

THE ASYLUM

VOLUME I ISSUE I

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This issue would not be in your hands without the generosity of the contributors who all submitted their work without remuneration. All of the writing and artwork contained in the following pages is original. It is especially worth emphasising the oil paintings by Barron Trump and Odise Outiz, which required many hours of labour. These two original pieces, along with that of the Überwench, can be purchased through me. All proceeds will be going directly to the artist, and I will be taking no commission, since this magazine is foremost about supporting a collective cause. I would also like to give thanks for the digital work by Nora The Stormer and Miss Cege-nation, the first of whom can be contacted through his handle, listed below his artwork.

If you'd like to support the authors within the magazines, please buy their books. The books of Conrad Black, the Bronze Age Pervert, and the Raw Egg Nationalist, can easily be found with a quick search online. Also, please follow Charles Haywood's blog of RW book-reviews, which are on his website *The Worthy House*. Charles writes first-class reviews at such a rate that he is without a doubt in great possession of that spergy-gift that is common on our side. Finally, any criticisms and commentary of the magazine will be invaluable. Please let me know at asylummagazine@protonmail.com how the following issues might be improved.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The Asylum is a reality-based literary magazine for writers who have been pushed outside of the Overton Window; or, to say in other words, it is for the thoughtful men who have had their personal reflections, philosophical interests, insights, and political opinions reduced to Sin by a cuckolded-society. It is, therefore, a publication that is especially intended for the anon. Of course there will be writers who will write under their own name: authors who are either “too big to fail,” or “too little to crush,” or who are otherwise lacking in concern.

Here, within the inaugural issue of *The Asylum*, we are honoured to contain some of the gravest genuine threats to the globohomo apparatus. This particular copy has been structured, by fortunate coincidence, so that each article builds on the previous one, at least in theme or by tangent. It is worth reading everything in order. The pieces furthermore accelerate progressively towards the right, in a crescendo of vitality and affect, until the magazine culminates in the thunderous words of the Bronze Age Pervert (BAP), whom I believe is the prophesied Zarathustra, the man who has almost singlehandedly awakened a great and ancient spirit. Indeed it is worth asking, now and again: where would we be without him?

My personal acquaintance with BAP and the frogosphere came after having spent a few lugubrious years in the “literary” quagmire of modern journalism. Even following the success of several publications within national outlets and international magazines I felt neither accomplishment, nor pride, but utter demoralisation. Yes, in my naiveté, I fell for the promise of writing without red-pen censorship by several of the so-call bastions of “free-speech.” In hindsight the trick played by these outlets was not done, by analogy, with the cunning of the fox, but performed with the brazen mendacity of the lowly shyster. These editors advertised free thought, a cat-call for the disenchanted writers, only to use them as the canon-fodder against their journalist foes.

But this isn't a story about dejection. My orientation refused the spiritual-slum and, instead, I found this little corner of ferocious passion and honest insight for which I'd like to dedicate this magazine. Here is what you'll find inside:

Conrad Black – Lord Black of Crossharbour– who was very generous to write a piece for *The Asylum*, has been placed at the beginning with intention. Lord Black is the counter-tenor to many of us who think that the modern Western system – the oligarchy which cross-dresses as a democracy – is terminally fated. For its salvation Lord Black argues that an internal reordering, through which a proper hierarchy is re-established, is only possible by way of a literal war with China. Some of you will no doubt see this prescription, not as a cure, but as a symptom of the rally-around-the-flag syndrome. But remember that Lord Black has observed, at close proximity, our corrupt governments, and yet he still, sagaciously, cautions us to pause before setting it

all aflame. It is also worth noting that Lord Black is a friend and supporter of Donald J. Trump, and may consider his election, and others like him, the better way of reversing Western degeneration.

Perhaps preseving our democracies is possible, if preferable; however, Charles Haywood, our next author, is confident that a Caesar is coming – for better or for worse. Haywood has little faith in spinning the hands of time counter-clockwise. No matter how much tinkering or diddling there is in American politics, getting the cat back in her bag is mere wish-fulfillment: it is too late for peace. The future portends greater division, more fraction, and some kind of conflict approximating civil war; the only question that remains, presently, is the question of who will win.

These are indeed very big contemplations. Interrupting the serious talk with some levity, The Fat Nutritionist administers the Gentleman Conservative his deserved thrashing. It's a humorous excoriation, and what emerges from his eloquent rant is an archetype that is only too familiar.

Fine. So we are overwhelmed with meretricious conservatives. How do we appropriately consider tradition? The Raw Egg Nationalist provides us with such an answer, next, using Tacitus as our guide. His message is that political disputation is secondary to virtue, and without virtue politics means nothing.

At last we are graced by the Bronze Age Pervert. Somehow, he was able to consummate all the foregoing topics without any knowledge of them – *can he read thoughts?* In his brilliant analysis, he describes the myopia of modern monarchists. His message is ultimately the same, among these pages, as it is elsewhere in his work: systems and constructs are irrelevant when the species who inhabit their orbit are botched. This is not just a cart-before-horse problem: it's that we've dispatched the horse and are standing around the motionless cart, puzzled. BAP argues that the conditions in which a genuine aristocracy can arise must be considered before the question of monarchs or types of governance. For BAP we must observe a tautology: biology is king, and kingship is biological. If natural selection means that the most suitable species are selected for by Nature, then artificial selection, which is unique to humanity, and can be properly understood as culture, can either narrow this divide between Nature and man, or, be used to create distance. This latter approach only, invariably, gives triumph to the Bugman, who through his pathetic nay-saying seeks to homogenise all life.

So let us fight this mercilessly, through will and through spirit, and with boldness! Fortune, after all, favours the bold.

We are on the precipice of something great, dear reader.

Welcome to *The Asylum!*

Giles Hoffmann



Barron Trump
Like That Roman Soldier (2021)
Oil on Canvas
48" x 32"

WHY DEMOCRACY IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR CONRAD BLACK

The question of whether democracy is worth fighting for naturally arises at any time when it is proposed that people fight for it. This is not a question that spontaneously occurs when there is no prospect of having to consider fighting for it, other than in abstract academic debates. There was a considerable stir in February 1933 in Britain when the Oxford Union voted that it “Would no longer fight for King and country.” Of course, six years later the same people and the same institution voted with their feet and were almost unanimous in offering, or at least agreeing to risk, their lives for king and country. In the context of the time, that debate was about war against Nazism and Fascism before the nature of Nazism had been well displayed; it was not just patriotic defense of Great Britain. And when the great test came – when the British contemplated the prospect of submitting to Nazi domination or even occupation – George Orwell was nostalgic even about Britain’s red telephone boxes as he contemplated the fact that “civilized men are overhead trying to kill me.”

There may never have been times quite like these, today, when the leading democracy is wallowing in woke self-flagellation, asking the United Nations, an ineffable source of racist hypocrisy, to investigate and comment on the extent of racism in the United States, and when most of the leaders of the more important democratic countries are hopeless, almost witless, posturers and panderers. In such times, it is easy and tempting to be ambig-

uous in responding to the question about fighting for democracy. Of course, our democracies are flabby and venal and operate at a level with explanations of official conduct adapted to the mind of a gullible child of six. In contemplating that the entire program of the present Canadian federal government for the last five years has essentially consisted of vapid gender issues, mawkishly exaggerated fables of ancestral self-hate over treatment of the natives, and an utterly insane concept of climate change, it is so depressing that the system that elevated such ciphers to important positions scarcely seems worth lifting a finger for. Even Stalin said “Democracy must be a miserable system to replace a great man like Churchill with a mediocrity like Attlee.”

Not to labour the point, but the spectacle of the great United States of America ostensibly led by a wax-works dummy seconded by a cackling California airhead as they champion a vintage socialist platform composed of policies that failed at every opportunity for decades, as millions of unskilled peasants are incited to flood across the southern border, the country status as an energy independent nation is squandered, the full employment achieved by the previous administration is discarded in favor of undocumented cheap alien labor, America’s highest officials are publicly condescended to by their Chinese and Russian analogues, and large parts of many of America’s greatest cities are transformed into no-go shooting galleries as violent crime and inflation

skyrocket: none of this is bracing to the democratic consciousness or conducive to a desire to protect their country and make sacrifices for democracy.

But these are just evanescent snapshots of the society or country whose defense is contemplated. These are times of unrepresentative official underachievement and disappointment. The Oxford Union in 1933 voted not to fight for the regime that blundered into World War I, largely mismanaged the war, thoroughly mismanaged the peace, and ten days into the Third Reich (the debate was on February 9, 1933), was wobbling between hopefulness for the Hitler regime even as it spoke loudly of Teutonic racial superiority, and the first noises of justified self-defense against the spectre of resurrected German aggression. Soon enough, the British government, in Mr. Churchill's phrase, had to choose between "war and shame" and ultimately "chose shame and got war." But when the war came, and the leadership swiftly changed personnel and became much more purposeful, the issue became a choice between an imperfect society of laws with all its official biases and inept judges and often unethical lawyers but with freedom of expression and an honest official espousal of unassailable rights for everybody; and totalitarian dictatorship. The choice was between the best of what often seemed the humdrum exemplars of democracy and what Nazi literature called "the holy imprisonment of the heart" in a wicked cause. The spirit, not just of the elite Oxbridge undergraduates, but of the entire British nation, was suddenly seized by an icy determination to defend their sceptered isle and fight for their generous, devoted, and brave king, who never sought or expected his position; and if necessary all adult citizens would defend the home islands inch by

inch, to the death.

Such profound transformations generally occur when stark questions of what is worth fighting for cease to be abstract musings and become genuine life-choices based on fundamental values and principles. It was one thing to debate it in the middle of what W.H. Auden described as "the low dishonest decade" of the 1930s, but something altogether different when there was an imminent possibility of being militarily overwhelmed and propelled at bayonet-point into the un-appealable regimentation of Nazi totalitarianism, a regime largely devoted to genocidal notions of racial superiority. Somewhat comparable evolutions of opinion occurred in the other major democracies. Scores of thousands cheered wildly when President Franklin D. Roosevelt, breaking a tradition as old as the Republic in seeking a third term, told an election wind-up audience in Buffalo, New York, (of all places): "Your president says this nation is not going to war!" Roosevelt was running on a platform of peace through strength and had already put in train the greatest arms buildup in the history of the world. He said that only if America were armed to the teeth could it deter attack and that in order to keep war on the farther shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the United States would have to assist the democracies who could otherwise be overwhelmed, leaving the entire Eurasian landmass in the hands of hostile totalitarian dictators. "We in this hemisphere would be living at the point of a gun."

