price of all the animals that are stuffed full of it in feedlots – there are still “ownership envelopes” these companies haven’t broken. This is part of the reason why plant-based and cell-cultured “alternative proteins”, as well as genetically modified crops, are so important in this globalist plan: because they allow corporate ownership of the entire product, via patents. You can’t patent a cow, but you can patent a lab-grown steak or a wheat plant that has had its genes spliced with those of a poisonous cane toad. We will have no choice but to consume such Frankenfoods. Nor will Mother Nature have any choice but to submit to an intensification of a farming system that has brought the world’s soils to the brink of

exhaustion in a matter of decades. Yes, the world’s livestock will be gone and no grains will be grown to feed those animals that aren’t pastured, but 10 billion people will have to be fed entirely on grains and plants instead. Since the majority of the world’s agricultural land is only fit for pasture, this must necessarily mean pushing the crop-producing regions harder than ever before.

The book isn’t just description, comparison and prediction. I’m not trying to blackpill you, either. The book is also a political manifesto for a fightback. And fight back we must: 2030 is less than eight years away. The Eggs Benedict Option of the title is my response to the globalist vision of food, and it looks for inspiration in some unlikely places, most notably the Russian system of household gardening. This persistent cultural form, based on the ancient peasant mode of production, has allowed the Russian people to have access to high-quality organic produce and animal products through good times and bad. During the collapse of the Soviet Union, the only thing that prevented widespread famine, as the system of state agriculture creaked and groaned and split, was the fact that tens of millions of ordinary Russians also produced their own food for consumption and exchange with their neighbours. By the turn of the millennium, 92% of all potatoes produced in Russia were produced by ordinary Russians themselves. 77% of all vegetables. 87% of all berries and fruit. 53% of the meat, 52%

of the milk and 27% of the eggs. Amazing, huh?

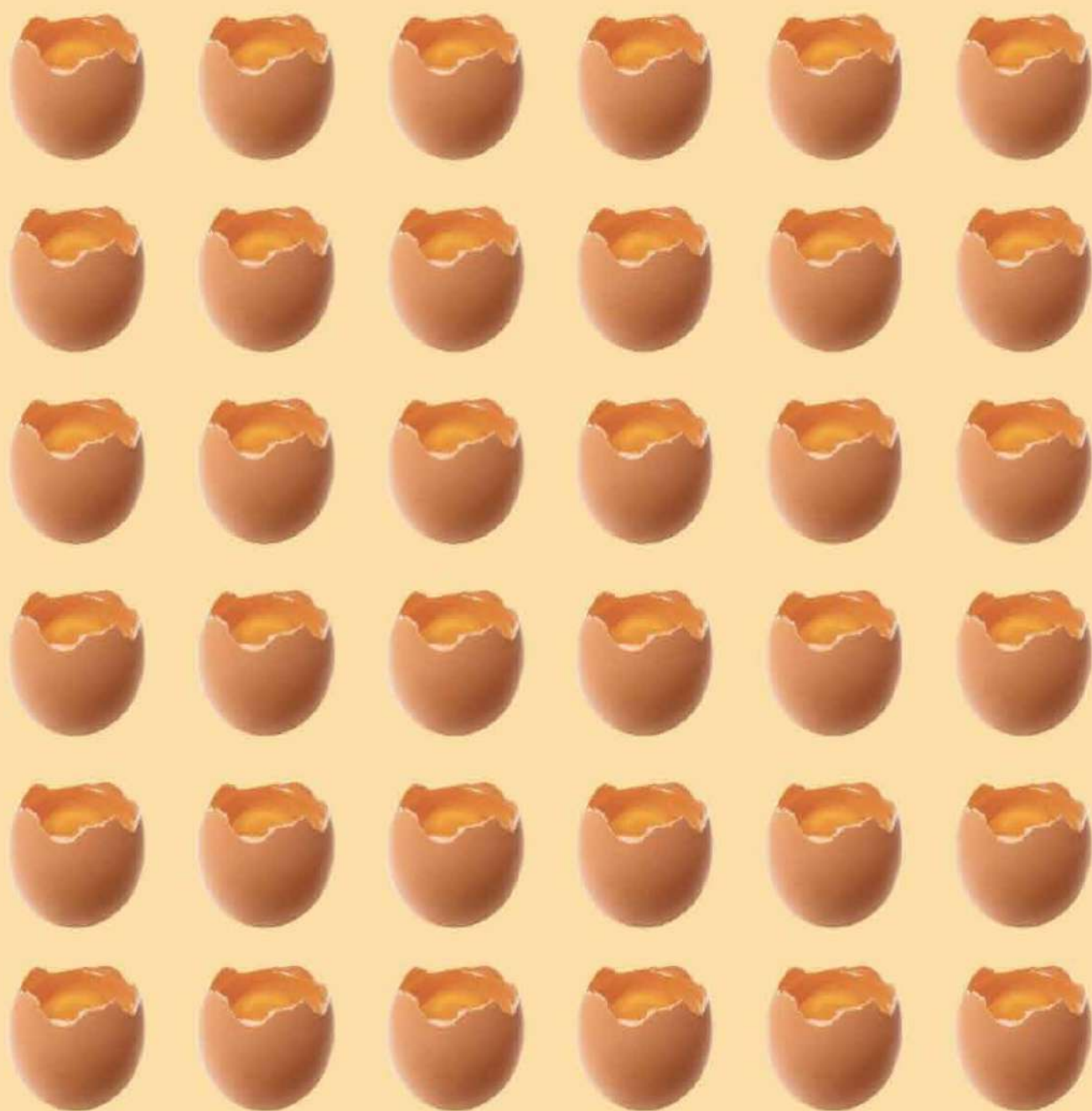
The system has numerous benefits, which range from reducing inflation and reliance on foreign products, to keeping ordinary people fit and happy. What’s more, household gardening fosters a deep, spiritual connection to the soil of Mother Russia, an aspect which has really come to the fore in recent decades with the emergence of the Anastasia movement, based around communities of self-sufficient homesteads living in harmony with their surroundings.

Could such a system work outside Russia? I think so. It certainly seems clear to me that we need a system that is, in more or less every way, the opposite of what the globalists want for us: local, people-centred, organic, nationalist. This is what raw egg nationalism means, and *The Eggs Benedict Option* is the fullest attempt to elaborate that doctrine.

To give the devil his due, Klaus Schwab is right, at least, about one thing. Recent events, especially the pandemic, really have revealed just how broken our system is. Now really is the time for fundamental change, the time – *dare I say it?* – for a Great Reset. The only question that matters is: who gets to push the button – us or them? ■

The Eggs Benedict Option will be released in paperback this August via Antelope Hill, and will be available from both the Antelope Hill site (antelopehillpublishing.com) and Amazon.

RAW EGG NATIONALISM



by Raw Egg Nationalist

RAW EGGS+NATIONALISM= RAW EGG NATIONALISM

By strengthening the nation state, we make possible the strengthening of the individual, and a nation is only as strong as its people. Raw egg nationalism is a physical and political ethic built upon the massive consumption of raw eggs.

Just as no single food has been subject to greater calumnies in our time than the egg, no men have been more politically persecuted than nationalists.

31
Recipes for

Shakes

Cooked Eggs

Steaks

Cocktails

Sauces

Treats

**Put all your eggs in this basket,
count your chickens before they
hatch, and be the Chad you want
to see in the world.**

- Raw Egg Nationalist



In hardback exclusively from antelopehillpublishing.com

MIND-FORGED MANACLES

Men need to free their minds from porn if we are to free our societies from the coming tyranny, says EVELYN RAE

Can a nation of porn addicted males muster the necessary backbone to resist the ever-increasing threat of tyranny and lead the next generation towards a better future? I don't think so. Men who lack the strength and resolve to vanquish the enemies within, have little hope of defeating the enemies without. That sort of battle requires a certain type a male, and porn addicts simply aren't it. That's because porn addiction is all about losing.

Pastor and theologian Douglas Wilson once said, "It is not a hyper-masculine impulse to watch other people get it on. It is the opposite... It is getting your jollies through losing, which is, as sexual perversions go, down near the bottom."

For Wilson, the porn consuming male is like the hyena that leeches off the exploits of the strong, alpha-types. They don't hunt, fight, or labour for their meat. Lurking in the bushes, peering through the trees, waiting for the strong to do what they're unwilling or incapable of doing themselves. They're no different to the masturbating pervert peering through his neighbour's bedroom window for an easy kick.

But like all cheap thrills, this

one eventually wears off too. Like a drug, the old rush becomes more and more elusive with every hit. Before long, the addict is looking for harder stuff just to relive that initial kick. And the only way the porn addict can manufacture that is by delving deeper into darker and more depraved pornographic scenarios. This is true for the individual, and for society.

In his book *The Brain That Changes Itself*, Dr Norman Doidge noted that only thirty years ago 'hardcore' porn usually meant the explicit depiction of sexual intercourse. Today, it is dominated by sadomasochistic humiliation. The softcore of today is the hardcore of only a few decades ago. "The comparatively tame softcore pictures of yesteryear... now show up on mainstream media all day long, in the pornification of everything, including television, rock videos, soap operas, advertisements, and so on," Doidge said.

During the years I served as a police detective, particularly when working with child sex crime, I witnessed firsthand the reality of this slippery slope of sexual degeneracy. Many men entered the downward spiral by watching 'run-of-the-mill' type porn. Before long, perversions began to increase. Heterosexual porn

became rape-themed porn, which then turned to homosexual porn, then orgies, bestiality, paedophilia, and eventually necrophilia.

Coinciding with their moral unravelling was their social unravelling. The deeper they delved into sexual degeneracy, the greater devastation it wrought on the family in other areas, destroying relationships on every level, and often, shattering the entire household.

Serial killer Ted Bundy testified to this. In an interview prior to his execution, Bundy said that although he was raised in a loving Christian home, the use of porn was instrumental in moulding his violent behaviour. "Once you become addicted to it... you look for more potent, more explicit, more graphic kinds of materials," he said. "I've lived in this prison for a long time now, and I've met a lot of men who were motivated to commit violence. Without exception, every one of them was deeply involved in pornography, deeply consumed by the addiction."

Porn, in some form or another, has always been present throughout history, but not to the extent it is today. One of the unique problems we face in the modern world is the ease with which pornography can be

accessed and addicts created due to the internet. Not just among male consumers, but females too.

Now, in the supposed privacy of one's own home, porn can be accessed with the click of a button. No awkward and uncomfortable interactions with other human beings are required. In the past, if a man wanted to view porn, he had to obtain it through a third party. At the very least, he had to face the shame of looking in the eye of the man or woman at his local news agency. With the invention of the internet, however, that humiliating process has been diverted. As a result, we now see porn use on an unprecedented scale, the world over.

In 2019, just one pornographic website boasted of receiving 42 billion annual visits. That is an average of 115 million visits every 24 hours. That's the equivalent of the entire populations of Australia, Canada, Poland, and the Netherlands all visiting in one day. Every minute, of every day, the website recorded more than 80,000 visitors. In one year alone 600 thousand years' worth of porn was consumed worldwide. True to Bundy's warning, the website also reported that for males, the top ten searched for terms included, "milf," "step-mom," "step-sister." For females, the list included "threesome," "step-dad and daughter," and "extreme gangbang." The findings are disturbing and suggest a significant cultural shift in how we view sex as a society. But is it all simply due to ease of access?

In his book *It's Good to Be A*



A NATION OF PORN-ADDICTED MALES IS A NATION OF MEN WHO HAVE ABDICATED SELF-CONTROL

Man, Michael Foster aptly said: "Whoever controls the men, controls the culture." A nation of porn-addicted males is a nation of men who have abdicated self-control. Such is the nature of porn. It's an addiction to losing. It pacifies and enervates men – to the benefit of would-be tyrants who know how hard it is to enslave men of virtue.

That is, the sort of men who master their sexual drive and use it to win the girl, marry their bride, and invest in the next generation. The porn addict is an inverted male. He doesn't build, he leaves a crater. He's not devoted to one woman – or any woman, his sexual partner is his computer screen. He doesn't love, he lusts. He doesn't liberate, he enslaves.

Can a nation of porn-addicted males muster the necessary backbone to resist the ever-increasing threat of tyranny and lead the next generation towards a better future? I don't think so. Not until war is declared on the enemy within.

This is done by substituting the vacuous promises of porn with superior promises, everlasting promises, male-strengthening, culture-building, family-protecting promises.

As C.S. Lewis once wrote: "It would seem that our Lord finds our desires not too strong, but too weak. We are half-hearted creatures, fooling about with drink and sex and ambition when infinite joy is offered us. Like an ignorant child who wants to go on making mud pies in a slum because he cannot imagine what is meant by the offer of a holiday at the sea. We are far too easily pleased." Amen to that. ■

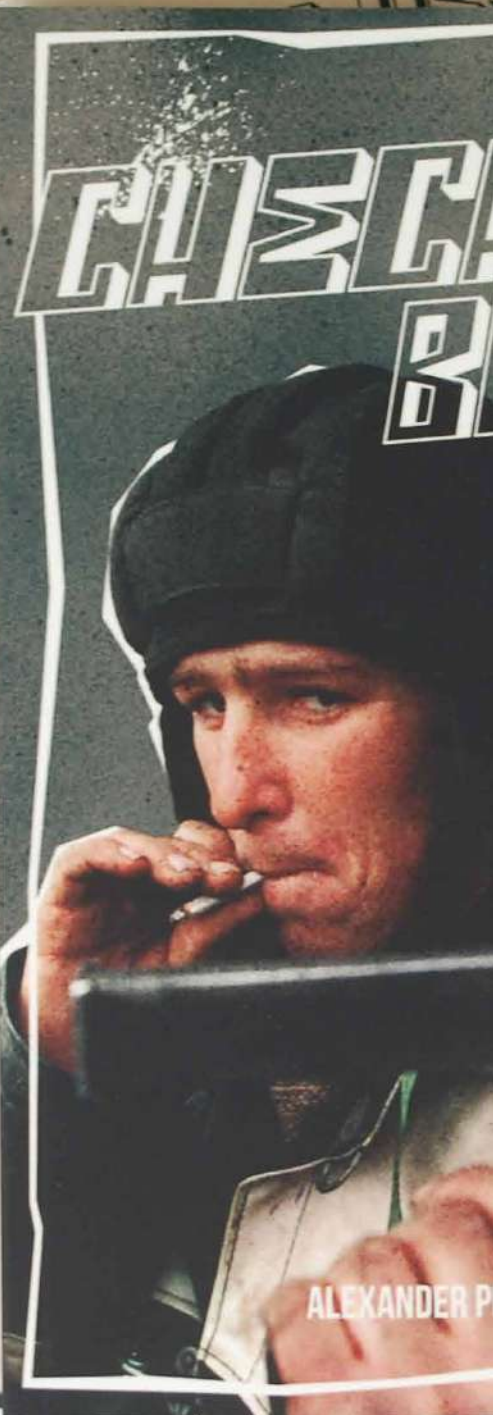
Evelyn Rae is an Australian writer and broadcaster. She tweets @_evelynrae and most of her written work can be read at Caldronpool.com.

CHECHEN

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ALEXANDER P

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DOPE HILL

DEFINING TRUTH IN A WORLD OF LIES

How can we ever hope to find true north when the powers-that-be keep spinning the compass? asks JACK HADFIELD

A favourite phrase of the Twitter bluecheck mob and their allies in the corporate media right now is “post-truth.” Since the great Orange Man was elected in November 2016, they claim, truth doesn’t matter. Presentations of clear falsehoods as verified fact, such as the fact that he has very, very large hands, or that the 2020 election was somehow stolen from him by a secret cabal, is evidence that truth no longer matters, and that it has been completely distorted.

They’re right. We are in a post-truth world. But not for the reasons you hear on CNN or from the mouth of a skinny-fat New York Times journo online. Truth is almost impossible to discern, precisely because of them. Anyone on our side of the fence knows this. How do you know when a journalist is lying? They open their mouth.

I could go on and on and on with examples of disinformation that the establishment pushes, like that diversity is our strength, that the covid vaccine is good for you and definitely won’t give you heart problems, or that you should eat the bugs to save the planet – but if you’re reading this, you know it already.

Once you wake up and realise just how fake everything is that’s being presented to you on your little screens, it leads you down a path of logic towards questioning everything you ever knew. My journey on the covid vaccine is a prime example. First I became aware of its dangers, and then I thought to myself, if this vaccine is killing people, how safe are all the other vaccines? How effective are they? Why are American children given so many more vaccines early on than back here in the UK? Do they really cause autism?

The pattern continues. You go deeper. You notice the exact same health psyop was used to push against smoking back in the day. Now they want to completely remove that from the population, but at the same time they are encouraging the legalisation of cannabis and other far worse drugs. Wait, is smoking good for you? It raises your testosterone levels, and suppresses your appetite. Oh my God, smoking is good for you!

The spiral never ends. Climate change isn’t real, and they use the fact that fossil fuels are limited to push renewable energy. Therefore, fuel must be unlimited, they’ve faked this all, oil is just as abundant as water. It’s being stored in the middle of the hollow Earth,

and they don’t want us to know that there’s oil deposits on the moon, which we never visited by the way, and...

Madness. That’s where this rabbit hole leads. As entertaining as schizo threads on Twitter are, they are no way for a thinking man to organise his own mind. So the question is, what do we do about this mess we’re in? How can we possibly discern fact from fiction while living in a society that deliberately obfuscates reality for their own demonic purposes?

Fortunately, there is a way forward that doesn’t involve obsessively working your way through obscure online forums and niche scientific papers every waking hour of the day. The first important thing to note is that we haven’t always lived in a world designed to direct you away from objective truth. If we estimate that the cabal that currently directs us into the darkness only took a real hold on the world sometime in the 20th Century or slightly before, there would be no reason to doubt the knowledge discovered by the ancients.

How do we know the Earth is round? Because the Greeks and the Egyptians knew this thousands of years ago, and were able to calculate it with rudimentary mathematics, to a rather

impressive level of accuracy. Sir Isaac Newton had no reason to lie about his theory of gravity, so that seems likely to be true.

You can see this especially in the world of health, and the way it has been flipped completely upside down by modern 'thought'. Things that were blatantly obvious to our ancestors were tossed aside, such as the idea of treatment via convalescence, and that going outside, eating healthily, and enjoying life certainly served some purpose against protecting your body from collapsing. This stands in complete opposition to their directives to shove a ridiculous amount of pills containing who knows what down your throat every time you feel a little bit sad.

Following this axiom, it also means that we can judge things discovered since ancient times against prior thought, to see how well it lines up. The Big Bang is a perfect encapsulation of this idea. 'Science' had determined that the universe has always been around. This was blatantly obvious, and accepted, until Reverend Georges Lemaître suggested otherwise. It's no coincidence that a God-fearing man was the one to discover this, and that it faced massive scrutiny from those concerned that it would give those with religious beliefs a big win. The Big Bang now, as accepted, is clearly one of the greatest scientific arguments that there is something more to this plane than just the material, and – wouldn't you know it – it matches up with what those who came before us thought. God, or gods, made the universe, and

WE HAVEN'T ALWAYS LIVED IN A WORLD DESIGNED TO DIRECT YOU AWAY FROM OBJECTIVE TRUTH

it was Him (or them) who were eternal.

That pushback against ideas is the second crucial point of discovering truth. If you say something outlandish, and completely heterodox to acceptable thought, what happens? If you risk being fired from your job, extradited from polite society, or even arrested, the likelihood of that idea being true rapidly increases. Likewise if said idea is subject to an intense psyop campaign in the media. If they want to stop all conversations, and tell you no, you are wrong and maybe also evil and deluded and those thoughts will get people killed, you're probably on the right path.

But if you are simply subject to mockery, then perhaps you may simply be seeing a genuine reaction from your fellow humans based on the idea that what you said is blatantly, obviously false. Flat Earthers are a figure of fun online, not because NASA and everybody is forcing you to believe the Round Earth model for their nefarious ends, but because they are wrong. Where are the round-the-clock media campaigns designed to deboonk the Flat Earth? They do not exist, because it is not needed. And maybe such ideas go deliberately undeboonked so as to lead people down the path of further confusion, away from the truth. It's certainly possible.

Of course, you do have to

be careful that what you see is not an astro-turfed campaign of piss-taking. And any ideas that are subject to both media and grassroots backlash may still fall under the category of buried truths.

Finally, and perhaps most crucially, we should accept that we cannot know everything. The desire to uncover the truth about every single aspect of life itself cannot be performed by everybody all of the time, and one man cannot even hope to know all that is to be. Remaining sceptical of ideas that are presented to us, and slowly working our way through this murky world is perhaps the best weapon we have. Never instant acceptance, or instant rejection.

People need solid answers to facts now because everything else that was firm and truthful, like God, the family, and the nation, have been stripped away from us. In order to truly put our minds at rest, we must rebuild those concrete foundations of our lives, and instead become comfortable with looking at the vast ocean of undiscovered knowledge and truth, and like our ancestors, saying to ourselves, "I just don't know." ■

Jack is associate editor at Valient News. Visit jackhadfield.co.uk. He tweets @jackhadders.

A NEW VISION FOR THE RIGHT

What the right lacks today is compelling vision of the future that will capture the hearts and minds of men, says MICHAEL SEBASTIAN

King Solomon wrote that “where there is no vision, the people perish.” Lack of a clear vision is the biggest gap on the political right today. Our opponent, the globalist left, promises its supporters a utopia where everyone will be absolutely equal and where every vestige of patriarchy and the hegemony of the West will be completely eradicated. The establishment right, on the other hand, offers no compelling vision. At best, they promise to prohibit the teaching of the worst aspects of leftism in public schools, but they propose no alternative vision. The establishment right can’t bring itself to believe in victory. They can only believe in losing more slowly. If we want a better future, this flaccid vision of the establishment right is not going to cut it. We need a new vision that will capture the hearts of the men of the right.

But what would this vision look like? Recently, on his *Caribbean Rhythms* podcast (Ep.103), BAP offered his solution to the problem:

“The promise of the liberal West in its best version... This can often be more attractive than “identity” and “belonging”, so while I despise

Western liberalism, you have to be able to despise it even at its best. In other words, you have to be able to offer something better than Western liberalism. Talk of identity will not cut it. I will tell you what is better. When Moses turned the Israelites into a people, when Lycurgus made the Spartans, or when Romulus and Numa made the Romans, they didn’t offer identity to individuals. They offered the voice of God, the voice of gods. They set people on fire for a great task. The attempt to throw the spirit of man beyond the life of a domestic ape. That was the basis of unity as a people. This is what is better than secular liberalism. My concern has been for a long time how to make man’s spirit able to receive the gift of divine vision again. How to make man on fire again. It is not about the social utility of religion. That’s weak. Religion has to offer ecstasy. The excitement of a new world. This has been my concern. This is the only way. This is the secret path.”

In all three of the cases that BAP references, the challenge those leaders faced was the forging of a new people—a new nation. Moses took a set of twelve tribes that had been completely demoralized through 400 years of slavery and led

them through the desert to the Promised Land. Through divine aid Moses defeated Pharaoh and the Egyptian army, which was the greatest superpower of its day, and upon Mount Sinai, Moses received from God himself the law which would govern this new nation.

Romulus, the founder and first king of Rome, was the head of a gang of men who robbed others and shared the spoils among themselves. When he founded the city that is still called by his name, he needed people to fill it so he accepted anyone, fugitives, slaves who had fled from their masters, and those who were destitute to become citizens of his new city. In short, he took anyone who was willing to cast away their former identity for a complete fresh start. However, Romulus and his successor, Numa, were wise enough to know that more was needed to take this motley crew of men and forge them into a people so they created a law and a cult that would form the worship of the Romans.

Similarly, Lycurgus, the law giver to the Spartans, took a people that was engaged in civil strife and changed the laws to bring them together. The reforms of Lycurgus were so effective that it made Sparta the dominant power on the Greek peninsula for

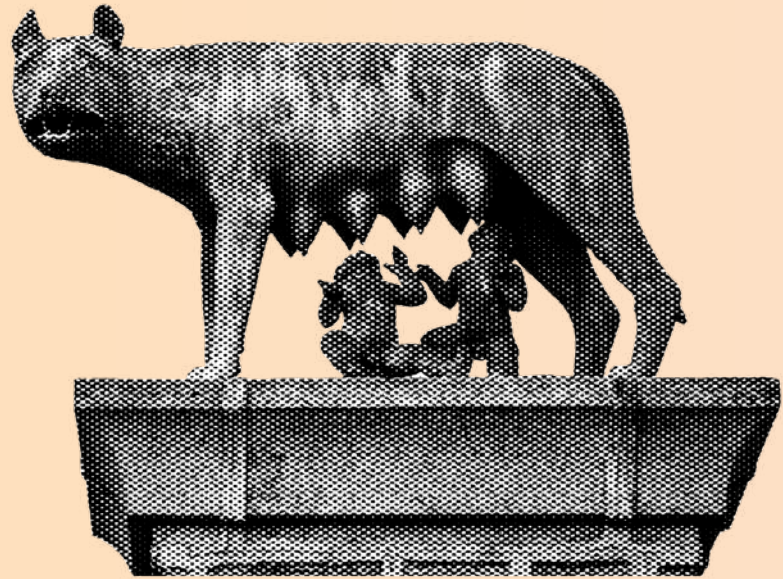
over 500 years.

What all of these leaders had in common was a grand vision that kindled a divine fire within the hearts of their followers. For the Israelites, it was the vision of a strong, independent nation that was the apple of God's eye. For the Romans, it was to be citizens of the greatest city on earth, for I have no doubt that this is what Romulus intended when he laid its foundations. For the Spartans, last of all, the laws of Lycurgus would be a new foundation for the Spartan people to dominate the rest of Greece.

Compare the visions of these great heroes with the weak proposals of contemporary theorists. At most, they are able to offer ways to make the current unsustainable system a little more tolerable. Perhaps they offer to reduce illegal immigration slightly or provide monetary benefits to induce women to have more babies, but there is never a call to greatness or to the idea that we could have a grand destiny.

What is needed now is a new vision for the formation of a new people, a new nation. Like the foundation of Israel or Rome, it needs to be a fresh start. It cannot be burdened with the impossible task of righting ancient wrongs or propitiating the new "wrongs" that have been discovered by late-stage liberalism.

Contrary to every proposal of the pseudo-right, the new vision cannot be universalist even if it aspires to become the New Rome. There must be a sharp separation between those who are included



in the vision and those that are on the outside. That doesn't mean that those on the outside are enemies, only that the leaders of the new nation will primarily seek to improve the lives of their own people—a requirement that rulers in virtually every Western government forgot some time ago.

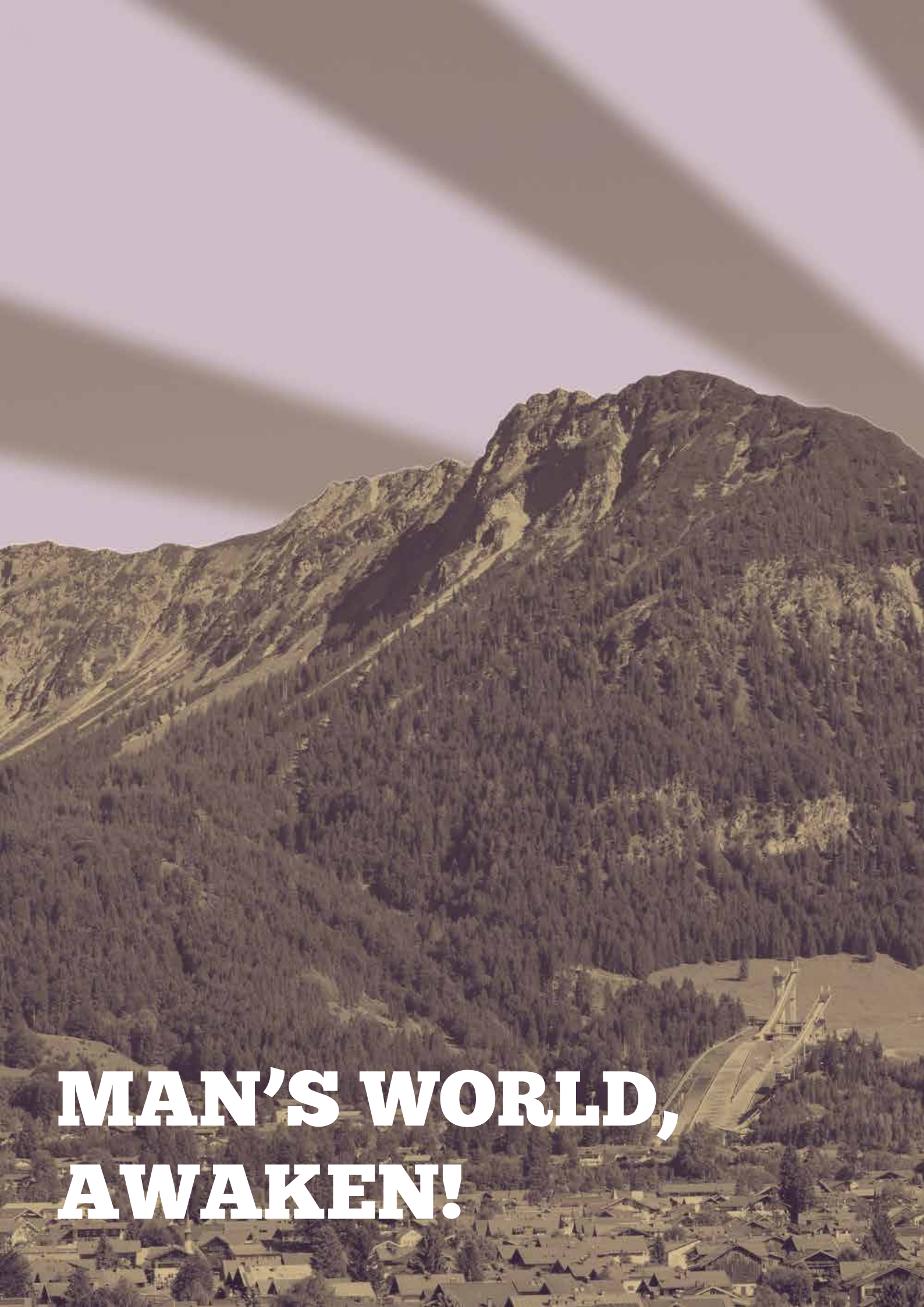
Also, like all of the historical examples mentioned above, this new vision cannot be an anarchy. Though it may start with a gang, it cannot remain that way. There must be stable laws where families can flourish and become established.

This new vision also requires divine fire. It will not wield religion as a tool to herd people into a totalitarian longhouse. Rather, as BAP says, there must be a cult which offers a holy ecstasy. Any number of existing faiths could fulfill this role. The Catholic Church still has the power to move men's hearts but it is currently hampered by leaders who are enamored with the morality of liberalism. Islam once

swept over the earth and could do so again with its simple message and warrior ethic. But it could be a completely new faith which is at yet unknown to us. Regardless, the new vision will be optimistic about the future and will make use of science and technology to improve life without making man the slave of technology.

Finally, we would need a great man to implement this vision; for it always comes down to one man to lead. This man will be formed by God as Moses was when he lived for forty years in the desert as a fugitive from Egyptian justice for having murdered an Egyptian. It will be a man like Romulus who was thought to be the son of Mars because of the force of his character. Perhaps such a leader is already being prepared within our ranks. Until the time is ripe, let us forge our bodies and our minds and beseech God for the gift of divine fire. ■

Michael Sebastian's book [Patriarch Mindset](#) is available from Amazon.



**MAN'S WORLD,
AWAKEN!**



THEATER KID OCCUPIED GOVT.

The line between the factual and the fictive in politics is vanishing, says SCHUAB

Something disturbing is happening on the world stage. A grotesque spectacle is unveiling itself. One by one, all of the world's political actors are being replaced with actual actors and jesters. The line between the factual and fictive is vanishing. Welcome to the "Theater Kid Occupied Government" (TKOG).

While most academics will readily allow that "all theater is political", few will say that "all politics is theatrical", even though the notion of politics-as-theater is actually a pretty ancient one. Plato discussed politics in terms of puppet theater, and Machiavelli considered in detail the theatrical and symbolic qualities of political violence. It was Guy Debord, in 1967, who claimed that the fundamental organizing principle of modern society is the spectacle, but Jean Baudrillard went one step further by essentially claiming that there is no "man behind the curtain" – no dramatist choreographing the spectacle at all. In this regard, I think he came closest of all to explaining the emptiness that lies at the heart of the TKOG.

To understand why Theater Kids are now appearing in elite institutions, we must first understand the difference

between Theater Kid cringe and other political performances. As dramatic as their political behaviour might have been, Donald Trump, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Ronald Reagan are or were not drama nerds: they are or were real political performers. They imbued their dramatization with an unmistakable sincerity and humanity that captivated their audiences. Even if they were "only playing a role", even if they were actual actors, they committed themselves totally to their persona. This sincerity and humanity is an essential attribute in political performance. The absence of these things in the Theater Kid is what causes us to recoil. Yet we don't immediately look away from the Theater Kid. We are simultaneously mortified and hypnotized by the display of utter shamelessness. The cold, soulless eyes and the cartoonish, overly animated affect come together to form not an uncanny valley, but a pit.

As a psychological condition, Theatre Kid Syndrome can be described as "compulsive second-order observation". Basically, this means coming to view yourself exclusively through the eyes of the "other" or an imagined "they" – an invisible audience. One's own

personality becomes externalized. The rise of the Theater Kid can be thought of as a consequence of the overriding of physical space by the social environment of mass communication – Twitter, Instagram and especially TikTok. The subject's neurophysiology is deformed.

This is not simply metaphor: the Theater Kid is well and truly brain-damaged. Projecting presence into a virtual environment is similar to being in a sensory deprivation tank, so certain types of internet addiction may lead to decay of the individual's self-conception. In a very real sense, the online persona is much more concrete than your persona as you conceive and feel it "inside yourself". The online persona has static images, metrics and a visible locus in a social network. This leads to a situation where those under pervasive second-order observation in the online environment may begin to identify more with their online identity than their organic identity. Indeed, psychometric studies suggest that observed self-conception deficits in social media and MMORPG addicts are compensated through the replacement of their real-world ideal by their online avatars.

Of course, Theater Kids

existed before social media but what looms on the horizon is a "second-order disaster", a recursive feedback loop of cringe, if we do not come to terms with this new form of identity-construction.

The TKOG functions as a display of spectacular violence. It is an act of managerial terrorism on such a scale that it startles even the most politically illiterate audience. For political violence to function as a performance, it requires agents to be able to interpret the grammar of political terrorism, and to do so requires a certain measure of literacy. With a post-literate population, the signal must be archetypal, and visceral. Very little is as visceral as placing a man-jawed, spiritually transgender clown as the head of your Ministry of Propaganda. No one really believes in the idols of Progress anymore. No one truly believes in the "woke religion", and in that environment the Theater Kid makes the perfect apparatchik. It only has to perform, and no one needs to believe. It is enough that the audience pay attention, and recoil.

The regime is in a state of narrative decay. It has pushed too far into inhuman absurdity and broke through immersion into the realm of entropy. The entropic is akin to a shallow dream state, such as a fever dream or sleep paralysis, which blends objective and subjective reality to the point that both appear unconvincing. Rather than a longed-for narrative climax, the narrative form seems

to be explosively devolving into a thousand choose-your-own-adventure tentacles. Public psychodramas, simulated mass trauma events, and managerial terrorism is all they have left.

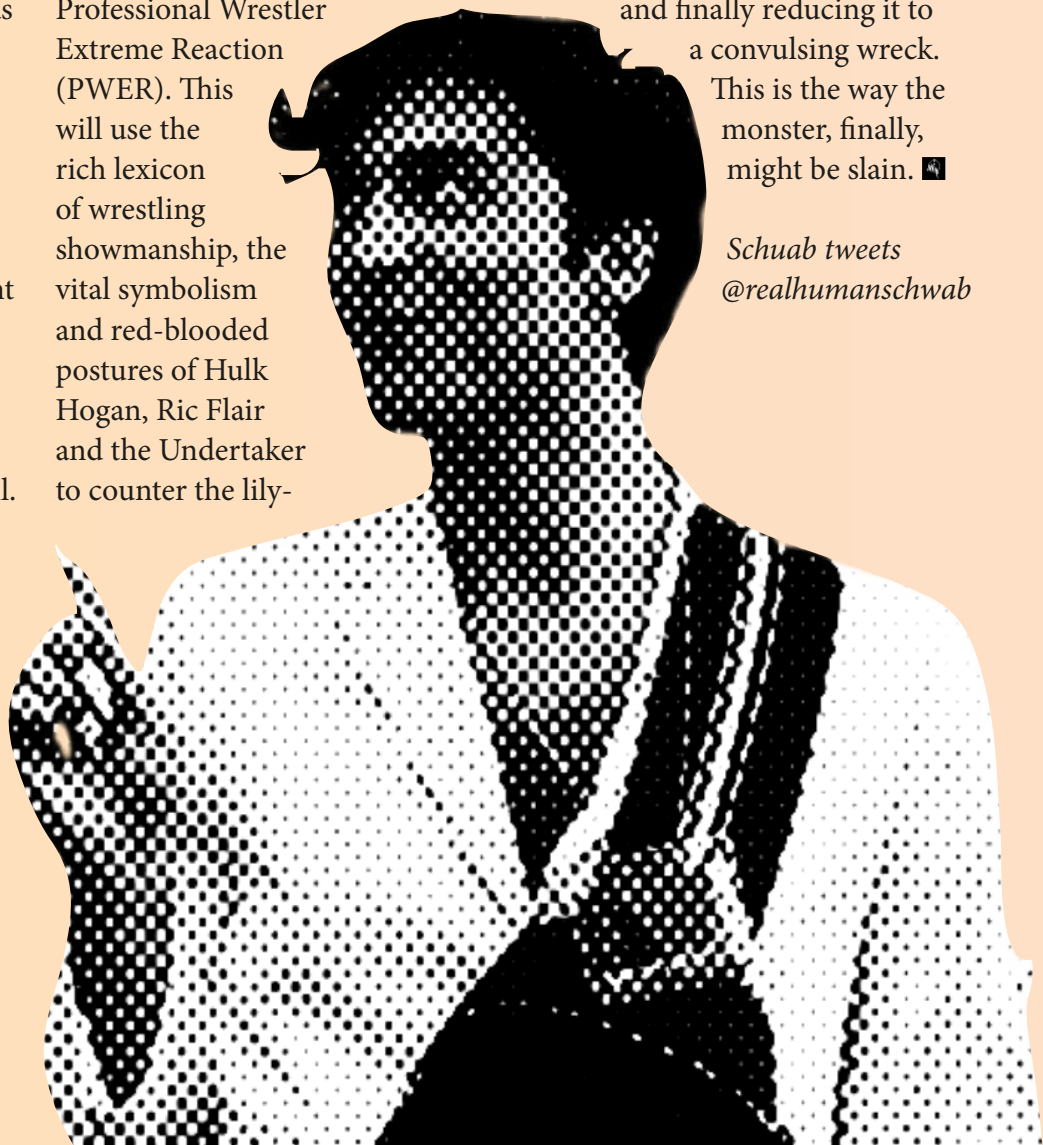
TKOG is not going away. If anything we should prepare ourselves to be labeled "muggles" and harden ourselves against the humiliation rituals of Harry Potter-themed re-education "parks" sponsored by Disney.

At the same time, we must find a way to break the spell of the Theater Kid. The doctrine of tactical hypertrophy demands that we should counter with something even more advanced. I foresee the development of a doctrine called Professional Wrestler Extreme Reaction (PWER). This will use the rich lexicon of wrestling showmanship, the vital symbolism and red-blooded postures of Hulk Hogan, Ric Flair and the Undertaker to counter the lily-

livered, limp wristed, pansy ass tactics of TKOG. Perhaps it will even incorporate elements of full-contact shoot wrestling, in order to increase engagement, especially as more of the "feral generation" of zoomers reach voting age.

Donald Trump was of course a forerunner of this new PWER world order, embracing Saul Alinsky's *Rules for Radicals* by targeting people with ridicule, then personalizing attacks to polarize the public. Trump went yet further, though, and overwhelmed the mass media's ability to control the narrative. He wrestled with the media gorgon and trapped it in a disastrous staring contest, reflecting its gaze and finally reducing it to a convulsing wreck. This is the way the monster, finally, might be slain. ■

Schuab tweets
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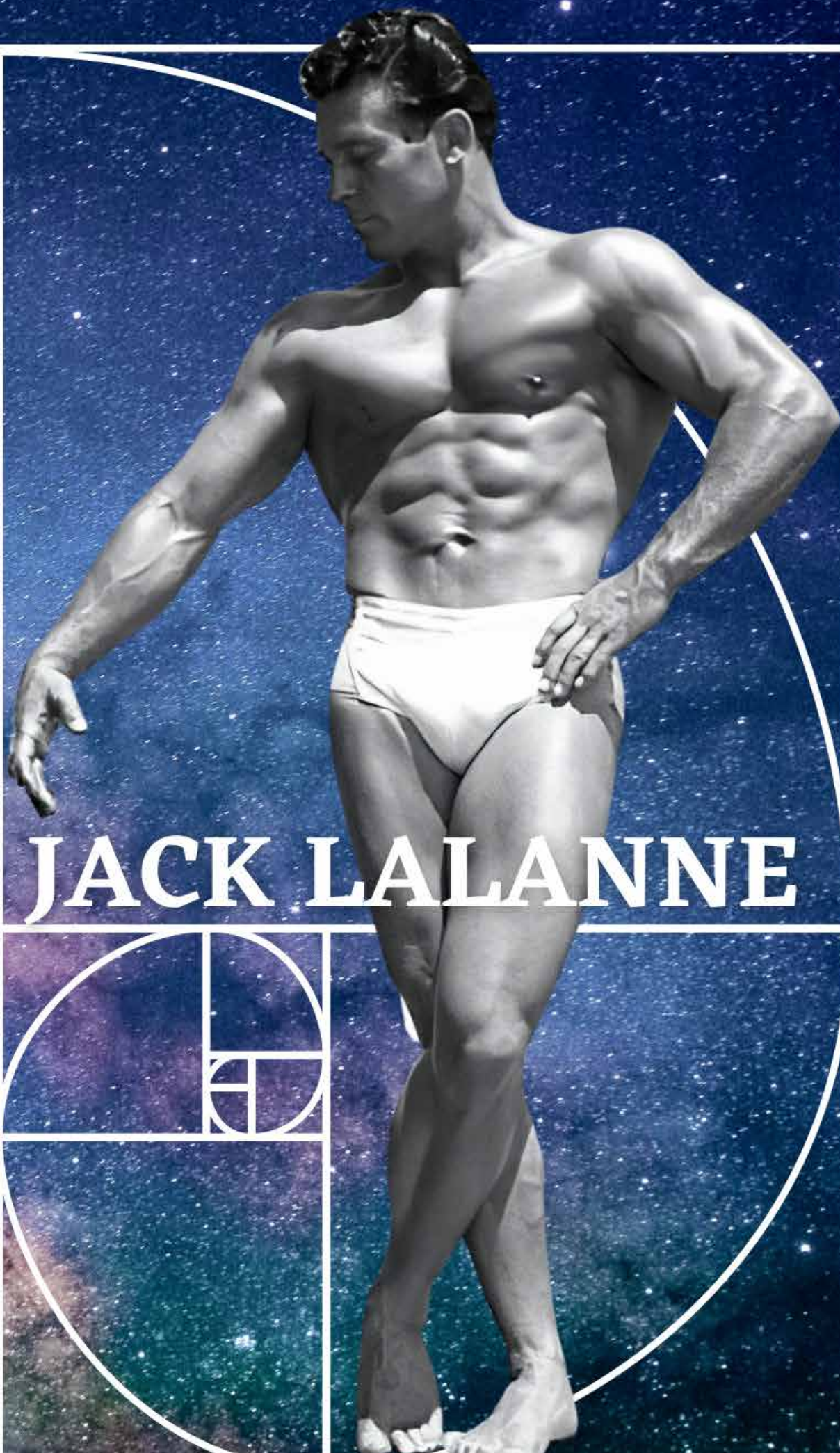
THE GODFATHER OF MODERN FITNESS



Jack La Lanne and Shirley Kilpatrick



ETERNAL PHYSIQUE



JACK LALANNE



Jack Lalanne, who became “an apostle for fitness”, in Arnold Schwarzenegger’s words, and spent seven decades extolling the benefits of exercise and eating properly, could not have had a less auspicious start as a fitness icon if he’d tried. A self-confessed “junk food and sugar addict”, Lalanne suffered serious health problems and dropped out of school at the age of 14. It was only when he witnessed a speech by Paul Bragg, an early health and fitness guru who is famous, among other things, for his Bragg’s apple cider vinegar brand, that Lalanne was able to turn his life around. He described the experience in religious terms: he was “born again”, he later said.

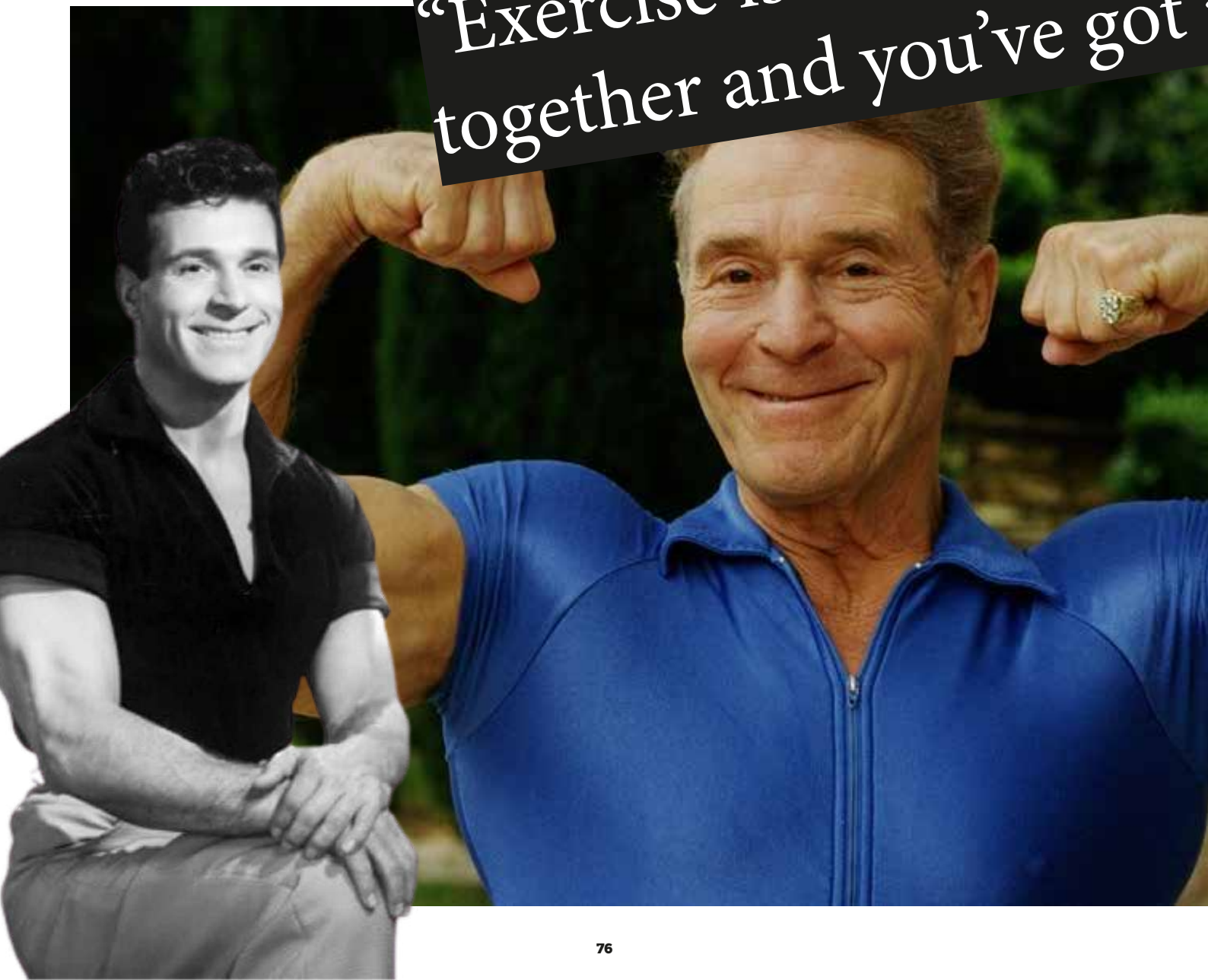
Returning to school, Lalanne

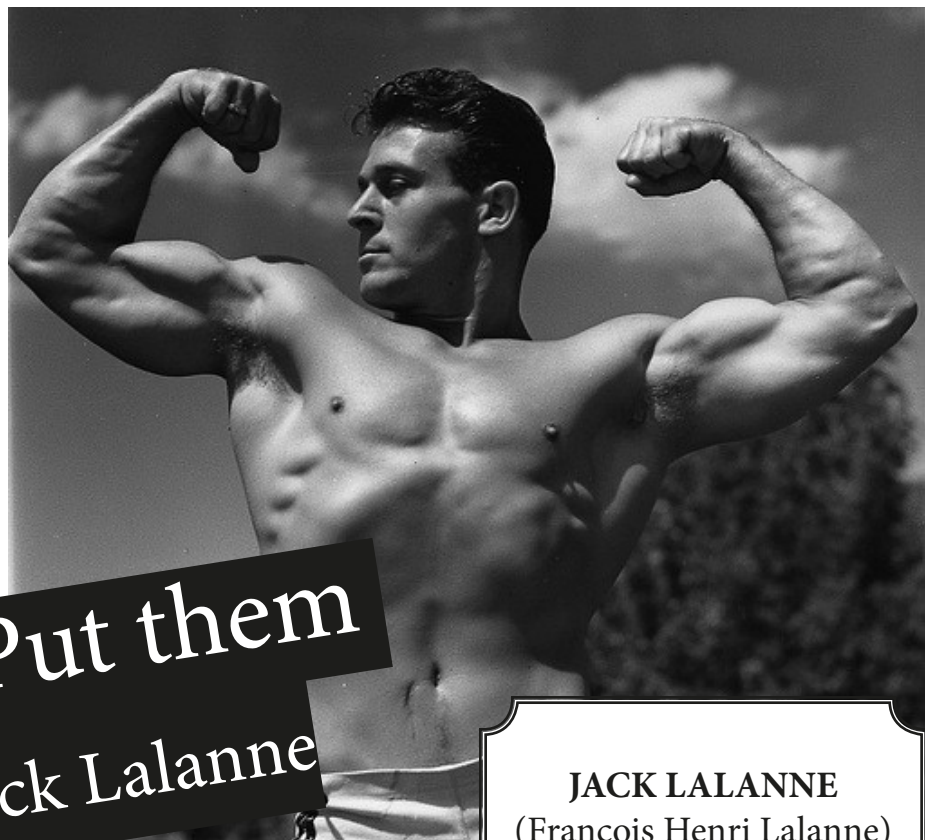
now began to excel at sport, including football and wrestling, and soon started bodybuilding after winning a wager with two local gym buffs that, although he couldn’t lift the weights they could, he could beat each of them in a wrestling match. Having licked them both handily, Lalanne was given a key and allowed to train in their gym. He remembered vividly the strange looks and laughs of his schoolmates when they saw him eating his “health food” for lunch – fresh whole foods, including raw vegetables, simply prepared – but the last laugh would forever be his.

After making his name publishing several books and opening America’s first health and fitness club, in Oakland,



“Exercise is king. Nutrition is queen. Put them together and you’ve got a show that stops the nation.”





on is queen. Put them
a kingdom” Jack Lalanne



JACK LALANNE
(Francois Henri Lalanne)

Born: September 26 1914,
San Francisco

Died: January 23 2011,
Morro Bay, California

Height: 5’6”

Weight: 170lbs

California, Lalanne was given the television show that would come to be most associated with him. The Jack LaLanne Show ran from 1953 to 1985 and was responsible for encouraging millions of Americans to transform their lives through proper nutrition and exercise. Lalanne believed good health was for everyone, and personally coached elderly and disabled clients.

Like many old school lifters, Lalanne was a showman and knew that public feats of strength and athleticism were a great way to inspire people and win them over. In 1954, at the age of 40, he swam the entire 1.7 mile length of the Golden Gate Bridge underwater, with 140lb of air tanks and equipment strapped to his body, setting a new world record. A great many of his most impressive feats were performed in the water – including swimming from Alcatraz to Fisherman’s Wharf with his hands and feet bound and towing a 1,000lb boat – but he also set a new world record for pushups (1033 in 23

minutes, on the television show You Asked For It, in 1956) and performed 1000 jumping jacks and 1000 chin-ups to promote his show going nationwide, in 1959. These public displays continued into his seventies.

Even in his tenth decade, Jack Lalanne was still working out for up to two hours a day. “I’d hate to die,” he once quipped. “It would ruin my image.” In truth, his death at the age of 96 did nothing of the sort, and he remains a legend to this day. 🏋️

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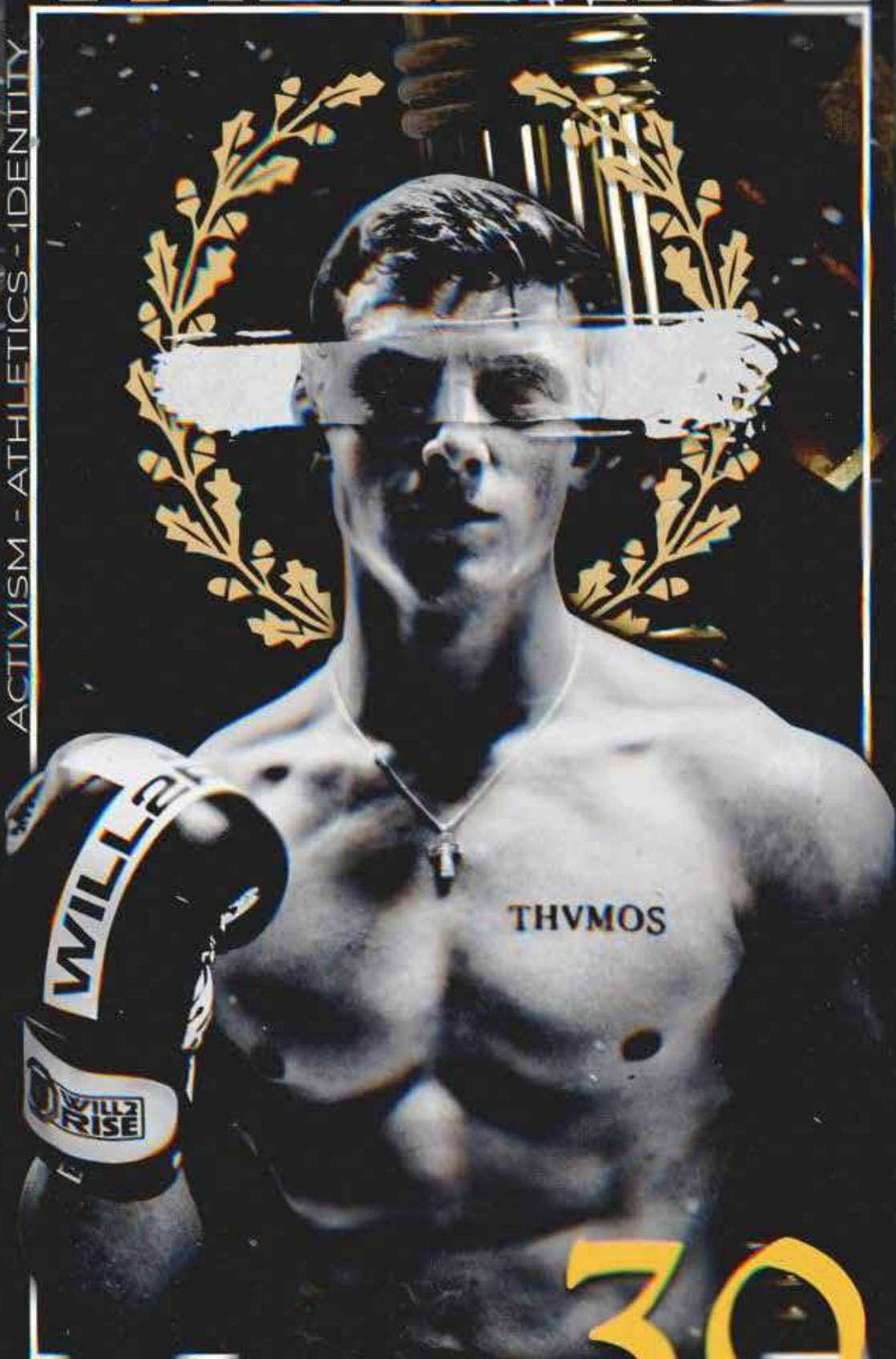


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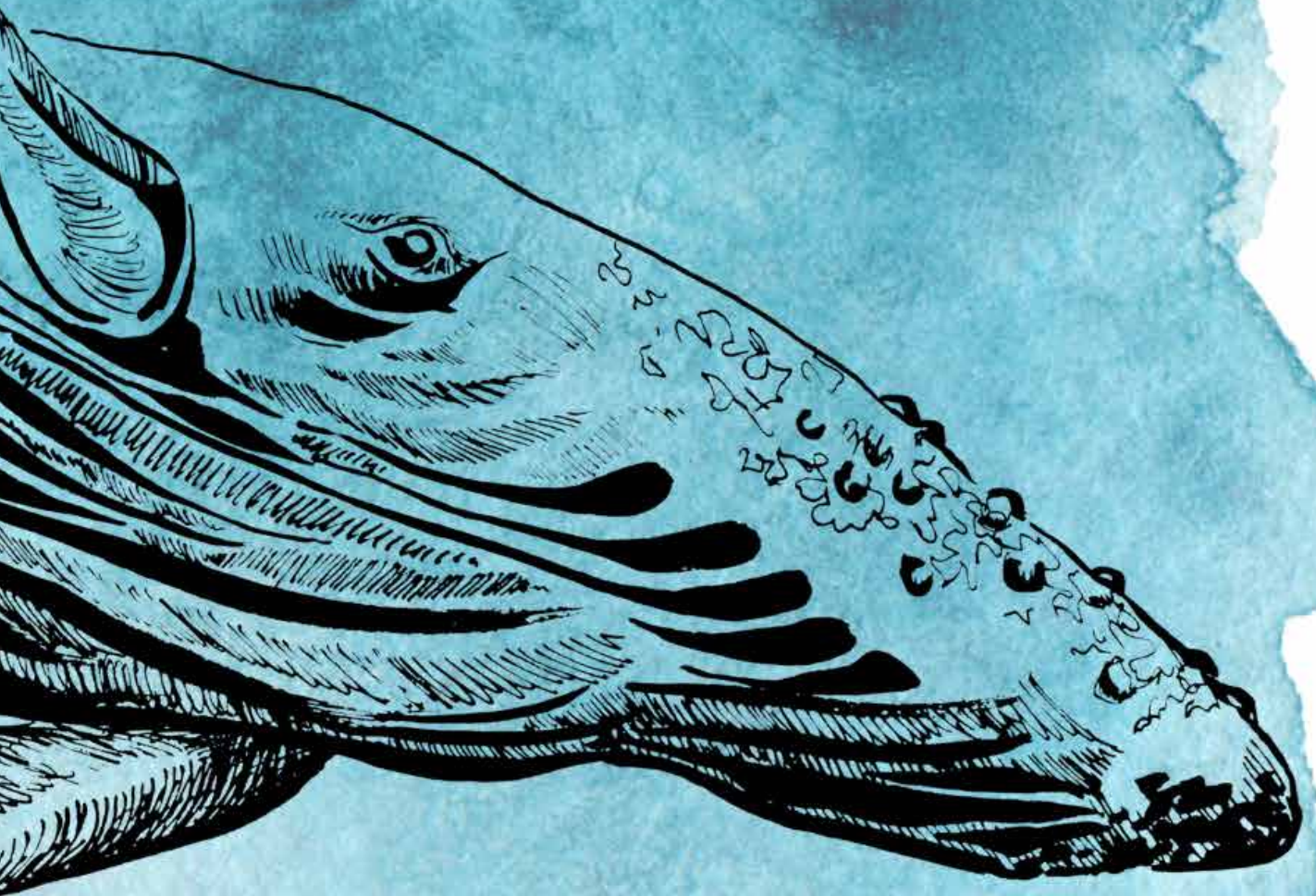


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THE SCRIMSHANDER
A TALE BY PO HUIXOTE



Waves lash. The winds moan like ancient preternatural beings who once could speak and breathe life, even if only for their own amusement. Pebbles spin and somersault along an icy and dark shore, the tide stealing the light sheen of morning frost from its black sands.

A clapboard hut rests on this shore, held up on crickety stilts from the water's edge like some spindly many-legged old creature. Adjoining it is a wooden pier and moored there a smaller stone-white whaleboat with lashed harpoons and lances inside and the pier reaches tentatively out into the Sea.

Inside he hunches over his work-

table, the scrimshander. The sounds of shaving off flints of bone can be heard by his moppet who flanks him, his daughter of only seven, who's trying to peer around the mountainous ridge of her father's shoulders and bluff of his strong back, the back which wears the cable-patterns of an undyed hand-knit fisherman's sweater speckled by snowflakes of dandruff. She's on pointe, leaning, but cannot see what thing or figure or specimen of like he shapes.

Eventually she hears the gentle tap of his setting down the knife and he spins round on his stool in a flourish with scarred hands cupped one on the



other, as if keeping a songbird from flight, and leans down to his daughter. She holds out her own little hands, much different and very soft. His hover now above hers as a mother whale floats above her calf. She waits, and then looks at him. His thick eyebrows lift as he tilts his head. She squinches her big green eyes and in that big dark empty world she feels a weight drop into her palms. What lies there when she opens her eyes again and that dark world goes away is a dog of bone, a scrimshaw carving of a white-furred hound. She gasps, squeezing it to herself, and bunnyhops into her father's arms. Wonderment and sparkles alight in her body as she skips around the tiny hut interior singing to herself while waves hush without. She plays for some time. Her father is, as all good fathers are, ever the tender watchman. Despite this, he still finds he can't quite breathe fully while his wife is away and his daughter remains his to care for entirely.

Loud scratches at the base of the door send her scuttling behind the couch.

'Papa,' she whispers.

He hushes her and slides his carving knife from the table and into his grip, approaching the thick hut door. The scratches are joined by an odd whining. He plants a booted toe to block, lifts the heavy plank latch, and cracks the door.

A white dog sits amiably just outside, tail lazily thudding against the packed dirt and snow, as if waiting routinely to be let in. It ruffs once lowly.

'Dog?' his daughter says.

The scrimshander goes to

shut the door but the dog leaps on its hind legs punching the door with its front paws, startling and knocking him back, the knife falling and clattering, and the dog gallops inside for his daughter. Scrambling for the dropped knife and to his feet and to his child's protection the next sounds he hears... are her piping giggles. She is on her rump now as the hound roots its soft muzzle at her ear. As the dog falls on its back, legs kicking ceilingward and tail wagging, her father stays the knife. He rests it closeby on the worktable.

It's not been an hour before the pale beast, lying there on the floor beside her as she bounces her scrimshaw prototype along its back and tail, begins to whine and look to the scrimshander who has been watching them closely from his elm windsor chair. He sighs as he stands and moves toward the ice trunk. He retrieves a hefty and oily slab of whalemeat from the trunk and flops it onto the table where it's to be minced, and he presses the heel of his scarred palm on the blunt back of the knife when reaching the thicker, colder flank. The prepared gobbets wobble in the air when the scrimshander tosses them into the awaiting dog's jowls, and so too into his daughter's who's joined her new pet, mouth wide in imitation, horseshoe of white teeth bared, arms up but hands hanging limp. The scrimshander tells them that's enough and turns back to the table to put the uncut remainder away.

A light from outside flashes under his brow, arresting him to

look to the hill beyond the kitchen window. Gliding across that white terrace is the postman. The aluminum ski poles used to speed his locomotion reflect the sun and gleam and bounce rays of light from their spikes to land under the scrimshander's thick brow. The postman on his skis, who services this remotest part of home and is sprightly for his girth, slows gracefully down the hill toward the hut up to where the snow ends and he must step onto the black sand. What would be sharp-knuckled knocks in the summer are muffled by the postman's heavy-fabric mitts to a whump whump whump. The scrimshander feels the rapping through the floorboards under his feet and the dog grumbles. He hushes it.

As he opens the door the postman has a telegram in mitt. Before the scrimshander can take it his daughter and the hound scurry past him and the postman, who they nearly topple.

'Aye!' cries the scrimshander.

He accepts the delivery and nods, watching the postal skier heave his sack of correspondence back over his shoulder, lash it tight and, stepping away and off the blackened beach, tack off into the snow over the hill and disappear. The scrimshander closes the door and leaves the latch unthrown. He opens the telegram.

SWEETHEARTS. MISS YOU BOTH. AM FINE. HOME 2 DAYS. ITALY.

The last word being a cost-saving acronym for 'I Trust And Love You.'

He lifts the burnished oil lamp on his worktable, sets the tele-



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gram on top of his faded seaman's discharge papers from the whaling vessel Brendan, and rests the lamp. The hound is barking. The scrimshander rubs his sweater and steps over to the cast iron woodburning stove, which stands on four claw-and-ball feet, and he swings open the door tossing in some fresh birch logs from yesterday's chopping. The hound is barking. Swinging the stove closed he moves to the window. Only white terrain, only gentle slanting snow. The barking of the hound becomes clearer when he opens the door and steps out calling her name. There is nothing but black sand and the snow inland, over which he can see far. He calls again. On the beach, on the other side of the hut, he finds the hound and only the hound. It barks while slapping its front paws at the encroaching tide, retreating, then chasing it forward to continue slapping and barking, before retreating from the tide again. The scrimshander rushes down the beach to the hound, the black shore sinking under his footfalls, and looks into the water, but it is clear and through the tracery of seafoam he sees only dark sand and shells alone. Gooseflesh prickles his nape. He spins about like a lighthouse lamp but in this seeking his own light and not finding it. Looking down again smaller boottracks than his go nowhere but the water and are being washed away. The scrimshander, aiming ahead of where the hound still splashes its paws, leaps forth and dives, searching around, feeling, seeking, his slowing swinging arms underwater becoming frantic in their movements and tired, nothing but darkness down here in this seeking, feeling, looking

with open burning eyes and he comes up for air and to call her name again and again, 'Aster! Aster!' before finally standing to his height, rising out the water where the sea meets his waist, dripping, darkly baptized by the great tragedians, and casting his pale face toward a hauntingly quiet horizon. And seaward nothing stirs.

It is night now. The scrimshander is found on the floor, nude in front of the woodburning stove among his still drying garments. He clutches his wife's telegram with hands encrusted with salt crystals, seawater and skin having been made one very long ago from years of whaler's work, and he reads it repeatedly when he can wipe his eyes sufficiently to see the print clearly. He has disrobed after checking under the beds, under the piled quilts, inside the cabinets, (this all after having first wandered the snowy lands surrounding, returning to the hut just before his wet clothes could freeze to his skin) but as one could see the entire home from any part of it, the possibilities were few, and he had succumbed to this daymare and the sea having taken his daughter, and he collapsed in front of the stove to remove his icicled sweater, trousers, and boots. While his skin is now dry the icicles at his beard drip coldly onto his chest. The scrimshander cannot tell, because he is not all-seeing as we are, which drops coolly plunking the shudder at his chest are drops from those icicles and which tears. His last look at her repeats in his memory like the beating flutters of moth wings

in waning, weakening throes. He thinks again and again of how grey crowns should not be charged to stand above pillow-bound darker ones, how creased foreheads should never look down upon smooth foreheads forever resting in small wood boxes. He is at AM FINE again when the hound nuzzles the telegram and then him. The scrimshander pushes the creature away. He'd spent his life harvesting the gifts of the sea. Had the sea taken harvest in return?

The hound circles back but the scrimshander pushes it away once more and he lies back and his arm flops to the floor where it hits something beneath the couch: the scrimshaw hound. He takes it and inspects the tiny thing and sits up. He looks at the real hound and it looks at the scrimshander.

He thinks retrospectively now looking over to his daughter's bedside table, that bedside from where he wished nightly its tiny occupant 'Gentle dreams,' that bedside table on which lays a scrimshaw boat, completed just before the small white whaleboat now moored at the pier outside floated ashore and grounded crewless, rather miraculously. Next to it is a petite ermine which, as the scrimshander now recalls, coincided with a very similar version of such a creature caught in the wooden cage trap beneath the hut, and subsequently eaten that selfsame evening by him, his daughter and wife. These two, and now the hound.

He rises and rushes to the side of the hut where waits his worktable, where it is much colder away from the fire in the stove and in his nakedness, and rips open the drawer housing his unused bone and ivory. His large shoul-







ders droop at the singular rather unfavorable piece that remains of his raw materials. He plucks it and places it on the table. It's shadowed by his frame before he removes an S. Jones's lucifer from its paper box sleeve, strikes it, and lights the oil lamp. A foul odor takes the hut. He grabs his knife.

He makes to start but pulls back, blade just hovering. His little girl? Or perhaps a whale for more material on the chance it wouldn't work the first time? But wait. What mad chance that such preternatural happenings are and could be what he hopes them now to be? What is more likely? That nature suspended her laws on a whim? Or that a sudden madness has arrested him? The knife trembles doubtedly over the ending bone, the hollow white possibility of it.

He grips and sets to carving.

What emerges after nigh an hour is a human specimen very much in proportion and likeness to his daughter, only needing to carefully carve out several details beneath her hair and beneath her jaw. The terrain of a bone is not uniform and this part is hard, combatant to his blade and he wishes he would have begun carving from the opposite end. But such choices, among others, can only be made once. The knife is under her chin, the whittling done little by little, but this part is the toughest and he plies the blade harder — snapping the bone in half.

He curses violently and throws the ruined sculpture and the knife.

The hound whines. At this the scrimshander lurches up cursing and screaming at it too and throws his stool toward its spot in front of the stove and it scurries tail-tucked behind their beds. He stands large in the night, hirsute and nude, heavy and weakened, not sighing but not rightly crying, but something rather like a figure gorgoned into a hopeless and stirless statue there in the middle of the one-less-tenanted hut. Only his sad eyes move and watch the nothing, perhaps the memory, that dances in that pocket of empty space in front of him.

Material. He needs material.

He rushes to his splayed woollen habiliments and with pinching hands assures himself they're dry enough to don and dry enough to bear the elements. Quickly he reclothes himself and burdens his toboggan and heavy Burberry seaman's coat, thumbing the horn buttons through and securing the belt. He sends into a small burlap sack several tin cans of food and carries it outside, snuffing the lamp upon his leave. The hound follows the scrimshander past the capstan and try pots out to the tiny pier and watches him step over the gunwale and into the small stone-white whaleboat, it tottering, and truly more the size of a jolly and hardly large enough nor sporting the quorum for the task the scrimshander is about to ask of it, but the scrimshander is twice the strength of the average merchant seaman and full of pain and anger, and the hound watches that man, that father, drop his bag and look about nodding at items in the deck all caked in a thin slush.

The scrimshander settles onto

the center bench and lists port to unwind the tie-off from the cleat. But the knot in the rope is frozen. He howls another curse and with a hatchet pulled from the boat hews the rope clean, pushing against the handle to cast off his undersized vessel leaving the hatchet sunk into the pier, and turns to the dark waters and the night wind and the sugar-dusted sky. He hears the hound whine from the black sand shore behind and the light wood oar in his rough hands darkens when it enters the midnight sea.

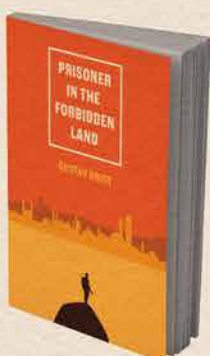
The moon, rather like a white fruit that had been carelessly dropped and was now slightly flattened on one side, lays a reticulate glint on an ink-like sea, and the glistening stars sit like spectators silently watching in a domed colosseum this hunting party of one. The soft thumps of the current on the hull are ceaseless and the scrimshander sports the bewitched seastare of the sailor being rocked gently. He pores soundlessly, patiently, for in this time the seas are still full and the beasts aplenty and a hunt not hard to find. He re-counts the harpoons, a pair of two-flue and one more favorable single-flue, several times while glancing from the sea to the deck and back again. Small wavelets are yearnfully reaching upward, then falling and slapping like myriad water-daemons trying and failing to touch the sky but trying endlessly allthesame. He catches himself unthinkingly humming an old shanty, but stops as it doesn't seem right what with the situation upon him. But

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then, out of fear that the singing of such shanties might have been a cause for his old crew's successful whale-finding, he carries on half-heartedly, quietly singing when he is sure in the words. Also, some sound feels better than silence.

Enough years have passed by now that he is out of practice and much like a lubber at keeping awake on night watch. Under this soft swaying and these downy feelings from the purling of the waves he closes his eyes and smells the air, remembering the Brendan, recalling the hunts, the gaffing, the killing, flensing, his daughter. He recalls—

HISSSS.

He jolts up stumbling, the boat wobbling under him. The thunk thunk of each boot steadying his senescent sealegs. He watches the oily crescent of the whale's back bloom from the water and then dip away and he listens to the trickle of the falling spray glittering the surrounding water. The scrimshander gauges it a juvenile, smaller, luck falling on him for once as a solitary hunter and desperate father. Working under moonlight he pats with fingertips the rope secured to the one single-flue harpoon to be doubly sure he had tied it, and he oars the tiny, inadequate boat toward his prey, this man with these dark human machinations on nature which are uncontestably nature likewise. He oars on a line ahead of where he sighted the whale. The moon then grants him a bit of light reflecting nicely off the white paint of his boat and he can see just below the surface, and there it is: the whale, curious as they are, rising beside him. The whaler turned scrim-

shander, turning again to the old profession and recalling its ways, lifts the first harpoon high and sends it through the water, sinking it into the hide of the creature which instantly thrashes and dives, the thrash rocking the boat, taking swiftly into the deep the connected coiled loops of the rope in the deck. The whale takes rope very quickly which the scrimshander tries to grab but the speeding rope is but a singing line of fire, and he grips the gunwales and stomps a boot against the rope, an action which dips the boat at once and he releases his foot before the boat flips and capsizes. The rope slacks. The boat rocks. He looks about him. Something in his periphery turns him but there is only sea there. Then off a bit ahead he sees the handle of the harpoon breach the water and come toward him, canted like some ominous tilted mast of a sunken ship lazarusly rising from the depths. He grabs the first of the two-flue and holds it up, but as the whale approaches he panics and throws it too early and it sticks in the hide floppily, and the beast sinks away again taking the harpoons with it. He grabs the other two-flue, gripping the wood tightly. It is wet. Clouds move along, allowing the moonlight to brighten the water. The scrimshander can now see just below as he raises his final harpoon high, watch the whale emerging from beneath, seething, and now the scrimshander knows his previous gauging to be hauntingly — incorrectly — wrong. It is not a juvenile, no, but an immense bull and enraged and just beside the boat it leaps out of the sable ocean all oily and massive with a cathedran cry, twice-pierced,

blocking the moonlight from the scrimshander's sight who screams and hurls himself overboard, and the behemoth half-pirouettes for the spangled sky before crashing down onto the whaleboat exploding it into splinters.

The whorling blued amniotic static cuts away when the scrimshander breaks the surface, birthed again and sucking in the clear air, swimming away and away from the stove boat and his hunted made hunter. The sea tastes copperish on his lips. He is paddling, heavy, looking back for the beast. It is when his strength to swim ebbs and hope is furling, when grubish thoughts of the black oblivion embrace, that which waits below his kicking boots, make their inching ways into his mind that those boots sound a muffled thud against something hard and immovable. Shoals.

He paddles his body over and puts coral underfoot, and hauls up his soaked habiliments and failure onto the coral and onto the rocks and falls here on his back, confined now to this patch of land about the size of a bed and rests in this open-air sarcophagus that rises but inches above the sea. And the scrimshander cries.

He lies awhile there cold, hungry, tired, gazing far heavenward, listening to the thrashing of the stuck whale for some time before the sea turns silent.

The story continues on p.238.

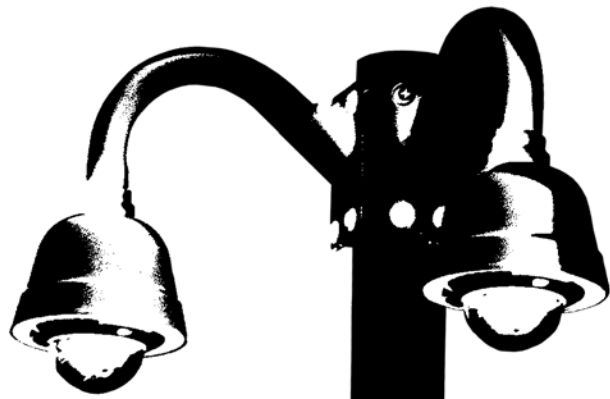


TURNING
POINT

Texas grandes



THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH



IS WATCHING



SUN YOUR BALLS





FOR A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

I. INTRODUCTION: FOR A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

The Sun gives life. Hence it is considered a God. A Unity which births a living Diversity. And for us, as living beings, living by and through the Sun, what is more worthy of worship, than that which has given us to ourselves, than that which has given us life? For what, as living beings, is more worthy of worship, than Life?

Yet they tell you the Sun causes disease, and they tell you to hide from it. Who knows, they might even attempt to block out the Sun one day. It is clear: we no longer worship what gives life, rather, we run away from it. It is this simple observation that constitutes the essence of our problem, and the starting point of a reaction.

What do we observe here? The dominant cultural drift is *against* Life. This is the great reversal, at once as old as Life itself, at once characteristic of our times.

French philosopher Michel Henry speaks of 'life turning against Life.' We, the living, have turned against Life. And he is right. Wherever you travel, you no longer see a diversity of ways in which the living express Life. Rather, you encounter everywhere the same disgusting manner in which the living seek to flee from Life. Not a diversity of architectural styles, but the same depressing buildings. Not a diversity of cuisines, but the same poisonous factory foods. Not a diversity of religions, but the same global media. The same addictions, the same ideas, the same ways in which the living seek to escape from Life. What is worshipped is not Life and what gives us life. What is worshipped is what helps us flee from Life.

All the philosophy, all the politics, all the art. All of it takes place within Life, and emerges from our primal attitude towards Life. For Life, or against it. This is why, before all other questions, we are confronted with the question of Life. Nietzsche teaches us that philosophy is only

In this exclusive essay, Tólma (@_tolma) outlines a philosophy that brings us back to what is truly meaningful and immediate



beneficial in a healthy culture. In a sick culture, however, philosophy makes us even sicker. If philosophy is rooted in the instinct for growth and self-expression —if it is in the service of Life— it is beneficial. If, however, philosophy is rooted in the instinct for self-destruction, philosophy will only drag us deeper.

Like the supremely sick organism —the one that has started devouring itself from the inside out—, our thoughts, our ‘philosophies’, are destroying us, for they are rooted in a sick mode of life. A mode of life that is turning against itself, in both body and mind. Our bad habits have accumulated; Self-hating minds, and bodies ridden with ‘auto-immune’ disease.

This is why, before any other question, it is a question of direction. For, or against. For a philosophy of Life, or for a doctrine of Death? To return to Life, or to keep destroying ourselves?

II. LIFE

What is life? To answer this question, you need nothing, but you must get rid of everything. Get rid of the dogma of science, that life is to be found under a microscope. Get rid of the dogma of diversity, that life is a matter of choice. Before science could give you a definition of biological life, you were alive, *and you knew yourself to be alive*. Before you could choose life, Life was given to you *in a submission stronger than any freedom whatsoever. And before you knew yourself to be alive, your ancestors knew themselves to be alive*. You know what Life is, because you yourself are alive. Your ancestors knew what it meant to be alive, because the same Life that you feel rushing through your veins, ran through theirs.

What you are is this knowledge, and this knowledge is what you are. This knowledge of the flesh, present before anything else, your essence. And when you watch out over Nature, when you feel the air going up your nostrils, the Sun warming your skin, or the cold touching your bones, you know that you are not alone, but that this Nature too is alive. No science, no research, but an intuitive knowing. Vitalism never meant anything else; this boundless confidence, born from knowing ourselves to be alive, through the pure feeling of Life, self-knowledge incarnate. More certain than any other knowledge whatsoever. Indubitable, by essence. This Life is the absolute pre-condition for anything occurring whatsoever, for any value whatsoever being posited. Life is the absolute pre-condition, and it is the

absolute value. Not your life, and not mine, but the Life that runs through us all.

