

THE ASYLUM

VOLUME I ISSUE II

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The very first section of this magazine is reserved to give recognition and my personal gratitude to the many contributors of this magazine. Without financial reward these men continue to create works of writing and art that are far superior to anything on the shelves of international bookstores or in the stands of local newsagents. Today we welcome PEG (@pegobry), Cranston Allard, Josiah Lippincott (when he's not suspended @jlipincott_), the Stone Age Herbalist (Paracelsus1092), Lomez (@Lom3z), Zero HP Lovecraft (ox49fa98), and Jake Shields (@jakeshieldsajj) to *The Asylum*, as well as welcoming back the Raw Egg Nationalist (@Babygravy9). We are also graced this time with two poets: Nathaniel Lucas (@NatLucas1788), and Arthur Powell (@atopthecliffs)– who is the Poet in Chief at the Occidental Poetry Journal (www.atopthecliffs.com). Giving brilliance to our pages, we must furthermore thank the impressive works of art by ET Dale (@DigiThetic), Fen de Villiers (@FendeVilliers), Gio Pennacchietti (@giantgio), Matthew the Stoat (@MatthewTheStoat), Elephant Guy (@elephant_guy10) and Robin Williams. Beauty is truly on our side. Please, if you can, support the writers by ordering their books and subscribing to their substacks. You can support the talented artists by buying their works. In curating this magazine, which has become a genuine labour of love, I have become fortunate enough to work with the people whose pen and paint brush will echo through the centuries. Thank you.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In any madhouse you should find that a number of the patients are prone to giving long speeches and lengthy monologues. Here, it is no different. Except for maybe that in *The Asylum* we find our lunatics in pairs: they have bonded over similar proclivities and mutual conditions.

Take for instance, the Freudian ward, wherein we find PEG and Cranston Allard. PEG, who is otherwise further to the right than *Action Française*, is showing the classic symptoms of the Oedipal Complex. A man who has chest-thumped on Twitter about masculinity somehow simultaneously believes that the best pedagogical system was the one devised by Dr. Maria Montessori. A woman. Not only does he seem to desire the subversion of the masculine war leader, with a schoolmarm, he has furthermore turned Missus Montessori into his dominatrix. He is lucky to be with company, though, because by his side is Cranston Allard in an equally fraught state. Allard's sympathies lie not with his mother but are for the return of the patriarch. In between bouts of voracious reading, Allard routinely screams "Father is dead. Father remains dead. And we have killed him." Listen to him long enough and Allard reveals that his pronouncement has nothing to do with his own paterfamilias but instead is directed towards the spirit of the guiding man as such. He claims that Man of honour has slipped into a deep slumber and that "we must awaken Him." In his hand he clutches esoteric books of forgotten and suppressed war fiends.

For some patients, such as those foregoing, the problem seems rooted in family and in childhood. For others, however, the object of their longing is less immediate, less appreciable, better understood as the visions and apparitions of biblical origin or from prehistoric myth. Of such types, Josiah Lippincott and the Stone Age Herbalist are of special interest. The former patient came to us as a "domestic terrorist," a title officially designated by the US Military. He resultantly now only calls himself "Jihadi Josiah." Based on this description, we were surprised that neither did he dress all in black, nor consume huge amounts of Nutella, nor have the Toyota Hilux as his screensaver. Jihadi Josiah instead seemed to only mutter "cleansing fire, cleansing fire" while in a clown's costume. What is more peculiar, which became evident not long after his arrival and ever since he shared a room with Slavoj Žižek, is that he analyzes all American politics exclusively through the Batman movies. His only friend is the Stone Age Herbalist. The Stone Age Herbalist was an archaeologist and ethnographer, who now claims to be the reincarnated soul of T. E. Lawrence and Alexander Burnes, since he too has fallen victim to that peculiar English fetish for 'going native.' He's the man – over there on the right, donning the feather warbonnet – who keeps demanding the psychiatrist to "Give Chief firewater!"