Roosevelt spoke German and French and knew those countries well, and always spoke German to even bilingual German visitors, including Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann. He had been part of the Wilson administration's effort to secure a League of Nations and a continuing de-

fensive military alliance between France, Great Britain, and the United States. He knew that without American participation in Western Europe and the Far East, the whole future of democratic civilization would be at stake every generation. He gradually mobilized a formidable majority in support of his views, even as he instituted the first peacetime conscription in American history and loaned the British 50 destroyers in the middle of the 1940 election campaign. On the last Sunday before the election, New York's Roman Catholic Archbishop, Francis J. Spellman, caused to be read in every service in every Roman Catholic Church in the United States a statement that included the assertion: "It is better to have protection and not need it than to need protection and not have it...We really cannot longer afford to be moles that cannot see or ostriches who will not see...We Americans want peace, but not a peace whose definition is slavery or death." Similar statements were made by Protestant and Jewish leaders, but Spellman was representing almost all the Irish and Italian Americans and many of the German-Americans, all of whom, for historic or contemporary reasons, could be assumed not to have unlimited goodwill for Great Britain.

A little over a year later, Japan, without warning, had attacked the United States at Pearl Harbor and elsewhere and Germany had declared war on the United States, apparently because the German Führer had it in his febrile mind that Jewish influences had manipulated Roosevelt and turned the United States against Germany. In 1940 Roosevelt had promised "the mothers and fathers of America-your sons will not be sent into any foreign wars." He extended territorial waters from 3 miles to 1800 miles and ordered the United States Navy to attack any German or Italian ship

within that area on detection. He passed the Lend-Lease Act which effectively gave Britain and Canada anything they wished and they could pay for it when they were able. It was an idiosyncratic definition of neutrality, but as the nature of the European war was highlighted by the contrast between Churchill and Hitler, it became clearer to the American public that their preparedness to go to war to defend some recognizable version of the rule of law and a relatively generous definition of the rights of individual people was involved and support steadily rose for Roosevelt's unabashed democratic favoritism. An adequate majority supported him when he said the country was not on its way to war and a higher majority supported him a few months later when he said that America would not be deceived "by the pious frauds of those who serve the interests of the dictators" in America's domestic political debates. "No dictator, no combination of dictators," would deter the American government and people from doing what their clear moral duty and national interest required. This was for the United States to become "the Great Arsenal of democracy." And once the United States was in the war, Roosevelt spoke for a united people when he said: "In these circumstances, as our nation fights for its very life and for all that we stand for and believe in, it is not a sacrifice to serve in the Armed Forces of the United States, it is an honor." The time had come when there was no question in the minds of people in both democratic states that had been occupied and those making war against Hitler and Mussolini, of the preference of democracy and the justification to risk everything to preserve or regain it. (The Soviet Union was embraced as an ally for tactical reasons, and it is a testament to the statesmanship of Roosevelt

and Churchill that the USSR took over 90 percent of the casualties in subduing Germany, while the Western Allies retrieved France, Italy, Japan, and 80 percent of Germans for the democratic West.)

Apart from the stupefyingly offensive act of attacking the United States Navy in its home anchorage without any warning at all, sinking five battleships and killing thousands of sailors, all that had happened was for Americans to think more clearly about the comparative merits of democracy and its principal rival, totalitarian dictatorship. Even the most vociferous critic of government, if over 15 years of age, will have seen enough to be disabused of any notion of the virtues of anarchy. It is terribly difficult, when one sees the depths of violent disorder which many great American and some European cities regularly sink to, to contest the need for some form of maintenance of order and other essential services, including military defense from hostile foreign powers.

I accept that the stirring example of World War II, which I have invoked, is overdone and has faded a long way into the past, though even now, to some degree, the Gloriana of Churchill's resistance against the Nazis, updated somewhat by Margaret Thatcher's gallantry opposite all enemies foreign and domestic, give the British a prestige in the world somewhat above where it would rank by statistical analyses alone. But when democracy has needed outstanding leadership from the Great Powers, it has received it-for four or five years, the entire future of Western civilization rested on the shoulders of Roosevelt and Churchill almost alone; they were greater and more effective leaders than Hitler and Stalin, (who were not without their satanic talents).

But the point to remember in answering the title question of this essay is that the

present is about as bad, as boring, venal, tasteless, contemptible, and cynical as democratic government can be, without any of the charm or cunning of well-thought-out cynicism. It is difficult to believe that the present American or Canadian leaders have intelligence quotients in triple figures. The German leader, Angela Merkel, could have been Bismarck in drag but after 16 years as Federal Chancellor she is a failure. Emmanuel Macron is intelligent and gives substantive addresses at appropriate occasions, but he attempted everything at once and for the most part, his opponents are more sensible than he is. There was no excuse for provoking and being unable to contain the yellow jackets for over an entire year. He's bought into a Europe that won't succeed and overtaxed his countrymen for an environmental program that is not rational. Boris Johnson, the only one of them that I know well, could be a great prime minister. His buffoonery is deliberate and endearing, though one can tire of it. But he got Brexit done and polls show 70 percent of the British are now grateful for that. Despite many blunders, he has got Britain through the Covid debacle, which was more a governmental than a public health disaster; Britain did better than most other advanced countries.

Since the only rival to democracy in the necessary choice of a government is dictatorship, we have to reflect on the fact that all dictatorships are based on the principle of the prevalence of the collective interest over the individual interest and that individual rights, apart from those exercised by the leaders of the government or their friends, if they exist at all, are fragile and easily violated with impunity. Our Western justice systems are vastly overrated, are frequently unjust and in many places corrupt. But they exist,

are celebrated, and the ideal of justice is officially and popularly proclaimed and not infrequently produces equitable results. Even Rousseau, and certainly Marx, spoke of "the people" with admiration, possibly even sincere or at least romantic admiration, but at no point did they isolate and elevate or even mention the notion of the absolute rights of individuals.

The usual argument for a good and benevolent dictatorship rests on people like Kemal Ataturk or even Marshall Tito. They were exceptional men and they achieved great progress in the war-torn states that they took over and governed for many years. They made no pretense either to democracy or to any serious body of rights and freedoms enjoyed by every citizen. And their successors gradually fumbled away most of what they had achieved. Churchill was probably right when he famously said that democracy was "the worst system of government except for all the others." The only negative answer to the question posed in the title of this column would have to be based either on the theory that other systems than democracy served individual freedom better or governed countries more effectively and efficiently. I submit that the first is never the case and while the second is sometimes accurate, it is rarely accurate at the most critical times in the history of states, and almost never long survives the benefactor-dictator.

The last argument could be made on behalf of Richelieu and Bismarck, arguably, along with Charles de Gaulle, the greatest statesmen in the history of the continental European nation state. De Gaulle was an authoritarian democrat who resolved the ancient dispute between French monarchists and Republicans by creating an elected monarchy and calling

it a republic. But he was a scrupulous democrat. Richelieu and Bismarck were autocrats who served at their monarchs' pleasure, which was in Bismarck's case withdrawn after 28 years as head of the Prussian and then German governments. Richelieu directed the French government from 1624 to 1642, at a time when the British Queen Henrietta Maria was the sister of the French King and cordial relations prevailed between the two countries. Richelieu concluded that the British parliamentary system weakened its government and believed that he was conferring a great comparative advantage on France by endowing it with an absolute monarchic state. He was right when the absolute state was directed by a genius like himself, but not otherwise. The French revolutionaries demonstrated 150 years later that he was mistaken.

Bismarck confounded all those who for centuries had sought to assure that Germany was divided, as Richelieu, Louis XIV, Napoleon, and Metternich all warned of the dangers of a united Germany. Bismarck put Austria and France in their places without trying to occupy or completely subdue them, and conducted the foreign policy of the united German Empire that he created with great prudence and ingenuity. But Germany has not since then exercised its role as Europe's most important country in a prudent manner. It was either governed recklessly or even insanely by the German Emperor William II after he removed Bismarck in 1890, and during the Third Reich, or has been governed prudently but diffidently in the Weimar era, and as West Germany—a divided country with large foreign armies billeted on its soil. Even as the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Bloc were crumbling, Soviet leader Gorbachev, French President Mitterand, and British

Prime Minister Thatcher all told the Federal German Chancellor Helmut Kohl that they personally approved of a united Germany but that the other two did not. The reunification occurred in large part because the United States was the only major Western power that never feared a united Germany. Not since the post-Napoleonic Holy Alliance have any serious countries gone to war against democracy, as opposed to contesting national interests with democratic opponents. And President Wilson electrified the war-exhausted allies when he entered World War I after intolerable provocation by German submarine warfare and declared that it was a “war to end war...to make the world safe for democracy.” He failed, but the cause has remained an inspiration. His junior, Roosevelt, was more successful, partly by his pioneering development of atomic weapons.

I submit that the preceding, admittedly rather selective and even syncopated analysis, demonstrates that dictatorships can do great things for a country, though usually they do not, but never serve individual liberty at all adequately, and rarely assure much stability after the founding dictator hands over to a successor, whatever the precipitating event. Democracy began on a very limited basis with the Athenians in the sixth century B.C. and was more popularly based among the Romans when the Hortensian Law of 287 B.C. gave the right to a popular assembly to exercise equal powers with the Senate. Democracy largely vanished in the Dark Ages but proceeded intermittently and desultorily, coming out of the Middle Ages, in Scandinavia, Britain, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and in a few of the Italian republics. It could be deemed to be well-established in the United States in the late 18th century (despite slavery),

and in Britain and France and Canada in the 19th century. By the end of the 20th century, passably democratic regimes governed about half of the world’s nearly 200 countries, and democracy is more or less steadily gaining approval. It is thus being legitimized by adoption by ever-increasing numbers of people. Democracy is gaining by every form of measurable competition, and is particularly evident where its growth accompanies increasing prosperity, as in Spain and South Korea, that metamorphosed from poor dictatorships to prosperous democracies during the Cold War.