This Life is there, it runs through you, and there is no eye better suited than yours to know it. For like is known by like. And as like is known by like, so like desires like. And so, life desires Life. And naturally, by this self-love inherent in Life, you are driven to become more of what you are. You seek more of yourself, as Life seeks more of itself. This is the only task given in and by Life: to become more alive, to become as Life. To become more of yourself, until you radiate outwards, and shine onto others, as the Living Sun shines over you. As Life is given to you, so you shall give Life. The task set for you by Life: to become as a God, a Unity that confers Life.

III. LIFE AGAINST LIFE

But we have renounced our task, for we have turned away from Life, from Nature, from ourselves. We have forgotten. We put chip in brain, we torture animal to make destructive vaccine, we pollute soil, we cut off genitals, we worship matter, “A.I.”. We extend our hand to a faceless minority, and doing so, we forget ourselves. We hate ourselves, and we adore what is other. We hate Life, and we yearn for what is foreign.

Before any other question, the only real political question is one of Life. Do you stand with the forces of Life, or do you labour in glory of their destruction? All other reasons for being interested in politics are escapism. Life expressing itself, or life turning against itself. It is this simple, and making it more complex is only a way of avoiding the question; ‘do I live in conformity with Truth, do I live in such a way that leads to the flourishing of Life? Or do I live as a parasite?’.

Vitalism, say some. But let us not get caught up in definitions. Live according to Nature, live in such a manner that Life runs through you more fiercely, experiment with modes of living, be disciplined, and the right thoughts will come naturally. But I can assure you they won’t be what you are told at university. When all is said and done, there are only two directions. For a growth of life, or for a diminishment. For health, or for decay. For the flourishing of Nature and higher mankind, or for the destruction of all that breathes Life. Vitalism, for there is no other choice, except death.

We rush head-on towards a Unity with Life. But the path is ridden with traps, deceptions. We are all one under the Sun, but we are not equal. Far from it, it is precisely because of the Unity of Life, that

“This is your true Self, one with Life, through the unbreakable bond of living. But it is precisely because of this closeness, that you are bound to forget Life”

we have the diversity of the living. It is because the Sun is one, that our skins are different. Unity breeds difference and hierarchy, not uniformity. Life sets men in their place, separates their tongues, their skins, their natures. We seek to live like Gods, not like a colony of insects.

We ask with Plotinus, “What can it be, therefore, that has made the souls forget the god who is their father and be ignorant of themselves and him?” What is it that makes us turn against Life?

IV. A DOUBLE FORGETTING

If you observe your experience, you feel directly that life is given to you. You are not the origin of your own existence, rather, you find yourself there, in the middle, Life rushing through you. Close your eyes and feel this, the mere ecstasy of being-there (Dasein), accessible to all intact despite modern amnesia. It is within this pure presence of Life to itself, that you as a person are given to yourself. This stream of Life without bounds, this flux, the undergoing of which is your essence. You undergo this Life in such a closeness, that in your deepest essence, there is no difference, between Life and yourself. *Tat tvam asi*: thou art that.

This is your true Self, one with Life, through the unbreakable bond of living. But it is precisely because of this closeness, that you are bound to forget Life.

Life is there, and you are born in it. As you are given birth, *you pull the powers of Life into yourself*, as the child absorbs the mother’s nutrients in the womb. And by doing so, you separate yourself from Life. Here, the ego emerges out of the true Self coextensive with Life. The same thing, but having come to see itself as separate. From now on, we bathe in the transcendental illusion that we, as separate egos, undergo Life, *and that we can choose not to*. That undergoing the vast diversity of joys and horrors that Life moves through, we can say no. Not realizing, that there is no turning away from Life. For we are Life, and there is no fleeing from ourselves. Because we are so close, we are able to separate ourselves. And because we separate ourselves, we are able to forget that we are so close.

As Plotinus says: “The starting point for their evil is, then, audacity, generation, primary difference, and their willing that they belong to themselves.” By seeing itself as separate, the ego eventually forgets its rootedness in Life, and comes to know only itself and a lifeless world. Like a child; *by wanting to be itself*, by venturing forth on its own path, it forgets its father.

The ego, caught between Life and the world, between its life-giving origin and matter, now only comes to see the world, but this time without Life. No living Nature, but merely the world. Here, Nature no longer breathes, animals no longer express themselves, and the ego is no different from anything else; merely a thing. A combination of lifeless parts, as mundane as a table or a rock. This is the double forgetting. Out of a desire for self-differentiation, the ego forgets its own origin: Life. And coming to know only a lifeless world, the ego eventually forgets itself too. For in a lifeless world, it can no longer know itself as a Self, but only as a lifeless thing. As Michel Henry writes: “The more Life is hidden in the ego, the more open, the more available becomes the world.” The more one loses sight of Life, the more the world opens itself. Not in any living manner as a Nature in which we share with our being, but as this pure and lifeless space in which we spend our time. The materialist playground, and by now the only framework from which to explain the ego. The world, no longer as something that breathes Life, but as a pure milieu, a pure outside, without any recollection of interiority. This is how we forget.

Riveted to Life in this closeness impossible to put into words, we have no choice but to undergo Life, for we are nothing but this undergoing. Yet since we have come to see ourselves as separated from this undergoing, as egos separate from Life, the belief emerges that we have a choice, that we can choose to either undergo Life or not. Life flows through us, with all its modalities of feeling, from the greatest joys to the deepest depressions, and at its lowest point, the silent desire arises in us to say NO, to stop this flow of energy, and go our own way. Here, in the depths of the pain that Life is, arises the primal NO against Life. Here, the mad desire arises in the living, that it is *possible*, and desirable, to live as egos,

**LET'S MAKE
RAW MILK
MANDATORY
IN ALL
SCHOOLS**



THE ONE AND ONLY

**MILK-
LY!**

without having to undergo Life. In undergoing the intensity of Life, we are only undergoing our own essence, but now gripped by the transcendental illusion of the ego separated from Life, we think we can choose to not undergo ourselves. The insane thought that we can flee from our essence, this is what marks us. Life is a process of undergoing, both joy and horror, and evil originates when we choose to block its path.

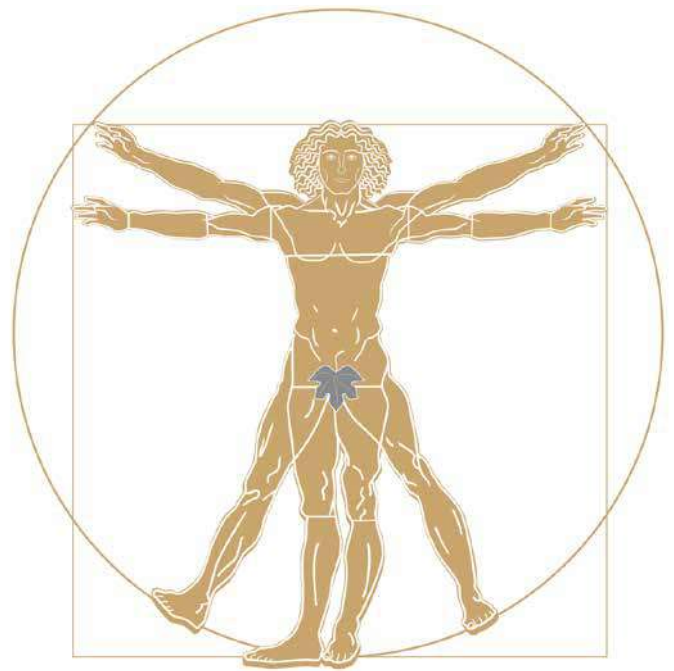
The technologies of the post and trans-human are explained by this. No longer working through our inner conflict, but fleeing from ourselves through surgery. No longer thinking for ourselves, but having an implant do it for us. Progress; the degree to which we are able to flee from Life. But the ego is not separated from Life, and the project of fleeing, being based on an illusion, can only last so long.

V. τόλμα

This is where we are in the cycle; Life as origin has long been forgotten, and we are now fully in the process of forgetting ourselves. Our philosophies and our technologies have shut out God and Nature, and we are now going after ourselves. It is the same drift *away from Life*, that creates the ego, and that eventually destroys the subject. It is the same drift, that creates the ‘liberal subject’, and that cancels out subjectivity.

But why this initial departure? This desire for self-differentiation, this desire to depart from what is, to go against Nature, and to eventually forget ourselves in what is foreign to our Selves? τόλμα, says Plotinus. A daring, an audacity, a desire to see where none should look. Abiding in itself, Life is in need of nothing outside itself. Yet, as one cannot help from scratching an itch, one cannot help from looking elsewhere. The child, knowing it should follow its father’s advice, yet still can’t help from running its own way. It goes out, starts the soy-diet, gets some tattoos, a few addictions, maybe a sex-transition, until it eventually realizes its father was right: Nature should not be departed from, lest you want to get hurt. But having learned from its mistakes, the child realizes that its departure was only natural. It couldn’t help itself, and was only doing its part, in exploring the “soul and its frontiers, the compass of human inner experience.” It now knows it should forgive itself and return, only now enriched, by the knowledge of experience.

It is part of the child-phase of development, to recklessly go beyond, to depart from Life, from Nature, from ourselves, until one is pulled back into



oneself by the pain of what is foreign.

“For if the things sought are alien to it, why should it seek them? But if they are of the same lineage, it is fitting for it to seek them, and it is possible to find that which it is seeking.” (Plotinus)

History is this child, rushing head on into decay, and being pulled back, forever more. Perhaps nothing should be done to stop decay, Life flows up and down, and resisting one part of its flow is resisting Life itself. The fool —tormented by the sight of decay, for clinging too hard to what is worth nothing. The wise man —gladly moving along, looking forward to new beginnings, not renouncing action, but acting gladly, knowing his actions will eventually lead to the pendulum swinging back. Do not waste your time wallowing, but know, as Plotinus cautions, that “this is the sign of the greatest power, to be able to make good use even of evils.” And to gladly do so, for one knows that “the experience of evil results in a clearer knowledge of the Good.”

Life has turned against Life, and the tides will surely turn. In the meantime, make your choice, and do your part: live in Truth. ■

Tólma’s book Problem, Life, Deception: Philosophical Essays is available now from Amazon. Read more of his essays at tolma.substack.com.



MW ART!





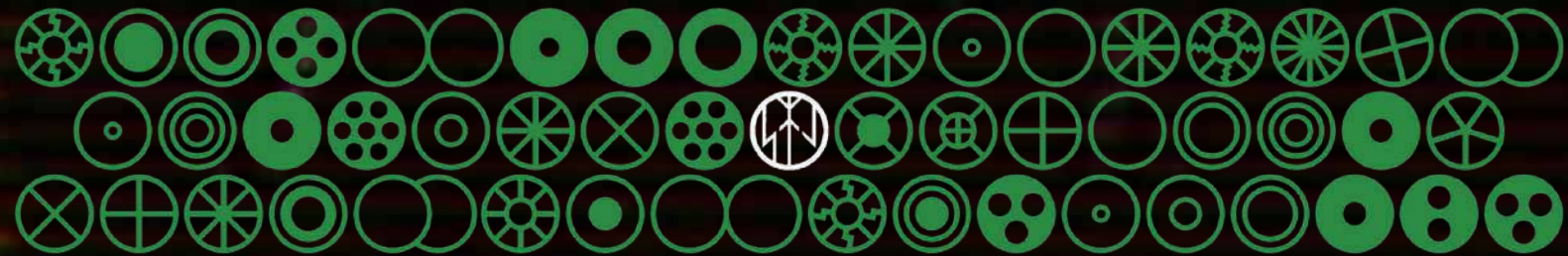
"Odysseus and Polyphemus"

Arnold Böcklin

1896

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston





PAGANISM IN THE NORTHMAN

A review by Tom Rowsell

Back in 2010 a PR company sent me an advance screener of 'Valhalla Rising' so I could review it prior to its official UK release. I heaped praise upon the film, despite the fact it contained many historical inaccuracies, because I was delighted to see a story set in the Viking age which had an esoteric dimension and which was crafted with more concern for artistic vision than with box office sales. In the 12 years since then, that violent, moody tale of an Odinic hero has set the tone for a wave of Viking invasions of popular media, many of which, including History Channel's Vikings series and the Assassin's Creed Valhalla video game, copy the "biker Viking aesthetic" established by Winding-Refn's bloody offering. Discerning audience members are now justifiably fed up with seeing the Viking age depicted with so much brown leather, tattooed heads, woke casting (a recent fad absent in Valhalla Rising) and punk-rock haircuts. So when Robert Eggers, a director whose previous two films each dealt with pagan mythology and folklore in a nuanced and thought provoking way, announced that his third film would be about Vikings, and when the trailer seemed to signal a break from the biker-viking aesthetic, I wasn't the only one who dared to get his hopes up.



Eggers described the film as Andrei Rublev meets Conan the Barbarian. The former, Tarkovsky's deeply philosophical biopic of a medieval Russian artist, widely praised as a masterpiece of film-making, is a personal favourite of mine, while the latter is the definitive sword-and-sorcery fantasy popcorn movie, yet to meet its match even 40 years after its release. Eggers' boastful claim is of course promotional hyperbole but, I am pleased to announce, not too far off the mark in the sense that *The Northman* is indeed, consistent with Eggers' last film, *The Lighthouse*, a work which delves into mythology as a means to explore the dark caverns of the human psyche. Yet unlike any other of his films, it contains impressively choreographed, high octane, (and perhaps a tad gratuitously gory) action sequences which will appeal to an entirely different audience.

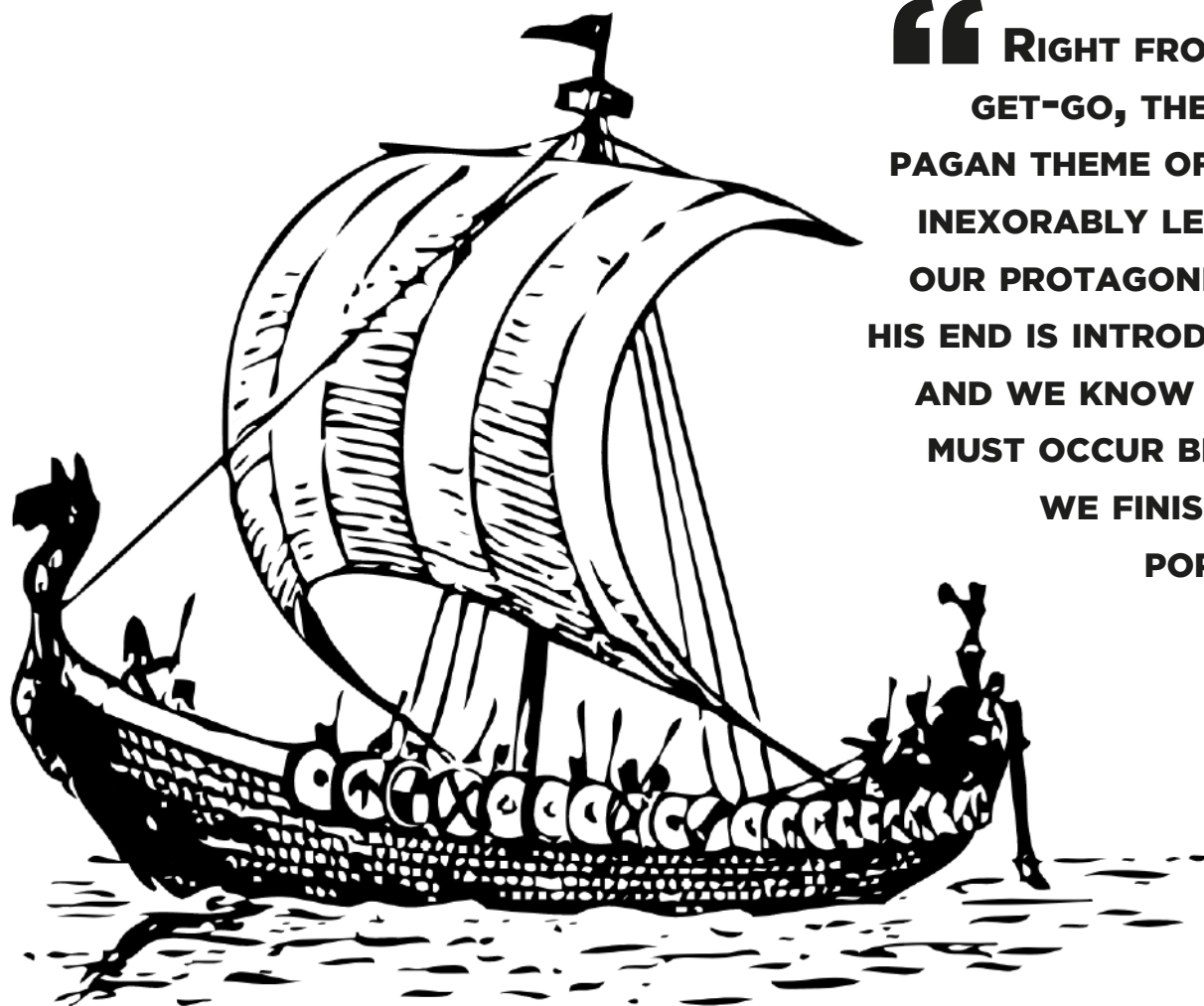
In a nod to the first ever story recorded in Western literature, the *Odyssey*, the *Northman* also begins with a plot summary in the form of a pagan invocation. While the immortal lines in Ancient Greek invoke the Muse, likely the goddess Calliope, the husky narration of a character later revealed to be a priest of Odin, invokes that god and then reveals exactly what is going to happen with merciless disregard for spoiler-sensitive surprise-enjoyers. This introduction is also highly reminiscent of the opening of *Conan the Barbarian*, which presents the film as a story told by a wizened old yarn-spinner, much like this Odinic priest. Right from the get-go, the very pagan theme of fate inexorably leading our protagonist to his end is introduced, and we know what must occur before we finish our popcorn.

Spoilers should not concern anyone who knows the story of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* since this

plot borrows from the same source Shakespeare referred to; the medieval Danish tale of Amleth recorded in the 12th century by Saxo Grammaticus. Amleth was previously adapted for the screen in *Prince of Jutland* (1994), starring a young Christian Bale as 'Amled'. This formidable adaptation was more faithful to the original plot than *The Northman* is, but it occupied a more confined cinematic vision, without the much called-for exploration of the Viking world and the dark pagan themes central to the Nordic thought-world which make the new film a modern classic. In the original medieval story, *The Prince of Jutland* and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, the young protagonist, after witnessing his father, the king, killed by his own uncle, feigns madness in order to save himself from the same fate, but is later sent by his suspicious uncle from Denmark to England. Eggers has replaced Denmark with the more dramatic landscape of Iceland, and England with the easternmost colony of the Viking world in Ukraine. But Eggers' Amleth (Alexander Skarsgård) does not feign madness. Rather, he descends into a very real divine madness after being initiated as a wolf of Odin.

This transformation is depicted in two scenes showing separate Odinic initiation rituals. Each of these scenes draws to some extent from historian Kris Kershaw's work which connects the cult of Odin to the raiding party tradition of the Indo-Europeans. The first scene is early in the film, during Amleth's childhood, when his father King Aurvandil War-Raven (Ethan Hawke) initiates his son into manhood with the help of the court jester, Heimir (Willem Defoe). This 'fool' character is not in the original story but his inclusion was a stroke of real genius on Eggers' part. Heimir is a clear nod to Shakespeare's Yorick, the court

jester whom Hamlet remembered so fondly from his childhood, but who appears in the play only in the form of a disembodied skull. The name Amleth itself, in its Icelandic form Amlóði, had come to mean a fool or jester in medieval Iceland, but it is thought to have originated from a term using the suffix óðr, a word cognate with Odin which refers to the divine madness or frenzy with which that god was associated. Since Amleth's feigned stupidity is replaced by Odinic frenzy in this plot, his feigned stupidity is instead personified as a character who Defoe skilfully portrays in a manner at turns hilarious and terrifying. But Heimir is not just a fleshed out Yorick backstory. He is also a deeply Odinic figure who introduces the young Amleth to the mysteries of the Odin cult in a visually captivating scene which reimagines the world tree of Norse mythology as a family tree on which all the royals of that lineage hang like the hanged god Odin. While this interpretation of the world tree would be alien to Viking pagans, they certainly did believe that kings were descended from Odin and this visual device also serves to illustrate an unforeseen plot twist at the end of the film. During the first initiation, young Amleth not only "becomes" a wolf of Odin, but is also advised by the fool in regards to the mystery of women which he says is connected to the Norns, semi-divine female entities who weave the fates of gods and men. Some Viking-age women practised a kind of shamanic, divinatory magic relating to the threads of fate which was called seiðr - a word which originally referred to a kind of thread like those used in spinning. Odin himself had to learn this magic from a goddess. The theme of the threads of fate is frequently invoked throughout the film with shots of spinning whorls and woollen threads as well



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POPCORN**

as a Norn-like witch played by the Icelandic post-punk popstar Björk. While Shakespeare's Hamlet agonises over the question of his own being and is thereby delayed from the righteous action of vengeance, Eggers' Amleth remains almost constantly focused on his vendetta, and when he tries to turn from this path, the threads of fate pull him back to his inevitable end.

The second Odinic initiation scene occurs once Amleth has become a man with enormous trapezius muscles (row-maxing will do that), employed as a slaver in the kingdom of the Rus in Ukraine. He and a group of men all wearing the skins of wolves are led by a horned priest (Ingvar Eggert Sigurðsson) in a shamanistic ritual which culminates in the men howling and snarling like wolves possessed by Odinic frenzy. Neil Price, Professor of Archaeology and Ancient History at Uppsala University, who was an advisor for the film,

is likely to have guided Eggers in respect to this well-crafted scene. The priest wears a headdress with horns which terminate in bird heads, a motif recorded on dozens of Germanic artefacts from Anglo-Saxon England and Scandinavia. All of these items are thought to pertain to a cult of Odin, with the birds representing the god's two ravens. See my video on the subject for more on this. Several depictions also show the horned man dancing with spears, and one such depiction from Sweden shows the dancer next to a man in a wolf skin. Thus the priest in this scene struts rhythmically around a ritual fire brandishing two spears in one hand. Kris Kershaw identified this wolf cult, known in Norse as the Úlfhéðnar, as a continuation of a prehistoric Indo-European tradition she called the Männerbünde, in which young men would leave their homelands and live as wolves in raiding parties, preying upon

foreign cultures they encountered.

This is immediately followed by a testosterone-heavy, adrenaline pumping sequence depicting the wolf men raiding a Slavic town for slaves. The town's defenders launch a spear at Amleth who catches it in mid-air and returns it in one impressively fluid movement. This seemingly impossible manoeuvre is taken directly from the medieval Icelandic story of Njáls saga, in which the Viking hero Gunnar catches a spear and throws it straight back into his enemy. So even the action choreography has benefited from consulting historical sources!

After the raid Amleth receives advice from the witch Björk who sets him back on his fated path of revenge, stowing away on a slave shipment to Iceland. This part was rather silly, since Russian slaves are unlikely to have been sent further west than Sweden, because Icelanders were able to acquire slaves more



MW EXPLORE!

Midsummer, Finland





Juhannus (derived from the Finnish for St John the Baptist) is the name for the Summer Solstice celebration in Finland. After Christmas, it's the second most important holiday in the country, taking place on a Saturday between the 20th and 26 of June.

People head for the countryside, if they aren't already there, to be with their families and eat sausages and potatoes. Bonfires are lit by or on lakes, and of course plenty of time is spent in the sauna.



locally from Scotland and Ireland. Presumably historical accuracy was set aside here because Eggers wanted the love interest, Olga (Anya Taylor-Joy), to be some kind of Slavic pagan witch that could be integrated into the dream-like sequences pertaining to fate and the Norns. Couldn't she have been a Celtic witch?

Next Olga and Amleth live as slaves on a remote Icelandic farm owned by his uncle and mother, who don't recognise him. This part of the film bears rather a close resemblance to 'When the Raven Flies' (1984), an Icelandic Western about an Irish slave who, having been taken to Iceland by Vikings, seeks revenge on his masters who murdered his parents. Although perhaps partially derivative, there is an innovative and enigmatic sequence when Amleth is led by a supernatural guide in the shape of an Arctic fox to a cave in which he finds a priest of Odin who Bjork had called "the ancient one". The priest, like Shakespeare's gravedigger in Hamlet, shows Amleth the disembodied head of the court jester he loved so well as a boy. "Alas poor Yorick" is shortened to "poor Heimir". But this is not merely a skull like Yorick's, rather the priest has preserved the head with magic, just as Odin preserved the severed head of Mimir so that it could recite to him the esoteric wisdom of Hell. Now we leave Elizabethan courts, descending into the misty realm of telluric pagan esotericism. We hear Defoe's voice speak from beyond the grave telling Amleth how the sword was forged by dwarves from the bones of a Jötunn. Then the priest tells Amleth to enter a barrow at night to retrieve a legendary sword, Draugr the Night Blade, with which he shall avenge his father. Heimir, like Mimir, serves as a prophet in death, but in fact he had been a prophet even in life too, for at the

start of the film he makes lewd insinuations about Amleth's mother, the Queen (Nicole Kidman) and her intentions toward her brother in law. A grave warning disguised as bawdy humour.

We never see the lips of the head move, and as with all the supernatural sequences in the film, Eggers leaves open the possibility that these phenomena are only depictions of what the characters imagine or dream they are seeing. This ambiguity regarding supernatural elements is also present in *The Witch* (2015) and *The Lighthouse* (2019) and permits a more nuanced reading. It is employed again in the following scene when Amleth, beneath the light of the full moon, breaks into a barrow containing a boat burial in order to obtain his fated sword. We see again how faithfully the film adheres to historical accuracy, since the corpse of the great man in the barrow can be dated to the pre-Viking Vendel era based on his shield mounts and the domed mounts of his sword sheath – but Iceland had not been colonised by Norsemen in the Vendel era. There are, however, many stories of men retrieving ancient swords from barrows such as the poem *Hervararkviða*, in which a woman climbs into her father's barrow to retrieve an ancient family sword called *Tyrfing* from his ghost. The corpse Amleth encounters is sat upright on a throne, which in Norse lore is a sure sign that he will come back to life as a zombie/ghost which the Vikings called a draugr (confusingly the sword he retrieves from the draugr is called *Draugr*). Sure enough, an intense fight scene between Amleth and the Vendel-era draugr ensues, ending with Amleth shoving its decapitated head between its buttocks - not merely gratuitous Hollywood filth for this too is attested in *Grettir's saga*. After the battle, we cut back to Amleth standing before the

seated corpse as though nothing had happened. Was it all a dream? This may seem an insufferable cliché, but here too there is a similar historical precedent to justify it. Barrows were associated with strange dream visions in many cultures. In the Icelandic *Flateyjarbók*, a Viking named Thorsteinn sleeps on a barrow and dreams of the ghost buried within who reveals to him that there is magic gold inside. When he awakes he discovers there is. So even if Amleth only dreamed that he fought the draugr, that doesn't mean it didn't really happen. Exactly the sort of supernatural ambiguity we should expect from Eggers.

Going back to the previous scene with the priest of Odin – though brilliant, it takes liberties with historical accuracy. The grizzled priest wears a sleeveless dress with two so-called tortoise brooches (I call them booby brooches), typical women's attire for the Viking age. We know from clear examples in texts like *Njals saga* and *Gautreks saga* that it was utterly unacceptable for a man to wear a woman's garment. Even offering a man a slightly feminine garment would be justification for him to kill you. The idea that Odin or his priests cross-dressed is the theory of Neil Price, but it is strongly opposed by other experts such as Jens Peter-Schjødt. There is no source which proves these priests or Odin himself wore the garments of women for magical purposes, rather the theory depends on Price's interpretation of *Lokasenna* in which the wicked god Loki, who is himself severely guilty of transgressing gender roles, accuses Odin of practising magic on the island of *Samsø* in the same way women usually do, and that he was in the form of a (male) sorcerer (*vitki*). Loki thinks this is *ragr* "perverted", but there is no mention of cross-dressing. He is referring to *seiðr*, which was



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DAUNTLESS

associated with weaving/spinning (a female-gendered activity) and the Norns who control fate. Odin does actually cross-dress in another story, but only as a disguise so he can rape a woman. The other problem with the priest's attire in this scene is that he wears a head-dress with some tree bark bearing a magical Icelandic symbol known as ægishjálmur. This is a Christian symbol dated no earlier than the 17th century, yet the film is set in the late 9th century. It has nothing to do with Odin.

Later in the story we learn that Amleth's regicidal uncle Fjölfnir (Claes Bang) is a devotee of the god Freyr, disparagingly referred to by Amleth as a "god of erections." The form of ritual devotion depicted draws in part from the same source in which Amleth's story was originally preserved: Saxo's *Gesta Danorum*. Saxo wrote that the hero Starkaðr considered the cult of Freyr in Uppsala to be unmanly due to the associated dances and clattering of bells. Fjölfnir doesn't dance but he does ring bells before the idol of Freyr, and along with his ill-gotten wife, and a priestess, veils his head in the presence of the god. There is no evidence that Germanic pagans such as the Vikings were veiled during rituals, but this practice is perennial among many pagan cultures including the Romans, who even required that the Emperor himself, along with other officiants, would veil his head (*capite velato*) during a public sacrifice to the gods. This representation of pagan piety was in stark contrast to the orgiastic wolf ritual for Odin depicted earlier; however the priestess of Odin in the first initiation scene at the temple in Iceland is also wearing a ritual white robe and veil. In an interview Eggers reveals that the decision to include the robes arose when he questioned Neil Price about how sacrificers would prevent their

clothes being covered in blood, and Price replied that he had never had to think about this in this way before. Fjölfnir's devotion to Freyr is also demonstrated through his horse sacrifices at two points in the film offered as part of funeral rituals. This is well established in the archaeological record and is something I attribute specifically to the cult of Freyr in my dissertation.

The dream sequences featuring a Wagnerian valkyrie (Ineta Sliuzaitė) are also worth a mention. The mounted woman is adorned with an a-historical helmet embellished with what appears to be a swan, presumably in reference to the association of valkyrja with the swan maidens of Germanic folklore. People have asked me why she is wearing braces - she isn't - those are meant to be filed marks on her teeth - a peculiar practice which is attested in the archeological record.

The film is not without its flaws. I was unconvinced by the Slavic love-interest's accent, fluctuating between faux Norse and faux Russian, and the Slavic slaves in Iceland felt like a shoehorned incongruence. However, the touching theme of a man driven purely by hatred and revenge who finds salvation in a woman's love, although cliché, is timeless. It speaks of an eternal truth contrasting the masculine with the feminine and I always prefer what is eternal to what is merely novel. Fans of Kentaro Miura's *Berserk* will recognise the hyper masculine, ultraviolent medieval wolf-man raised in gore and hate, driven by an obsessive thirst for vengeance tempered only by moments of tenderness in the embrace of the one person he loves. There is even a touching post-coital halcyonic respite in the woods when Amleth and Olga are allowed a moment of peace - a little too similar to *Guts* and *Casca* to be coincidental.

I consider this to be the best

Viking film ever made and I expect it will be remembered as such for some time. But while I had hoped this would mark the long awaited end of the biker Viking-age aesthetic which has so permeated popular culture over the last decade, its tawdry mark can still be detected. Not so much in the costumes, but more in regards to the colour palette and score. The former consists of the rather familiar Hollywood medieval drabness with which historical dramas consistently deny the era's vibrance. The score, while competently composed by Robin Carolan and Sebastian Gainsborough, and effective in keeping the adrenaline pumping while the blood flows across the screen, will date the film since it owes much to the recently invented percussion driven fusion of neo-folk, world-music and martial-industrial that has become the stereotypical "le Viking music" of our time. Widely perceived as authentic because it uses medieval instruments, the combination of far-flung elements such as didgeridoos, Siberian drums and Mongolian throat singing would have been as unfamiliar to Vikings as it was to anyone before the likes of *Hagalaz Runedance* and *Wardruna* invented it some 20 years ago.

These are, however, minor quibbles with an expertly crafted film which is well cast, with actors pulling off some phenomenal performances (Nicole Kidman deserves particular praise for her role as the detestable Queen Gudrún). Eggers is certainly among the greatest filmmakers of his generation and regardless of how well *The Northman* performs at the box office, I don't need to put on a dress to prophesy that it will be remembered as a cult classic of cinema history. 🍿

*Read this review, and Tom's many other pieces at survivethejive.blogspot.com. His Youtube channel is *Survive the Jive*.*

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#NOBOOK

“Over five thousand thousand years have passed since, in the fertile crescent, the first written words were etched into clay tablets. On that day, an insidious burden—one weightier than any barbell could carry—was likewise etched into the spirit of mankind. The advent of modernity has but intensified the severity of that burden; it has grown inseparable from the soul and mind.”

SUMMER

Jonah HOWELL and Shoshi ROSEN



Straightforwardly: Books are fine in moderation, but reading too much puts us at the mercy of the ant-people of the Cathedral.

State-regulated education surrounds even classic masterpieces with thick clouds from the Cathedral's opioid censer: There are "correct" ways to think about them and teach them. So, by the time we're done with school, reading actually makes us dumber, more easily controlled, less vital.

Those carefully and forcefully taught reading habits ain't gonna die without shock treatment. Hence #nobooksummer. June through August. We abstain from books for long enough to come back with a cleansed mind. Imagine how well we'll think after three months of living in a non-fictional, non-theoretical, immediate world. How clear and present we'll be. The

Cathedral knows it's dangerous, so they fill schools with compulsory reading, rewards for reading, reading competitions with few restrictions regarding what folks should read, only that they should read as much as possible. An imposed addiction.

But our proposition ain't all negative. (Forgive a reverse-carpet-bagger from the swamp his local dialect.) Our positive idea, we New York rednecks? Lift when we'd normally read. Heavy and often. And slonk as many aborted chickens as we can find until the Supreme Court regulates their wombs, too. Mens sana in corpore sano. Sharp body, sharp mind, because the mind ain't but the sum-total of the body.

Take it from Friedrich Nietzsche: All thought and will starts out in the "composite feeling of the muscles." He should know. He was a cavalryman, and he gave up reading for a summer when he was 26. Just hung out in Italy on the beach. The OG Club Tropical Excellent. A role model, we'd say, if it weren't for the syphilis.

The cult of the book is a freeloading tumor that feeds relentlessly upon man's precious stores of energy, muscle mass, and protein.

From Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer's essay "The Culture Industry": "Today works of art, suitably packaged like political slogans, are pressed on a reluctant

This shift from the language of immediate experience to a language restricted by commercial publication forces everyone to speak in what Adorno and Horkheimer call "purified words." While folk-language used to "raise a matter to the level of experience, the purified word exhibits it as a case of the abstract moment," so any immediate statement "withers in reality," along with whatever it tries to talk about.

It ain't hard to see how this so-called "purification" of language hinders any need, like the one Bronze Age Pervert describes, to dominate space. We think BAP exhorts dissidents to get familiar with slums and black markets and red-light districts so they'll learn how people see the world when they're outside educated, reading-addicted

Reading produces a mental illness start to resemble the malignant

public at reduced prices by the culture industry." Now here's a lib who can think. They carry on about how the expansion of mandatory education created a public that could consume media but couldn't and wouldn't want to think deeply about it.

So every piece of art, every book, became a piece of political advertisement aimed at people who had the skills to consume but not to critique. After a while, that situation infected language itself, so that "through the language they speak, the customers make their own contribution to culture as advertising." Everybody becomes an unwilling altar-boy to the priests of the Cathedral. Don't try to imagine what happens in the candle-room.

cultures.

And it ain't mysterious why Adorno and Horkheimer, a couple of hardcore Marxists from the '40s, would describe something that so clearly links to BAP's definitely non-Marxist philosophy. We've veered off on a dirt road that we can't plot onto a left-right split. The existential position of the bugman ain't inherently left or right. Those directions won't do any heavy lifting for us here.

Our imperative is to unread, to unlearn, to unbecome sheepish slaves of the text-obsessed masses. We will cease to waste our gains on the idle fancies of intellectual curiosity. Free

of the parasitic plague of the book, we will commit ourselves undividedly to the Iron Palace. To my fellow courtiers of Iron sovereignty, I urge you to follow suit.

Recently, in the Mars Review, critic Christian Lorentzen observes that BAP totally refuses to talk about contemporary culture in Bronze Age Mindset. But because Lorentzen can't see why BAP would ignore the world into which he writes—namely, because BAP realizes that gorging himself on standardized language will prevent him from being able to dominate space by expressing his own will—Lorentzen also totally botches BAP's idea of the bugman.

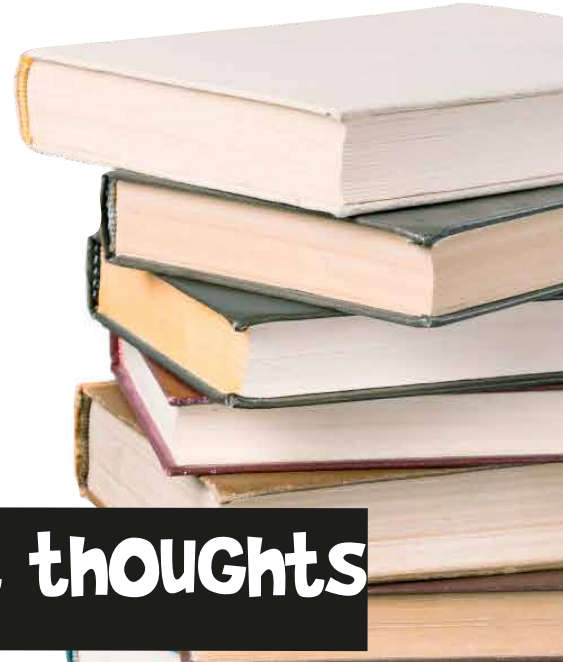
To Lorentzen, a book-addict, a man terminally ill with the word-virus, BAP's bugmen are nothing more nuanced than “the

agent within it, and he becomes an aggressive instrument of its spread. Like Adorno and Horkheimer said earlier, bugmen are the customers who “make their own contribution to culture as advertising.”

It's like the pheromone signals ants use. The first signal might come from the queen, but every other ant identifies so strongly with the will of the queen that he echoes her signal, so that, after several relays, there's no communication in the longhouse of the anthill but the pure echo of the queen's will.

In the case of human bugmen, those pheromone signals correspond precisely to the standardized language of publishing. Books try to brand themselves as “original,” but by the time a book has actually reached publication, it's passed through so many proofreaders and

terparts begin to break, and the deafening trumpets of the propaganda-machine blare, and microplastics and wormwood pour down upon the seas, until finally, all free-flowing streams of healthy thought have calcified into the crystalline, well-administered public resources of the Thousand-Year Bug-Reich.



in which even our deepest thoughts jabberings of the bugman.

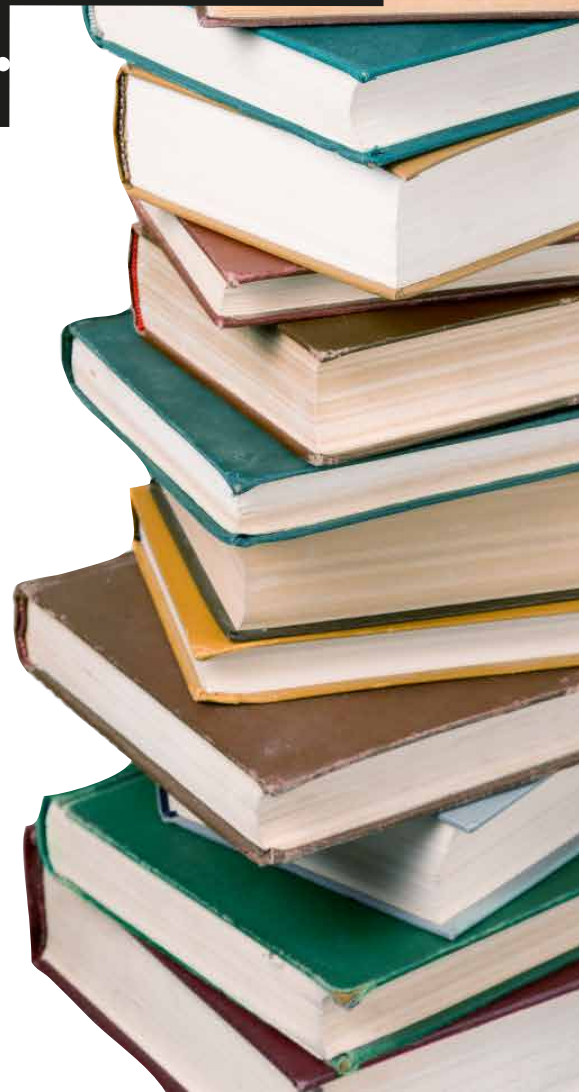
catch-all concept for everything the narrator hates.” And past this point, Lorentzen simply throws up his hands in ironic resignation. “The condition” of the bugman, he writes, “seems to be related to prescription drugs, bad eyewear, and too much time spent working under fluorescent lights. Not the most stable of concepts.”

Reality is much simpler. The bugman becomes bugman by acting like a bug. Clear as day. Acting like a bug is a two-step process: First, the bugman passively submits to whatever ideology holds power. Usually this first step occurs before birth or shortly after. But second, the bugman submits so entirely to that ideology that he starts to think he's an important, active

editors that its language is stripped down to that of the bugman, even if the author is not a bugman. And even if some miraculous book comes out in non-insect language, the reading strategies we learned in school will digest it into bugman-gibber in our heads.

And we are what we eat. Reading produces a mental illness in which even our deepest thoughts start to resemble the malignant jabberings of the bugman. With every word, we become more antlike, our vitality drained by virulent infection with the bugman's word-virus, which is a propaganda-virus, because every bugman-word is propaganda.

And the seals that divide our minds from their insectoid coun-



**EAT
LESS**

CORN SYRUP



DO WHAT I WANNA DO



PEOPLE THINK THAT I AM SOMEWHAT
MENTAL. THEY DON'T KNOW I AM VERY
SENTIMENTAL. A FRIEND OF MINE SAID
I AM A WASTE FELLOW. HE DON'T
KNOW THE TASTE OF THIS FELLOW.



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**FIGHT FOR THE MOTHERLAND.
FIGHT FOR THE FUTURE.**

COMING SOON **NETFLIX**

I have not exaggerated. (I never do.) This situation has already arrived. We've only been psyopped into thinking it hasn't. For decades bugman linguists have pushed theories like the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis, the idea that all thought is determined by language, onto the dominated populace, so that, by controlling the language of communication, they could control believing minds. And it works if we buy in.

To those suffering from the plateau of PR's, the petrification of pumps, the infuriating pause of sufficient sets: live not under the iron fist of the literati's didactic disciplinary machine. Free yourself of text, and lift, lift to see another day, lift as though there's no tomorrow.

Of course, we have another option, and it's simpler than country-simple. First we stop reading. The awareness in itself that bugmen control the language of publication ain't enough to free ourselves from that control.

Then, when we'd normally be reading, we lift. First because, like we said earlier on, a sharp body is a sharp mind. Thought ain't determined by language, but by everything in our bodies and around them. And if there's enough of it, iron sharpens everything.

Second reason: Lifting teaches us different ways of communicating with each other and with our own bodies, ways the bugmen can't bugger. Kathy Acker wrote beautifully about this in her essay "Against Ordinary Language: The Language of the Body," in which she sets out to describe "the antagonism between bodybuilding and verbal language."

Kathy's damn good at this, so I'll give the reins over to her for a whole paragraph: "Imagine that you are in a foreign country. Since you are going to be in this place for some time, you are trying to learn the language. At the point of commencing to learn the new language, just before having started to understand anything, you begin forgetting your own. With in strangeness, you find yourself without a language."

You start lifting heavy weight, and language falls out. "The only verbs are 'do' or 'fail,'" as she puts it. "Sentences, if they are at all, are simple." But language doesn't just disappear in a pure negativity. It disappears "as mind or thought begins to focus." Sharp body, sharp mind. I'll keep saying it. And so a lifter "is always working around failure," whether that means the sought-after failure of muscles pressed to a limit or the limit of standard language, which always shatters at the gym's door.

Living in these limit-experiences, lifters commune constantly with the breaking-points of those things—body, mind, spirit—that form the foundations of our lives. As Kathy puts it, "Whenever anyone bodybuilds, he or she is always trying to understand and control the physical in the face of death."

To walk out the gym door and start reading a book undoes that work by building back the prison walls of bugman-speak that hold us distant from our life at living's limits. "If ordinary language or meanings lie outside essence," Kathy muses, then lifting "constitutes a new language, a method for understanding and controlling the physical which in this case is also the self."

And so—I exaggerate never and I use no metaphor, and neither does friend Kathy—lifting is a

sacrament by which to "come face to face with chaos, with our own failure or a form of death."

And then to get used to that chaos and its limit-experiences.

Bugmen like to say exercise makes us more resilient and mentally stable because it regulates the cardiovascular system or serotonin or the basal midbrain or somesuch nonsense. Bugmen ain't spiritual. They ain't mystics like y'all. Y'all know the truth.

He who hath ears, may he hear. He who hath glutes, may he squat.

Kathy points out early on that "According to cliché, athletes are stupid." And that should be a mark of pride. "Intelligence" is defined by bugmen as "able to speak our lingo and familiar with our books." The word "stupid" is then used as a weapon against the righteous pride of those who refuse to use the lingo or read the books. To an ant, another ant who wanders off from the army, ignoring the queen's signals, in search of raw eggs rather than breadcrumbs, looks like a chaotic idiot.

And what an ant that could be! What a new type, what a new world that ant could live! Scuttling across the barren wastes beyond the gleichgestaltet mound, its every social instinct screaming it should stop and turn around and hearken to its monarch's call, its very exoskeleton afire with the novel knowledge that it's died and in that moment risen as the first, perhaps the last, of some new line. And then the ant remembers it's prepared. It can lift a hundred times its bodyweight.

We won't read. We have to live a certain way, and we see the path to it. We ain't stupid. We're just strong. Join #nobooksummer. 📖

POST-

A fatigued traveler discovers a girl with a mysterious power in a city that simultaneously becomes the center of a global hoax setting a new political paradigm. A young man wanders into and out of an incredible inheritance in a scenario set up to contemplate the spiritual condition of a race in its twilight. Ordinary men in different contexts lend their eyes for a glimpse into the complexity and causes of social sundering in America.

The above briefly describes a few of the stories, parables, and allegories that fill this book. These stories, at once imaginative and down to earth, contain settings ranging from alternate futures and magical time travel to the real-life backwoods of America and a cast of characters including Baby Boomers who should have politically awoken but never will, working-class dissidents struggling in an atomized society, and the weak fathers and feminist mothers who failed to raise them. Each story is written not only with a skilled pen, but also a deeply perceptive understanding of the complexities of human relationships and personalities and the profoundly rooted causes of modern Western society's terminal decay. Touching upon themes including the temptation of fatalism, the futility of conservatism, the victimization of individuals by forces outside their control, the failure of authority figures, the pitfalls of human interpersonal struggles, and forever lost romances, this anthology will undoubtedly capture the attention of political dissidents and scholars of the human condition alike.

Relevant creative writing is more important to preserve now than ever and this unique work is an excellent example. Sure to be an instant classic, Antelope Hill is proud to present author Shawn Bell's debut work *Post-*.

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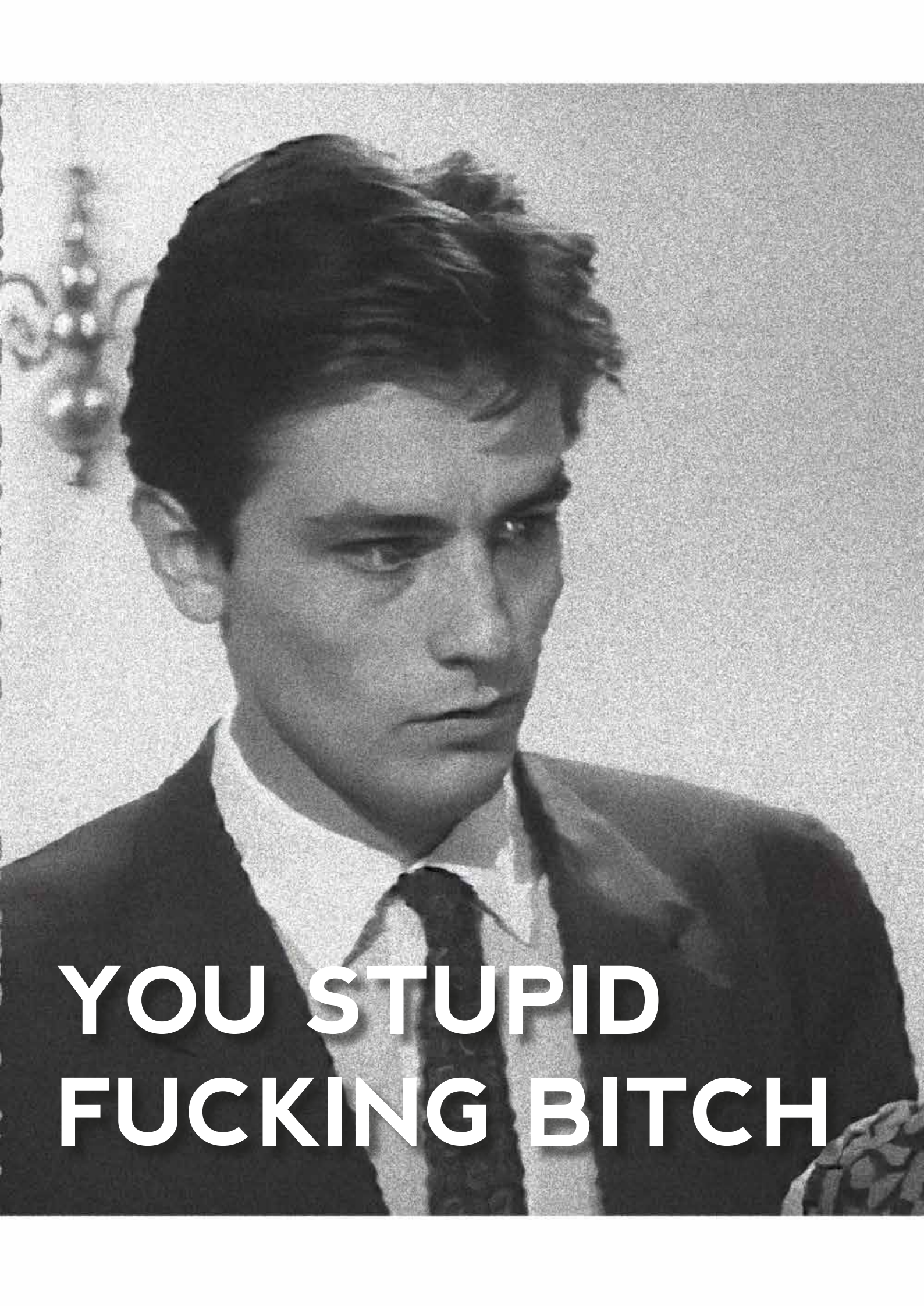
POST-

short stories by shawn bell

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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

★ **SAMUEL FINLAY** ★

★ *Author of Breakfast with the Dirt Cult* ★

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— — — — —
★ **JAMES LA FOND** ★

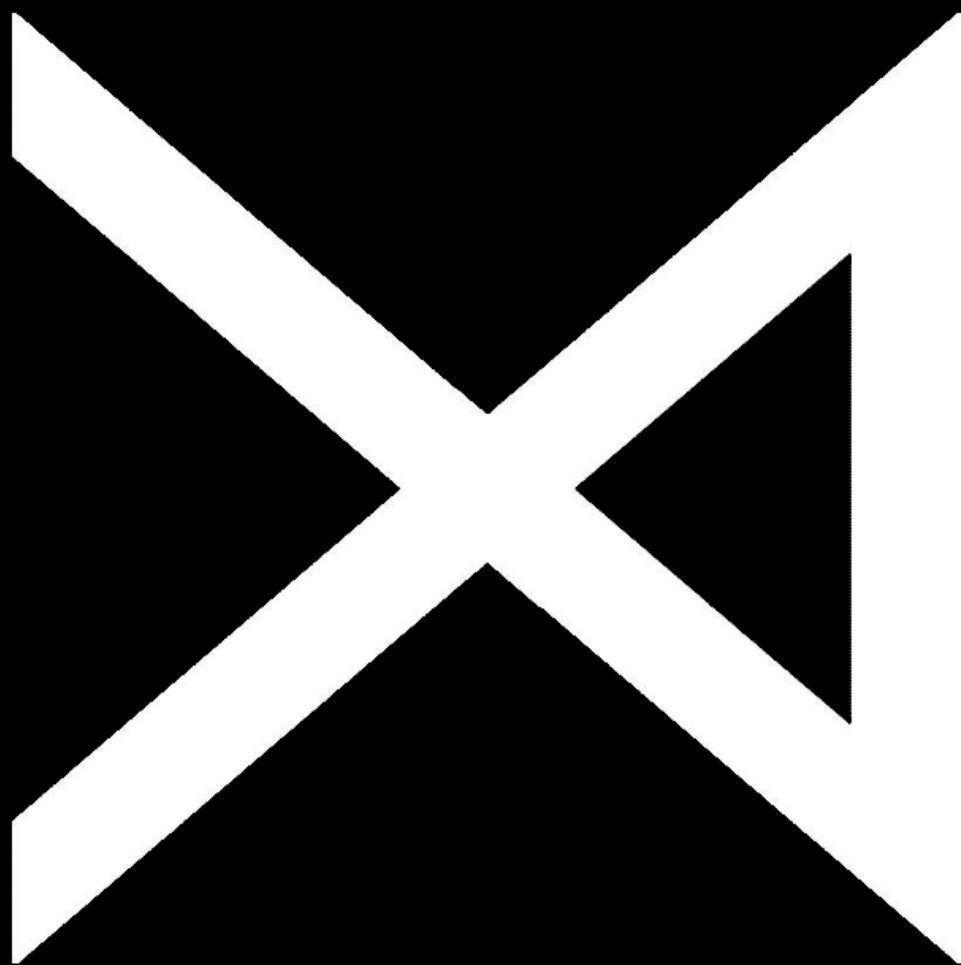
& Writer, fighter, Renaissance man &

★ **LYNNE LOCKHART** ★

HBD expert, homeschool mother

— — — — —
★★ ONLY IN MAN'S WORLD ★★

NATURA



KONRAD
BOROWSKI

SAM FINLAY

Author of *BREAKFAST WITH THE DIRT CULT*

SPEAKS WITH

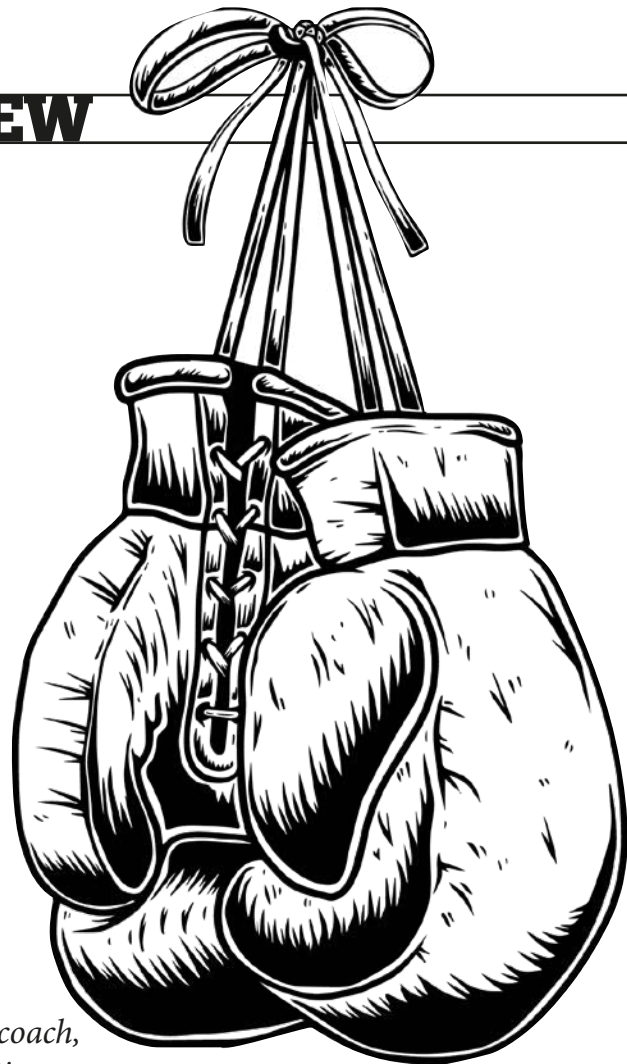
JAMES LA FOND

Writer, fighter, Renaissance man

and

LYNNE LOCKHART

HBD expert, homeschool mother



James LaFond is a modern day shaman. He is a writer, fighter, coach, master-grocer, traveler, and a keen student of the human condition who until recently lived in the part of town in Baltimore where people hope they don't break down. In addition to spending his adult life fighting in countless boxing matches, brawls, street altercations, stick-fights, and machete duels, he's written over a hundred books ranging from literary and social criticism, to novels, to boxing manuals, to charting his hometown's violent descent into the Third-World. He has lived in the belly of the monster and seen the ugly reality of its corruption first hand, as well as the occasional heroic attempt by some of its people to retain their dignity in defiance of it.

Lynn Lockhart is a woman who turned her back on the Striver-Corporate World to raise a family as a stay-at-home-mother with her husband. A few years back she joined forces with James to lend her services in support of his work, and has been a sister and aunt figure to many in online circles.

This unlikely duo has become a powerful partnership and I'm proud to call them my friends. They kindly agreed to let me ask them some questions for this MAN'S WORLD exclusive, and I hope you enjoy the conversation as much as I did.

James, your work is largely rooted in Baltimore. What was it that made you stay there? What kept you hanging on for all those years?

JAMES: Well, I was the last person in my family not to be driven out of Baltimore from 1968 to...I don't know, 2011, when I started writing about violence in Baltimore as a regular daily thing. A lot of my readers would chastise me for not

moving out and seeking safety in the suburbs. I just did it because I was stubborn and I could.

How did you two meet? How does an urban shaman who has made a life studying violence and a stay-at-home mom in California join forces?

LYNN: It was 2015, around this time, April or May, because it

was the Freddy Gray Riots. In those days I would read MPCdot.com and they had a thread called "Chimpouts" or something and it was a thread for riots. At that time the key chimpout was the Freddy Gray Riots in Baltimore, and some poster was like, "Well, if you want to know what's going on, you have to read James LaFond," and he put this excerpt from "Boomy the Cab Driver" about how Boomy was going around rescuing White



women in the middle of these riots, and I just got sucked into the LaFond world. And then I realized...James gets criticism from both people who think that he's despicably racist and then also people who think he's despicably not racist enough. So I thought I would help him out by sending him some genetic studies and HBD information.

I think the big step was Kevin Michael Grace. Somebody said, "Hey James, Kevin Michael Grace knows who you are" and I said, "Well, let me see if I can get you on their podcast, The Two Kevins. So, I sent Kevin Michael Grace an email, and he said, "Yeah, let's do it." We had to rehearse how to use Skype...and The Crackpot Podcast was born.

SAM: I feel like I'm watching the great Buddy-Cop movie that never happened.

LYNN: Yeah, a weird story. But I learned how to publish books by helping James out. Another one of the complaints was "Why are his books full of typos?" I thought, "Well, if you're the sort of person who gets hung up on typos, then maybe you just don't deserve to read this stuff. Maybe you can just go read the *New York Times* or whatever and continue in that world." But then I thought "No, we should do a better job with these books," so I told James he wasn't allowed to publish books anymore. And so that's how Crackpot Industries began.

How was it that you got into fighting, James? (Or as Regular Ron from twitter asked, "When did you first understand the need to fight?")

JAMES: I think that was when I was five years old; the first time I first got beat up. And then I

thoroughly understood it by when I was six years old and I was getting beat up by three kids in front of the Immaculate Heart of Mary School. And then on a regular basis, beatings from more numerous older children and young men, it just reinforced it. By the time I was eleven, I already knew that my whole life was being beaten up and picked on, and I didn't want it to happen anymore.

And all of a sudden, I started to smell, and I started to get ugly, and my skin broke out, and I started growing hair, and I started getting strong, and I said, "Wow. Now I can start beating up people

This was Miyamoto Musashi's main point: "If you put two hands on a sword, I'm gonna kill you"

too. Maybe while I'm beating them up, they won't beat me up." That was about it. It wasn't even much of an evolution.

SAM: "He did not care if he lived or died! Life and death? The same!"

JAMES: Somebody wants me to write my autobiography, which I'm not gonna do, but I am gonna write a memoir of my childhood. It ends when I'm eleven years old and I'm standing in the bathroom of my parents' house, looking in a mirror...and I have a stone, and

I'm hitting myself in the face with the stone, just deciding I'm never going to cry again, and getting hit again isn't going to hurt, and I was going to start doing terrible things to people. And that was it.

James, you've participated in hundreds of machete duels and in your writing you favor a shorter blade rather than a longer two-handed one. What is it about the arm-length sword that you like?

JAMES: Oh, well, if you're big enough and strong enough to use a longer sword with one hand, that's fine. But when you put two hands on a weapon that isn't a polearm, then you bring your heart, your left lung, and your spleen all on line. You actually shorten your reach and you broaden your profile. It's just for movies. This was Miyamoto Musashi's main point: "If you put two hands on a sword, I'm gonna kill you."

We did a couple of fights where it was light stick against bat, and the guy with a bat's gotta be strong enough to use it one hand just like it's a stick. If he's gonna put two hands on it, his hands are broken right out of the gate because he's gonna put his hands right out in front of him. Either that or lift it over his head and stick his elbows out there and you just shatter his elbows. So it's not really the length, it's what can you wield. If you need to put two hands on it, then it needs to be a polearm like a staff weapon and that favors a bigger guy...something as small as even a longsword, doesn't transfer all your strength.

What was your hardest fight? What were the worst beatings you received or gave?

JAMES: The three times I fought a guy named Rico and the thirty-five times I fought a guy named Aaron. I never beat Aaron. And I never beat Rico.

SAM: It's like one beating with like thirty episodes to it.

JAMES: Yeah...I mean, Aaron hit you so hard it would feel like your blood turned to battery acid. I think probably him hitting me in the kidney with a stick was probably the worst pain that I could experience without passing out. The worst pain getting hit was Rico hitting me in the shoulder and bending the stick into a "U" over my shoulder. It hurt so bad it didn't hurt. It just, like *melted* my nervous system, and he knocked me out. He did that to me two different times. That was the one time that Chinese medicine guy at the Karate tournament used me as a cadaver after the fight.

LYNN: This is something I feel I never got you talk about enough, James; the differences between different knock-outs. You just described getting knocked out by blow to your shoulder, so it's not like a head or a concussion, right? It's different. We have to talk about it for bareknuckle and body-shots and stuff like that for *The Broken Dance*.

JAMES: When non-boxing people talk about knock-outs, they think "going unconscious." When guys that actually fight talk about knock-outs, the definition is "you are incapable of defending yourself; you're done, you're out."

Of the twenty-one boxing matches I had, I only won seven, and the four I lost by knock-out were all body-shots. I never got the "Erase Button" hit getting punched. I have had about twenty-five concussions, and got knocked

out in two stick-fights, but won them because I was unconscious when I won. I was just fighting on automatic pilot. I actually woke up with the referee picking me up and throwing me, okay. I didn't wake up until then. I got knocked out in one stick-fight where I got kicked into the third row. If I would have been good enough to box professionally I would have gotten knocked unconscious numerous times, but at the amateur level I just wasn't getting hit with the quality of punches that would have sent my one-quarter Irish brain into orbit and rendered me unconscious. I fight pretty good

What human beings go through in that type of economic crisis has a lasting effect on the culture

unconscious.

Lynn, you're originally from South America. If I recall correctly, you were around for the various bouts of economic instability. Can you tell us a little about that time and what it was like? Do you see any similarities between then and the present-day U.S., and if so, do you have any advice?

LYNN: I didn't see it firsthand, but I do have family in that part of the world. The only interesting thing I can tell you – that I really

believe – again, because some of these circles here are big believers in human biodiversity, which I too believe; what human beings go through in that type of economic crisis has a lasting effect on the culture. So when you experience hyperinflation and when you experience asset seizure, it really wrecks people's time-preference, and it wrecks time-preference across *generations*.

So when you look at poverty in South America, you can't always look straight to the genetic explanations. I think there are cultural explanations, and we have to be vigilant, because we are experiencing that right now. With the inflation that we're feeling right now, I know that it's affecting people's time-preference in America, and it will continue to do so.

I do not embrace Accelerationism because I know that life can really suck, and it can keep sucking for a long time... you had people who had their life savings wiped out, people having property that was in the family for generations wiped out either by debt or various government shenanigans, and it's weird. It definitely could come here.

SAM: My brothers and I have been noticing shortages and stuff and remembering what it was like growing up in the Eighties, and it seems like for all our technological innovations, there's clearly a decline that's going on.

LYNN: Oh yeah. To me, I'm in the school of: things will get worse and worse little by little and they won't really get better. One example I gave back during our podcasting days, is I believe probably in my kids' lifetime we won't have commercial flights anymore, or they'll be a much lower scale than what we came

The Manual of fencing and



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Weapons

Part 1

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up with, and I still believe that. You can see little trickles of it like with the Boeing thing and airlines really aggressively pushing hiring quotas and things like that. Competence will just go down.

Healthcare is the same. I have real reservations about seeking healthcare. I'll give you an example. My grandfather, he had *one* hypodermic needle; he kept it, and it was his, and if he ever needed medical care, he'd tell the doctor, "You use *this* one." And he'd take it home, wash it, and sterilize it. Now, every needle is disposable. Just try to picture a world where high-tech medical care exists, but you don't know what you're getting.

When we were podcasting, groceries were always a topic. So for a while during The Pandemic there was this thing where there wasn't this certain kind of snack chip that people wanted. You go to the store and there's forty kinds of Cheetos and tortilla chips and potato chips, and the one that I like isn't there. Or it's the one that I like, but the right size of container that I want isn't there...and I think, "This is how an American famine starts." And please, God, I'm not predicting famine, but according to American levels of prosperity, a famine is when you cannot get the exact Flaming Cheetos that you want at the gas station.

You mentioned groceries, and we've got "The Ghetto Grocer," so I'm curious; James, you were talking with the boys at Myth of the Twentieth Century around the time of Covid. Has your assessment of things changed any since then? How do all these shortages look through your eyes?

JAMES: There's massive amounts of stuff that's edible that you can

sell to people. I don't see people starving in this country. I see famines being engineered in other countries so that you can bring those people here so you can make sure we can't get jobs in our country, that's what I think will happen there.

If you look at shrink in supermarkets, the way shrink is being managed is changing...but you still throw almost everything out –

SAM: What's "Shrink?"

JAMES: "Shrink" was everything you can't sell by the Use-By/Sell-By/Best-By date, or that gets damaged to the point it's unsaleable. Like if you run over a case of hot dogs with a forklift and they all get smashed or whatever.

In a typical small supermarket that does about \$330,000 to \$400,000's worth of gross-business a week and maybe employs fifty people, that supermarket is going to fill up about three dumpsters during the course of that week with perfectly edible food. You can't even give it away to homeless people because when you start giving stale croissants or day-old bread to a homeless shelter, somebody's going to sue you and say they got Botulism from it. So there's still massive quantities of food being thrown out of supermarkets.

LYNN: It's important to note here that in the Great Depression in the United States they were burning crops to try to boost food prices to help farmers or whatever. So we have to remember that most famines in history are largely political.

JAMES: I can tell you, with a bakery, if you've got a scratch-bakery, any place where they make their own donuts, they make their

own cakes, bake pies and things like that...that bakery will throw out three times as much food as it sells. Okay, so if they're selling a donut, they're throwing three out. It's a loss-leader department. It's very hard to make money on a bakery, but it's not the only department that's like that. The deli's like that, the produce is like that, the meat room is like that... now recently, meat departments have been starting to mark down meat that no longer meets the standard and is starting to get a little brown. That's just the fluorescent lights in the store changing the color of that meat on the outside. With that one very expensive item, supermarkets are now actually trying to get into the business of selling food rather than selling packaging.

There was a friend of mine that drives for a major supermarket chain. They ordered a hundred pallets of Kraft cheese. They could only get five pallets of Kraft cheese; not because Kraft doesn't have cheese, but because the wrappers are made in China and they're still sitting on a container ship somewhere. So in America, selling food is still just selling packaging. If you look at how much box cereal – which is not selling food, it's selling packaging – sells compared to sacks of flour, it's ridiculous.

We're still not even talking about selling food in America. We're selling convenience at a restaurant instead of food. In a supermarket, you're selling branding. You're selling identity. So we're not even scratching the surface of selling food to a population to keep it alive. We're nowhere near that.

THE INTERVIEW CONTINUES ON PAGE 372



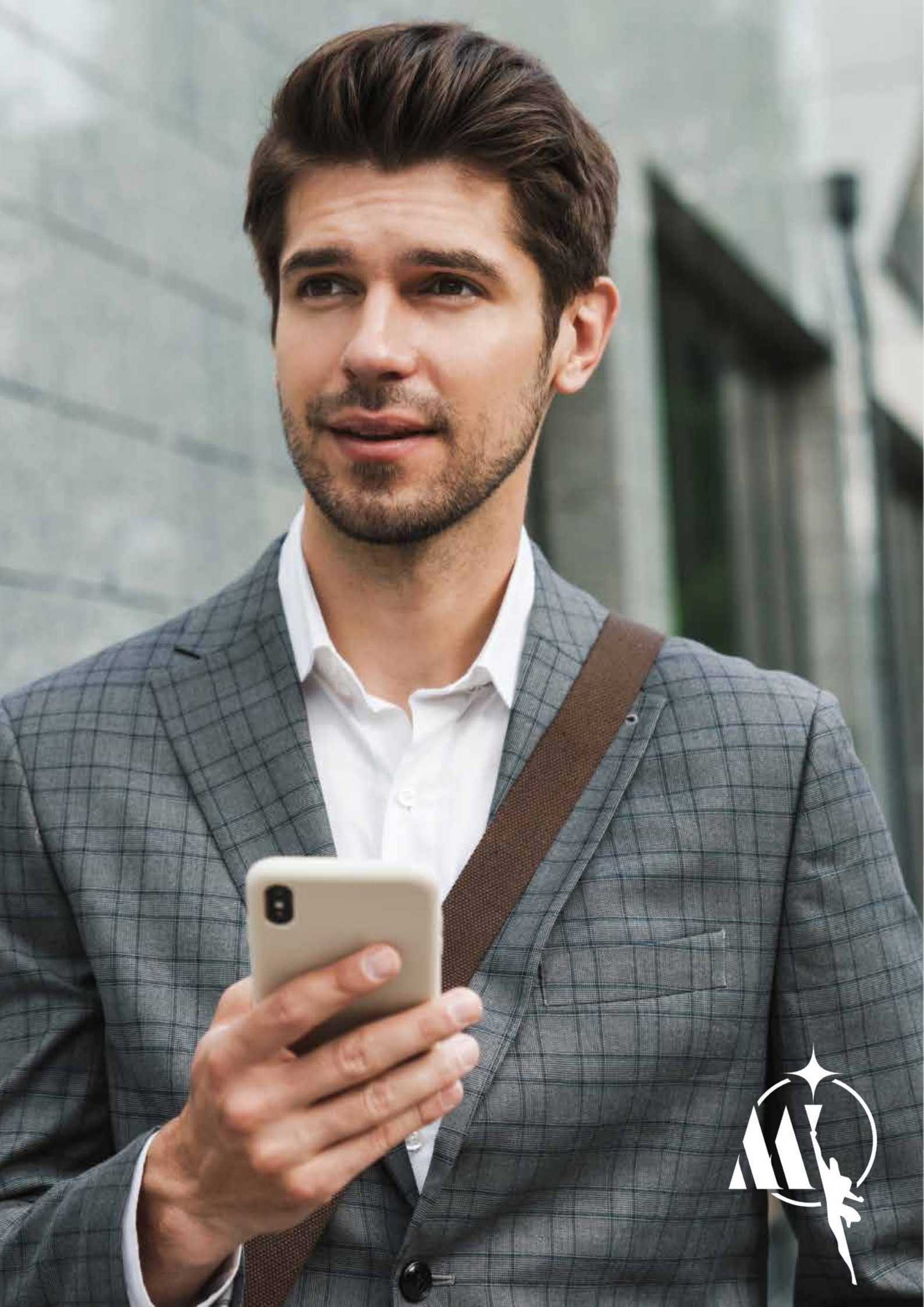
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A Frog Before His Time

The Life of Richard Halliburton



Photograph of bearer

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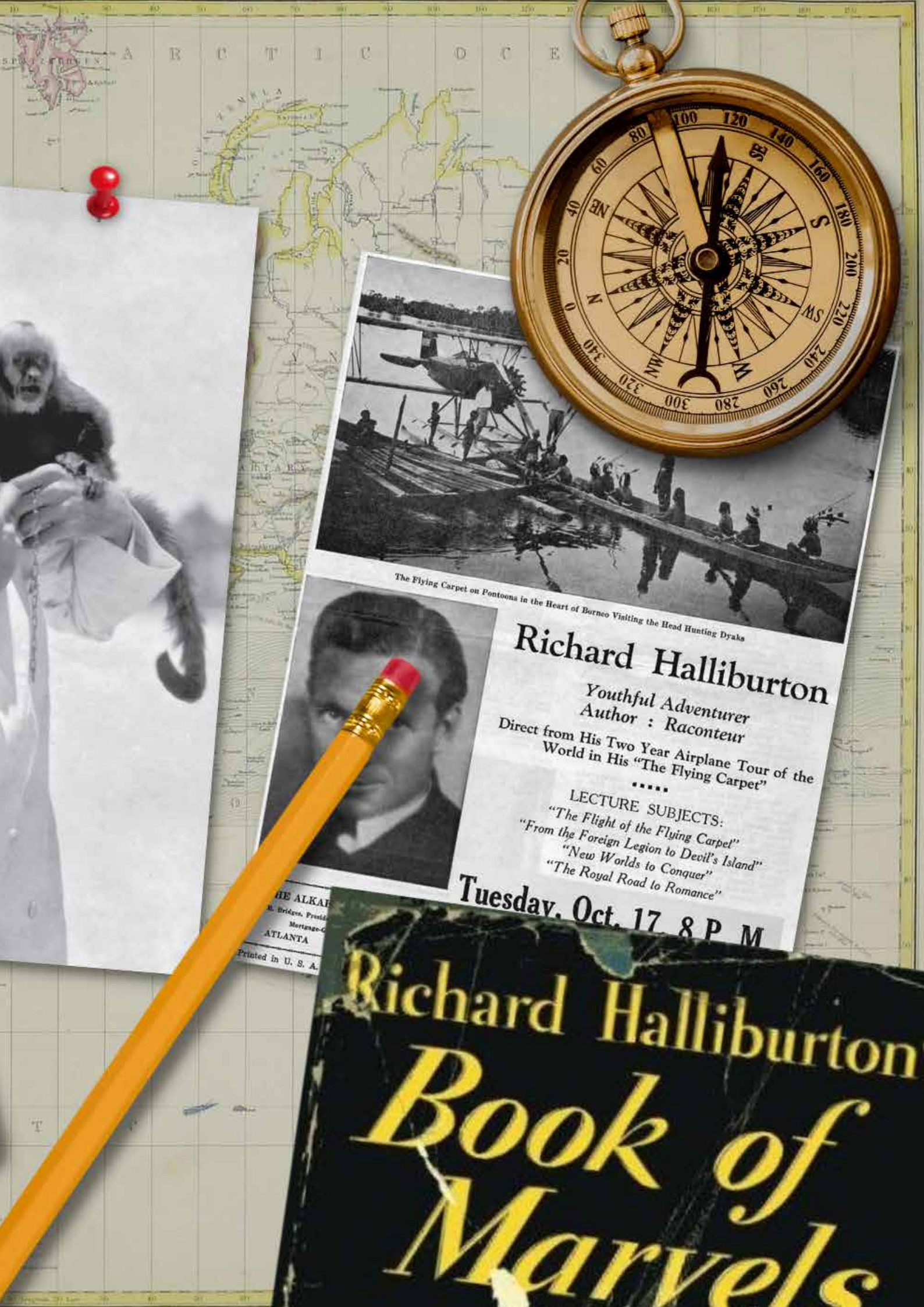
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*25 marks
7 June 1935
Wm. H. ...*

Handwritten text and a signature in blue ink. The text includes "25 marks", "7 June 1935", and "Wm. H. ...". There is a signature below it.

5



The Flying Carpet on pontoons in the heart of Burneo visiting the head hunting Dyaks

Richard Halliburton

Youthful Adventurer
Author : Raconteur

Direct from His Two Year Airplane Tour of the World in His "The Flying Carpet"

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LECTURE SUBJECTS:

- "The Flight of the Flying Carpet"
- "From the Foreign Legion to Devil's Island"
- "New Worlds to Conquer"
- "The Royal Road to Romance"

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If you find yourself not taking conventional career paths seriously because you'd rather sun your sack, retrace the journey of Odysseus, ride an elephant across the Alps as Hannibal did, and reject every expectation that your family ever placed on you, then you'll find much in common with a little-known frog of the early 20th century. Richard Halliburton was born into the Southern aristocracy with all its associated trappings of convention and expectation yet quickly realized that toiling his life away in the dungeons of corporate America would be a sentence worse than death. While Woodrow Wilson's liberal reforms washed over the campus of Princeton, Halliburton yearned for a life of adventure. He despaired to think of a life spent in an office, surrounded by the suffocation of modernity. His college experience gave him a glimpse into the future expected for the country's best and brightest, and he rejected all of its stultifying expectations.

Surrounded by similarly bright, well-bred frogs-in-the-making, he witnessed them exchange their virility for the chains of convention. Halliburton observed,

"I looked behind me at my four roommates bent over their desks dutifully grubbing their lives away. John frowned into his public accounting book; he was soon to enter his father's department store. Penfield yawned over an essay on corporation finance; he planned to sell bonds. Larry was absorbed in protoplasms; his was to be a medical career. Irvine (he dreamed sometimes) was struggling unsuccessfully to keep his mind on constitutional government. What futility it all was—stuffing themselves with profitless facts and figures, when the vital and the beautiful things in life—the moonlight, the apple orchards, the out-of-door sirens—were calling and pleading for recognition. A rebellion against the prosaic mold into which all five of us were being poured, rose up inside me. . . . I flung my book away and rushed out of the apartment on to the throbbing shadowy campus . . . surging within at the sense of temporary escape from confinement. . . . My roommates back in that penitentiary room [were] so utterly indifferent to the divine madness of the spring moonlight."

Halliburton spent much of his collegiate days with Oscar Wilde's poetry and credited it as a driving force, empowering him, pushing him into the unknown, "I began to recite lines from (Wilde), they had burned themselves into my memory: 'Realize your youth while you have it... Don't squander the gold of your days.' Let those who wish have their respectability--I wanted freedom, freedom to indulge in whatever caprice struck my fancy. . . . Live! Live the wonderful life that is in you. Be afraid of nothing. . . . The romantic--that was what I wanted." It was during a gap year that Halliburton tasted his first morsels of a life worth living.

Halliburton went the way of Conrad's "Lord Jim" and entered into an apprenticeship as an ordinary seaman. Embarking from New Orleans to England aboard a freighter, he found the open salt air a tonic for his soul and an absolute force which would pull him from the shackles of his Ivy League prison. His father, alarmed by this new found wanderlust, advised him to graduate, return home and adjust to a life of "an even tenor." Halliburton chafed at the idea:

"I hate that expression...and as far as I am able, I intend to avoid that condition. When impulse and spontaneity fail to make my way

uneven then I shall sit up nights inventing means of making my life as conglomerate and vivid as possible.... And when my time comes to die, I'll be able to die happy, for I will have done and seen and heard and experienced all the joy, pain and thrills—any emotion that any human ever had—and I'll be especially happy if I am spared a stupid, common death in bed."