If you come this way, to the second floor now, you can meet the resident autists who are really here because, like every other sperg in the world, they like their food served at the exact same time daily. Both Lomez and Zero HP Lovecraft are

the men carrying notebooks filled with illegible writing, astrological maps, geometric patterns, and prophecies based on numerology and religious arcana. Lomez has recently finished a thesis defending conspiracy theories in which he attacks the neurotypical men, whom he pejoratively calls “the normies.” The very compelling piece is about waging the information war, and how the certain organization of facts, through which patterns are found, can be used to “glimpse at the beast” and destabilize a system that has been undergirded with lies. We are starting him on Lithium as soon as Monday. If you wish to meet Zero HP Lovecraft, he is in his room because he became very upset this lunchtime when his peas and mash potatoes touched. In actual fact he is a very gifted writer – a once in a generation writer – who has also stolen all the nurses ID cards and ranked them, hierarchically, based off of hotness. He calls this type of project “quantifiable qualitiveness.” In the same vein, Zero HP Lovecraft only lets female staff into his room, and only on the condition that they can give a proper definition to obscure science fiction terminology like “zeerust.”

For some reason, we keep our autists right next to our violent offenders and hope that little or no cross-pollination occurs. These men also prefer to be called “High-T” instead of violent, so keep that in mind. Doing push-ups in his padded cell is the Raw Egg Nationalist, a dangerous chimera of bodybuilder and man of letters, who is known by other inmates as REN-the-ripper for his serial murder of second-rate university Master’s students, who had posed as Oxbridge gentlemen. The other aggressive patient is Jake Shields, the famed vegetarian pugilist. He even refused to talk to his therapist until he removed his leather shoes. We have asked ourselves many times: “Is Jake a secret Hindoo?” Jake is here because after a long successful career of fighting he couldn’t accommodate his instinct to the modern world, so he resorted to trouncing activists on Californian, liberal, campuses. REN and Jake mostly get along, and the only time we have to separate the two has been during their meals. REN insists on only drinking raw eggs and eating steak tartar while Jake nibbles on edamame and chickpeas. If either even catches a glimpse of the other’s food, they start to growl and bark.

We also have one patient who escaped his holding cell. He left a note saying he was too busy. Though Darren Beattie cannot be seen today, alas, he promises to make an appearance next time. You will be able to spot him easily. Beattie has the face of a man who is perpetually tired, like a TA who hates his PhD and the seminar class he conducts. Many consider him to be the patient-zero of the “anti-Semitic point of no return,” a novel clinical marker of extreme importance. Even though Beattie is himself Jewish, his self-loathing is so severe that demands being addressed as the “AshkeNazi.” This was scarcely surprising after hearing the hushed rumours from when he served in government as the Commander-in-Chief’s speech writer: it’s alleged that Beattie had considered himself to be Trump’s Erik Jan Hanussen.

These are the patients. We hope you enjoy their company.

Welcome back to *The Asylum*.

Giles Hoffmann



Fen de Villiers
Breakthrough (2020)
Pencil on Paper

AGAINST MODERN MISEDUCATION PEG

Tell me what year you believe it all went wrong, and I will tell you what kind of right-winger you are.

Perhaps you think it's 1968. (Woodstock.) Perhaps you think it's 1789. (The French Revolution.) Perhaps you think it's 1517. (The Reformation.) Perhaps you think it was 33 AD. (As a Catholic, I respect anti-Christian Nietzscheans, though I disagree.)

When it comes to education, the mainstream right usually has a date, and it's usually 1968. In France, that *annus horribilis* was when the far-left, though defeated politically, wrested control of cultural institutions, including the schools, from the Gaullist state, creating the latest and most venomous iteration of the French version of the Cathedral.

Regarding schools specifically, the story goes, traditional French public schools were rigorous. "Morality" was a course taught from primary school, and urged such values as sacrifice for country. Academically, emphasis on Latin and math produced the generations of engineers and administrators that kept France one of the leading nations of the West. Blind, competitive examinations rewarded merit. And most importantly, the system was shamelessly elitist: you had to pass an exam even to be allowed to continue past primary school. Otherwise, back to the farm! And if you showed promise even as a primary school child, you were tracked to elite

schools, with need-based scholarships available. In 1945, the Baccalauréat, the high school-leaving diploma granting admission to university, was granted to 3% of high school leavers; these days this rate hovers between 98% and 99%. Clearly, the French of 2021 are orders of magnitude smarter than their grandparents! Another record harvest, Comrades!