It is true that like most people and institutions, democracy responds well to challenges. Even the western leaders who won the Cold War, Reagan, Thatcher, Kohl, Mitterand, Mulroney, and John Paul II, were all of a high relative competence though their successors in the post-Cold War era have been less adequate. But it seems that we may now rely upon the People’s Republic of China to jolt us out of our torpor. It will not take much reflection by the bourgeoisie and the proletariat of the West to figure out that Communist Chinese preeminence in the world, the displacement of the Western languages and civilization, of Judeo-Christian values emphasizing the dignity of life and of the individual person, of a prevalent market economy, would be a nightmare worth fighting against. Fortunately, in these nuclear times such combat is rarely conducted by the discharge of large quantities of live ordnance, so fighting for democracy should be somewhat less physically taxing than WWII. And this should help to provide and elicit an enthusiastically positive response to the question posed in the title of this essay. If necessary, any such resistance would constitute fighting for democracy yet again, for all its failings. 🐾



Miss Cegenation
Amphibian Autocracy (2021)
Digital

WHAT TO DO WHEN CAESAR COMES CHARLES HAYWOOD

Is a Caesar, an authoritarian reconstructor of our institutions, soon to step onto the American stage? A betting man would say yes. The debilities of our society are manifold and will inevitably result in fracture and chaos. History tells us that such times call forth ambitious and driven men, who in the West usually aspire to reconstruction and dynasty, not mere extraction – what is usually featured in primitive societies. As Napoleon said of his accession to Emperor, “I came across the crown of France lying in the street, and I picked it up with my sword.” In human events, past performance is always a key predictor of future results. But neither you nor I is going to be Caesar, so this truth raises the crucial question for us—what to do when Caesar comes?

Michael Anton has recently popularized, in his seminal book *The Stakes*, the concepts of Blue Caesar and Red Caesar, authoritarians of Left and Right. If Blue Caesar were to take power, that would be very bad for all decent Americans, and we could put into practice many of the tips from Robert Conquest’s 1985 *What to Do When the Russians Come*, a serious book of advice about what to do had the Soviets occupied America.

But I am not afraid of Blue Caesar; his rule would be very clownish and very brief. No Left authoritarian system has ever been even slightly competent; a system based on an ideology that denies reality is doomed from inception, eating its seed corn from the beginning, and that is particularly true of today’s uniquely in-

sane American Left. That none of today’s prominent American leftists can be imagined as Caesar without laughing proves this. Even a new, highly competent man of the Left, a modern Lenin or Stalin, could gain no traction today; he would be unable to convincingly shed his white privilege or to adequately elevate the voices of crying wine aunts, and thus nobody on the Left would follow him. If a determined or desperate man of the Left were to ignore this truth, and attempt to override the fatties and the furies by force, very soon a circular, but intersectional, firing squad would leave all dead on the ground.

Red Caesar, on the other hand, is likely. Despite his moniker, he will not be driven by an ideology (and Red Caesar will, without any doubt whatsoever, be a he). He will probably be some measure of realist and opportunist, but realism makes him Right, because realism means he will reject out of hand the entire panoply of today’s Left beliefs. He won’t have any familiar ideology, because there are no ideologies remaining on the Right (Randian objectivism and Austrian-school economics do not count). Red Caesar will have focuses, hobbyhorses, opinions, favored groups, and angles, to be sure, but he is unlikely to be the slave of an ideology, any more than his namesake, Julius Caesar, was.

Or is that the correct namesake? I think only in part. Julius Caesar broke the Roman world, or rather mercifully opened the arteries of a dying Republic. Octavian, Augustus Caesar, after a variety of suc-



Überwensch

Look on my works ye Mighty, and despair! (2021)

Charcoal, Chalk & Acrylic on Paper

14" x 11"

cession struggles, rebuilt a new thing, informed by the wisdom of the old. He was helped by luck, talent, and personality, to be sure, but he was the indispensable man in the transition from dead-end Republic to successful Empire. Which of these two men best represents Red Caesar? Hopefully both. We cannot know what Julius Caesar would have done with his power, and perhaps he would have taken a track similar to Augustus, but we can hope for some combination of our two historical precedents, resulting in an Augustan Age.

Is there a third option, Purple Caesar, who will try to split the difference? No, not for us. Our differences cannot be split; there can be only one. The insanity of today's Left, which is merely the inevitable end stage of Enlightenment thought and which will be reached again and again until that dead end in human history is destroyed and cauterized, cannot coexist with reality and a healthy society. Yet the Left will never stop pushing towards its chimerical utopia, so dividing the baby, keeping some Left principles while rejecting others, would merely delay the inevitable final confrontation and disposition of Left ideas to the trash bin. It'd be like putting a scented bandage on a gangrenous limb—you may not see or smell the trouble anymore, but you still have a big problem.

True, Caesar will not be a Right restorationist, which will make some sad. He will have no statues of William F. Buckley and Abraham Lincoln in his palace; he will not fulfil fantasies of integralists. He'll just ignore Right restorationists. They are no threat to him—the only restorationist threat to Caesar will be the American Left, which has held power for nearly a hundred years. As to today's Right, likely he will, like Francisco Franco and António Salazar, coerce and browbeat all elements

of the Right, and the few remaining centrists, into a party of national unity, where Bronze Age Pervert and Adrian Vermeuele will be made to get along.

Let's not get too excited about Caesar, though. This will be a high-risk, high-reward time of history; such times inevitably are. As with his namesakes, though we tend to gloss over their sins, he will be unpleasant in many ways, and in more ways than we would like. For the Left, certainly, he will be very unpleasant indeed. He may retain the rule of law, as Franco did, but even then, both the interests of justice and of Caesar himself (cementing power most of all) will dictate punishments. But in truth the rule of law is likely to bend, if not break at some places and times; Caesarism doesn't work in the long term unless the Left is wholly gone and totally discredited, and Caesar will, at least sometimes, therefore resort to proscription and extra-legal action, as did Augustus, despite his more benevolent reputation later. Most Left leaders will be exiled, if they're lucky, and regardless, for all the Left, Caesar will be a nightmare—lustration and rustication is the best many can hope for, and the rest will have to earn an honest living. (Those who merely tend Left by fashion will quickly adopt the new fashion, and forget their former opinions.) But who cares about the Left's fate? They've earned their reward. My question is how innocent, normal Americans will be affected by Caesar.

The average unimportant person, who is not ideological and is not a parasite, won't have to worry much about Caesar. In fact, his life is likely to improve. If he works for a large corporation, true, the old owners may be expropriated, but so what? The entire odious Human Resources department will disappear, after all, replaced with a small team of payroll

clerks. He will no longer be forced to attend anti-white hate sessions and made to watch while those far inferior to him are elevated above him on the basis of preferred characteristics. Nobody will watch his social media for infractions against the ever-shifting ideology of his masters. His taxes may go down. What's not to like? Yes, the switchover to the new system may have cost him dear, the more so if it was violent, and yes, other unsettling changes may come over time, but his daily existence will, on the whole, improve. True, if you make your living, as a huge number of Americans do, as a parasite, performing some non-productive activity that adds nothing to social capital, you will likely have to find a new occupation less to your taste, but that's a feature, not a bug.

We should note, though, that during the time of Caesar's establishment, and after, the common people will have an important collective role. We should not forget how the common people, putatively without power or role, made the position of Caesar's assassins untenable, and therefore ensured a new thing for a new time. The support of public opinion is a useful, nearly indispensable, tool for transition from a man leading a change from one form of government to another. As José Ortega y Gasset said, force follows public opinion, even where popular sovereignty is not a principle of government, and Caesar will need to have, and maintain, force to achieve his goals. If well-done, this symbiosis between the common people and Caesar creates a beneficial feedback loop, without directly involving any of the common people in governance.

It's the important person who should have more concern than the average or common person. In such times, a higher profile is both opportunity and risk. Those not average, due to wealth,

talent, or status, who are not Left will still find that neutrality is mostly not an option, even if they do not seek gain by getting in Caesar's good graces. They will have to bend the knee, whether they want to or not, for not doing so risks being seen as potentially dangerous to Caesar, and that is, well, dangerous. More direct dubious effects are certain as well. For example, Caesar will almost certainly face economic crises, both during the takeover and as irrationality is squeezed out of the system. He will therefore have a strong incentive to fund himself by seizing property of the wealthy. Perhaps seizing the property of dead or exiled leftists will be enough; it was in Roman times. But a rich man should fear Caesar making requests, that are not requests, for "contributions," and a talented man should ponder whether he may be "encouraged" to lend his talents to the new order. Caesar can't afford to have his system feature too much such instability for long, but for some time at least the upper orders will rest uneasy, even if they are supporters of the new order.

Complicating all his actions, and something new in history, is that Caesar will face a nearly irresistible urge to adopt today's surveillance state, in both its government and private manifestations, for his own ends. The totalitarian temptation is very strong, and because Caesar will know that, for a long time at least, his life depends on maintaining his power, he is unlikely to refuse to use any tool, no matter how objectively problematic it is for keeping a decent society. For the same reason, he will likely adopt the gun seizure goals of today's Left, perhaps limiting firearm ownership to those enrolled in supportive organized militias. This would not be the future American gun rights advocates wanted, but the American habit of unbridled private weapon ownership is,

despite its very apparent virtues for us today, a historical anomaly, and for obvious reasons. These actions, combined with a turn to paranoia (not uncommon for authoritarians as they age) or a defective successor (equally, if not more, common) could easily result in a society not much better than the one in which we now live, obviating any benefit we got from Caesar. That would be unfortunate.

Beyond these and other costs and risks for individual citizens, Caesar will face many management problems, the poisonous fruits of our current system, dealing with which will directly affect the populace, changing their relative positions. For example, if Caesar rules a land more or less contiguous with today's America, he will face a core problem of any large country—diversity is the very opposite of strength. Yes, the citizenry's daily life will become largely depoliticized (both because the average person would have no role whatsoever in politics and because politicization of everything is a project of the then-disappeared Left), removing that corrosive element, but many cultural, racial, regional, and economic differences would remain. The likely result, encouraged by Caesar, would be a move to some type of organization resembling the Ottoman millet system, where citizens self-organize on the basis of what they regard as core characteristics, and interact with the government on that basis, with considerable self-rule within their communities. Think the Amish or the Hasidim writ large. The problem, of course, is that this is not to the taste of many. But that's the way the cookie crumbles.