Soon after graduation Halliburton persuaded a classmate to join him in selling their textbooks and dormitory furniture, raising the required funds to set sail. Their families assumed the boys simply desired to see the world and offered them a luxurious world tour. They rejected the offer, wanting to feel life's seedier side, with its scant resources and pangs of survival. They quickly felt the resentment reserved by life's underbelly for two fresh, Ivy League grads. They ditched their clothes in favor of working-class duds, bad haircuts and substituted their classical musings with constant streams of profanity. Their new identities successfully persuaded a ship's captain into letting them sign on. These two freshly minted frogs landed in Germany and immediately set out across the continent, with fifteen dollars in their pockets between them. In order to preserve that sum, Hal-

The majestic Swiss Matterhorn;
below: Princeton in the Roaring 20s,
a portrait of Richard Hallburton

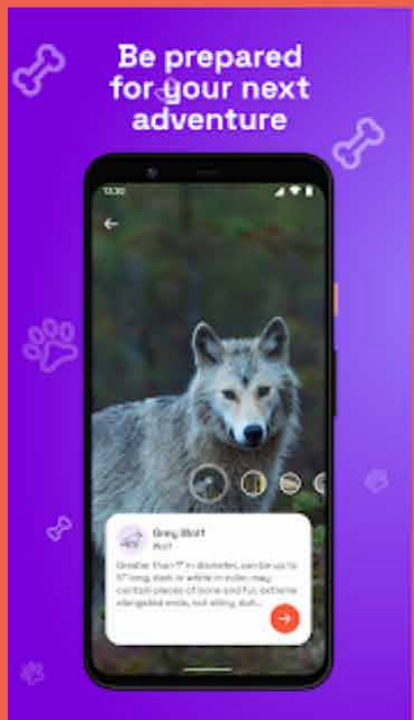
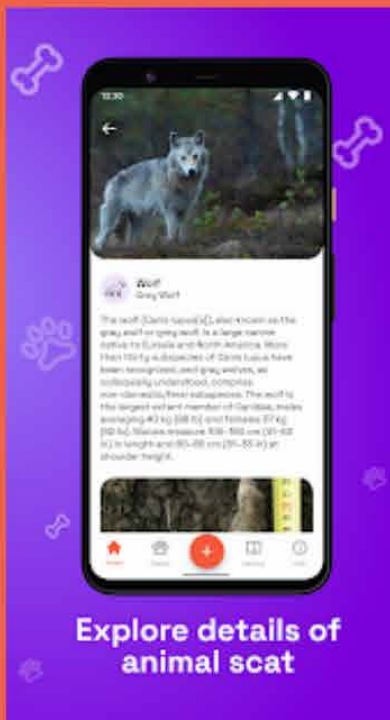
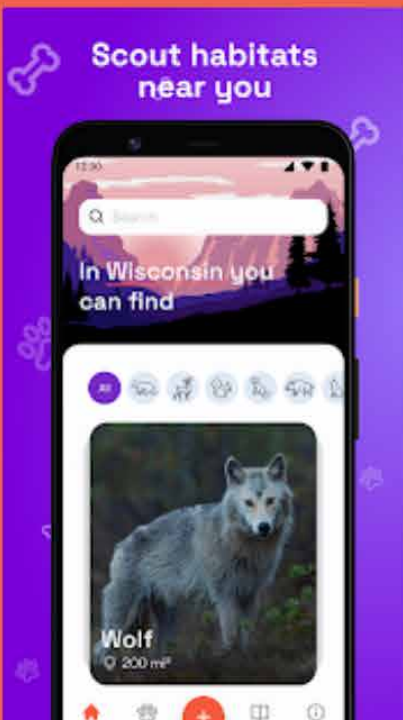




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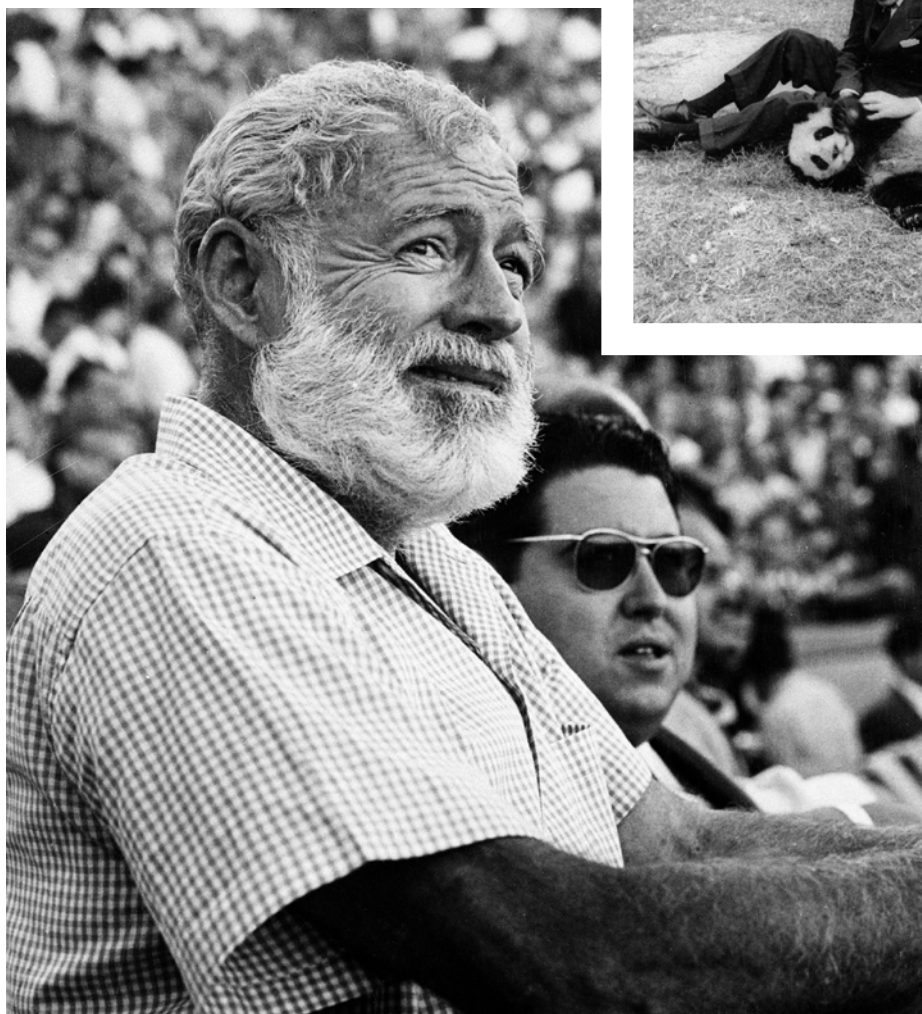


liburton once found it necessary to throw a demanding usher off a train instead of showing a ticket which he hadn't had the money to purchase.

Building on their newfound talent for subterfuge the duo arrived, and the Swiss Alps looming before them, they decided upon climbing the Matterhorn. They successfully convinced two guides that they were experienced climbers. Cheating death, deprivation and their own delusions they conquered the monstrous monolith:

“Indeed, we were on top,— with all of Switzerland stretched out before us...Crouching on the supreme ledge of snow we ate our breakfast, with the wind trying to tear us to pieces for presuming to enter her private domain. Savage as they were, we forgot the aroused elements in our exultation over the humiliation of the Matterhorn. In that fierce moment of intense living we felt our blood surge within us. The terrors and struggles of the climb were forgotten. The abyss beneath us, the bewildering panorama about us, cast a spell that awed me to silence. I began to believe it awed Irvine too, for I saw him clasp his hands and look out over the six thousand foot chasm with an expression that assured me he was in tune with the Infinite.”

His travel companion's only complaint was he couldn't bring along his dumbbells for a morning workout. The entirety of this grand tour included a night climb of the Eiffel Tower with a Parisian stripper, sunning their balls on the bank of the Seine, gambling in Monte Carlo with desirous socialites, and generally cavorting with a cavalcade of characters one can only encounter while living the life of an inveterate expat.



Equipped with new knowledge of the world, Halliburton decided a life of travel and adventure could be parlayed into a “career” as a writer. Halliburton's global exploits afforded him generous speaking fees and numerous book advances, carving out a niche as arguably the first, full-time travel writer. He gave over 2,000 lectures and raked in millions from his seven best sellers.

With the proceeds of this work he commissioned a landmark of modern architecture. His “Hang-over House” on Laguna Beach, CA served as the inspiration for Ayn Rand's “Heller House” in the book “The Fountainhead”. From this lofty perch overlooking the Pacific Ocean, Halliburton would pen several of his bestsellers and compose his personal correspondences.

Clockwise from left: Hangover House, Halliburton's home in Laguna Beach; a container ship in the Panama Canal; a traditional Chinese junk in Hong Kong harbour; Ernest Hemingway, who accused Halliburton of being gay; inset: Halliburton playing with a panda



“His eyes flashed. He was on fire with enthusiasm...”



It was in these personal letters where Halliburton shared his ardent dislike for American democracy. He would frequently cavort with global dictators such as Haile Selassie, the Last Emperor of China, and President Salcedo of Peru. There was a much-repeated rumor concerning Halliburton's purchase of a slave child in Africa. It was exploits and opinions like these that drew the ire of other more egalitarian writers.

Ernest Hemingway, the famous cross-dresser, was so jealous of Halliburton's book sales that he accused Halliburton of being a ghey with college classmate T.S. Elliot. While the collective literary establishment saw Halliburton's work as nothing more than rodomontade and rubbish, every book club in America wanted a spot on the fair haired, bon vivant's speaking tours.

When meeting with publishers to pitch his “The Royal Road to Romance” a certain editor in chief likened Halliburton's visage to that of Apollo, “his light hair made a halo around his face... His eyes flashed. He was on fire with enthusiasm...the effect was electric.” Shortly after successfully publishing his first book he set out to replicate a feat of classical antiquity: to swim the Hellespont (commonly known today as the Dardanelles or the Strait of Gallipoli) in Byronesque fashion. The four-mile strait was conquered by Lord Byron in 1809, twenty-two years of age when he dove into the waters. Leander had accomplished the same some 2500 years, taking nightly swims guided by the light of his love, the virgin priestess of Aphrodite at Sestos. Halliburton was twenty-seven when he wrote,

“We all have our dreams. Otherwise what a dark and stagnant world this would be. Most of us dream of getting rich; many of us of getting married; and some of us of getting unmarried. I've met people whose great dream it was to visit Jerusalem, or Carcassonne, or to look upon the seven hills of Rome. I'll confess to a sentimental life-long dream of my own, – not of riches, or weddings, or Jerusalem, however – something far less reasonable than that. I've dreamed of swimming the most dramatic river in the world – the Hellespont...I removed my clothing, and, my heart pounding with excitement, stood at the water's edge praying to the water gods to deliver me safely on the other side....Here was my Siren Dream, beckoning to me. This was the Great Hour... Again, and stronger, came the spiritual exultation, the sudden strange pulse of power that makes cold chills of courage race through one's blood. My body

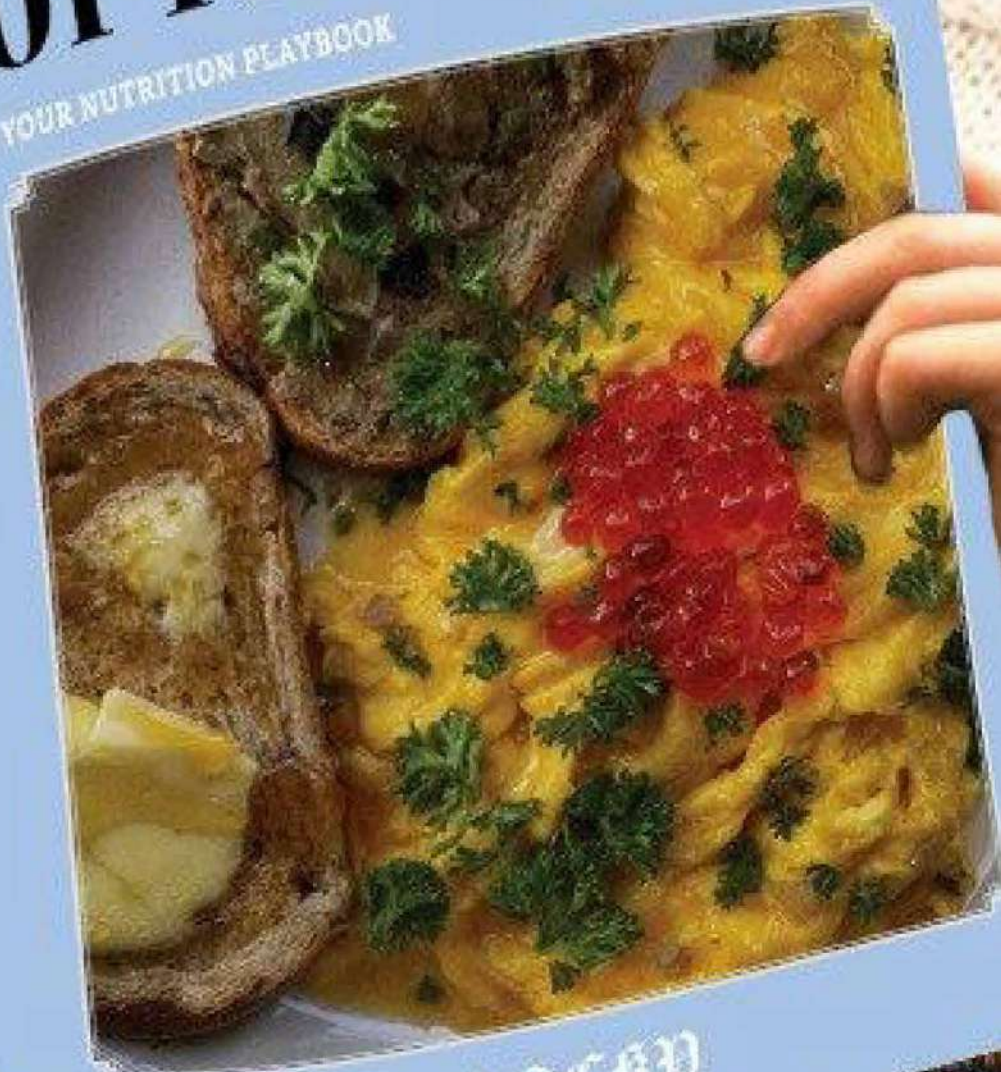
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whispered: 'You cannot possibly swim five miles in such a current,' but Inspiration shouted: 'This is the Hellespont – what matter if it's fifty?'"

Despite nearly being drowned by a Grecian tanker, Halliburton prevailed and added this feat to a growing number of international, aquatic escapades. One such escapade had him registering as a "ship" which required he pay thirty-six cents toll based upon his body weight before swimming the Panama Canal. He is still the only person to ever swim the entire 50 miles of the canal.

When not swimming around the world Halliburton would fly. One such expedition found him circumnavigating the globe with frequent stops to either patrol with the French Foreign Legion, perform Barnstormer style aerobatics for the Maharajah of Nepal, aid fellow stranded aviators or give local sovereigns a bird's eye view of their kingdoms. One such sovereign was the wife of the White Rajah of Sarawak, Sylvia

Brett. Sylvia was a hot little piece and British aristocrat who married into the White Rajah family of Borneo. After landing Sylvia safely, they took up the local Dyak chieftain who paid them in 60lbs of shrunken heads. They dumped these over the Pacific after taking off and waving goodbye. While this one such excursion cost him \$50,000 USD, a tidy sum during the Great Depression, his book royalties from these particular exploits netted him the same amount in overall profit.

Halliburton's original and most jealous mistress beckoned to him one final time. His lust for the sea compelled him to build a Chinese Junk in China, during its war with Japan and sail it across the Pacific. Halliburton sought both Chinese venture capital and American corporate sponsorship, both of which deemed his endeavor too risky in comparison to its reward. Finding no funds for his final adventure, Halliburton recruited the fundraising efforts of three members of Dartmouth's rowing team, who would also sign

on as crew members. Collectively they raised about \$400,000 and set to building the ship. The first attempt at setting sail was aborted due to medical issues (one of the crew had contracted gonorrhea in the warehouses of Hong Kong) and forced them to make their second attempt at the onset of the typhoon season. Twelve hundred miles off the coast of Midway, their vessel was beset by forty-foot seas. A rescue vessel attempted to hail the junk numerous times via radio when finally the voice of Halliburton crackled out against the background of raging waves and howling winds, "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here instead of me."

While the remains of neither ship nor crew were ever recovered, Halliburton's spirit lives on. His was an example of a life to be lived by all frogs. The devil-may-care life, committed to adventure and achievement which no artifice of modernity could ever offer – either to him or to you. 🐸

The author tweets @yamnayanage

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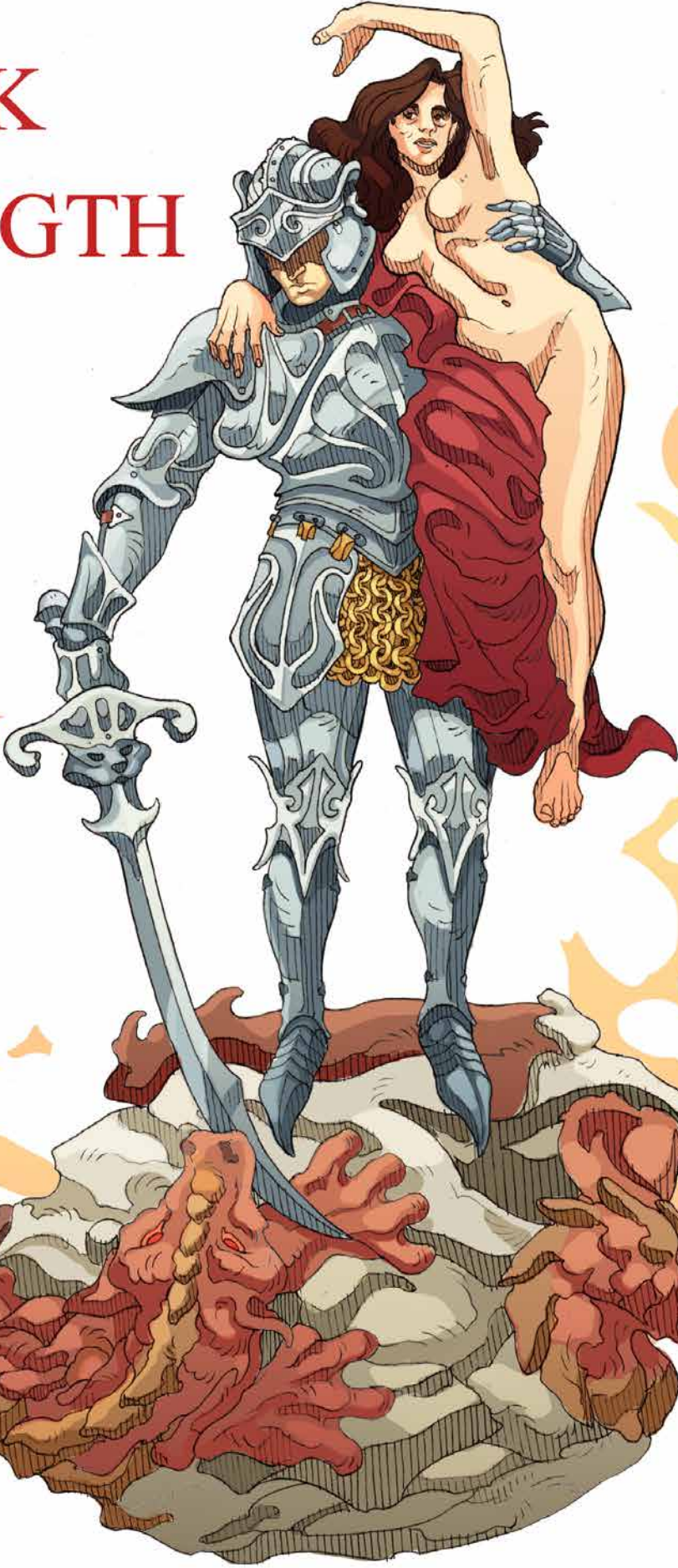
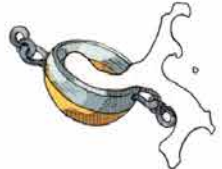
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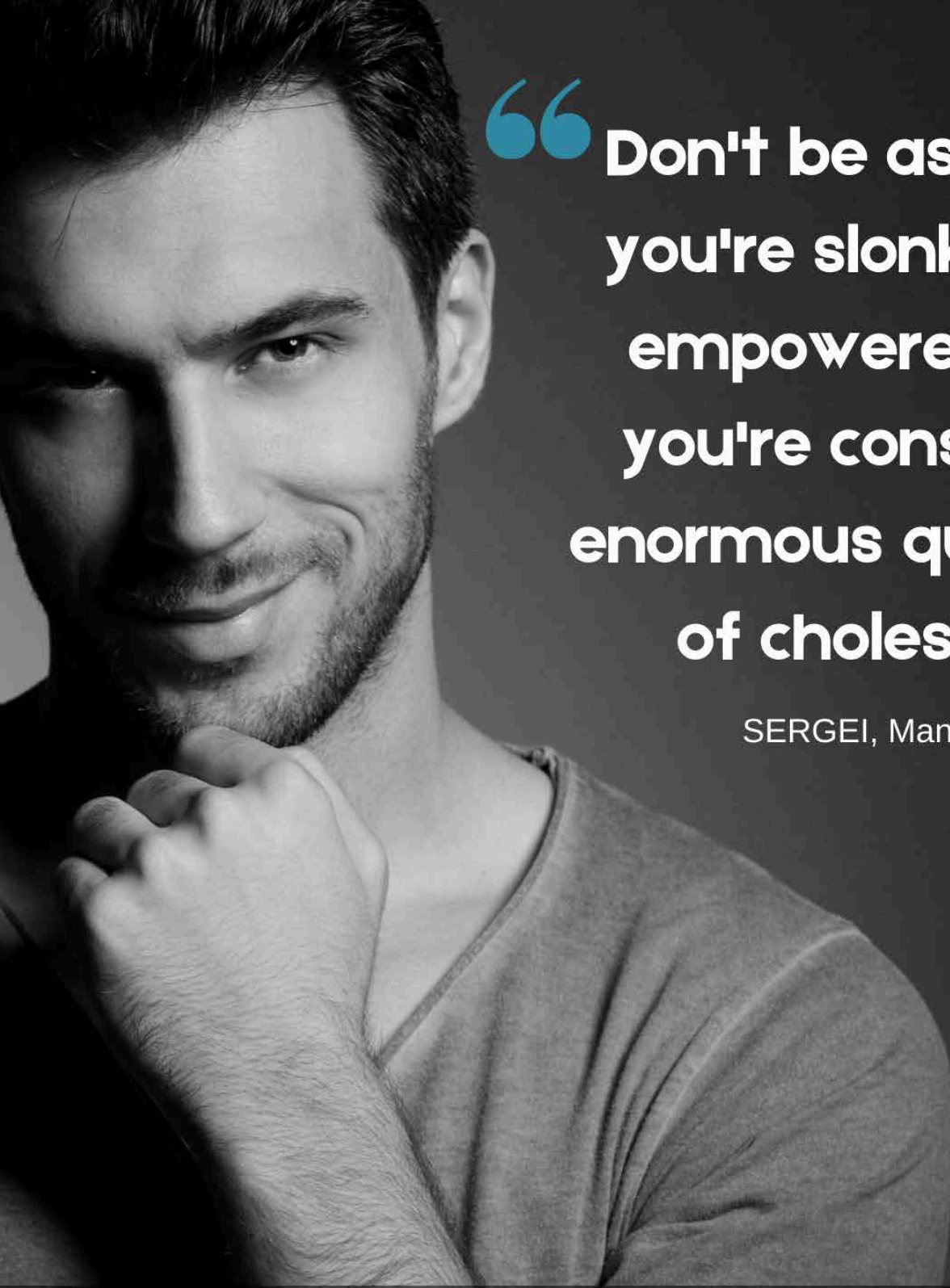
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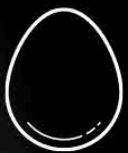
CAN YOU FIND HIM

?



“ Don't be ashamed
you're slonking. Be
empowered that
you're consuming
enormous quantities
of cholesterol. ”

SERGEI, Manhattan



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THE
CRAZY
WORLD
OF



Z
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N

In his own
words and
images

Monster No.7
4x2 ft (oil and
copper leaf on
panel)



"These symbols and narratives are deeply human and the process feels ancient like creating a totem or a tomb.



Although we don't know what it's like to be dead we are familiar with sleep and fill the afterlife with the golems and tulpas from our dreams.



Boat Burial 5x10 ft
(oil and copper leaf
on panel)



Swingers 4x16 ft
(oil and copper leaf
on panel)



Monster No.4 4x2 ft
(oil and copper leaf
on panel)



However, It's not entirely clear to me that this is not in fact inverted and those things from the next world creep into our dreams instead. The old gods might be screaming out in the void with great visions for those willing to create.

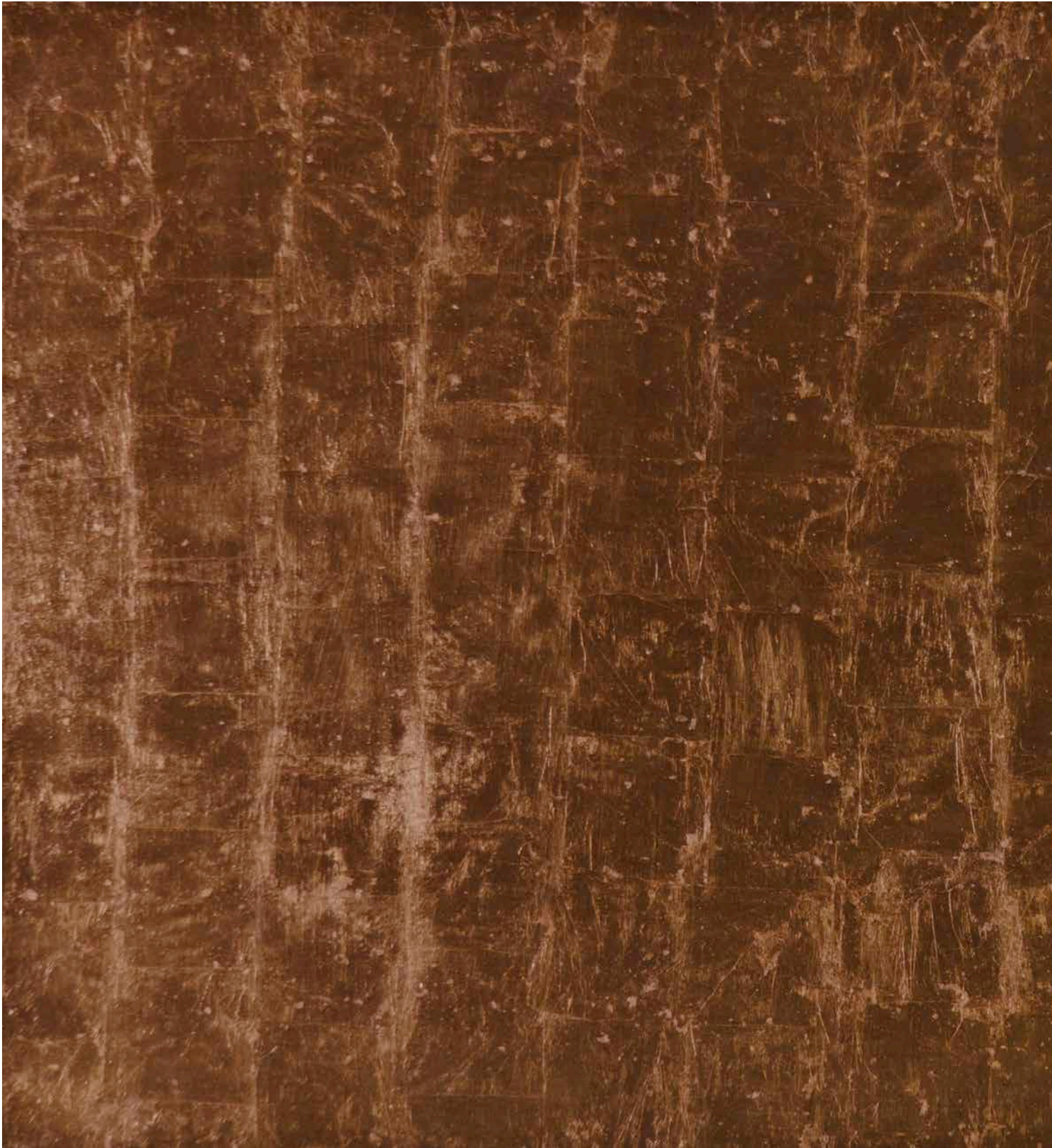


Monster No.5 4x2 ft (oil, encaustic, and copper leaf on panel)



RIDE THE TIGER.





Iblis Sisyphus 5x7
ft (oil, egg tempera,
and copper leaf on
panel)

I tend to think of the painter as alchemist and magician pulling things from the other realm into this one with all the danger that might involve.”



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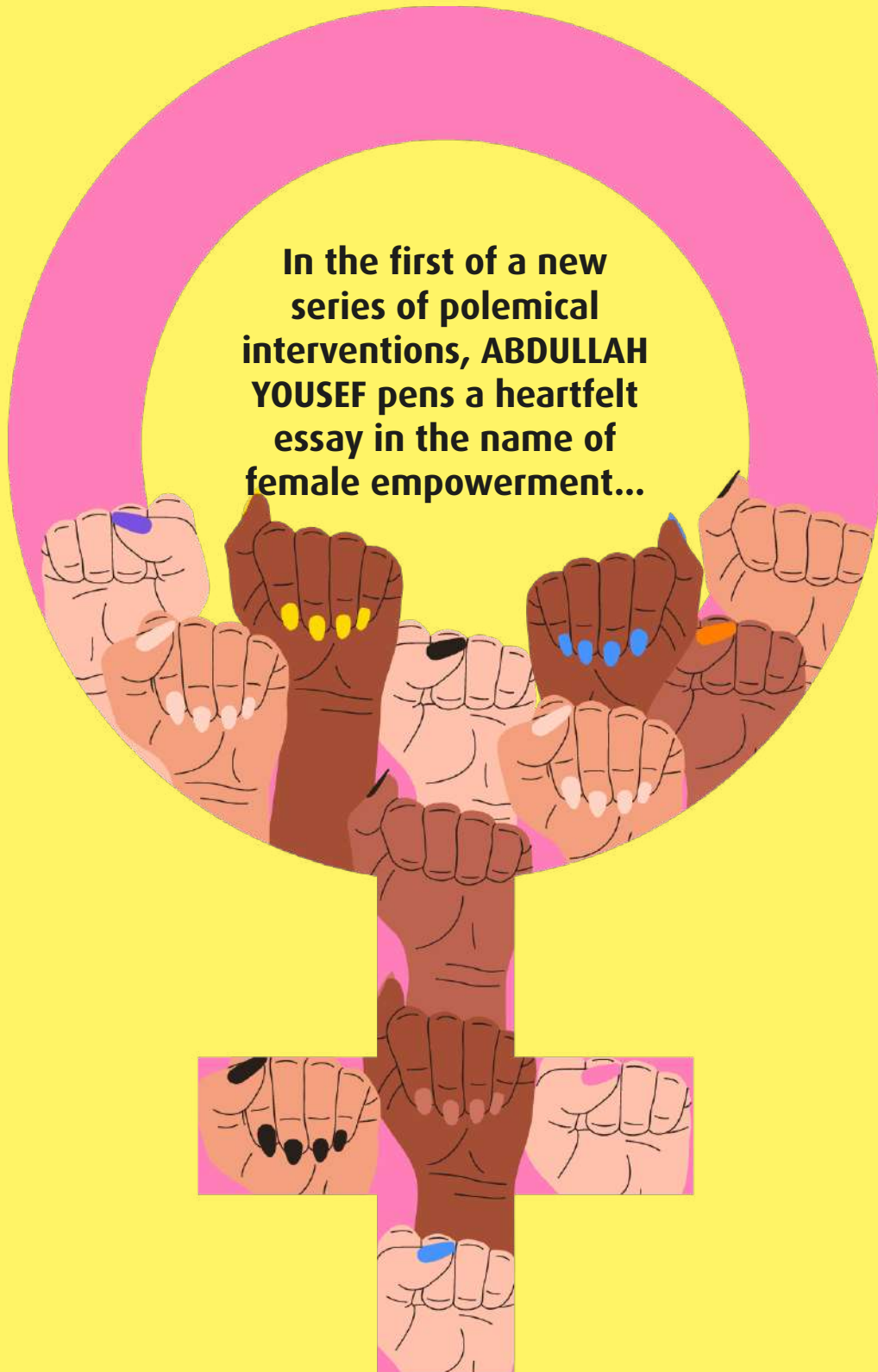
BLOOD OF THE LEVANT



ABDULLAH YOUSEF



In the first of a new series of polemical interventions, **ABDULLAH YOUSEF** pens a heartfelt essay in the name of female empowerment...



Dear Women,



Men today, by large margins that we can only still estimate, are addicted to pornography. It started slow in the sixties. At first it was magazines. Static images, printed out in physical form. Then came videotapes and CD's, those thick cassettes and shiny discs, a format of media that the males of my generation only remember existing from early childhood, stuff that required stringent tactics to hide from friends and family.

Then it evolved with the advancement of the internet. These clips and images could be accessed digitally on computers, portable ones too. Then those devilish little phones just had to be able to host them too, making the addictions that resulted catastrophically worse.

One of the strangest things about coomers is how easily they hide it. With hard drugs there's always blatant tells when someone is on them - constantly rubbing their nose, needle marks on their arms, rotten teeth; but with pornography all that damage is internal, in the brain, and it all culminates in the ultimate side effect that shows itself at the worst moment. When they're actually with a woman. It's at this moment the coomer wishes the earth could swallow him whole. Now that the simulation is real, after all those hundreds of hours of watching other men do this, he's powerless, unable to perform.

Thing is, I'm not here to preach specifically about men and porn. We know it's a giant problem. It's an obvious one, a giant detriment to the advancement of men and their potential for greatness even when their sexual prowess isn't all that hindered. This, my dear woman, is for you,

> **Coomer /noun/:** Initially an internet version of the Wojack guy, a Coomer is a male chronic masturbator, an Incel on steroids, who lives in front of his PC consuming porn all day, and having no other interest.

as you have an addiction that's not too dissimilar. That's right: You're a junkie, an addict just like many of us are. Your drugs however, come in a different form.

It's a pathology, no different from being a coomer. Just like how pornography affects non-users by infecting and perverting the media they consume as well, this addiction affects you even if you're not a radical consumer of it. It started off simple. First it gave you the right to vote. It was a big first bump, a dopamine hit like none other. You felt loved, approved of, and excited with your newfound powers! It was thrilling for a while, like those magazines men used to enjoy so much. Then, it got boring. It was just the right to vote and run for political office, after all. Being able to own property and receive inheritance just wasn't giving you the high it once did.


So, you move on to the next thing. Equal pay. Reproductive 'rights'. You wanted birth control pills, the ability to work and have a career much like that of a man, and you even wanted the right to divorce your husband without a legitimate reason the government would accept. You're foaming at the mouth, sometimes literally, because you can barely contain how good it feels to be so "empowered".

Some time passes, and the same thing happens. You get your unrestricted access to hormonal birth control, rights in the workplace that replace the responsibilities of the home, the ability to abort your pregnancy if the first

doesn't work and would inconvenience the second. You need more, something more potent. You need that next high.

Before you know it, you get that high and more. You have reached a point where you can divorce a man and take half or more of his belongings, including the children you had with him, if you are lucky enough to even have any. It is now socially acceptable for a woman to hypnotize her son into believing he's actually a girl, and getting state-sanctioned chemical castration for him to fulfil this newfound belief. You can abort your children not only with the approval of the state, but even at a stage where the child could be born breathing and crying. Some even do it with a glee and pride, as they recall how doing so allowed them to pursue a fruitful, fulfilling career working in middle management for Goldman Sachs or Morgan Stanley. You're doing this while tipping over the age where even the mainstream medical establishment agrees your fertility is waning, exponentially. There are no longer any men around that make you feel the way men of your grandmother's generation made her feel. You are the posh equivalent of a heroin addict fidgeting in the gutters, so high with that needle in their arm they believe they're in paradise as the rodents eat through their shoes.

Addiction is a fascinating topic. Allen Carr (1934-2006), the renowned author and addiction expert, whose EasyWay clinics

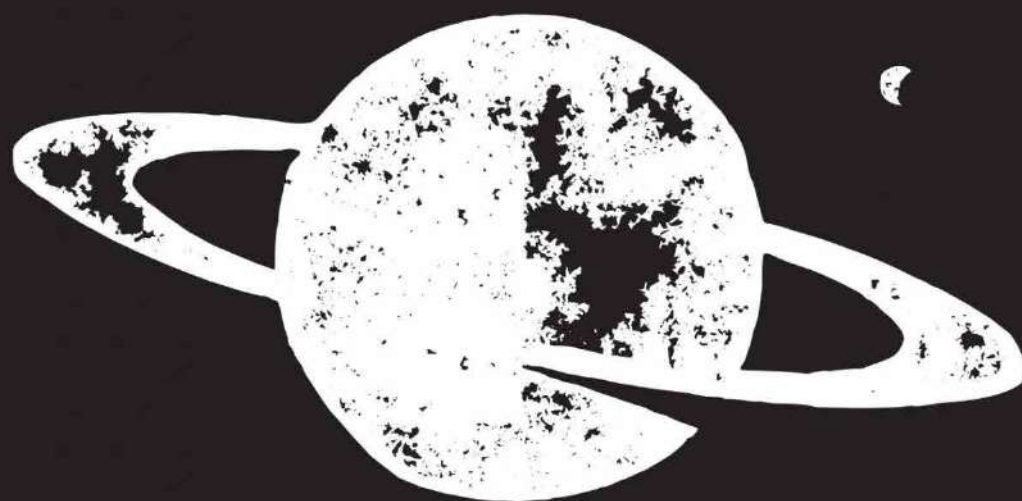


**Babies exposed to
cannabinoids in the
womb are at higher risk
of obesity and diabetes
later in life***

* "Fetal Exposure to Cannabis and
Childhood Metabolic Outcomes: The
Healthy Start Study", The Journal of
Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism,
2022



SPECTRES OF SATURN



PATRICK KILGORE

that follow his method for quitting various addictions purport the highest success rate and number in thousands across the developed world, follows the philosophy that most of addiction isn't merely a physiological urge that overtakes the victim - but a psychological one, a conditioning that occurs so that the addict rationalizes their behavior. They begin to believe, in earnest, that the substance or activity provides them with a tangible good. That the urges they feel for it are innate, and need said substance or activity to relieve it.

However, this is a myth. Hard drugs, pornography, alcohol, and yes, feminism, don't actually provide you with any good. In fact, it's those things that caused your longing for them in the first place. In the same way a teenager in rural Africa or a Himayalan Buddhist village without internet access, who has similar testosterone (or even higher) levels to a man does not crave internet pornography a woman in a remote part of the world untouched by the new liberal order does not crave feminist ideals. They do not crave birth control pills, a career in middle management, or the "right" to vote. Men today are largely addicted to porn because they've been conditioned by today's culture that they need to orgasm to visual stimulation every single day. You're addicted to the imaginary goods of feminism using that same perverted logic. You want these things because they were imposed on you from a very young age, and now you crave them as the coomer does his digital harem.

Addiction rewires the brain. Everyone knows this. In clinical studies, the brains of porn users reveal similar imagery to that of users of hard drugs. Their dopamine receptors are rearranged after prolonged use. Before the

coomer knows it: instead of craving sexual intimacy with a real woman that he likes; that he can touch, smell and taste, he now wants to sit behind a screen and orgasm to a digital woman that isn't really there. This is another similarity, dear woman, that you share with him. You may not crave sexual intimacy to the degree men do, but you do if you receive your main currency attached to it: love and approval. It's noble to desire these things as a woman. It's in your nature. But you don't crave the love and approval of a man you love and loves you back, do you? Just as the brain of the coomer has been rearranged to seek sexual fulfillment with pixels on a screen instead of a real woman, you now seek the love and approval of the state instead of a husband, or the filial affection of a child.

Here's the thing though. Just as all that loving the man gets from the pixelated woman on the screen is artificial and fake, the love and approval you get from the state is also a facade. It's sugar coated, it's a self-esteem boost on steroids, an intoxicating high like none other, but it's fake nonetheless. If you saw these figures in the state up close and got to know them, you'd see how much they actually hated you, just as if a coomer were to meet the OnlyFans girl he's simping for, he'd become acutely aware of her disgust and contempt for him.

The state is your centralized porn database. Politicians are your pornstars. Legislation, hearings, and supreme court decisions are your missionary, doggystyle, and anal. And you are the coomer who just can't get enough. Why am I telling you this? Because I want you to quit. Your family wants you to quit. We want to see you happy and properly loved. Remember how I mentioned Allen Carr's view of addiction, and how

many clinics are modeled over his method? His method does not involve coercion, or "willpower", or scaring you with ill effects. You already know the harms. Every porn addict knows their dick stops working more with increased porn use, but that doesn't stop them, does it? What you need convincing of instead is just how fun it is to quit, and how at the end of the day, you're not actually giving anything up.

The two main fears addicts have of quitting are that 1) they're going to suffer without their drug, and 2) they're going to be missing out on something. The first is only true if you believe it. The second is patently false. Can you name a single tangible good you've received from your "right to vote", for example? Each time I've asked this question, what I always get is something related to another aspect of the women's rights movement. It's like asking a coomer what they've gained in their life from watching pornography, and them answering "Well, it's allowed me to orgasm to even bigger breasts than before". Crazy talk, right?

This is my plea to you. Just as with any addiction, the more you use, the more obscene and potent each subsequent high must become for you to be satisfied. Remember, we started off talking about your addiction with you slipping a piece of paper into a ballot box, and within a few decades ended up with castrated children. Open your eyes, look around and realize just how fun it will be to quit it all. Make the leap, and on the other side, we'll all be there.

You have nothing to lose but your chains. 🗡️

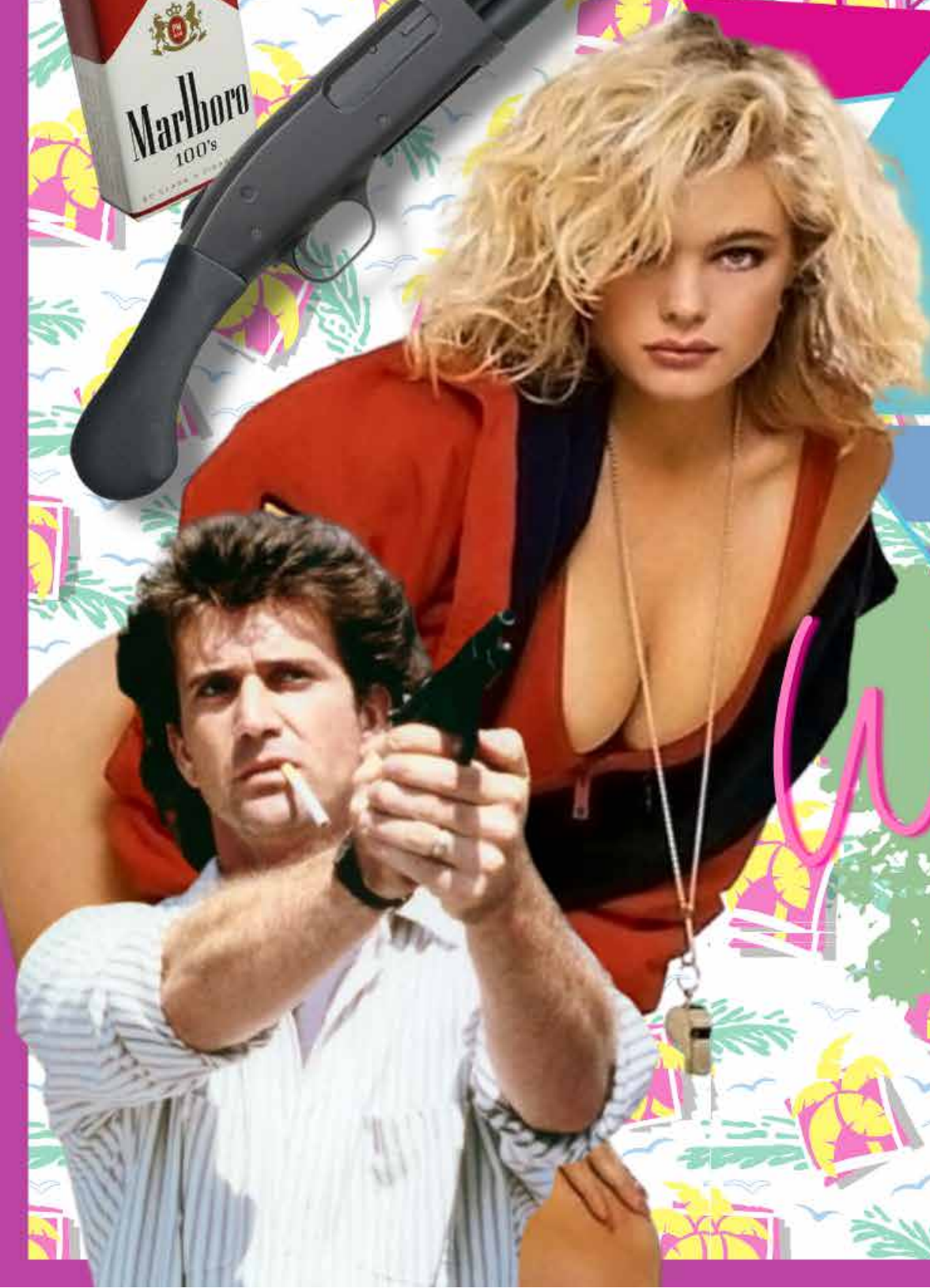
Want to write the next Counterblast? Follow Abdullah's lead and write 2000 words on a controversial subject. Send it to mansworldmagazine@protonmail.com





CONCENTRATE
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MA



White
ESSE
Gun




N'S WORLD



Boy
ESSENTIALS

Summer






The best way to stay cool and look cool at the same time is a classic linen suit. Plump for a versatile off-white or cream suit with a t-shirt or unbuttoned shirt. If you're really in the mood for some Miami Vice vibes, make the t-shirt as bright as possible. Pair with espadrilles for a seriously louche look.

Clothes

Even if all the girls will be staring at your finely sculpted boulder-shoulders, that's no excuse not to make a statement with your swim shorts, anon. Try a pair like these from Derek Rose (derekrose.com).



Although White Boy Summer should, ideally, be a time for recreation and romance, we've seen too many perfect summer days ruined by Latin American mercenaries or time-travelling cyborgs. However hot it may get, you should always be packing heat of your own. And what could be hotter than the classic Uzi 9mm?

It wouldn't be White Boy Summer without sunglasses. If Baked Alaska is your thing, you can't go wrong with a pair of Pit Vipers, the more outlandish the better. But if you want classic masculine cool, follow Steve McQueen's lead and grab yourself a pair of Persol 714SM.

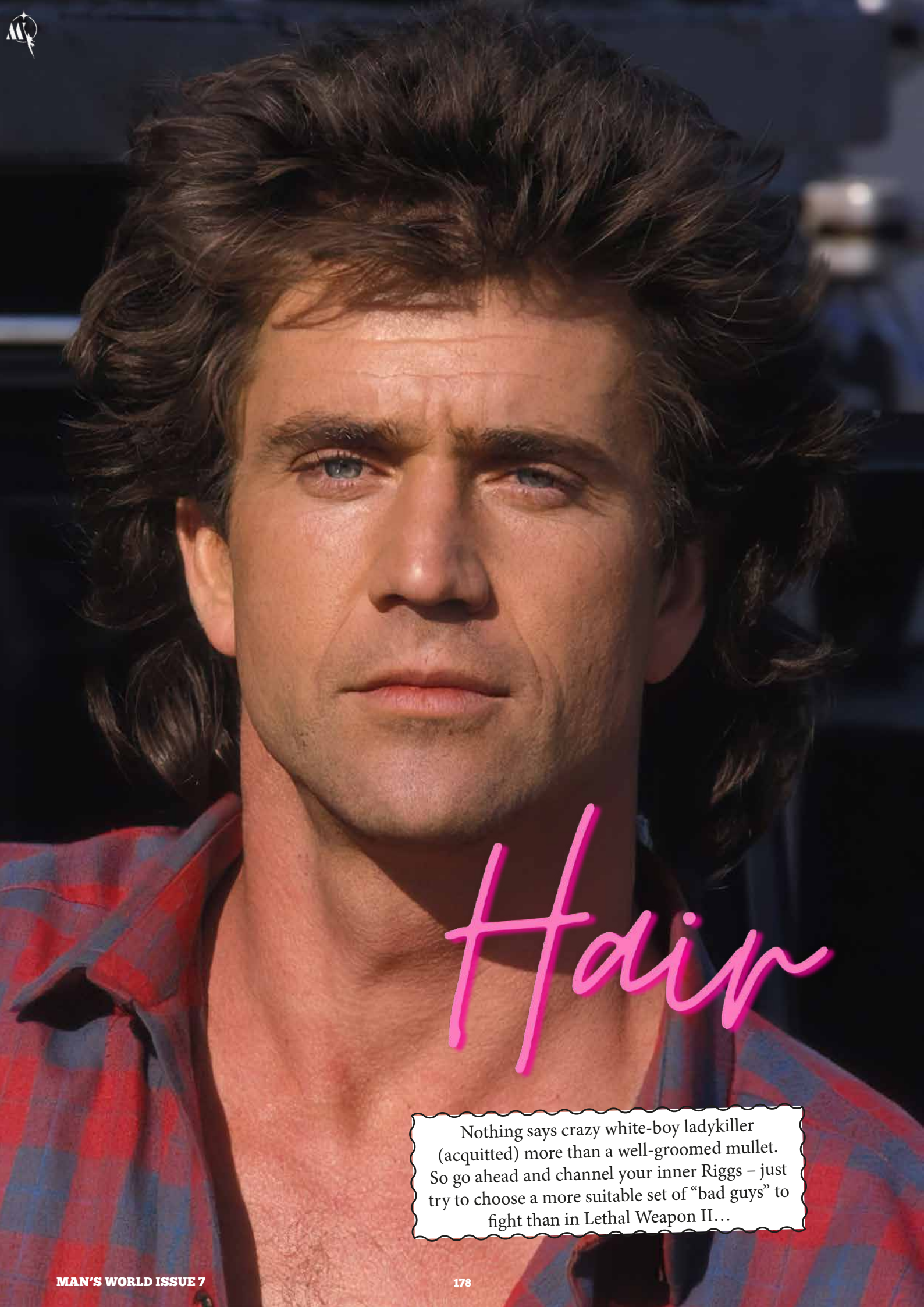




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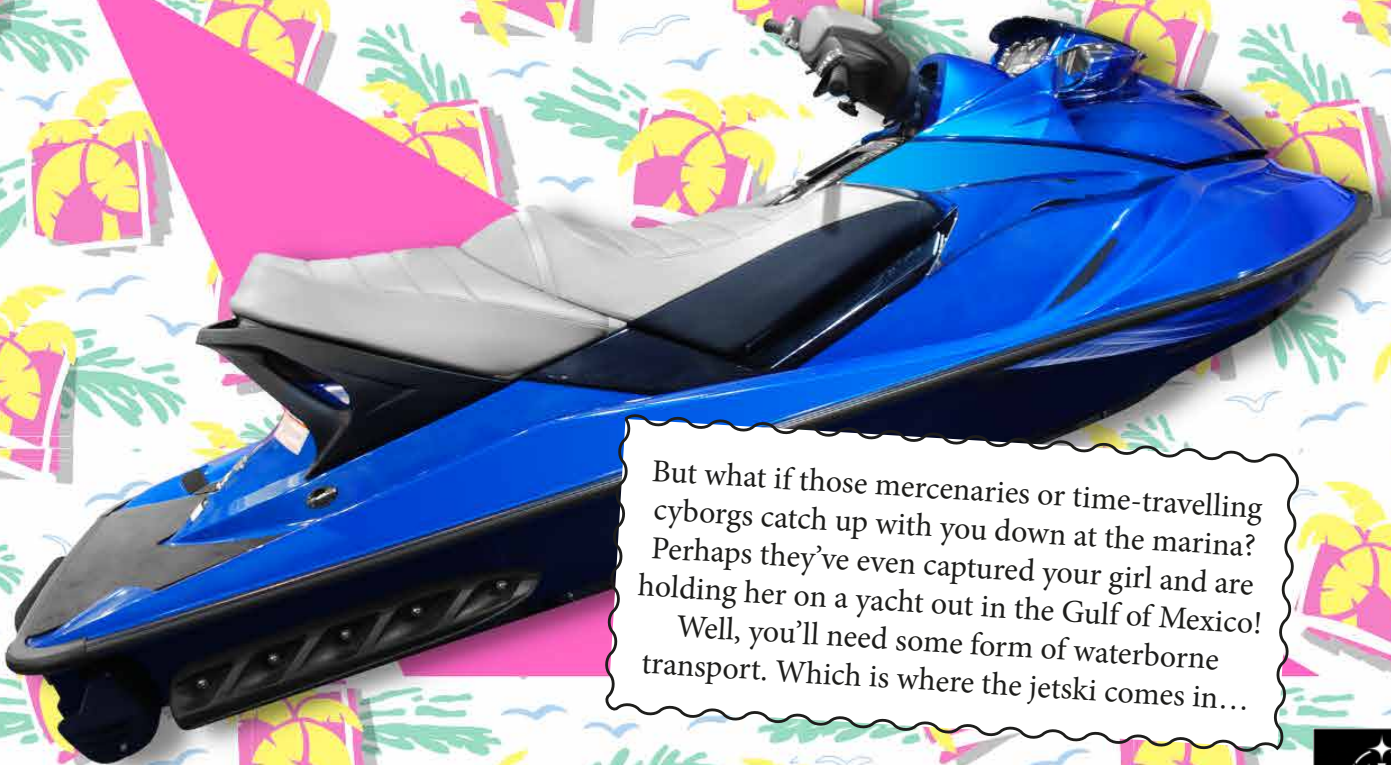
Hair

Nothing says crazy white-boy ladykiller (acquitted) more than a well-groomed mullet. So go ahead and channel your inner Riggs – just try to choose a more suitable set of “bad guys” to fight than in *Lethal Weapon II*...



"If you're gonna ride, Dano-o, ride in style." Follow Hot Rod's advice from *Transformers the Movie* (1986) and ditch your current wheels for something really eye-catching. What better way to turn heads as you drive from party to party, or just cruise along the strip, than in a 1986 Ferrari Testarossa? And if your enemies catch up with you, its superlative Italian performance will leave them trailing in the dust. Prices start from around \$140,000.

Rides



But what if those mercenaries or time-travelling cyborgs catch up with you down at the marina? Perhaps they've even captured your girl and are holding her on a yacht out in the Gulf of Mexico! Well, you'll need some form of waterborne transport. Which is where the jetski comes in...





MAN'S WORLD

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HORSES OF STEEL: MAN AND BIKE IN THE 21ST CENTURY

ARTHUR POWELL

There's nothing like it. The cold wind snaps at you, the mountain scenery races by but you see it all. The curve ahead is a long looping left, you point your head towards the exit and the bike begins to tip into the turn. You gently increase acceleration as you see the exit before flicking the bike up and opening the throttle fully. Total harmony with existence. Primordial joy surges in your blood. Visions of the steppe from eons ago awaken in your mind. Not hooves propelling you across the plains but rubber meeting asphalt. A metallic steed hastens you on.

This? This is riding in the 21st century.

Motorcycles are a perfect way to identify if other men are conditioned to life in the matriarchal longhouse.

"Those are dangerous"

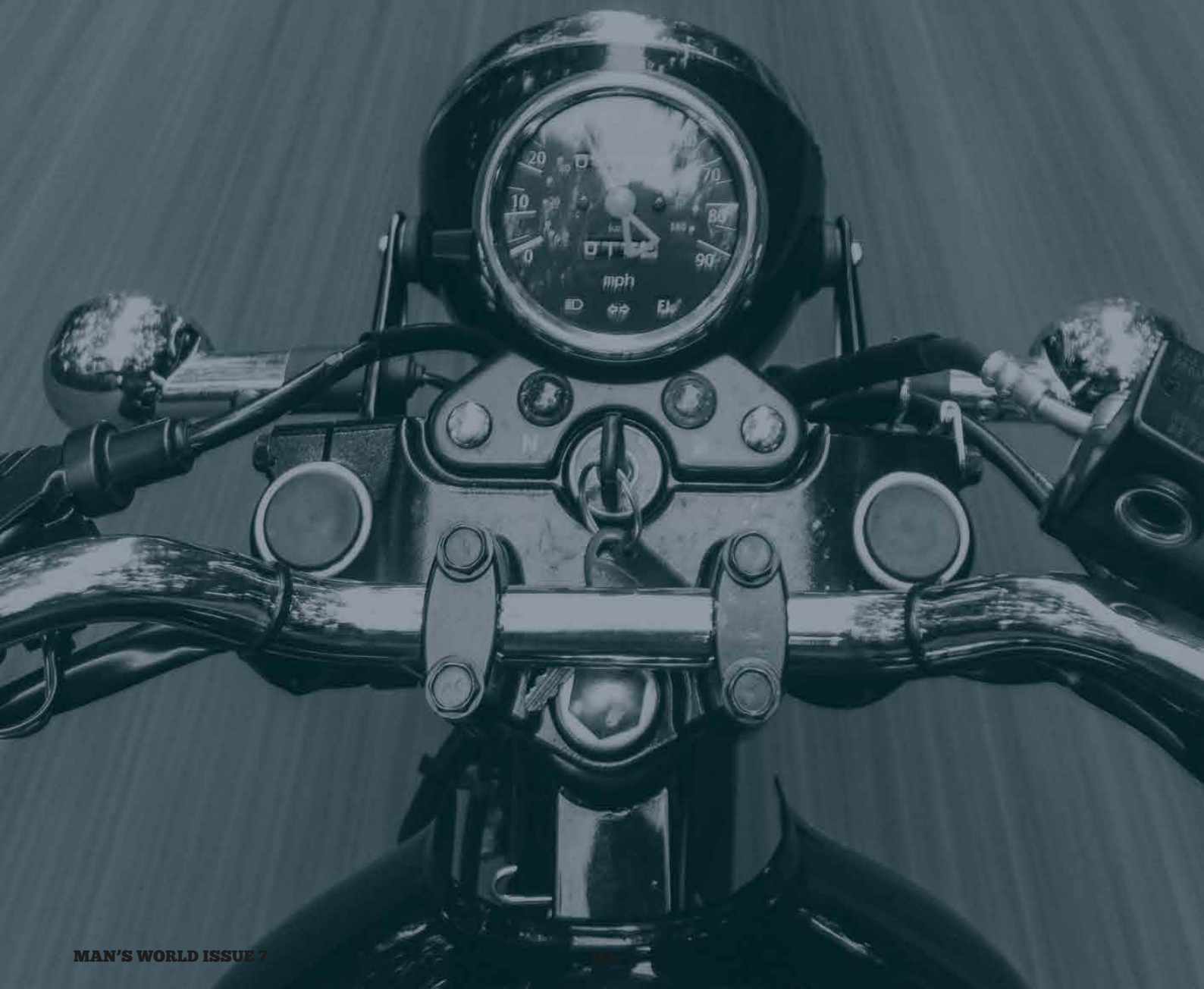
"Hope you're an organ donor"

"My mother/girlfriend/wife would never let me ride".

Pity these men. They will never know what it is like to be free. They will also never know what a thrill motorcycling can be. Motorcycling is a wonderful example of how a fulfilling life demands a balance of risk for reward. There are certainly inherent risks. You are exposed to the elements, there is no protective cocoon should an AWFL wine aunt merge into your lane. You come off a bike at speed and it's going to be a painful day in the best case scenario. The worst case scenario? You are walking the fields of Elysium. Well that doesn't sound so bad now does it...



To ride well and safely does require focus. You enter a flow state of sorts, a form of meditation



Morbidity aside, motorcycling has changed how I view commuting, errands, and exploration. Driving a car is somewhat sterile, especially if you drive an automatic. It is too easy to put on a podcast, listen to music, be distracted and bored on familiar routes. There is no sense of occasion or real focus. It is the opposite with a bike – putting on your gear, planning your route (I eschew phone mounts), and then the actual journey itself. It is a connection to nature through unnatural means. Man was not born going this fast. The closest we got in ages past WAS the horse at a gallop. The very riding position of bikes harkens back to this. Even with my excellent earplugs and good helmet the wind roars in my ears and roots me to the reality of speed. The first time I hit 60 on my bike it felt like I was driving 120 in a car. Most lazy people cruise their car on the highway at 70 whilst browsing Faceberg, no concentration or appreciation for the wizardry of speed and metal. Keep in mind I don't even ride a fast bike; no, I ride an underpowered but aesthetically beautiful Royal Enfield. It can be beaten at lights by a lot of cars if I'm not on my game! Yet this single-cylinder-engine, easily maneuverable bike has been a revelation.

This bike has opened my eyes to the beauty of the mountains once more. Curvy canyon roads become destinations in and of themselves. I am all the more aware of the scenery and the vivid intersection of the man-made and nature as I follow the snaking tarmac ever upwards. Corners are one of the most dangerous places for motorcyclists, it is where people succumb to their fear. Where they feel they can't lean any further, where they get target fixation, kill the throttle and high-

side themselves into the abyss. I would be remiss to ignore my own brushes with mortality. Drifting over that center line. Thanking the Gods nothing was coming the other way. But overcoming that fear, learning your limits in the twisties and pushing them is so rewarding. Modern man does not conquer death enough anymore. Many just drift and realize we have no real rites of initiation as a wider culture. Instead we have sub-cultures with initiation rites like weightlifting or BJJ. Motorcycling today straddles a line between tribe and culture; although it is not what it once was, and the variety of motorcyclists today on the road runs the gamut from inner city youths wheeling in their ghettos to your stereotypical old Harley dudes. 1% clubs certainly exist but the group identity of the motorcyclist is wider. You greet other riders on the road, the left hand down and outstretched with two fingers. A loose tribe. My spry 60-year-old instructor chuckled when he told us in his younger days Harley riders wouldn't acknowledge him on a Japanese bike. It's not like that any more.

Connection to your fellow Americans feels harder every day; a malicious media and ideological divide separate us. But none of that matters on the road. Call it escapism or idealism but truly, it doesn't matter. In fact most things fade away. The basic MSF course instructs you not to ride whilst overly emotional, and that is wise, albeit perhaps overly cautious, advice. To ride well and safely does require focus. You enter a flow state of sorts, a form of meditation. Many will know what this is like, where you do not have time to think because you are so focused on the present. I have felt it whilst trail running, skiing, grappling, and now motor-

cycling. It is a moment of Zen. The priestly caste say we can attain this through meditation, focusing on the breath, the here and now. Perhaps they can but for me nirvana is somehow more real when all the senses are attuned to the chaos of reality. The sound of the wind, the vibrations of the bike, the smell of petrol, the sight of unfolding road, the metallic taste in my mouth. This all anchors me to the present. It strips my mind of worries, of fear, of unhappiness. Balancing the throttle and pushing the handlebars are all that matters.

What does matter to you today anyway? We live in a consumerist age where purchases provide pleasure, or so we are led to believe. Buying a bike is not expensive and is merely the first step, from there on it is a skill you are developing. A wealthy man upon a sail-ship without knot skills is about as useful as rubber sword in battle. Do bikes have costs of ownership associated with them? Yes. Is it mainly a hobbyist pursuit in much of the West? Yes. But in spite of that these machines are not cheapened by this. Some of them are remarkably simple to work on and adjust - there is a reason 'Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance' is a best-selling book that also went onto inspire "The Case for Working with your Hands". Both books make the argument that the most fulfilling type of work is often the material manipulation of the world, making or fixing things. Their arguments stem from the grounded reality of connection. Connection to the world is important. In the day and age of comfort where it is rare for us to challenge or risk the motorcycle remains this fascinating machine that can free you.

Escape the Longhouse. Ride. 🏍️





DON'T JUST SHINE. GLOW.





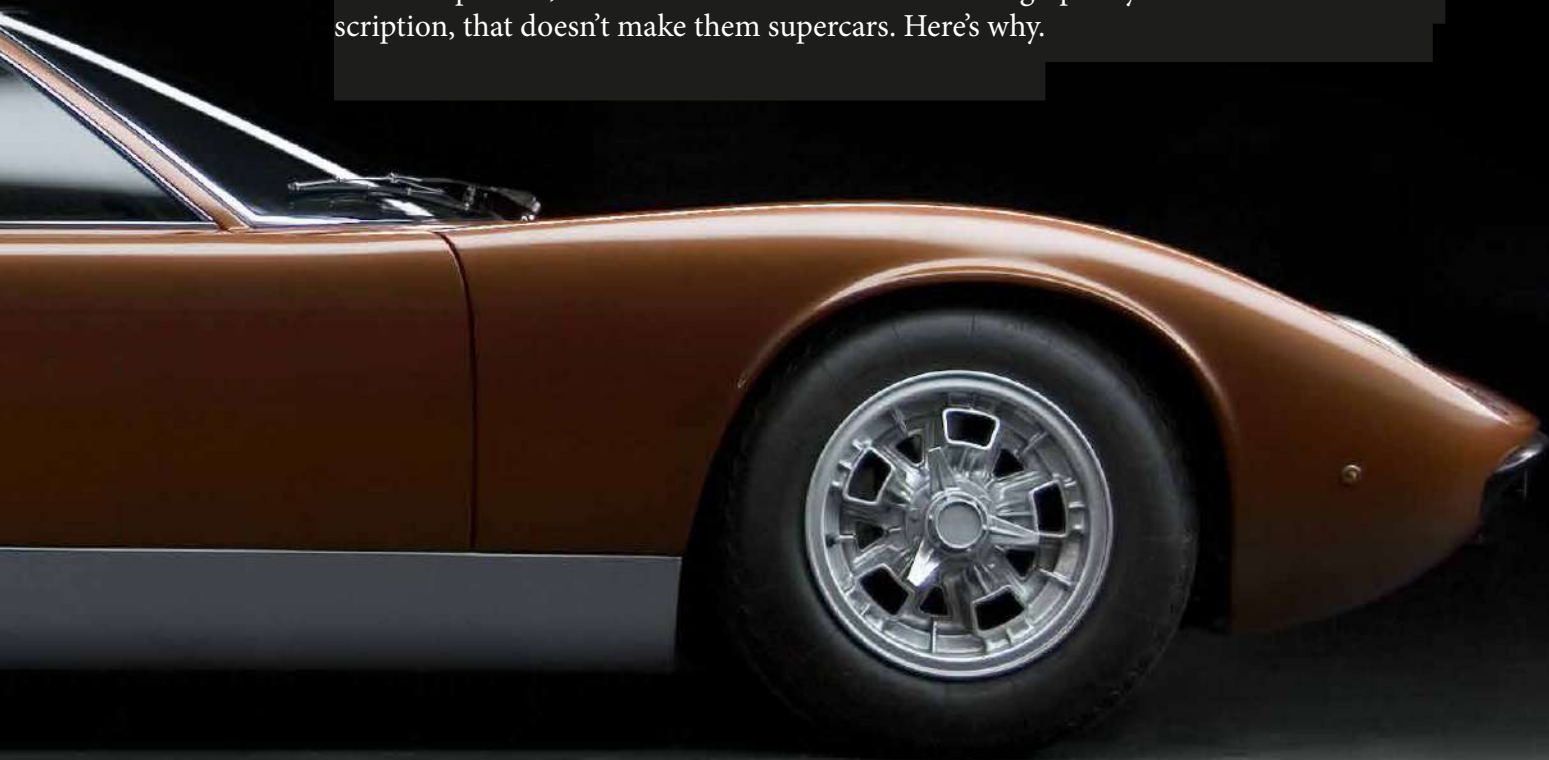
SUPER

A SHORT SOCIAL HISTORY
by Robert Berkeley



CARS

What defines a supercar? I'm open to debate on the topic. In fact, if I thought about it for fifteen more minutes, I might even change my own mind. I am sure, at least, that the Lamborghini Miura, which appeared in 1966 (pictured below), was the first supercar. But what made it so? Exclusivity? Price? Speed? Though only 764 were built in its lifespan, there are rarer Ferraris from this time, and they were just as fast or faster, and just as expensive or even more expensive. In my opinion, what set the Miura apart was that it didn't even look like a car. Look at a Ferrari 250 from the mid-1960s. It's certainly a beautiful car, but it looks like a car. If you've ever seen one next to a Miura in real life, the contrast is even starker than in photos. Both cars are aspirational in a very atavistic way – they are well beyond the reach of even the successful professional man, they occupy the rarefied air of the truly elite – aristocrats, the fabulously rich, the very famous. Where the difference lies between the two, is that the Miura is aspirational in time and space where the Ferrari is not. It does not look like something that should be a car, could be a car, but might be a car in some distant future. It makes us think of a better future, rather than a beautiful present, no matter how beautiful. But although plenty of cars now fit that description, that doesn't make them supercars. Here's why.





Think of all of the supercars or near-supercars since. They were almost exclusively sold to men. They were uncompromising in every way; often noisy, hot, uncomfortable. They did not care if you were at ease in them, they were made to go fast and look good doing it. They also didn't care if you were a good enough driver or not. One wrong move, one overconfident celebrity thinking he's invincible, and they would throw you into the weeds. Despite their cost, these were not luxurious cars. They weren't even easy to live with; often temperamental with maintenance demands and the actual need to be driven hard in order to maintain in good working condition.

The men who bought these did not care. That's what they wanted – to be brutalized in the name of speed and glamour. Men who understood the trade-off. While there were earlier, more subtle creepings of a social change underfoot in the timeline of these cars, with the advent of things like anti-lock brakes – What's that? You don't know how to cadence your own brakes? I think you lost your Virginia Slims, better check your fanny pack – and traction control, the first most drastic change in the supercar and near-supercar was the Ferrari 360, introduced in 1999. By Ferrari's own admission, this was the first car they had engineered from the cabin out rather than the chassis up. This meant that the driver, and his comfort, took the place of performance. Additionally, while the "F1" style paddle-shift transmission debuted earlier on the 360's predecessor, the F355, this was the first Ferrari whose performance variant was not available with a real, three-pedal manual transmission.

Why these sudden changes? My proposition was that it was a social change among the buyers. Who was buying supercars in the late 90s? Their largest market by this point was rock-stupid pro athletes and rappers, and the dot-com millionaire dorks of the era. Not exactly the kind of men

who know how to drive a manual, have the minds to understand the supercar-owner dynamics of the recent past, and who are also so insecure in their masculinity, they need a flashy car with a recognizable name in order to show up to events in.

This was the first nail in the coffin. The danger was gone, and yes, danger is very much a necessary element of the supercar: it must be able to kill you, through your own stupidity or hubris. Without that, it's just a flashy car that makes flashy noises. The illusion of speed and danger became more important than the actual speed and danger, and the supercar manufacturers knew this and shamelessly capitalized on it. They were now selling you an idea, a brand, an image, and not any meaningful experience anymore.

The next two nails in the coffin happened more or less contemporaneously. The first I will address is the de-Westernization of the supercar. In the decade or so after the introduction of things like "F1" style gearboxes, and the incursion of even more obtrusive nanny-state electronic "driver aids" like anti-lock brakes, traction control, and launch control, the market for supercars shifted to the Orient in a self-reinforcing style. These systems got introduced, and now your Arab oil princes and Chinese Communist Party insiders could drive them. The more they bought them, the more they liked these systems that made them look like they knew what they were doing (they didn't and never could even understand or appreciate a Western cultural product like a real supercar), the more the manufacturers added these systems or made them more intrusive, the more decadent Orientals bought them – and the cycle went on and on. It's reach a point now where it's quite literally impossible to buy any supercar with a manual transmission at all, and legal regulations prevent any car meant to be driven on public roads being made at all without "driver aid" systems.

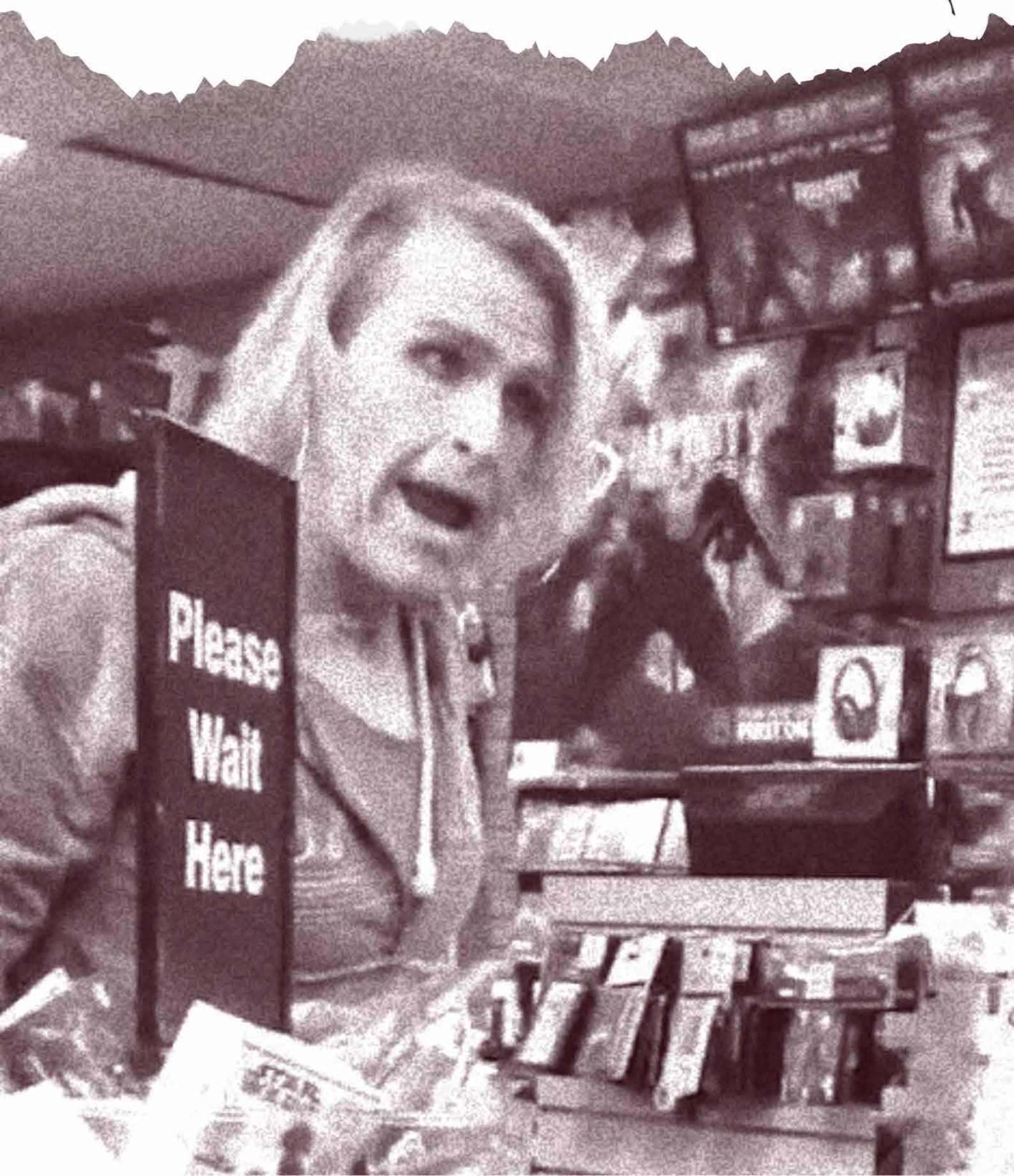
The other social change was with the West itself. The men who could afford such cars in the West changed. Your typical celebrity or aristocrat or extremely successful businessman now is "green." Even if he isn't, there is immense social pressure to be one, so he must at least pretend. Nearly all supercars now are hybrid or full electric, or at the very least have those ridiculous stop-start and cylinder deactivation systems. These are the result of both manufactured social pressure from below (the "green" buyers) and the most ham-fisted social engineering at the top – the idea that if they can glamorize "green" supercars, all us peasants will buy into the same bullshit in cars we can afford. This is the very same logic used, for example, to berate Trump for not wearing a mask. These people truly believe a reality can be imposed through example. "Normalization" of the most ridiculously abnormal things can be realized if only you see your betters doing so as well.

So now the supercar is quiet as well. Wouldn't want the neighbors in your multi-million dollar neighborhood to think you're one of those people now would we? One of those men. I do not think it a coincidence that the term "hypercar" has emerged to describe these vehicles. The serious users of that term mean for it to be taken as some sort of superlative – the "hypercar" is a more super supercar. I take it in a much more post-modernist view: the "hypercar" is hyperreal. This is straight out of Baudrillard. It is a car that can no longer relate to any reality and thus has become a simulacrum of itself. Your supercar is now is neutered, silent, hybrid that drives itself.

This brings me back to why that initial definition of supercar is insufficient. The current supercars do in fact look the part, but that's it, they just look it. They don't offer anything else, not even the noise, certainly not the danger, and not the performance.

On that last point, some elaboration is warranted. The

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supercar has not escaped the nerd's desire to quantify everything. This may sound a bit odd when talking about performance cars, but quantitative evaluations of cars is complete and total bullshit. What these nerds – who are incapable of understanding the meaning of what I have laid out so far – will argue is that these new supercars, the “hypercars”, have better numbers. Bigger numbers where bigger counts, and smaller numbers where smaller count. Don't you understand, chud? This car now has *more horsepower*. It now does 0-60 in less time. You can go onto any car forum and see this logic play out in real time.

First off, these numbers, like 0-60 or the now nearly ubiquitous Nurburgring lap times are achieved with professional drivers. In other words, even with all the driver aids at their disposal, the kind of people who argue about the numbers *will never be able to achieve these numbers themselves*. It's akin to bragging about how another man could fuck their wives better than they ever could.

Second, even the professional driver isn't achieving these either, as the immense computing power and sophisticated algorithms employed in these cars essentially turn them into a roller-coaster ride even for him. Herein lies my point: there is a qualitative difference in

The men who could afford such cars in the West changed.

driving an analog car to the limit compared to driving a digital car to the limit. You may never achieve the same lap time with the qualitative one, and likely neither will the professional driver, but it is not the point. The knowledge you will never be perfect but you still strive for the thrill or the fun or the challenge of it, or the knowledge that this machine may kill you, or the knowledge that every error and every success is yours and yours alone – this is the point.

The last thing I would like to address is the disposability of these cars. Imagine, 20 years from now, paying any sort of money for a car with a low resolution digital screen in the dashboard. Or even a higher resolution screen in it, but when you start the car, it displays the Microsoft Bing logo. Would such a screen even be working in 20 years? Will the operating system of the car be maintained? Will there even be computer hardware available to replace broken pieces of your car's electronics? You can't get 20 year old computer parts for a computer – but you're going to be able to find them for your car? Proprietary ones at that?

What about the “technology”

itself? Were you aware that the manual versions of the first cars to offer paddle shift transmissions are worth much more than the paddle shift versions now? Despite not having as good of numbers as the paddle shift versions? Or that the early single-clutch paddle shift transmissions are seen as a joke now, jerky and unresponsive, while the manual transmissions will be timeless? Your “technology” will be superseded by more technology. A “hypercar” even a few model years old is uncompetitive, and if your only measure of a car is quantitative, there will always be something better. Enjoy your \$300,000 Marvel movie on wheels, it'll be rebooted soon, and everyone will forget that version of it.

The next time you see a new supercar on the road, don't lust after it. Have complete and utter disdain for the guy driving it, and the culture that made it possible. It's no longer your cultural product, it's no longer marketed to you. You're no longer behind the wheel, Western man. ■

THE TYRANNY OF HUMAN RIGHTS: From Jacobinism to the United Nations

In *The Tyranny of Human Rights: From Jacobinism to the United Nations* Bolton examines the manner by which "Enlightenment" doctrines shaped liberalism and the bloody progenies of Jacobinism and Bolshevism. Bolton demonstrates that the inevitable consequences of these doctrines being predicated on the fallacy of universal equality is the need for increasingly draconian laws, pervasive indoctrination, and, where these are insufficient, "color revolution" and war. Like the Jacobin doctrine of "liberty, equality, fraternity," these measures, undertaken in the name of "human rights," "equality," and "social justice," are largely directed toward the destruction of European peoples.

The ultimate aim behind the humanitarian facade is a world state where people, resources, technology, and capital can be moved about without any hindrance from nation states, races, cultures, and even families.

Extensively sourced, with forewords by Dr. Tomislav Sunić and Prof. Edward Dutton, Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present *The Tyranny of Human Rights: From Jacobinism to the United Nations* by renowned author Kerry R. Bolton. This latest contribution by Bolton is a vital tool in understanding the nefarious machine of international human rights.



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Kerry R. Bolton *The Tyranny of Human Rights*

Kerry R. Bolton

*The Tyranny
of Human
Rights*

From Jacobinism to the United Nations

Kerry R. Bolton The Tyranny of Human Rights



AH





WOODSMEN'S RETREAT

From a work-in-progress novel by Claustrum
Novanglistics Forestry Department

There in Oregon, under the tweeting and cooing, below the wingforms, and beneath the tops of the trees, the pine needles and leaves, and down the bark, in the window of the FEMA trailer marked Office 3C A CAMP, Don Ostan moved through woodshadows to the corktop table, his left hand smoothing the map where he pushed another toothpick through its surface, marking the flume's progress.