There is some merit to this story. Rote, cramming-style learning, combined with high standards, will certainly produce results. I often tell the story of my friend who, in his sixties today, having left school at fourteen to start an apprenticeship in a trade, has better spelling than a good portion of my classmates at a top-ranked French university. This was accomplished through simple repetition: every morning, pupils from the age of six had to do dictation. Traditionally, throughout your schooling, if you submitted homework on any topic (say, history), which had more than one spelling error, the teacher would stop reading, cross over the entire paper with a big red "X", and give you a failing grade. So it would be impossible to pass any class without perfect spelling. I lived through the moment when this tradition was abandoned even in elite schools, when it was realized that it would mean failing every pupil, every time. French is a more complex language than English, and so, unless you are a literarily inclined child and imbibe language through voracious

reading, repetition really is the only way to get it in. And so now, in the country that has produced the most beautiful language, literature, and poetry in world history, even its best-educated members have often lost basic fluency.

But mass public education is a product of the 19th century, which means we must at least regard it as suspect. And I will go out on a limb and guess that if you are reading this, you probably attended some sort of gifted-and-talented program, or at least experienced the rote-learning parts of traditional education as almost physically painful

If there is a political “horse-shoe,” perhaps it is universal healthcare or breaking up Facebook, but perhaps, even more so, it is about schooling. If the only thing I tell you about someone is that they say “I don’t want my kids to go to public school; in fact, I think I’d pretty much want them to just run around and climb on trees and study what they want,” can you guess their political orientation? Well, you pretty much have only two choices: “far-left” or “far-right.”

I remember a very amusing-to-me conversation at a meeting for education radicals, talking to a San Francisco homeschool mom who had no idea about my political proclivities, talking about how she had to take her children out of public schools because the curriculum was so colonialist and sexist (in San Francisco!) and then adding thoughtfully... “You know, I hate them, but I have to give credit to Christian conservatives because they’re the ones who fought for our rights to be able to do this.”

I am now an advocate of Montessori education. I was introduced to this cult by a very right-wing friend. We must get something out of the way quickly. Montessori is associated with liberal

hippies. This is a historical accident. Dr. Maria Montessori was a devout Catholic, whose theories were actually looked down upon by post-60s reformers. Her method was empirically-derived—she never used the term “Montessori Method” (and failed to copyright her name, which means anyone can call anything “Montessori”), instead referring to “scientific education.” You sometimes hear it said that in a Montessori classroom, children “can do what they want.” This is not true. The rules are simply different than in the usual classroom, and much more rigidly enforced. For example, an easy way to tell if a preschool is faithful to the Montessori system is to observe whether the class is completely silent. Only Montessorians can get thirty-five children between the ages of three and six to consistently stay whisper-quiet even as they move about unsupervised. It is true that, within prescribed limits, children in a Montessori classroom choose their own activities, but this is not because of some hippie idea about “freedom”, instead the goal is to develop independence, self-reliance, and an appetite for work, since small children will naturally gravitate towards whatever is most challenging to them at a particular moment.

Montessori sounds downright reactionary sometimes. For example, “learning through play” is like nails on a chalkboard to a Montessorian, because the goal of Montessori is to teach that work is intrinsically rewarding, whereas “learning through play” implies that work is drudgery and the only way to make it palatable is to sprinkle some play on it. No “educational games.” There is playtime, but play is play and work is work.

Compare what you think of as

the “traditional” school, which is really the invention of 19th century progressive ideologues. It was designed to create bugmen. As Dr. Angeline Lillard writes, the late 19th century was the age of the factory, when progressive reformers tried to turn everything into a factory so that everything could be more “efficient.” This Taylorian ideal saw humans as a small machine and society as a large machine to produce more output more efficiently from those small machines. According to Lillard:

“In the public discourse, which Raymond E. Callahan documented in his classic work Education and the Cult of Efficiency, schools were referred to as ‘plants,’ children as ‘raw materials,’ and teachers as ‘mid-level managers.’ Elwood Cubberly, then dean of Stanford University’s School of Education, put it bluntly: schools are ‘factories in which the raw products (children) are to be shaped and fashioned into products to meet the various demands of life’” (citations omitted).