Still, such a communitarian reorganization may not be enough to allow stable rule; even with its decent historical pedigree, quasi-decentralization has no successful modern analogue, and Caesar

may have a centralizing impulse, a desire to bind the new Americans together more strongly. He won't be able to sell the old myth of America as a propositional nation with popular sovereignty. So what could he replace it with? In practice, some type of corporatism embedded in a myth of the nation, probably, and maybe he will come up with some new binding belief. He could push Space as a unifying action, the new, high frontier, or he could push some kind of refreshed national consciousness to override differences, or, less pleasantly, he could force homogeneity by pushing out elements of the society deemed, perhaps artificially, incompatible with his new vision. The risks here are high, though the rewards are, too, if the right path is found.

Whatever other actions he takes, though, Caesar's first management problem will be to reverse our current grossly inadequate birth rates. Population decline will very shortly destroy any society, not least because dynamism is purely a function of a society skewed toward the youth (so long as they are formed in virtue), and our low birth rates are a function of corrosive autonomic individualism, which a wise Caesar will see is incompatible with civilizational success, and thus with his success, and glory. If he can succeed in fixing this problem, which would require a wholesale revision of the opinions of the populace, away from dead Left doctrines to virtue, he can likely succeed in other reality-based revisions. If he can't, nothing he does will matter anyway. It's a good test for his rule.

Again, though, let's not have too rosy a vision. Even though a wise Caesar will restore virtue to the citizenry, there is no reason to assume Caesar himself will be any paragon of virtue. If he begins with virtue, he will very likely be corrupted, at least to some degree, over time. He is

unlikely to be a Cincinnatus or a George Washington, a man who gave up his power by choice in his prime. He's not even likely to be Sulla, who retired from being dictator and while dictator famously, despite his many enemies, regularly appeared in public without a bodyguard. This is, perhaps, unfortunate, but it cannot be helped. Better a dubious ruler than a wholly rotten society that is heading into the pit of chaos.

Every political change is a throw of the dice; utopian visions are for fools, but some stepping into the unknown must be done, and that with optimism and hope. There is no shame in staking our future on a chance. Better that we choose action, and even odds for a greatly improved society, with little chance for a worse society, than doing nothing, and getting a ninety-nine percent odds of our debased current society hurtling downward along existing trend lines.

What to do when Caesar comes? In short—celebrate, and then get down to dealing with new reality, each doing our best, as we are situated, to advance our society and our fellow citizens. This simple vision was once assumed to be our collective goal, and with luck, we can build on the lessons of the past to create a renewed future. 🐾



Odise Outisz

Portrait of the Occupational Class (2021)

Oil on Canvas

40" x 30"

THE GENTLEMAN CONSERVATIVE THE FAT NUTRITIONIST

There's a dead 'conservative icon' named William F. Buckley, Jr. He was a flamboyant closet case with a TV show. Buckley was captain of the debating team at Yale and got his own TV show by running for Mayor of New York and then losing. He also had a famous debate about Civil Rights with the gay black writer James Baldwin. This was at Cambridge University. He lost that too. Then he had a public feud with the gay writer Gore Vidal, and had a series of live debates with him on TV in 1968.

A few years ago there was a movie about the Buckley-Vidal bitchfight called *Best of Enemies*. The movie is basically about Buckley losing and making a dick of himself in front of a huge audience.

You have to wonder about the debating team at Yale if the only famous debater they ever produced never actually won any arguments. Still, for decades Buckley was the most prominent conservative intellectual in America, despite the fact that he never seems to have held a position that wasn't ultimately defeated.

Buckley was the son of a Texas oilman who struck it rich, and so he decided to pretend he was a Southern aristocrat with a plantation (the type of plantation that got burned down in the movie *Gone With The Wind* and so no longer exists). Of course the 'aristocrats' who lost the Civil War were just dirt farmers from Kentucky who read historical novels by Sir Walter Scott and then decided to pretend that they were chivalrous ancient warriors from Scotland, even though literal-

ly all of them were descended from the same cheap peasants as everybody else in America. But the dirt farmers started getting rich in around 1830 and had a few decades of pretending to be aristocrats until they lost the Civil War.

Buckley defined a 'conservative' as "someone who stands athwart history, yelling 'STOP!', at a time when no one is inclined to do so, or to have much patience with those who so urge it."

Look at the language he uses: "athwart". It's part of the act. But also, look at how he defines a conservative as a doomed loser by his very nature: a conservative is someone standing on the beach in his dad's suit yelling at the tide to stop coming in while there is nobody else around who cares.

William F. Buckley, Jr. is the inventor of 'gentlemanly conservatism'. If you want to understand how and why conservatives always lose and fail all of the time, study Buckley's career. After forty-five minutes on the internet you will get the gist and wonder how he managed to have such a long career without being outed as a self-evident homosexualist. But a lot of people can't tell the difference between a homo and a gentleman.

There is nothing wrong with gentlemen or gentlemanliness. But there is a big difference between being an actual gentleman, with a family coat of arms, a long line of influential family members, and ancestors who had the right to walk around carrying a sword, and just calling yourself a 'gentleman' because you took a

fencing class once.

A real 'gentleman' is the son, grandson and great-grandson of other gentlemen. Gentlemen are descended from soldiers, statesmen and landowners, and are related to other men of the same status (which is ultimately hereditary).

'Gentlemanly conservatism' is the main reason why I never called myself a 'conservative' at university. I didn't want to get stuck hanging out with lower-middle-class virgins who wear fedoras at the age of eighteen. 'Gentlemanly conservatism' isn't so much a political position as a kind of social pathology. It's what you do when you are too ugly to be gay but still want to advertise to the world how 'fabulous' you are.

'Gentlemanly conservatives' start young. The youngest I ever met was eleven years old. This was a few years ago at a barbecue. The little shit was the son of one of my boss's colleagues. He was fat and had freckles and ginger hair. Maybe he was trying to sound witty and sophisticated but he sounded like the pre-pubescent equivalent of a fag. For the whole night he followed me around trying to impress me with how he was in a "gifted children's" program at school. I didn't drink that night because I was worried I might lose it and kick the shit out of an eleven-year-old.

This little shit even quoted Oscar Wilde at me at one point. Obviously he had no idea who Oscar Wilde was, and had never read any of his work except a few one-liners he'd memorised, but was just trying to sound like a cultured grown-up by pretending to have read important literature. Only he chose the wrong writer because Oscar Wilde went to prison for seducing street urchins who were this little shit's age. Maybe I should have taken the hint and bashed him to death with a cigarette case. According to the testimo-

nies from his trial for 'acts of gross indecency', Oscar Wilde gave cigarette cases to his victims before literally committing crimes on their asses.

Usually 'gentlemanly conservatives' are not very bright as children, but they still believe they're more intelligent than the other kids around them. Nobody wants to be friends with them, so they end up thinking they are being persecuted because they are special. Most end up thinking of themselves as 'scholars' because they spend so much of their time reading, or trying to. In America, a lot of the 'gentlemanly conservatives' end up becoming fans of Leo Strauss either as teenagers or in their first year or two of university.

I have never read a word of Strauss, but from hearing midwits talk about him I know that he has this idea about hidden messages in books. According to their version of this theory, great writers and philosophers never say exactly what they mean, but write in a sort of code so that the people they really want to communicate with can read between the lines and figure out what the real message is.

The theory is probably more complex than that, because this sounds too dumb to be worth thinking about. But you can see how psychologically attractive it must be for people who label themselves as intellectuals. It gives them a reason for thinking they're the Chosen Ones who can decode the secret messages in the great philosophers of the past, while the rest of us can't understand because we don't have the magical gift of spending every Friday and Saturday night from the age of 13 onwards reading books on our own because nobody wants to spend time with us.

Arguably the saddest 'gentlemanly conservative' I have ever known was a fat Chinaman. Let's call him Chunk. Chunk was an only child who was spoiled by

his hysterical mother so that by the time he was an adult he weighed over three hundred pounds. He spent his teenaged years fantasising about English boarding schools that his parents could never afford, then got sent to some third-rate university in Australia where he joined the monarchist society and began drinking port. But he could never find anybody his own age to play this old-man dress-up game with him, so he decided to apply for a Master's degree at Cambridge.

Cambridge has a one-year MPhil in Political Theory (or maybe Political Philosophy) that ought to be internationally famous because it is such a laughable fraud. There are no standards to get in, and if you fall for the scam and hand over your money you spend a year getting no real teaching, and wasting your time with other scammed low-quality MPhil students from all over the world. You leave after nine months, having spent well over £30,000 of your own money for the privilege of writing a useless thesis that you might as well have written on your own at home because nobody ever gave you any access to actual resources.

Nobody who is gullible enough to fall for this scam ever talks about it afterwards. Because the suckers still want to believe that there is some sort of prestige related to their Vanity Master's degrees. It's the only thing in the world they can brag about, once they have blown their life savings on this fraud. Chunk probably still hasn't recovered financially from his MPhil in Political Theory, and maybe never will.

I know a few people who knew Chunk at Cambridge. They weren't really friends, but they felt sorry for him because he was just so pitiable, waddling around the college on his own watching his dreams get crushed in front of his eyes

when he saw that Cambridge undergraduates wanted as much to do with him as Australian ones did, and didn't care about his opinions on Winston Churchill. But even the Winston Churchill experts didn't want to talk to him because he didn't really know anything about Churchill either.

By the time I met Chunk he was working as a political adviser to some politician in Malaysia or Singapore. He was maybe twenty-six at the time but I thought he was fifty because he already had heart problems and sweated like a motherfucker even in an air-conditioned conference room. Also, he talked about literally nothing else except Cambridge, the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race, and everything else that nobody who actually went to Oxbridge ever discusses. He was even wearing a college tie and cuff links. Nobody at Oxbridge would be caught dead wearing college merchandise except the waiters in the dining halls, or the jaded, bitter ex-cops who work security. It's part of their uniform.

I was friends with Chunk on social media for a little while but had to block him because it was too sad to watch. He was so desperately clingy and intrusive. Everyone else he interacted with was someone he met six years ago at Cambridge and had already forgotten who he was. Cambridge was the only association in his life that wasn't self-evidently second-rate, except that his only association, the MPhil course in Political Theory, was also second-rate.