A voice asked:

How much longer?

Three weeks, Don said.

Until full production, the voice clarified.

Four, if everything comes along.

Okay. You may leave.

j

I had offered to sharpen the edges of his tape measure, Vas said, walking ahead down the flume's wooden catwalk. He spread his arms wide extending an invisible tape measure to his arms' width. But he said no. Vas turned his outstretched hands up and continued ahead.

Following behind, Drew asked:

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Has anyone escaped?

Arelis, what happens to people who try to escape? Vas asked back past Drew.

We shoot you, she answered.

You wouldn't shoot me, would you? Vas asked.

Maybe.

Ha. Well. We've had people break for it. From there, who knows. Escape to what? he said.

With their three sets of boot-steps, the unknocked white pine wood knocked along.

I wonder whose boots you got, Vas said. Is there any blood on them?

In the flume, kinks of sunlight knotted and unfurled and rushed along.

I would say so, Drew said, eyes glancing down.

Shaking his head, Vas said:

Not us. One of the loggers up in A.

Along their right, sets of cut wood quietly banged along flowing flumewise.

Silera, you know what our friend here got transferred for? Vas asked over his shoulder.

I do, she said. And someone either really likes him or really hates him.

Drew continued between them and remained silent.

His head tipped skyward, Vas asked:

Well?

Drew smiled at his back and said:

It doesn't matter.

He's right, Arelis said behind him. It doesn't.

They catwalked along among the pines, the day calm and sunny.

Silera, you know, she goes both ways, Vas said.

Holiday-eyed out of their sights, she said:

And what would you know about that, Mr Mediterranean?

Her rifle and gear clacked qui-

etly with the sounds of the flume.

Over his shoulder, Vas informed Drew:

Vasilias is Greek for king.

Coming out from the forest, as they walked the catwalk, the trellises suddenly reached down as the ground gave way to valley, which the flume bridged.

Drew felt the yawn of the gulf. I am going to die at this camp.

My memories, any record of this, destroyed. Annihilated. This will never have happened. He asked:

You built this too?

Sure, Vas said.

Him? Don't listen to him, Arelis said.

You know, Silera, Vas said, turning to walk backwards, I haven't beaten a woman to death since 1999.

Come up on any rattlesnakes out here? Drew asked.

Still stuntwalking backwards, Vas said:

Rattlesnakes, Silera!

Sure, I've shot one, she said. You?

Chopped up three so far, he said, holding up a backhanded OK. The thing is, if you cut off its head, it can still bite you. Still poison you. He looked off from Drew and into the flume then turned around.

The flume water washed away with the day's deliveries.

When they came to the end of the flumeworks, Vas hopped down from the catwalk into the mud and whistled with his fingers, the sound cutting through the madrigal of hammering. Ladies, ladies, he boomed, arms outflung to his sides, the hammering stopping and slowing, I'd like to introduce you to our newest camper, Mr Andrew Macdonald.

Nods and raised hands along the projected flume line. The guards paid them no attention.

Now, he was just telling me

how his grandfather's burger empire, its long success came from the LSD in the cheese, Vas announced. They had already turned back to their work.

Macdonald hopped down and followed Vas, stopping. He turned around to see Silera on the end of the unfinished catwalk. Pine-shredded sunlight waved across her face and uniform. Her eyes searched far out along the construction line. They turned to Macdonald, his eyeing. Then to Vas, who was telling Macdonald to follow.

They found Don in the woods past the end of the construction.

As introduction Vas said:

Don, Macdonald, Macdonald, Don.

They nodded and shook hands.

Never trust a Yankee, Vas said to Macdonald, pointing to Don, and never trust a Swede. Do the math. He turned and walked away back toward the flume.

Don said:

Today you're going to learn how to cut down a tree.

Macdonald followed Don down to a lone pine.

This fucker is in our way, he said. First things first. Plan your fall. And second, fall your plan.

Macdonald gave a half laugh.

Don said:

Go back and grab the Husqvarna and a hand ax and we'll get to work.

Don crossed his large arms, looking like a Santafied Paul Bunyan. He looked up at the tree.

Macdonald walked back toward the flume's construction looking for the tools. Far further up he saw Vas next to Arelis, talking with her, his elbow on her shoulder.

Returning with the ax and chainsaw, Macdonald asked:

Vasilias, what does he do?

Oversees the construction,
Don said. With me.

How'd he get that job?

He designed it. With me.

See that? Don asked, his gaze downhill on a small squat woman moving among the trees, stopping to mark a clipboard and taking a can of spray paint off her belt.

Oh no, Macdonald said.

Oh yes. That would be our very own Forester Sarah. From OSU. And a brave camp counselor for showing her face.

As Don put on his gloves, Macdonald saw he was missing a few fingertips on his left hand.

Healed over. Don said:

Remember: Plan your fall, fall your plan.

He held the end of the ax handle, ax upside down, and held it high to check the lean of the tree.

You're going to put it down this way, he said, extending his arm. The next step is to face it.

He stepped in the bramble near the tree, cones crackling, and indicated with his hand a shape, an arc and a line. He said:

Straight in here and a forty five degree angle from the top here. By ax until you get the hang of it. You'll do the back cut with the saw.

Macdonald swung the steel axhead over the underbrush and into the crazed glyptic bark. A white form grew with his chopping, looking like a mouth open in horror.

Looks like it knows what's coming.

When the face was cut, Don showed Macdonald the brakes and trigger and operation of the Husqvarna. Two fingers on a spot of the cut face two inches above the horizontal cut, he said:

Cut from behind to here. Let the saw do the work.

Pulling the saw alive, Macdonald felt the unpleasant vibrations

in his hands and arms.

j(p)

Deeper into the days of summer, past the quadrants of canvas camp tents, and past the guards milling about, chitchatting in Spanish, the morning sun broke on the log cabin built for the B Camp mess hall. Inside, in the dampened light, hung Don's hand-carved sign and tribute for his creation:

HOTEL ALLAGASH.

Macdonald sat spinning an egg on the wooden lunch table. Vas

**A WHITE
FORM GREW
WITH HIS
CHOPPING,
LOOKING
LIKE A
MOUTH OPEN
IN HORROR**

shoveling still steaming scrambled egg into his mouth asked:

Where you get thah—?

I pulled it out of your girl when she wasn't looking.

Down the table, someone leaned forward and said:

So, new friend, how'd you land yourself in here?

Macdonald looked at him and looked at his number.

Vas said:

Very disturbing. He was distributing, get this—a self published book about a forced labor lumber camp. In a state park, no

less.

No. I assume the same as you. Picked up for UA and delocated to somewhere outside Salem.

And transferred here, Macdonald said, spinning the egg again.

The asker said:

Well, we're assembled now.

Maybe a mistake, Macdonald said. Have any of you tried killing them in their sleep? he asked smiling.

Upswung axwake of feathers and red. A gash sucking. Bubble of mixed fluid, his reflection swimming. Pop.

The asker offered:

I don't think we'd get very far. You gonna eat that?

Their bunkhouses are up in A Camp. That'd be quite a hike at night. And you'd get yourself killed, Vas said.

Or Arelis could answer the door in her pajamas and bunny slippers.

Or that, Vas said.

No pepper, no salt, Macdonald said, eyeing his fluffed pile of scrambled eggs.

A-Mack don't you know? Vas said grinning. There's a war on.

On their way out, Vas tapped Macdonald conspiratorially with the back of his hand. Vas nodded at the guard at the door and said to him:

Ay vato, the batteries fell out of your gun.

A skip of panic on the guard's face as he looked where Vas glanced at nothing on the pine floor.

Vas opened the door to the summer morning air.

They walked along the dirt and pine needle path, Macdonald's forearm flexing with each hard squeeze of the egg.

A fetus, he said, a female fetus has all its eggs before it's born. Think of it. A fractal. Quickening.

Forged in Fire



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Think small.

The humble egg. Reassuring. Familiar. Great soft boiled with toast soldiers for dipping. Or scrambled with smoked salmon, on a bagel.

You think you know the egg. But you don't.

What if I told you that the egg is an anabolic superfood?

What if I told you that the

300mg of cholesterol that each perfectly formed egg contains is a first-class ticket on the gains train, with your name on it?

Researchers have shown that there's a closer correlation between cholesterol intake and lean muscle gain than between protein intake and lean muscle gain. Yes, you read that right.

The old-school bodybuilders like Vince Gironda knew this. We just happen to have forgotten, that's all.



Eggs: Take care of the small things and the big things will look after themselves.



Vas turned to see why Macdonald had stopped. He was winding up, leg lifted, in a baseball pitch. He launched the egg out over the barbed-wire fence, high and far. It smacked apart high against a distant pine and ran down the bark in a cummy rivulet.

$$j(\mathbf{p}) = \frac{\partial I}{\partial A}(\mathbf{p})$$

A face. Its features black still pools reaching forever, into the furthest depths, and to the farthest pit. The mouth's oval slowly—still. Someone was violently shaking Macdonald. Someone saying:

Wake up motherfucker. Get the fuck up.

—a drowning, kicking swim to break the surface, the paralysis and—

Hey, we're going to the still, Vas excited and too close. Get up, we're going.

Macdonald's face winced at the headlamp's light and he swung his legs off the cot, sitting up. Alright. Okay. What?

They slid out from the tent flap into the blaring floodlight light lighting the camp. They approached the guard at the barbed-wire gate. When she looked up from her phone, Vas said:

Hermosa, and tossed her a bag of eggs and meat. We'll be back in about an hour, drunk and bearing gifts. Okay guapa?

A brightness came into her eyes and face and she let them through the gates.

The harsh glare of the camp fell away behind.

Macdonald asked:

What did you do before they got you in their tentacles?

It doesn't matter.

No, really.

Aero engineering at Boeing. Then General Dynamics.

Ha. What happened? Poker night with the boys got serious?

Maybe. Something like that.

The turning of their headlamps highlighted the dark and sliding parallax of the pines. The trees like giant music thrust upward from the ground.

So where's Arelis? Macdonald asked.

In her barracks painting her toenails. I'm sure, Vas said.

The night's depths bore down. The trees were Macdonald now. Inside. The branches twisting in his arms, in his shoulders. Reaching up. The pine needles. Light engines in the dark.

The hike came to a clearing. In

OR MAYBE OUR FOOD IS BEING POISONED? AND THEY'RE TESTING CHEMICALS ON US?

it a small and sunken shack and a delimbed oak, like a Venus Genetrix, butchered and beheaded.

Real Oregon white lightning rum, Vas said, filling a fourth Mason jar. The shack shifted with their lights. Alright, he said, whipping a sealed jar to Macdonald.

Macdonald twisted it open and held it up for a toast. Vas reciprocated and said:

Deliver us. Deliver us from these mask-like forms.

Laughing, Macdonald said: Amen.

Outside, Macdonald's light played across a dirty stone sundial, sending its shadow horribly. He said:

Hey. Do you know what this says?

The Latin? Vas said. It says: It's later than you think.

$$M_c = \frac{\partial \Phi_c}{\partial A}$$

Melting in the heat, Macdonald, on clearing duty, watched Forester Sarah marking a tree. He pulled the chainsaw's cord. Having felt the watching, Forester Sarah turned to look for the source. She saw Macdonald's glare—he gave her a mwah and pulled the cord again.

The march back to camp was accompanied by armed guards, drably uniformed. Their jungloid faces bored.

The campers fell into single file to enter through the barbed-wire gate, saluting the gate's guard with arm-slapping cortes de mangas, single-fingered doigts d'honneur, faskelomas, Don's displaying his missing fingertips, Vs, inward and outward, Vas with a double faskeloma, others with improvised Up Yourses, and Macdonald signing a cross in the air, whispering: I pardon you.

$$L_{e,\Omega,\nu} = \frac{\partial L_{e,\Omega}}{\partial \nu}$$

After the cots creaked with the weights of the tired campers and the Coleman lanterns were switched off for the night and sleep moved in for its feast, from the darkness someone asked:

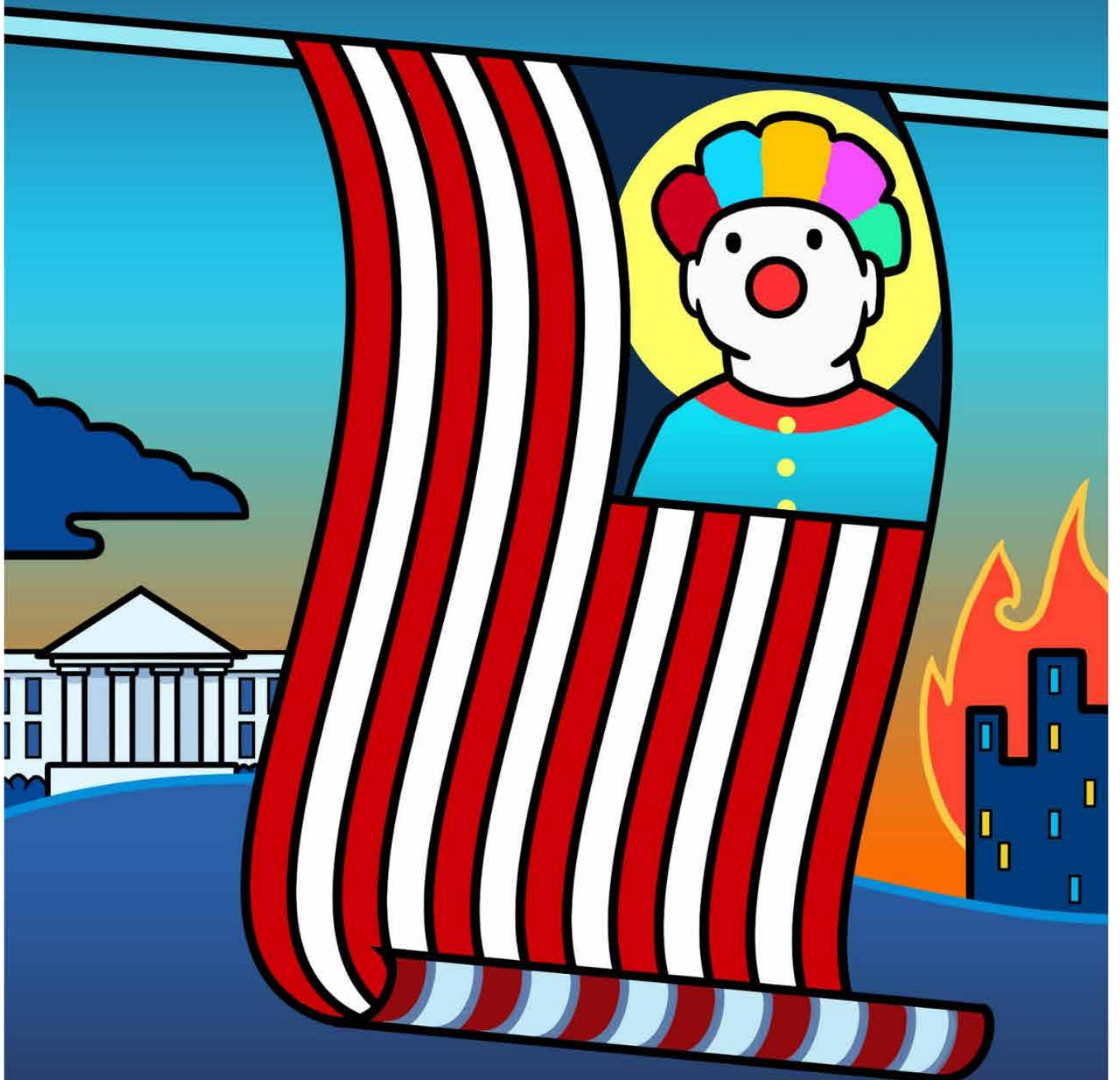
What if they have us out here to destroy some American Yggdrasil?

The question was answered with an exhausted chorus of shut ups. Someone threw a boot across the dark in the direction of the voice.



THE CLOWNING OF
AMERICA

WOKE CAPITAL, CON INC, AND MEME CULTURE



ORWELL GOODE

Or what if this is cover for some sort of remote sensing operation? Detecting something beneath the mines?

Shut up.

Shut up!

Silence. Then:

Or what if there are women prisoners and they're being kept as sex slaves?

Shut. Up.

Boooo!

Shut up!

Shut up, please.

Sounds of thrown boots.

Or. Or maybe our food is being poisoned? And they're testing chemicals on us? Psychia— God DAMN IT SHUT UP.

Someone else, laughing:

What, no one else noticed the stars gathering and breathing in geometrical patterns?

Booo! Please let me sleep!

Someone chucked another boot through the dark.

$$\mathbf{J} = \frac{i\hbar}{2m} (\psi \nabla \psi^* - \psi^* \nabla \psi)$$

Macdonald sat regarding the engraved wooden sign above the kitchen area. Cast in evening light: HOTEL ALLAGASH. He cut a sausage with the side of his fork, still watching the words, forked it and brought it to his mouth, chewed and swallowed it. His posture reorganized alive. Amidst the table's crosstalk he raised solemnly a hand, palm out, at the level of his face. His messmates slowly, expectantly turned their attention to him.

Slapping, hard, the table, setting the dinnerware clattering, he said Allah. Ah Lah, he said again, with a nod of his upper body, scanning their eyes with raised eyebrows, sending for complicity. Ah.

Lah. Then he fixed a glare on one of the guards at the door.

The signal caught. The chant of

Allah moving, slowly, synchronizing the mess hall's tongues. Some Uh Luhs now, punctuated with more clattering table bangs. The Allahing louder, swimming in its own reverberations, full lunged, vibrating mouths chanting Ah Lah.

On the bench seat, Macdonald stood, turned his body full toward the guard chosen for this harassment. The other gazes caught on. Don choking with bemazed laughter. The space a wavepool sloshing with the repeating syllables.

UH LAH AH LUH

Someone began working in syncopated stomps and bangs, somewhere in the mix now a spoon rapping on a coffee mug. The looking faces, leaned in or raised, all drilled their glares into the guard. Macdonald now atop the table, limbs right angles, fingers splayed, giving his best tomahawk dance.

The untargeted guard quickly made his way to the door—some trouble with the knob—the remaining, wide-eyed, said something into his shoulder radio, whirled round and out, slamming the wood door shut to a collapsing of laughter and panting and eye wiping.

The rolling and gasping merriment halted when someone sent a hand ax flying across the room into the door with a cracking thok, setting the door into a long wild rattle.

$$\Phi_D = \oiint_A \mathbf{D} \cdot d\mathbf{A}$$

Somewhere underground, outside the glowing eye of ZOG, or perhaps in a saccade, a pair of eyes reflected a screen in miniature, the ringed black pits darting, boustrophic. The ski-masked head called:

Yo Colonel? Come see this.

Invictus came into the black

room and looked to the name above the gloved index finger.

We found your boy.

Jesus. What are we up against?

The screen scrolled. The masked man said:

Forty. Looks like half administration, half military. Look at these fucking names, his face breaking with humor.

Awash in the screen's glow, Invictus said:

Fantastic, Januarius. Print a map. Close it up. We have work to do.

Januarius pulled closed the heavy steel roll top and fingered up a number of metal toggle switches. A humming crackle started.

In the blacklight, the flag on the wall read:

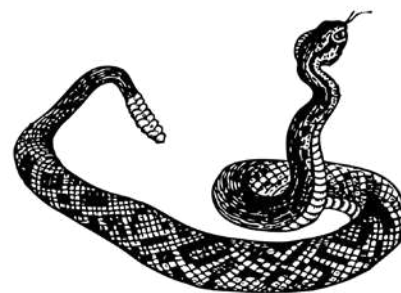
AMERICAE CARMEN EST
OPORTET CANTARI SIMUL

The center of the flag bore a hissing viper, beheaded, fangs bared.

The generator ticked.

Leaving, Januarius heaved the sliding steel door shut with a loud chunk. On the door, in electrical tape was:

DIS MANIBUS ■







IN THIS HOUSE, WE BELIEVE:
URALIC LIVES MATTER
ALL COPS ARE BANTUS
A FREE TIBET
DEPENDS ON A NUCLEAR-ARMED MONGOLIA
THE LEVANT IS THE SPHINCTER OF AFRICA—AND THE MEDITERRANEAN IS ITS BEDPAN



YOU

**ARE
A**

**FAT
WHALE**



HOW TO PREVENT **BILL GATES** PREVENTING THE NEXT PANDEMIC

In this exclusive extract from his Substack, Eugyppius reviews the Microsoft founder's new book and discovers a man with a lot of money, but not a lot of good ideas...

For days now, I've been fighting my way through Bill Gates's disturbing new book on How to Prevent the Next Pandemic, and I've found myself wondering about one question above all: How are we to explain Bill Gates, exactly?

I know that for many of you he is a calculating conspiratorial goon. Pretend for a moment that he's not, though. Imagine, for the sake of argument, that he's every inch the obtuse, naive and self-important former software developer that he seems to be. How did he get this way, what does he even think he is doing, and what can it mean?

Remember that this man has billions of dollars. A whole world of unusual vices stands open to him: He could hire a mercenary army to invade some country and proclaim himself god-emperor for life. He could retire to a tropical island with his favourite mind-altering

substances and a harem of nubile young women. He could do both at once, and other things besides. Instead, he has chosen the path of moral vanity, perhaps the least interesting vice of all, founding a ponderous grantmaking foundation and pooping around the globe in manboobs and ill-fitting polo shirts, pronouncing to all and sundry on subjects he hardly understands.

A commenter points me to Jefferey Tucker, who, as it turns out, has done critical work towards developing a Theory of Gates. At Microsoft, Gates oversaw the development of poorly secured software overrun by computer viruses. Afterwards, Tucker notes, he

"...started dabbling in other areas, as newly rich people tend to do. They often imagine themselves especially competent at taking on challenges that others have failed at simply because of their professional success-



es. Also by this point in his career, he was only surrounded by sycophants who would not interrupt his descent into crankiness.

And what subject did he pounce on? He would do to the world of pathogens what he did at Microsoft: he would stamp them out! He began with malaria and other issues and eventually decided to take on them all. And what was his solution? Of course: antivirus software. What is that? It is vaccines. Your body is the hard drive that he would save with his software-style solution.

At the beginning of the pandemic, I noted that Gates was pushing hard for lockdowns. His foundation was now funding research labs the world over with billions of dollars, plus universities and direct grants to scientists. He was also investing heavily in vaccine companies.

Early on in the pandemic, to get

a sense of Gates's views, I watched his TED talks. I began to realize something astonishing. He knew much less than anyone could discover by reading a book on cell biology from Amazon. He couldn't even give a basic 9th-grade-level explanation of viruses and their interaction with the human body. And yet here he was lecturing the world about the coming pathogen and what should be done about it. His answer is always the same: more surveillance, more control, more technology.

Once you understand the simplicity of his core confusions, everything else he says makes sense from his point of view. He seems forever stuck in the fallacy that the human being is a cog in a massive machine called society that cries out for his managerial and technological leadership to improve to the point of operational perfection."

There's a lot to recommend this view. It explains specific things, like Gates's fondness for mRNA vaccines, a genetic equivalent of computer code. More than that, though, it elucidates Gates's failure to appreciate the essential intractability of many ancient human problems. Gates dreams of saving mankind from disease and poverty – things that are so much a part of what it means to be human, that it seems an error to call them problems in the first place. We are mortal beings; not all of us can be wealthy; we'll all die of something. Gates the software developer has no experience of problems like that.

The fundamental message of *How to Prevent the Next Pandemic* is that we can stop future pandemic events by doing all of the things that did not stop the last pandemic event, only more, faster and harder.

Gates can't get enough of the World Health Organisation. He proposes expanding it with a 3,000-strong division of pandemic shock troops called the Global Epidemic Response and Mobilisation

team. That is not a joke; he actually wants to call it GERM. He says it'll be comprised of epidemiologists, geneticists, pharmaceutical experts, data systems people, diplomats, rapid responders, modellers, and heaven knows who else. These people will jet around the world ensuring that an identical response is propagated instantly everywhere, so we can all endure the same catastrophic mistakes at the same time. A Corona tsar for every country, distributed from the same central depot.

Mass testing is another thing that is great and that we need more of. Gates wants cheap home tests everywhere, "to make it easier for everyone to get tested and get results fast" (p. 64). He also wants central databases to log all these precious test results. Antigen tests are great, but more accurate rapid testing technologies are even better. And of course we need more genetic sequencing to understand the progress of outbreaks and identify who is doing the spreading. It's a scene straight out of Brazil: You wake up in the morning, send your mandatory swab through the vacuum tube for testing at the Ministry of Health, and the virus police are kicking down your door while you're waiting for the coffee to boil.

Probably the strangest moment in this extended paean to the collection and management of disease statistics, is the praise Gates reserves for modellers. He thinks pandemic modelling "will eventually do better than the weather forecast" (p. 78), and he thinks modellers have been unfairly maligned by the press. He defends Neil Ferguson in particular:

"In March 2020, Neil Ferguson, a highly respected epidemiologist at Imperial College, predicted that there could be more than 500,000 COVID deaths in the U.K. and more than 2 million in the U.S. over the course of the pandemic. That caused quite





Gates discussing his new book with Trevor Noah

a stir in the press, but few reporters mentioned a key point that Ferguson had been very clear about: The scenario of his that made all the headlines assumed that people wouldn't change their behavior – that no one would wear masks or shelter in place, for instance – but of course that wouldn't be the case in reality.” (p. 80)

It's hard to imagine that Gates has ever even seen Ferguson's paper. The Imperial College team were wrong about everything. They were especially wrong about the mitigating effects different interventions would have, which was the whole point of bothering with lockdown-justifying models in the first place.

In another absurd moment, Gates pleads that “The level of uncertainty” in pandemic modelling “can be quite high.” He recalls one modeller's estimate, from February 2020, that there were “570 cases in Washington state, with a 90 percent certainty that it was between 80 and 1,500. Any report that omitted the range of possibilities left out some pretty important context” (p. 80). You have to rub your eyes, reading stupid stuff like this. What use is a model that predicts that there might be not that many cases out there, or there might be quite a lot, and how is it any better than just guessing? The open secret about modelling, of course, is that it's not even a serious attempt at predic-

The costs of lockdowns remain beyond Gates, and in this he is no different than all the other oblivious liberal retirees

tion. Modellers are just clients of the containment regime, tasked with developing fancy scientific equations that justify intrusive NPIs. Gates even seems intermittently aware of this, at one moment conceding that Ferguson's goal was “to show how high the stakes were” (p. 80), (but somehow “not [to] drive everyone into a panic”).

“Help People Protect Themselves Right Away,” is the title of Chapter 4, where Gates lays out the case for keeping lockdowns and other containment measures in the pandemicist repertoire. He throws out that vile Fauci quote – “If it looks like you're overreacting, you're probably doing the right thing” – and indulges in what is by now one of the most tired arguments in the world:

“The irony of NPIs is that the better they work, the easier it is to criticize the people who put them in place. If a city or state adopts them early enough, the case numbers will stay low, and critics will find it easy to say they weren't necessary.” (p. 86)

These pages are the most reprehensible in the whole book. Lock-

downs have been an unmitigated disaster; they have ruined millions of lives and wrought untold economic destruction, and yet Gates, who lives in a 6,000 square-metre house and flies around the globe in private jets, waves away these costs with fake graphs and empty assurances that “lockdowns have clear benefits for public health” (p. 88).

Elsewhere, Gates vents his frustration that rich countries hoarded vaccine doses at the expense of the third world, but so great is his myopia that he fails to draw the obvious connection – that it was precisely his precious destructive lockdowns that drove the mad vaccination frenzy of 2021.

No, the costs of lockdowns remain beyond Gates, and in this he is no different than all the other oblivious liberal retirees, who have never thought twice about putting their neighbours out of business or condemning young children to eight hours of enforced masking every day. Climate lockdowns may have been a passing fantasy, but influenza lockdowns are something Gates remains deeply interested in. He even wonders if NPIs could be “paired with vaccines” to “eventu-



ally eradicate every strain of flu” (p. 96). Apparently, nobody has told the man that influenza has substantial animal reservoirs, from which it repeatedly jumps to humans.

In this formulaic endorsement of all the crazy policies that have been inflicted on humanity since 2020, two curiosities stand out. The first is Gates’s quiet but clear disillusionment with mRNA vaccines. The best thing he can find to say about them, is that they were developed quickly; otherwise, he damns them with faint praise, at one point even writing that masks have been more effective. He dreams of new, better vaccines, indeed “universal vaccines” that can target multiple pathogens, and that will provide “total protection” (p. 177) after a single dose. He also wonders about vaccines that can be delivered as a nasal spray, like the “imaginary vaccine for the hypothetical virus depicted in the movie *Contagion*” (p. 174), and that don’t have to be kept cold. Despite all of Gates’s software geek mRNA enthusiasm, these lines show he’s wondering if another approach wouldn’t have been better. The mRNA molecules decay quickly at normal temperatures, and technology for an mRNA nasal spray vaccine is years away.

The second eccentric moment, is Gates’s seventh chapter, called “Practice, practice, practice,” where he fantasises about all the pandemic war-games we need to have. Table-top exercises are great; “functional exercises” with “simulated disaster[s]” are better; the absolute best is the “full-scale exercise” complete with crisis actors and helicopters.

Proper war games have a certain logic to them; they allow commanders and politicians to gain experience in simulated conflicts, and they generate data for planners to study. Pandemic war-games are another matter. Pandemics are not wars, there is nobody to play the part of the virus, and so they

tend to be little more than scripted media events – which explains why Bill Gates likes them so much. To him, these are fun parties where he can meet all of his favourite people and pretend to knowledge and importance. He’s had a great pandemic, and he wants to keep the emergency going, if only virtually.

Gates knows that he’s widely disliked, and that his inability to shut up has something to do with it:

“One side effect of speaking out ... is that it has provoked more of the criticisms of the Gate Foundation’s work that I’ve been hearing for years. ... Bill Gates is an unelected billionaire - who is he to set the agenda on health or anything else? Three corollaries of this criticism are that the Fates Foundation has too much influence, that I have too much faith in the private sector as an engine of change, and that I’m a technophile who thinks new inventions will solve all our problems.” (p. 16)

Gates has no real answer to these charges, pleading only that his foundation doesn’t work “in secret,” that they consult “outside experts.” As for technophilia, he is unapologetic:

“Innovation is my hammer, and I try to use it on every nail I see. As a founder of a successful technology company, I am a great believer in the power of the private sector to drive innovation. But innovation doesn’t have to be just a new machine or a vaccine, as important as those are. It can be a different way of doing things, a new policy, or a clever scheme for financing a public good.” (p. 17)

Innovation, in Gatesland, always works the same way: In the beginning there is a grave problem, which for some reason nobody has noticed or cared about before. Then, there appears an Innovator, very often a woman or a racial mi-

nority. This blessed Innovator proposes a simple and obvious solution, which requires mainly grant funding. Thereafter, the problem is no more, and the world is better.

Thus we have the story of Bernard Olayo, who solved the problem of oxygen:

“Oxygen is an important component in any health system ... and ... low- and middle-income countries have struggled [to supply it]. Bernard Olayo, a health specialist at the world bank, is trying to do something about it ... In 2014, Olayo created an organization called Hewatele – the Swahili word for “abundant air” ... With funding from local and international investors, Hewatele built oxygen plants at several of the busiest hospitals in the country ... It devised a milkman model: Oxygen cylinders would regularly be dropped off at remote hospitals and clinics, and empty cylinders returned for a refill. Using this new approach, Hewatele cut the market price for oxygen in Kenya by 50 percent and reached some 35,000 patients.” (p. 119)

Or the story of Stephaun Wallace, who is solving the problem of demographically uniform trial participants by recruiting “a diverse pool of volunteers from different genders, communities, races, ethnicities and age groups” (p. 169). Or the story of Sister Astridah Banda, who “is not a doctor but ... is passionate about public health” (p. 175), and who is helping to combat Corona misinformation in Zambia by translating English advisories into local languages.

Gates likes to wrap up his anecdotes with statistics that sound good but don’t actually say very much the success of his blessed innovations: “Her show now reaches more than 1.5 million people” (p. 176), he says.

Problem, innovation, solution, happy: This is how everything



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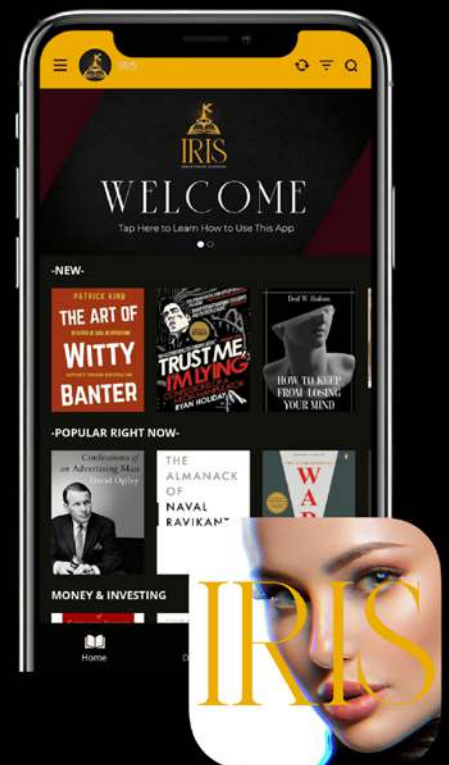
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works according to Gates. It's how Maurice Hilleman invented the mumps vaccine, it's how Katalin Karikó developed mRNA technology, it's how James Lind discovered a cure for scurvy:

"In May 1747, a physician named James Lind was serving as a ship's surgeon ... He was horrified by the number of sailors who were suffering from scurvy. No one knew at the time what caused scurvy, but Lind wanted a cure, so he decided to try various options and compare the results ... The citrus treatment won out. ... Although the British navy wouldn't make citrus a required part of a sailor's diet for nearly fifty years, Lind had found the first real evidence of a cure for scurvy. He had also run what is widely regarded as the first controlled clinical trial of the modern era." (p. 125)

If you look a little deeper, though, you'll find that almost nothing ever works like Gates claims it does. Lind is a great example. The knowledge that scurvy was diet-related, and that fresh fruits or vegetables could cure it, had been around for centuries. Lind presented the results of his experiment only in passing; he never promoted citrus as the primary remedy, and scurvy continued to plague sailors until well into the twentieth century. It wasn't poor nutritional discipline that caused scurvy outbreaks, but the logistical problem of maintaining fresh food stores on long voyages. And proving the citrus fruit cure wasn't enough; without a deeper understanding of Vitamin C, Lind's solution was incomplete and unstable, doomed to be disputed, forgotten and rediscovered over and over.

Simple, straightforward problems, of the sort that can be rectified through the genius of an innovator and the beneficence of the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, are so rare that that there aren't enough

to stock even Gates's carefully chosen catalogue of innovationist parables. Most of what faces us are complex, difficult and multilayered problems, solutions to which will require developments across multiple fields and new cultural and social understandings. The empowered innovator is a convenient myth, and this persistent belief that we are just One Cool Trick away from solving things like viruses is a dangerous, destructive illusion.

Gates, the retired software engineer who can't distinguish between digital and biological viruses, is one, specific theory of the man. In reading *How to Prevent the Next Pandemic*, though, I've come to formulate another, more general theory. This is simply that, far from being a conspiratorial and calculating agenda-setter, Gates is a follower. He spends his days chasing down bureaucrats and politicians and scientists, pestering them for meetings, currying favour, asking them what to think and eagerly repeating everything they tell him in childish, oversimplified prose to anybody who will listen.

He loves dropping names. Barely has he started writing, than he's telling us about his "first call with Anthony Fauci," a man he's "lucky to have known ... for years ... long before he was on the cover of pop-culture magazines." Gates "wanted to hear what he was thinking"; he "wanted to understand what he was saying publicly ... so" he "could help by echoing the same points" (p. 15). You can see Gates now, the strange bespectacled boy at the front of the class, begging teacher for the answer.

In another unguarded moment, Gates mentions attending a meeting in March 2020 while feeling sick; masking would've been the obvious thing to do, given his faith in them, but "the CDC hadn't recommended masks yet" (p. 110), so he didn't bother. Elsewhere, Gates lectures his readers on the virtuous and

hardworking nature of medical bureaucrats; he calls them "unsung heroes" and warns against anyone who might be "bad-mouthing" them (p. 160). And in a bizarre Afterword on his hopes for a "digital future," Gates enthuses about how much easier our newfound reliance on screens has made it for him to stay in touch with "political leaders". "Pre-pandemic," he worried that asking for a video call "would have been seen as less respectful than meeting in person" (p. 238), but now videoconferencing is the norm, so he feels better about ping-ponging them whenever he wants their attention.

Gates-as-follower explains the most obtrusive aspect of *How to Prevent the Next Pandemic*, namely the total absence from its pages of any original thought. Gates doesn't know anything except what his small clique of court experts tells him. That masks don't work, that pandemic modelling has been a laughable failure, that it is the human immune system and not technology that places the ultimate constraints on vaccine potential, that corona and influenza viruses have massive animal reservoirs – he has no idea about any of this. Gates is part of an ominous development, a new breed of low-brow elite who present themselves as leaders, while eagerly following every source of celebrity and authority they know. Thus modern society is increasingly caught in dangerous, self-reinforcing feedback loops, a massive ant-wheel, a world of dogs chasing their tails, with nobody in charge. A Davos-directed conspiracy would be some comfort, but our car is heading for the cliff and absolutely nobody is driving. That's much, much worse. ■

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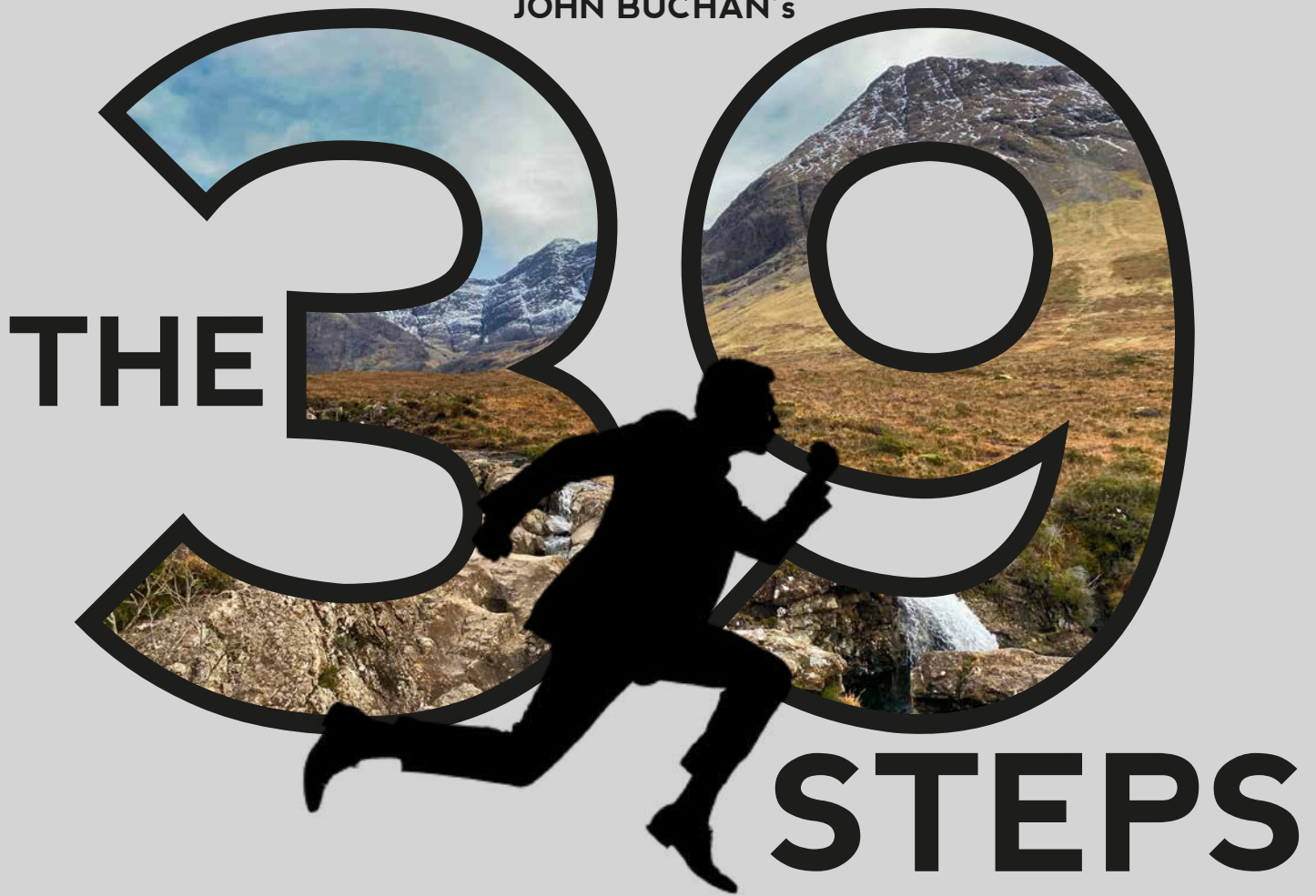
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THE 30 STEPS

AS WE REJOIN CHAPTER FOUR OF THE CLASSIC ADVENTURE NOVEL, OUR HERO RICHARD HANNAY IS ON THE RUN IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS IN A STOLEN MOTOR CAR...

You may picture me driving that 40 h.p. car for all she was worth over the crisp moor roads on that shining May morning; glancing back at first over my shoulder, and looking anxiously to the next turning; then driving with a vague eye, just wide enough awake to keep on the highway. For I was thinking desperately of what I had found in Scudder's pocket-book.

The little man had told me a pack of lies. All his yarns about the Balkans and the Jew-Anarchists and the Foreign Office Conference were eyewash, and so was Karolides. And yet not quite, as you shall hear.

I had staked everything on my belief in his story, and had been let down; here was his book telling me a different tale, and instead of being once-bitten-twice-shy, I believed it absolutely.

Why, I don't know. It rang desperately true, and the first yarn, if you understand me, had been in a queer way true also in spirit. The fifteenth day of June was going to be a day of destiny, a bigger destiny than the killing of a Dago. It was so big that I didn't blame Scudder for keeping me out of the game and wanting to play a lone hand. That, I was pretty clear, was his intention. He had told me something which sounded big enough, but the real thing was so immortally big that he, the man who had found it out, wanted it all for himself. I didn't blame him. It was risks after all that he was chiefly greedy about.

The whole story was in the notes—with gaps, you understand, which he would have filled up from

his memory. He stuck down his authorities, too, and had an odd trick of giving them all a numerical value and then striking a balance, which stood for the reliability of each stage in the yarn. The four names he had printed were authorities, and there was a man, Ducrosne, who got five out of a possible five; and another fellow, Ammersfoort, who got three. The bare bones of the tale were all that was in the book—these, and one queer phrase which occurred half a dozen times inside brackets. ("Thirty-nine steps") was the phrase; and at its last time of use it ran—"Thirty-nine steps, I counted them—high tide 10.17 p.m."). I could make nothing of that.

The first thing I learned was that it was no question of preventing a war. That was coming, as sure as Christmas: had been arranged, said Scudder, ever since February 1912. Karolides was going to be the occasion. He was booked all right, and was to hand in his checks on June



14th, two weeks and four days from that May morning. I gathered from Scudder's notes that nothing on earth could prevent that. His talk of Epirote guards that would skin their own grandmothers was all billy-o.

The second thing was that this war was going to come as a mighty surprise to Britain. Karolides' death would set the Balkans by the ears, and then Vienna would chip in with an ultimatum. Russia wouldn't like that, and there would be high words. But Berlin would play the peacemaker, and pour oil on the waters, till suddenly she would find a good cause for a quarrel, pick it up, and in five hours let fly at us. That was the idea, and a pretty good one too. Honey and fair speeches, and then a stroke in the dark. While we were talking about the goodwill and good intentions of Germany our coast would be silently ringed with mines, and submarines would be waiting for every battleship.

But all this depended upon the third thing, which was due to happen on June 15th. I would never have grasped this if I hadn't once happened to meet a French staff officer, coming back from West Africa, who had told me a lot of things. One was that, in spite of all the nonsense talked in Parliament, there was a real working alliance between France and Britain, and that the two General Staffs met every now and then, and made plans for joint action in case of war. Well, in June a very great swell was coming over from Paris, and he was going to get nothing less than a statement of the disposition of the British Home Fleet on mobilization. At least I gathered it was something like that; anyhow, it was something uncommonly important.

But on the 15th day of June there were to be others in London—others, at whom I could only guess. Scudder was content to call them collectively the "Black Stone". They represented not our Allies, but our deadly foes; and the information, destined for France, was to

be diverted to their pockets. And it was to be used, remember—used a week or two later, with great guns and swift torpedoes, suddenly in the darkness of a summer night.

This was the story I had been deciphering in a back room of a country inn, overlooking a cabbage garden. This was the story that hummed in my brain as I swung in the big touring-car from glen to glen.

My first impulse had been to write a letter to the Prime Minister, but a little reflection convinced me that that would be useless. Who would believe my tale? I must show a sign, some token in proof, and Heaven knew what that could be. Above all, I must keep going myself, ready to act when things got riper, and that was going to be no light job with the police of the British Isles in full cry after me and the watchers of the Black Stone running silently and swiftly on my trail.

I had no very clear purpose in my journey, but I steered east by the sun, for I remembered from the map that if I went north I would come into a region of coalpits and industrial towns. Presently I was down from the moorlands and traversing the broad haugh of a river. For miles I ran alongside a park wall, and in a break of the trees I saw a great castle. I swung through little old thatched villages, and over peaceful lowland streams, and past gardens blazing with hawthorn and yellow laburnum. The land was so deep in peace that I could scarcely believe that somewhere behind me were those who sought my life; ay, and that in a month's time, unless I had the almightiest of luck, these round country faces would be pinched and staring, and men would be lying dead in English fields.

About midday I entered a long straggling village, and had a mind to stop and eat. Half-way down was the Post Office, and on the steps of it stood the postmistress and a policeman hard at work conning a

telegram. When they saw me they wakened up, and the policeman advanced with raised hand, and cried on me to stop.

I nearly was fool enough to obey. Then it flashed upon me that the wire had to do with me; that my friends at the inn had come to an understanding, and were united in desiring to see more of me, and that it had been easy enough for them to wire the description of me and the car to thirty villages through which I might pass. I released the brakes just in time. As it was, the policeman made a claw at the hood, and only dropped off when he got my left in his eye.

I saw that main roads were no place for me, and turned into the byways. It wasn't an easy job without a map, for there was the risk of getting on to a farm road and ending in a duck-pond or a stable-yard, and I couldn't afford that kind of delay. I began to see what an ass I had been to steal the car. The big green brute would be the safest kind of clue to me over the breadth of Scotland. If I left it and took to my feet, it would be discovered in an hour or two and I would get no start in the race.

The immediate thing to do was to get to the loneliest roads. These I soon found when I struck up a tributary of the big river, and got into a glen with steep hills all about me, and a corkscrew road at the end which climbed over a pass. Here I met nobody, but it was taking me too far north, so I slewed east along a bad track and finally struck a big double-line railway. Away below me I saw another broadish valley, and it occurred to me that if I crossed it I might find some remote inn to pass the night. The evening was now drawing in, and I was furiously hungry, for I had eaten nothing since breakfast except a couple of buns I had bought from a baker's cart.

Just then I heard a noise in the sky, and lo and behold there was that infernal aeroplane, flying low,

about a dozen miles to the south and rapidly coming towards me.

I had the sense to remember that on a bare moor I was at the aeroplane's mercy, and that my only chance was to get to the leafy cover of the valley. Down the hill I went like blue lightning, screwing my head round, whenever I dared, to watch that damned flying machine. Soon I was on a road between hedges, and dipping to the deep-cut glen of a stream. Then came a bit of thick wood where I slackened speed.

Suddenly on my left I heard the hoot of another car, and realized to my horror that I was almost up on a couple of gate-posts through which a private road debouched on the highway. My horn gave an agonized roar, but it was too late. I clapped on my brakes, but my impetus was too great, and there before me a car was sliding athwart my course. In a second there would have been the deuce of a wreck. I did the only thing possible, and ran slap into the hedge on the right, trusting to find something soft beyond.

But there I was mistaken. My car slithered through the hedge like butter, and then gave a sickening plunge forward. I saw what was coming, leapt on the seat and would have jumped out. But a branch of hawthorn got me in the chest, lifted me up and held me, while a ton or two of expensive metal slipped below me, bucked and pitched, and then dropped with an almighty smash fifty feet to the bed of the stream.

Slowly that thorn let me go. I subsided first on the hedge, and then very gently on a bower of nettles. As I scrambled to my feet a hand took me by the arm, and a sympathetic and badly scared voice asked me if I were hurt.

I found myself looking at a tall young man in goggles and a leather ulster, who kept on blessing his soul and whinnying apologies. For myself, once I got my wind back, I was rather glad than otherwise. This was one way of getting rid of the car.

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"My blame, sir," I answered him. "It's lucky that I did not add homicide to my follies. That's the end of my Scotch motor tour, but it might have been the end of my life."

He plucked out a watch and studied it. "You're the right sort of fellow," he said. "I can spare a quarter of an hour, and my house is two minutes off. I'll see you clothed and fed and snug in bed. Where's your kit, by the way? Is it in the burn along with the car?"

"It's in my pocket," I said, brandishing a toothbrush. "I'm a colonial and travel light."

"A colonial," he cried. "By Gad, you're the very man I've been praying for. Are you by any blessed chance a Free Trader?"

"I am," said I, without the foggiest notion of what he meant.

He patted my shoulder and hurried me into his car. Three minutes later we drew up before a comfortable-looking shooting-box set among pine trees, and he ushered me indoors. He took me first to a bedroom and flung half a dozen of his suits before me, for my own had been pretty well reduced to rags. I selected a loose blue serge, which differed most conspicuously from my former garments, and borrowed a linen collar. Then he haled me to the dining-room, where the remnants of a meal stood on the table, and announced that I had just five minutes to feed. "You can take a snack in your pocket, and we'll have supper when we get back. I've got to be at the Masonic Hall at eight o'clock, or my agent will comb my hair."

I had a cup of coffee and some cold ham, while he yarned away on the hearthrug.

"You find me in the deuce of a mess, Mr —; by-the-by, you haven't told me your name. Twisdon? Any relation of old Tommy Twisdon of the Sixtieth? No? Well, you see I'm Liberal Candidate for this part of the world, and I had a meeting on tonight at Brattleburn—that's my chief town, and an infernal Tory

stronghold. I had got the Colonial ex-Premier fellow, Crumpleton, coming to speak for me tonight, and had the thing tremendously billed and the whole place ground-baited. This afternoon I had a wire from the ruffian saying he had got influenza at Blackpool, and here am I left to do the whole thing myself. I had meant to speak for ten minutes and must now go on for forty, and, though I've been racking my brains for three hours to think of something, I simply cannot last the course. Now you've got to be a good chap and help me. You're a Free Trader and can tell our people what a wash-out Protection is in the Colonies. All you fellows have the gift of the gab—I wish to Heaven I had it. I'll be for evermore in your debt."

I had very few notions about Free Trade one way or the other, but I saw no other chance to get what I wanted. My young gentleman was far too absorbed in his own difficulties to think how odd it was to ask a stranger who had just missed death by an ace and had lost a 1,000-guinea car to address a meeting for him on the spur of the moment. But my necessities did not allow me to contemplate oddnesses or to pick and choose my supports.

"All right," I said. "I'm not much good as a speaker, but I'll tell them a bit about Australia."

At my words the cares of the ages slipped from his shoulders, and he was rapturous in his thanks. He lent me a big driving coat—and never troubled to ask why I had started on a motor tour without possessing an ulster—and, as we slipped down the dusty roads, poured into my ears the simple facts of his history. He was an orphan, and his uncle had brought him up—I've forgotten the uncle's name, but he was in the Cabinet, and you can read his speeches in the papers. He had gone round the world after leaving Cambridge, and then, being short of a job, his uncle had advised politics. I gathered that he had no preference in parties. "Good chaps

in both," he said cheerfully, "and plenty of blighters, too. I'm Liberal, because my family have always been Whigs." But if he was lukewarm politically he had strong views on other things. He found out I knew a bit about horses, and jawed away about the Derby entries; and he was full of plans for improving his shooting. Altogether, a very clean, decent, callow young man.

As we passed through a little town two policemen signalled us to stop, and flashed their lanterns on us.

"Beg pardon, Sir Harry," said one. "We've got instructions to look out for a car, and the description's no unlike yours."

"Right-o," said my host, while I thanked Providence for the devious ways I had been brought to safety. After that he spoke no more, for his mind began to labour heavily with his coming speech. His lips kept muttering, his eye wandered, and I began to prepare myself for a second catastrophe. I tried to think of something to say myself, but my mind was dry as a stone. The next thing I knew we had drawn up outside a door in a street, and were being welcomed by some noisy gentlemen with rosettes.

The hall had about five hundred in it, women mostly, a lot of bald heads, and a dozen or two young men. The chairman, a weaselly minister with a reddish nose, lamented Crumpleton's absence, soliloquized on his influenza, and gave me a certificate as a "trusted leader of Australian thought". There were two policemen at the door, and I hoped they took note of that testimonial. Then Sir Harry started.

I never heard anything like it. He didn't begin to know how to talk. He had about a bushel of notes from which he read, and when he let go of them he fell into one prolonged stutter. Every now and then he remembered a phrase he had learned by heart, straightened his back, and gave it off like Henry Irving, and the next moment he was

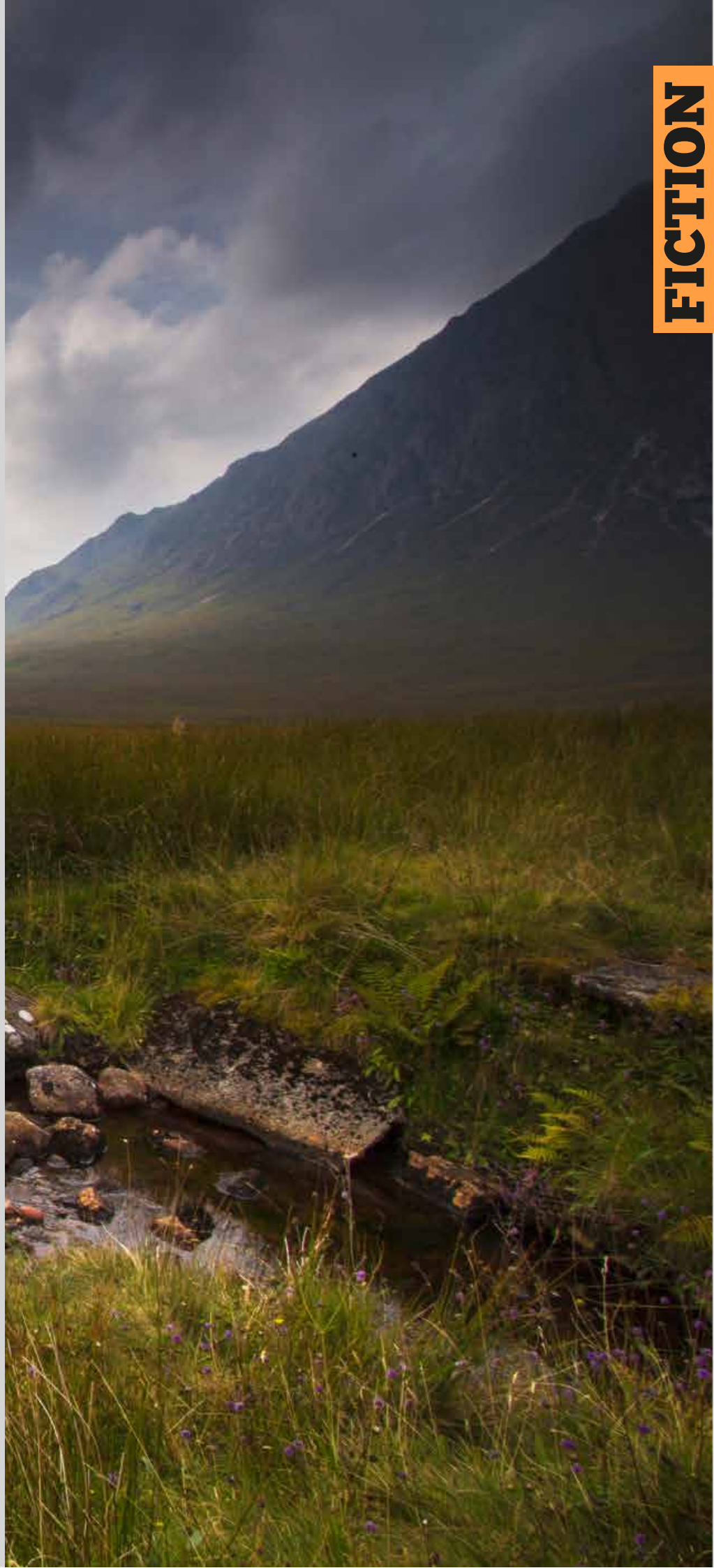
bent double and crooning over his papers. It was the most appalling rot, too. He talked about the “German menace”, and said it was all a Tory invention to cheat the poor of their rights and keep back the great flood of social reform, but that “organized labour” realized this and laughed the Tories to scorn. He was all for reducing our Navy as a proof of our good faith, and then sending Germany an ultimatum telling her to do the same or we would knock her into a cocked hat. He said that, but for the Tories, Germany and Britain would be fellow-workers in peace and reform. I thought of the little black book in my pocket! A giddy lot Scudder’s friends cared for peace and reform.

Yet in a queer way I liked the speech. You could see the niceness of the chap shining out behind the muck with which he had been spoon-fed. Also it took a load off my mind. I mightn’t be much of an orator, but I was a thousand per cent better than Sir Harry.

I didn’t get on so badly when it came to my turn. I simply told them all I could remember about Australia, praying there should be no Australian there—all about its labour party and emigration and universal service. I doubt if I remembered to mention Free Trade, but I said there were no Tories in Australia, only Labour and Liberals. That fetched a cheer, and I woke them up a bit when I started in to tell them the kind of glorious business I thought could be made out of the Empire if we really put our backs into it.

Altogether I fancy I was rather a success. The minister didn’t like me, though, and when he proposed a vote of thanks, spoke of Sir Harry’s speech as “statesmanlike” and mine as having “the eloquence of an emigration agent.”

When we were in the car again my host was in wild spirits at having got his job over. “A ripping speech, Twisdon,” he said. “Now, you’re coming home with me. I’m all alone, and if you’ll stop a day or



MAN'S WORLD



two I'll show you some very decent fishing."

We had a hot supper—and I wanted it pretty badly—and then drank grog in a big cheery smoking-room with a crackling wood fire. I thought the time had come for me to put my cards on the table. I saw by this man's eye that he was the kind you can trust.

"Listen, Sir Harry," I said. "I've something pretty important to say to you. You're a good fellow, and I'm going to be frank. Where on earth did you get that poisonous rubbish you talked tonight?"

His face fell. "Was it as bad as that?" he asked ruefully. "It did sound rather thin. I got most of it out of the Progressive Magazine and pamphlets that agent chap of mine keeps sending me. But you surely don't think Germany would ever go to war with us?"

"Ask that question in six weeks and it won't need an answer," I said. "If you'll give me your attention for half an hour I am going to tell you a story."

I can see yet that bright room with the deers' heads and the old prints on the walls, Sir Harry standing restlessly on the stone curb of the hearth, and myself lying back in an armchair, speaking. I seemed to be another person, standing aside and listening to my own voice, and judging carefully the reliability of my tale. It was the first time I had ever told anyone the exact truth, so far as I understood it, and it did me no end of good, for it straightened out the thing in my own mind. I blinked no detail. He heard all about Scudder, and the milkman, and the note-book, and my doings in Galloway. Presently he got very excited and walked up and down the hearthrug.

"So you see," I concluded, "you have got here in your house the man that is wanted for the Portland Place murder. Your duty is to send your car for the police and give me up. I don't think I'll get very far. There'll be an accident, and I'll have a knife

in my ribs an hour or so after arrest. Nevertheless, it's your duty, as a law-abiding citizen. Perhaps in a month's time you'll be sorry, but you have no cause to think of that."

He was looking at me with bright steady eyes. "What was your job in Rhodesia, Mr Hannay?" he asked.

"Mining engineer," I said. "I've made my pile cleanly and I've had a good time in the making of it."

"Not a profession that weakens the nerves, is it?"

I laughed. "Oh, as to that, my nerves are good enough." I took down a hunting-knife from a stand on the wall, and did the old Mashona trick of tossing it and catching it in my lips. That wants a pretty steady heart.

He watched me with a smile. "I don't want proofs. I may be an ass on the platform, but I can size up a man. You're no murderer and you're no fool, and I believe you are speaking the truth. I'm going to back you up. Now, what can I do?"

"First, I want you to write a letter to your uncle. I've got to get in touch with the Government people sometime before the 15th of June."

He pulled his moustache. "That won't help you. This is Foreign Office business, and my uncle would have nothing to do with it. Besides, you'd never convince him. No, I'll go one better. I'll write to the Permanent Secretary at the Foreign Office. He's my godfather, and one of the best going. What do you want?"

He sat down at a table and wrote to my dictation. The gist of it was that if a man called Twisdon (I thought I had better stick to that name) turned up before June 15th he was to entreat him kindly. He said Twisdon would prove his bona fides by passing the word "Black Stone" and whistling "Annie Laurie".

"Good," said Sir Harry. "That's the proper style. By the way, you'll find my godfather—his name's Sir Walter Bullivant—down at his country cottage for Whitsuntide. It's close to Artinswell on the Kennet.


That's done. Now, what's the next thing?"

"You're about my height. Lend me the oldest tweed suit you've got. Anything will do, so long as the colour is the opposite of the clothes I destroyed this afternoon. Then show me a map of the neighbourhood and explain to me the lie of the land. Lastly, if the police come seeking me, just show them the car in the glen. If the other lot turn up, tell them I caught the south express after your meeting."

He did, or promised to do, all these things. I shaved off the remnants of my moustache, and got inside an ancient suit of what I believe is called heather mixture. The map gave me some notion of my whereabouts, and told me the two things I wanted to know—where the main railway to the south could be joined, and what were the wildest districts near at hand.

At two o'clock he wakened me from my slumbers in the smoking-room armchair, and led me blinking into the dark starry night. An old bicycle was found in a toolshed and handed over to me.

"First turn to the right up by the long fir-wood," he enjoined. "By daybreak you'll be well into the hills. Then I should pitch the machine into a bog and take to the moors on foot. You can put in a week among the shepherds, and be as safe as if you were in New Guinea."

I pedalled diligently up steep roads of hill gravel till the skies grew pale with morning. As the mists cleared before the sun, I found myself in a wide green world with glens falling on every side and a far-away blue horizon. Here, at any rate, I could get early news of my enemies. 

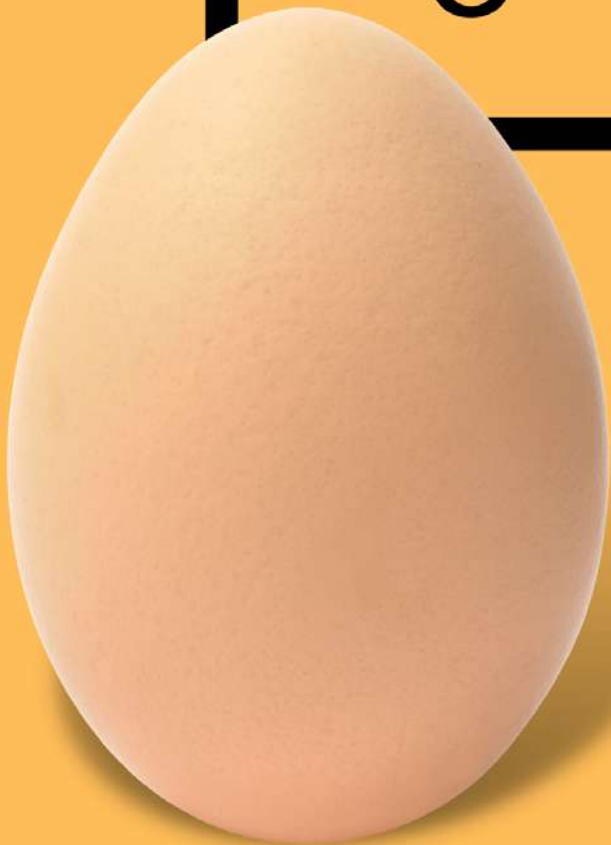
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To save a HERO COP...

I SAY HELL YEAH!

CUCK OPERATOR IS PROUD
TO BACK THE BLUE





THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGER AND THE BETTER

BRONZE AGE PERVERT

“**N**ature knew of no right but the right of the stronger and the better. All the moral and political laws which were at variance with this natural law were nothing but an invention of the weak by which they tried to deprive the strong of their natural right and prerogative. The born aristocrat must shake off the fetters of these effeminate moral and political doctrines - and by force or deceit or whatever means he sees fit to use - regain the rule which is his by nature”

intellectual base of Confucianism, as of Islam, not to speak of Marxism, are flimsy and rotten, but their weed-growth in the political world is strong. What does Schopenhauer say about Islam?

“Temples and churches, pagodas and mosques, in all countries and ages, in their splendour and spaciousness, testify to man's need for metaphysics, a need strong and ineradicable, which follows close on the physical. The man of a satirical frame of mind could of course add that this need for metaphysics is a modest fellow content with meagre fare. Sometimes it lets itself be satisfied with clumsy fables and absurd fairy-tales. If only they are imprinted early enough, they are for man adequate explanations of his existence and supports for his morality.

Consider the Koran, for example; this wretched book was sufficient to start a world-religion, to satisfy the metaphysical need for countless millions for twelve hundred years, to become the basis of their morality and of a remarkable contempt for death, and also to inspire them to bloody wars and the most extensive conquests. In this book we find the saddest and poorest form of theism. Much may be lost in translation, but I have not been able to discover in it one single idea of value. Such things show that the

capacity for metaphysics does not go hand in hand with the need for it...”

Even more so can be said about Marxism, which can never stand on intellectual merit alone and I think never intended to. A grotesque Oriental misreading of Hegelianism refracted through the prism of one man's ethnic neuroses and resentments against his father: the most complete intellectual takedown of Marxism is in Cuddihy's book *The Ordeal of Civility*, supported by unanswerable biographical detail from his letters and so on, which reveal his intentions in own words; but neither this nor its repeated failures when put in practice—unlike Fascism, which at least always has to be violently and quickly suppressed from outside, Marxism flamboyantly always rots from inside—but none of this will lessen its fortunes among a large portion of the new humanity. Because it answers a deep emotional and biological need in many types, so it will always be considered without regard either to inherent intellectual value or to consequences. And where Marxism is rejected by name because Marx himself or his theories fall out of favor temporarily, it's replaced with still dumber, more incoherent theories from Marx's successors, interpreted now in terms of gender, now of race, which show themselves flimsy loincloths over the gaping wound—the primal hatred of the defective for the better.

The decline of racial thinking in the European tradition, which was at bottom a revival of the ancient thinking in every way, the thinking about types, which means always biological types, this disappearance of thinking according to nature results in intellectual men and men of letters misunderstanding the role of thoughts, ideas and texts in political life; for example, Samuel Huntington with his idea of civilizational spheres defined mostly by texts, by the texts of Confucianism, or Buddhism, or Islam. If literary traditions alone determined the right demarcations of mankind, the Koran would be sufficient to understand, say, Afghanistan. And I suspect that many intellectuals believed this. In fact the Koran is insufficient to understand even professed Islamic radicals or terrorists; or the Islamic ulema in general. Nothing that reproduces itself through textual pedagogy ever is profound path to understand human character or deep alignments of mankind. This isn't thought about man and nature, it's superstition—level of penetration at that of college socialists who are still mad over Lumumba.

Nazism, as a pragmatic amalgamation, was then not defined only by the amoral aristocratic

radicalism represented in quotation above, but for a while during the war and right after, this was felt to be its most dangerous idea. The formula is repeated in an even more naive and popular way in the 1948 Hitchcock movie *Rope*, where it is this time directly associated with the name of Hitler. This was then soon forgotten, or rather, covered up. I think the Allies would have preferred to ban Nietzsche in same way Machiavelli claims the early Christians would have liked to ban Latin and Greek—but they couldn't and therefore had to preserve also the ideas and traditions of an antagonist. In same way, they couldn't ban Nietzsche—it would have meant banning Schopenhauer as well, and then so much of European literature and art since the late 19th Century. Maybe they left this mass burning of books and art for a bolder and stupider future descendant. Regardless, having to still reckon with Nietzsche, an entirely defanged castrated version was peddled first of all to academia and then to intellectuals: an ironic, liberal skepticist whose antinomianism was to be strictly applied only to the “individual's quest for self-realization,” but would otherwise leave egalitarianism and democracy mostly untouched. Distortions of Nietzsche and suppression of those of his followers who truly understood him were typical of Walter Kaufmann's commentaries, full of half truths such as, “Nietzsche didn't like nationalism”—which is true, he liked Pan-European racial supremacism. But the abounding distortions, the silent treatment and ultimately if necessary the censorship of the true meaning of Nietzsche's aristocratic radicalism or amoralism began in full awareness of this; that it is a politically explosive claim.

There was an earlier frank expression of aristocratic radicalism in the ancient world. After the excesses of the Athenian democracy during the Peloponnesian War an oligarchic faction took over the city, under Plato's uncle Critias. He and his friends believed and wrote things very much in the spirit of the simple formula: “right in nature is the advantage of the stronger. Laws, customs, and the myths around these were made by the many weak and their shamans to bind the stronger and better, against the way of nature.” Their government didn't work out and they ended up killing a lot of people; maybe more Athenians were killed during their rule than died during decades of the war. That this event is somehow analogous to the anti-democratic reaction of Hitler is claimed also by Leo Strauss, who quoted Plato's Seventh Letter when at beginning Plato says that Critias' anti-democratic government, which he was at first enthusiastic



about, ended up making the democracy seem like a golden age. So the moral homily goes, according to Strauss, to Hitchcock—or whoever wrote the screenplay—and a host of other academics and so on, “You see boys and girls if you play with Nietzschean aristocratic amoralist strength-worshipping fire, you get HITLER.” As to the path Strauss himself took from reaction to these events, I think the story of the joke he played on the American “Jewish intellectual proletariat” (to use his own words), a joke of which they still seem to be unaware, this story remains to be told. More interesting is the glimmer of realization here, among various writer around World War II, that the Western philosophical tradition as it ended up—as descent from Plato, Aristotle, the Socratics—developed in decades following an analogous ancient Hitler-like event, that is, in the shadow of its own demonic “Hitler” Critias; and therefore consists in much hedging, much what Nietzsche calls moral tartufferie, otherwise known as moralfaggotry bullshit. “We may say this, but... we are not like THAT evil guy!” Maybe this feels familiar. But later generations didn’t read it knowing this was the constraint under which “Western philosophy tradition” began.

I believe this formula of amoral aristocratic radicalism is the the key solution to all moral and political problems facing us. I am aware of the various theoretical counterarguments advanced against “might makes right” over time, most of which are sophistic; and it would be tedious to get into a back and forth over that. It’s funny though, some say this is already the ideological position of the ruling classes now. That we are ruled by bloodsucking (in some case literally) Globalists who believe in an aristocratic supremacist ideology that manifests itself as “Neoliberalism,” the aim of which is to reduce the world to a homogenous slavery under themselves. Some go even farther and say that through Operation Paperclip the Nazis actually took over the Deep State of America and the West, so that NATO is the Fourth Reich. Others don’t go that far but claim this “elite”—the likes of Bill Gates, Ursula von der Leyen, Gavin Newsom, and similar, are the “true Nietzscheans,” eugenicists who believe in their own supremacy, who live beyond good and evil, and so on. Alex Jones says mostly the same: the “elite” are child-eating vampires with ultimate provenance in Babylon, part of a thousands-years-old plot to subject mankind to demons; they are represented by the European noble and royal houses and by “Nazi eugenicists.” They are blamed simultaneously for the rapid increase in Third World population since the early 20th Century, for

mass migrations into the West, but also for a “world depopulation” agenda. I’m so far describing the most vivid such positions but variations exist on both the left and significant parts of the right.

The “elite” themselves of course don’t believe any such thing, never professing such ideas publicly, nor in private, nor, I would say, is it in their minds, consciously or not, as their true motivation. Their motivation is humanitarian and egalitarian, just as they claim: to temper the excesses of the free market, to protect the weak, the minorities—especially blacks—and the poor from traditional oppressors; to fight everywhere emanations of distinction or “privilege,” to uplift the meek and the weak, to “make the last be the first.” To the extent they appear to be antidemocratic, it is in the name of a purer democracy and a more pure humanitarianism: thus they feel justified in crushing now the Dutch farmers who rise up against “climate restrictions” because they believe by doing so they are helping the far larger masses of poor in the Third World. It’s the same for all their behavior, the promotion of transsexualism, of the gays—it is part of protecting the weak. If they are cruel, authoritarian to some it’s because they believe they’re fighting bullies. If they often engage in corrupt behavior, hypocrisy and so on, well, that’s just human frailty and you can look the other way: “I still think I’m trying to do good, and that’s what matters.” In other words, they’re acting like almost any other ideological mandarin Party incompetent class in history, but, I would say, with less, far less self-conscious cynicism or nihilism than what you’d find among East Bloc apparatchiks. Not one embraces amoralism, Nietzscheanism, eugenicism, or any of the vampiric dark traits attributed to them by their political opponents. They are not gangsters or mad scientists. They are genuine moralists, and without that egalitarian moralism no one would accept their rule and none of their insanity would be possible.

This argument is a variation on one of the common attacks on amoralism or “the rule of the stronger,” that it is a tautology, or hard to define, or self-refuting. Thus if one hundred weak and cowardly men can subdue a stronger, smarter individual, this is taken to be a refutation, because an abstract “strength” still then technically ends up ruling. A funny but equally wrong restatement of this argument can be found in Borges’ story *German Requiem*. By this reasoning, the IMF, or international finance, or the banking “elite,” or the vague “Neoliberalism” are taken by these critics to be “the real Nietzscheans” simply because they are in power.

By this reasoning “might makes right” becomes a doctrine of social stability: “authority is always just, respect authority.” It would be a strange thing if this trivial kind of Confucianism was the message of Nietzsche or Critias, who were seen as so shocking and explosive in their time. This is a doctrine of social and political instability.

Almost no society in history—almost—openly says it rules by strength and strength is good. This is an exception and a distinction. Almost all societies historically give many other reasons. They are morally good, or more equal, or more pious, or more holy. Nietzschean “might makes right” political skepticism punctures these self-righteous reasons. It shows social and political morality to be a word-game of womanly, priestly, and bureaucratic types of men to try to avoid a confrontation of quality in which individual excellences of supremacy—namely the traditional virtues of bravery, physical strength, and foresight—are given a chance to achieve political supremacy. A rare example of a society ruled by this principle might be the Icelandic free state: a eugenic, truly eugenic state based on the duel and the natural right of the stronger. It might look like the Greek city state based on the similar principle of the agon, in this case the formal contest, the duel of natural superiority formalized, ritualized and somewhat pacified. It might look like any one of the traditional warrior junta-led Indo-European or Japanese ministates that have existed from time to time. In other words states that, respecting the intelligence and honor of free men, saw no reason to lie about the fact that their rule was based on strength or excellence, which, however then has to be manifested in acts and achievements to be believed and accepted. Indeed, contrary to what many think, “might makes right” isn’t purely a result of philosophical skepticism or nihilism; there are long traditional roots. Consider this from a Buddhist sutra in Tocharian, apparently still the language of steppe Conans:

"The good fame of the strong spreads in the ten directions.
Reverence, respect, obeisance, and honor are to be attained through strength from everyone.
To be conquered quickly (are) enemies. To be obtained quickly (is) prosperity.
Of the strong (there are) great riches; of the strong (are) also many relatives.
Enemies bow down before the strong; to the strong come honors.
The strong (are) the protection of creatures; of the strong there is no fear.

Therefore strength (is) good (and) in every way the best (thing) in my opinion.

By means of strength thus, at an earlier time, the son of king Siddhartha, the Bodhisattva Sarvarthasiddha descended upon the ocean. He went to the island of jewels...”

The rationalization arguments against aristocratic radicalism make sense as word games, “if a manikin like Chernenko or Bidan rule, they are the mighty by definition”; but everyone knows what is meant: that men like Nestor, Odysseus, Achilles, or even Diomedes or Agamemnon should rule, but not Thersites, not Helen, and probably not Paris, certainly not a product of the Confucian “meritocracy” or of the still-more-broken modern American one. That this is often not the case, that the weak rule by accident, by misplaced piety, or for any number of other reasons, is no contradiction. The strong are often subject to the weak, the better to the worse. But, as the doctrine states, a violation of this right of nature will have inevitable material consequences, whereas breaking the law of man doesn’t necessarily. There are natural costs to being ruled by the likes of Obama, Alberto Fernandez, Biden, Jens Stoltenberg, or the other products of this system of elite selection, a process very different from the duel, the agon, or the roughly equivalent procedures in the few military aristocracies that have existed.

In Singapore a man of strength in every way—bravery, foresight, supreme foresight—ended up ruling and that country turned out probably the best way any modern state has, given its geographical and demographic constraints. It’s entirely possible that Lee Kuan Yew wouldn’t have come out on top though, but it would just have meant that Singapore would look now a lot more like Jakarta maybe. Again, there are material or natural consequences when the right to rule of the stronger is thwarted. I bring Lee Kuan Yew up because there is a certain video of him giving a famous speech, and you should watch not just the well-known end of this brief statement, but the beginning where he somewhat stumbles and seems not to express himself very well. Here is a founder of a state trying to put in words what is very hard to: trying to explain to new generation of Singaporean young, probably the elite young, that they have to find a way to “gel” together and believe in each other, or otherwise this whole project will come crashing down. The state and country is not a mysterious spirit that lives outside the quality and strength of its rulers; it can last for a while with very



**...how do you get a core of men,
an elite, to form together, to gel
with each other, to be able then
to act?**

**...it is possible for higher men to
reclaim their own sovereignty
and not let themselves be at the
mercy of gynocracy...**

bad management, in the same way Thyssen-Krupp elevators can keep working for seventy years; but it will break sooner than otherwise if what Lee Kuan Yew calls for in the video doesn't happen.

It's hard to put into words, this, because...how do you get a core of men, an elite, to form together, to gel with each other, to be able then to act? This is very hard, maybe the hardest question. In Japan of the warring years, each warlord daimyo domain had two sets of laws. One was the House law, and it ruled the samurai, the retainers; the other was the people's law, which was generally neglected and not of much concern. At village level and so on they could rule themselves as they saw fit. What was important was not the people's law but the House law. In small facts like this is contained a lot of important truth for our situation now. The true act of political significance, of foundation: what is it that forms the elite and what is it that keeps it together. This has been my longest and only concern when thinking about politics, not just because of innate preference for elitism, but out of necessity. Many who talk about politics forget that neither we nor they rule a state or a country. We're not in a position to make policy. The lives of the people are far outside our ability to rule, the reform of institutions outside our reach. We are simply powerless. The only relevant political question is how to forge a Party core, similar to the early Communist International, or to the factions that founded Zionism, and achieve similar success in founding a new order or a new state. Marxism and Zionism were in their beginnings ideologies for new elite formation, not for making policy for a country or a people; many forget this obvious crucial first step. Marxism and Zionism each attracted a certain kind of man. I find the doctrine hinted at here, of amoral aristocratic radicalism, to be an excellent identifying and rallying marker for a different type of man, and for a new counter-elite of our own time.

Our political-moral situation is in some ways very similar to that in which ancient Greek aristocrats in the age of the decline of the Classical era found themselves, and less so to that of the European right wing before World War II. In comparison to material situation of both we are in far more dire circumstances: both had significant sources of domestic or foreign support, while we begin from an utterly routed condition. But we are similar to the ancient Greek aristocrats of Critias' time in the sense that we face an internal opponent who uses the language of morality, of egalitarianism and democracy, although now of course in a form far more mawkish and stomach-turning. We are

like them in that we live in a time of exhaustion: exhaustion of all ideologies, creeds, beliefs, religions, institutions, states, countries, peoples. The exhaustion of our time is far more advanced, but for that reason it's far more important for us never to place faith, trust or hope in any of these. If you are a nationalist, you must realize the nation you hold dear to is exhausted and "there's nothing there" in a very concrete sense—if you place your hopes in "the nation" instead of your friends you will be let down; the same applies to those who hold dear to the race, or a faith, a religion, or a state. These are all exhausted now or corrupted. If they are to have a future they must have a new beginning, and that beginning can only be in what Lee Kuan Yew describes between the lines...that new beginning has to be in you and your friends. Simple and naive as it may sound, it was the inspiration that brought together aristocratic fraternities of Greece in its hour of decline, and of Nietzschean brotherhoods in the first part of the 20th Century. The doctrine of aristocratic amoral radicalism is one of new beginnings when the blood of ages is exhausted. It's the only thing that can be the fuel and the key to restart other things—whether nations, states, or religions. But you may find in practice that it's better to let some things perish and better form other new things. I promote these views because I see men of high power weighed down by moral baggage and duties to the lesser, who won't and can't return the benefit, and who will resent them; who put their trust, bodies, and energy in the service of dead states and institutions that will use them up. And for who it really is simply a conceptual or psychological baggage that holds them back from bonding in an effective junta with their friends and throwing off the shackles of these encrusted scleroses that have endured beyond their time. If you doubt me think of how well Trump or Bolsonaro would have acted and what they could have achieved if they weren't held back by their pieties, misplaced loyalties, and old fashioned patriotism. They believed in a country or a faith or a system instead of their friends, they acted as governors and kings when they needed to act as fighters and revolutionaries.