Single-age classrooms, one of the most absurd ideas ever invented, and this even though *literally every person on the planet* knows perfectly well that children progress at different speeds, so that age is not an academically or developmentally-appropriate criterion to sort children, comes from this era. Before the progressives got in, of course, the iconic American public school was a mixed-age one-room schoolhouse. Humans naturally grow up among siblings, and so we are wired to learn by learning from the older and teaching to the younger (which is why teaching something is one of the best ways to learn it).

The 19th century progressives imitated the factory down to things like school bells (like the factory bells) and

shifting children from room to room with each class (like a product moving through an assembly line). This is worse than the Longhouse.

They embedded many more Satanic assumptions into their teaching: the Lockean blank slate theory, which assumes that children are just empty, passive vessels for knowledge, even though everyone knows you learn more by doing or by actively engaging with material; Gnosticism, which radically separates minds from bodies and leads to the absurd idea that children ought to be made to sit still for hours, that this is even possible, and if it is, is conducive to learning.

I will let you make up your own mind about Montessori. I believe it is ideal, at least for younger children. Maybe you disagree. My point is merely this: as conservatives, or reactionaries, or whatever, we cannot simply want to go back to the school of 1952, or even 1902. When I look at many “Christian charter schools” and the like, I admire what they are doing, but I also feel sad about a lack of imagination. It is basically a Lockean 19th century school with a Christian curriculum. Obviously this is infinitely preferable than handing over your children to the CRT snakes, but it still leaves me feeling wistful. We have to look for something that will look both older and more futuristic.

Before the Modern era, it was understood that education of the body and education of the mind went hand in hand. Medieval Kings of France had to learn the arts of war and knighthood, of course, but even after the Renaissance, when Kings no longer fought personally on the battlefield, they had to learn a trade. Louis XV trained as a cabinet-maker, and Louis XVI as a clock-maker.

This was understood as preparation for statesmanship—it is hard for us to even get into the imaginative world of a culture that sees this as obvious.

As in a Montessori classroom, it was understood that skills transferred from one subject to another, and things were set up so that they did: for example, French musketeers had to learn dancing, since it taught footwork that was useful for fencing. Is there a better example of the traditional French marriage of refinement and warlike brutality?


Dr. Montessori died before she was able to realize her vision for education for teenagers. It is, again, something, where, depending on how you squint, you may think this is hippie, or you may think this is fascist. Basically she wants to send all of the teenagers to the farm, to work with nature and animals. She writes that teenagers are too hormonal to learn anyway so they should work off that energy with manual labor. And over time, farm work will enable them to learn math (learn geometry to build that barn, balance the books of the farm...) and so on, and over time they can start doing classroom work.

I was reminded of this when watching a documentary that I want to recommend to all of you, *The Motivation Factor*. In the 1960s, President Kennedy started a pilot program where high school students would do one hour of fitness every morning. If you told me this is why they killed him, I might believe you. Basic calisthenics, outside (the first program was in California, but we have all learned since Wuhan grids how important Vitamin D is to the overall balance of our bodies). The results were incredible. Not only did all the students look like a 1935 German propaganda film, but they found that this boosted

academic results, as well as dramatically improved discipline and camaraderie. Imagine this: teenagers have a lot of energy to burn off, so if you give them an opportunity to burn off that energy they will learn better and get into fewer fights. Almost as if humans have bodies. Incredible stuff. Imagine if we did this today, and added deadlifts and slonking eggs.

In this article, I have thrown out many examples, from French history, from Montessori, from American history, basically to get people's imaginative juices flowing. Education paradigms have been captured by the bugmen for 150 years now, which means that not only is it a source of many evils, but also that we have not even begun to scratch the surface of how we can create schools that truly enhance human life. The *jaquerie* against CRT in American politics is one of the most exciting developments since Trump, because it has brought many normies to realize two key things: one, that there are lizards who run these institutions and that they are not just misguided but truly evil; two, that it is not enough to pass legislation, and that if we want real change we must actually capture the levers of state (even if it is just local public schools at present).

Homeschooling, school choice, these are wonderful things, but ultimately if our side does not capture public schools we will keep living in a country where the majority of our fellow citizens are brought up to hate us. The dissident right has been a wonderful source of fresh ideas and fresh thinking for the right as a whole, in many different areas. It is possible in America and other countries to start experimenting with start-up schools, but also with the long-term goal of changing all schools.

As I say, when it comes to education, we have not even begun to scratch the surface. I hope we begin. Soon. 