Chunk is now surprisingly influential in his country as some sort of political analyst. You can see him on TV news sometimes, sweating in a cheap suit and tie and getting ripped apart in staged debates because he has no idea of how to present an argument in a sound bite on camera. He still pictures himself in a House

of Lords debate from 1795 wearing a wig and calling somebody “the Honourable Gentleman”, so he is absolutely fucked any time he is faced with someone who ignores ‘parliamentary procedure’, which is to say literally everybody on business news channels in Southeast Asia (mainly shrill harpy-women from Hong Kong).

Chunk is invited onto TV precisely because everybody except Chunk knows that he’s a willing player in a rigged game that is set up for him to lose. He thinks of himself as a ‘gentleman’, but doesn’t actually know what one is, and thinks it mainly involves putting up with emasculation rituals from businesswomen who are richer than you are and then obediently pretending to enjoy the humiliation. Nobody ever explained to him that “close your eyes and think of England” was advice for Victorian women who were about to get a baby fucked into them. Being a ‘gentleman’ is the only real basis for self-respect he has left, even though in his understanding it mainly involves this kind of public humiliation in exchange for a glass of port, or whatever the low-cost reward is.

All ‘gentlemanly conservatives’ want is an audience to play-act in front of, and if possible some old-man luxuries like single-malt Scotch so that they can pretend to be nineteenth-century robber-baron tycoons, even though they never want to do the actual hard work that earns you real power. They just care about out-of-date symbols of power.

The most successful ‘gentleman conservative’ I have ever met is a stunning example of just how low some men are willing to sink in order to be allowed to pretend not to be a loser from nowhere. Let’s call him Lancelot. His real name is almost as lame.

I met Lancelot at a party in Scotland. Back then he was an undergraduate

at Oxford, which was a surprise because I thought he was at least forty. Lancelot had a moustache, goatee and haircut that made him look like William Shakespeare. This was actually a cunning thing to do because he had such a weird-looking head.

Lancelot was a ‘character’. He talked like a character out of a 1930s movie, and nobody who is genuinely upper-class ever has that voice. Probably he learned it from spending every Saturday afternoon of his life watching old black-and-white movies on BBC2 and then practising afterward with a microphone and headset. But all credit to Lancelot, he was so good at his act that real aristocrats sometimes invited him to dinner parties. Never more than a few times though, because after that he ran out of material.

Lancelot bombed his final exams, so he tried to become a lawyer, but he sucked at that too, so he failed into the Church of England. The Anglicans are desperate for anybody who can help them slow down the process of becoming a low-grade matriarchy like every single other mediocre bureaucracy in the world. But they aren’t very good at choosing their savours.

As one of the only allegedly straight men in the Anglican clergy Lancelot became successful quickly and was made the chaplain of an Oxbridge college. So despite being a failure as a scholar he could more or less live out his dreams. In some senses it was the perfect job for him, because he got to live in historical buildings, wear swishy clothes and play the part of resident ‘whimsical eccentric’. Naturally he developed a loyal following among clueless international students on Vanity Master’s degrees.

Lancelot uses social media mainly to post pictures of lace-covered vestments, or tell cute self-deprecating anecdotes

about himself, or talk about the anniversary of some sixth-century English saint that nobody has ever heard of and involves some local tradition that nobody has bothered to observe for two hundred years. This assures the old ladies in his audience that he's 'traditional'. But he's also started using his Facebook to advertise how harmless he is to the left who are really in charge of the universities and the Church of England. Now he's a well-known snitch on priests (and sometimes even parishioners) who hold right-wing views.

Lancelot is too much of a coward to name the priests he's snitching on. Instead he frames his attacks as cute little anecdotes about how he heard the most outrageous story in the tea room, or was horribly shocked to hear someone's sermon that was 'Islamophobic' or "in clear contradiction of" Church of England pro-tranny policy. He makes sure he gives enough detailed information about dates and locations so that anybody with internet access can instantly figure out who the priest is who needs to be punished.

So far he's taken down at least six men. All were forced to take early retirement, and replaced by progressive dykes. Obviously the Church of England cracks down much harder on right-wing views than on grooming and molesting a choir-boy. But this is still shocking.

There's photo of Lancelot from January 2017 during a protest against Donald Trump. He is standing there with his unattractive wife and a couple of hag-woman academics. They are all wearing pink knitted pussy hats. Lancelot's pink clerical shirt not only matches his pussy hat, it also ensures that international students will mistake him for a bishop.

Nobody has a problem with real gentlemen. In fact we need more of them.

Genuine 'gentlemanly' behaviour is part of a warriors' code. You show respect to everyone, not just your friends, and you treat women properly. You show you have strength by not wasting it on irrelevant nonsense, or showing off. If you're born a gentleman, you act like one so you don't disgrace your family, and if not you act like one so your descendants have a chance to grow into the real thing.

Obviously there's a big difference between acting like a gentleman and just play-acting. For 'gentlemanly conservatives' like Buckley and Lancelot, you play-act for an audience and maintain your position by throwing allies under the bus. Chunk and that eleven-year-old little shit might never even have allies to throw under the bus. Their play-acting is part of an elaborate lie they tell themselves so they might not even be trying to fool anyone else.

'Gentlemanly conservatism' is an aesthetic attitude disguised as a political position: a pose with nothing behind it. That's why 'gentleman conservatives' get such a thrill out of being hypocrites. They secretly want to get caught using coke, or paying for hookers, or turning out to be public-toilet homos. Because ultimately they can't justify all this even to themselves, let alone anybody else. They can't take the stress of living this sort of lie, even though it's their main source of sexual thrills. There is no hard core of belief underneath. That's why the 'gentlemanly conservative' feels zero guilt for ratting you out or stabbing you in the back. Because all he cares about in the end are his deluded pleasures and fake symbols.

It's worth asking: why tolerate these people, when the least-bad ones are just weak, useless, repellent and a waste of time, and most turn out to be active sell-outs and traitors? 🐾

TACITUS AND THE RETURN OF TRADITION

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

If you've been in any one of the many Twitter enclaves of the right-wing or the trad catholic over the past five years, the 'return-to-tradition' meme can hardly have escaped your notice. In its various iterations, the meme enjoins the viewer to reject the decay of the present and embrace the superior past. It usually does this with a single positive image representing tradition – a medieval church, an old master painting, a marble statue, a sepia photograph, and so on – or a comparison of two images, such as a TikTok 'thot' and a modest, motherly woman of yore. Perhaps you've even made one of these memes yourself. I'm not judging you.

Of course, memes being memes, the original purpose and message have been subverted to varying degrees. Now you're just as likely to find a return-to-tradition meme decrying the new exterior of Nickelodeon headquarters as the decline of the Catholic Church after Vatican II. And there are more sophisticated attempts at subversion too. Some of the smartest feature vases depicting certain 'traditional' Greek sexual practices. If you know, you know...

At the outset, let me say I'm well aware there's something ridiculous about deconstructing memes. Memes aren't meant to be essays, but arresting images that grab you first by the guts, as I believe T.S. Eliot said good poetry should. There's something inescapably pitiful, then, about any 'deep' analysis of their content, in the same way there's something inescapably pitiful about explaining why a knock-

knock joke is funny. It's just painful – a true case of murdering to dissect.

Pathos aside, though, there is still something to be gained from analysing return-to-tradition memes. They really do represent a particular way of thinking about the past, one that encapsulates some of the most fundamental problems not just of the present-day online right, but of conservative thinking in general. The Marxist critic Raymond Williams would have described this shared sensibility as a 'structure of feeling', and I think the term is apt, regardless of what I think of the man himself.

Conservatism, as a structure of feeling, is fundamentally backward-looking. When painting with a large brush, some fine detail is of course lost, but as a broad-strokes statement about conservatism, this should be as close as they come to indisputable. Where the leftist, more or less rabidly, believes with Marx that 'the tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living', such a sentiment is – or should be – totally inimical to the conservative. Tradition is our inheritance, a storehouse of wisdom and good sense paid for with blood and sweat and that we tamper with at our peril. (The immediate objection that modern conservatives have done little in the way of conserving what remains of the past in the present, is thoroughly beside the point. If anything, all this reveals is the extent to which political conservatism has become a flayed skin, a hideous disguise worn in an increasingly grim public ritual. In-



Dora The Stormer (@DoraTheStormer)
Flames of War (2021)
Digital

deed, the failure of political conservatives to conserve is perhaps best illustrated by the following truth: that ‘forward-looking’ and ‘forward-thinking’ are almost universally seen as positive descriptors now.)

Okay. So if all conservatism is in some sense a longing to return to tradition, what would it *actually* look like to do that? How would it *actually* happen? Is it even possible?

In reality, these are questions that dog conservatives of every variety, high and low – online and off. Far too little time and thought are given to the conditions that would make it possible to revive and sustain conservative institutions and values. In the political sphere, well-considered concrete measures are the exception, never the norm. Perhaps the best example of this is Victor Orban’s tax policies to encourage young Hungarian couples to marry and have children, which few have taken any notice of, let alone tried to emulate.

Even conservative thinkers who’ve spent a great deal of time thinking subtly about the relationship between past and present seem to have little to say about what we actually need to do to begin, practically, to reverse the failures of modernity. A case in point is Alasdair MacIntyre, one of my favourite moral philosophers when I was a student. Although a notion of ‘tradition’ is absolutely central to his historical account of the failure of Western moral philosophy – in MacIntyre’s reading, a coherent moral tradition is precisely what is lacking today – the sum total of his practical advice on how to return to it is just a *deus ex machina*. Quite literally, in fact, for only a restored Catholic church, in its rightful medieval place at the centre of all life, will do. Thanks, Alasdair. Very cool!

Among the massively online right of today, by contrast, the besetting tendency would be LARPing. That’s ‘live-action

roleplaying’, if you didn’t know – basically, playing dress-up. Nowhere is this more manifest than in the tradwife meme, which has even been the subject of coverage – scornful, of course – from the London Guardian. For too many, the choice to throw off third-wave feminism and throw on the garb of a 1950s housewife appears to be nothing more than a mere fetish, just like BDSM or any other kind of sexual power-play. It remains an act of liberal choice, a new flavour of kink. The mind that animates it is pornographic through and through.

It’s not a wonder, then, with these failures of political conservatism and of conservative thinking, that some almost inevitably look to catastrophe as the solution, especially online. Perhaps all we can really do is wait for the ice caps to melt and wash the whole stinking mess away? Apart from the deeply unattractive fatalism, such an attitude displays a totally unrealistic vision of what a post-apocalyptic world would really be like, despite the great profusion of television shows, films, games and novels on the subject. If you want a taste of what things might be like in such an event, I’d recommend putting down whatever bucolic novel or history book it is you’re reading and looking instead at the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina or Bosnia during the ‘90s war. It’s not pretty and it’s definitely not what you want. Or I.