It may be that the foundation of new states or the reform of religions is still outside anyone's grasp for now, at least until some truly great crises come. But even until then it is possible for higher men to reclaim their own sovereignty and not let themselves be at the mercy of gynocracy—under whatever form. I hinted at this path in the last aphorism of my book, and it consists in the formation of mafias. ■

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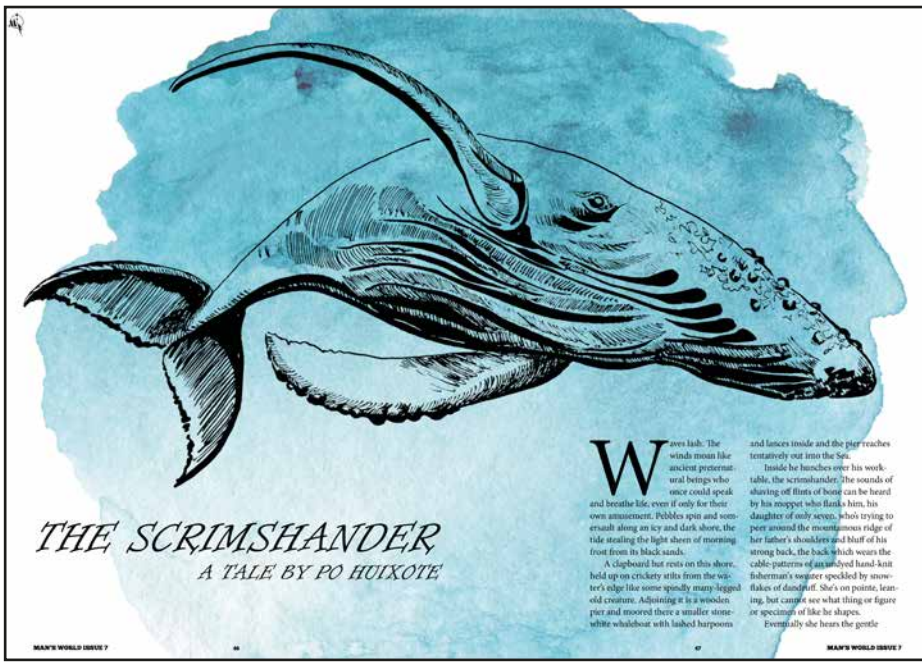
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Something pokes the scrimshander, still abed in sand, pokes his coat's cold shoulder and the pale finger pushes water out of the fabric. He turns his head sleepily and jerks backward, retreating, nearly falling off the shoal into the sea in fear of what is there: a merwoman.

She floats silently just out of reach, a haunting amalgam: eyes darkling blackcurrants, shimmering and unblinking, the glint of many moons repeating on her imbricate and nacreous skin, glinting all over, this beauty glares from where she floats, bare and lithe wearing a décolletage sea. Her skin not only reflects the moonlight but may faintly glow itself, like a firefly that has just given up on a pulse but remains residually, coldly luminescent. Nothing of her moves apart from a slight quiver in that tender vale at the base of her neck as the scrimshander rises to his boots, facing this ghostly underworld seraph terrified.

Despite this, the scrimshander rises and pleads, toboggan slid off and scrunched in hand, greying hair cattywampus; he pleads for her help. He is cold and his teeth clack and he forces his words into clarity while she gazes soundless. While he sees no movement

beneath, the bust of her above the surface slowly begins to drift backward from him sinking away, her not taking a breath, a halo of sea shrinking around her crown, ('Please, no!') and then she is gone. He steps forward but not far for the shoal's breadth is only but a man's stride. The scrimshander totters and drops to his knees, putting them into the sand, and he sighs onto his heels. The backs of his worn hands plop to his lap and his palms face upward as if to catch whatever the heavens wish to hurl down next.

But into these palms only moments later slips an ivory specimen, a perfectly soft and clean whalebone, wordlessly proffered by the delicate hand of the reemerged merwoman. Cradling it to his bosom he thanks her and quickly rifles the innards of his wool coat for his knife, which isn't there — rather it rests where it landed from his throwing of it against the hut wall, now under the couch, next to where the hound lies sleeping, having nuzzled the hut door open, snoring with jowls sagging by the dying fire of the stove — and the scrimshander's head falls again as it has many times this night. The merwoman makes a noise: something

between a soft whistled coo and a click. He lifts his head.

Her glow shines a fair corona around her alighting the waters nearly limpid like a stagelight so the scrimshander can see what her hands make to do. Through the water he sees her fiddling with some cincture tied below her navel where it secures something like a scabbard.

The thing she lifts away out of the water and offers with both hands is an antler-hilted dagger, many stars within the many droplets clinging to its blade. The scrimshander accepts it, nods to this sea lady, and after a brief moment of observing the whalebone... begins carving a second time.

That starful sky is now obscured by a rumbling grey cloud and the wind whines at the scrimshander's ears. This scrimshaw facsimile of her, this filial echo, is almost complete. He shaves carefully, the haste in his heart pushed by the coming storm, but also pulled by dew-fresh failure on his memory. There is a peal of thunder where sky meets sea, then a bright and candent seminal cracking I of lightning connects the two. She hasn't left, the merwoman, she's been here while he's carved for some incommunicable reason, but she turns now to look at the ashen billow forging ever closer, her wet tresses shining on her shoulders. Criccck KA-DOOM, a closer clap of lightning startles her and her slim arms come out of the water (splashing the scrimshander slightly) to shield herself and with another fragile coo she pushes away from the coral and launches out of the water parabolic to where he can see her full nine-foot-long figure, argent scales moon-glinted and tail wide-finned, as she plung-

es and escapes to the depths, or wherever it is she calls home.

Now the wind blows hard enough to lift beads from the water into a mist that kisses the scrimshander's face like pixie dust. Almost there. His hands are convulsing in the cold. Just about. The filial echo in his hands is illuminated and shadowed from every cardinal direction by fulgurant fire, brightened by six or seven lightning strikes now crashing down around him at any given time. Weighty pellets of rain begin to shell his back and head. His hands are cold and gusts push him and he catches himself from falling and has to refocus. Just one more minute. The rain pelts harder now. The loud orchestra of a million pocks of raindrops hammering the roiling ocean. He's staring into the eyes of her, it, as steadfast and assured as a craftsman and a father ought. And... done! Ha! The scrimshander lets show a triumphant smile and he hoists it aloft to show the fates and the thunder and the heavens. It's finished, but by god not but for a moment as the heinous wind, letting out long bansheeish cries, lifts it like a thief from his tired grip ('No!') and then dies letting it, her, fall clattering, but not breaking, down the rocks before plunking into the sea.

He howls and the storm howls back.

'YOU CURSE'ED FIENDS!' the scrimshander bawls, a sorrowful weighty bud blooming in the trunk of his throat, 'YOU SPOILERS OF ALL JOY! NEPTUNE! POSEIDON! YAHWEH! LISTEN TO MY CRIES YOU CROOKED AND CRUEL BEASTS OF THAT FARFLUNG PLACE! WHAT WRONG HAVE I DONE TO YOU THAT YOU CURSE ME WITH THIS MAGIC AND THEN PUNISH ME HEREAFTER FOR A GIFT YOU GAVE!?! AYE!?!—' thunder '—PLEASE!

SPARE MY TINY STAR! GIVE HER BACK TO ME! YOU EVERLY BEINGS WHO FEEL NO ENDLING PAIN! YOU ARE ARBITERS OF MORTAL GAMES AT WHICH YOU CACKLE BUT UPON WHICH YOU WAGER SOULS WHOSE LOSS YOU'D NE'ER WEEP BEFORE—' the storm roars with as monstrous an anger as a screaming warlock '—YOU—' that bud releasing petals now as his tears cease '—YOU UNWORTHY OVERBESEECED WRETCHES! YOU WHO CONDUCT AN ORCHESTRA OF TORMENT FROM YOUR BEFOULED ROSTRUMS! YOU HEAR ME!?! YOU, YOU CAPRICEFUL NUMINOUS THIEVES! YOU PUFF-THROATED PERJURERS! YOUR BLESSINGS ARE NOT BUT SLUDGE WHICH I WASH FROM MY RAGGED HANDS! YOU HEAVENWALKERS WITH HOPE-BEFOULED SOLES! YOU WHO DISBURDEN WOMBS AFORE FAIR TRIAL! YOU WHO FEAST AT FÊTES OF YOUR WANTON INVENTION AND OF SORROW WHERE ROTTEN FRUITS ARE BOUNTIFUL ON BLOODY BANQUET TABLES! A CHOIR OF CROWS YOU ARE SHAKING TINY SOULS FROM YOUR BLACKENED BEAKS! FLOCK TOGETHER! FLY TO YOUR TREBUCHETS, DAMN YOU! I COME FOR YOU, YOU MINOR GODS! DO YOU HEAR ME!?! I, A MAN—' a strong gust of wind '— I WILL TRAIPESE THAT UNKNOWABLE COUNTRY AND I WILL HUNT YOU DOWN! THERE IS NO HEAVENLY PALISADE THAT CAN KEEP YOU FROM ME! I—' heavy saltwater flies into the open screaming maw of the scrimshander. He spits it out and carries on, his mouth overflowing with fury, his voice reverberating with regicidal timbre into the wind. 'IF YOU SHANT RETURN HER, I

WILL COME FOR HER! HER FATHER! I WILL SAIL THAT DARKLING BLACK JOLLY TO YOUR DISTANT PLACE AND WRENCH HER FROM YOUR MANGLED TALONS!' — the sea roils and several more lightning bolts crash close and sound off like great guffaws ringing his ears — 'I'LL GNASH WITH THESE OLD TEETH THE BREAST OF LIFE YOU CALL ON ME TO SUCKLE! YOUR MILLION BLONDED SPEAR-HANDED SERAPHS CANNOT KEEP ME FROM YOUR DOOR! I WILL PLACE CHERUBS UPON PIKES, OVERFLOW BAGS WITH THE HEADS OF HEAVENLY SENTINELS, AND BIRTH A LITTER OF EMPTY CROWNS! BLOW THE TERRIBLE HORN OF RETREAT, YOU COWARDS! I WILL BE UPON YOU SOON.'

His crazed howling only seems to cause the wind to cry louder, the lightning to strike harder, and the musical rolling of the ocean-dunes to intensify. He looks upward, stares with that steadfastness which accompanies men who grip settled daggers at kings' bedsides. Retrieving a coin from his coat, he sets it on his tongue and shuts his lips. He grips the merwoman's dagger, blade downward, lifts it high, and brings it down with a thrust into his abdomen, where heavy cloth resists before a horrid crunching pop gives way. The scrimshander crumples over, a piercing fiery warmth at his navel, which he clutches, as the storm proceeds with a cathedral of roaring and thunderbolt crashes, a tempest's warcry baying butcherous intent. Before he can think no more, the scrimshander thinks of these watchers-from-the-rafters who give no grace, no quarter, these skyfolk who rend the bond but are not rent with the bond, these influences who respond not.

TAKING BACK THE FUTURE THE CANBERRA FREEDOM PROTEST

by ADAM



Here's the TL;DR: inspired by the Canadian truckers, a spectacular, unprecedented moment in Australian history took place, in February. Lasting for over a week, huge groups of disenfranchised Aussies came together in the nation's capital to protest the vaccine mandates.

Being based up north in the State of Queensland, I hopped

on to one of the convoys heading south to Canberra. But the night before I joined, as I was catching up, I stayed with a family that gave me a bed. They weren't able to make it down to Canberra but wanted to help travellers out. This was the first, but not the last, time I felt like I was in a John Steinbeck novel. These people had recently lost their home and were trying to start anew. They had refused to take the injection, so they weren't

able to operate their business and in essence had lost everything. Their own nation had turned against them.

Their story would be reflected many times back to me in Canberra later on. I would come to realize that I was one of the lucky ones. I was a single dude with savings who had lost work for refusing to submit to a government-mandated medical procedure. Whatever. I could cope. But others had been



We were here together and for one another. We felt a sense of purpose and community and like we weren't alone.

destroyed.

The next morning, I left my awesome new friends before pulling into the town of Gympie to join the convoy. In all their magnificence, swarms of people were seeing us off, cheering. As we drove on, people were gathered along the overpasses with Australian flags and 'thank you' signs. I couldn't help it: I actually broke down in tears.

They were tears of joy. The

regime had so effectively made us feel like we were alone in this fight for bodily and medical freedom. But now here we were, cheering each other on and wishing each other luck. This was repeated at every gas station. In the region of the Sunshine Coast, police had to escort us as we left the station because of the sheer number of people from all walks of life that had gathered to donate truckloads of food and wish us

Gentle sea sounds. 'Papa.' She shakes him awake. His eyes part to a robin's egg blue and clear sky. There is a whistle. The scrimshander hears a man hallooing far off. Lying on his flank the scrimshander opens his eyes fully now to see a pristine tawny-wooded packet ship with clean white sheets fully ballooned and on its side, which then erects correctly as the scrimshander sits up on an elbow and straightens himself. A small jolly boat is being oared toward their shoal, all rowers white-uniformed, and a standing seaman hails them from the bow. The scrimshander now wholly awake sees, smiling tiny at his side, Aster. He clutches his daughter with fierce tenderness and draws her into his chest and inhales a deep shuddering breath.

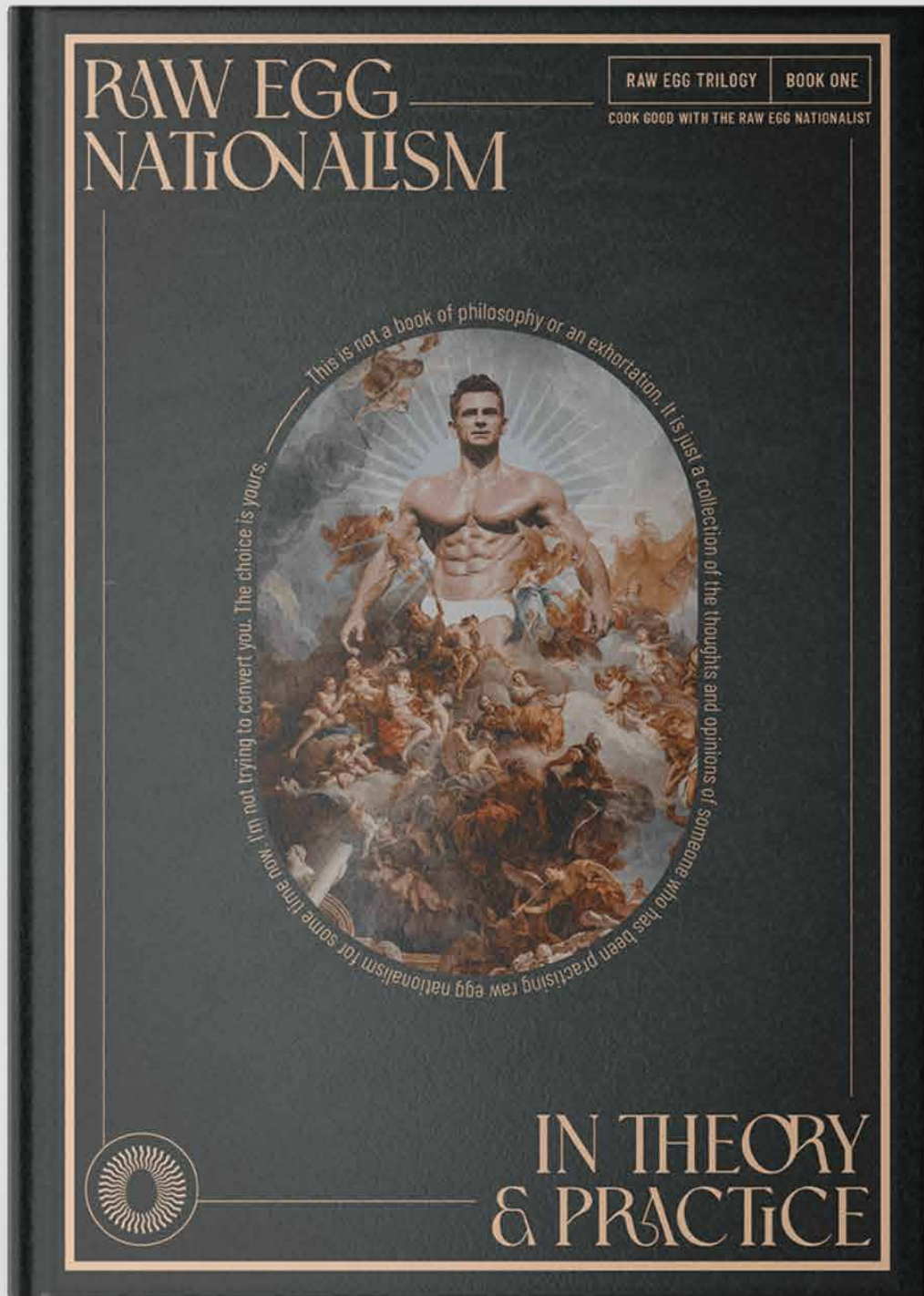
The scrimshander and his daughter are helped off the shoals into the jolly, the scrimshander never letting go of the grip he has on her little hand. The seamen oar the rescues back to the main ship.

Aboard the grand packet ship, the pair are beckoned to sit and shouldered with a single thick woolen blanket. The curtain of milky uniforms parts with a pattering of boots along the deck and a grand, gleaming figure in a humble white greatcoat, yet still fine with its golden braided cuffs, steps softly forward looking down at the pair so gently, and they in return looking up at his face, this soft, white-bearded, perfect, and indescribably beautiful face shining beneath the light shadow of an admiral's cap's brim, eyes a shimmer. They look up into the eyes of this patriarch peering down at them who says:

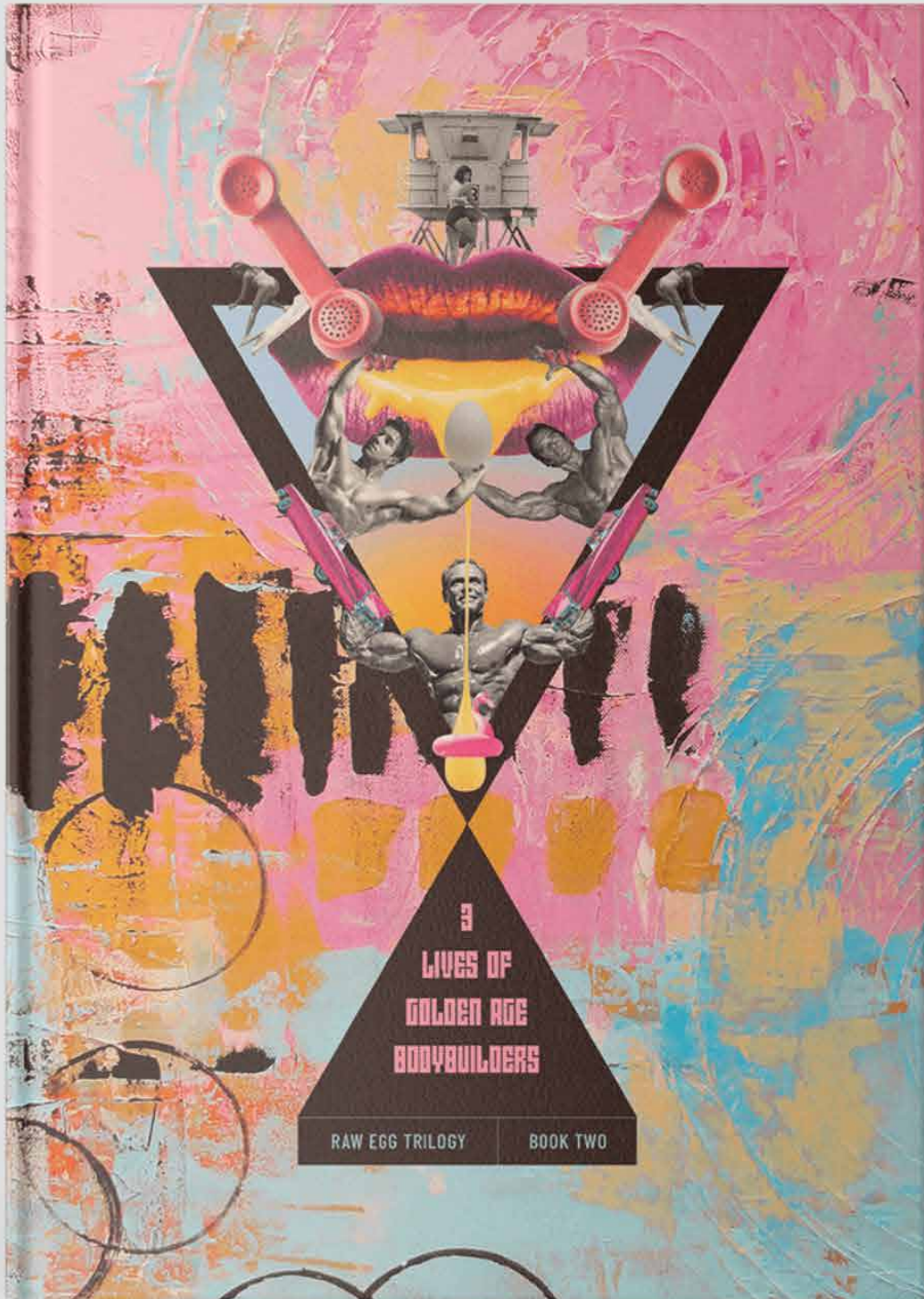
'You're safe now.' ■

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Raw Egg Nationalism, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Draw Me a Gironda and Raw Egg Trilogy: Available now from Amazon and the Rogue Scholar Book Store



well for the journey to Canberra. Someone gave me \$20 for gas. In the Gold Coast area further south, someone gave me \$50 and another person handed over a giant Aussie flag, which I still cherish. I gave someone one of my books. Another person gave me food. Another person gave me \$25. To whoever you were, thank you. I used to hate the Gold Coast area. Now I love it.

By the time we reached the Canberra surrounds a couple of days later, the convoy appeared like a giant dragon, having picked up numerous vehicles along the way. It spread resplendently along Lake George and towards our nation's capital: a vast line of cars with Aussie flags stretched out ahead of me and behind me. A feeling of power rushed through my body. I'd feel it again and again over the coming days. One instance in particular stands out for me. The following weekend, as I walked in the main rally beside a midwife and a nurse, both of whom had been fired for refusing to take the jab, a woman came up to us. "You should be ashamed of yourselves!" she screamed. Ashamed for what? Losing our jobs? Being denied access to loved ones in hospitals – even being prevented from sitting down for a bar meal with our mates? We had been publicly shamed, lied about, censored and misrepresented. But on this occasion, this woman's verbal outburst was drowned out by our 500,000-strong friends that surrounded us in unity and strength. We mattered, and now it was this woman shouting abuse at us that appeared the lunatic.

But back to the beginning. Once we arrived in Canberra, we joined our fellow fighting Aussies from around the country, the majority of whom had come in different convoys. There were even those who had driven 40 hours

from the far-west coast city of Perth. Shockingly, it would take more than 2 months for these Perth residents to be allowed to return home to their families, as Perth sits within the State of Western Australia. Western Australia is run by a sociopath who required returning residents to be triple-jabbed only up until very recently. Yes, what you've heard about Australia over the last 12 months is all true.

We marched to Old Parliament House and then the majority of us made our way to Camp Freedom to settle in for the week.

Ah, Camp Freedom, I'll never forget you. Donations flooded in from Canberra and across the country. If you needed a mattress, Camp Freedom had one. All food was free and prepared in the communal kitchens. Accommodation for everyone was paid for by the financial donations that kept coming in.

Financial donations. Food donations. Supplies. We were never short. We were here together and for one another. We felt a sense of purpose and community and like we weren't alone. Bear in mind I'm talking about tens of thousands of people being provided for, and that was just at the beginning of the week. On the Friday night before the main protest, police had to turn people away that were just arriving because nobody else could fit in to what was an exhibition-ground complex already bursting at the seams. If you've been to a festival, you'll know the sanitation quickly gets out of hand... It was what it was! We were together in this and that's what mattered.

I can say a lot about the coverage from regime media. I think the most poignant moment came when a coordinated effort was made to smear us after a book fair

had to be cancelled at the grounds that we were occupying. Can you imagine!?! Here we had Australians from all around the country that had gathered to form spontaneous community where nobody went hungry or cold. We were there cooking for one another, having faced job losses, business losses, and with some of us having lost our homes. But somehow it was a cancelled book fair that the regime media wanted the public to feel outrage over! It was both pitiful and deeply sinister at the same time.

The week involved community building, planning ahead for not just the weekend's epic rally but the future of Australia, and of course partying. It was our Woodstock, our Summer of Love. In many ways it was best at the start of the week. At least in general. As more people arrived, things became a little less personable, a little more fractured and a little bit messier. All things considered, though, we managed exceptionally well and it was inspiring until the day I left.

I spent some of my time going for runs with my newly-cherished Aussie flag and I did so within the massive grounds. People starting calling me Forrest Gump, I guess because I always ran and I had a beard. I loved it! My runs would sometimes take me outside the grounds and I would wave the flag proudly, running along the public roads with people honking their support. It honestly felt like we were making the last stand for Australia. Maybe we were just romantic fools, but that's really how it felt.

The night before the main rally, we were unbelievably excited. It was probably the tightest we'd been. Like with any movement there were fractures, divisions and wild egos. These would some-



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times frustrate me. But as human beings, we do our best to manage differences within communities and the night before the main rally the atmosphere was just electric. I couldn't believe I was there. Huge hordes of last-minute vehicles arrived from different parts of the country during most of that Friday, too. We gathered along the driveways to cheer on every new arrival. And then we danced, drummed and sang into the night. And we woke up feeling like warriors.

Walking in the midst of the main rally the following day, it's difficult to describe what I felt. I could have collapsed under the sheer weight of the energy of all those people. It felt like a literal ocean, except it was an ocean of human bodies. Everywhere I looked, fighting Aussies and Aussie families from all walks of life and backgrounds covered my vision. As we crossed over the Molonglo River, I realised I was a part of history and I took a moment to take it all in. I looked around. I saw some familiar faces I had recently met. I felt the energy pour through my body and felt the moment in time rest on all of us as we made our voices felt and carried onwards. So many of us had been through so much but here we mattered and here we made a difference. I closed my eyes and thought of the convoy over to Canberra, of the week at Freedom Camp, of 48 hours prior when I had volunteered all day and night at the communal kitchen and never felt wealthier even though I was paid nothing.

I had been to Australian Rules Football games during my life within packed 50,000-capacity stadiums and I felt like we had eclipsed that ten-fold. So I figured there were 500,000 souls there. I could have been wrong. However,

it certainly numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

Looking back, it's difficult to put a quantitative and even qualitative figure on what the week and final rally meant in terms of the direction of contemporary Australian politics. Same goes with what the Canadian convoys, and the others it inspired around the world, have meant. Those responsible for lockdowns and vaccine mandates need to be brought to justice for negligence, malpractice and tyrannical conduct. Lives have been destroyed and undermined, and the quality of life for our next generation has been seriously compromised. But we haven't seen those responsible brought to justice. However, I can confidently say that, even if indirectly, Canberra led to a culture shift in Australia. This despite the poor coverage. Even panel members on a national and mainstream weekly football show sheepishly put forward their concerns about boosters recently. But most interestingly and I think most apparently, the convoys around the world ran roughly parallel to when we started to see a significant and global bureaucratic directional change from greater enforcement to the rescinding of mandates. Of course regimes are putting this down to high vaccine uptake and other convenient yet weak narratives. But it was only just prior to the worldwide freedom convoys that we were being threatened with regular vaccinations for years to come.

Canberra certainly sent some shockwaves through the Australian establishment. It was no surprise to see our regime media (Channel 9, the Australian Broadcasting Corporation etc.) be dishonest about the numbers at the final rally. That's to be expected. But here's what was fascinating:

Australian Federal Police Commissioner Reece Kershaw tried to claim the final rally numbers were no more than 10,000 people. This was obviously a complete and utter lie. So why say it? I think this can be explained as the administration having become at least somewhat terrified for themselves after having witnessed Canberra pumping with so many hundreds of thousands of livid Australians.

So let's see what happens next. It was with pride that I was a part of Australia's Freedom Camp and the final, epic rally in our nation's capital. There's no doubt that events in Canberra, Canada and elsewhere in the world marked the beginning of a shift. But young adult men continue to experience myocarditis at several times the background rate following a second shot of the vaccine. A study by Subramaniam and Kumar in the European Journal of Epidemiology has shown that increases in Covid-19 infections are unrelated to levels of vaccination, with their study spanning 68 countries. U.S. Department of Defence whistle-blowers have warned that neurological issues are up by 1000% in their vax-mandated ranks as compared to the five year average. Johns Hopkins meta-analysis has concluded that lockdowns have had little public health benefits compared to the enormous economic and social costs. Recent court-ordered Pfizer documents show that the company was aware of horrific side-effects at the same time as we were being assured the vaccines are safe.

Whatever happens, we can't lose sight of the fact that each individual must be given the opportunity to be responsible for their own healthcare. But this is just the beginning. I want my Australia back: all of it. ■

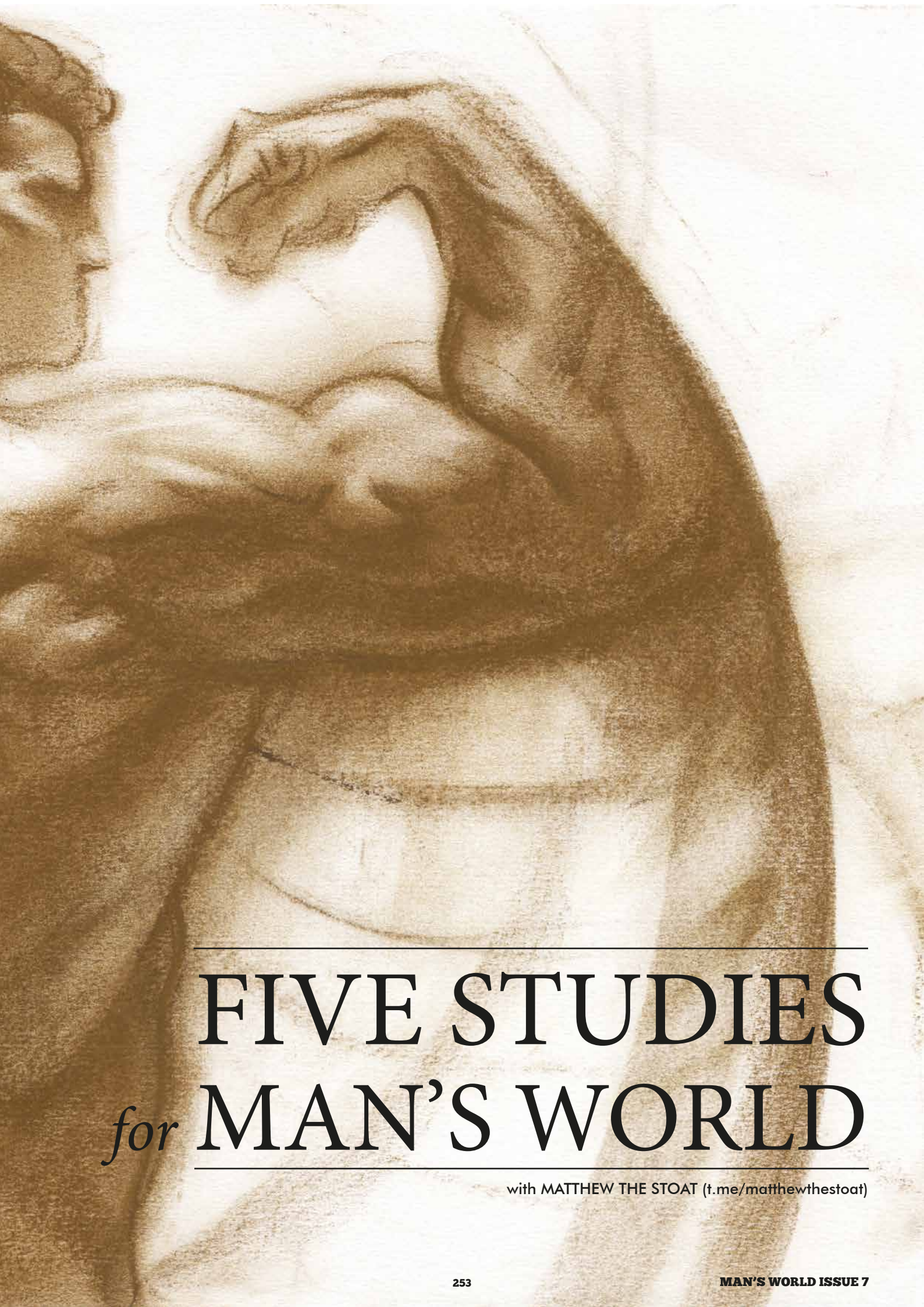
Darren Beattie / Alex Sheppard / Joe Kent /
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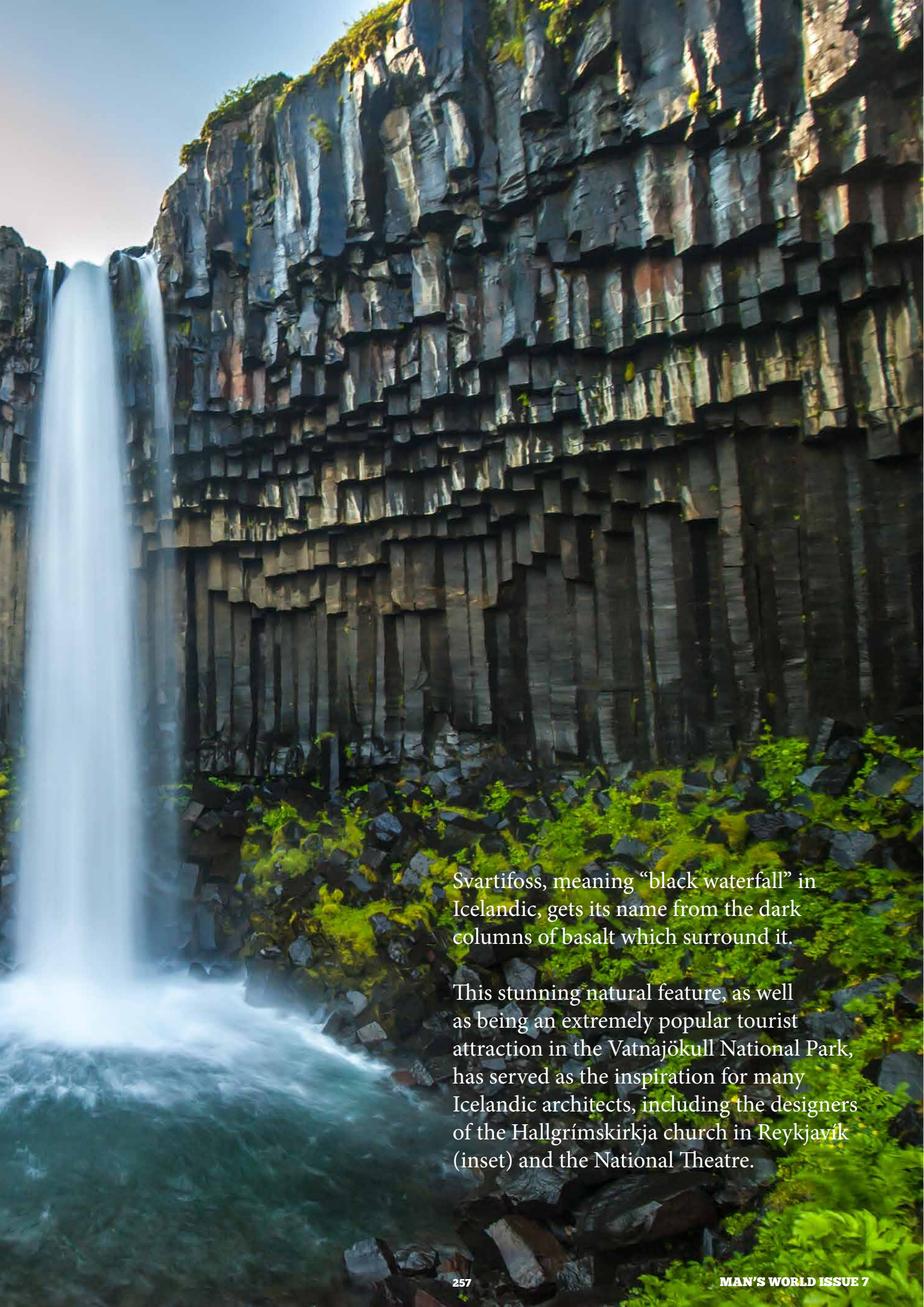




MW EXPLORE!

*Svartifoss waterfall, Skaftafell,
Iceland*





Svartifoss, meaning “black waterfall” in Icelandic, gets its name from the dark columns of basalt which surround it.

This stunning natural feature, as well as being an extremely popular tourist attraction in the Vatnajökull National Park, has served as the inspiration for many Icelandic architects, including the designers of the Hallgrímskirkja church in Reykjavík (inset) and the National Theatre.

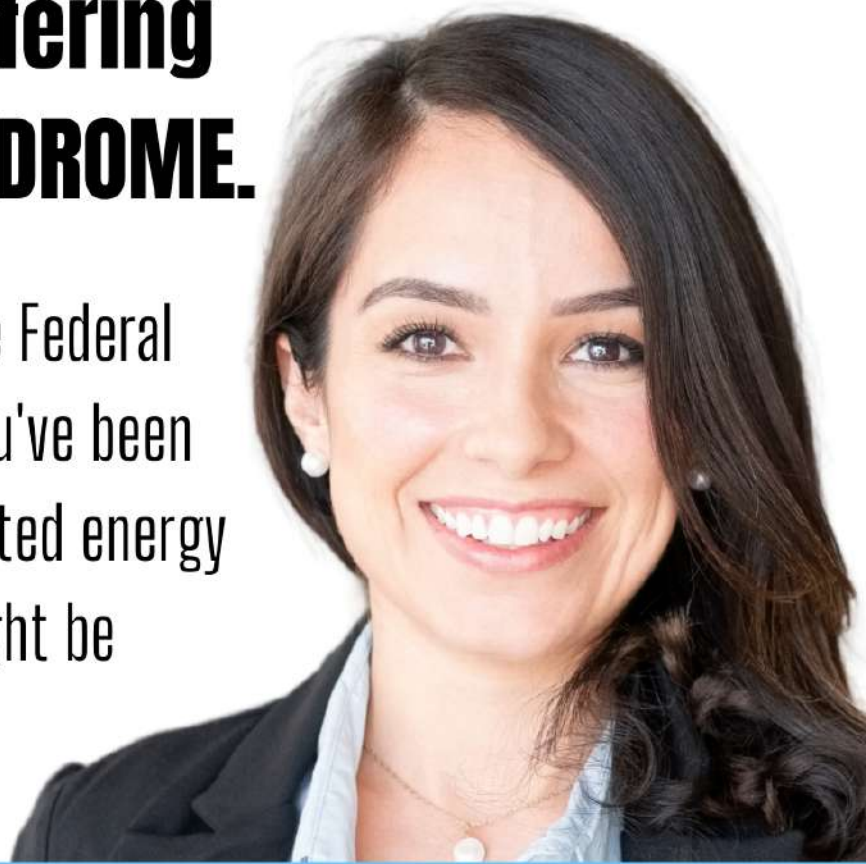




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THE SCULPTURE OF DEMOSTHENES

A SHORT STORY BY
MICHAEL POWELL



Demosthenes entered the workshop with two trusted associates to assess how Polyeuktos was progressing with the herm. Polyeuktos had expected him and made suitable adjustments to the studio, aiming for a balance between the order and chaos inherent in his profession. He had placed the finished sculpture in the centre of the room, pride of place, and surrounded it with pale dust and loose stone chippings that would otherwise have been discarded. In his left hand he held a tool that he had elected to coat with the same dust, so as to convey a sense of recency. And by local artisans he had been made well aware of the statesman's litotic disposition and prepared for that, emotionally, too.

"Not bad at all."

"Thank you, sir."

And indeed the work did warrant praise. All fine-grained white Parian marble, six feet from base to summit, the result of three weeks of slow and fastidious carving with aged, enduring hands. A good nine-tenths of the piece retained the original stark quadrangular form of the block itself, save for the statesman's head and neck, both of which were assuredly chiselled and led to a slanting arch of shoulder and chest that would announce the top of the sculpture, and – as was customary – the subject's genitalia islanded in the centre of the block, not ithyphallic as with many showier pieces but restrained and indifferent, seemingly conforming to the low temperatures of the workshop. He had done well to capture Demosthenes' likeness, the renowned dark caustic gaze framed by an otherwise neutral countenance. And Polyeuktos found himself admiring the finer details of the hair

on the upper reaches of this latest masterwork, regarding it now as if it was the work of another sculptor, noting how the follicles weaved and intertwined obliquely only to then align themselves with the serpentine stretches of the beard. The sculpture's apotropaic properties were obvious to all, and Polyeuktos could not help but smile and exchange a slight bow for the acclaim offered by the statesman. Much was on the line. He placed the tool on a workbench and awaited further commendation.

Several long seconds passed.

"But do you think you could make the lower section a little more prominent?"

Polyeuktos was perplexed and looked again at the sculpture, glanced back at the statesman, and then awkwardly cambered around the room in an effort to see the aforementioned section with new eyes. Prominent? He walked back to face Demosthenes, whose assistants mirrored the seriousness of their employer.

"You're not content with the size, sir?"

"No, no. The size is good. It's most precise. Aesthetically, too, down to the very... each individual... well... in fact, actually, how *did* you—"

The assistants interrupted in unison, one angling his right hand to navel height and wagging his index finger, ostensibly to dissuade the statesman from advancing this line of questioning, and the other taking a reproachful step forward while contriving a cough into a clenched fist. Demosthenes paused for a moment and concurred.

"No. As I say, my issue is with the *prominence*. I enter the room and my eyes are first drawn to the head, then downward, and then back almost immediately to the head. And when I try to consider the whole piece my eyes are still drawn to the head."



He had done well to capture Demosthenes' likeness, the renowned dark caustic gaze framed by an otherwise neutral countenance

"Well... that's natural, sir. It's eye level, after all. And, if I may be so bold, it's a most noble head. A true statesman's expression. Proud, astute, honourable... very astute, and most proud, and—"

"And therein lies the problem."

Polyeuktos compared the expression of the sculpture with that of its subject, as he had done so frequently in recent weeks. He could see no issue with either the accuracy of representation or the expression itself. It was a good representation, a good expression. He touched his own face, contorting it in imitation, creasing his forehead and downturning the corners of

his mouth – his lips now protracted and thin, the upper concealed entirely – and ensuring no stray facial hair belied the fleeting nobility of this new facade. He had sculpted an excellent representation. Perhaps this was a test, some form of trial, a rite of passage. But why now, after so many decades? He worried that perhaps he had failed to understand the commission. Miscommunication? A flaw in Athenian bureaucracy? Or perhaps it was a joke. A cruel joke, no doubt, given the severity of the circumstances. Defeated, he turned to Demosthenes for additional comment.

“Remove your hands from your face, sculptor.” The tone was now more distant, more consciously hierarchical. “*Eye level*. That’s the problem, not the expression. I couldn’t give a damn about the expression. It’s the other part that’s the problem.”

“The... genitals, sir?”

Demosthenes winced. “There are *women* nearby, Polyeuktos. Watch your tongue.” Polyeuktos solemnly nodded and scanned the scene to witness a complete absence of women. There was a preliminary cast of Demeter in the corner, however, and he used that as inspiration to forge the appropriate reaction. He lowered his head. “Apologies, sir.”

“But yes. The genitals – as you so *bluntly* call them – need to be more prominent. How do we achieve that? More to the point, how do *you* achieve that? And how do you achieve that by the end of the week, say? Or by the end of tomorrow?”

The assistants were staring at the withering sculptor, flanking the statesman like birds in formation.

“I could...” He fumbled for ideas. Pressure was building. One’s livelihood depended on moments like this, though never exactly

like this. “Invert the whole thing, I suppose. Turn it upside down, so the head was at the bottom end and the other section at eye level. And you can decide whether or not the head goes upright, to keep it better recognisable, or turn it... topside-downward too, in line with the new... new aesthetic of the new design, the sculpture, so it would be the other way. Around, you see.” Every sentence was bedrocked by uncertain stutterings and unorthodox collocations, and several disparate hand gestures amalgamated into one. And all of this in front of the famed orator. His wife and children must never know. And he was acutely aware that this wayward explanation may soon ruin them all.

“Or, *sculptor*...” – there was escalating hostility being packed into this word – “we could forego the head entirely, couldn’t we. Minimise distractions.”

“So just... the lower section, sir?”

“Two of them. One on top of the other. One higher, at eye level, and one lower. But each the same.”

Polyeuktos visualised such a thing. The traditional herm – and he had created over fifty in his lifetime, since his days as an apprentice – featured both the head and genitalia, perhaps with jewellery or headwear or other adornments accompanying the former, but always with a head and always with genitalia. The head made the sculpture recognisable, a symbol that should simultaneously lack emotion and convey central facets of character. The genitalia, placed in relation to the head as they would be on the skin-and-blood subject, represented the fertile masculinity of that individual, as one would expect. But here, with no head, there would be no individual whose fertility could be represented. A lone phallus. No, thought Polyeuktos, two lone phalli, lone in spirit

due to their distance from one another, like twin brothers sundered at birth, but still very much a corporeal pair. Four testes, then, too. If you were to map the testes, Polyeuktos realised, you would see a parallelogram an inch or so in width but three and a half feet tall, separated by an unmarked vertical plain of the best marble the city had to offer. But this would intrigue no cartographer. Consider, also, the veritable explosion of expertly-carved pubic hair required, so tricky to perfect.

The situation was precarious and any outright rejection of Demosthenes’ proposal was unthinkable. A different strategy was called for, a discussion or distraction or at the very least a question, a lure to tempt him away from such a break from tradition. An appeal to the statesman’s honour seemed astute.

“But, sir, how will people know it’s yours?”

“They will know.”

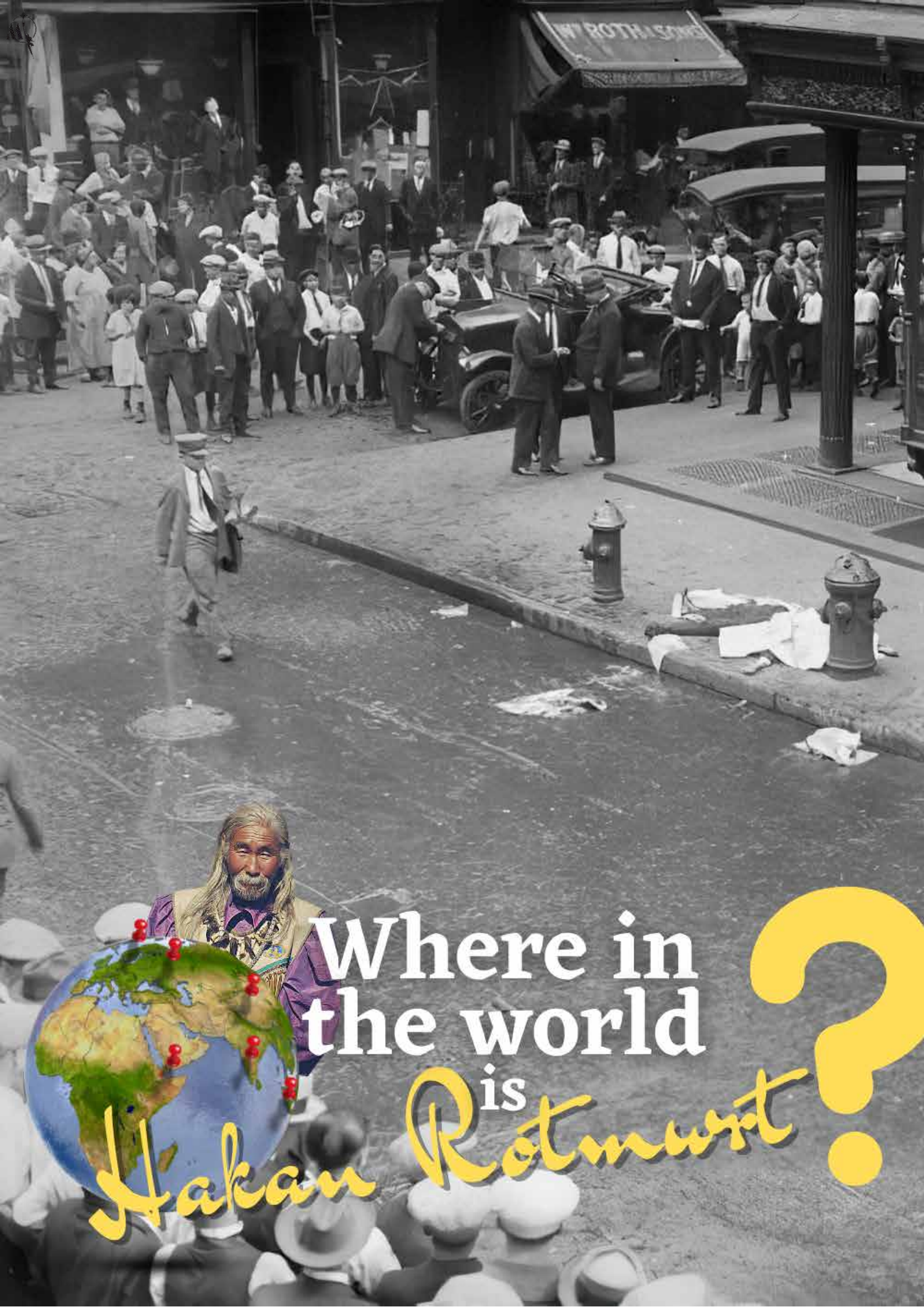
The assistants nodded, wordless, and with that the conversation had been concluded. A quiet had settled within the confines of the workshop and the walls were now more monumental than their architectural reality and also closer and heavier, and the room by extension more claustrophobic. Polyeuktos wiped the crevices of his palms on his cloak and swallowed as much of the tension as he could.

“So, sculptor, you can and *will* do that, I expect.”

“Certainly I can and will do that, sir.”

And later that afternoon he started the work, carving a scrotal sack from the statesman’s beard and fashioning what had originally been nasal cartilage into a shaft. ■

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Where in
the world

is

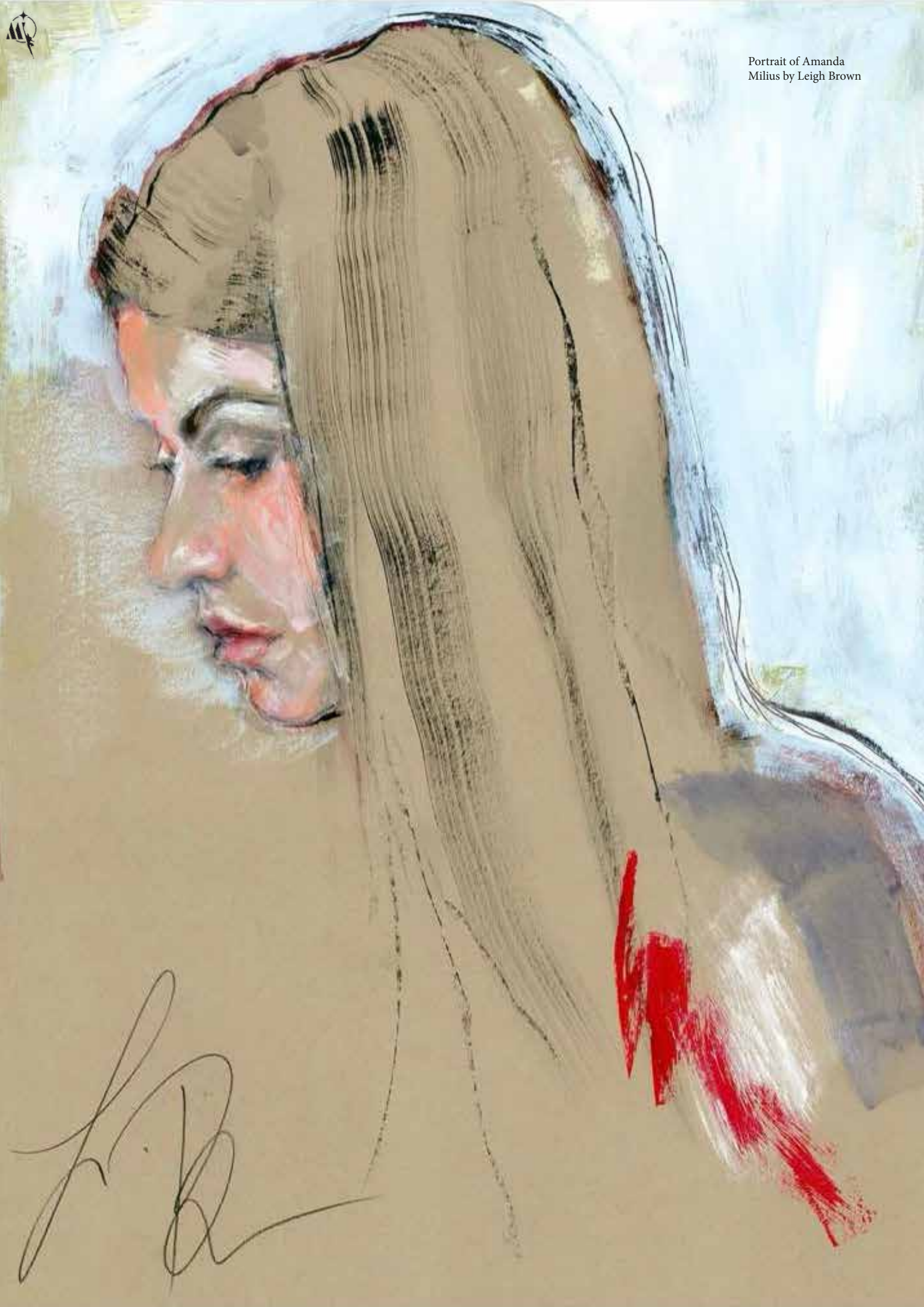
Hakan Retmurt





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Portrait of Amanda
Milius by Leigh Brown

Leigh Brown

W

NOOR BIN LADIN

In conversation with

AMANDA MILIUS

The MAN'S WORLD Interview:

As soon as it came out in the fall of 2020, I eagerly streamed the movie “The Plot Against the President”, based on Lee Smith’s book on the Russia Collusion hoax. While I was familiar with the Deep State’s manufactured ploy to destroy President Trump, I was blown away by the film – its clarity, its simplicity in breaking down a complex story and its ability to keep me on the edge of my seat even if the topic was known to me - all done with impeccable aesthetics.

In total, I’ve probably seen it four or five times, and I recommend it any chance I get. It is the definitive account of what is undoubtedly one of the most shocking cases of actual collusion in history, and it needs to be watched by everyone regardless of their political beliefs. For the blatant surveillance and law abuses by these weaponized governmental institutions concern not just President Trump, but every single American, as was conveyed so strongly in the film.

And its success speaks for itself – it went on to be the most watched documentary of 2020, viewed by millions across multiple platforms and in screenings across the US.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, behind the brilliant movie is the brilliant Amanda Milius, producer and director of the Plot Against the President (PATP). I don’t remember how I found out a few months later, but we ended up following each other on Twitter and I “slid” into her DMs: Amanda was one of the first guests I wanted to “call” when I initially thought of starting my podcast.

We immediately hit it off, and you’ll probably get a feel why with this interview: Amanda is a sassy class act and a straight shooter.

She is a Patriot, loyal to her country, her friends and above all, to the TRUTH, which is the very essence of what she has decided to dedicate her life.

Obviously, when REN and I talked about starting this series for MAN’S WORLD, it was a no brainer that I’d profile Amanda.

Keep on reading to find out more about what drives her, her vision, and what’s next following the massive success of the PATP.





Amanda, the first thing I want to ask you is what is your state of mind after the past year promoting PATP, how you found yourself at the epicenter which allowed you to bring this story to the screen in the first place, and how do you view your role as leader in the burgeoning conservative film industry.

Where do I start... well, on the broader level, my biggest focus right now is trying to figure out what makes me different in the conservative movement, or other filmmakers on the dissident side, and how to use that. There are other filmmakers that do this stuff, but I have this

unique position because I actually worked in politics, in the administration. I got down and dirty with all of this stuff, and put my life on the line for it, in addition to just covering it.

I think this is what makes me a little bit more emotionally able to tell the story, than your average person because they're not intimately connected to it - their friends aren't getting harassed by the FBI and the DOJ. Other filmmakers have a distance between themselves and the things that they are making movies about, whereas I'm living it, I'm talking to my friends, I'm in it with my whole life. I don't have a life outside of this movement, whatever you want to call it... because this is what I'm dedicated to, and it's by accident.

What led you on this path, and in this position?

Just because I care about the truth, I have found that God has put me in a position - this is going to sound crazy - but God has put me in a position to be lucky enough that I can work for myself,

I can create the company that I want to create, I'm not beholden to anyone or a particular financier. We have a lot of financiers but I remain in charge, I don't have to watch what I say, I don't have to be careful of who I offend, or anything like that. I can just tell the truth and that's what I've always wanted to do.

That's what's appealing to me. The moment I have to be careful about what I say or what I do, or what projects I take, because I could offend somebody who could affect my livelihood, or my life, or the livelihoods of the people who work with me - then I have failed.

I need to tell the truth as I see it, and I feel this is my mission, it's what I can do for the world...

I need to tell the truth as I see it, and I feel this is my mission, it's what I can do for the world, and it's actually my job. I need to tell the truth, and I need to use the talents that I was so lucky to learn by going to the best film school in the world (University of Southern California)... because of the luck that I had of being my dad's (John Milius's) daughter and the things that he taught me... I have these gifts, and so I have to use them, I can't just waste my life, just do whatever I want, screw around. I'm not sure how to describe it,

I feel I'm indebted to something bigger than I am, I have a debt that I owe the whole world and I have to strive to do right by it.

These are the foundational values and your motivation behind your production company, AMDC Films? Tell us about how you go about choosing your projects.

Yes, that's why this company matters to me, especially the documentary portion that we are focused on right now.

Coming back to what I just said, I feel like I owe it to somebody to do the right thing, and to tell the right stories, and to figure out what those are, and what won't - or can't - be told by anybody else.

A lot of times people tell me "oh you should make a movie about the 2020 election"...

there's a lot of reasons why I can't do that, because we don't have the information. As citizens, we don't have the investigative power of the state. I mean, that's the problem with American elections now, they're in-auditable. Until we get back to paper ballots, there won't be a way to audit elections in a meaningful way. I hate to tell it to people, but that's the bad news, nobody actually knows or can prove it.

But we have a line up of so many great topics and ideas, stories that are so important... there's so much to tell, I could tell stories for the rest of my life and never be finished.

So how I go about choosing projects... I'm having this moment right now where I'm trying to find out, if you want to get spiritual about it, what is God's intent for my life?

I needed to take some time off to figure that out, because that's where I take my direction from.

It's not about what I want to do, but what is the most important thing that I can do, for the world. It's different than what's going to make the most money, or what's the cool topic these days...

I don't listen to what anybody else is doing or saying. I don't care, all that matters is what I am focused on and what my team and I can accomplish.

I've been blessed to have an amazing group of people and friends I can work with. I said this when I was in film school, the greatest gift in life is to work with your friends and the people you love, and I'm thankful for it every day. That's the way to be happy, is to find a way to work on something that you care about with your friends - not everybody can do that, and I know that, and I am very very lucky.

Anyway, that's where my head is at right now, I'm grappling with what is my life for? I need my life to have a purpose. I think everybody does, to be happy... so yeah, I spend a lot of time thinking what is God's intention for me, it sounds crazy but I do really think about that a lot.

I think it's very relatable – I feel the same way too – and we're certainly not the only ones!

[Laughs] – We always feel the same way!

Let's be honest, not to sound like a dumb chick, but I'm been really blessed in my life.

I'm lucky that I can do the things that I want to do, but with that, I need to be conscious, and in constant contact with God to see what it is I'm supposed to be doing, what is the best that I can do.

I have the gift of being able to say things that others aren't free to say cause I don't have to answer to

anybody, and I'm going to use it!

Same goes for the gift of my education. I went to traditionally the best film school in the world, and not all people making content today in the conservative movement had this opportunity.

Being classically trained, I feel I have this responsibility to bring that information and that knowledge, even if it's just industry knowledge, if it's not high-minded, just basic shit that people don't know - that's what this company is about. I'm trying to create a factory, I don't want it to just to be me. By the end of this, I want there to be 10 "me"s:

At the moment I'm trying not to get bogged down, and instead trying to listen to what I ought to be doing...

an everlasting supply of people who are able to make high quality content that tells the stories that nobody else is able to tell. I want to give those people cover, and to be a part of helping raise the voices of my friends and people I don't even know, people who are just telling the truth, and telling good stories.

Again, it's not about me. Frankly I'm exhausted! It's really about helping advance the movement. I try my best to remember that, it's hard: you go through your day to day, and it's very easy to get caught up in

the BS, work is hard, it's hard to build your company, to explain your vision, hard to find the right people.

At the moment I'm trying not to get bogged down, and instead trying to listen to what I ought to be doing -- I haven't had a chance to do that in six years!

I went from doing film school, a 24 hour a day job, making my thesis film, touring the thesis film, running from that into the campaign, going right from the campaign into the inaugural committee, into working in the administration at State Department, which was a 24hr a day job, then I went into the White House, then back to the State Department, then the second I left the State Department I jumped right in, literally the next day, to form the company and make the movie, and then we started making the movie, and then we promoted the movie - I was travelling for a year and a half and I wasn't home for more than four days.

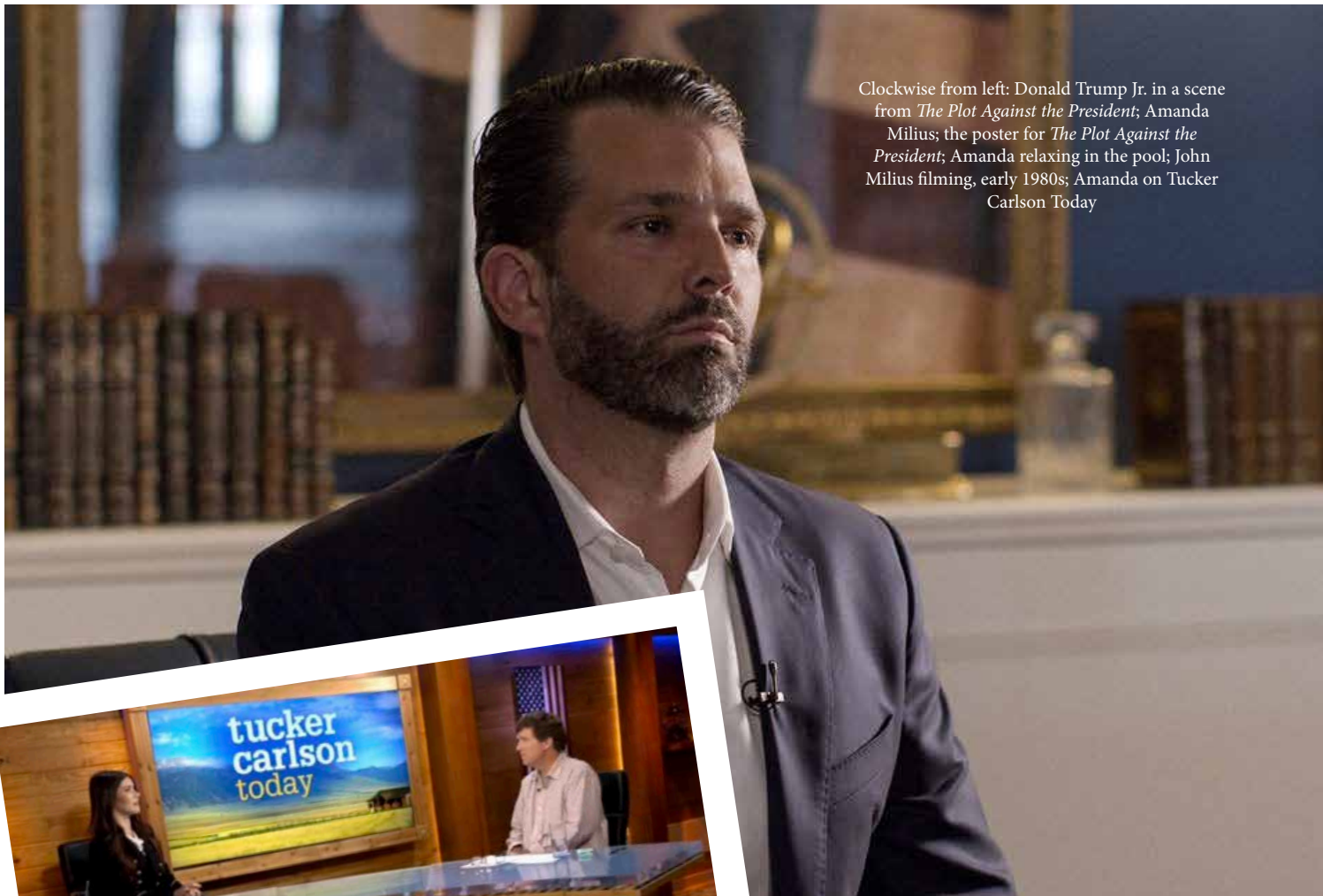
It's no question, all of a sudden it's five years later and I'm like, "I need to take a break and think about my direction".

How did taking time off make you feel, and what prompted you to decide to slow down?

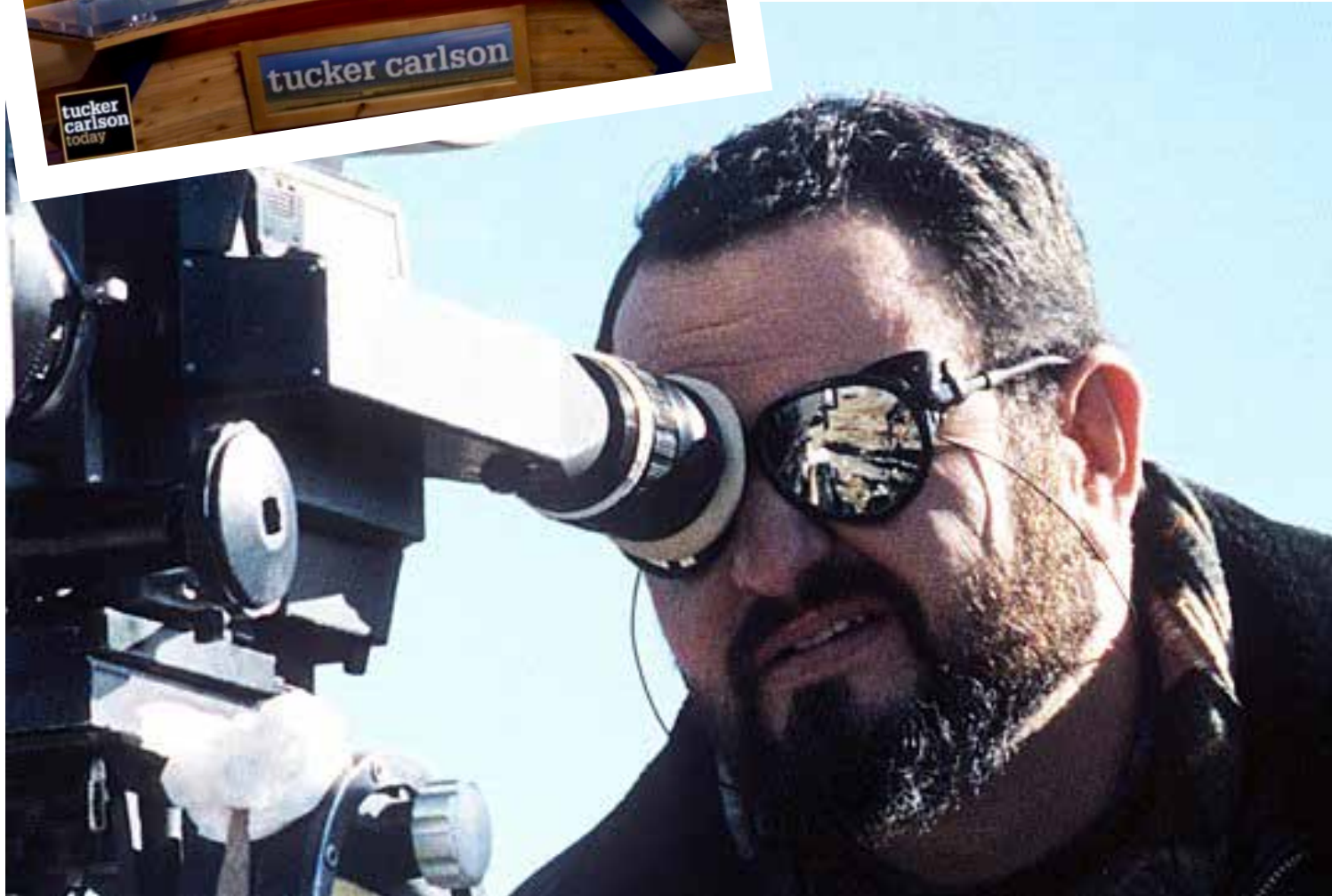
I felt really bad about doing that at first, because I thought I should be working. It took me a minute to accept I need to stop, after six years NON STOP.

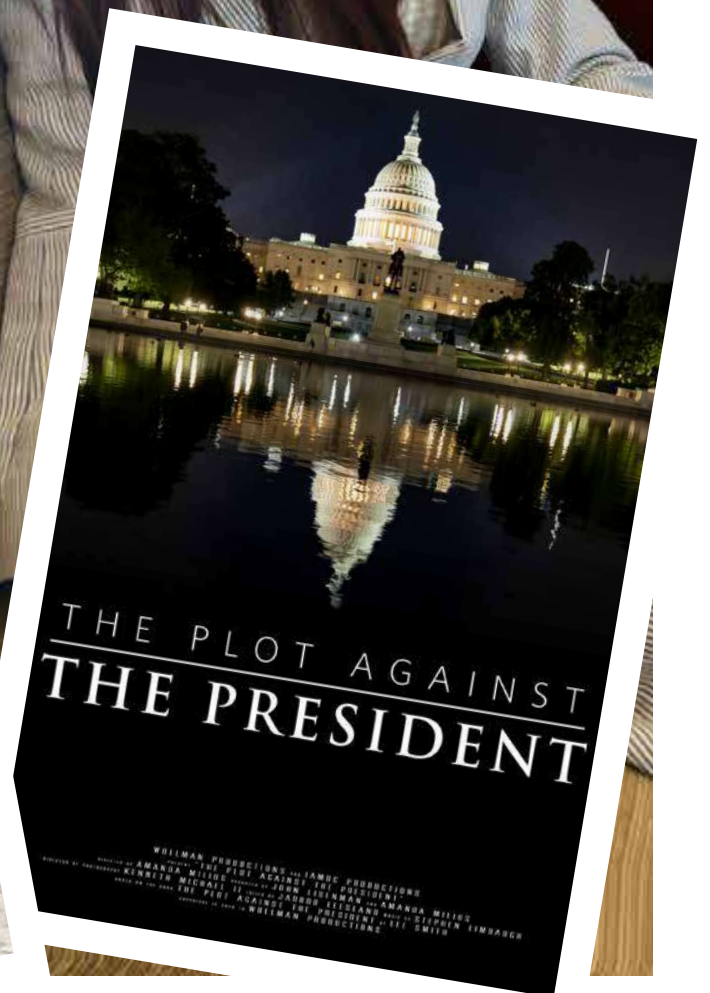
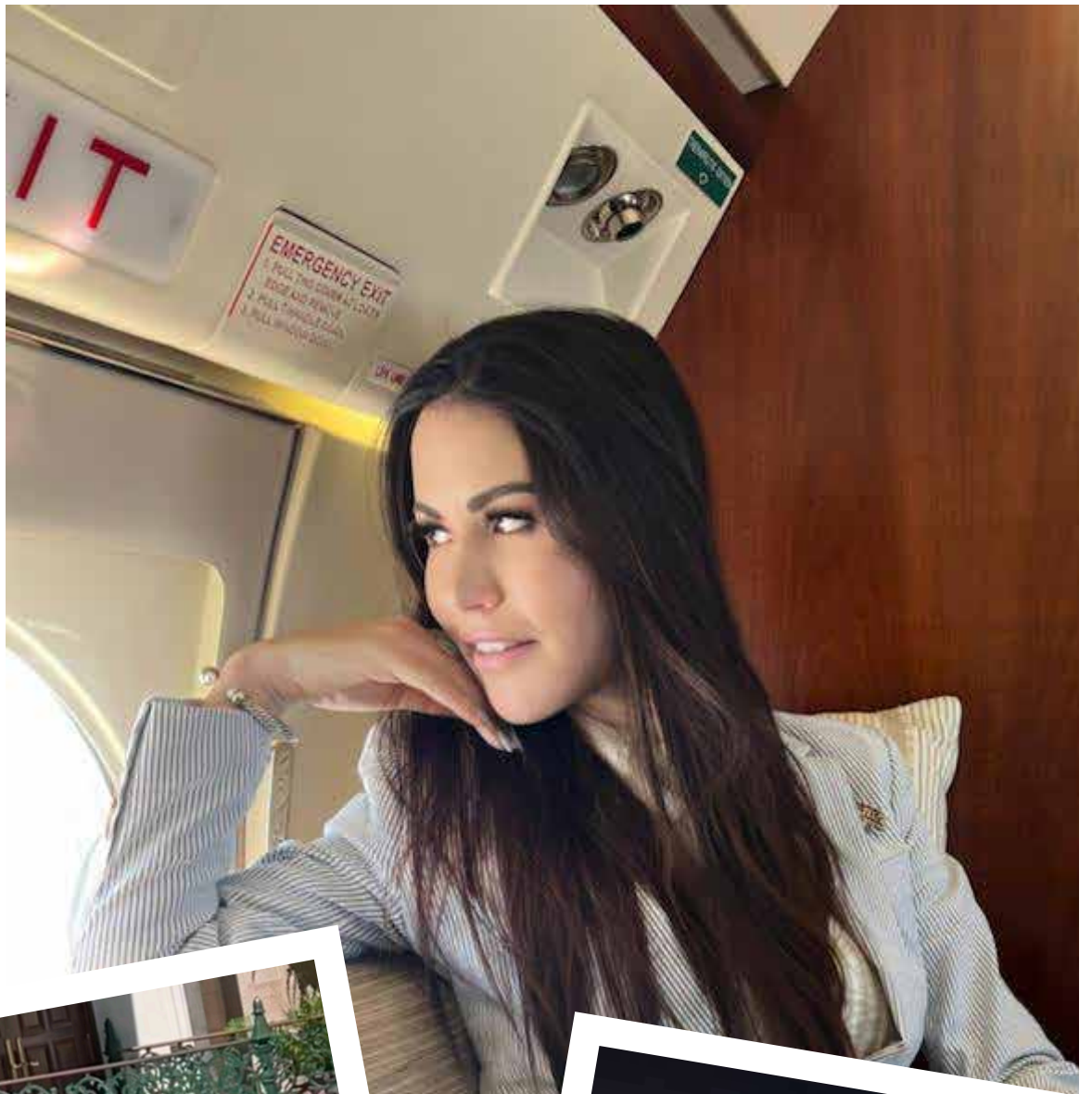
Besides taking a breather, I needed to stop and think about my next move, what is the most useful thing for me to be doing, I needed to get back in touch with God, what is the highest good that I can be doing, because that is the only way to be happy.

Because if you just try to go for



Clockwise from left: Donald Trump Jr. in a scene from *The Plot Against the President*; Amanda Milius; the poster for *The Plot Against the President*; Amanda relaxing in the pool; John Milius filming, early 1980s; Amanda on Tucker Carlson Today







financial gain only, competition with what other people are doing, you're not doing it right. I don't care, I truly want everybody to succeed, and want to support people who are taking a risk.

I'm satisfied, I'm at a very at peace place with the work that I've done so far, which allows me to trust myself and that the next thing I do is the right thing, and also, I trust the team.

The team that I've gathered around me is incredibly loyal, and there are people who have bet their livelihoods on our success, and that's a lot of responsibility, and that's something I've never had to think about before, and it's a blessing and I need to be doing the right thing, and sometimes it takes a minute to figure out what that is.

In the meantime, building the company so that it's scalable, a factory, so that it's not just about me but supports other filmmakers, provide the gifts I've been given, mainly my education and my 15 years' experience working in the film industry that people on the right just don't have – that's why so many of these stories just get buried, people put this stuff out – and I'm not blaming them – but they just don't know how to put out super polished work and also do all the behind the scenes stuff that is boring, that people don't want to deal with. I mean, there's a reason why our movie is on Amazon and others aren't.

While these corporations are actively against us, it's a good thing to use them to spread the information and reach a wider audience that needs to hear this.

Yeah, you could say it would be preferable if we weren't on Amazon, but that's what we have to deal with right now, cause that's

how we get the message out to people who are on the fence.

My focus is on getting the content in front of as many people as possible, because I believe that the content is going to stir people's hearts and minds. And so we if we have to use Amazon, iTunes, and YouTube to do it, then fine – for now.

Of course I'm in touch with other platforms, and I wholly support new up and coming distribution outlets such as Rokfin and Rumble... I'm actually having pretty exciting conversations at the moment, so stay tuned.

The team that I've gathered around me is incredibly loyal, and there are people who have bet their livelihoods on our success...

When did you know you wanted to turn Lee's book into a movie?

As soon as I saw the manuscript, I had that gut feeling. Women have a very good intuition and gut, of course men have it too, but it's quite striking with women I find, and this is one of the differences that should be celebrated between the sexes. Women and men are different creatures. I love being a female, and hate what the modern left has turned that into.

So it was pure gut I'd say.

I wasn't so analytical when I thought about it, this is how much money this is going to make and it's going to be successful and this and that, I just had an overwhelming feeling -- I could see the movie in front of me, I could see the title, I could see pieces of the movie -I could see it from the future, and I was like "I have to do this".

During the process though, there were times where I didn't want to do it, times where I was freaking out. This one time we were editing in Nashville at this really great post production facility and I remember I called one of my friends, Josh, who was the person who handed me the manuscript. He'd just texted me asking how I was doing... I was literally locked up in the bathroom freaking out, "why did I say I would do this? This is an impossible task, it is impossible to make this movie this fast!"

He told me "you're going to do it, pull yourself together, go have a cigarette, and get back in the editing room"

And he was right... I can get really overwhelmed in my head, a lot of times people have to tell me – go outside, have a cigarette and get back to work. Not to encourage people to smoke, but for me it tends to work...!

Well, we're glad that you smoked that cigarette, pulled through it and gave PATP to the world!

The craziest thing – I mean, it's not like the PATP is like the fucking Godfather or something – but when I watched it for the first time all at once, I thought, I didn't make that movie,

something else took over, my brain and my hands, and that of the editors, and that of everybody else who worked on it, and I

thought... I don't even know how this happened, this is fucking perfect, this is the perfect movie, and I don't truly believe I had anything to do with it.

I mean I directed it, I was involved in every single decision like down to the last T of the freaking font, but seeing it all together was something that came through me, it was not mine.

I don't know how to describe it, it was as though, this is the message that must be delivered.

It transpires each time I've watched it, which is quite a few times now!

Me too! It's the only piece of content I've ever made that I don't get that embarrassed feeling, because obviously when you're a kid, as I'd call myself when I was in grad school, but you make content, I have a very hard time watching my own work – I actually watch that movie sometimes, and I'm like – 'this is fucking good!'

And you know, not to go on about like your one project you did two years ago and you're still talking about it, but it was something that was really special happened there. That's why I'm taking my time to allow for that to happen again. Lightning doesn't strike every day, sometimes you have to build it, set up the infrastructure for it, and then magic happens.