Nathaniel Lucas

Owned Space

after BAP

At the bottom of the hill you stand at the fence,
while vehicular yeast flows past. The sun is high.
You throw your bag over the barbed-wire pretence
and stoop between the wirelines. What slows is time.
Halfway up the bees oscillate between drone
and whine. You have disturbed their ways,
are you the first to climb this cracked cone?
Statuesque to avoid their sting, you pause and gaze
down at the glinting freeways and strawberry fields
on either owned side of your new domain:
Seasonal pickers under sacred arcs of water yields
and silver lines of traffic agitate their closed moraines.
You find a stick; with duct tape you tie your red towel
to it, plant it in the hill and bellow out an open vowel.

THE SONGS OF SUPERIOR MEN:

How Right-Wing and Independent Publishers are Leading the Way

CRANSTON ALLARD

The modern men of the West are lost. Drug addiction, screen addiction, porn addiction. All of these dependencies are interconnected, and many come from the same source. The modern male often lacks a grand vision, or even a reason to wake up in the morning. There is no adventure. And while Benjamin Roberts' "Nomos of the Nightclub" article in *IMI776* proffers the idea that, "Aesthetics, fighting, and the nightclub...is enough to shake the sleeping spirit of man into new vital action," this is still not enough. Nightclubs, especially in the age of COVID idiocy, are not dens of flesh and challenge. They are monuments for marionettes mostly, with men and women playing kabuki to scenes that they have internalized from mass media. Also, Roberts' diagnosis misses the fact that a large swath of Western men are either incels or luckless bastards to begin with, and not all of them can be cast aside as unfitting of the new elite. Most cannot help it; the geriatric matriarchy in the West has done an awful job in raising their young men, and many retreat time and time again to virtual reality rather than face the horrors of contemporary dating. In a similar vein, a man successful in the nightclub can become a specialist and seek no new adventures thereafter.

What is needed now are heroes, not just playboys. It may sound cliché, but it is true. Men of the West need he-

ros. They need masculine examples of courage and iron will. They need to see and read about their ancestors who stood against great odds and often bore the slander of the "lying press" of their days. They need, above all else, counterexamples to deprogram themselves away from the mass media's representations of men as ignorant oofs, lustful marauders, or, at worst, unnecessary accessories in progressive society.

Fortunately, independent publishers on the Real Right are right now dispensing the much-needed correctives in the form of books. The most well-known of the lot, Mystery Grove, have earned acclaim from right-wing pundits as diverse as Mike Cernovich, Jack Posobiec, and Darryl Cooper (@martyrmade). Other publishing companies include Agartha Publishing and Catacomb Archives. All three have so far specialized in autobiographies written by men of action and adventure. These men, Peter Kemp, Siegfried Müller, and Gustav Krist, have all been rescued from the ash heap of history by these dissident publishing houses. To honor their legacies, as well as the work of Mystery Grove, Catacombs, and Agartha, let us now sing the songs of superior men.

Peter Kemp – His Were of Trouble

Peter Kemp lived like a Victorian adventurer in the 20th century. Born



Elephant Guy

Exile (2021)

Watercolour with Digital Touchups

into a bureaucratic family in British India, Kemp came of age in London and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Unlike many of his peers, Kemp kept conservative and monarchist politics. As such, when the Spanish Civil War began in 1936, Kemp leapt into action to support the Nationalist cause. On what he described as a “cold, wet day in November 1936,” Kemp left London for Spain despite knowing no Spanish and having never been to Spain. The Nationalists made no effort to recruit him or any other Englishmen. Indeed, of the Englishmen who went abroad to fight in the Spanish Civil War, most joined the International Brigades, which were armed and supported by the Comintern and Bolsheviks the world over. Kemp proved to be a novelty in other ways, as his Anglican faith often caused either gentle ribbing from his Catholic compatriots, or more serious enquiries about whether or not he belonged to the Freemasons.