What I think we need, really, is a dose of hard-headed pragmatism; and who better to supply it than that most hard-headed of Roman historians, Cornelius Tacitus? His famous ethnographic text, the *Germania*, provides a window into the soul of a man, and a civilisation, grappling with the enormity of the changes brought by success, dominance and the inevitable complacency and decline that

follow (sound familiar?). As he sought to confront an uncertain future, Tacitus, like all conservative thinkers, looked to the past for renewal, but his attitude, and the solution he provided, could not be further from the wishful thinking so in evidence today.

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Most if not all recent coverage of the *Germania*, a short ethnographic description of Rome's mostly unconquered neighbours across the Rhine, has focused on its uses and abuses in the twentieth century, especially by the Nazis. The great historian Arnaldo Momigliano (1908-1987), notably, placed the *Germania* towards the very top of the 'one hundred most dangerous books ever written.' He wasn't joking, either. Since the events of 1933-45, the *Germania* has been ascribed a sort of *ex opere operato* ability to make people, especially Germans, do *very* bad things, and this of course has overshadowed other potential uses of the text.

This is a shame, because in no way was it Tacitus's aim to write a founding statement for German nationalism. No: his interest in the Germans was solely as a mirror for his own people, an aim which he pursues, in characteristic fashion, as much through silence and implicit comparison as outright statements. (In a very real sense, Tacitus is the most aptly named of all the Roman historians, 'tacitus' in Latin meaning 'unspoken').

While we might expect an anthropologist today to provide us with a 'neutral' description of an exotic people and their strange customs, the Roman practice of ethnography, like the practice of history of which it was a part, was an inherently moral one. The notion of a detached 'scientific' ethnography or history would,

quite simply, have been meaningless to the Romans. What Romans wanted from the past especially were stories to emulate in the present, heroes of shining example. This is what early Roman historians, say Livy, gave the people in his *From the Founding of the City*: stories like that of Horatius Cocles, whose single-handed defence of the Pons Sublicius allowed his comrades enough time to destroy the bridge and eventually repulse the Etruscan assault on Rome.

Although things had become rather more complicated by the time Tacitus came to write his histories, not least of all because Rome had become an empire with its own king in all but name, that moral understanding of the historian's craft remained. But instead of presenting an uncomplicated tale of heroism against the odds, now the historian had to provide an accounting of the follies of greatness too, of the moral decline that seemed inexorably to follow on the heels of success. What could be done to reverse it?

And so it was that in the German peoples, Tacitus presciently saw both the gravest existential threat to the Empire and the possibility of its renewal. In many ways, the Germans were what the Roman ancestors had once been, in the early centuries of Rome's history. Through a series of pithy statements (*sententiae*), often placed at the end of a chapter, Tacitus draws the reader's attention to where the Romans had gone wrong in the intervening centuries.

In the following *sententiae*, he notes the austerity of the German religion, in comparison to the ever-swelling number of Roman cults, which had been especially enriched by imports from the east; the failure of Roman legislation to reverse the harmful social effects of celibacy; and the fact that among the Germans at least,

seeking inheritances from the childless was not a viable career option.

“They [the Germans] hallow groves and woods, giving the sacred names of the gods only to things they truly reverence.”

“Good customs there [in Germania] are stronger than good laws elsewhere.”

“The more kin, the more family, the more blessed a man’s old age. Childlessness is without reward.”

The Germans are not ostentatious, caring little for gold. They are chaste – ‘no-one [in Germania] laughs at immorality’ – and youth’s energy is not wasted in endless rounds of seduction. War is the principal means of securing honour and distinction, cowardice the ultimate form of disgrace. Their leaders are selected by ability and the power of their kings is far from absolute. Tacitus believed the contrasts with his Rome were so clear, and would be so obvious to his readers, that he didn’t even need to state them.

One thing Tacitus wasn’t implying, though, was that the Romans should somehow *become* Germans. Despite his approval for many of their customs, his disapproval of others – their general drunkenness, their lack of stamina for labour despite their fierceness, their filthy living conditions – not to mention his disgust at their homeland itself – ‘bristling with forests and sodden with marshes’ – could not be clearer. Rome was now the most sophisticated society in the known world; there was no way back to a simpler, tribal life – whether that of the Germans, or that of the Roman ancestors – nor was it even desirable. The benefits of the present were as clear as the drawbacks.

Instead, what Tacitus wanted was a

renewal of virtue, beginning with a recognition that the virtues that had impelled the Roman ancestors and now made the Germans such a formidable enemy could still reside within the Roman breast, however different present circumstances might be. This meant a reaffirmation of the link between the present and the past, and in particular of a direct lineage back to those illustrious ancestors.

The notion that virtue has a stable historical nature would of course have seemed far more obvious to a Roman than to us, given what I’ve said about the differences between their understanding of the past and ours. Even so, we can still feel the truth of this notion intuitively when we read or watch retellings of heroic or shameful deeds. Just read Bernal Diaz or watch *Gladiator* and ask yourself: *how does it make you feel?* The cultural relativists have never proven that morality is relative, simply by pointing to the rich variety of customs and ways of life. Rather, they have only begged the question: just how much of a shared foundation lies beneath this apparent diversity? A substantial one, I’d say.

This is one reason why, if conservatives really do want to create a future for the past, they must put forward, urgently, an alternative history to the travesty presented in the public schooling system and the universities. To be encouraged to feel only shame at the deeds of our ancestors is to be cut off from them in the most radical of ways. But this is precisely what our opponents want. Most of all they want to believe that they are so different from the men and women of the past that they can stand in judgment upon them and it, and rule them and it – and us.

My contention, then, is that an emphasis on individual virtue is as good a start as any for a genuine return to tradi-

tion, especially under unfavourable political conditions such as clearly obtain now and are likely to obtain for the foreseeable future. I'm not arguing against politics, but arguing that politics isn't enough. No single approach will suffice.

I see some encouraging signs. The Twitter self-improvement sphere, for all that some may mock it, offers plenty of reasons to be hopeful, not least the active enthusiasm with which like-minded people are encouraging and supporting one another to reject the status quo and be better. I see flashes of a much fuller conception of and role for friendship even, something like the friendship that made ancient Greece great. Really. Whether this will take on a broader cultural importance, or whether it will shrink and die as tech censorship continues, remains to be seen. But at the very least, the spirit and the enthusiasm giving it life are far more authentic and vital than the forces behind any 'Turning Point' or similarly astro-turfed 'young conservative' movement.

So let us begin by acknowledging that we really are our ancestors' descendants. Then, perhaps, we can take the first step towards continuing their legacy, by holding ourselves and our friends to their fine example, in word and in deed. 🐾



Miss Cegenation
Isle of the Perverts (2021)
Digital

THE BIOLOGY OF KINGSHIP BRONZE AGE PERVERT

I used to call myself a monarchist in public. In part I was honest, but it was also for self-protection. My real views were far worse to a normalfag, but no one really takes monarchism seriously: it has steampunk smell. It's a way to advertise a kind of quaintness and safety, like historical reenactment carnival. So I stopped calling myself this. Spiritual cleanliness should stop you whenever you realize you're getting "two bird one stone" effects like this or becoming performing clown...it's a sign something is off. In one move you get to set yourself against modern dysfunction, to carve out a unique social niche in your near circle, to advertise your harmlessness, and to distinguish yourself *from those lowly peasant* middle American types—after all no one would ever associate a monarchist and especially a Traditionalist Monarchist or most of all a Catholic Monarchist with a lowly snakehandling redneck MAGA chauvinist. How convenient! This repulsed me, when I realized why others were doing it. It's become another pose of the insecure bowtie conservative and reactionary. Well, I guess it was at this point I stopped doing it, when I realized it amounts to showing off a gay hanky code for lavender DC crowd; I didn't want to know what goes on at integralist cognac and cigar parties behind closed doors.

There are two factions that claim to take "monarchism" seriously in America today, the integralists or "Catholic monarchists," and the "neoreactionary monarchists" who follow Moldbug usually in some way. I don't take the former serious-

ly because I've known the genuine French kind for a long time, and I recognized the American DC version as another gay striver snob group. Just one difference: whereas almost all the French monarchists are sedevacantists or members of SSPX who consider post-Vatican II church to be traitors, the American "integralists" – almost all of who are converts, by the way – believe somehow that the gay bouncer Pope, or any other of the post-Vatican II impostor popes, whose purpose is to defend the liberal social state, will bless a pan-American reactionary "Empire of Guadeloupe". I will believe them when they follow Bishop Richard Williamson. But even then they will still not understand what is monarchy.

And as for the neoreactionary version, it's more genuine because it does make an attempt to go to the root of what monarchy is and what keeps it going; but while I consider Moldbug a friend, I find the analogy neoreactionaries make to a corporate executive or a startup chief to be both unrealistic in practice, and as a historical matter "incomplete," or a misreading of what is monarchy and what its prerequisites are. Sovereignty can't be understood in terms of property rights, or even by analogy to these; kingship and rule speak to another order of life ignored by both these groups.

But it's not my style to engage in hairsplitting argument on this or anything else, but to show something else entirely; so I thought I'd try to give small introduction here to what I think is kingship in its

beginnings and ends.

No one today except maybe in Bhutan, in dark nooks of Japanese imperial palaces, or similar fossil pocket holdouts has any right to the luxury of *continuation of tradition*. The reason conservatives and especially social conservatives appear to be both disingenuous and also losers—to always lose, to always play a caricature or foil of the left, ultimately to play the cuckolded husband who is being mocked by adulterous mistress and her lovers and all the audience—is because of what we call roleplaying or LARP'ing, but which is the pretense or even worse *the belief that you are upholding traditions or institutions* when these have been violated, impregnated, and transformed by interloping others into something else. And therefore you are reduced to a steward and protector of your enemy's aims and offspring, which is after all the definition of the cuckold, in this case with the added buffoonish humiliation of having the trappings and airs of the patriarch and Head of the Household. This describes almost all social conservatives (for example when they scold men to “man up” and marry aged ladies with cunts smelling of rotten meat and with the body counts of prostitutes of former ages).