Everyone that participated in this company understands, that this is almost like divine intervention...

this is how and what we're doing, and it's worked so far, so we're going to keep going until it doesn't work.

As a leader in the dissident movie space, who are the other

directors whose work you find compelling?

I mean, there are quite a few film makers on the dissident right, frankly, that have been making great films, for example Lauren Southern, Alex Moyer, Scooter Downey, Jon Dutoit, and even people as big as Alex Jones and Tucker Carlson... plenty of people who have been making these types of movies for longer than I have, even as I had been working in the mainstream film industry, these people have been doing it on their own, and these are the kind of people that I want to join forces

We need to create our own entire everything, a whole ecosystem, and that's exciting!

with, that I want to amplify and help.

We've got a cool group in this movement with people who aren't competitive but rather lift each other up, and who focus solely on bringing the truth forward - which is very encouraging in these times of chaos.

We all have such formidable enemies, who needs enemies on our own side? I try not to criticize, sometimes I can get a little bit... not in my higher self on Twitter,

when I see things that piss me off, just like... I don't like people that are fake, or are taking advantage of good people, I just don't like stuff like that. And I feel it's my job, because I don't work for anybody so I can say whatever I want, to sometimes get a little bit spicy against people who are hypocritical, grifting on the America First movement or just plain ridiculous.

I think for those of us who are working towards the same goal, it's really important that we stick together and help each other out according to our abilities.

I'm repeating myself here, but I want to provide my know-how to others, which is the back stuff that's not interesting to people such as the legal, insurance, strategy, PR, all these little things, those are my gifts, I can do that for people and show them how.

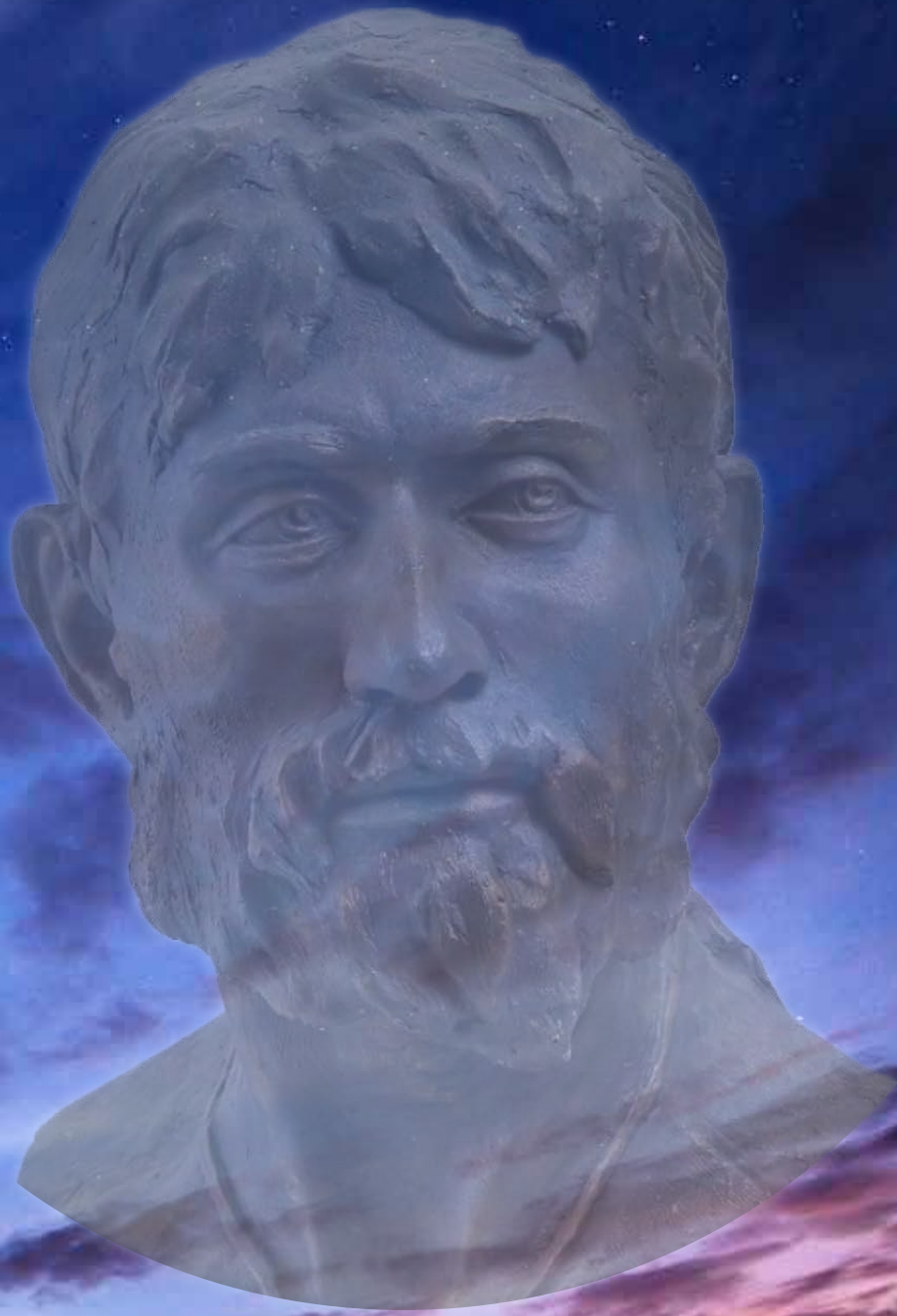
So that's my hope, where I can get to that point where I can really help folks and make this a competitive industry, because that's what it has to be – one company is not an industry, I want all these individuals and companies to succeed. It's an entire industry that needs to flourish, and that's how we get this content out. This is what's so great about the magazine and what REN's doing, and others in the culture dissident world such as IM 1776, that's taking off. That's what we need because we also need a world of criticism, we need a world of analysis, and announcing cool new people, and giving insights to all the new projects cropping up.

We need to create our own entire everything, a whole ecosystem, and that's exciting! Everything is on the table. As we said last time we talked on the phone, how excited are we, that we get to re-create the world, in

“EARLY EUROPEAN FARMERS could be here,” he thought.

“I’ve never been in this neighbourhood before. There could be EARLY EUROPEAN FARMERS anywhere.” The cool wind felt good against his bare chest. “I hate EARLY EUROPEAN FARMERS,” he thought. Deep throat singing began to reverberate through his whole body, making it pulsate even as the honey wine circulated through his powerful thick veins and washed away his (merited) fear of agriculturalists after dark. “With a horse, you can go anywhere you want,” he said to himself, out loud.







our own image? That's fun, it's going to be cool, it's going to be a lifelong journey. It's not just today, tomorrow, this is for our lives – this is what we're doing.

On the individual level, we each have to ask ourselves: what can I contribute, what is my job, what am I supposed to bring to this table? I believe God has a decision for everyone, and if you listen, you'll hear it. And that's what you need to do, because that's what equals happiness, and success, and doing something worthwhile...

This echoes one our common heroes' message, General Flynn, as laid out in his book, "A Letter to America." Everyone needs to look where they are in their lives, and find out how they can participate in reclaiming their country, their lives and their freedom.

Yes, absolutely. And we mustn't get discouraged. If you just listen, there's a place for everybody, and everyone has a role to play, whether that's local, content, news, being a whistleblower... there are so many things, if people are quiet and listen, they'll know what they're called for, and the time to do it is now. The stakes couldn't be higher.

Coming back to future projects at AMDC Films, tell us how you came about acquiring the rights to Mark Eglinton's book, "No Domain: the John McAfee Tapes" (see Man's World Issue 6 for my interview with Mark).

The McAfee story is truly bigger than anything else as of yet that we have taken on, because it is unfolding before us – remember we just passed the one-year anniversary of his death, and his

body still hasn't been produced to his family, no photographs, nothing. Again, it was purely a gut feeling, and it absolutely ties into the theme of my company, to tell the truth and "thrive in the chaos", which is what we find ourselves in. I believe that McAfee would have agreed with that sentiment. I just feel really bad for his family, who are obviously struggling, and who deserve to know what actually happened... clearly there is something awry and very questionable about the situation to say the least - I'm not going to give away too much about what I believe, cause I think that's

Watching my dad definitely informed how I go about making movies in terms of the process and commitment to quality, and the time it takes.

evolving and I think that will come across, but I will say that, again, I think it was a great line up of people, and I think there's a reason why McAfee chose Mark, to have these final interviews which he didn't even know were going to be his final interviews, and then there is a reason Mark trusted me and I hope to live up to that. It was Bannon's idea that Mark and I work together, when we both appeared on the show last year. My job is to live up to all of those men's trust in me and so that's a heavy load but I'm up for it and

it takes a minute, but we're going to get there we want to make sure the movie has as many options as possible to be as big as possible.

We weren't really ready to start optioning new material yet, because we were still building this scalable company which I know it's hard for some people to understand. When I run into people they're like "when's your next movie coming out?!" they don't realize that it takes time to build an industry piece, as opposed to just churning out movies one after another for profit.

I want to create something that stands the test of time, so it takes longer than people are used to... because most folks haven't worked in the film industry as long as I have. We actually move at lightning speed but compared to other industries it seems slow, people are like "where's the movie, we want to see it right now!"

This is something I hope to pass onto people, this is the proper way to do something and for it to live forever and it's not just a video that you like put out on a random website and then it disappears. This is how you make something real that is like a time capsule that cannot be denied. That's our goal at AMDC Films.

How was your vision of how a movie should be made influenced by both your father and your time at USC?

Watching my dad definitely informed how I go about making movies in terms of the process and commitment to quality, and the time it takes.

Other directors' children have had the same experience, for example, take Sofia Coppola. When she was a kid, she was asked, "what does your father work on, what's his job?" she

replied,

“He works on the Godfather” that was her answer, because throughout her whole childhood, her whole life/consciousness up to that point, that’s what he was working on. Tarantino has made 10 movies in his entire life. We’re talking about the best of the best here.

Regarding my time at USC, learning how to make an independent and a studio film, and all different types of films, but also in my time working at independent film companies, I learned firsthand that even the fastest ones, they take time. It’s not the same thing as putting together clips and posting it on Youtube. There’s also a seriousness to these topics that they deserve the time.

Sometimes it gets stressful, I want to get whatever I’m working on out now! I’m a very impatient person, but at the same time everything needs to be done perfectly because we’re “the right” - if we make any mistake, our credibility is out the door. Everybody else can make mistakes but us, we cannot afford to make mistakes. All I have going for me is my credibility based on my last piece of work, so I have to be careful about that.

This is something your dad commented on 30 years ago. From Wikipedia: “In 1992, Milius claimed that he was blacklisted for his conservative beliefs in liberal Hollywood, saying that his flops were not as forgiven as those from more leftist directors. ‘It weighs ten times heavier against me’, he said. ‘If you don’t share the politically correct vision, then you are an outlaw, you are hunted and there is a price on your head, and if they catch you they will hang you.’” Nothing has

changed...

Hasn’t changed at all... this is why I have to be careful about the projects that I choose, and one of the reasons I have to take the time to make them airtight. Our credibility is everything, and we have no room for mistakes. They’ll jump on every single chance they get to delegitimize the message and take us down.

As an industry insider, tell us about the closeted conservatives you’ve encountered in the film industry.

...there’s a reason why China took over Hollywood before any other industry, because that’s the way to hearts and minds...

Well, there are two categories. On one hand, I’m not going to blame the people that want to work with us and want to use a fake name because they need to work again. Sadly, we are in a reality where they might not get hired if somebody’s choosing who to hire and they see that they worked on PATP, or they worked on this or that with this particular company they don’t like. These people have families to feed, until we change that culture, I don’t begrudge them at all for thinking about their families, that’s their number one job. If that’s what we

have to do to get by for right now then that’s fine.

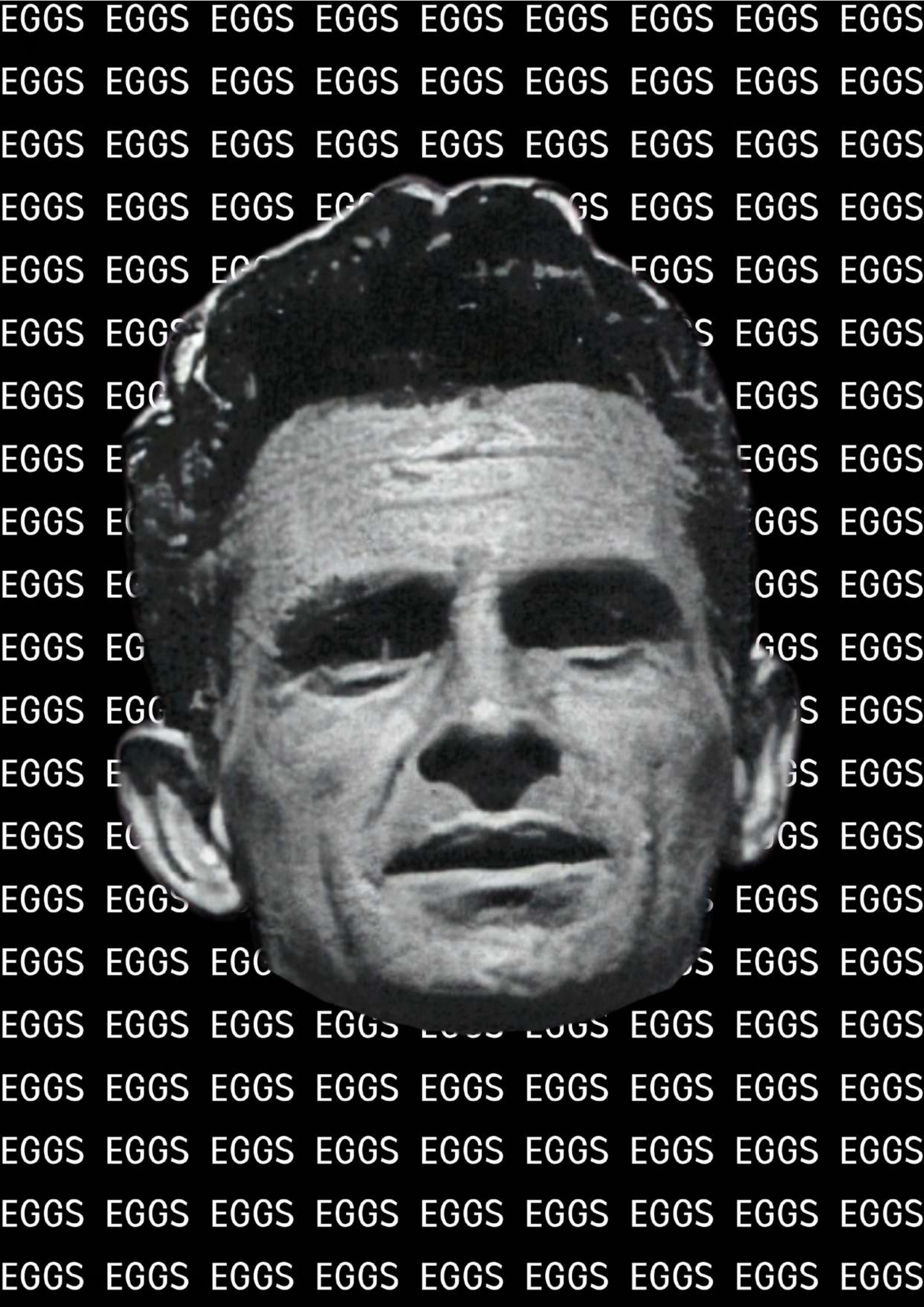
On the other, I do think it’s ridiculous when people who are of uncancellable status whine about cancel culture but then don’t do anything about it, like promote dissident voices and throw their support behind things they actually support, I think that’s their job now, I think it’s time. Well, it’s well overdue actually.

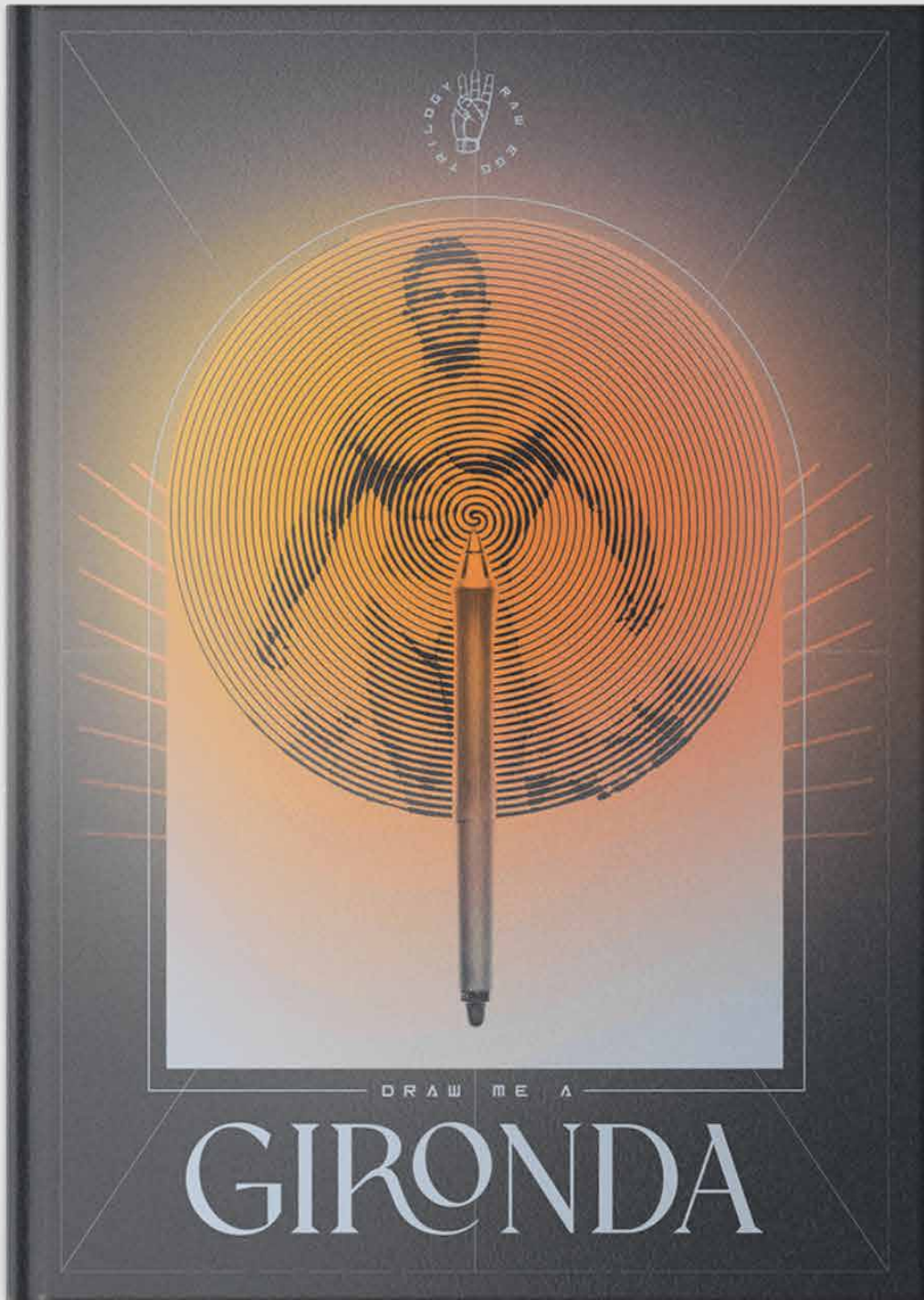
One topic I’m very interested in is propaganda in Hollywood, and how the industry has been weaponized to shape and control the beliefs of the population. What’s your take on the relationship between governmental agencies/departments and the entertainment industry?

I mean, there’s a reason why China took over Hollywood before any other industry, because that’s the way to hearts and minds, and the fastest way to destroy America is to put out a bunch of movies emphasizing how horrible and racist and terrible and sexist and all this other stuff that America is when it’s not – and that’s how you destroy a culture faster than anything and you can take that all the way back to the Iliad, the Odyssey and other stories... myths that cultures perpetuate about themselves are what the people believe.

It has worked magnificently - we have spent the last two decades at least, telling our own population and every other global one, that we are the worst country in the planet, and it shouldn’t be that big of a surprise that a lot of people believe that.

That’s why it’s important that we build this industry and that we continue to grow and get our voice out there, that we get this





*New and improved Draw Me a Gironda,
available now from Amazon and the Rogue
Scholar Book Store*



pro America, pro-nationalist voice out there is essential to reversing all this shit. Nobody else is going to do it if we don't, and it is also about time!

China has certainly played a key role in steering content in more recent years, but this was already going on way before, from within the US.

Absolutely, it's been going on for a long time, incrementally, but it's hard to trace it back to when it turned "bad"... because our institutions weren't as bad... there was a time where the DOD used to actually be about America's defense, and I'm cool with that. Now it's about destroying the United States primarily, and doing a bit of side cash-out to Raytheon and Boeing.

Hollywood has always had a very very tight relationship with the CIA and DOD, and I don't think this is a secret or a surprise to anybody. I think it's about the institutions themselves, and that goes hand in hand with the institution of Hollywood. They're talking to each other, they understand each other, these things have grown up at the same time, we're talking about the same generation of bad guys if you will, cooperating with each other.

They're in lockstep, and have been since the first half of the 20th century I'd reckon... This brings me to the recent release of "Top Gun: Maverick". I haven't seen it - and probably won't actually, I'd rather watch PATP again, lol - what do you make of all the fuss around it?

I find it ridiculous how the right gets so excited when there's one movie that doesn't completely trash the United States - "this is

conservative film coming back!" Guys, it's one movie, relax.

That being said, I enjoyed it because I loved the original Top Gun, and I do enjoy big dumb blockbusters, airplane movies, fighter jets... I think all this shit is really fucking cool and I love watching it. Hollywood is really good at making spectacular effects, so I had a good time.

And it wasn't in your face with the woke-ism. Perhaps they learned their lesson, but I'll remind you that the same phenomenon happened with American Sniper, and nothing changed.

So I'm not going to hold my breath on that. Cause they'll just do one of these every fucking five years to make us happy, just to recoup their domestic costs occasionally, but then continue putting out all the woke bullshit most of the time.

Anyway, I'm not losing my mind over it, there aren't any singular lines that stand out to me, I really can't remember a single line from the movie, just a couple of cool scenes... it's basically fun to watch and not offensive... it's not like the greatest movie ever made, it's not even the greatest Tom Cruise movie ever.

I came across the contract between the DOD and Paramount Pictures online for Top Gun: Maverick, stipulating the DOD had extensive oversight on the script, plot changes and even casting. Coming back to the relationship between the government and Hollywood, and this movie specifically, it really reeks of propaganda to get people to enlist - for another upcoming forever war perhaps...

So, my dad was obsessed with the military, specifically

the General McArthur era of the military, and I mean, the body of his work speaks for itself. His movies were so pro America, people were like "fuck yeah I want to enlist!" after watching them.

We must never lose sight that the people who enlist really love America, and it's the top brass that is completely corrupted. And there ends up being a disillusion when they get there, because it wasn't what they were promised. Look at guys like Joe Kent, he believed in America, and it doesn't mean he was wrong - it means the top brass and our institutions are corrupt, evil.

But that instinct Patriots have to go and defend your country is still something that is really important and I really respect.

Agreed, which is what makes it even more reprehensible: this top brass and those above them, are using honest Americans' patriotism to their own detriment, and the detriment of American society, of the nation on the world stage even, not to mention other countries...

Yes, it's complex, it's not easy, and really fucked up. What they've done to the best people in our country who were willing to lay down their lives for a country that they love... it's awfully hard to grapple with and very sad.

Our mutual favorite, Darren J. Beattie (of Revolver.news), wryly and perfectly makes the case in his tweets and articles that tragically, these Patriots are laying down their lives for Raytheon and Lockheed Martin.

Darren's not wrong, Darren's not wrong about a lot ok - Darren's pretty much right about

everything he says!

But I'm of two minds, and we can't generalize, it's just so complex. Just like in the intel community, you have people that are fucking pissed off like the rest of us. However, they are few and far between.

Yes, there are factions within all these institutions, and that also means good guys who are trying to re-infiltrate an infested agency or branch of the government...

And they are truly heroic, and up against an impossible task...

Listen, coming back to that relationship between the government and Hollywood, we now know they've been doing that since WWII. Entertainment has consequences, and yes Top Gun is going to make a lot of boys go enlist. So did my dad's movies - but yes, the infiltration wasn't as extensive, and wasn't as known... there's so much we've learned since then...

That's not fucking good, a full on contract, picking cast members? I mean, it's actually not shocking. Remember, the CIA has an office in the CAA (Creative Artist Agency) building, one of the biggest talent agencies in LA... they've been working together on everything, not just the war movies, but on the culture movies, on everything. This is another reason why we have to break away and make our own movies. We must create our own industries because we really can't trust this one. It's also another reason why I want to get to the point where I make this one particular scripted movie about Afghanistan that I'm really excited about, that has, I can promise you, no input from DoD!

So yeah, don't hold your breath with this one, it's the same old, DoD propaganda, that just

happens to be a little bit less woke, which can be thankful for, but at the same time keep a skeptical mind.

It was probably a deliberate calculation not to make it too woke, I'd say.

Because the guys they want to recruit with this movie don't like the woke stuff. We're not the only ones who know about that, they're not dumb. They want white, middle to lower class Americans, lower income boys, to go out there and fight their wars, and so if they have to put out movies that appeal to them occasionally then they will.

Being on the inside of the government machine, what was your personal experience working at the State Department with some of these people?

In theory, you would think someone like me who is anti-war would fit in perfectly, despite what you might easily call a non-diplomatic personality that is fairly divisive (laughs) -- but it makes sense I wouldn't, considering what the state has become and how all of these institutions have strayed so far from their originally stated "missions". I became most disillusioned about these agencies, whether that was State, DOD, DOJ, the FBI, the CIA, etc, when I saw in person that they're now in fact working uniformly against these missions, whether they know it or not. I'm actually the one saying "Shouldn't we be more focused on what actually protects Americans?" And these people are so caught up in US politics they're far more interested in trying to find a way to cancel Fox news as propaganda and call everyone who's not a democrat a Russian

spy and jail their opposition. They've become soviet style freaks all while racing one another to spend the most taxpayer money on the dumbest worst programs they can think up for a promotion. Disillusioned is putting it mildly.


Which is exactly why all these institutions must be reclaimed and cleaned up. Let's wrap up on a lighter note... There's something we have in common: we love clay pigeon shooting, and we have to go when we meet in person. So tell me, how did you get into this sport?

YES! Love that!

So I got into it because it was the only way to spend quality time with my dad when I was growing up, you know, without any hangers-on or freaks! I guess I started sporting clays from about the age of 8. I'm still kind of deaf from my right ear cause dad would sometimes forget to bring the protective earphones! He encouraged really bad behavior, but it was fun. Like learning how to smoke cigarettes at the cigar club, or playing with little explosives on set with my brothers... Anyway, I love that I'm still good at shooting and can't wait to go back to the range with him. This is what I intend to do part of this summer when I get back to LA.

But yeah, we are going to have the greatest shooting video when we get together - the internet's going to explode! 📺

Amanda tweets @amandamilius. Visit patpmovie.com.



**Don't touch your
weenie when you pee.
That's degenerate
behaviour.**

~ Stetson McCoy ~
Morality Police



THE SHE-WASP

A tale of terror by Richard Poe

“**B**loody hell,” whispered Jeremy Westwood. He dared not speak aloud. He was paralyzed with fear. Crawling up his arm was the largest wasp he had ever seen. It was huge and black, with a great mound of muscle on its back. Two glistening orange wings projected from the hump. Its skin shone with a metallic, blue-black sheen. Its legs were long and spindly like a spider’s, and covered with coarse, black hair. From end to end, the monster was nearly four inches long. Its stinger was huge, nearly half an inch, by the look of it. Westwood could feel the creature’s weight on his arm. He could feel its black antennae tapping at his skin, its clawed feet gripping his flesh. The wasp was walking along his arm, probing, exploring. Tasting.

“Hold very still, Mr. Westwood. Don’t even breathe.” Sir Robert Mortimer whisked the insect



away with a fly swatter. It hovered, but did not leave. Instead, the wasp circled overhead, swooping this way and that. The drone of its wings was loud and terrifying. Suddenly, it dived directly at Westwood's face. The young man screamed. His chair overturned, clattering on the deck. Westwood fled toward the stern of the riverboat, the wasp in close pursuit.

"Mira, Enrique!" Sir Robert called toward the afterdeck. "Marabunta!"

Enrique, the first mate, raised his head at the sound of Sir Robert's cry. He seized a large, silver spray can hanging from the back of the pilot house. As the frightened Englishman ran toward him, Enrique sprayed the wasp. The insect zigzagged unsteadily and veered away, plunging back into the jungle.

"Muchas gracias, Enrique," Sir Robert called. "All clear, Mr. Westwood. You can come back and finish your brandy now."

Night was falling on the Peruvian rain forest. In the gathering gloom, the sounds of the jungle had begun to change. Owls, nightjars and other nocturnal creatures raised their voices in an eerie chorus. Westwood rejoined Sir Robert at the table.

"Sorry about that," he said with a blush. "Insects give me the creeps. Especially big ones. Good God, that was huge!"

"You were right to be afraid," Sir Robert assured him, refilling Westwood's glass. "That was the giant spider wasp, genus *Pepsis*, family *Pompilidae*. Had it stung you, you would be rolling on the deck, screaming in agony. Its sting is one of the most painful in the insect world."

"But it was huge, Sir Robert. I've never seen a wasp that large."

Sir Robert chuckled amiably. "You'll see a lot of strange things on this trip, Mr. Westwood. We

are entering unexplored territory, one of the last unspoiled regions on earth. When we reach my bush station upriver, I will show you my life's work. I will show you insect species entirely unknown to science. Their size will astonish you. Nothing like them has been seen since the Carboniferous period, the age of giant insects, some 300 million years ago. In this remote stretch of jungle, just a few isolated species have managed to survive to the present day. I fear they will not survive much longer."

"Why do you say that, Sir Robert?"

The older man sniffed. "I think you know why, Mr. Westwood. We all know why. The rain forest is doomed. We're going to lose half the Amazon jungle to clearcutting over the next ten years. Loggers, farmers, ranchers, miners, petroleum prospectors. There's no stopping them. This remote corner of Peru is one of the last protected reserves. But it won't be protected long. Every square inch of this reserve has already been leased to oil and mining interests. My own land is sitting on top of a mining concession. All my work will be lost. Fifty years of research. Destroyed. This unique habitat will be obliterated. Creatures which have survived here for 300 million years will vanish from the earth. Well, I should give you fair warning, Mr. Westwood. I'm not going down without a fight. I intend to resist, and I have the means to do it. You can tell that to your friends at the UNDP mission in Lima."

"But, Sir Robert, this is not a war. We're all on the same side here. You want to save the rain forest. So do we! The UN Development Programme is committed to that goal. We have rules now. Very strict rules. Corporations are required now to adhere to the principles of sustainable development. We're putting an end to

all clearcutting. We're protecting indigenous tribes. We're compelling the corporations themselves to play an active role in preserving biodiversity."

Sir Robert regarded Westwood for a long time through narrowed eyes. "God help you, Mr. Westwood," he said at last. "I think you actually believe what you're saying."

"Of course I believe it! I believe in progress. And I believe we can have progress and rain forests too. We can develop this region in a rational and sustainable manner."

"Oh, yes, I know. And make the Amazon safe for eco-tourism." Sir Robert shook his head. "You're an idealist, Mr. Westwood. A do-gooder. I've been dealing with your kind all my life. It was people like you who drove my family out of Kenya during the 1960s. My father lost everything, first to the Mau Mau, then to the do-gooders who came afterwards. I learned from my father's experience. I resolved to leave civilization behind me. Here in the farthest reaches of the Peruvian jungle, I thought I'd be safe. And so I was for awhile. I've enjoyed fifty years of peace at my bush station. Fifty years to explore the mysteries of science, to read the great books, to contemplate the great questions. But I've lived too long. Civilization has caught up with me. I've lived to see eco-tourism and sustainable development."

"Really, Sir Robert, it's not as grim as all that. No one is taking your bush station from you. Your work will go on as before. I'm not here to shut you down. This is a routine inspection, nothing more. We need to check your compliance with the Green Science Charter. Wetland preservation. Proper disposal of toxic wastes. Non-interference with indigenous cultures. Protection of endangered species. Routine stuff."

Sir Robert took a long draught

of his brandy, and studied the darkening shadows of the jungle. "I know why you're here, Mr. Westwood," he said quietly. "I know the real reason they've sent you. You're here to make inquiries into the disappearance of the Prendergast expedition last month. But you won't find anything. They vanished without a trace. All eight of them. Two geologists and six native guides. Yes, they were guests at my bush station for three days. I gave them what help I could. But then they vanished into the jungle. I never saw them again. They had satellite telephones, GPS locators, all the latest high-tech gear. But there's been no signal from them. Nothing at all. Poor devils."

Westwood slapped at his neck. "Damn!" he said. "These mosquitoes and flies are eating me alive. I thought that pheromone spray you gave me is supposed to last 24 hours. It's worn off already."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Sir Robert. "Let's try a different formula. Something a little stronger perhaps. These pheromone concoctions are tricky. It's more art than science. Much depends on the user's biochemical makeup."

Sir Robert rummaged in a canvass bag, extracting a silver canister. "Another of our patented formulas," said Sir Robert, with a wink. "This one too was developed out at our bush station. I don't know if it complies with your Green Science Charter, but I think I can guarantee its effectiveness."

The canister in Sir Robert's hand looked exactly like all the others Westwood had seen on the boat. None of them bore any labels. Westwood could not figure out how Sir Robert and his crew managed to distinguish between different canisters. Somehow, they always seemed to know which

canister contained which formula. But how did they know? Perhaps it was those thin colored bands circling the rim of each canister. Some sort of color code, no doubt. But why bother using a color code? Why not a simple label, in plain English? It was all rather mysterious, and Westwood didn't like mysteries.

"Here, let me help you," said Sir Robert, spraying Westwood thoroughly from head to toe.

"Close your eyes while I spray your face," he warned.

"Their size will astonish you. Nothing like them has been seen since the Carboniferous period, the age of giant insects, some 300 million years ago."

The spray brought instant relief. "Thank you, Sir Robert," said Westwood. "You're a lifesaver. That stuff works better than any commercial brand I've tried. Why don't you sell it on the world market? You'd make a fortune."

"Pheromones are tricky, as I told you. And these are genetically altered, which raises legal questions, as well as scientific ones. More than once we've developed a pheromone which was designed to repulse one insect species, only to find that the very same pheromone attracted some other noxious species. We must be very careful not to attract the wrong insect. That's especially important in this part of the world. We have some very nasty insects here, some of the

nastiest on earth. And using the wrong pheromone can make them even nastier. Take your Africanized killer bees, for instance. What makes them so deadly? I'll tell you. It's pheromones. If one killer bee stings you, it marks you with a pheromone, which signals all the other bees to come out of their hive and attack you. They will hunt you down to the death. Even if you run and hide, the pheromone will lead the swarm right to you. So you see, Mr. Westwood, working with pheromones is a two-edged sword. One must strike just the right balance."

"Well, you seem to have struck the perfect balance with this mixture," Westwood said gratefully. "Thank God! And thank you! I believe I'll have another brandy."

Sir Robert poured him one. Westwood was not accustomed to strong drink. His face flushed red after the first brandy. The second caused his speech to slur. Having a third glass did not seem advisable. But Westwood was still rattled from his encounter with the spider wasp. He accepted the third glass gratefully.

"I did notice that aerosol can of yours packs a lot of force," Westwood remarked with a sloppy grin. "You wouldn't be using chlorofluorocarbon propellants, would you? Tsk-tsk. Violation of the Montreal Protocol. We may have to cite you for that, Sir Robert. I'm joking, of course. Ha ha!"

Suddenly, Westwood jumped up and screamed. Another pepsis wasp had landed, this one right on his face.

"Stay calm," said Sir Robert, whisking it off with a fly-swatter, and chasing the intruder from the boat with a gust from another unlabeled spray can.

Westwood glared at Sir Robert, breathing hard. "Why do those wasps keep landing on me? They're



not landing on you. What's wrong with this bug repellent?"

"The formula may need a little adjustment," said Sir Robert. "We'll look into that when we reach the bush station. Oh, but look. You've spilled your brandy. Let me pour you another."

"I don't like bugs," said Westwood nervously. "I know they're a necessary part of the food chain, and all that. But I don't like them. Especially big ones."

"Fear of insects is embedded in our genes," said Sir Robert. "Instinctively, we recoil from the insect, whom we recognize as an ancient and dreaded enemy. Lucky for us they're so small. If insects grew any larger, they would wipe us out. They are the deadliest, cruelest creatures on earth."

"They certainly are some of the ugliest creatures on earth," said Westwood. "But why do you say they're cruel? Cruelty is a human trait, surely. It takes intelligence and deliberation to be cruel. Only human ingenuity could invent such horrors as concentration camps and torture chambers."

"You're wrong," said Sir Robert, reaching for his digital notepad. "Let me show you." Sir Robert selected a video from the menu on the screen. The video showed a large wasp, with a black body and orange wings, flying through the air, its long hind legs trailing behind it.

"I'm sure you recognize this creature," said Sir Robert, with a chuckle. "The pepsis wasp. You made its acquaintance just a short while ago."

"I recognize it all too well, Sir Robert. All too well." Westwood emptied his brandy glass in a single gulp.

"The pepsis wasp is a living fossil, a creature from another time," Sir Robert lectured. "They evolved here in the Amazon jungle, some 300 million years ago. Since

then, they have spread throughout the Americas. But this rainforest is their ancestral homeland. To this day, the largest and deadliest specimens of the pepsis wasp can be found right here, in this forest, where it all began.

"You ask if an insect can be cruel, Mr. Westwood. I'll show you cruelty. You see what's happening in this video. The pepsis wasp is stalking a tarantula, many times her size. She paralyzes the spider with her stinger. She drags the poor creature back to her lair, to feed it to her young. That's where the real torture begins." The video ended with the she-wasp dragging her captive down a hole.

"What happens next is not usually shown on BBC nature shows," said Sir Robert. "It doesn't make for good family programming. Let me tell you what happens. The she-wasp lays an egg on the belly of the paralyzed tarantula. When the egg hatches, the newborn larva rips open the spider's belly and begins to eat. It continues eating for about a month. All that time, the tarantula remains alive. Helpless and paralyzed, yet still alive. That way, the meat stays fresh. And now I'll tell you a marvel of nature. The larva is genetically programmed to eat the tarantula in a particular way, in order to keep the poor creature living as long as possible. The larva deliberately avoids eating vital organs. It eats around them, Mr. Westwood, in order to prolong the spider's life."

Night had fallen on the jungle. Flying insects whirred and buzzed through the darkness. Westwood could hear them but not see them. He grew visibly more nervous as the shadows deepened. "Could we get some more light out here?" he suddenly asked.

Sir Robert ignored him. "Now imagine, Mr. Westwood," the older man continued. "Imagine if you were that tarantula. Imagine the

sublime horror of lying paralyzed for weeks, while a blind, squirming grub nibbles through your guts, one tiny bite at a time. What thoughts would pass through your head, Mr. Westwood, during that long, excruciating month? How often and how fervently would you pray for death, Mr. Westwood? How many times would you curse God in your heart, for allowing you to go on living? But God would not hear your prayers, Mr. Westwood, nor would he hear your curses. For there is no God in the insect world. There is only the insect."

Westwood's face had grown pale. "You make a persuasive argument, Sir Robert. I gather you've spent a good deal of time, uh, thinking about this."

"It is my life's work," Sir Robert replied.

All at once, there was shouting in the boat. Crewmen scrambled to the sides, brandishing M4A1 carbines. Searchlights played over the jungle. In the darkness, it was difficult to see what was going on. But, as the wavering searchlights briefly illuminated the square, solemn faces of the Indian crewmen, Westwood saw fear in those faces. Raw, naked terror.

"What the devil is going on?" he asked.

"Something in the trees," Sir Robert replied, sipping his brandy.

The boat chugged on through the night, its forward searchlight swinging back and forth across the river. Now and then, something stirred high in the trees. Whatever it was, it was big. It made enough noise to be heard over the boat's engines. Each time they heard the stirring in the trees, the crewmen scrambled to that side of the boat, weapons in hand. But, each time, the searchlight revealed nothing.

Then Westwood heard a sound he had not heard before. It was like the rattle of a buzzsaw. It



began high up in the trees, with a cracking of lianas and a flutter of branches. Something huge and black swooped down through the darkness. It passed right over the boat. Westwood felt the wind of its wings as it roared and clattered overhead. It hurtled from one side of the river to the other, then plunged, with a crash, into the trees. It happened so quickly, Westwood caught only a glimpse of the thing, silhouetted against the stars. But, in that moment, he saw enough to set his bowels aquiver. The thing was larger than a man.

Its body gleamed like black metal. Its orange wings glistened in the moonlight. The hind legs were very long, trailing behind the creature as it flew. When the monster passed over the pilot house, its dangling hind legs banged against the wooden roof, with a crack like steel golf clubs.

"Oh my God! My God! Did you see that?" cried Westwood. In terror, he grabbed hold of Sir Robert, throwing his arms around the older man, and hanging on for dear life. "It's a wasp!" Westwood howled. "A wasp! A wasp!"

"What are you doing?" cried Sir Robert. "Let me go!" He pushed Westwood away. "Look what you've done! You've gotten it all over me."

"Gotten what all over you?"

"The pheromone, you fool!" Sir Robert began ripping off his shirt frantically.

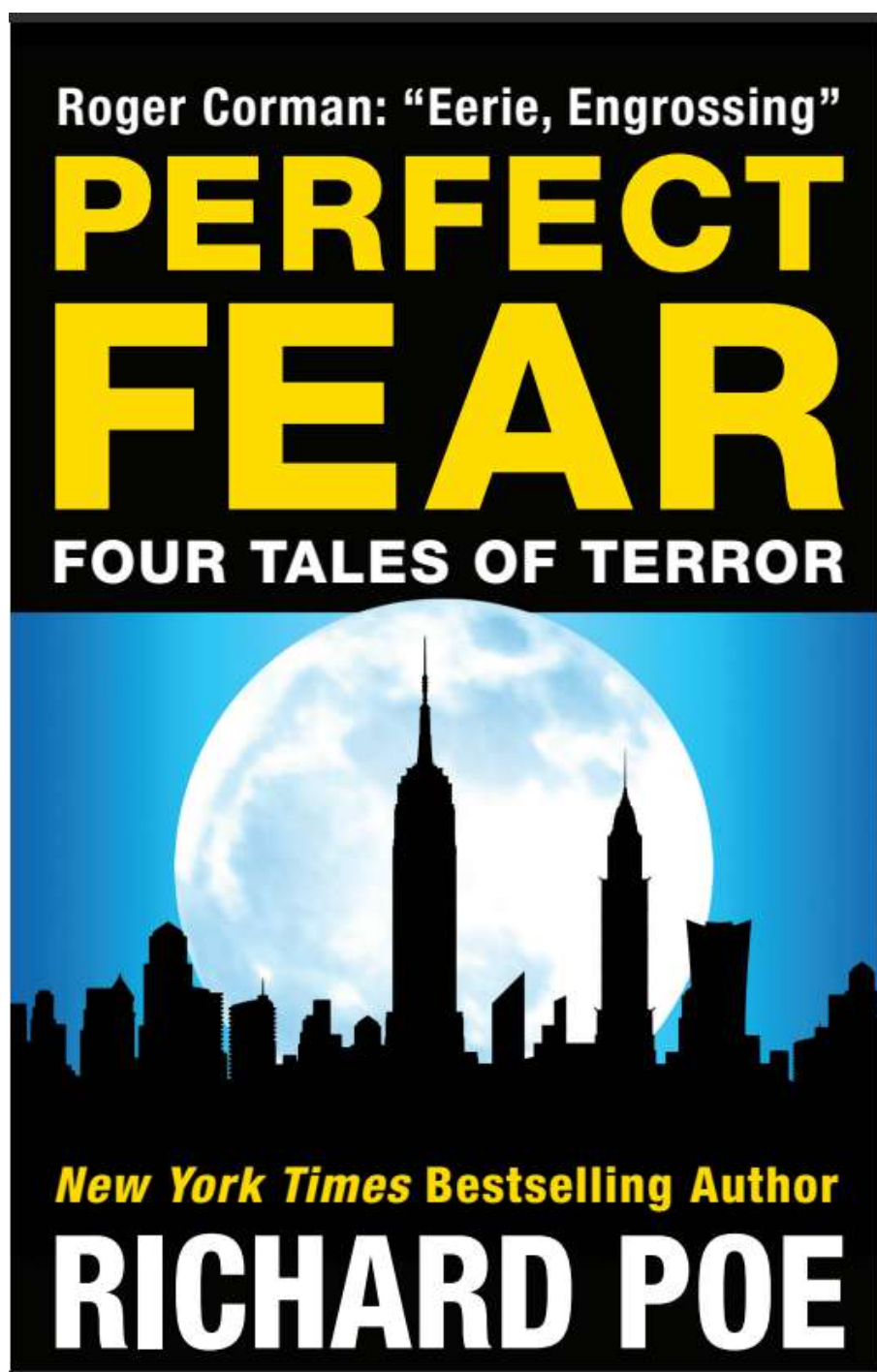
"Sir Robert, what are you doing? I don't understand."

"Get away from me," cried Sir Robert. "Stand clear. Stand as far away from me as possible."

Sir Robert threw his shirt over the side. But it was too late. Before Westwood could digest the full import of Sir Robert's strange behavior, something else arrested his attention. Something huge and black settled on the afterdeck. In the dim glow of the boat's running lights, and the wildly-careening search beams, Westwood got only fleeting, uncertain looks at the thing which had landed. At first, he had the confusing impression that it might be some sort of small aircraft or machine, for its skin gleamed like dark metal, and its body fell clanking against the deck. When it moved, its armor plates scraped and clattered like steel against steel and its feet banged on the deck like hammers.

But this was no machine. It was alive. It reared itself up on its long legs, until it towered over Sir Robert like a giant. Its compound eyes gleamed in the reflected light from the boat. Its wings spread wide, orange and iridescent against the sky. Its black antennae waved in the air, as thick as rubber hoses. Stiff black hairs, as rugged as high-gauge barbed wire, bristled over its body. A pungent smell pierced the air. Westwood knew what this was. It was a wasp. A pepsis wasp. Westwood began giggling like a madman.

The she-wasp approached Sir Robert slowly, her legs dancing, her feet slamming noisily on the



deck. Her rope-like antennae explored his body, thumping and smacking him with bruising force, nearly knocking him from his feet with each blow. Her glistening mandibles clicked and clattered in his face. "No, not me! Not me!" Sir Robert cried.

And then she sprang. With a shrieking, scraping clamor like the sound of a junkyard car-crusher, the wasp fell on Sir Robert, slamming him backwards to the deck and pinning him beneath the razor-sharp claws of her feet. Before Westwood's horrified gaze, the wasp curled her huge, black abdomen beneath her. With a grating, grinding noise of shifting body armor, she pointed her stinger directly at Sir Robert's belly. The stinger was shiny and smooth, at least a foot long. A single drop of venom glistened and fell from its tip. "Not me!" cried Sir Robert. Those were his last words. The she-wasp drove her stinger home. It sank deep into Sir Robert's gut.

All around, Westwood could hear the stutter of automatic gunfire. He saw a searchlight move across the wasp's body, lighting up her wings. Thin red beams from the crewmen's laser sights swung wildly through the jungle mist, dancing across the wasp's armor plating. Sir Robert screamed and screamed. It seemed as if he would never stop. Then, all at once, his screams died in his throat. He stiffened and fell silent. His eyes froze. Blood and foam frothed from his lips. Then the she-wasp went to work. Patiently and methodically, she adjusted her grip on the fallen man's body. Her wings rattled. Her great eyes gleamed. Then, slowly, she rose, her wings thundering. For a moment, she hovered in the searchlights like some great, black helicopter rising from the deck. And then she was gone, bearing her grim load into the night.

Westwood hung against the

railing in shock. He stared into the jungle, at the spot where he had seen them vanish. With his brain muddled from drink and fear, Westwood tried hard to comprehend what he had seen. But he never completed his thought. Fate had other plans for Jeremy Westwood. All at once, he heard a sound right behind him. He knew that sound by now. It was the rattle of giant wings and the slam of clawed feet crashing down on the deck. He felt the boat lurch, from the impact. He smelled the keen odor of the she-wasp. This was a different wasp than the one that had taken Sir Robert. The newcomer had found her way to the boat, drawn by the same pheromones that had attracted the first. Slowly, as if in a dream, Westwood turned round to look.

She had alighted on the deck. Her face was only inches from his. Her compound eyes sparkled like cut gems, black and shiny as onyx. Her armor shown gun-metal blue. Her wings shimmered, changing color in the moonlight, from orange to blue to silver. Her black antennae thumped and prodded Westwood, bashing him this way and that, as she examined him from head to toe. And then she sprang.

Westwood felt as if a ton of scrap metal had fallen on top of him. The back of his skull smacked loudly against the deck. His head swam from the blow. All around him was the screeching clamor of the she-wasp's armor, clanking, groaning, squealing and creaking as she tightened her grip upon him. Westwood knew what was coming. He tried to steel himself for the pain. But it was pointless. Nothing could prepare him for the blinding anguish of the she-wasp's embrace. When the stinger slid into his gut, he shrieked in agony. The pain was unearthly, beyond bearing. It seemed to go on forever.

Then suddenly, it stopped. Westwood felt nothing at all. He could not move. He could not speak. But, strangely, he was not afraid. The poison had dulled his fear, as well as his pain. A strange tranquility suffused his body. As the wasp dug her claws into his flesh, he could hear and feel the ripping of muscle and skin. Yet it caused him no pain.

As if from far away, he heard the thunder of her wings. He knew she was lifting him from the deck. And suddenly they were airborne, soaring aloft. She carried him face down. He could see everything below. Westwood saw the boat in the muddy river, growing smaller and smaller as he rose into the air. He saw the crewmen firing their guns. He saw the searchlights rocking wildly across the trees. Tiny red tracer beams pierced the night.

And then the boat was gone. Westwood saw only shadows and moonlight. The wasp was flying high over the treetops. She was taking Westwood to her lair. Her claws dug deep into his sides and flanks. But Westwood felt nothing. No pain. No panic. Only a deep, dreamy languor. And there was something else, a strange new feeling quickening in his soul. It was awe and wonder. Perhaps even love. The wasp filled him with admiration, this she-demon of the night. Her power was overwhelming, intoxicating. And Westwood realized that he was grateful, yes, grateful, for the strength of her venom, which banished all pain and fear. "Maybe," he thought, hardly daring to hope, "maybe this isn't going to hurt after all." 🖱

This story also appears in Perfect Fear, which is available in paperback from Amazon. He tweets @re-alrichardpoe. Visit richardpoe.com for more information and access to his many articles and essays.

PAST AND FUTURE...

100



**WOMAN TALK TO MAN SHE THINK ABOUT
FUTURE (EARNINGS, BITCOIN). MAN TALK TO
WOMAN HE THINK ABOUT PAST (AGE, SEX
FRIENDS, WEIGHT)
SO YOU SEE MAN CAN MAKE MISTAKES.**



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IS HOCKEY THE LAST MASCULINE TEAM SPORT?

ROBERT BERKELEY asks whether Canada's national sport is the last bastion of masculinity in team sports, and what potential the rink might have as a place for political renewal...

I had no idea of the gift I gave myself as a boy when I took up ice hockey. I don't come from a hockey-playing family, but I do hail from a hockey-playing region of America. My mother was overly concerned about my teeth. Her only idea of the sport was what she saw in passing on television – not televised games mind you, but rather comedic depictions of ice-hockey players in fiction – big grins with lots of missing teeth. Parody or not, that's more or less accurate anyway.

The other thing most people only casually familiar with hockey know about is the fighting. Of course, they think it's all fights all the time, but there is a nuance to it. There are even unwritten rules known as "the Code" that govern it. It is this element that made hockey the last masculine team sport.

There are still masculine individual sports, some such as MMA which are nothing but fighting. There are other full contact team sports

(though none with fighting). However, it is neither the contact nor the fighting necessarily that made hockey masculine – it was the recognized nature of the self-policing of fighting and violence.

Think about that for just a second. A professional sports league said, in essence and reality, that they would let the players themselves dole out *retributive pure violence* and let it be sanctioned within the game, as a means of extra-judicial punishment for breaking informal, unwritten rules the players come up with themselves, in effect admitting that the league is not in control. Within the context of modern sport, is there anything more masculine than that?

I specify "league" here as fighting in hockey is not universal, as many outsiders would think. It is and has pretty much always been limited to hockey specifically in North America – the Europeans never really had it in their game, and whenever it did happen, they didn't know how to handle



it. The most famous example is probably the 1987 World Junior Championship game between Canada and the USSR. The game ended with a nearly 20 minute long bench-clearing brawl between the two teams. The European referees and other game officials had no idea what to do. They actually left the ice and attempted to get the brawl to stop by – and I’m not making this up – turning the lights in the arena on and off like you would with an unruly kindergarten class. The Soviet players didn’t really know how to handle it either, fighting back very awkwardly initially, and eventually more or less passively accepting their physical beating by a bunch of rowdy Canadian teenagers. Though less extreme, that is the format for nearly every very physical game between North American and European teams, before and since.

What I’m about to say is applicable only to professional hockey, and only in North America. Don’t go doing anything at all like this in your local men’s recreational league. Furthermore, nothing I say here is gospel. The Code is informal. What I am writing here is simply my interpretation of it, and a brief one at that, only covering the most common situations.

So what is the Code? What can and can’t you do? What will earn you a beating? Well, one particularly interesting part of the Code is that committing a penalty, any penalty, no matter how large or small, that the referees do not call, will likely result in violence. A bit of an oddity in that since you can’t beat up a referee for missing a call, now someone on the offending team needs to pay the price for it, not directly through any fault of their own, but rather the fault of the referee. This has less to do with deterring the other team from committing penalties, but rather to get the message across to the game officials that the game is getting away from them, and they better shape up and not miss any more calls.

The Code carries over into other games. Teams have long memories. Just because incidents happened in one game doesn’t mean everything is

back to zero for the next game. One of the more well-known long-term grudges stemming from the Code was the Avalanche/Red Wings rivalry. In a playoff game in 1996, Avalanche player Claude Lemieux broke Red Wings’ player Kris Draper’s face and knocked out five of his teeth by hitting him from behind and into the boards in front of the bench. This hit resulted in a feud between the two teams that lasted for the next *seven years*, and aside from the many fights, included not one but two line brawls (including goalies!) in that span of time – line brawls being a rarity since the 80s.

One of the more nuanced portions of the Code governs actions taken against star players. Generally, they are above retribution, but *if and only if* they do not abuse this status afforded to them. Obviously things like taking cheap shots is a violation of this, but interestingly, so is *acting* like you’re untouchable. Hockey is a gentleman’s game, so much so that it might be the only sport that has evolved an enforced ego check mechanism. Don’t believe me? The Code also protects smaller players, or players who don’t normally fight, stars or not. You can’t beat up the small guy or a guy who isn’t known for fighting, unless he himself is picking the fight with you, or he has done something dirty. Similarly, goalies are protected as well. While there have been instances of goalie versus player fights, they are rare, and almost always picked by the goalie. Goalies may fight other goalies and be within the dictates of the Code, but such fights are still rare nonetheless, given the physical distance goalies are from each other on the ice, and that crossing the center ice line by a goalie is an actual penalty in the official rule book.

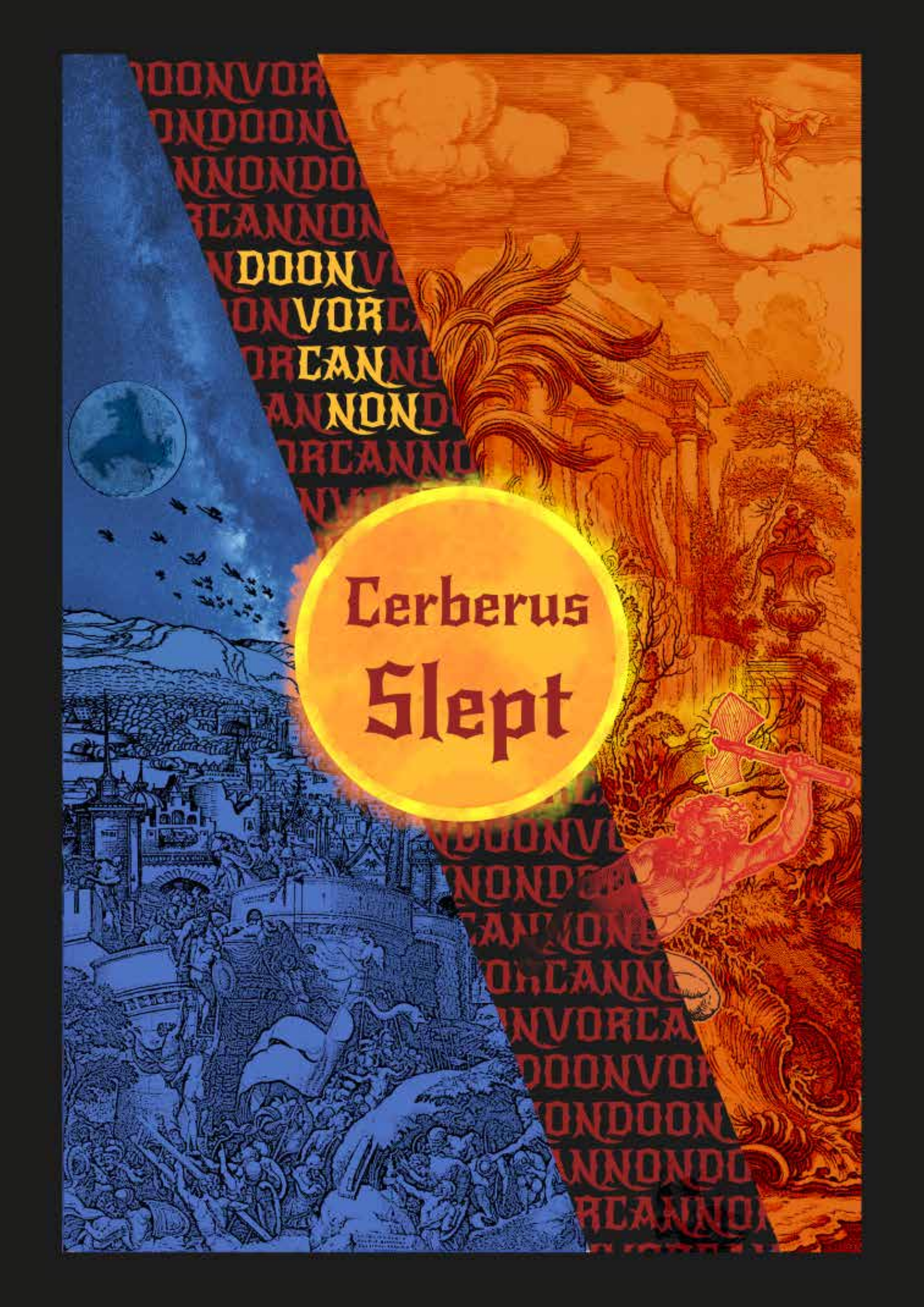
Okay, so let’s assume you’ve got the ideal situation: a big guy who is known for fighting takes a cheap shot at one of your star players. Can you fight him? Well, you still have to be polite about it and ask first. Yes, you’re about to have a bare knuckle fistfight, but you have to agree to it. Gentleman’s game, remember? You

don’t have to verbally agree, though that’s quite common, but the knowing nod or the more obvious dropping of gloves counts as agreement. Curiously though, strict interpretation of The Code mandates that if your opponent declines the fight in this situation, you are in the right to fight him then and there anyway. The one exception is if your opponent agrees to fight at a later point. It’s not uncommon at all for a player to say something like “Yes, but on the next face-off” or some other designated point later in the game to have the fight. Declining the fight is cowardly, but delaying it to a predetermined point is not.

It’s also a misconception that fighting is out of hatred or an attempt to injure your opponent. For example, it’s against the Code to accept a fight and then curl up into a ball on the ice and protect yourself, but it’s also against the Code to keep hitting a player who does this. It’s also against the Code to keep hitting a player when he is down if he legitimately falls over during the course of the fight – once one guy is down, the fight is over. The intent is not to injure. Above all, it is a means of policing behavior, deterring cowardice, and showing mercy, in the most violent and direct way acceptable to a contemporary viewing audience.

This concept even extends to line brawls (fights where everyone on the ice, usually except the goalies, is in a fight) and bench-clearing brawls (self-explanatory). Such situations are strictly one-on-one, and it is preferable, if possible, for you to match up with someone your own size, and for the stars or other infrequent fighters to pair off and fight each other. If all of what I have described regarding the Code sounds very white to you, you’re partially correct. It’s very Canadian. Which until very recently meant white. It will be interesting to see if this honor and sportsmanship persists. I don’t have high hopes.

There are of course other, more traditionally recognized displays of masculinity in hockey. Hockey players are well known for their propensity to continue playing through what



**Cerberus
Slept**

A photograph of a building at night. The building's facade is dark, and a prominent red neon sign spells out the word "HARMACY" in a bold, sans-serif font. Below the sign, there are several large windows that are brightly lit from within, creating a stark contrast with the dark exterior. The overall scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the red neon sign and the interior lights of the building.

HARMACY

We know they are lying, they know they are lying,
they know we know they are lying, we know they
know we know they are lying, but they are still lying

would be considered severe injuries; fractured legs, hands, arms, ribs, broken or knocked-out teeth, broken noses, or stitches received to the face during a line change right on the bench by one of the team's trainers. We are also well known for our desire to not protect ourselves with gear. The last helmetless player, grandfathered in after the league mandated helmets in 1979, was Craig MacTavish, who played without one until he retired in 1997. Curiously, I do not recall him ever having had a head injury. Glimpses of a past masculinity can even be seen in the official NHL rules. For example, a high-sticking that does not draw blood is only a two-minute minor penalty. A high-sticking that *does* draw blood is a four-minute double minor. A high-sticking that sufficiently injures another player is a five-minute major. All at the discretion of the referee, of course, but it is interesting to note that the rule does make a distinction between whether or not you made another man bleed.

I say a "past masculinity" and that hockey "was" the last masculine team sport. What happened? Well, in short, the NHL was in many ways a parallel to what happened to NASCAR – both sports in the 90s attempted to court the mythical "casual fan." What is a "casual fan"? My own interpretation would be as follows: a shit-for-brains American who watches ESPN's SportsCenter at least four hours a day and is so sportsball-cucked he's maybe three or four leading questions away from admitting he'd let an entire basketball or football team run a train on his wife or girlfriend if it meant they win the BIG GAYME. Imagine ruining something to the point of alienating your followers to appease people who don't like it in the first place and never will. That something only Christian denominations are supposed to do, not sports! I guess I'm kidding, but not much. There is also a parallel to what happened to the churches in Canada, both Catholic and Protestant.

The first big change was the institution of the "Instigator Rule" in 1992. The rule stated that whoever started a fight would be assessed a

minor penalty on top of the fighting major. Over the course of the 90s, this resulted in the creation of a player archetype known as pests. Pests are players that operate in the gray areas of the rules, who don't officially break any rules, but will bend them as much as possible, for the sole purpose of getting a player on the other team to actually break the rules, and then acting like they are the victim. It's not hard to see why they're disliked. Pests are often low-talent players, who poke, prod, hit, shove, talk trash, smugly smirk, clutch, grab, and trip other players, right up to the point of drawing a penalty but stopping just short, and hoping to abuse this tactic to the point of getting someone to "instigate" a fight against them. Further crackdowns on fighting over the course of the 90s to appeal to those "casual fans" and "for safety" made the situation even worse.

The biggest problem though was Gary Bettman. Bettman is a former NBA executive who was appointed commissioner of the NHL in 1993 despite knowing nothing at all about hockey. He can't even skate. His tenure has seen the league's expansion to markets it should not exist in – namely the American South and Southwest. He moved teams out of Canada, he moved teams out of parts of America that actually have ice in the winter, and moved them to deserts and subtropical parts of the country. This expansion has resulted in a sharp drop in goals per game, as there are not enough skilled players to staff all the teams and maintain that level of scoring. He has overseen rule changes that spit in the face of the traditions of the game, all in pursuit of that mythical "casual fan" out there that was going to fill arenas and get the league some big television contracts, and of course the increasing calls for "safety" from a feminizing and de-Westernizing Canada. Gone are the days where you could even have blood on your jersey. None of these tactics worked, and the league is a mess, and he gets booed every season when he presents the Stanley Cup to the winning team. He probably gets off on the boos.

This is all at the professional level,

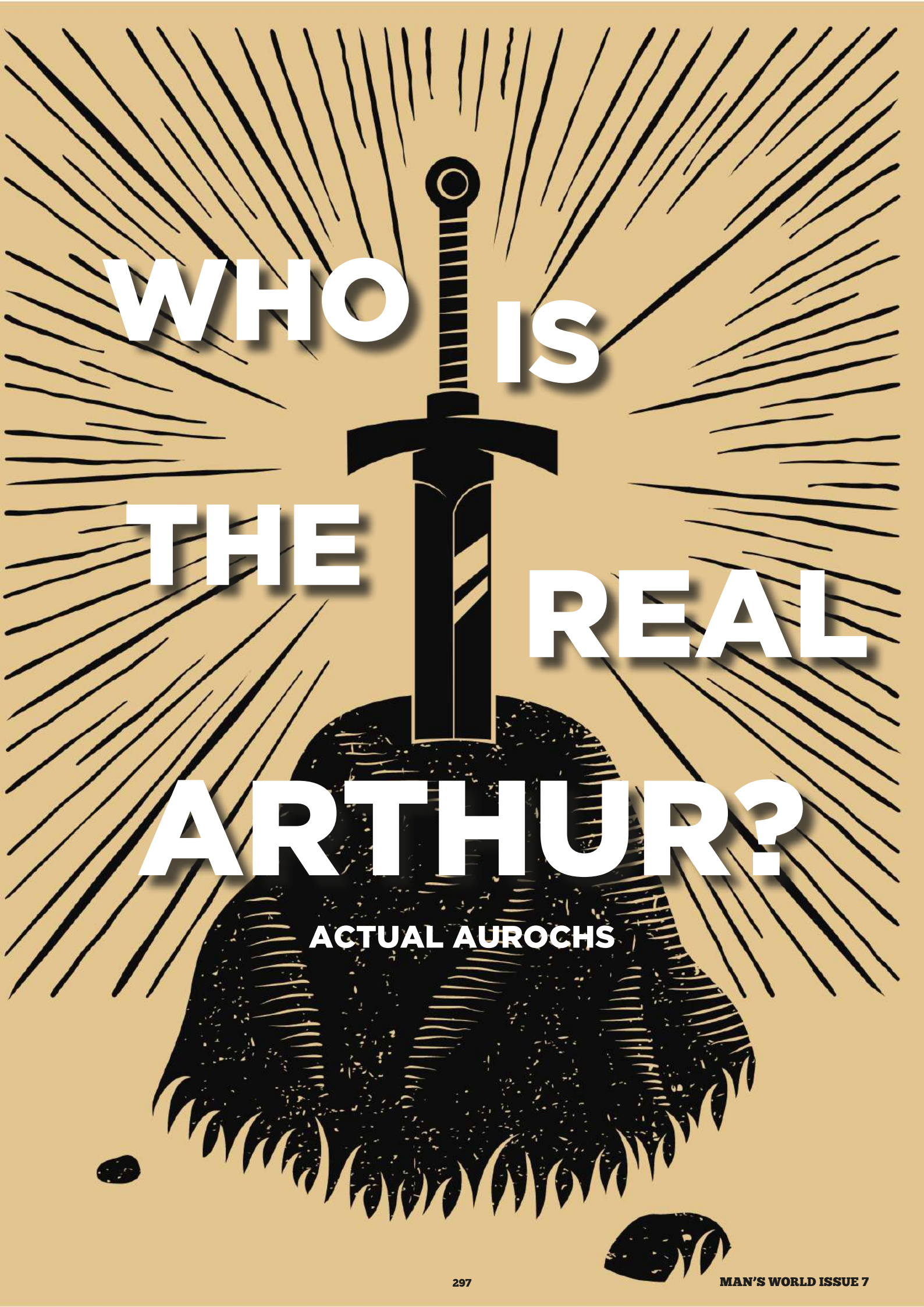
of course. There is something entirely different going on at the grassroots level though. A lot of us of our philosophical persuasion wish there was a place where we could be ourselves and openly so. Gyms are one such place. They are right-wing cultural spaces. In my experience, gyms have nothing on hockey locker rooms, at least in America. I can't speak for Canada, and given the ubiquity of hockey up there, it is likely different, but as far as Americans go, I dare say there is no more hardcore right-wing demographic than hockey players.

People mistakenly think that this "new right" thing is the same old stupid trope of the "dumb red-neck" or whatever caricature exists in the minds of people whose mental development ceased at some point in the second Bush Jr. term. No, the new right, the dissident right, whatever you want to call it is a North/Northeast, urban, post-industrial hellscape phenomenon. People who have lived and seen what globalization does to places. Exactly the same places where hockey is popular – the Northeast and the Great Lakes region.

Your average hockey locker room is full of young men from these places, are proud, aggressive, fit, and simultaneously violently anti-socialist yet Russophilic. To put it into perspective for you, the gyms around me were some of the first places to lift mask requirements. Even then, I would still see a few people in there with them on, and the employees were still required to wear them. The rink? Never a mask in sight, even among the employees. This is a right-wing space, and not in the strictly "normie" or "MAGA" way, though they are Trump voters. If this thing of ours is to grow, it needs to grow on all fronts. It may have started in the gyms and on the internet, and it is growing into visual art, literature, and any and all other spaces it can. What I am saying here is to consider the space that is grassroots hockey in America, and what that can be for us too. ■

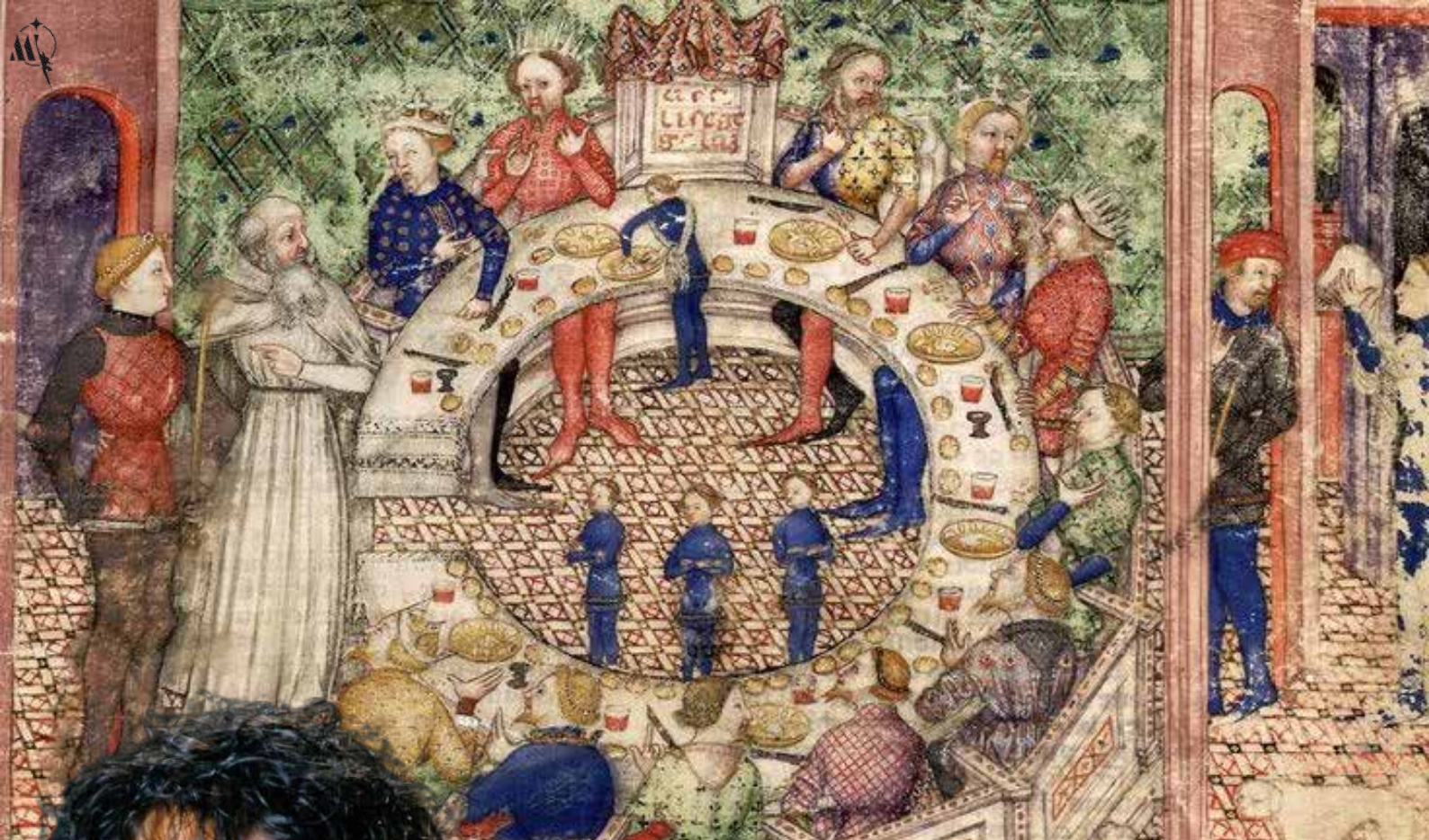


**BASED ON
THE BRAIN.**



**WHO IS
THE REAL
ARTHUR?**

ACTUAL AUROCHS



"Mention King Arthur, and the name conjures up a romantic image. The image is richly complex, comprising not merely a single figure but a group, and a constellation of themes. Beside the king stand his queen, Guinevere, and his enchanter, Merlin. Their home is Camelot, the royal centre of a mysterious, wonderful Britain. Camelot houses the Round Table, at which Arthur presides over a company of knights headed by Lancelot, dedicated to noble ideals. In war he quells his enemies with a magic sword, Excalibur. If we explore the scene more deeply, we see a brooding tragedy overshadowing it. The king's reign, however splendid, is only a 'brief shining moment'; he is doomed to be plotted against, betrayed and brought down. Camelot must fall."

— Geoffrey Ashe

King Arthur exists as a figure so absurdly plausible, but so shrouded in myth and legend, that the general public knows who he was, but cannot tell you when or where he lived other than Camelot, and what his kingdom was, outside of media references. Many will quote Monty Python and the Holy Grail with a chuckle

King Arthur: How do you do, good lady? I am Arthur, King of the Britons. Whose castle is that?

Woman: King of the who?

King Arthur: King of the Britons.

Woman: Who are the Britons?

Tintagel Castel in Cornwall, a place intimately associated with Arthurian legend; opposite: a medieval depiction of Arthur and his knights at the Round Table; bottom: Clive Owen as an historical Arthur in the 2004 film *King Arthur*



King Arthur: Well, we all are.
We are all Britons. And I am your king.

Others will fondly remember John Boorman's iconic 'Excalibur' and chant the Charm of Making and recall Perceval and the Grail.

Some of the more 'in the know' kind of folks will either say he was a real warlord of sub-Roman Britain, or quickly quip that "he never existed" or only exists in legend. Some will even suggest he is a euhemerized pagan god.

According to the *Annales Cambriae*, or Welsh Annals it has been 1485 years since Arthur fell at the Battle of Camlann. In the almost 15 centuries between the present and Camlann, Arthur has been an ever-developing figure, starting with a single reference in Aneirin's Poem Y Gododdin, likely written 40 to 100 years after Arthur's death at Camlann.

He fed black ravens on the rampart of a fortress

*Though he was no Arthur
Among the powerful ones in battle
In the front rank, Gwawrddur was
a palisade*

Within living memory of Arthur, we have reference to a warrior of great renown, a Brythonic Telemonian Ajax, but still incomparable to Arthur.

After this we begin to see the legendary Arthur develop in Welsh legend and folktales, which I will refer to as the Pre-Galfridian tradition, or tradition before Geoffrey of Monmouth's work *Historia Regum Britanniae*.

The Pre-Galfridian Arthur is found in sources such as the fragmentary 'Pa gur yv y porthaur?', 'Culhwch and Olwen', and 'Preiddeu Annwn', all of which feature an already Legendary and mythologised Arthur, but one much closer in history to the Arthurian period itself. The less mythologised snippets come from numerous post-Roman saint's vitae, the *Annales Cambriae*, and

Nennius' *Historia Brittonum*, as well as the Welsh Triads. The Pre-Galfridian tradition paints a very different picture of Arthur than what you will find in later sources, A warlord who fights not only the Saxons, but monsters, great beasts, giants, and even raids the underworld itself. Arthur's warband includes gods alongside his early warriors. Some of these early sources still view Arthur as a historical figure however. Nennius, who was compiling his work *Historia Brittonum* in the 9th century, certainly viewed Arthur as a historical figure. Aneirin also appears to reference Arthur as a historical person. This Arthur seems to have a root somewhere in history, and with enough digging I think we can get close.

Enter Geoffrey of Monmouth, and his infamous work *Historia Regum Britanniae*. Geoffrey changed Arthur forever, with his attempt at creating a coherent (but largely fictional) narrative of the history of the Britons. But one



must not throw the baby out with the bathwater here, as there are precious kernels of truth embedded within. Geoffrey's Arthur is the start of the modern Arthur. Many will know the highlights of the post-Galfridian Arthur. The boy king who pulled the sword from the stone, tutored by Merlin, and ultimately dying in battle against his son/nephew Mordred. This Arthur is rooted in the post-Galfridian tradition, and especially influenced by Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*. Finding kernels of truth here is almost impossible, though pieces do survive. We find Percivale, Merlin, Trystram, Mordred, Mark, Lancelot, Galahad, and Arthur himself of course, all of whom have historical origins. So where do we start in trying to find this original Arthur?

The first step is placing him in his proper time. We can do this by looking to the *Annales Cambriae*, a compilation of chronicles attempting to date important events in the history of Wales. Here we get two mentions of Arthur both associated with battles.

Year 72 (c. 516) The Battle of Badon, in which Arthur carried the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ on his shoulders for three days and three nights and the Britons were victors.

Year 93 (c. 537) The Strife of Camlann in which Arthur and Medraut (Mordred) fell and there was death in Britain and in Ireland.

This gives us a rough set of dates for when Arthur was active. Badon is also corroborated by the 6th century monk Gildas in his work *De Excidio et Conquestu Britanniae*. An entire article could be written on Gildas alone, so I won't dive in here, but he does

mention Badon and he does mention that it took place in the year of his birth. This can introduce an inconsistency but overall I do not think it is important as this does not shift the date of Badon more than 20 years or so, to the 490's at the earliest. Therefore, we can place the original Arthur in the late 5th and early 6th centuries.

Now we can look at important warlords from the period, and see if we find any leads. The list of potential candidates for 'the Arthur' is substantial: Riothomas, Vortimer, Magnus Maximus the usurper emperor, Owain Ddantgwyn, Athrwys ap Meurig, Lucius Artorius Castus, Artuir of Dyfed, and Artuir mac Aedan to name a few. All of these have their own merits, and very likely played some part in this story; however I would instead like to focus on three individuals, one well known, and two quite obscure. Ambrosius Aurelianus, Cadell ap Catigern of Powys, and finally Arthwys ap Mar.