Kemp’s first taste of combat came with the *Requetés*, or the Carlist militia of mainly Navarrese monarchists who provided the initial shock troops for the Nationalists. While wearing the militia’s distinctive red beret, Kemp saw action at the Battle of Jarama in February 1937 and the Battle of Santander in July of that same year. Kemp rose through the ranks to become a junior officer, but the disciplined Englishman felt that he needed something more than the brave, but often ill-trained and undisciplined *Requetés*. Accordingly, Kemp joined the feared Spanish Foreign Legion. Modeled after their French counterparts, the Spanish Legion first cut its teeth during the bloody Rif War of the 1920s. There, the Legion fought running gun battles and engaged in counter-insurgency warfare against the Rif Berber tribes, who

sought to create an independent republic in northern Morocco. The Legion’s most famous son, Francisco Franco, would become the leader of the Nationalists in the Civil War, and the Legion provided Franco with his best troops.

The Protestant Kemp seemed to be an ill-fit for the majority Catholic and primarily Spanish fighting force. Through pure pluck and daring, Kemp became the leader of the 14th *bandera* and its machine gun platoon. In this capacity Kemp fought at Guadalajara and was wounded several times. Despite his wounds, Kemp always found a way to return to the frontline. This changed in May 1938 when Kemp took a mortar shell to his hand and jaw.

The wounds would have killed a lesser man, but Kemp managed to make a full recovery. He even met *El Caudillo* while recuperating. Franco thanked the brave Englishman for his contribution to the Nationalist victory. Kemp went home in 1939 to prepare for the war that he saw coming. He would not see the golden fields of Spain again for years.

Kemp did not record his memories of the Spanish Civil War until 1957 when he published *Mine Were of Trouble* (republished by Mystery Grove in 2020). *Mine Were of Trouble* is first and foremost a rip-roaring recount of the hideous conflict. Kemp saw the thick of things, and his writing has all the pacing and poignancy of a trained journalist. (Kemp went to Spain undercover as a journalist. In truth, he was merely a law student.) *Mine Were of Trouble* is also a much-needed corrective to the historical record. As Mystery Grove (@MysteryGrove) are want to point out on Twitter, common knowledge about the Spanish Civil War is often colored by Republican propaganda. Today’s media atmosphere is not

much different from the 1930s, and *Mine Were of Trouble* often speaks about the left-wing bias of the international press. For instance, the bombing of Guernica was reported as a “terror bombing” of a purely civilian city. Pablo Picasso cemented this idea with his famous painting. However, Kemp reports that the city was likely burned by the retreating Republicans, and the subsequent bombing by Nationalist and German planes were wholly legitimate. As for terror bombing, the Republicans had used it plenty of times in the past, especially at Toledo, a Nationalist stronghold.

There are other scenes of great pathos in *Mine Were of Trouble*. Arguably the most memorable is the scene wherein Kemp is ordered to shoot an Irish deserter from the International Brigades. Despite their opposing political views, Kemp initially recoils from the cold-blooded execution. In the end, two of his subordinates carry out the deed. Elsewhere, Kemp comes across scenes of unimaginable horror, from tales of crucified priests to entire villages burned and exterminated. Most of these atrocities came courtesy of the “humanitarian” and enlightened Republicans, who emptied the jails and armed criminals to terrorize Nationalist sympathizers.

Mine Were of Trouble is the perfect introduction to Kemp and his life. The subtle humor and charm of the brave Englishman carries over into his other two autobiographies, *No Colours or Crest* (1958) and *Alms for Oblivion* (1962), both of which have been reprinted by Mystery Grove. It seems that Kemp could not rest after his Spanish adventures, and when the Second World War began, he successfully joined the British Commandos after several failed attempts. *No Colours or Crest* tells the story of Kemp’s induc-

tion into the Commandos, as well as the group’s many foolhardy raids along the French coast in search of U-boats and weak points in the German defenses. The core of the book takes place in the Balkans, specifically Albania and Kosovo, where London had assigned Kemp the task of supporting anti-Axis resistance movements among the hardy mountaineers. Kemp found this lot either lazy or vicious, with many of the village chieftains using the shifting alliances that characterized the Balkans Theater to settle blood feuds.

Just as in Spain, Kemp found communist infiltration strong in both Albania and among some of Allied operators. The communists waved the flag of Albanian nationalism and anti-fascism, all the while greedily hoarding Allied aid to prepare for their own hostile takeover. Enver Hoxha, the future leader of communist Albania, makes an appearance too. *No Colours or Crest* makes many of the same sociological assertions about communism as *Mine Were of Trouble*, namely that the ideology is a thin gloss over what is mostly the permanent underclass’s desire for revenge.