In our time the question can't possibly be about the continuation of any traditions, which have almost all been inseminated by rogues, but about the foundation of new traditions: which immediately brings questions, what traditions are for, and how are they founded and why. As these are subjects for big books, and as I like to skip many steps I will tell you small other secret; once you think long enough about these things you will come to this conclusion: that founding traditions isn't even possible in our time, not at this moment, but that you must work for something that must exist even before the

foundation of a new tradition. What is this something? Maybe I leave it this vague and general for now: work for conditions where “foundation of traditions” in a real sense, in a real political and social sense, where this becomes possible. What this looks like?

But I talk here of kingship, and it comes in a few kinds. As for the types of kingship that exist after many generations of foundation, this is very interesting subject, and totally irrelevant to our possibilities today. Anyone who talks of reestablishing any of the European royal houses, the Habsburgs, the Stuarts, or whoever, is, like I say, a roleplayer. The Habsburg family for example as a whole right now supports the European Union project, meaning not just the European Union as a political structure, but the social-spiritual project of that miserable *mesquin* creature, the New Man of the European Common Market who Leon Degrelle realized had inherited the nations by the 1970s. All of these royal houses lost title to rule, sometimes ignominiously as in the case of the unfortunate Tsar Nicholas II, who looks dashing in a hussar outfit—and who I too like to remember as a symbol of what was done to Europe by its enemies; and nevertheless, he was a stupid man who is to be blamed for what he lost. In 19th Century Donoso Cortes already realized the modern world allows only for Catholic dictatorship, not monarchy: as in Franco, a stopgap, an emergency holding position for a time, until saner age arrives. Thus in this view all of modernity, as a Satanic project, presents a long-enduring “emergency,” until it passes.

Maybe this is good plan, good response to modern crisis. It's a plan, at least. American integralists, however, as roleplaying pussies playing to a leftist sensibility, can never admit to position like

this, which is why magazines like First Things run pieces slandering Franco, pretending that his holding regime had no long-term effect. Anyone who visits Spain today, however, can tell it had quite some strong effect, as did Salazar's dictatorship in Portugal. It saved these nations from the worst of the rot affecting the rest of Europe. This is seeping in now in Spain and Portugal as well after decades of leftism, but not in same way—overall they are spared the worst of mass immigration and modern faggotry, and their men and women look better, act better, have more vitality. Spanish cities are almost the only real cities left in Western Europe, that don't feel like museums and nursing homes.

Phenomenon of early kingship is distorted by the propaganda of two hundred years of liberal republicanism. Absolute monarchy was its original antagonist. Carl Schmitt say formula "liberal democracy" developed in response to absolute monarchy, but the liberal part opposed the absolute, and the democracy the monarchy. In the long run democracy and communism won out over liberalism. Liberal democracy tries to take credit for the great scientific and technological progress European man has given mankind since 1800. But it's just as possible that such advances were accelerating before 1789, because of some other third reason, and that the modern regime even retarded this acceleration. Prussia-Germany had the best science, best technology, best universities, most sophisticated industrialization before 1945, and it was one of the least liberal and least democratic—isn't this what Anglo historians say? Nietzsche denounced the Reich as too democratic, and maybe it was: maybe it would have done even much better with less democracy. Lee Kuan Yew didn't develop Singapore so fast with liberal democracy. Maybe liberal democracy

arose because certain classes of men got a glint in the eye, saw this great acceleration of scientific-technological progress, and sought to hijack it. Maybe these factions under the banner of "liberal democracy" noticed they could promise the great bounty created by this technological acceleration, they could promise to siphon this to "the people" and use this as slogan for political agitation. If you look now at hysteria over a weird man like Bezos going into space, with demands that his money should be used to advance "the disadvantaged" and "them programs," it certainly doesn't look like "liberal democracy" is something that favors wild acceleration in technology and science, but the retardation of it for "the social good." This is made explicit during recent years, when Obama election in America significantly and symbolically scrapped the space program: how dare people suggest that the brightest minds of the nation should be dedicated to spacefaring? The brightest should instead be sent to rural Alabama to build skrewls for black teens—oh what scholars! It doesn't look like the dysfunctional government-media-academic clerisy-oligarchy that goes under the name "liberal democracy" has any right to take credit for great technological progress since 1800; or that it has a right to attack absolute monarchy as backwards. If Europe had retained absolute monarchy for the last two hundred years, mankind would have colonized the solar system by now, and likely beyond.

But it's not enough for the demagogues of "liberal democracy" to slander absolute monarchy, they also try to smear early kingship. Early kingship is very different from absolute monarchy. The Spartan kings led the armies in battle, but had little power outside of military leadership. Sparta was a republic of course, and there

was line, when Spartan law calls, the kings run. But Aragon was not a republic: when king of Aragon accepted position, the nobles had line, we support this king if he upholds the law, and if not, we don't. This is very common in European history. In Homer the Greek kings are of course little more than tribal chieftains, constrained not only by their small holdings, but often insecure power even in what they have: Odysseus' son is not guaranteed succession, and only repeated assertions of physical might and violence can secure the rule in archaic Greece and probably before. There are many debates about the words *basileus* and *anax* in Homer, but it's obvious these were kinglets constrained in many ways by custom, by retainers, by local rivals with claims to rule. Maybe the only time they had stronger leadership was when they returned to their pure function, leading men into battle, like wolf at head of wolfpack on task. The image of Saxons electing king under the oak tree was very important to Anglos, even into the American Revolution; as in, bottom-up elective kingship versus top-down imposed Roman rule: and this derived from model of kingship or chieftainship you see in Germanic world, described by Tacitus:

“On matters of minor importance only the chiefs debate; on major affairs, the whole community. But even where the commons have the decision, the subject is considered in advance by the chiefs. Except in case of accident or emergency, they assemble on certain particular days, either shortly after the new moon or shortly before the full moon. These, they hold, are the most auspicious times for embarking on any enterprise. They do not reckon time by days, as we do, but by nights. All their engagements and appointments are made on this system. Night is regarded as ushering in

the day. It is a drawback of their independent spirit that they do not take a summons as a command: instead of coming to a meeting all together, they waste two or three days by their unpunctuality. When the assembled crowd thinks fit, they take their seats fully armed. Silence is then commanded by the priests, who on such occasions have power to enforce obedience. Then such hearing is given to the king or state-chief as his age, rank, military distinction, or eloquence can secure- more because his advice carries weight than because he has the power to command. If a proposal displeases them, the people shout their dissent; if they approve, they clash their spears. To express approbation with their weapons is their most complimentary way of showing agreement.”

This is a very conditional kind of rule. Even the Byzantine emperor, who approached an Oriental despot in his autocracy, or some think so, but he often “ran when the law called”; and enormous respect was paid in Constantinople court at least to the idea of the law; in a dispute with Byzantine king you could invoke the law and he had to listen.

European kingship is restrained because it begins and continues only as military command. But military command is rule primarily over a retinue of friends. Here Tacitus describe German kingship in action:

“On the field of battle it is a disgrace to a chief to be surpassed in courage by his followers, and to the followers not to equal the courage of their chief. And to leave a battle alive after their chief has fallen means lifelong infamy and shame. To defend and protect him, and to let him get the credit for their own acts of heroism, are the most solemn obligations of their allegiance. The chiefs fight for victory, the followers for their chief. Many noble

youths, if the land of their birth is stagnating in a long period of peace and inactivity, deliberately seek out other tribes which have some war in hand. For the Germans have no taste for peace; renown is more easily won among perils, and a large body of retainers cannot be kept together except by means of violence and war. They are always making demands on the generosity of their chief, asking for a coveted war-horse or a spear stained with the blood of a defeated enemy. Their meals, for which plentiful if homely fare is provided, count in lieu of pay. The wherewithal for this openhandedness comes from war and plunder. A German is not so easily prevailed upon to plough the land and wait patiently for harvest as to challenge a foe and earn wounds for his reward. He thinks it tame and spiritless to accumulate slowly by the sweat of his brow what can be got quickly by the loss of a little blood.”

Insofar as the king becomes less of a warband leader his absolute power in some cases will greatly increase, because there is no peer warband or powerful nobility to check him. But in time he will become less of a king because of this: he will be relegated in not too long to a ceremonial position of some kind. Those elements of the tribe or nation that are misrepresented as “the people,” but which I’ve more accurately called the matriarchal longhouse—which includes not just women, but the mass of feminized males, the old men of certain kinds, the types of huemans who seek to use words and language to weaken and denature, and which form institutions to support the obfuscations of language, this faction of hueman nature begins its ascent when king ceases his function as lord of armies.

This is not merely a historical peculiarity; it is meaning of kingship as such, and it can’t be substituted by other kinds

of “utility,” such as economic arguments, arguments about rights, even ultimately Hobbesian arguments about security or safety, although these latter deceptively try to “impersonate” the mystery of kingship. In regard to the Hobbesian distortion: a king who is there to quell the fear of death of every “unit of biomass,” who is there to guarantee the lives of spinsters, prostitutes, half-prostitutes, to make them feel safe by having clean, well-lit streets...that *may* be one of the functions of the king, but cannot be the main one. Insofar as the safety of the weak is provided for, it is as a side effect, intended or not, to the king’s leadership of the assembly of armed men, which is to say, the nobility. In considering a “king without nobles” or without nobility, certain thinkers like Machiavelli and Hobbes were in fact doing away with kingship as such. Because a king can only be understood as “the most noble of the nobles” and has meaning and continuity only in a society ruled by nobles, which is to say, by armed men who are also able to lead other men. I try to show why this in different way now.

Early kings are always given a religious sanction and function: whether they are blessed by a god, or whether they are living gods. Is this a big difference? Japanese Emperor, Pharaoh are living gods; Babylonian Hammurabi king, Persian king, many others rule by divine blessing. Ancient traditions are not unified things. Rome is well known to have been syncretic Mediterranean religion by end of Empire, it accommodated many different gods and religious sentiments and traditions, some opposed to each other. Orphic rite is not the same as Apollonian, giving respect to Persephone isn’t the same as to Zeus: it isn’t just that these support different types of priests and oracles who will have opposed spiritual and material interests

but even that they correspond to different types of human and therefore different factions in a state. In Athens certain old families who traced origin to Phoenician heroes had their own, separate Phoenician shrines: that is very clear example of ethnic or racial difference; similar, Dorian and Ionian paid respect in different way to different deities and heroes. Class or caste differences, if they are long-lasting, almost always have origin in racial difference. In some cases mythological fight between gods or dual pantheons, like Aesir and Vanir or Olympians and Titans, are maybe because conqueror and conquered population had different gods: then story gets retold as one of divine conquest and subjugation, or of reconciliation, or of something in between.