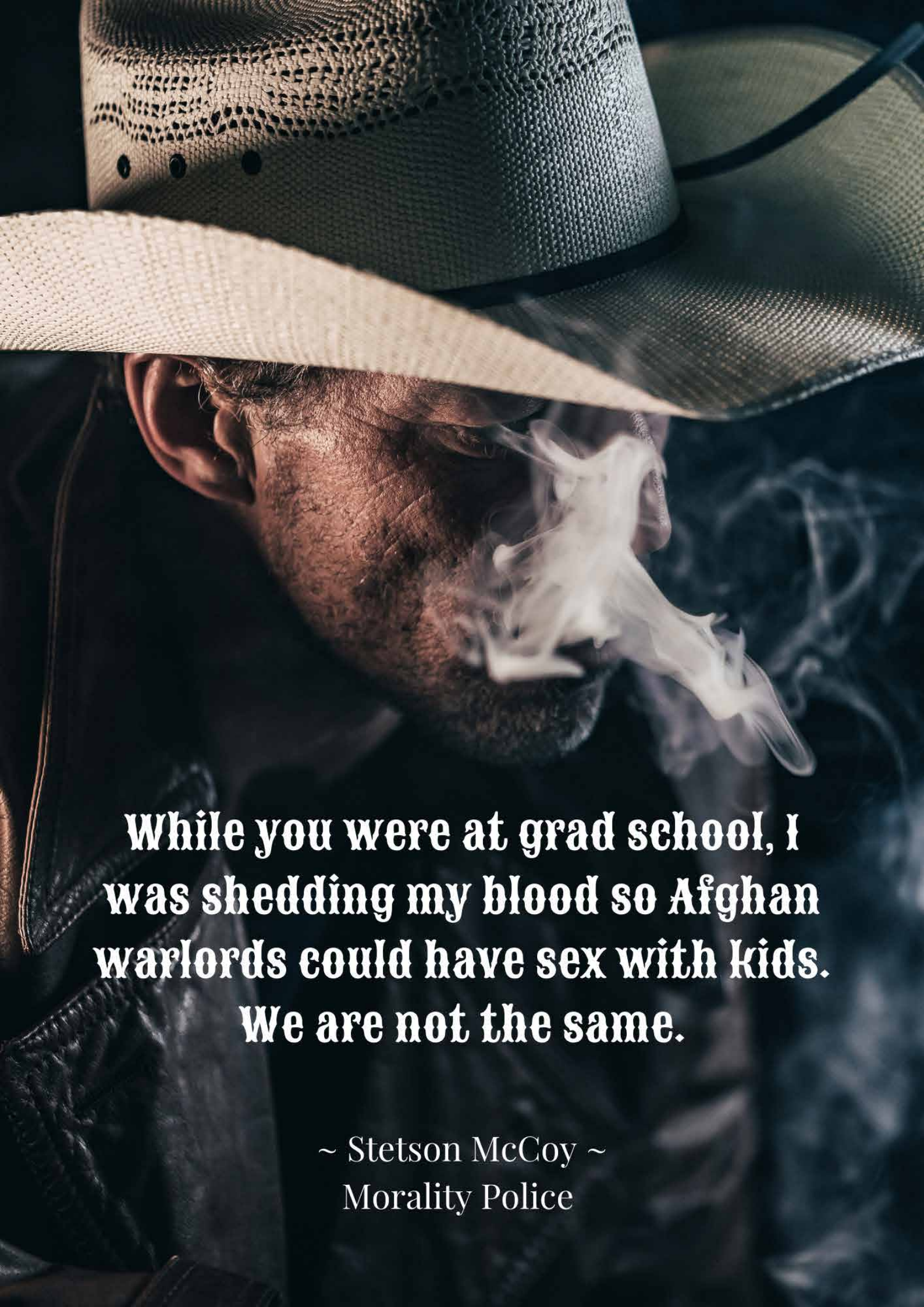
Much can be said of the famous Ambrosius Aurelianus, Gildas sums him up quite handily in *De Excidio* as,

"a gentleman who, perhaps alone of the Romans, had survived the shock of this notable storm. Certainly his parents, who had worn the purple, were slain in it. His descendants in our day have become greatly inferior to their grandfather's excellence. Under him our people regained their strength, and challenged the victors to battle. The Lord assented, and the battle went their way."

Ambrosius on first glance is extremely tempting, as shortly after mentioning him Gildas then mentions Badon. This could lead one to think that Ambrosius was the commander there and many

have drawn that conclusion, but Gildas' wording here seems to imply that a significant amount of time passed between Ambrosius' victories and Badon. Gildas mentions that his descendants in his day, were "greatly inferior to their grandfather's excellence". The word used here is the latin *avita*, which has been interpreted by some to mean the more general 'ancestor' but the more specific meaning is grandfather. If Gildas was born in the 490's this would place Ambrosius' birth sometime likely around the 430-450s. He could have been anywhere between 40 to 60 at Badon, not at all impossible, but this makes the *Annales Cambriae* date for Camlann extremely unlikely for Ambrosius's final battle.

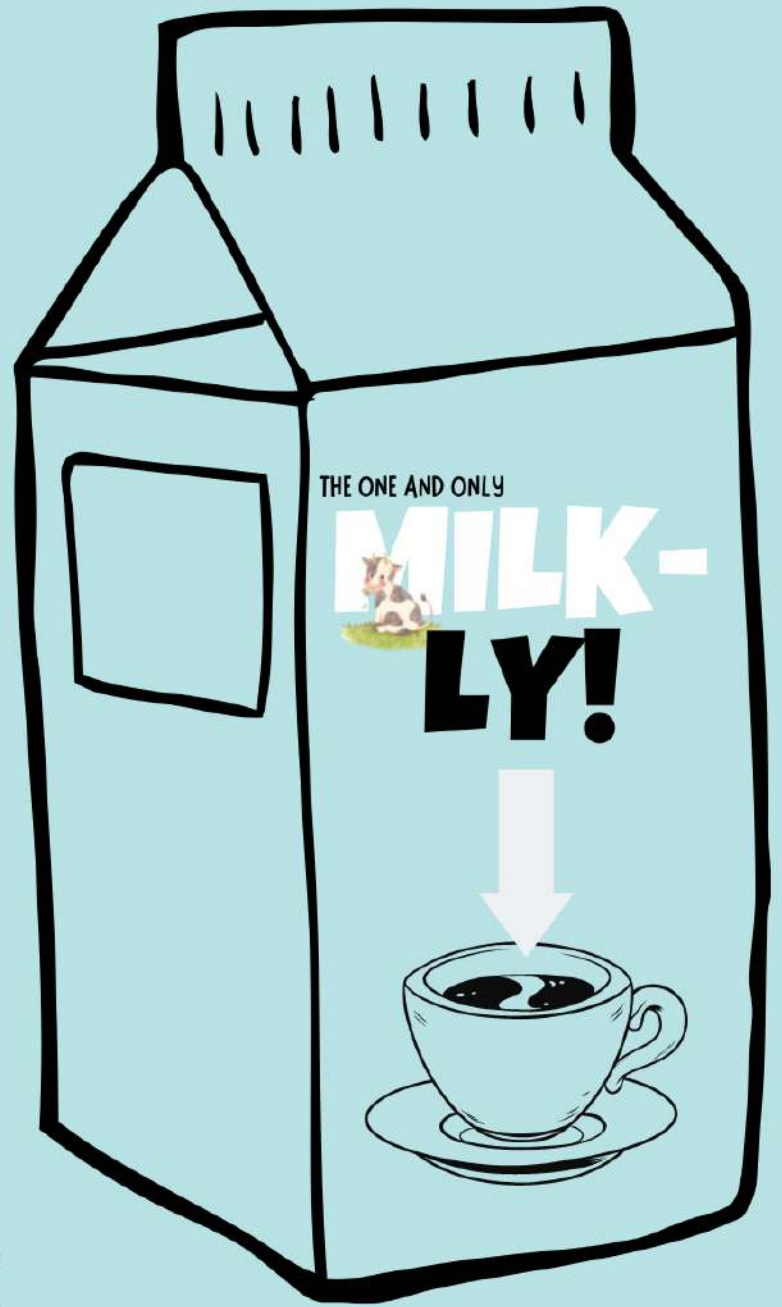
Nennius expands upon what we find in Gildas, stating that Vortigern was terrified of the mighty Ambrosius, then expands upon his background giving us the famous story of the two dragons beneath Dinas Emrys, where a young Ambrosius, probably in his early teens at the time, explains to Vortigern why he has been unable to build his fortress. Ambrosius reveals in this passage that he is the son of a Roman Consul, though we are not given his name. Vortigern then gives him the fortress, and the western kingdoms surrounding it. Later Nennius notes that Ambrosius was "King of all the Britons", and after Vortigern's death he dealt fairly with Vortigern's son Pascent, granting him rule over Gwrtheyrnion and Buellt. Nennius then recounts Ambrosius' battle against Vitolinus, at Wallop, or Guoloph. Vitolinus is generally considered to be the same man as Vortigern. This is likely a continuation of the conflicts from the generation before Ambrosius, where one side was pro-Rome



**While you were at grad school, I
was shedding my blood so Afghan
warlords could have sex with kids.
We are not the same.**

~ Stetson McCoy ~
Morality Police

**"What
kind of
cow
does
oat-milk
come from?"**



Milk-ly is made from 100% raw A2 cow's milk

(Ambrosius), and the other anti-Rome (Vortigern). William of Malmesbury later compiled a narrative from prior sources such as Nennius, Gildas, and Bede, and sums up Ambrosius tidily,

“On the death of Vortimer, the strength of the Britons grew faint, their diminished hopes went backwards; and straight-way they would have come to ruin, had not Ambrosius, the sole survivor of the Romans, who was monarch of the realm after Vortigern, repressed the overweening barbarians through the distinguished achievements of the warlike Arthur”

The story of the young Ambrosius and Vortigern was later taken by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *Historia Regum Britanniae* and replaces Ambrosius with the Historical figure Myrddin Wyllt/Lailoken, a late 6th century bard/wildman. This all makes Ambrosius a tantalizing figure, but seems too famous in his own right to have become confused with Arthur by the mid-6th century.

Cadell ap Catigern of Powys, a grandson of the infamous Vortigern is another possibility. Also known as Cadell Ddyrnllwg, sometimes interpreted as “Gleaming Hilt”, possibly an early reference to a proto-Caledfwlch (the sword that would eventually become Excalibur). He is also known as “king raised from the dust” because of his own rags-to-riches story. Orphaned after his father king Catigern was killed by Irish raiders, he found himself in the service of Benlli, an Irish Chieftain and after slaughtering his only cow to show hospitality to St Germanus of Auxerre, was restored to his ancestral throne. Cadell’s dates can be stretched

quite far, with some thinking he was born as early as 380. This is of course a problem, not only for making him an Arthurian candidate, but also makes the generally accepted later meeting with St. Germanus unlikely, as Cadell would’ve been almost 70 then. If we trust that St Germanus’ second visit took place around 447, Cadell would have been an adult at that point, making him a contemporary of Ambrosius, and possibly even too old to be a grandson of Vortigern as is claimed. With this dating we run into the same trouble with Cadell being too old to have been fighting at Camlann in 537; however we aren’t dead in the water yet. It is possible that St. Germanus was confused with St. Garmon who was active in the late 5th century, which then gives us a later reign for Cadell, in the 470s or 480s. If the battle list of Nennius is plotted in possible locations within modern-day Wales, you get a convincing series of defensive battles around Gaer Fawr, one of Cadell’s supposed strongholds. With this later date he would have likely been in his 40s or 50s during the Battle of Badon, quite perfect for a “Dux Bellorum”, or Lord of Battles as Nennius refers to him, someone who would lead kings into battle, but still quite old for Camlann. You could make a case for an even later date for his birth bringing him closer in line with the elderly king fighting at Camlann; however, Cadell seems to have died fairly young, once again making him unlikely to have been the Arthur of Badon and Camlann, though he may well have fought at Badon with Arthur.

Now on to a figure so promising but with such frustratingly scant information that it’s hard to exclaim “this is him!”, sadly:

Arthwys ap Mar. Born sometime around 470, bringing him more in line with the both the early dates for Badon and the Annals date for Camlann, Arthwys is a Coeling, or descendant of Coel Hen. Coel Hen filled the vacuum in the north acting as Dux Britanniaram (probably self-appointed) in the Sub-Roman period. Coel controlled a considerable amount of territory in northern Britain, and was probably one of the most powerful kings of his day, his kingdom was split among his sons upon his death, and was further split through the generations, leading us to his great-grandson Arthwys. Arthwys seems to have ruled over the eastern portion of northern Britain, sometimes associated with York, sometimes with Elmet, and likely ruled both. Arthwys has some interesting Arthurian connections within his family tree. Brother of Llenauc and Morydd, possible inspirations for Llenlleog who features in Culhwch and Olwen, and Medraut, or Mordred respectively. Grandfather of the historical Percival, Peredur ap Ellifer, cousin of the famed Urien Rheged, possibly even great grand uncle to Myrddin Wyllt, the historical figure behind Merlin – the list goes on further. This can all be considered circumstantial, but there is another interesting thing about Arthwys that lies hidden within a source many would consider unreliable at best, Geoffrey of Monmouth’s *Historia Regum Britanniae*. There Geoffrey relates the story of a ruler named Archgallo ruling sometime around 300bc from York. Archgallo was a poor ruler who was eventually replaced with his brother Elidurus, only to be found after five years wandering the “Forests of Calaterium” by Elidurus and reinstated

ARTHUR ON THE SILVER SCREEN



Richard Harris, Camelot (1967)



Nigel Terry, Excalibur (1981)



Sean Connery, First Knight (1995)



Charlie Hunnam, King Arthur: Legend of the Sword (2017)

as king. The question is, what does this story have to do with a 5th century King of York like Arthwys ap Mar? The key here is Arthwys' genealogy, as every figure within this tale of Archgallo has a counterpart amongst the Coelings.

While the relationships between these figures are somewhat jumbled, I believe that Geoffrey had a lost chronicle recounting the exploits of the Sub-Roman kings of York, and in his effort to compile his history he placed it where he felt it would fit best, around 800 years before it actually took place. This story shows interesting parallels with later Post-Galfridian stories of civil strife and familial disputes. Arthwys may have been hiding under our noses all along in another place, a work mentioned earlier, Aneirin's poem Y Gododdin. In stanza 19 it is mentioned that an Athrwys (a later spelling of Arthwys, seen in Athrwys ap Meurig, who was born around the time Y Gododdin was likely composed) was killed by Cydywal, a warrior of the Gododdin, as well as stanza 16 telling of how the Gododdin fought against "meibion Godebawc" or "The sons of Godebog", Godebog referring to Coel Hen, whose epithet was Guotepauc or Godebog (meaning Protector), who was Arthwys' great grandfather. Although the battle commemorated in Y Gododdin took place some 30-100 years after Arthwys' death, many of the elegies in Y Gododdin include figures who are known to have died elsewhere, as well as others who were known to have died much earlier than the battle. This elegy could be a memory of Brythonic civil wars fought between the Coelings and their cousins north of Hadrian's Wall, once again echoing the tradition-

al interpretation of Camlann as a civil war. All of this combined makes Arthwys a very interesting figure in his own right, and makes the Arthurian connections even more promising. Could Arthwys have been the victor at Badon, and the Arthur that fell at Camlann? Could he have been the one to inspire an entire generation to name their children Arthur – as after him we have multiple Artuirs, Athrwys, and other Arthur derived names?

I don't think we've yet cracked the case for who the Arthur that started it all was, The 'Arthur of Badon', but I think a pretty good case can be made that these three figures at least contributed to the later composite. Ultimately Arthur as the general public knows him is a composite of many figures both historical, and mythical. Starting with a handful of real men, who quickly became legend for their great deeds, and continued to morph into whatever was in vogue at the time. A Godly warlord standing between the Britons and their pagan nemesis the Saxons, a king in shining 15th century armour espousing the best ideals of chivalry, a reluctant leader played by a Hollywood actor. As Malory wrote in Le Morte d'Arthur:

*Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam,
Rexque futurus.*

Here lies Arthur, the once, and future, King. 🏰

*Aurochs tweets @actualaurochs.
Visit aurochs.substack.com to read essays about King Arthur, metallurgy and much more.*

SALUTE THE PAST.





**MYSTICAL
ENNUI**

DOONVORCANNON

On

MANUAL WORK

for Men



In this wide-ranging essay, CHARLES HAYWOOD considers the meaning and power of manual work and how it can be harnessed for a new masculine revival...

Those who rule us seek to stamp out masculinity. Over the past several decades their attacks have been wildly successful, as a glance around you will show. True, in some families, boys are still raised to be men. But when they leave home, the never-ending attacks of the feminizers pick off many, because in every area of mainstream American life, masculine behavior is anathemized and punished. Only those willing to pay heavy personal costs can defy this never-ending coercion. Some men resist, and some even reverse the indoctrination, discovering and adopting masculinity on their own—although without broader social support and traditions, such self-taught men run the risk of caricaturing masculinity. What we need is a mechanism for any man, at any age, to begin centering and cultivating real, well-rounded, durable masculinity. Fortunately, such a mechanism is readily available and teachable—taking up tool-based manual work.

We will come to precisely what this means, and how it is to be done. First, however, I want to talk about two false solutions to feminization. The first is sportsball, often suggested as beneficial for boys, and believed to be masculinizing by many. This is a mirage. That sportsball for boys is still generally socially acceptable, even admired, and that the soccer mom, sister to the wine aunt, is a well-known archetype, should be clues that today's sportsball is a trap and a distraction from activities that actually turn boys



into men. True, boys, who naturally seek competition, are often interested in playing games. And certainly informal, pickup sports should be encouraged as tending to strengthen and develop the masculine virtues of agency, absorbing hurts, and independence. But no organized sport today is actually masculinizing. Because they involve massive time and money commitments from the entire family, they create a focus on the child himself which erodes independence, and in fact removes agency from the boy. Worse, in most or all organized sports, masculinity is directly curbed, by deliberate actions to reduce aggressive competition and the development of natural hierarchy, even often by requiring girls to be permitted to play on the same teams as boys. No, sports is not the solution; no future wars will be won on today's equivalent of the playing fields of Eton.

A second false solution is for parents to choose the "right" school and expect masculinity to be inculcated. Perhaps avoiding the public schools, and choosing a nice private school? Nope, that's not enough. Any boy who is not homeschooled (and even many of those) will be subject to a torrent of feminization. Private schools in general are no better, and often worse, than public schools. Even classical academies, or similar traditional schools, to which readers of this magazine likely gravitate, while vastly better than the average public or private school, are badly infected. In part due to legal fears and in part due simply to cultural osmosis, most have, perhaps without realizing it, adopted what forty years ago would have been regarded as insane levels of feminization. They insist little boys adopt the habits of little girls, for example sitting quietly and agreeably, and not pretending that sticks are guns (or even playing

with sticks at all), or acting independently in any way. They assume that the goal for all children is to exude feminine kindness and to achieve consensus. They reject the creation of hierarchy determined by ritualized combat, when failure to achieve such a hierarchy is tremendously destructive. No doubt there are a few exceptions, and little of this is malicious in the way it is in the public schools. And no doubt every child should attend such a classical school, or be homeschooled, in preference to the alternatives. But even when they try to inculcate masculinity, they usually fail. Classical schools, for example, often teach excellent works such as Roger Lancelyn Green's *King Arthur*, in an effort to suggest that chivalry is an ideal to which to aspire. That's good—but it again shows the problem, for what such schools usually focus on as chivalry is obligations and traditional defined roles for boys, which benefit women, rarely obligations or defined traditional roles for women, which benefit men. It is not masculinity, and the proper roles and partnership between me and women, they teach, but a distortion of both.

A reader may object that he, or his children, or men he knows, are masculine, because they play sports without the defects of many organized sports (say mixed martial arts, although even there they allow women, repulsive and unnatural ones, to participate), or serve in the military, or are CrossFit aficionados. Maybe, and to some extent, it is true those activities are inherently masculine activities. Certainly, in comparison to men, women don't really play sports, they can't be actual soldiers, and they can't perform notable physical feats, so such activities, done as they are meant to be done, can only be done by men. But being masculine is a multifaceted thing,

not a narrow thing. Although I have a great deal of sympathy for "sun and steel," the program associated with Bronze Age Pervert, and exercise is important, physical exertion as the chief focus of masculinity tends to narcissism and solipsism. As to soldiering, vast swathes of the military are entirely feminized. Even if a man is a Seal Team Six member, which I will agree is pretty masculine, more masculine even than me, killing other people is again a narrow, and not cost-free, manifestation of masculinity, and inadequate even for that man, much less men in general, to build a well-rounded masculine life in society. A man is a man most of all when he is firmly embedded in society, whatever the visceral attraction of being Conan the Barbarian.

So what to do? The key is to realize that a natural tendency of boys and men, which sharply distinguishes them from girls and women, is their desire to create, and to be fulfilled by creating, lasting objects to be productively used, to create functional solutions to problems in the real world, and to offer those solutions to others. Philosopher Matthew B. Crawford (the apostle of manual work for men, and you should read all his books, especially if you want a more exhaustive, philosophical treatment of the topic of manual work), notes that such work "is meaningful because it is genuinely useful." Making real things in the real world confers power, knowledge and wisdom; it is a fulfillment of men's desire for agency in relation to the physical world, as distinct from the feminine desires to nurture and empathize. Therefore, to reclaim and rebuild masculinity, we should aggressively support men's work in creating real things out of real materials. Instead, however, even men aware of the problem spend much of their

priceless time on pointless fillers—very often watching others play sportsball and playing computer games, both nearly totally worthless activities.

The tool-based manual arts, what might also be called mechanics or craft, are not only firmly based in reality, but entirely revolve around typically masculine traits, such as problem solving, competition, and objectively demonstrating competency and prowess. They also often involve some danger (it is no surprise that all the most dangerous trades are utterly dominated by men). We should sharply distinguish between such arts, such craft, and what are commonly called “crafts”—silly art projects with cut paper and glue. Neither men nor boys have any interest in the manufacture of such decorative, superfluous items. The female hobby of scrapbooking is viewed as a female hobby for a reason. Instead, boys should be permitted to, and encouraged to, and men should choose to, work with tools—tools that are sometimes dangerous—to create physical objects, not primarily for aesthetic reasons, but rather for functional reasons (although both aims can be accomplished in a single object, and the creation of some purely aesthetic objects, such as sculpture, is not necessarily incompatible with masculinity).

Function is the dividing line, though not often acknowledged, between what men and women want to do. Any parent sees this immediately. Little boys want to play with tools and trucks that do things; little girls want to play with dolls and pretty things, which reflect their nurturing and creative nature. Any parent who says this is not a general rule is simply a liar—there are exceptions, but that usually shows a problem with the boy or girl, not an indifferent difference. A little thought shows why

...men want to accomplish, to have something tangible they can point to. And they thereby want to show their work, and themselves, superior to others

this is the dividing line—men want to accomplish, to have something tangible they can point to. And they thereby want to show their work, and themselves, superior to others. Women do not have this same drive—their similar energy is devoted, although it is fashionable to deny this, to children, the tangible contribution to the world that only women can create, and flowing from that, to creativity in general not as function or competition, but as an end in itself.

How can we execute a broad societal turn to manual work, to mechanics and craft, for boys and men? For boys, it is a question of providing exposure and opportunity. For men kept from manual work as boys, and needing remedial development, that is also necessary, but men also face the question of whether they will earn their daily bread by manual work, or pursue it as a side avocation. Some men are best suited to earn a living by their minds; there is no dishonor in being a history professor, or a software engineer (as long as the work produced is not socially destructive, as is a great deal of both history teaching and software creation today). Thus, for each man the path is likely to be different. The key is that each man must spend time creating functional objects with tools.

We would certainly all be better off if most men did not go to college, which generally is a finishing school for feminization, and instead spent much or most of their time in manual work (even if that is ultimately not how they make a

living). For now, however, because manual work for pay is regarded as less socially prestigious, and assortative mating means that a man harms his chances of finding a decent wife by not pursuing a useless, or socially-negative, job involving desk work and a future as a pasty, fat, feminized man, most men will keep going to college. Maybe in the future this will end; we can hope. The only clear rule is that manual work cannot be omitted, whatever else a young man is doing.

The first step is for parents to aggressively push tool-based creative activities to boys, and only to boys, not to girls. Parents should invest in tools that assist boys to follow their particular interests as they become apparent; most basic tools are quite cheap (here the easy availability of cheap Chinese products is helpful, although hopefully soon such goods will be entirely barred from American markets). Manual work should not be optional for boys, but required from very early years. Sharply limiting any use of electronic devices is crucial here; digital platforms not only waste time, but the passive “fun” they offer encourages a retreat into unreality, and is thus the very opposite of masculinity, which requires actively facing and dealing with the world as it is. Unless parents set their boys on the right path, life will be exponentially harder for their boys later.

In all schools, shop class covering core types of tool work should be restored, expanded, and made mandatory (and single-sex). For those homeschooling or attending

John
"Borzoï"
Chapman

Cultured Gruqs



Dispatches From
America in Collapse

a not-well-heeled classical academy, a shop, with instructors, can be created and shared, formally or informally, by groups of parents themselves. You cannot learn only from books; as Crawford discusses in his works, well-executed manual work is largely the result of tacit knowledge gained from direct experience with the relevant materials. But an extensive library of books, electronic versions if necessary, though preferably physical, should also be obtained to allow both a survey of possible activities and basic learning about methods, prior to actually laying hands on tools.

Many different types of manual work are possible, and each boy and man will likely gravitate to some over others. Working with wood is an easy entry into such work; here especially materials and tools are very inexpensive and readily available. For some, this will tend to forms that are both functional and potentially beautiful, such as whittling, carving, or sculpture. For others, it will tend more towards craft, the production of items such as chairs, tables, or trebuchets. This variation is true of all tool work. Working with metal, whether fabrication such as welding or precision metalworking, is another possibility—more costly in terms of tools and materials, but also more functional and valuable in certain instances, and something that allows an endless stretching of the mind. Working with the natural world, plants or animal husbandry, is a third, quite different type of manual work—and, being largely conducted outdoors, one that many men likely prefer to working inside a building. But this only scratches the surface of the options, from masonry to engine building to gunsmithing to glasswork.

With manual work, differences in skills, whether inherent or

merely due to the level of experience, are easily accommodated. Those who are especially talented will likely be attracted to work that requires high skill, such as precision metalworking that requires complex mathematics. Those who are less talented, or simply have less ability to devote time to developing necessary skills, can choose work that has a shallower learning curve. We should remember, however, that as Crawford often points out, all manual work with tools, without exception, is cognitively demanding and engages (and therefore enhances) our capacities. Those who have or acquire great skill can achieve true excellence. But the feeling of accomplishment, of self-reliance, of being on the path to mastery of the physical world, comes to any man doing manual work, even if he is not a Michelangelo of metal or wood.

To be sure, manual work by itself is not a complete solution to the failing of masculinity in today's world. It is necessary but not sufficient. The positive virtues of masculinity include others beyond self-reliance, the creation of order, and the handling and use of physical things. They also include, for every man, physical bravery ranging towards aggression; protection at any cost of his family, friends, and others deserving of protection; provision for his family; and bold, quick action. Those virtues must also be acquired. But manual work is key for men, and not for women, because there is little overlap at all between manual work and the feminine virtues: nurture; kindness; grace; empathy for people and creatures; the creation and formation of life; counsel before action; cooperation; and passing wisdom down through the generations. Together, in different measure for different people, across the whole range of humanity, all these virtues form the coherent human

whole, a functioning society, to which each person contributes what he or she does best. For men, regular manual work takes them at least halfway to fulfilling their obligations in reaching this goal.

Moreover, the pursuit of manual work has social benefits beyond building masculinity. In a world where manual work dies or is denigrated, the result is a more general societal degradation, the creation of a world drained of ties to reality, abandoning the search for excellence and ignoring the link between competency and actual achievement. Part of this degradation is shown by our throwaway culture and consumerism, which is necessarily opposed to manual work, because we become used to a disconnect between our desires and how they are satisfied, intermediated by fake money earned by fake jobs. Pushing back on these falsehoods helps restore our society. And, most importantly, manual work teaches every one who performs it that there is a Truth (in Crawford's words again) against which our wishes are irrelevant. The natural, material world always sets limits. The recognition of what is reality is the most important matter for a decent society, and the axis along which our current clown society fails the most. Working with our hands makes us realize that we are not autonomous, but rather dependent on much that is outside us; it is therefore an attack on Enlightenment pseudo-emanicipation that has been so destructive for our society. Therefore, by making our boys men, and turning our men back to masculinity, in more than one way we help rebuild our future, each time we pick up a tool with the aim of creating a functional item. ■

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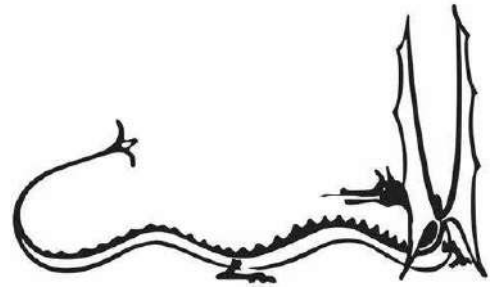
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Letters from



TOLKIEN

by ORM

When memory of the great men of the past cannot be erased by the lesser, it is distorted, misrepresented, and neutered. Much as Tolkien described how elves and fairies have been turned from mighty, eldritch beings into mischievous, diminutive children, so too have many of these men been turned from giants of word and deed into bookish eccentrics and made “safe”. Tolkien is cast as a reclusive bookworm, a proto-environmentalist, a proto-nerd; if his conservatism is well-known, it is cast as an idiosyncrasy or unfortunate accident of his times. Closer examination reveals a different picture.

Tolkien was a self-described reactionary, who feared that the cosmopolitanism, feminism, and mass production that American victory in WWII threatened to introduce would be no victory at all:

“I wonder (if we survive this war) if there will be any niche, even of sufferance, left for reactionary back numbers like me.... The bigger things get the smaller and duller or flatter the world gets. It is getting to be all one blasted little provincial suburb. When they have introduced American sanitation, morale-pep, feminism, and mass production [throughout the world] how happy we shall be... I do find this Americo-cosmopolitanism very terrifying. Qua mind and spirit, and neglecting the piddling fears of timid flesh which does not want to shot or chopped... I am not really sure that its victory is going to be so much the better for the world as a whole and in the long run...” Letter 53

“[T]he one certain result of it all is a further growth in the great standardised amalgamations with their

THE
WHITE
SWAN



FAISAL MARZIPAN

10 million Americans are now allergic to red meat as a result of lone-star tick bites*



* "Tick Saliva and the Alpha-Gal Syndrome: Finding a Needle in a Haystack", *Frontiers in Infection and Cellular Microbiology*, 20 July 2021

Xmas
1925

Cliff House
Top of the world
Near the North Pole

Xmas
1925

My dear boys
I am dreadfully busy this year - it makes my hand more shaky than ever, very rich in fact - awful things have been happening, and some of the presents have got spilt, and I haven't got the North Polar bear to help me, and I have had to move house just before Christmas, so you can imagine what a state everything is in, and you will see why I have a new address and why I can write only one letter between you both - it all happened like this: one very windy day last November my hand blew off and went and stuck on the top of the North Pole. I told him not to, but the N.P. Bear climbed up to the thin top, got it down - and he did. The pole broke in the middle, and fell on the roof of my house and the N.P. Bear fell through the hole it made into the dining room with my hand over his nose and all the snow fell off the roof into the house and melted, and put out all the fires and ran down into the cellar where I was collecting this year's presents, and the N.P. Bear's leg got broken. He is broil again now, but I was so cross with him that he says he won't try to help me again - I expect his temper is hurt, and will be mended by next Christmas. I send you a picture of the accident, and of my new house on the cliff above the N.P. with beautiful cellars in the cliff. If John can't read my old shaky writing (I was 7 years old) he must get his father to. When is Michael going to learn to read and write his own letters to me? Lots of love to you both and Christopher, whose name is rather like mine.
That's all: Good bye * Father Christmas *

One of the famous "Christmas letters" Tolkien began sending his children from 1920. The author took on the identity of Father Christmas and told stories about life at the North Pole. Tolkien delivered the letters on Christmas Eve as part of an unbroken tradition that lasted for 23 years

mass-produced notions and emotions. Music will give place to jiving: which as far as I can make out means holding a 'jam session' round a piano (an instrument properly intended to produce the sounds devised by, say, Chopin) and hitting it so hard that it breaks." Letter 77

He especially abhorred the use of machines in WWII, calling it The War of Machines, and decried the destruction wrought on Germany as a world catastrophe:

"The destruction of Germany, be it 100 times merited, is one of the most appalling world-catastrophes... [T]he first War of the Machines seems to be drawing to its final inconclusive chapter – leaving... only one thing triumphant: the Machines."

"The news today about 'Atomic bombs' is so horrifying one is stunned. The utter folly of these lunatic physicists to consent to do such work for war-purposes: calmly plotting the destruction of the world! Such explosives in men's hands, while their moral and intellectual status is declining, is about as useful as giving out firearms to all inmates of a gaol and then saying that you hope 'this will ensure peace'." Letter 102

Throughout Tolkien's letters, we see religion and myth return again and again not just as fancies or sentimentality, but as lived experience:

"Remember your guardian angel. Not a plump lady with swan-wings! ... The bright point of power where that life-line, that spiritual umbilical cord touches: there is our Angel, facing two ways to God behind us in the direction we cannot see, and to us. [D]o not grow weary of facing God, in your free right and strength (both

provided 'from behind' as I say). If you cannot achieve inward peace... do not forget that the aspiration for it is not a vanity, but a concrete act." Letter 54

"[Your letter] reminded me of a sudden vision I had not long ago... I perceived or thought of the Light of God and in it suspended one small mote (or millions of motes to only one of which was my small mind directed), glittering white because of the individual ray from the Light which both held and lit it. And the ray was the Guardian Angel of the mote: not a thing interposed between God and the creature, but God's very attention itself, personalized... I do not mean 'personified' by a mere figure of speech." Letter 89

If Tolkien broadly disapproved of empires, his reason was not vulgar anti-imperialism – he remained a patriot – but opposition to Babel:

"I should have hated the Roman Empire in its day (as I do), and remained a patriotic Roman citizen, while preferring a free Gaul and seeing good in Carthaginians." Letter 77

"Col. Knox⁴ says 1/8 of the world's population speaks 'English', and that is the biggest language group. If true, damn shame – say I. May the curse of Babel strike all their tongues till they can only say 'baa baa'. It would mean much the same." Letter 53

"[Now] we're in God's hands. But He does not look kindly on Babel-builders." Letter 102

Tolkien often praised hobbits and hobbitry, but let us remember that hobbits, too, bore swords, and their peaceful life was – until they learnt to defend themselves – safeguarded by warriors.

Tolkien was no Jünger – although his fiction contains elements comparable – but he recognized the necessity of war in a fallen world, as well as man's duty to serve. He himself served in WWI and fought in the Battle of the Somme:

"The utter stupid waste of war, not only material but moral and spiritual, is so staggering to those who have to endure it. And always was (despite the poets), and always will be (despite the propagandists) – not of course that it has not is and will be necessary to face it in an evil world." Letter 64

"It is in fact a sore trial to me that any son of mine should serve this modern Moloch. But such wishes are vain, and it is, I clearly understand, your duty to do as well in such service as you have the strength and aptitude to do. In any case, it is only a kind of squeamishness, perhaps, like a man who enjoys steak and kidney (or did), but would not be connected with the butchery business." Letter 77

"... I love England, and if I was of military age, I should, I fancy, be grousing away in a fighting service, and willing to go on to the bitter end – always hoping that things may turn our better for England than they are looking." Letter 53

Tolkien was a self-described reactionary, an opponent of cosmopolitanism, feminism, and the corrosive elements of the modern world. Lesser men distort, misrepresent, and try to neuter the memory of the great; they seek to appropriate them for their own ends and make them "safe". Let us remember Tolkien not just as a humble old scholar, but as a soldier, patriot, and man of great learning and faith. 📖

Orm tweets @ormulus. His writing, including translations of untranslated works, is available at ormulus.substack.com

MICROPLASTICS IN YOUR BALLS

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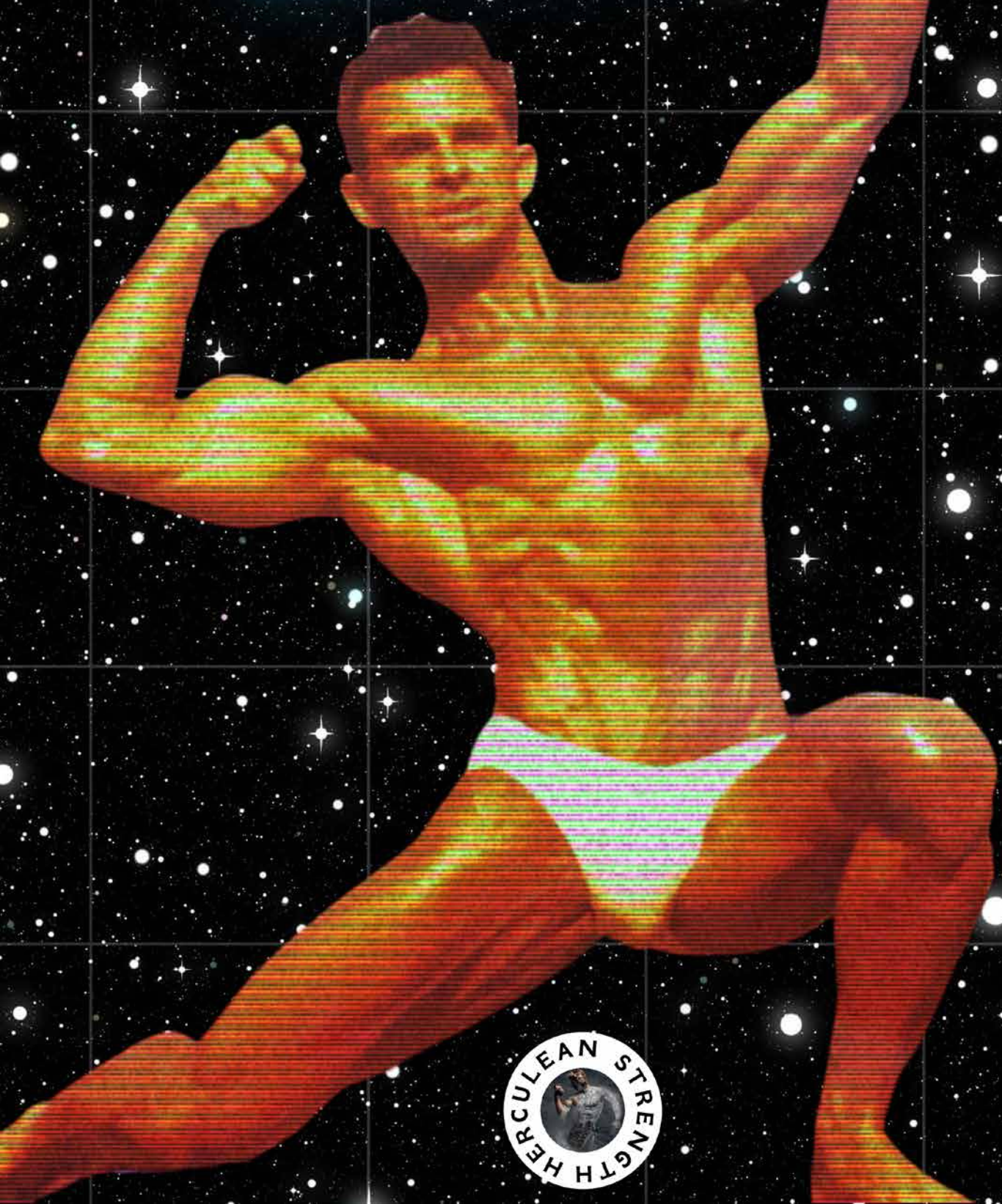


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LESSON ONE: ANCESTRAL DIETS

We've said it and we'll say it again: focus on whole foods. And by whole foods we mean, the foods humans have been eating since time immemorial. Red meat, dairy protein and eggs were staples of Golden Era diets.

Recently we ran an article about a fascinating study from 2017 on the relationship between different kinds of diet and stature in men (“Increased Male Height Associated with the Superior Nutrition of Animal Proteins”). The results of the study, which considered the diets of 107 different countries in Europe, the Middle East, North Africa, Asia and Oceania, shouldn't surprise you, I hope: men in countries with diets that predominantly draw their protein from animal sources (called milk-based diets in the study), have greater average statures than men from countries with diets that are mainly based on wheat or rice. In fact, rice-based diets, which generally are to be found in tropical Asia, produce the shortest men in the world.

The study found a clear correlation between the amount of protein consumed and height – the more men eat, the taller they are – but it was also clear that protein quality matters too. Some forms of protein are more complete than others – contain more of the full spectrum of amino acids – and amongst the most complete – you guessed it! – are red meat, milk and eggs, with eggs being the most complete of all.

Why does this matter, and what does it have to do with the Golden Era of bodybuilding?

Well, first of all, it's always nice to find powerful scientific confirmation of the things you take for granted, isn't it? These are the foods that people seeking to be powerful have tended to choose to eat for a long time, even since before the advent of modern bodybuilding. In fact, a looong time since before the advent of modern bodybuilding.

In pre-history, groups of pastoralists – semi-nomadic, animal-herders – had distinct advantages over their settled (ie. grain-cultivating) neighbours in warfare, because of the difference in their diets. Archaeological evidence suggests that the groups who spread the Indo-European languages into Europe

owed much of their success to their size and good health, which they developed as a result of – you guessed it! – eating lots of red meat and milk.

There's a reason why the elites of grain societies still got to eat lots of meat, while their peasant subjects had to make do with bread and vegetables. A warrior nobility, the elite shock troops of an ancient or medieval society, could hardly live by bread alone.

But back to the Golden Era. Red meat, milk and eggs were the cornerstones of more or less every Golden Era diet. Take this description of the diet of ChetYorton, for instance, the man who famously beat Arnold in the 1966 Mr Universe.

“He usually eats six to eight eggs for breakfast and two glasses of raw milk, plus soybean powder with brewer's yeast. For luncheon

he has a light snack of one pound of rare ground beef, some vegetables and a gelatin salad plus his usual two glasses of raw milk, soybean powder and yeast. And for dinner he devours one pound of liver, chicken or steak, or sometimes fish, together with lots of vegetables and a salad, and as usual soybean powder, brewers yeast and two glasses of raw milk.”

Eggs, raw milk, red meat – including organ meat. This could easily be a description of the diet of Tom Platz or any other bodybuilder from that period you could care to name.

So if it ain't broke, why fix it?

The problem is, of course, that there are many who would now do away with animal-based diets altogether. And their movement is quickly gaining ground. Barely a day passes without some new meat- or milk-replacement product entering the market, or without some new study or pronouncement about the environmental and the health costs of animal-based diets. Abandoning meat-based diets is now apparently essential to the future survival of the earth. Advocates know that social pressure is an essential part of this process, far more so than convincing people to eat plant-based products on the basis of their taste or purported health benefits.

Recently, protestors in England blockaded McDonald's depots in an attempt to force them to commit to replacing all their meat products with plant-based alternatives by 2025. That's less than four years away. It would be hard not to consider the case a bellwether: if McDonald's chooses to cave to such demands, others will no doubt follow – and that's precisely why the chain was picked by the protestors.

Studies like the 2017 height study are devastating evidence against the claims of advocates of plant-based diets. There can be no doubt that if they were to have their way, human health and well-being would suffer. Plants, as the study's authors write:


“are not able to provide the optimal stimuli for physical growth, even if the intake of total protein and total energy poses no problem. In fact, we observed a difference of 10 cm (174 cm vs. 184 cm) between nations relying on the surplus of plant and animal proteins, respectively.”

Why?

“Besides low protein quality, a frequently forgotten limiting factor of plant-based diets is their low nutritional density, with a disproportionate load of ‘empty calories’ from starch and oils that must be consumed per unit of a key nutrient.”

Of course, we would be the first to advocate for a kinder form of agriculture, one which pays closer attention to the dignity and well-being of the animals in its care, as well as ensuring sustainability in the long term. But humans are part of that equation too, and our dignity and well-being are far better served by high-quality animal products than by Frankenfoods grown in a lab.

The fight has only just begun.



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And yes, in that order.

#mansworld



Something's brewing in the Bunk House



CUCK OPERATOR



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LESSON TWO: YOUNG VINCE



Vince Gironda wanted to follow in his father's footsteps when he was a young lad and become a stuntman. Thankfully, that didn't happen...

Did you know Vince Gironda wanted to be a stuntman as a boy? Of course he did, because like most boys, Vince wanted to be like his father – and he was a stuntman. Vince's father took the family from the Bronx, where Vince was born in 1917, to Los Angeles so that he could ply his trade in the burgeoning Hollywood film industry. He even got to work on *Ben Hur* (1925), which at that time was the largest and most expensive silent movie ever made. In our current age of computer special effects, it's easy to forget that everything dangerous or unusual that took place on the screen until not that long ago was either the product of clever physical trickery or sheer physical bravery (or insanity, call it what you will). If you wanted to stage a dangerous chariot race, with competitors crashing into each other and crashing out of the race spectacularly – well, you needed a load of real horses and a load of real men who weren't afraid to put their lives in danger riding them like hell. Many early stuntmen were real cowboys and rodeo riders, and they found a fitting home in the western movies that were really beginning to take off in the 1920s and 1930s.

It's not actually all that clear what Vince's father's background was – he certainly wasn't a cowboy – but it's clear that he must have been tough and fit. So it's not a wonder Vince was desperate to emulate his father; although it's also worth noting that Vince had a brief early interest in dance, which his father had to knock out of him...

After he'd decided he might need to put on a little muscle to be a stuntman, Vince joined his local YMCA gym. And it was there that he had the epiphany that changed the course of his life forever, from stuntman to bodybuilding pioneer. At the age of 23, Vince saw a picture of John Grimek, the most dominant bodybuilder of the day, and decided that was what he wanted to be.

Not enough people know about Grimek, who was variously nicknamed 'the Monarch of Muscledom' and 'the Glow', the latter on account of how much he stood out next to his competitors on stage. Grimek had been an Olympic weightlifter, competing for

the US in the 1936 Berlin Olympics, and had fallen into bodybuilding largely due to a personal feud with fellow weightlifter John Davis. Once he arrived, nobody could beat him, and a special rule was made to prevent him from competing in the Mr America after he had won it twice in a row. It's not a wonder Vince was impressed; take a look at a picture of Grimek and you probably will

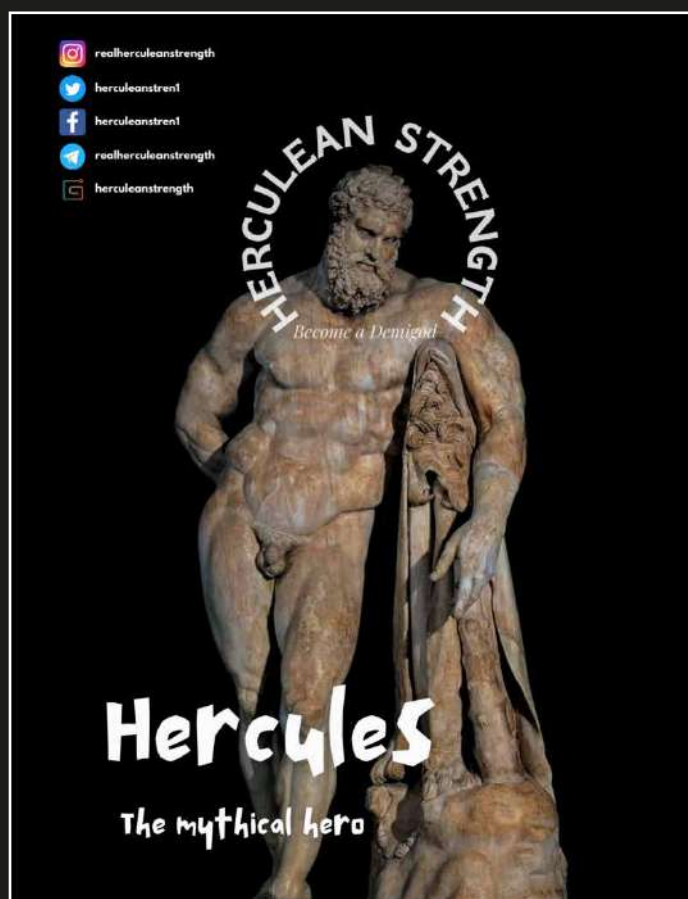
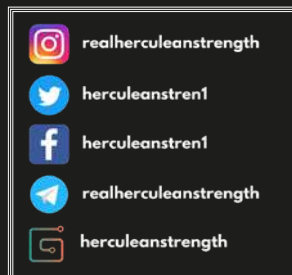
be too.

After moving to the Eastons' gym in West Hollywood and making some serious gains, Vince was first asked to work at the gym as an instructor, and then decided to go it alone, opening Vince's Gym in West Hollywood, in 1948.

Vince's Gym would remain open until 1995, through the most transformative period in bodybuilding history. When it first opened, the ideal bodybuilder was still a man like John Grimek or Vince himself, but by the time it closed its doors, Dorian Yates was commanding the Olympia stage. Throughout that period of rapid change, Vince stayed true to himself and to the vision of proportioned physical perfection that had inspired his change of career.

There are plenty of morals to be drawn from Vince's life, but here's one I like: a change of heart isn't always a bad thing. What may often feel like a setback and not an inspiration or epiphany, can also be the start of something great.

If you want to read all ten Golden Era lessons, download Golden Era Wisdom now, for free, from Herculean Strength's Gumroad page, listed in the box to the right.



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MW EXPLORE!



In July every year, Leh, in the Indian province of Jammu and Kashmir, hosts a Polo Festival. Leh sits on the Ladakh plateau, the highest point in the entire nation. The mountain scenery provides a breathtaking backdrop for the frantic action on the polo field.

The word “Ladakh” literally means “Land of High Passes”. The area is also known as the Moon Land or Cold Desert, for obvious reasons. In winter, temperatures can fall to -50 degrees, but in the summer never exceed 30 - perfect for polo.



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LET'S RETURN TO AESTHETICS

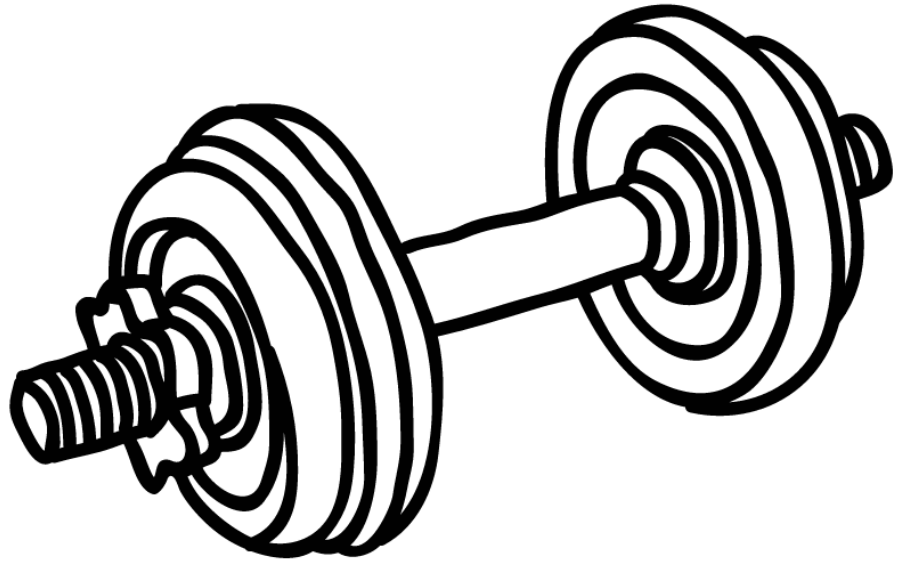




What else is there?

Reflections of an old-school lifter

by JIM STEEL



Times have changed and I have a problem with it. I was born in 1967 and I grew up in the 70's and 80's and I desperately want to go back there, back to a more simple time. As the world has spiraled downwards over the last few years, I have retreated back into yesteryear, before cell phones and social media and the Laptop from Hell and the United States of Stolen Elections and globalism.

Along with the “plandemic”, it's the constant bombardment of everything that has made me look backwards. The phone always with you, buzzing ringing, beeping. People at the gym with huge asses posting selfies of themselves giving advice on how to build a fat ass. And people fall for that shit. I have kids, so the phone is where teachers and my kids keep in touch with me, and I have online training

clients so they text me videos of their training sessions, and it has a GPS on it so I don't get lost when I am driving (remember maps?), and it has my 10 year old's baseball news and schedule on it. I want to throw it in the pond out back of my house. I hate it, and I often look back fondly on times past when phones weren't around. We had an answering machine growing up. You would get home from being out somewhere and it was sort of exciting getting home and checking messages. Oh! Someone called! It isn't just the phone, it's everything. All these damn channels on TV. Where I grew up in Maryland, we had 3 channels when I was coming up. Actually, we had 4 channels because sometimes, if I adjusted the channel just right, I could get channel 45 out of Baltimore. The TV was black and white, but my sister and I swore that channel 45 came in in

color. Wake up and go outside. Go down to the woods and fish. Walk through the woods to Knollwood Park and shoot some hoops with friends. We didn't text, we saw each other at school and made plans to meet. If someone didn't show up, we just wondered where he was and then the next day, we asked what happened. Couldn't text or call. Walk or hitchhike to my girlfriend's house a few miles away. Usually, someone that I knew would pick me up and drive me, but sometimes I would run to her house.

One of my fondest memories is of Saturdays during my junior year in high school. I worked 13 hours every Saturday at the Adelphi Mobil gas station, pumping gas, fixing flats, eating steak and cheese subs from Pizza Oven up the street. After the day was over, I'd go home and I would get changed and run to my girlfriend's



house, around 2.5 miles away. I would get there and go downstairs to squat. My girlfriend didn't have Olympic plates yet, so I would squat with standard plates and bar, set after set, putting all the weight in the place on the bar, all of the 25's, 10's, 5's, 2.5's. It was around 400 pounds and I loved the feeling of being tired from the day of working and the run and I liked the feeling of squatting and fighting that accumulated fatigue, sweat dripping into my eyes during the sets. It was training and I didn't need a spin class or hot yoga or a pencil neck instructor telling me what exercises to perform. All there was back then were free weights and power racks, maybe a lat machine. Even the public gyms were full free weights, barbells and dumbbells with maybe an old stationary bike in the corner with the chain halfway on. Nautilus had its own centers, touting quick workouts and magic results. My friends and I knew nobody that lifted with Nautilus. Later, when I could afford a gym membership, the gyms that I frequented were in out of the way areas that were in the basement of some storefront, with a side-alley entrance and a small sign above the door that read, "Don's Gym". The inside would be dark and musty, smelling of sweat and liniment. Guys would be wearing gray cut-off sweat shirts and sweat pants with white athletic tape around their wrists. Some guys would be just getting off work and they would lift in blue jeans and white "wife beater" tank top. A boom box would be sitting on the floor in the corner, playing Judas Priest and AC/DC. There were mirrors, with really only one clean mirror where guys would look at themselves after a session to check on their pump. It would be a quick check though, any more than a cursory check of progress

would be seen as weird. They may have done that shit in California, but not in Maryland. Big dudes who didn't worry about their abs walked the Earth. Big dudes who hit each other on the back before a big set, sending a cloud of chalk flying. Nobody talked about their glutes or took pictures of their post-workout meals. Everyone just drank milk, and lots of it. If you were a bodybuilder, you lifted with the powerlifters, then after the big lifts like squats and deadlifts were done, you went off on your own and did the "pretty" exercises like curls and pushdowns. Nobody wore shirts that read "Savage" on the front. All that self-aggrandizing came about just recently. There was no juice bar or ferns in those places. Nobody carried around a gallon jug of water. You drank from the rusty water fountain that barely trickled lukewarm water, instead. Nobody worried about being dehydrated, you just drank when you were thirsty. Preworkout consisted of a strong cup of black coffee bought at the gas station on your way to the gym. Maybe you got a hold of some ephedrine from a truck stop for an extra kick, but nothing else. There wasn't a protein powder around that was worth a damn, most of them were soy protein and they were expensive and tasted like crap. You just ate real food and drank milk.

I feel sorry for my 10 and 15 year old sons, because they don't know how it used to be, when it all was better, and they never will. It's never going to regress back to the old days, it never does. They both get bored on long rides when I don't let them have their phones. Hell, they are supposed to be bored. I want them to be bored and then use their brains, by themselves, to just think. If we have to wait in line, the kids

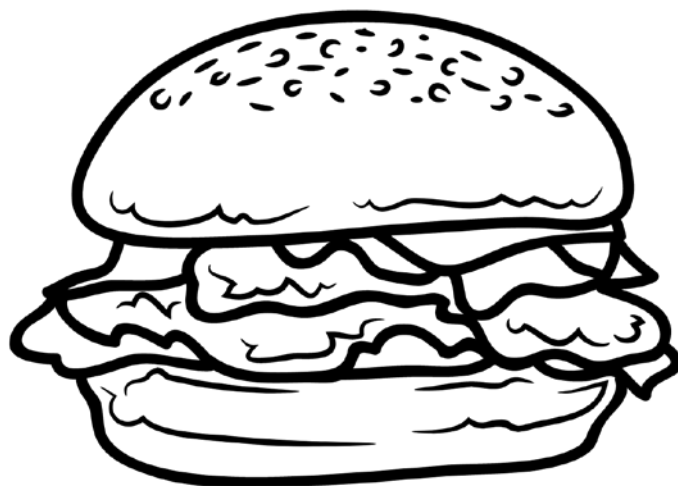
go crazy, they need that constant stimulation. When I drive them, I want them to look for deer in the fields or ducks in the bodies of water. I used to ask my father all kind of questions about the woods and water that we were passing. I would ask my dad, What kind of fish are in that river? How many trees in that forest? Drove my dad nuts with my questions. I feel like nobody needs all those electronics and if they do need them, they should use them sparingly.

To counteract all of the bullshit buzzing around me, I hunt and stay in the woods a whole bunch. It all keeps me sane. My dog and I. My son and I. My buddies and I. After hunting and fishing, drinks at the local watering hole to go over the day's hunt. Warming up as the first beer or whiskey goes down. Laughing and joking about the morning's hunt. I think about how fortunate I am to live out in the country and have friends who have land that I can hunt on. I would go crazy in the city, all the people, all the noise. I took my son into Philadelphia for a dentist appointment and couldn't find a parking spot for 30 minutes, so I headed back home. Not doing it.

I can't or won't get used to the way things are today. When I ride the exercise bike, I watch old Dallas Cowboys games from the 1970's and 1980's. Randy White, the All-Pro defensive tackle was my idol growing up, so whenever Randy played, my whole family watched. I watch the movie *Outlaw Josey Wales* over and over. I read books about Hemingway deep-sea fishing and trout fishing. My favorite book is *Johnny U* by Tom Callahan, which chronicles the Baltimore Colt's Johnny Unitas' career as a football player, but also delves deeply into America back in the 50's and 60's and

how the NFL players played for the love of the game (definitely not for the money. Uinitas made \$17,500 in 1956) and how they all lived close together, helped each other out, and how they all worked other jobs in the off-season. Most of those guys on the Baltimore Colts back then were also World War II veterans. Gino Marchetti served on the Siegfried Line and when he was with the Colts, he worked in a steel mill in the off season. These guys had seen war and were humbled by it. They understood life and death and when they came back, they were ready to work hard and build America into the best country in the world. And they were humble. One of my favorite stories is after the Colts won the “Greatest Game Ever Played”, the 1956 championship game against the New York Giants and Uinitas won the game almost single-handedly, he and teammate Andy Nelson were riding home from the airport that was packed with screaming Colt’s fans. Nelson recalled that they didn’t talk about the game, just listened to the radio. And what did Uinitas say when Nelson dropped him off at his house after winning the NFL Championship? “See you tomorrow.” I always chuckle picturing Johnny Uinitas scoring a touchdown and dancing in the end zone. He used to throw a touchdown pass or an interception and walk off the field with his head down. Just another day at the office. Better to be cool than dance like a fool. Sports today? Flopping, dancing and self-praise. Sickening.

In the old days, there was a mystery to it everything. As an aspiring young lifter, I was hungry for information regarding training and diet. How did I learn about training? I went to seminars. I went to seminars with Tom Platz, The Barbarian Brothers and



“There were no big corporate gyms in the early 80’s. Gold’s had just started to franchise but it wasn’t all soft and serving pizza”

Dan Riley, strength coach of the Redskins. My friend and I would go to Dynamo Barbell Club in Berwyn Heights, Maryland and watch the weightlifters and ask them questions. I remember lots of chalk and dudes that had no problem answering questions from eager youngsters. I did that a bunch. There were no big corporate gyms in the early 80’s. Gold’s had just started to franchise but it wasn’t all soft and serving pizza. The one Gold’s in my area was a hardcore gym. I didn’t always have the money as a teenager to join a gym, so I would take what I learned from talking to other lifters and watching them train and then go apply it in my girlfriend’s basement. In fact, most of my friends were basement lifters. One friend’s basement had posters of Bill Kazmaier, Mike Mentzer and my favorite, Mike Webster of the Pittsburgh Steelers, hiking the ball to Terry Bradshaw. I used to just stare at that poster, marveling at Webster’s arms, striated triceps and biceps sticking out of his jersey. He had this huge biceps vein and all of us wanted arms that looked just like Webster’s looked. I’d be in class in high school, and in between writing my all-time

NFL team, I’d write my workouts for that afternoon, getting all excited about the squats that I was going to perform. I remember being in 9th grade and squatting 225x10, 250x10, and 275x10 for the first time. I did it all alone and I remember being so damn proud of myself that I had accomplished what I had set out to do. I remember getting an Olympic set for my when I was a senior in high school. We all had saved up and bought 10, 45 pound plates. I immediately tried to squat 500 pounds. I couldn’t wait. I put all the weights on the bar and missed, throwing the bar over my head when I couldn’t squat it. Of course I tried it again, and the same thing happened. I remember being glad that I was all by myself, because my girlfriend’s parents would have been pissed with the weights clanging all over the place when I dropped them. The times back then were all so grand. School, football, fish, weights, girls. No distractions. Work enough to buy some plastic worms to fish for Largemouth Bass at a local pond and double cheeseburgers. For Valentine’s Day when I was in high school, McDonald’s had 50 cent double cheeseburgers. I used to



the past is the future

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order 5-10 every day of the sale. When I think of these times, I think of just being so damn free. None of us were allowed to sit around in the house. Our parents would have none of that idle time, watching television. Get outside. See you when Mom rings the bell for dinner. These days, these soft-ass kids are in their basements, watching videos of other people living. Sitting in their basements, posting on Twitter, bags of Cheetos at their feet, wondering why the world is so messed up and worrying that they will be triggered in some manner regarding their sexual orientation, their political views or something that they read on Twitter. God give me strength.

And now, at age 54, I go to a local gym, and all the old timers are working hard in ratty old shirts and sweatpants with holes in them and the younger generation is wearing (both girls and guys) some type of skin tight pants or shorts and taking numerous selfies of their abs and asses. They all do it. It's a phenomenon. Even the folks laden with adipose tissue are sticking their butts out for a few pics and then posting to social media how to never give up on yourself and also telling you how else to live your life. What the hell happened? It really wasn't that long ago that men were men. Self-help? "Get off your ass" was a mantra that we all learned from our Fathers. Look. I get it. I understand the genesis of it all. It was the Beatles and Vietnam and Nixon that begun getting the world and the United States in particular all fucked all up. It was the beginning of the shit, where the culture changed for the worse. The veil was lifted on what was really going on with government and society. Trust no longer existed between the citizenry and the media, and it

continues to today.

I can handle all this stuff today, I lived when it was different, when it was better. I can retreat into my mind. It's the kids who are in trouble.

So what is the answer for them? I have some Navy Seal friends and they all tell me the same thing when I express my frustration at the world today: Raise your tribe to the best of your ability and to make them into bad asses. Raise them up like the old days. Get them outside early. Yes, they should play sports and exercise. Organized sports are fine, although you can run into over inflated egos from parents and inept coaches. Choose teams wisely. Teach them how to handle themselves in the woods. Teach them how to handle a knife. Teach them how to handle a gun and then take them hunting. Teach them how to split wood, to start a fire. Teach them how to fight, whether its boxing, muay thai, jiu jitsu, or other martial arts. It teaches discipline, it teaches your kid to exercise control instead of being reactionary, and it teaches them that getting punched in the face is not all that bad. Take them in the woods and let them explore. Let them get as dirty as they want to, it helps their immune system. Only let them have a phone when they need to get in touch with you, not to play games or social media. And doesn't matter if all the other kids do all of that stuff, your kid isn't doing it.

And what about you? How do you fight modernity and softness these days? Well, if you don't know how to handle a knife or gun, get busy. Your kids are depending on you. Hunt and fish. If you have never hunted, get started right away. Take a hunter-education class and learn. Hunting will stir something deep in your soul,

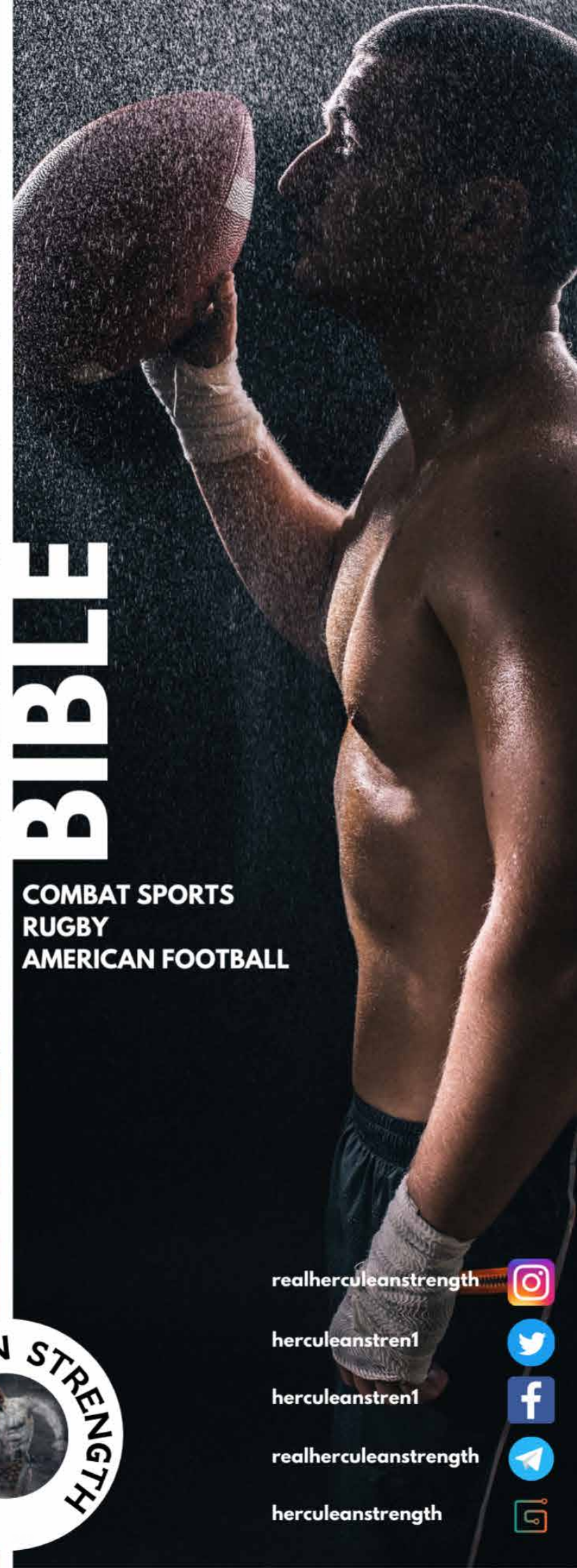
and once you try it, you will be a hunter for life. Teaching your kids to eat what they kill is a lesson that is imperative to reaching manhood. Fishing is great and creates amazing memories. Stay fit and stay strong. Be somebody that your son looks up to. Train everyday. Lift as heavy as you can with perfect form. Cardiovascular health is important so get in the cardio. And it doesn't have to be boring at all. I love shadow boxing, using Bas Rutten's MMA Workout. I perform it out on my back deck that overlooks a wooded area. I just put the workout on a speaker and get busy. My son's sometimes join in also. The workouts can be done on the heavy bag or with someone else holding boxing mitts. This training will also keep you sharp to fight when needed. Sled training is great and the sled can be walked with, run with, and can be done forward and backwards. The sled can get you stronger and improve your cardiovascular fitness. Other forms of cardio that are excellent are hill running or walking, rucking with a weighted vest or backpack. Also, learning a martial art, especially muay thai and jiu jitsu will also rip you up and teach you how to be a bad ass fighter.

I am thinking that if all of us like-minded folks do our part within our circle, we can make a difference, change the narrative. Some will never believe, some will never rise up, and that's okay. Screw 'em. We will be the last men standing, ready for the next manufactured shit storm coming our way. ■

Jim Steel has been a college football player and coach, powerlifter, muay thai fighter and competitive bodybuilder. He currently is the owner of the blog Basbarbell.com, and the author of two books, Basbarbell Book of Programs and Steel Reflections. He is co-host of the RAW with Marty Gallagher Podcast and is a monthly content contributor at IRON COMPANY.







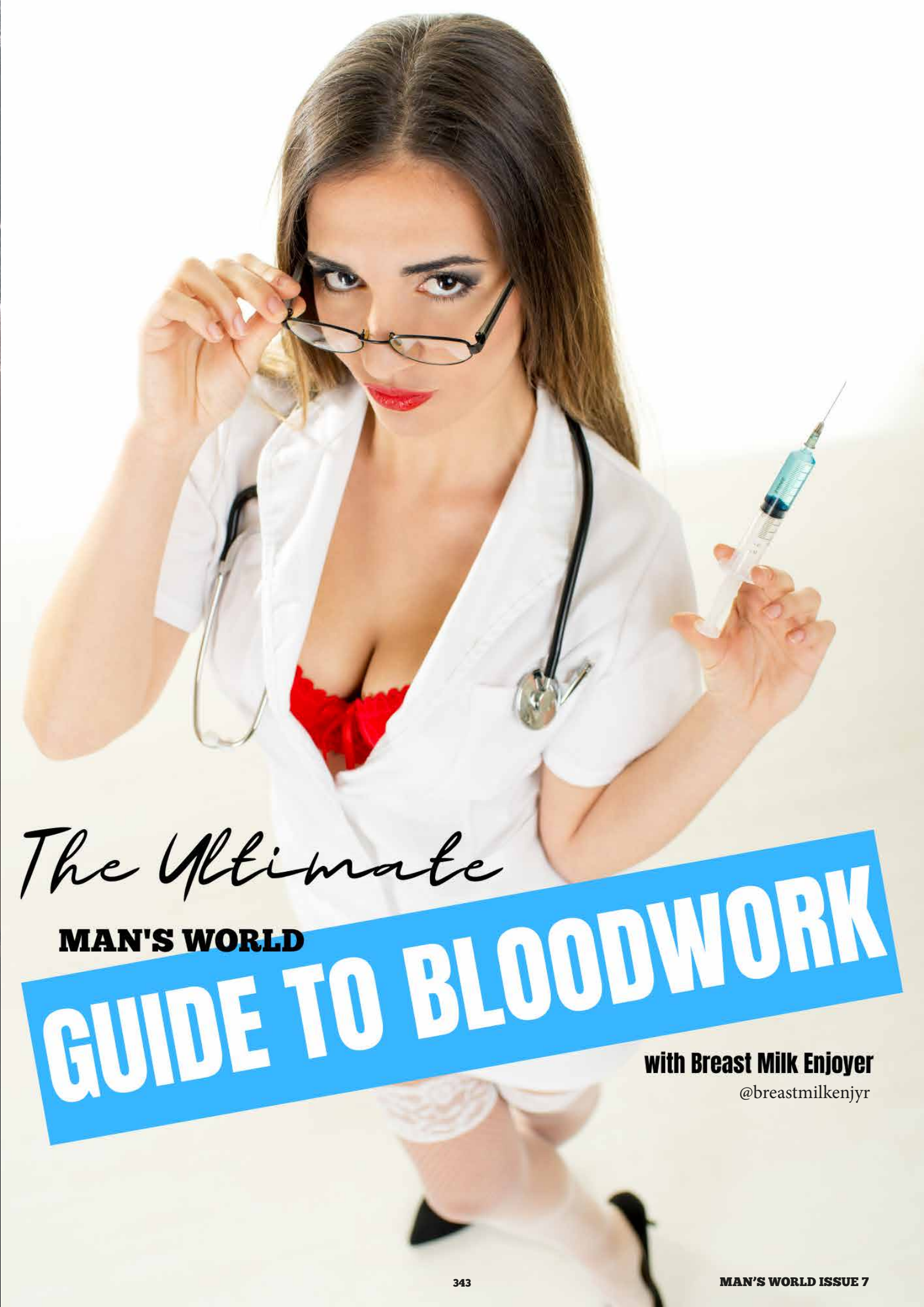
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The Ultimate

MAN'S WORLD

GUIDE TO BLOODWORK

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Chad wheeled himself onto a packed 5.30pm train after a brutal leg day at the gym. He didn't need a wheelchair, but optimised his gains by avoiding cardio, such as walking or using his legs to drive home. As he took a carton of farm-fresh eggs from his bag for a satisfying post-workout slonk, he was bumped by a dysgenic freak.

Emaciated appendages, impossibly tight jeans, an ill-fitting polo stretched across a bloated abdomen. A neurotically manicured beard – designed to look messy – was splayed across a pale moon face wearing thick-rimmed glasses, with a rainbow lanyard hanging limply beneath. There was a hint of sweat gleaming off the forehead, but thankfully the remainder of the face was covered with a mask bearing the Reddit symbol.

This was the ugliest image Chad had ever seen. A demonic horror of human development gone wrong. Chad wondered: How does one get this sick? What must be wrong with him? Chad resolved to get some bloodwork done to make sure that he never became such a repulsive, skinnyfat abomination.

This guide will tell you, Chad, where to start. You will have an idea of the fundamentals for basic blood test interpretation, which can help you develop a “blood work passport”. This serves as a yardstick so that should anything go wrong in the future, you will have objective data to understand what the cause may be, and which systems may be impacted.

You should not take this to mean that anything unusual or outside of normal limits is necessarily bad. If you go searching for problems, you'll probably find them, and you shouldn't sweat it over one aberrant result, which may well be transient or harmless. For most of the markers we'll be looking at, changes are more important than absolute values.

Blood testing is broken up into systems, or “axes”, which account for several interdependent hormones each. Where one is high, the other should be low; where this relationship is disturbed, you have an idea of which part of the axis is poorly functional. Given that these tests are usually ordered as part of a singular package, we will consider them as a group.

ANDROGEN STUDIES



Testosterone
SHBG
Free testosterone
DHEA-S

Testosterone is the major endogenous androgen produced by Leydig cells in the testes. Low testosterone has a major impact on a man's quality of life: low energy, less masculine features, and difficulty gaining muscle size and strength are well-understood impacts which readers would be keen to avoid.

It is important to understand that testosterone “normal” reference ranges are constructed such that 95% of non-obese males between 20-40 years of age would be considered “normal”. As the last sane man in the medical profession, I consider the “normal” 20-40-year-old male far from healthy; the “normal” man is a beta cuckold. Measurement is complicated by the fact that normal testosterone levels – given they are calculated from an increasingly unhealthy population – have been in decline for decades. As such, men can present with symptoms of low testosterone despite “normal” serum testosterone.

SHBG (sexual hormone binding globulin) determines how much free testosterone is available for the body to use. High testosterone is useless if the free testosterone – the active testosterone, which can bind receptors – is low. This should be around 2-3% of the total testosterone value. If your normal levels of testosterone are towards the lower end, you can be physiologically well if your free testosterone is higher to compensate.

DHEA-S is a metabolite of the weak androgen DHEA, which serves as a precursor to many hormones including more potent androgens and estrogens. Given DHEA is weak androgen, has lower impact on overall androgenic activity, testing this once is enough for simple screening. DHEA-S concentrations dramatically increase during puberty until age 20, after which it slowly declines. Regular exercise and fasting can increase its concentration.

HORMONE STUDIES



Estradiol
LH
Prolactin

Estradiol, despite generally considered a “female” hormone, is a very important hormonal marker for men. Estradiol is critical for general metabolism, including bone and skin health, and erectile and sexual function. When high, estradiol indicates physiological stress and can lead towards more feminine fat distribution including gynaecomastia (“gyno”) and have psychological impacts like depression and anxiety in severe cases. Your estradiol level should be towards the lower end of normal, but

not beyond it. I remind the reader that hormones must be considered in relation to other hormones in their axis. While generally not reported on laboratory results, the ratio between testosterone and estradiol is important and should ideally be over 40:1.

Luteinising hormone (LH) is produced in the pituitary gland and is what drives the Leydig cells of your testes to produce testosterone. If you record both low testosterone and LH, it is likely that your balls are fine, but they are not being driven hard enough by the pituitary gland. Low testosterone levels should drive LH production, and it's very difficult to fix this without grey-market Chinese pharmaceuticals.

Prolactin is also produced in the pituitary gland and can have inhibitory effects on testosterone production. Interestingly, it is implicated (along with estradiol) in gynaecomastia and partly responsible for feelings of tiredness after ejaculation. More reason to avoid being a coomer.

While outside the scope of this article, many others have crafted strategies to maximise your natural testosterone levels and become hormonally optimised. This guide is to assist with understanding your baseline.

BIOCHEMISTRY



Vitamin D
Fasting glucose
HbA1c
Fasting insulin

Vitamin D is critical for many metabolic processes including sex hormone synthesis and calcium metabolism. While the main source of vitamin D is sunlight exposure (hence the exhortations to sun your balls), there is a small dietary component. This is critically important: it's very difficult to have too much Vitamin D, and if you're an indoors wagecuck, easy to have too little.

Fasting glucose, HbA1c and fasting insulin are all measures of your insulin sensitivity, which is perhaps the most important overall marker of long-term metabolic health. Fasting glucose and insulin are good measures at a point in time – ideally both are on the lower end of the normal scale. HbA1c is a more long-term indicator, reflecting weeks and months of blood glucose concentration; it represents something called 'glycated haemoglobin'. The more chronically elevated your blood glucose, the more damage (or 'glycation') is done to haemoglobin on your red blood cells. Aim for this to be as low as

possible.

LIPID STUDIES

Total cholesterol
HDL cholesterol
LDL cholesterol
Non-HDL cholesterol
Triglyceride



Clinicians obsess over blood lipids for their ability to predict and monitor cardiovascular disease risk. The raw numbers are less useful than you are led to believe. An example: LDL cholesterol levels, even if high, are irrelevant if HDL levels are also high.

Doctors will usually be most concerned over your triglycerides, total cholesterol, and LDL cholesterol; if high, they'll worry that you'll have a heart attack or stroke and sue them – which is why they prescribe statins, which are usually unnecessary and come with a huge list of side effects.

As an aside, statins are useless drugs whose sole purpose is to pad the wallets of big pharma stockholders. Studies consistently show that if 1000 low-risk people were treated for five years, these miracle drugs would prevent a grand total of around... six adverse cardiovascular events, while also increasing risk of type II diabetes. What a game changer!

The most important marker for cardiovascular health is the ratio of triglycerides to HDL. This ratio should be as low as possible – mine is 0.3, which is basically as good as it gets. If your ratio is under 1, you're doing well.

Maintaining a healthy, lean body composition, and eating a clean diet with healthy fats is sufficient to improve your blood lipids and bring them to healthy levels. I have 70-year-olds with blood tests indistinguishable from my own, purely through diet and exercise.



IRON STUDIES AND FULL BLOOD COUNT

While most men will be aware of the consequences of anaemia from low iron, general functioning can also be disturbed by high levels of iron. There are strong associations between high levels of iron (which is stored as 'ferritin' in the body) and chronic inflammatory states such as obesity, diabetes, and metabolic syndrome. The following markers are required for full assessment of blood iron:



Haemoglobin
RBC
Iron
Transferrin
Ferritin

Red blood cells and haemoglobin are simple screening tools for anaemia. It's good to get a baseline, but don't worry if it's normal.

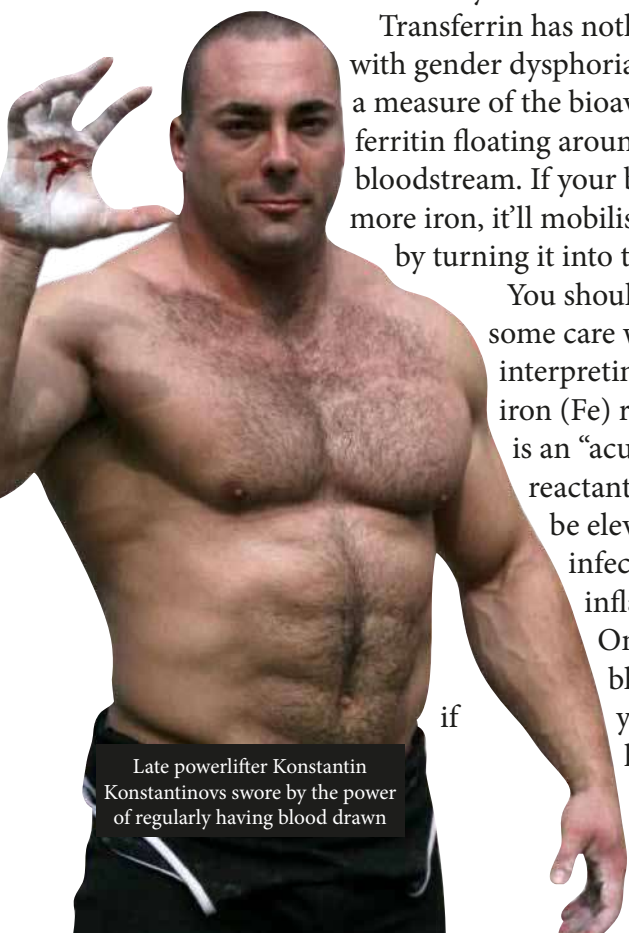
Males are adapted for combat above all else. This means that we are designed with a series of compromises that prioritise short-term survival over chronic disease burden. One such combat adaptation is extra blood volume and retaining as much iron as possible. So, when Grug finds you abducting war brides from his cave and sticks you with a dirty wooden spear, you're less likely to bleed out. But those same adaptations put you at higher risk of disease in spreadsheet and codemonkey world.

Ferritin is a measure of the body's 'cold storage' of iron. Remember: iron oxidises things, and oxidation means damage. Ferritin, while necessary, is like having a tiny Chernobyl inside of every cell – and I mean Chernobyl after it had melted down.

Our goal with optimisation is to keep ferritin as low as possible without becoming anaemic. A typical laboratory's normal range can go as high as 500ug/L, but you should aim for this to be under 150ug/L. The best way to lower your ferritin is to lose blood. If you're not regularly picking up cuts, scrapes, and bruises, you should give blood. Bloodletting is based. Don't let modern doctors tell you otherwise.

Transferrin has nothing to do with gender dysphoria and is a measure of the bioavailable ferritin floating around in your bloodstream. If your body needs more iron, it'll mobilise ferritin by turning it into transferrin.

You should take some care with interpreting the iron (Fe) result – it is an "acute phase reactant" and can be elevated with infection or inflammation. Only get the bloods taken if you've been healthy and well for at



Late powerlifter Konstantin Konstantinovs swore by the power of regularly having blood drawn

least a week.



A WORD ON THYROID FUNCTION TESTS

No analysis would be complete without assessment of thyroid function, which as a master regulator of metabolism will impact all the tests discussed earlier. Unfortunately, Ray Peat forum users have threatened to kidnap and shoot me should I misrepresent thyroid physiology. But, I must pay them their due: thyroid function tests are crude measures and lack some conceptual validity. However, as I have not been able to make it through the 15,000 relevant threads on the Ray Peat forum prior to publication, I will only give a very basic rundown.

Free T3
TSH
Free T4

I repeat: if you are feeling symptoms of hypo- or hyperthyroidism, blood test results will not rule out thyroid pathology. Blood tests only help confirm a clinical diagnosis (i.e. based on history and examination).

T3 is the most active thyroid hormone and can be somewhat accurately measured from a blood test using a radioimmunoassay. If possible, check that this is the technique your lab uses. This assay approximates the metabolic rate, and therefore overall thyroid health, but it is an indirect measure rather than a direct one. There are many causes for deranged T3, and each cause should be addressed at root, rather than by gross replacement of thyroid hormone.

CONCLUSION

Getting a baseline on your bloods is an excellent tool for understanding how your lifestyle affects your body's physiology. That said, it is still imperfect, and you should take what you are experiencing (good or bad) and correlate this to your bloods, rather than taking the lab as gospel. What you measure, you can manage. To see your testosterone, lipid profile, or HbA1c improve is a great confirmation that the changes you SEE and FEEL are reflections of improvements in your body's functioning. 🏆

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It takes courage to speak up in a crowd, even when you're know you're right. Hell, it's about the easiest way to lose friends — telling them things they don't want to hear. Perhaps it might be easier just to let things go.

But that's not you, is it? We know, from one MAN'S WORLD man to another, that it's the principle that really matters to you. Because without the principle, without the commitment to speak the truth whatever the cost, everything else falls apart.

So the next time you hear some dumb blonde refer to him as Franco Columbu, you know exactly what needs to be done.

MAN'S WORLD: *It's Colum-BO! Colum-BO!*

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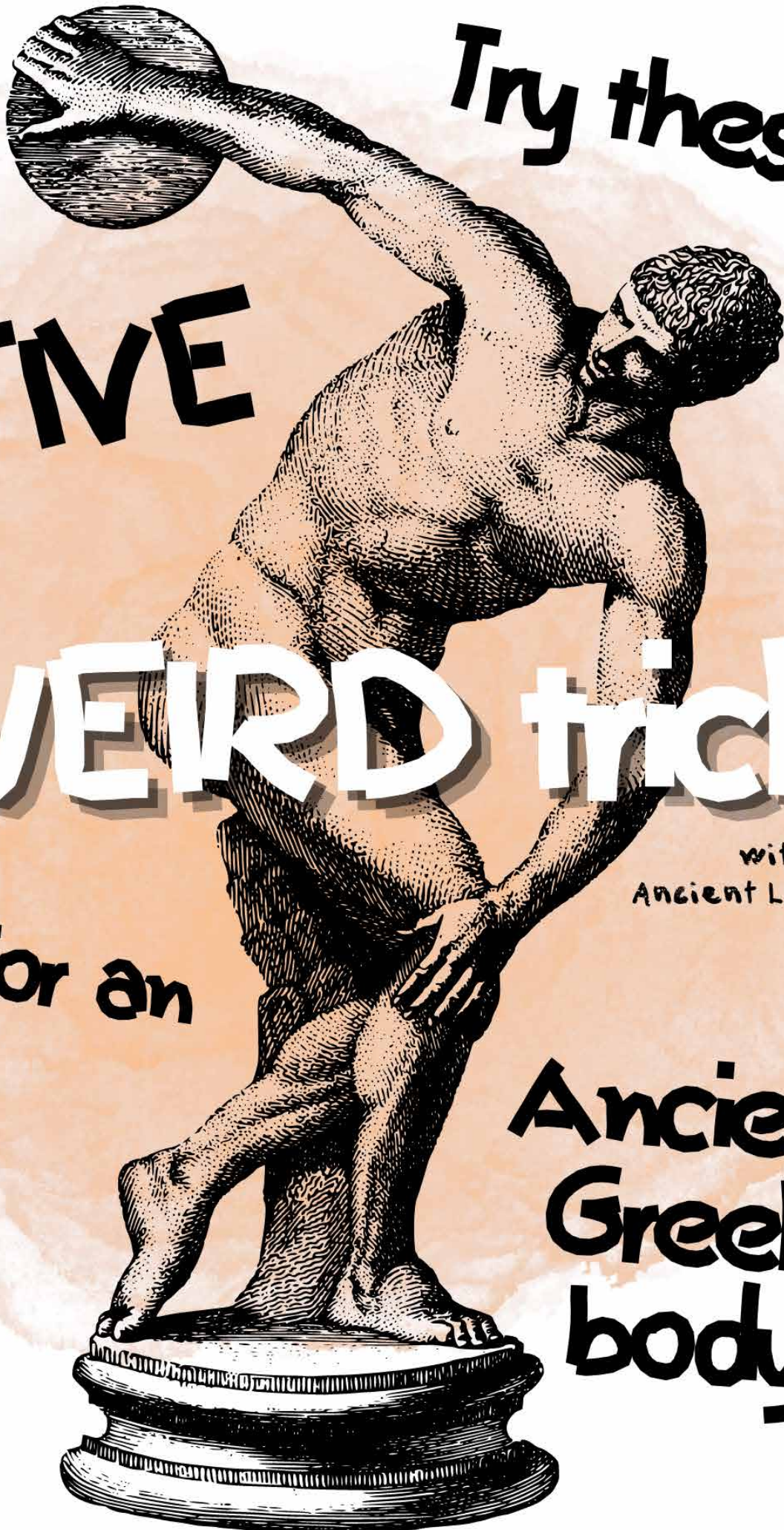
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The crowd goes mad. You've seen them excited before, but never like this. Six-time wrestling champion at Olympia, it's unheard of, it's legendary. The attendants walk out your prize onto the contest grounds: a four-year-old bull. How much does it weigh? Probably as much as five or six warriors?

The best men of Greece are all gathered here to see you. They are watching you, cheering for you, envying you. You feel their mad energy coursing through your veins, transporting you. Let's give them a story to take home. Better yet, let's brand an image in their mind. You pat the bull on the head and smile and wave.

Then the crowd goes silent as they see what you're doing. Cries of horror. Shock and awe. No. No. Not that. Old men are covering their faces with the hems of their garments. It's horrible. Then they all erupt. The young men are shrieking, fingernails tearing at their cheeks. Their robes are falling off their bodies as they jump up, spin around, and cackle with frenzy. He did it. The bull is on your shoulders. You're not done. You take lap around the arena just like that.

You put the bull down and lead him to the altar of Zeus. Time to eat.

How do we become more like Milo of Croton, ancient Greece's greatest Olympic wrestler? Here are some handy life hacks from Ancient Life Coach.

ALWAYS BEGIN WITH THE GODS

Through the power of Apollo, god of rational illusion, we envision the body we yearn to sculpt into being. We dwell upon it, seek it out in images. We surround ourselves with these images, we place them in holy places. Apollo himself has a fizeek. Its likenesses dwell in his temples, among the holy things; they honor the god. The holy fizeek rises above the ephemeral clutter of malformed votive trinkets. But it derives its perennial status as an object of art not from some magical power, but rather through the superiority of craftsmanship – of *discipline* – which brought it into being.

"It was in dreams that the great sculptor first saw the delightful bodies of superhuman beings."
-Nietzsche

Through the power of Dionysus, we unleash the primal instincts. We finally behold the vast potential within us, the *telos* of a billion year process. This effect is intoxicating. We identify the true self with this very infinite potential. We recognize the *will to beauty* and the *will to power* and find that *they are one*. Where Apollo has given us the method, the plan, the craft, Dionysus gives us the drive.

To use this drive fully is to draw into ourselves every drop of the power of the species, in order to express it as a supreme version of our individuality.

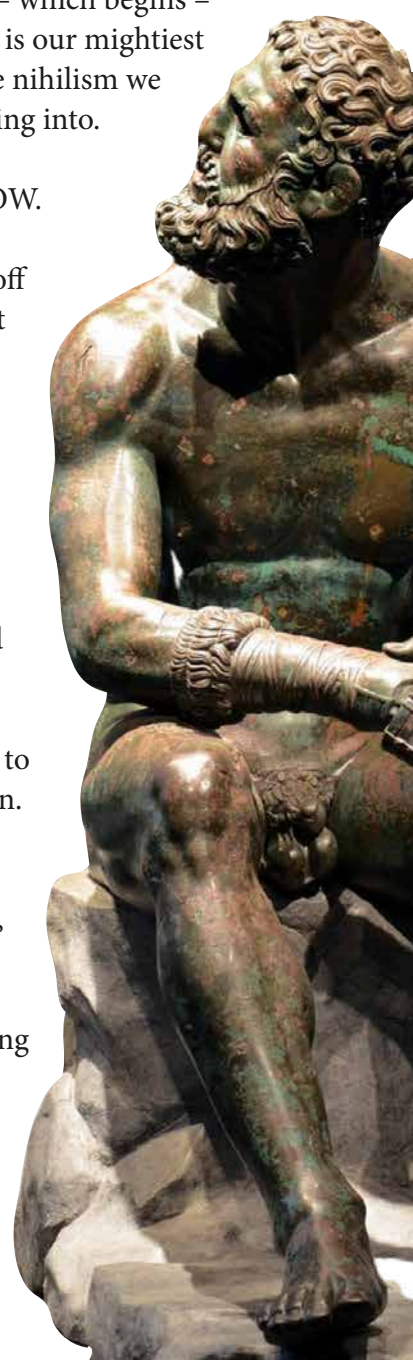
As Nietzsche puts it, through Dionysus man transforms from artist into a *work of art* himself. This working of life into art – which begins – *only begins!* – with the body, is our mightiest protest against the vegetative nihilism we are ever in danger of dissolving into.

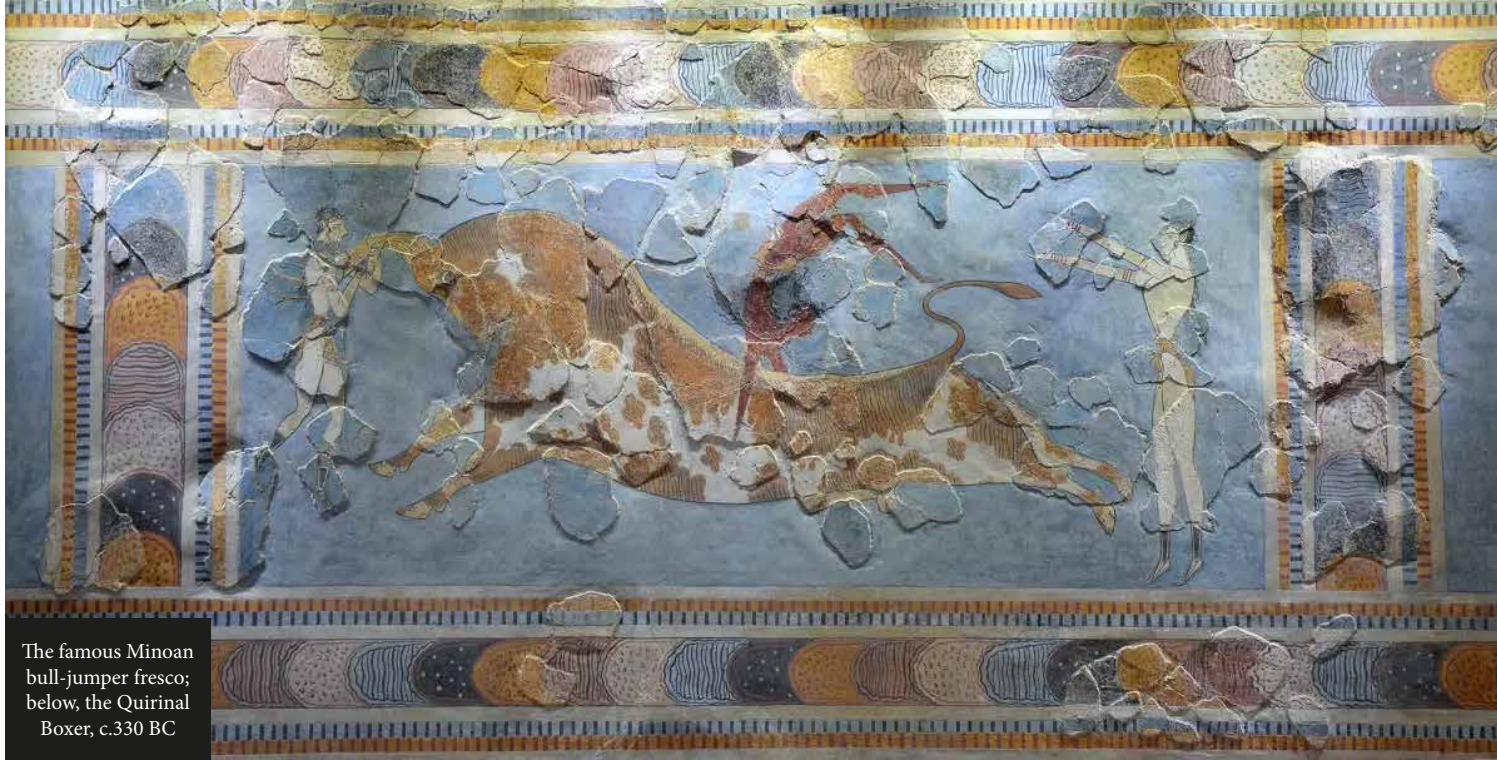
FOCUS ON THE COW.

When asked how he pulled off his famous bull hoist stunt at the Olympic games, Milo of Croton explained. First of all, he was famous for eating a lot of beef. The cow is the largest and strongest food animal. Need he say more? Word is he ate 20 lbs of beef per day. Also, 20 lbs of bread and 3 pitchers of wine – but remember, gentlemen, that humans were more resistant to noxious substances back then.

Second is the training aspect. Milo explained how, on top of his eating regimen, and his daily callisthenics and wrestling practice at the gymnasium, he started carrying a young calf when it was small. Every day it got a little bigger, and, as he kept carrying it, so did Milo.

A well-fed young bull





The famous Minoan bull-jumper fresco; below, the Quirinal Boxer, c.330 BC

in those days grew maybe a pound a day. The Greeks, therefore, discovered the magic of incremental increases in training: it's nature's way. Remember this next time you are at the weight room, and are feeling like going a little light. *Next week the cow will be 7 pounds heavier.*

Also, when the calf got big enough, he ate it too.

BECOME THE BULL

The spiritual goal of all this bull eating is plain enough. Consider King Agamemnon:

*...Powerful Agamemnon,
with eyes and head like Zeus who delights in
thunder,
like Ares for girth and with the wide chest of
Poseidon;
like some ox of the herd pre-eminent among
the others,
A bull, who stands conspicuous in the
huddling cattle;
such was the son of Atreus as Zeus
made him that day
conspicuous among men, and foremost
among the fighters. (Homer, Iliad 2)*

The bull is a kingly animal. It is a kingly prize - the king's to distribute: the Mycenaean *anax*, lord of the palace, is the one who selects the best cut of beef, and sends it down the table to the best warrior. It is also kingly to take bulls from other kings, as in the routine raids of

a Homeric pirate hero, or like the sea lords in the Minoan frescoes.

But the king also resembles a bull himself, as Agamemnon does, surveying his harem, fighting the wolves off from the weak, peering around to guard against challengers. He models himself after the bull. The bull is the ideal in more than one way.

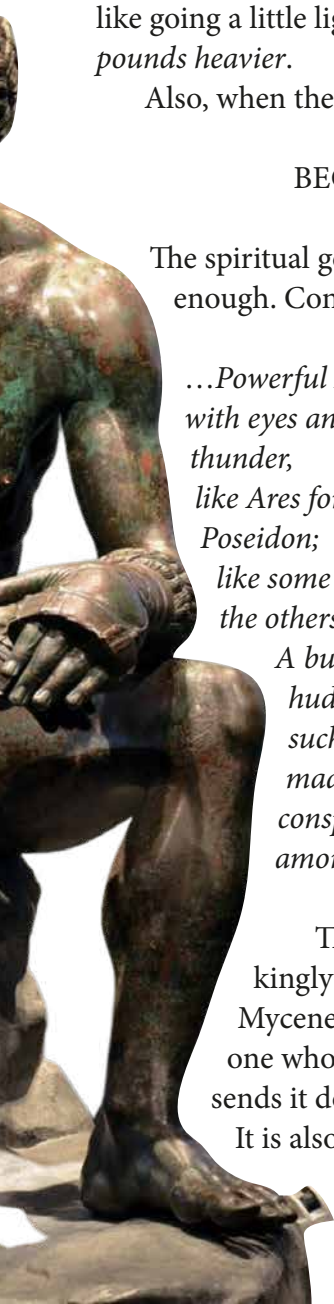
"Who is the happiest man in the world?" King Croesus asked Solon, the Athenian lawgiver. Solon thought of a few examples. The second was a pair of youths - Cleobis and Biton. Do you know the true meaning of their story?

Cleobis and Biton were young men of Argos. They were prize fighters, and very good looking. Their mother was getting ready for the festival of Hera, the most important goddess at Argos. But the Argive Heraion, the temple, where the festival takes place, is maybe six miles away from Argos, and it's all uphill. She was planning to take her ox-cart, but the oxen were busy or something and she didn't know what to do.

And so, to spare their noble mother the moderate embarrassment of showing up late, Cleobis and Biton cheerfully took the yokes on their own shoulders and pulled her all the way. Probably the cart was heavy also, because it was loaded with the usual cakes and fruit platters and votive statues.

You may know the end: they pull her up to the event just in time, everyone praises the mother for having such amazing sons - who still have juice to party all night, and so they do. The youths finally go to sleep in the temple, and never wake up.

They get eternal glory for this, of course. *Wait, for what?* For casually proving themselves equal in





**Even if your fate is short and your end is near,
from the Greek perspective, you should feel all
the more intensely the drive to project beauty
and excellence into the world**



*Milo of Croton,
Joseph-Benoît Suvée
(1760s)*

strength to bulls. And then dying beautifully before they have a chance to disappoint anyone. (The Argives made statues of them and you can still see them at Delphi.)

The bull is a leader. The very fact of resembling one may cause men to look up to you, so be ready for that, too. The philosopher Pythagoras came to town, begging the Crotoniates to help the Sybarites defeat a tyrant who just took over their city. Croton agreed – and when they went to war, Milo led the charge. He crashed his awesome bovine mass into the enemy battle lines, and rolled them up like a carpet.

TRAIN NAKED

Some of you may have to get creative here. But consider: the Greeks really did train naked. Surely you've seen the pictures on the pots. Balls in the wind – *and yes, in the Sun, too*. Believe it.

The Greek word for “athletics” is *gymnastikē* (γυμναστική). It means “things done while naked”: *gymnos* (γυμνός) = naked. The “gymnasium” is the Nudatorium. Look it up.

This was really just a man thing. Young Spartan women did train in skimpy clothes, though.

To train naked is to re-enter a state of nature, to re-focus the primal energies. Naked is also honest. Hiding man tits with a loose shirt? Not anymore. Giant penis-shaped birthmark on your back? Everyone knows it now. But then, as a friend who was just publicly shamed once confided to me: having all your private affairs exposed is remarkably freeing. And, with everything exposed, it becomes easier to discern between things to accept and things you need to change – everyone has natural flaws, but not everyone has a flat tire around their waist.

Conversely, the truly fit man stands out in a Greek style gymnasium. He raises the bar even higher, without saying a word.

Good luck convincing your buddies to work out naked with you. Really, good luck - it would be interesting if anyone did, so let us know if you have any success – no homo.

Live straightforward, train naked. No secrets. *Except, of course, your real name.*

BEGIN WITH THE END IN MIND

Not everyone wants to match the stats of Milo of Croton (or Andre the Giant).

The famous Spartan youth training program,

the *Agoge*, was more geared toward endurance training and military skills. In the ancient Olympics, the most overall military-skills-maxing event was the pentathlon. Sprint, javelin, discus, long jump, wrestling. All pretty self-explanatory in ancient warfare. Discus is a bit of a head-scratcher, until you imagine a trained Spartan spin-throwing an 8 lb river rounded stone at your head. (Or maybe it was some archaic shield-chucking game).

Spartans did well in the pentathlon. You can go to Olympia now and see the “dumbbells” Akmatidas used to make Sparta proud (they used these little things in the long jump event, not for strength training). Pentathlons make for good soldiers: Akmatidas may well have been one of The Three Hundred at Thermopylae. The dates match up well. (For more on the Spartan ways, listen to my *Cost of Glory* podcast series on Plutarch's Life of Lysander).

The Greeks knew, however, that pentathlon training doesn't make men into grandmaster wrestlers, let alone transform them into bulls. Philopoemen (Polybius' mentor) was encouraged to take up wrestling as an athletic sport by his friends, because he was good at it. But he asked the battle trainers if focusing on athletics would train him for war. Their response? No, not if you're serious about war. And Philopoemen was.

In some ages the need to train for warfare may be so pressing that it overwhelms the imperative to cultivate a heroic looking body. You will have to judge what sort of time you live in, and what sort of *telos* (end) your physique will serve.

But even if your fate is short and your end is near, from the Greek perspective, you should feel all the more intensely the drive to project beauty and excellence into the world. Milo of Croton, so the story goes, was walking through the forest, and he saw a half-split tree trunk. He felt it was an opportunity to test his strength, and so he tried to finish the job with his bare hands. His hands got stuck, and he couldn't escape. Then a pack of wolves came upon him and devoured him.

Tragic, yes. But kind of beautiful. Do you think Milo would have trained any less hard if he knew the end was near? Of course not.

To your health. 🍷

Visit ancientlifecoach.com for links to the Cost of Glory podcast. Ancient Life Coach tweets @costofglory.



Fuck Twitter.

*Schedules tomorrow's
Tweets*

#mansworld



MAN'S WORLD
FOOD

SEAFOOD FOR SUMMER



Seafood Summer **Raw Egg Nationalist**

White-boy summer is here and what better way to celebrate than with some delicious - and extremely simple - seafood recipes? Try classic French mussels for a romantic supper en pleine aire or ceviche, an easy raw-fish dish from Latin America.



Although there's a place for fish in the depths of winter - perhaps a nice piping-hot mariner's pie with a mashed potato topping (I liek mash podado) - summer is the real season for seafood here in northern climes.

In Scandinavia and the Baltic countries, especially Sweden, that means crayfish (technically, crayfish are freshwater crustaceans, I know). In Sweden, and I think Finland too, local law means that these prize crustaceans can only be harvested in late summer and early autumn, but of course farmed and imported (inferior) crayfish are readily available all year round. At Midsummer, crayfish are cooked in brine and dill and served simply with bread, cheese and, of course, aquavit, a grain-based liquor that must be drunk ice cold. Skål!

In the land of cope and glory, by contrast, summer means fish and chips at the sea-soide. Don't say we don't have our own culinary traditions! And if you want the truly authentic experience, try waiting for a cloudburst and don't forget to attract the attention of a few homicidal seagulls before you run, head down, towards the nearest cover. Makes Basra seem like a walk in the park by comparison...

For me (a sophisticate), though, summer really means shellfish. Sweet, succulent scallops. Quivering, salty oysters gulped down with no accompaniment save a glass of chalky white wine. And mussels.

If you have a lady to impress, cooking classic mussels in the French style is a very simple way to do it. It doesn't take long but the results look, smell and taste sublime. I think it's actually impossible to bugger up mussels. At worst, you're looking at small niggles like not cleaning the mussels properly or chopping the onion finely enough (it's not nice to have big chunks of onion), but no doubt at least one of you will manage to set something on fire or poison your date. I'm expecting pics , and/or a newspaper report, if you do. 📷



MOULES MARINIÈRES

SERVES 2, 30 MINUTES TOTAL COOKING TIME



- Around 1kg fresh mussels
- 100ml dry white wine
- 20g unsalted butter
- 1 small white onion, peeled and very finely chopped
- 4 bay leaves
- 8 thyme sprigs
- 2 tbsp cream
- 3 tbsp roughly chopped flat-leaf parsley

Wash the mussels thoroughly in a bowl under cold running water. Remove any barnacles and beards on the outside of the shells. Discard any mussels that float, including those that are open, then drain the remaining mussels in a colander.

Meanwhile, boil the wine in a small pan for 30 seconds.

Put a large saucepan over a high heat and melt the butter.

Add the onion, bay leaves and thyme and stir. Add the wine after 10 seconds.

Bring to the boil, then add the mussels and cover with the tight-fitting lid.

Cook for 2–3 minutes until the mussels open.

Stir in the cream and chopped parsley.

To serve the mussels, tip into a large dish or divide among warmed soup plates.

Provide finger bowls and serve with French bread to mop up the wonderful juices.



SIMPLE CEVICHE

SERVES 4-6, 2-3 HOURS TOTAL COOKING TIME

Ceviche is a simple fish dish from Latin America, and should be of great interest to all my raw-meat friends, in particular. Instead of cooking the meat, it is macerated (cut up small) and mixed with an acidic liquid, usually lemon or lime juice, and a few other ingredients like chilli, onion and herbs. The acidic liquid denatures the protein in the fish, which becomes firm and opaque, as if it had been cooked, but without the application of any heat. Ceviche can be made from raw fish, shellfish or shrimp.

The name “ceviche” refers both to the dish itself and also the method of preparation. Different countries put different spins on the recipe. The Peruvian variety, for instance, is usually made with sea bass, combined with lime juice, onions, chiles, and served with cooked sweet potatoes and corn on the cob. Mexican ceviche, by contrast, is made from fish like mahi-mahi, tilapia, sea bass, red snapper, scallops, and shrimp, marinated in lime juice, tomatoes, onions, cilantro, tomatillos, avocados, olives, and cucumbers, and served with tortilla chips.

The basic rules for making ceviche are that the fish should be absolutely fresh, since it's not being cooked, and that the fish must be cut into small pieces (about 1/2 inch), so that the denaturing process doesn't take too long. As with heat, you can “overcook” ceviche, which will give it a chalky texture. No thanks! ■

- 500g white seafish
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 cup key lime juice, or lime juice
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 medium onion, sliced very thinly into feathers
- 1 chile rocoto pepper, or 2 aji limón chile, or habanero peppers, sliced thinly
- 4 tablespoons chopped fresh cilantro, as a garnish

Cut the fish into small pieces. Dice the fish or leave it in pieces of up to 1/2 inch square. Remember that the larger the pieces, the longer it will take to marinate.

Place the fish in a non-reactive bowl, then add the salt, lime juice, lemon juice, and orange juice on top.

Add the sliced onions and the chiles into the mixture and toss a few times to distribute.

Chill the dish in the fridge for 2 to 3 hours. If your fish is sushi-quality fresh, it's perfectly fine for the centers of the pieces to still be raw-looking.

To serve, lay down some of the onions and chiles and top with the fish. Add some of the citrus juices on top. Garnish with the cilantro.

Although this is a Peruvian-style ceviche, you can scoop the ceviche up on tortilla chips if you want.

CHEAT'S BEARNAISE



To go with your cheat cuts, you see what cheat cuts, aren't you, amou? (I bet, so to I bet, the account (of Lundy) to find out why you should be) here's a very simple cheat's recipe for bagnaise sauce. This can be cooked in the same pan as the steak, as with the peppercorn sauce, you make the bagnaise in the butter you've cooked the steak in while the steak is resting. Good thing, come to think of it, who else.

- 1tbsp red wine vinegar
- 2tbsp crème fraîche
- 1tbsp wholegrain mustard
- 1tbsp chopped fresh tarragon
- Salt and pepper



18 Steak

Take steak out of the pan and place on a plate.
Turn down the heat to low and add the vinegar, then stir in the crème fraîche and mustard.
Stir until they make a sauce.
Add in the tarragon and season, then serve.

Tarragon is a herb with some potentially health benefits. As well as containing high levels of manganese, studies suggest tarragon can help decrease insulin sensitivity, regulate sleep and reduce hunger, decreasing levels of the hormone leptin.

TZATZIKI



The next time you're thinking of cooking a joint of steak in the oven or on the barbecue, try taking a break in the sun with a plate of aloupiada or tzi-tzi. The latter derives from the venetian Greek practice of sheep-shearing; the bands themselves were placed in Kieftic and would cook their ill-sorted meat in pits underground, in a mild deflection, when removed, after many hours of slow cooking with vegetables and herbs, the meat would simply fall apart.

Tzatziki is a simple yoghurt-based sauce that goes well with all manner of Greek-style meat, such as lamb kleftiko (kleftiko), but also with steak.

Greek cooking really doesn't get the top of it deserves. Much depends, of course, on the setting. It's never quite the same if you aren't actually there. A little Greek Taverna on the water, cooled by a gentle breeze, the salt smell of the sea in your nostrils, the taste of ouzo, a dark and mysterious woman...



Lamb kleftiko, served here with potatoes and black kalamata olives.

- 1/2 large cucumber, skin removed and finely chopped
- 400g full-fat Greek yoghurt or other plain full-fat yoghurt or kefir
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 2tbsp extra virgin olive oil
- 1tbsp lemon juice
- 1/2tsp sea salt
- 1tbsp fresh dill, finely chopped, or dried dill

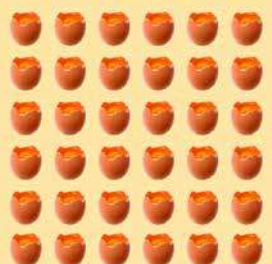
Mix all the ingredients and stir well to ensure they are fully combined.

Refrigerate and serve cold.

"Oh, damn, in two weeks you'll be gone and we'll never see each other again! Let's make the most of it while we can!"



RAW EGG NATIONALISM



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isn't enough.**

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fit for a

KING

The story of the greatest pork breed in the world, and a family commitment to regenerative farming, with ACORN BLUFF FARMS of Iowa

Hi, I'm Kenan Todd. My brother Seth and I are the Founders of Acorn Bluff Farms in Columbus Junction, Iowa. The farm started in 2016 with a simple text from my brother, "Do you want to get pigs?" I replied, "Yes."

Where we would be today was not even a thought in my mind. I was happy to simply get some pigs.

We knew that we could not raise pigs the normal way. The normal way involved buildings and lots of money we didn't have. We could not play by the big boy rules. We also didn't want to follow standard scaled farming methods. Instead, we wanted to employ techniques that rejuvenate and build the soil, creating a virtuous cycle of pigs, plants, bacteria, and other animals helping each other.





So we researched. We narrowed it down to two breeds, Mangalitsa, prized for their creamy fat, marbled meat, and odd appearance, and Mulefoots, prized for their hams and previously for their ability to grow with relatively little effort on the islands of the Mississippi. We were able to find Mangalitsa piglets for sale in Minnesota, and a four-hour trip each way brought us our first hogs. They were friendly, hairy hogs that put all previous pork to shame. We decided Mangalitsa was the way to go.

Our Mangalitsa hogs were originally from the Austro-Hungarian empire, and the royal taste – for this breed was the favourite of the Habsburg royals – is evident in every bite. Mangalitsa meat is considered the finest of all pork by many chefs, and is served at many Michelin-starred restaurants, including Thomas Keller’s French Laundry. It is rich, with an umami-like flavor that combines with uncommon tenderness to create a meal unlike anything you’ve ever experienced. Fat (marbling), flavor, and other markers of high-end meat were largely bred out of production pigs in the US, due to pork’s positioning as “the other white meat” and an emphasis on fast growth. Mangalitsa remained separate, and thus tastes more like something your great grandparents would have eaten than something you would eat at a store.

Farming is not a purely economic endeavor. Of course one must make money if a farm is to be sustainable, but the quality of the food is just as important. As pig farmers, we eat very well. Cooking is a side hobby of mine that I have enjoyed since high school. Eating is as well, but that’s true of most young men. Obtaining the highest quality ingredients was not easy to do in high school, college, grad school, or as a young doctor of physical therapy who graduated with student debt. High quality ingredients are much easier when you raise them yourself. That was initially our goal, to raise pigs for ourselves and a few friends.

As we progressed, we found that selling top-of-the-line pork was not as easy as we thought. We had pigs to sell but no customers. We sold at a discount to close friends who shared it with their friends and we quickly had an expanding customer base with a constrained pork supply, whose limits they quickly tested. This led to the purchasing of breeding stock

Our Mangalitsa hogs were originally from the Austro-Hungarian empire, and the royal taste... is evident in every bite



Mangalitsa pigs on the Acorn Bluff Farm; below: Archduke Joseph of Austria, a well-known fan of Mangalitsa pork

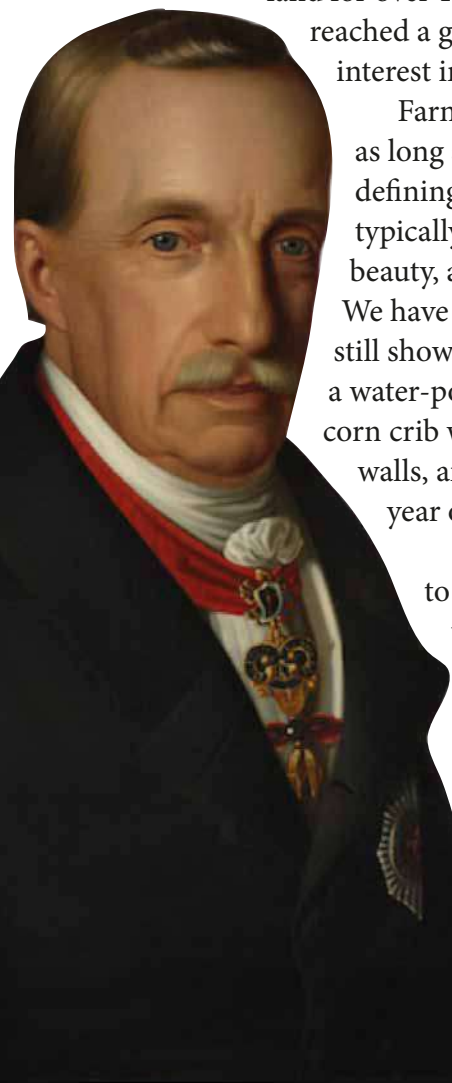
and where we are today, balancing the fine line between expanding product and customer base. Except in our case, the line is much finer than others. Two years from birth to butcher plus 3 months, 3 weeks, and 3 days in the womb is a long timeline. Growing pigs – and customers – has led to many new unexpected friends. It has led to a life full of

wooly pigs who like back scratches and piglets who nibble on your boots. It has led to a breakfast plate with the best bacon and sausage I’ve ever had. It has led to nights spent packing orders after work, delivering bacon to doors at 10 o’clock at night, and talking to potential customers for 15 minutes on the phone only to have them decide Mangalitsa is not right for them. It has been and will continue to be an unpredictable journey. A journey I look forward to continuing on every day, in the field, in the kitchen, and in our community.

Our farm is an 1830s farm site in southeast Iowa, situated near the confluence of the Cedar and Iowa rivers, 15 miles from the Mississippi River. Before it was settled by pioneers, it was an Indian camping site, and



chirp sites, arrowheads, and axes were regularly found on the property for over one hundred years. We purchased the farm site from our cousin-in-law and her family; the family had been farming the land for over 100 years, and had finally reached a generation that had no interest in the old ways.



Farms that have been around as long as ours have a few defining characteristics. They typically have great natural beauty, and ours is no exception. We have a red barn whose beams still show the rough marks from a water-powered sawmill, a white corn crib with solid hardwood walls, and sunsets over 150+ year old trees that are sublime.

We have a mandate to carry on the farm's traditions, while incorporating the best new scientific methods to raise our pigs. We started by deciding to raise our pigs on pasture. We don't have enough land, or enough trees,

to raise the pigs solely on pasture. Instead, we have fenced off our pastures, and combined a grain diet with the acorns, grubs, and brush the pigs eat. This was inspired by Joel Salatin, a farmer in Virginia who produces more food per acre of inputs than virtually anyone in the world, while working in tandem with the land to produce pork and other food items that actively heal rather than hurt the land.

Our regenerative practices enable us to produce pigs that are slaughtered at a local facility, then shipped all over the contiguous United States. We ship both whole and half pigs as well as individual cuts. These cuts enable amateur chefs, from the comfort of their living rooms, to serve their families pork that less than 1% of all Americans (our guess, but the number is probably much lower than this) have experienced. The testimonials are predictably strong, like this one from a customer in Ohio: "Your Mangalitsa is absolutely divine."

We love farming in the same county that our family has for seven generations, renewing the land with each pig we produce. We love enabling the average man to enjoy the same feast as the Habsburgs did, a delicious experience that will elevate anyone's life. And we enjoy doing it together, as a family. ■

If you're interested in learning more, please follow us on Twitter @acornblufffarms, or visit our website at AcornBluffFarms.com.



THE ULTIMATE PORK CHOPS

Still don't believe pork can replace a piece of prime ribeye on your plate? Take the Acorn Bluff test with a couple of real Mangalitsa pork chops. We think you'll be very pleasantly surprised...

1 Preheat the oven to 250°F and set a wire rack inside a rimmed baking sheet. Pat the pork chops dry and season with salt and pepper. Then add some fresh rosemary, fresh squeezed lemon juice, and a little lemon zest. Roast until the pork chops reach an internal temperature of 125°F. If you cook them beyond, you are unnecessarily drying out the meat and not giving the Mangalitsa pork chop the homage it deserves.



2 Heat a cast iron skillet over high heat. No need to add oil as the pork fat will provide ample fat for searing. Once adequate temperature is reached, place the pork chops in the skillet, with a sprig of rosemary. Sear until a golden crust is formed, turning once. Remove from skillet to cutting board and rest, tenting with aluminum foil. Most recommend letting pork chops rest 5 minutes, but I find they are more tender after a longer rest, waiting up to 10 minutes before slicing into them.





Sara Sass & Patriot Freedom Project Announce

THE ASHLI BABBITT Legal Fellowship

- Submissions Open April 1 2022
- \$5000 CASH Award to Winner on September 1 2022
- Send 10 page, 2500 word minimum, double spaced 12 pt Times New Roman font submission with citations to Virginia, Maryland and D.C. law to submissions@patriotfreedomproject.com by July 31 2022.

Prospective and currently enrolled U.S. law school students in ABA approved law schools are invited to submit the most thorough essay on any and all instances of excessive force and police brutality on the January 6th defendants.

Political affiliation and political emphasis in submissions will be disregarded in favor of legal strength of argument and thorough research.

Please direct all questions to Sara Sass and the Patriot Freedom Project at submissions@patriotfreedomproject.com. Abusive and/or threatening messages will be reported and may be acted upon to the fullest extent of the law.

★★ ONLY IN MAN'S WORLD ★★

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

★ SAMUEL FINLAY ★

★ Author of *Breakfast with the Dirt Cull* ★

IN A
VERBAL SPARRING MATCH
CONSISTING OF
5,000 THRILLING WORDS

★ JAMES LA FOND ★
& Writer, fighter, Renaissance man &

★ LYNNE LOCKHART ★
HBD expert, homeschool mother

★★ ONLY IN MAN'S WORLD ★★

at best; at worst they don't even know how to fight or how to train people. So that's a snake-pit and that's why I've written a lot of books on it.

SAM: Which of your books would you recommend to someone to start out with, as far as Boxing?

JAMES: I've got like three boxing manuals, but that's no good to you unless you've actually been trained to a certain degree. I would just pick up *Thriving in Bad Places* because it's just a brief overview of options and there's some condensed information in there on what you're looking for.

One thing you could do, and in most states and counties there's not a good boxing gym anyhow, and a lot of the MMA places will get you hurt, and none of them really have good striking, hardly any of them do. So what you could do is utilize information from somebody like Jason Van Veldhuysen on his site and just get together with a couple of your buddies and just start boxing. The guys I'm staying with here, that's what they do. I just show up a couple months out of the year and spar with these guys on Sunday and I coach them. Or they'll send me a video of them sparring and ask me to critique what they need to stop doing and what they need to start doing. Things like that.

It's tougher and tougher to find a consistent coaching option because half of all places you could learn how to fight went out of business during The Shamdemic, and a lot of those places were already bad. Just get together with some other knuckleheads and start punching each other. Watch fight videos. Learn how to coach each other. Check out Jason's channel.

LYNN: There's a book that's

Given your backgrounds; James, you as a fighter and trainer, and Lynn, you as a mother; do you both have any tips for people either in getting started or improving in those areas?

LYNN: You want to go first, James?

JAMES: I don't have any tips on how to be a better mom.

SAM: Well, I know you mentioned that guy who does Precision Striking. He's got a YouTube channel.

JAMES: Yeah, Jason Van Veldhuysen. I wrote for his boxing manual.

SAM: Do you still have up the Lancaster Agonistics channel?

JAMES: That's the guy...he's in Tennessee...

LYNN: He changed the name of it. It's now The Sevier Knox Combat Club. There's a lot of James's videos on there.

JAMES: The best place to learn a fighting art without getting ripped

off or inducted into a cult would be a wrestling team. If you could access wrestling at a rec center, that would be one way. Another thing is homeschoolers are now permitted in a lot of places to participate in school team sports because school teams are so short on school athletes. So the first place would be just learn how to wrestle.

I don't really have any concern for self-defense for women. They should just like, marry the right guy who's gonna protect them and avenge them.

For the other stuff, it's a complete snake-pit, that's why I wrote a dozen books on it. If you can find a wrestling team where the coach is not a homo and the upperclassmen are not homo-rapists okay, then you're good to go. And that's most wrestling teams. There are wrestling teams that are like homo-rape squads, but they're like one in a hundred. It's not like football teams where you've got a handful of sadistic rapists on every football team. It's not like that. Wrestling is much better as far as the culture goes.

But as far as MMA, Karate, boxing, all that...most of these people are scumbags and grifters

free on James's website about halfway down called Modern Agonistics. It's a PDF download. It describes the evolution of all those innovations you guys came up with in just trying it out and seeing what would happen. I really admired the arts and crafts aspect of it. They'd put extra wire around the face masks...there's a great video I'd linked to where James made a double-ended bag out of a paper towel roll. Premium paper towel...it's a fun little video where you show how to make this training tool. I think that's a fun aspect of it.

JAMES: That one was specifically for the weapons stuff, which is actually more important. What it comes down to...fighting, boxing, MMA, wrestling...this is all preparation for voluntary stupidity. Sam and I are going to get into a disagreement and we're gonna decide to break the law and we're gonna send each other to the hospital and the winner gets to go to jail or prison. That's what that is.

When it comes to actual real self-defense in a world where you really can't fist-fight against a dozen Bantu warriors that are descending upon you with their short spears...and you're not allowed to defend with a gun, and you can't realistically defend against a mob with your fists...well, that's what knife-fighting and stick-fighting is all about. And that's even easier to learn without knowing what you're doing than something like boxing or wrestling that requires more specific leverage and anything. You just get some hockey pads, masks, and sticks, and start hitting each other. You'll be twice as good tomorrow as you are today.

SAM: That line you just said about

"voluntary stupidity," that gives me flashbacks. I think I told you, back in college there was this buddy of mine who had just gotten out of the Rangers after the first Gulf War, and he was kind of a mentor to me, and we were both interested in swords and that kind of stuff. We went and bought some Kendo shinai and we got some MMA gloves, and once a week we'd just beat the hell out of each other. We didn't have any masks or anything.

It was wild in that you'd get butterflies. Or at least I would. I'd get real nervous, because this was a big guy; he used to be an Airborne Ranger and everything. I'd get real nervous, but you'd have to confront that and fight through that. You'd put a mark on him and it felt good. He'd beat the hell out of you and you'd learn to kinda have to get used to that. And afterwards we'd drink beer. There was something kinda primal in that; of going against somebody and being afraid and just goin' through it.

JAMES: That's great! And you know what? You learned that...it's called time and measure. And you also learned rhythm. These are the things that were the most important to your Renaissance weapon-masters. Basically the guys that reinvented boxing around 1700 when they fought with swords and sticks. Time and measure was more important than your specific technique, okay. In martial arts, all you learn with weapons is techniques and it's devoid of contact, therefore time and measure and rhythm, and it's completely useless. So really, just get some rattan sticks and fencing masks and gloves and start hitting each other.

LYNN: I honestly think people need to hear all this kind of stuff

James tells people; not just about fighting, but trying to view the world as it really is. As a woman having two daughters...I feel pretty strongly about this.

SAM: About that, Lynn, do you have any tips for motherhood or homeschooling or anything a girl could use?

LYNN: Well, if a woman comes across an issue of *Man's World* in her boyfriend's living room...

SAM: Yeah! He'll be like, "Read this, woman! We gotta level up!" We're trying to give them the tools to succeed.

LYNN: For being a mom, I'd say it's mostly On-The-Job Training. Because babies are different from each other. For instance, my younger child is very different from my older child in the kind of care she needed as a baby. If that's what you want to do you just go for it, and you hopefully have a lot of support from your husband and extended family members. The babies grow, and they become children, and then they start to need some kind of literacy, maybe, if you choose to teach them how to read...

SAM: Illiteracy is Trad.

LYNN: We chose to go down the path for literacy and other academic pursuits. I don't know if it was the right choice. I actually started using library streaming apps and an old laptop to stream books; children's literature, Classic mythology, and so forth as an alternative to television. But the big risk in homeschooling is it's basically reinventing the wheel. It can be very frustrating in terms of choosing curriculum and building up a routine that works for a



MAN'S WORLD







family. If you have a larger family, how do you cover the breadth of topics and skills that you need to cover? It's really endless. But similar to a young fighter, if you can find someone like James to help you, that's the best you can do; and to a young mom, try to find other moms and parents and families that feel the same way you do in general about life.

The good news is there's tremendous resources available in terms of books, curriculum, play groups, co-ops, and things, so the big challenge is figuring out what's right for you and sticking with it.

I also started carrying a knife. We live in a pretty decent place, but there is sometimes trouble like at the mall last Christmas. We've also had issues with dogs coming up to our kids at the beach. You start asking yourself, "How do I be more aware?" I wear a fanny pack with a knife and it helps. It puts me in the mode of looking for a threat. It's a different mindset.

I'm on twitter (@LynnLock328) and I try to be available to people who are homeschooling if anyone has any questions.

Clark Savage, author of *King of All Things*, recently shared an excerpt from an article you'd written about how you think the heroes of the *Iliad* would have fared in our age. One commenter got all on his hind legs and objected to the notion that civilization bred emasculation and argued they would have wound up as heroes the same as any he'd seen in his local law enforcement community, and that such laments of modern decadence were a "cope." Why do you think a Homeric hero would do so poorly nowadays?

JAMES: Oh, they would be

targeted. It's the same reason why good cops are targeted by bad cops. I know some cops that have been forced out of policing because they're surrounded by cowards, scumbags, they're being supplanted by women; just like Achilles and Odysseus, who were caught working for Agamemnon who had a bureaucratic mindset... that's what a modern police officer winds up dealing with. I've known cops from four different states who have gone through the exact same thing, and my estimation of law enforcement people is horrendous. It's horrible. In places like Baltimore, most of them are active criminals. And this is the person that the guy who wants to be a hero...getting involved in law enforcement...is gonna deal with.

And the modern military, if it's the U.S. military, you're a part of this big vast machine, it's more like being Aries. It's more like being one of the gods...unless you're one of those poor bastards that gets stranded on a mountain in *Lone Survivor*, you're basically one of the gods if you're a warfighter. But the real place you're gonna see something like the tribal violence on a small scale like you would see in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, it would be in the criminal matrix and American anti-communities. Where what you have here is you have to pretend your hereditary enemies are your brothers and your sisters.

My best story [of this] is Old Man Jimmy. He was a kickboxer. He was a pro-fighter with a winning record. He had one loss. He was Wayne Newton's bodyguard in Las Vegas. Since he was a tall blonde guy, Nevada didn't do him very good because he ended up with face cancer. He came back to Baltimore just to get a part-time job to support his wife while he was dying of cancer, and

I hired him.

He worked with me in a small supermarket in Baltimore City, and a gang of Black kids beat him in the head with a baseball bat when he was walking to work. He survived that and even made it to work. But he was more careful next time. He didn't let the kids get behind him, so he fought an eighteen and twenty year old man to a draw in an alley. His fists were black because of the problem with his thin skin and his age and everything like that.

What did civilization give him for his victory? Two men, both together were still only half his age, okay. He fought them to a draw. Baltimore City police came and arrested him and locked him up for a weekend with the pack animals. See, that Baltimore City police officer, that cop, that's *our* idea of the Hero. Not Old Man Jimmy.

The same thing that happened to Old Man Jimmy happened to Achilles...another type of hero would be Odysseus. He has more of the criminal mindset in what he does to take back his land and everything. I found in Odysseus the person of Crazy Mark. He was a homeless man, like Odysseus. He was a big scary guy that used to work for me, and even tried to kill me when he worked for me twenty years earlier; he didn't even realize I was the same dude. And I paid him money to beat up the local criminals, okay. So he would come into the store, right in front of my security guys – who were terrified of him – and if he had blood and snot on one of his boots, I'd give him twenty bucks. And if he just said he needed a favor, I'd give him some money. So he made the neighborhood kinda safe.

Now was he breaking the law? Technically, I was guilty of a criminal conspiracy, Mark was

guilty of numerous felonies, okay. We're villains. We're criminals. But the two of us together were really acting like Odysseus acted in the *Odyssey* to protect people like Old Man Jimmy who were victims of something like the *Iliad* where the straight up and down, "I'm gonna mind my own business and defend myself," you're gonna get punished. Just like the honest cop gets screwed by the other cops.

What's next in the chute for you all? You mentioned *The Broken Dance*. What other projects are in the works at Crackpot Industries?

LYNN: I just published *The Last Whiteman*. There's a fragment of Robert E. Howard that's actually pretty hard to find called *The Last White Man* and James sort of wrote a whole novel in the boots of Howard.

JAMES: The premise is that Robert E. Howard doesn't kill himself and he goes on to become a travel writer. And when he's in Philadelphia to meet L. Sprague de Camp, the 1968 riots kick off. So I have him decide to re-write *The Last White Man*. The storyline is more based on some Conan stories like Man-Eaters of Zamboulla...the character is more based on a Solomon Kane character...so I tried to write like I thought Howard might have written when he was an older man.

LYNN: There's a starter-pack I made of James's books...

JAMES: I'm writing Westerns right now. That's one of the reasons I was down in Missouri, Oklahoma, and Arkansas. It's a series of four of them, and I'm on the second one right now. One of them is

being serialized on the website right now. Its title is *Sorcerer*.

SAM: Lynn, you just published an art book for homeschoolers didn't you?

LYNN: Yes. A *Child's History of Art* by VM Hillyer. It's a great overview of Western Civilizational art and a longtime favorite of homeschoolers that went out of print

JAMES: One book I would like to plug is *The Filthy Few* because I put Sam in there as a character that gets shot. Lynn also published your John Howard stories. You got shot in it, but you made it out better than some. I had like eight readers volunteer to get killed in it. Both of the same guys based on me got killed by a Hellfire missile en route to Highway 80.

SAM: And you've got the fight coming up in Tennessee in June?

JAMES: Yeah, I'll be boxing Backfist Mick. It'll be a full-blood Irishman against my quadroon-Irish self. I'll try to lose that in good form. I'll be stick-fighting with the kid I trained since age five to eighteen. He's twenty-five now. The last time I sparred with him it was a real horror show. That's only going to go one way.

I'll be reffing three bareknuckle boxing matches there. I may also be fighting with a sjambok. Brett and I are going to be fighting with sjamboks.

SAM: What's a "sjambok?"

JAMES: That's a Zulu cattle whip.

I'll also be wrestling an ex-cop! It's gonna be Creep vs Cop combat. I actually wrote a novel called *The Last Good Cop* and it's based on him. The first three

chapters in the book are actually things that happened to him when he was a cop in the Pacific Northwest. And he wanted me to write him as a character that in order to keep his pension, for using excessive force in Seattle, he's sent to Baltimore to finish his last six months out. It'll probably be coming out sometime later this year.

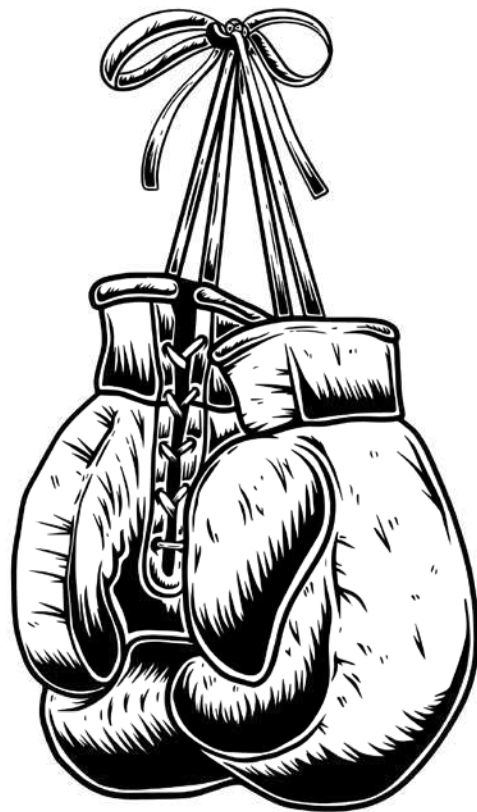
SAM: Man, y'all are prolific.

JAMES: I just do it to keep from going insane, that's all. ■

Sam's book, Breakfast with the Dirt Cult, is available from Amazon.

For James's work, visit jameslafond.blogspot.com and to support his work, patreon.com/jameslafond.

The Crackpot Podcast is available on Bitchute and Youtube.





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ROBINSON JEFFERS

Robinson Jeffers is the greatest poet America has ever produced. It seems audacious to make that claim today when he has been all but forgotten, relegated to obscure university publications and environmentalist fan clubs. But there was a time when his visage graced the cover of Time magazine and his poetry was widely known and read—in another country, another America, now memory-holed like Jeffers himself. He is, as Jonathan Bowden said, the poet laureate of this other America, which once existed, if only in embryo, and which perhaps still exists in some form, outside of the media, outside of the cities, in the land and what remains of wild nature.

Jeffers' voice has a rare gravitas that one really only encounters in scripture and in the ancient classics. He is a man out of time, a man in whom eternal nature speaks to us, undiluted by the modern pathos because Jeffers has extricated himself from modernity. There on the California coast in the solitude of his rock tower at Tor House—which he built with his own hands—he composes his lines, and his charged words come down to us like Zarathustra from the mountains.

Jeffers is a Nietzschean, the rare sort who does not merely parrot and reformulate Nietzsche's ideas, but who, like Spengler or Ludwig Klages, learns from Nietzsche how to see, and then goes on to apply this perception to wholly new sights and insights. As he wrote in 1938:

Another formative principle came to me from a phrase of Nietzsche's: "The poets? The poets lie too much." I was nineteen when the phrase stuck in my mind; a dozen years passed before it worked effectively, and I decided not to tell lies in verse. Not to feign any emotion that I did not feel; not to pretend to believe in optimism or pessimism, or unreversible progress; not to say anything because it was popular, or generally accepted, or fashionable in intellectual circles, unless I myself believed it; and not to believe easily.

Jeffers shares with Nietzsche a deep commitment to truth at all costs—not the abstract Truth of philosophers and theologians but the raw truth of nature. For Jeffers is a nature poet, but not the quaint and tame nature of hippie romanticism, the abstracted and neutered nature that the urbanite goes to "experience" on weekends at a hiking trail or a tourist destination. Jeffers' nature is wild, undomesticated. It is Nietzsche's "monster of energy," overflowing with life, death, tragedy and beauty.

Jeffers sees humanity as insignificant, perhaps even as a mistake, but he does not see life this way. His philosophy of Inhumanism means to see the value of life not in humanity but outside of it, in nature. Some see in Jeffers a kind of Zen or Taoist sensibility, as in the poets of ancient China and Japan. But while Jeffers appreciates peace and tranquillity, he does not turn away from violence. His mysticism is based not on looking within, but without.

*Humanity is the start of the race; I say
Humanity is the mold to break away
from,
the crust to break through,
the coal to break into fire,
The atom to be split.*

He has an affinity with Hesiod, who also saw humans not as the center of creation but as a mere unfortunate appendage to it. When it comes to human affairs he shares the pessimism of the ancient Greeks like Heraclitus and Theognis, but he refuses to judge the natural world by human standards, with human values. This perhaps is part of what appealed to him in Nietzsche: to transvaluate all values not merely in order to create new human (all-too-human) values, but to transcend the human altogether to discover the eternal values of nature.

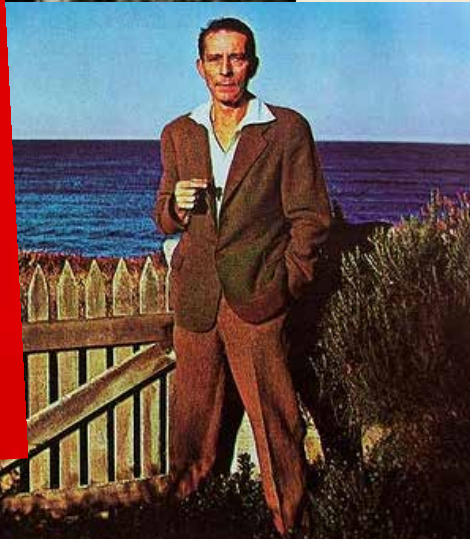
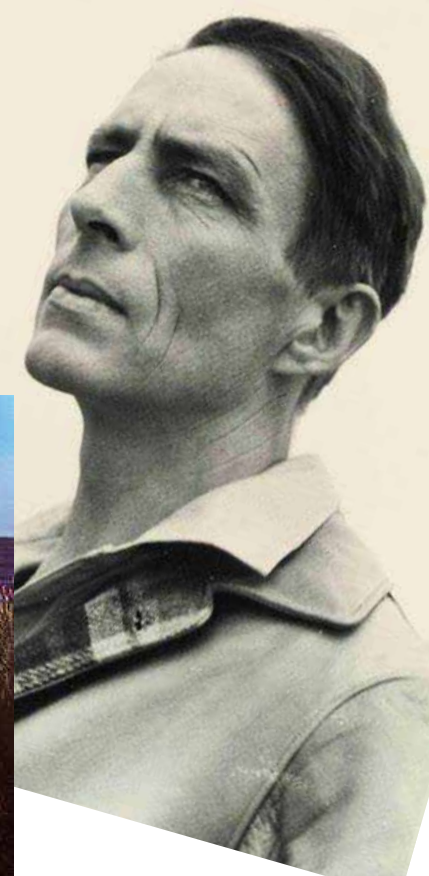
Jeffers is a Nietzschean but one can hardly call him a nihilist. In Jeffers' world there is not an absence of meaning but an overflowing of it. It is everywhere he looks, in the flight of the hawks and eagles, in the crashing of the waves on the rocks of the coast, in the passions and tragedies of human lives. It is only we who are alienated from nature who fail to find meaning, while Jeffers reminds us that nature is "divinely superfluous beauty."

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DIVINELY SUPERFLUOUS BEAUTY

The storm-dances of gulls, the barking game of seals,
Over and under the ocean . . .
Divinely superfluous beauty
Rules the games, presides over destinies, makes trees grow
And hills tower, waves fall.
The incredible beauty of joy
Stars with fire the joining of lips, O let our loves too
Be joined, there is not a maiden
Burns and thirsts for love
More than my blood for you, by the shore of seals while the wings
Weave like a web in the air
Divinely superfluous beauty.



from **ROAN STALLION**

Humanity is the start of the race; I say
Humanity is the mould to break away from, the crust to break through, the
coal to break into fire,
The atom to be split.
Tragedy that breaks man's face and a white fire flies out of it; vision that fools
him
Out of his limits, desire that fools him out of his limits, unnatural crime,
inhuman science,
Slit eyes in the mask; wild loves that leap over the walls of nature, the wild
fence-vaulter science,
Useless intelligence of far stars, dim knowledge of the spinning demons that
make an atom,
These break, these pierce, these deify, praising their God shrilly with fierce
voices: not in a man's shape
He approves the praise, he that walks lightning-naked on die Pacific, that laces
the suns with planets,
The heart of the atom with electrons: what is humanity in this cosmos? For
him, the last
Least taint of a trace in the dregs of the solution; for itself, the mould to break
away from, the coal
To break into fire, the atom to be split.

...

The atom bounds-breaking,
Nucleus to sun, electrons to planets, with recognition
Not praying, self-equaling, the whole to the whole, the microcosm
Not entering nor accepting entrance, more equally, more utterly, more
incredibly conjugate
With the other extreme and greatness; passionately perceptive of identity. . . .
The fire threw up figures
And symbols meanwhile, racial myths formed and dissolved in it, the phantom
rulers of humanity
That without being are yet more real than what they are born of, and without
shape, shape that which makes them:
The nerves and the flesh go by shadowlike, the limbs and the lives shadowlike,
these shadows remain, these shadows
To whom temples, to whom churches, to whom labors and wars, visions and
dreams are dedicate . . .



SHINE, PERISHING REPUBLIC

While this America settles in the mould of its vulgarity, heavily thickening to
empire,
And protest, only a bubble in the molten mass, pops and sighs out, and the
mass hardens,

I sadly smiling remember that the flower fades to make fruit, the fruit rots to
make earth.

Out of the mother; and through the spring exultances, ripeness and decadence;
and home to the mother.

You making haste haste on decay: not blameworthy; life is good, be it
stubbornly long or suddenly
A mortal splendor: meteors are not needed less than mountains: shine,
perishing republic.

But for my children, I would have them keep their distance from the
thickening center; corruption
Never has been compulsory, when the cities lie at the monster's feet there are
left the mountains.

And boys, be in nothing so moderate as in love of man, a clever servant,
insufferable master.
There is the trap that catches noblest spirits, that caught—they say—God,
when he walked on earth.

PRACTICAL PEOPLE

Practical people, I have been told,
Weary of the sea for his waves go up and down
Endlessly to no visible purpose;
Tire of the tides, for the tides are tireless, the tides
Are well content with their own march-tune
And nothing accomplished is no matter to them.
It seems wasteful to practical people.
And that the nations labor and gather and dissolve
Into destruction; the stars sharpen
Their spirit of splendor, and then it dims, and the stars
Darken; and that the spirit of man
Sharpens up to maturity and cools dull
With age, dies, and rusts out of service;
And all these tidal gatherings, growth and decay,
Shining and darkening, are forever
Renewed; and the whole cycle impenitently
Revolves, and all the past is future:
Make it a difficult world ... for practical people.



ROAN STALLION

TAMAR

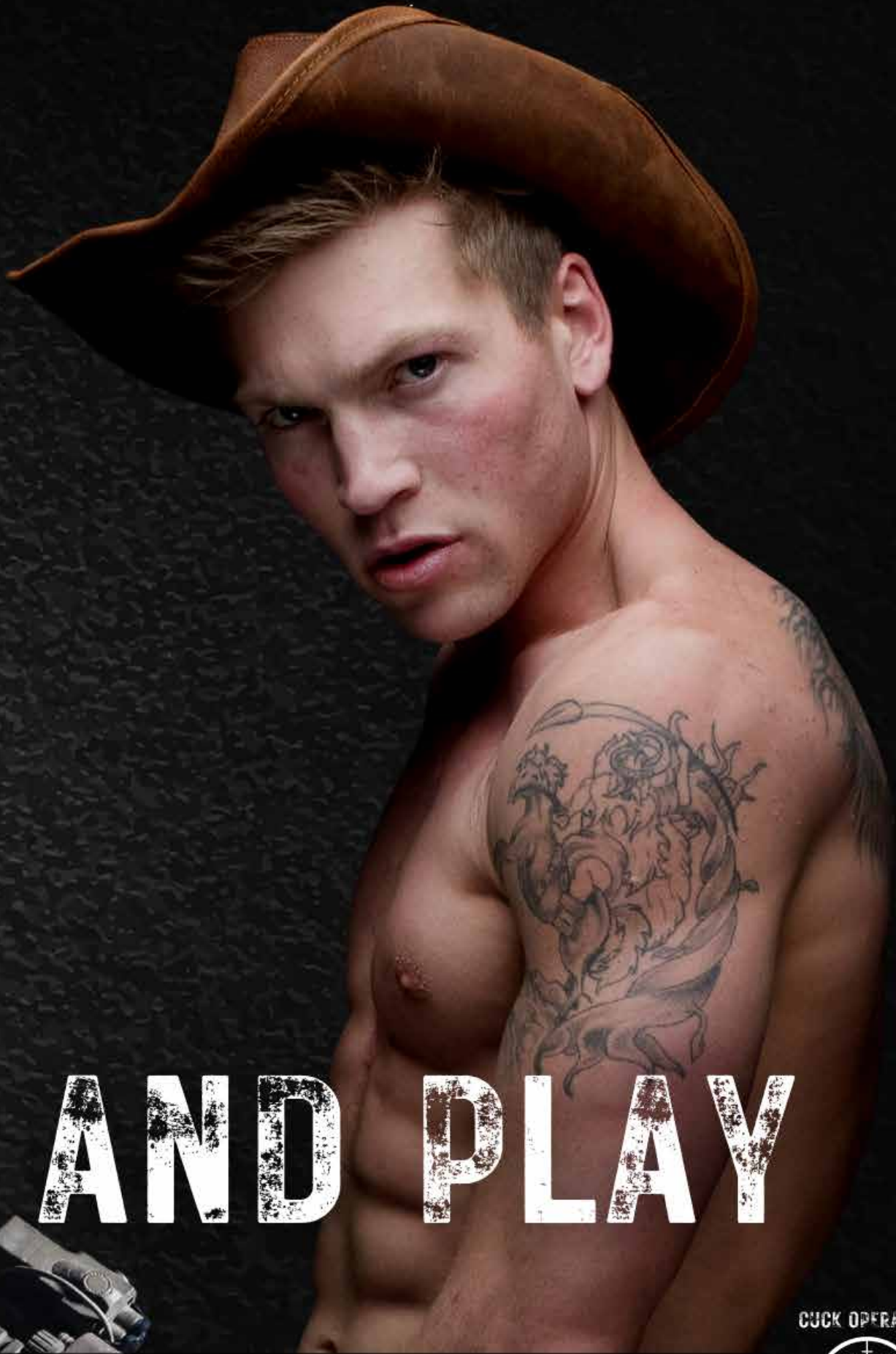
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EGG ON THEIR FACE?

BY ANTHONY BAVARIA



Every now and then, a true maverick filmmaker will put his career on the line to get the word out: war is bad, racism is evil, and toxic masculinity is, well, toxic. No one really knows where these think-outside-the-box auteurs get their original ideas, but thank God we have them to spread the gospel. However, when a culturati of the level we're discussing fully unleashes his smug, know-better-than-you mindset through the medium, we sometimes get the glorious backfire: the picture-maker ends up reinforcing that which he set out to lambast.

This phenomenon is more than merely "posting their Ls" to borrow from the ever-changing landscape of online parlance; honestly, it's too beautiful for that. These are—in some instances—lifelong projects, studios throw millions of dollars at them, critics laud the performances, they make huge profits, gold statues of naked men are distributed simply for having a hand in their production, the cultural landscape changes around their style, and think-pieces are written on them for decades to come.

An early example of a movie messaging flub is Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*. It's a textbook anti-war film, a culmination of

so many before it while setting the stage for future endeavors on the "war is bad" crusade. A lazy scroll through the film's Wikipedia page's review snippets only reinforces Kubrick's agenda for the movie. Someone with a last name that sort of sounds like "pussy" actually wrote an essay titled "*Full Metal Jacket: The Unraveling of Patriarchy*," and it's also said that military brainwashing is a prominent theme of the film. Sadly, for Kubrick, all the anti-Vietnam war hippie types, and anyone against the patriarchy, none of the chads that saw it got the message. The movie's debut directly correlated with a spike in Marine Corps recruitment. Author of *Jarhead*, Anthony Swofford, hits the nail on the head when he states,

"Because of Stanley Kubrick's previous work, many viewers expected a purely antiwar film. And they might have seen just that. But what we saw felt beautiful and profane and dangerous — normal American kids transformed into war-ready combatants through barbarism and violence and the best marksmanship training in the world. It was both terrifying and thrilling to watch. I wanted to experience the brutality and humiliation that "*Full Metal Jacket*" so fully embodied."

I once knew a video store clerk that probably thought of himself as an undiscovered Quentin Tarantino say, "Every war movie is technically an anti-war movie" and maybe he had a point, but, though it's not a movie, I'll just leave this quote here from an actual combat veteran as a counterpoint:

"The fact is, (Vietnam) was fun... It was so great I even went back for a second helping... Where else could you divide your time between hunting the ultimate game... sit on the side of a hill and watch an airstrike destroy a regimental base camp... In combat I was a respected man among men. I lived on life's edge and did the most manly thing in the world: I was a warrior in a war."

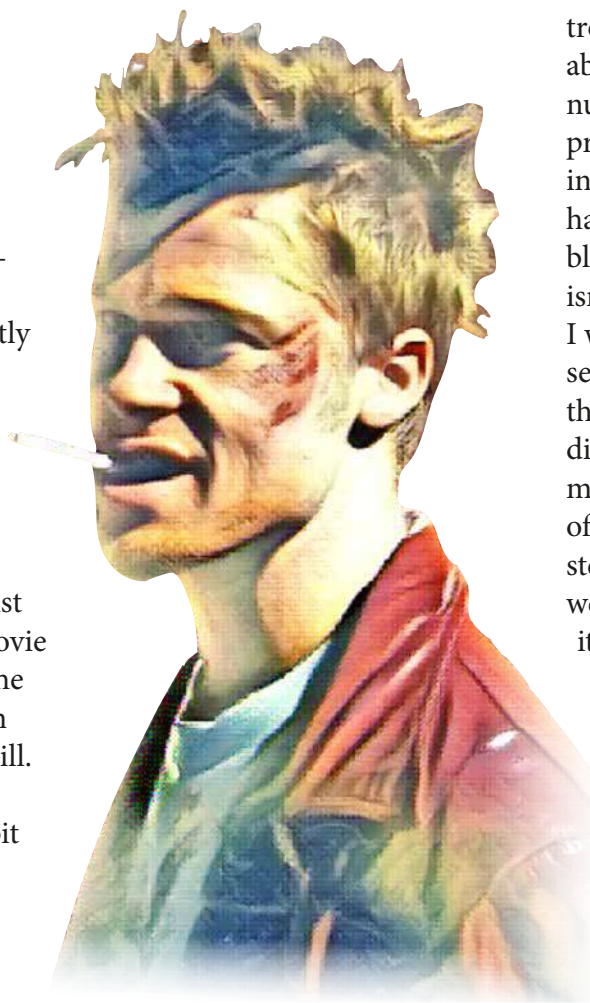
Back to Hollywood missteps. Next on the list is Edward Norton's opus to hitting the gym, *American History X*. Guess what? Have you heard that racism is bad? Unfortunately for the screenwriter and director, the film "actually increases audience sympathies with neo-Nazi skinheads, despite its best efforts to present them as hateful hypocrites and losers" says Trevor Lynch in his review. Some chalk this up to good storytelling: to make your viewers actually sympathize with those in the

“Full Metal Jacket’s debut directly correlated with a spike in Marine Corps recruitment”

wrong, but even as early as the film’s 1998 release, there’s no way in hell Hollywood would sanction condoning racism. “One does not need to endorse Derek’s Nazi ideology, rhetorical excesses, and physical violence to admire his sincerity and conviction, or to see the merits of his arguments. As for his opponents, they have nothing to offer but hurt looks, breaths sharply drawn in disapproval, and mumbling about racism and social inequalities,” adds Lynch.

Another Norton headliner and, I suspect, a favorite of everyone that reads *Man’s World*, is *Fight Club*. I’m honestly shocked some turd hasn’t written an essay accusing Norton of being a crypto-fascist, since he made two back-to-back hits that accidentally sympathize with men of the Dissident Right. The plot can be accurately summarized in one sentence: disenfranchised working-class men decide to live actually authentic, radical lives. I’ll resist the urge to quote the entire movie to reinforce this description; the main thing that matters is men loved this movie and always will. With more egg on their face, Hollywood and its various orbit industries have begun a full-scale retconning of the story. A quick google search reveals more than zero articles written in the past few years linking the film to “toxic masculinity,” a term that didn’t really exist when the picture debuted in 1999. On the 20-year anniversary of the film’s release, the high-priest of zeitgeist pseudo-intellectuals, *The New Yorker*, ran a piece titled “The Men Who Still Love ‘Fight Club’” where the “insistent myopias of masculinity” are analyzed by a journalist whose CV might place him at the absolute center of the

Overton Window. Sadly, this isn’t the only accidentally right-wing movie that needed to be properly reanalyzed in a critic’s own lifetime; the prototype might be *Falling Down*. Just like American



History X, it also takes place in the melting pot of 1990s Los Angeles, and so acidic and accurate is its portrayal of the problems of the era, it requires a “later opinions” section on its Wikipedia page.

The apotheosis of this phenomenon might be James Cameron’s *Avatar*. Though less overt of an adverse effect, the release of this video-game-mistaken-for-a-movie has an amazing story. Back

in the days before the average, patriotic American was fully able to admit that military involvement in the Middle East was probably a mistake, every now and then Hollywood would jump on the bandwagon and “support the troops.” Cameron and stars flew aboard the USS *Eisenhower*, a nuclear-powered supercarrier, to provide American sailors a screening of the movie in the ship’s hangar bay. The film, though, is a blatant portrayal of anti-imperialism and anti-militarism. Though I will never defend neo-conservative misadventures abroad, there’s nothing that screams smug director more than rubbing your message in the face of a bunch of young, naive recruits—literally steaming to a combat zone—that were coerced into joining the military for college money or vague reasons like “defending freedom.” The joke is on Cameron though. In the scene where the gunships form a hovering skirmish line and lay waste to the pseudo-furry blue cat people’s giant spiritual tree, the sailors all hooted and cheered.

Though the gaffes of our social engineers are always something to be savoured, don’t think they’ll lead to filmmakers stepping down, studios folding, or, God forbid, the purposeful glorification of all-things masculine in this day and age. That’s the benefit to having total control of the narrative: when the story doesn’t go your way, you can just make another one up and hope that it does. ■

Inswania



by Janus Holingdale

SEEING IS BELIEVING.





FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE, PT.2

by SETH COLLINS



In the last issue we touched on what financial independence is and why you should consider being more conscious of your financial decisions. Now we're shifting focus and looking at how we can actually take action and move towards the end goal. Let's jump straight into it.

What it boils down to is figuring out how much you need, understanding how much you have, then crafting a plan to get the rest. To move the needle the quickest you should simultaneously reduce your expenses and increase your income. Remember, there's no reason to be bad with money. Every man should understand exactly how much he makes and where every dollar goes with little to no effort.

Your specific number required to never need to work again depends directly on the lifestyle you want to be able to afford and for how long. The general rule of thumb is to take your annual spending and multiply it by 25. Use this as your starting point, but note that I would add in a buffer of a few grand more a year.

This is a known strategy called the 4% rule. Its premise is based on the assumption you'll invest in the US stock market with that money. While I am not advocating for everyone to take this route, I think it's a good baseline number and strategy to utilize for understanding how much you'll need.

To understand how much you have, simply take inventory

of everything you own and put it against everything you owe. If you owe more than you own and the reason is consumer debt and not a mortgage, then I'd highly recommend focusing on getting out of debt first. Debt can be used as a force multiplier to create serious wealth, but you must walk before you can run. For me this was a huge priority. It requires big habit changes but those will fix your finances and a lot of issues in your life.

From here you can work backwards to begin to figure out how much you can save and invest a year to get to your goal as quickly as possible. Whether you're going to college or pursuing a trade, you ought to aim to get to a very high level and work with the best people in the field you choose. In short, pursue excellence and the money will come. Being really good at something allows you to command more money and gives you more life satisfaction.

As you begin to save, you're going to amass a big stash of money. You'll need to invest it somewhere. Keeping it in a bank will cause you to lose some, assuming your bank pays a low interest rate that's below the inflation rate. Investing is out of scope for this article, but in general you should consider and research investments such as stocks, index funds, and alternative investments such as real estate, buying a business, gold and crypto.

The earlier you start the better. Time in the market matters a lot

because that's how you get rich through compounding, which is just one common way people use to get rich. You ought to diversify your streams of income, too. For example, I have a regular day job, investments, and two businesses. Things I want to get into next are buying more businesses and real estate.

Manage your expectations. As your income increases, it's natural to increase spending. I call this "lifestyle creep". If you can stay disciplined and not keep up with the Joneses as they say, you will keep your savings rate higher and get you to your goal quicker. Thankfully, people thousands of years ago in ancient Greece realized that happiness does not come from money or things, but instead from virtue. Material things don't really bring happiness.

General rules here include keeping your savings rate over 40% and your housing cost well under 30% of your take-home pay. I tend to lean into more of a Spartan lifestyle, but I enjoy this. That can be much more difficult with a wife and children. If you require more money to be fulfilled, then expect it to take longer.

That leads me to my next point: don't buy into everything society tells you. You don't have to finance everything or buy a new car every few years. Children don't have to eat off the kid's menu and aren't as expensive as they want you to believe. Clothing from fast-fashion brands not only looks awful but costs more over your



lifetime.

I don't think readers of this magazine need much of a reminder that doing the opposite of what society tells you is generally going to yield better results. If you follow what they lay out for you, you'll be left wondering why you're quite unhappy and unfulfilled despite being surrounded by a lot of things. The average wage earner saves less than 10% and spends the rest as quick as possible on wine-bar experiences. In short, think for yourself and don't require as much to live on.

When it comes to careers, there's generally three types of people: those who pursue a career for money, those who pursue it for a passion, and those who have no idea what they're doing. At all costs, don't be the latter. Regardless, you'll find out quickly that working smarter and harder than your peers is generally the easiest way to move up, assuming there is

upward mobility. If not, don't be afraid to hop around and eventually, once you have enough expertise, start your own gig.

At the end of the day, if you can manage not to spend everything you earn, you'll wind up in a good spot. In my mind, the goal is really to build wealth. That means going beyond the number you initially calculated to buy your freedom. Reasons for this are beyond me - once I free myself of work, then I am free to do whatever I please, allowing me to pursue more meaningful work. Ideally, that means influencing and improving society.

There are ways to be free earlier, but there are trade-offs to everything. If you go the route I mentioned above, you may find yourself in a career you don't love for a long time while you save up. It doesn't happen overnight. However, if you were to start a side job in your free time and build it up,

you may be able to quit your day job a lot faster, since you've found a way to replace that cash flow. Keeping expenses low helps here too. It's easier to be free when you require less than \$30k a year to live on. Most people earning multiple six figures have to live up to that image, so they are cash poor.

Becoming rich and free is a direct consequence of your actions. So, act appropriately and with enough time, you'll hit your goals. Keep things simple: get out of debt, work hard, build community and enjoy the journey.

I leave you with a very simple but effective motto I've lived by for the last 7 years that's brought much joy: Spend less, live more. ■

Seth Collins is a father, accountant, business owner, and martial artist. You can find more of his writings on personal finance over at juststopping.com.