The king's holiness is the triumph of the warband and of the principle of force and of blood over the priesthood, the institutions of the matriarchy, especially over the principle of the word and language, of ancestral custom that is embodied in the council of old men. That the priesthood then is either coopted or comes to an understanding with the warband leader, that for a time it may even be transformed or gotten rid of altogether as warriors themselves perform sacrifices or other religious functions, or that these two factions may even for a very long time have common interests: none of this contradicts that as human types they have fundamentally different natures and interests and can therefore just as easily come into conflict. In Egypt the famous conflict between the Pharaoh, a living god-warrior, and the clerics or scribes led to the funny episode in Herodotus where the mouse-god saved the nation: a scribe became king, disrespected the warrior class. So they refused to fight against Hittites. The scribe prayed to Apollo the mouse-god who sent rats to

chew the Hittites' bows before a battle. This is a priest's fantasy and earthly paradise.

But usually when priesthood takes a country, when men who rule through the obfuscations of language get the upper hand, national degeneration and weakness comes soon after. This is almost always the case in republics and democracies that become "advanced," meaning, legalistic and procedural. Here a class of unholy priests soon neuters the nation and lays it open to conquest.

In Christendom the king may be blessed by God: and his majesty is in role of Defender of the Faith. Frog friend tells me the religious majesty of such a ruler far exceeds that of pre-Christian sacral and divine kings. This is possible, but the king's divinity can't result *only* from a religious declaration of a belief in a proposition. It's not a doctrinal matter: this is the point. Is maybe point of this essay to try to show you: but is very hard for modern to see because, no experience of kingship, and no real religious experience for most, ever. A king's holiness has nothing to do with the particular content of this or that one religion, or how they go about proving this divinity or blessing, through what genealogies or myths. That comes after, that's an afterthought. It is the king's being or body itself that is the holy experience for the people. It is his *presence* and magic aura that is holy. This is not abandoned in Christianity. Regardless of the content of Christian religion, the older understanding of what is kingship is never lost so long as actual kingship existed; or else it would have stopped existing. If you want to see Christian preservation of this older view read Ernst Kantorowicz books *The King's Two Bodies* and especially his biography of Frederick II Hohenstaufen. The Germany of his time was attempting to rebirth this

being of the king-savior.

Schopenhauer words on monarchy are very good. This is the meaning of kingship:

“In general, the monarchical form of government is that which is natural to man; just as it is natural to bees and ants, to a flight of cranes, a herd of wandering elephants, a pack of wolves seeking prey in common, and many other animals, all of which place one of their number at the head of the business in hand. Every business in which men engage, if it is attended with danger—every campaign, every ship at sea—must also be subject to the authority of one commander; everywhere it is one will that must lead. Even the animal organism is constructed on a monarchical principle: it is the brain alone which guides and governs, and exercises the hegemony. Although heart, lungs, and stomach contribute much more to the continued existence of the whole body, these philistines cannot on that account be allowed to guide and lead. That is a business which belongs solely to the brain; government must proceed from one central point. Even the solar system is monarchical. On the other hand, a republic is as unnatural as it is unfavourable to the higher intellectual life and the arts and sciences. Accordingly we find that everywhere in the world, and at all times, nations, whether civilised or savage, or occupying a position between the two, are always under monarchical government. The rule of many as Homer said, is not a good thing: let there be one ruler, one king; How would it be possible that, everywhere and at all times, we should see many millions of people, nay, even hundreds of millions, become the willing and obedient subjects of one man, sometimes even one woman, and provisionally, even, of a child, unless there were a monarchical instinct in men which drove them to it as the form of government best suited to them? This

*arrangement is not the product of reflection. Everywhere one man is king, and for the most part his dignity is hereditary. He is, as it were, the personification, the monogram, of the whole people, which attains an individuality in him. In this sense he can rightly say: *l'état c'est moi*. It is precisely for this reason that in Shakespeare's historical plays the kings of England and France mutually address each other as France and England, and the Duke of Austria goes by the name of his country. It is as though the kings regarded themselves as the incarnation of their nationalities. It is all in accordance with human nature; and for this very reason the hereditary monarch cannot separate his own welfare and that of his family from the welfare of his country...”*

Nietzsche say similar somewhere else that power draws all around it in a kind of magical remote effect. There is monarchical instinct in man, yes. For rooster if you present oval spheroid wood shape, they will try to copulate: so strong is the male instinct to mate. But it would be stronger for a hen. Female will respond to “general maleness” less than to something more specific: Schopenhauer say of women's desires,

Nature has appointed that the propagation of the species shall be the business of men who are young, strong and handsome; so that the race may not degenerate. This is the firm will and purpose of Nature in regard to the species, and it finds its expression in the passions of women. There is no law that is older or more powerful than this. Woe, then, to the man who sets up claims and interests that will conflict with it; whatever he may say and do, they will be unmercifully crushed at the first serious encounter...

They are less attracted to Chuck Schumer. As the people is a woman, so its

instincts for monarchy are much stronger for the more suitable object: will accept even a child or a woman, but both are far from the proper type. People can't think clearly about Trump because of emotion. He's not a military leader and maybe not even a leader, but more than anyone in recent decades he made clear the magic of power, the allure of the one man in time of crisis. He had no ruler's skills but had consummate skill in image, and trained long in media career. It doesn't matter here, his achievements or failures outside of this: he reminds world of the *magic of power*, and how one savior-king can draw peoples in orbit around him, with strong gravity of loyalty, by magic remote effect. This is maybe more frightening to the pretend technocracy than Trump's substantive program. Their view of political life is devoted to erasing this possibility and repressing this part of human nature. Their whole post-World War II religion is there to prevent emergence of Caesars or tribunes of the people like arose in the emergencies after 1917. To suppress this is for them as important as is for old husband to suppress his young wife's desire for handsome muscular Chads, and as useless. But, one fears, if she is kept locked up long enough, will she grow too old for real passion? Western nations are captive to a jealous old Scrooge.

None of the reactionary factions who call themselves monarchist today pay attention to either of these prerequisites of kingship: the magical body of the king, or the king's origin and most important function as military leader. For Integralists it is a matter of doctrine and Church sanction; for neoreactionaries, it is a matter of the systemic analysis of monarchy, how it would work as independent machinery, independent of the raw human material you put into it. It is the forgetfulness of the

raw human material or the biological reality that is mistake in both. Integralists and neoreactionaries can agree to elevate Joe Pesci to "kingship" and deem members of the machine state's bureaucracy "nobles," but they will find that people and events disagree. Actually, unlike what Kant or others thought, you can't have a republican machinery indifferent to the human material either...but obviously much less so for kingship. The most important question for understanding monarchy, how it arises, what keeps it going is, "What kind of a man is the king? Who is he? Where from? How does his kingship continue?" This last question brings up mechanism of succession, which is also ignored by the monarchist doctrinaires, because if they thought about it and its tremendous practical problems, they would see it is inseparable from the question of human quality. They might see that the decision to settle on hereditary succession isn't tyranny or arbitrary caprice but a reasonable practical measure to increase likelihood of transmission of quality substance in person of the king. I once had argument with naïve republican. For some reason I pointed out, "At such time in the past, a great soldier arises in a border fortress; he is able through courage and intelligence and charisma to repel invaders. As a reward the king gives him rule over the fortress, then over the eastern March. He founds a great noble lineage. One day becomes king of new kingdom. This is the origin of all European nobility." In Reddit way he replied that he didn't see why an ancestor's military success two hundred years ago should entitle his descendant to rule. I also don't see why Elena Kagan or Sonya Sotomayor, or any of their lady counterparts in the "technocracy" of the European Union bureaucracy, why their taking a class on "Law and Economics"

should entitle them to decide “the public good” and questions of daily life for millions. In the options available on menu for right to rule, continuous descent by blood from feats of warrior greatness, and consummate training to rule since birth are pretty good. It’s what got Europe to the 1800’s, by which time its world-rulership in the next century was already guaranteed. Other systems in other parts of the world, including “meritocratic” and bureaucratic, didn’t fare as well.

Monarchy thus appears as political manifestation of the principle of blood or heredity or breeding, as these are the only ways known to mortal humans to cultivate and transmit quality across generations. The continuity of monarchy rests on the presence of a culture of biological breeding, even if this should be limited only to the warband and its lineages, meaning to the nobility. The king exists as king—and not, for example as a cloistered figurehead—only so long as he remains “the most noble of the nobles,” the head of his warband. It is this type of ruler especially who is able to be target of the people’s passions, to “trigger” the monarchical instinct in the people, who are able to respond to his remote powers and spontaneously organize themselves in orbit around him. It could be added also that it is only through the king and his retinue that a nation in the proper sense exists as a political as well as organic unity. Outside of this there are only agglomerations of individuals vying for supremacy, but no political or hive order.

I don’t want to address here the counterexamples of Sparta or ancient Greek republics of virtue, as they are too alien for moderns, and have nothing to do with modern republics. I just say that the proportion of what I’ve been calling “high quality raw human material” was

so high in those places as to make even kingship superfluous. But you are very far from them, and in the opposite condition, where we are overwhelmed by biological refuse. It is the overwhelming presence of billions of refuse that makes me think re-establishment of kingship in our age is a lot of pointless talk. The dysfunction and stupid oligarchy currently leading nations to ruin will have to be stopped, as a practical matter. But as I said in my book, the prospects even after their complete defeat are not good. I don’t believe this world of refuse is salvageable. The best will have to excise themselves, to amputate themselves off this cancerous mass of huemanity.

In remote Aryan antiquity, the youths were cast out from the tribe, and had to find their fortunes elsewhere: it was an interesting tradition that led to much expansion, many foreign conquests and adventures. In modern time it is the youth who will have to cast themselves out if they don’t want to be suffocated by giant nursing home. How do you plan to save a giant nursing home or barnstable longhouse village and make it not depressing? It is for this reason that task that will present itself for a long time to come will have nothing to do with good kings or good realms, but only...what does it take to resurrect the warband? How can warband exist again? 🐉