No Colours or Crest has all the requisite battle scenes and near-death escapes. Kemp also pontificates about the seriousness of ethnic hatreds in the Balkans. Hasan Beg, one of the leaders of the Kosovar Albanians that London sent Kemp to woo, admitted to the Englishman that “the majority of Kossovars [sic] preferred a German occupation to a Serb.” Such attitudes made finding reliable allies difficult if not impossible.

Alms for Oblivion sees Kemp at the end of his ten years at war. This time Kemp is in Southeast Asia after the surrender of the Imperial Japanese Army. Rather than either face-to-face fighting

or conducting ambushes deep behind enemy lines, Kemp's posting in Asia is about keeping the peace in the face of rising anti-colonial sentiment. In Bali and in French Indochina, Kemp finds Asian men-at-arms willing to murder their European officers. He also finds incredible amounts of beautiful women, and *Alms for Oblivion* presents the most human side of Kemp yet. Kemp seems happy as a lark among the lush jungles of Bali, where life moves at a leisurely pace. But there is action aplenty in *Alms for Oblivion*, as Kemp becomes a successful gun runner for the French Union forces trying to maintain Paris's legitimacy in Indochina. A bounty is placed on his head, but Kemp gets away again.

The specter of communism appears again, this time in the form of prisoners in Bali, who compare their temporary imprisonment to the tribulations faced by the first-generation Bolsheviks. And like Kemp's other two memoirs, *Alms for Oblivion* dispenses some "red pills," this time in displaying the mixture of naivete and malice that drove postwar U.S. foreign policy in Asia. The agents of the American state in Indochina, most notably the OSS men that Kemp meets, are eager to push the Europeans out of their rightful colonies to usher in a new geopolitical epoch. Many carried out their orders with glee, and Kemp rightly diagnoses this joy as par for the course for crypto-communists. Sean McMeekin's *Stalin's War* provides a more general view of communist infiltration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration, while *Alms for Oblivion* gives a more jungle-level view of said infiltration and how it doomed later American attempts to fight the Cold War, which so often meant fighting their old clients.

When Peter Kemp finally went home after a decade at war, he tried his hand at insurance. Unsurprisingly, Kemp did not take to this humdrum life. He picked up the pen and became a foreign correspondent. As a journalist he would see more war in Zaire, Hungary, the Congo, and Latin America. He lived until 1993, when old age did to him what communist bullets could not. Now, after so many decades of obscurity, with his immensely readable autobiographies either out-of-print or languishing away as hard-to-find relics, Mystery Grove has resurrected the exploits of the great Peter Kemp for generations to come. Much like General Pyotr Wrangel, whose memoir of the Russian Civil War, *Always with Honor*, Mystery Grove republished in 2020, Kemp's account is clear-eyed about how far-left movements operate.

General Wrangel witnessed firsthand as the Bolsheviks emptied jails and armed criminals, while simultaneously arrested ordinary citizens for trumped up crimes. The American conservative writer Samuel Francis labeled such acts as "anarcho-tyranny," but Wrangel and Kemp called them simple communism. Kemp devoted his life to ideals and adventure, and in turn he became a knight in the holy crusade against communism. His story is emblematic of a life lived dangerously. Rather than the respectable comforts of a barrister's life, Kemp chose one of trouble.

Siegfried Müller — Iron Cross in the Congo

By his own account, Siegfried Müller had an upbringing similar to Peter Kemp. Peter Kemp came from the respectable middle class of the British Empire, while Müller grew up in East

Prussia as the son of a decorated soldier and veteran of the Great War. Despite his surname, which indicated a craftsman forebearer, Müller claims in *The New Mercenaries* that his bloodline came to East Prussia “in the time of Frederick the Great” and hailed from the Netherlands, Poland, and among the Huguenots. These forebearers were likely mercenaries.

The Müller family established themselves among the estates of East Prussia, although one could not call Herr Müller a *junker*. Rather, little Siegfried enjoyed the perks of being bourgeoisie, albeit during the chaotic mess of the Weimar Republic. Following in the footsteps of his father, who headed the Prussian branch of the Stahlhelm paramilitary organization of the monarchist German National People’s Party (DNVP), Müller aligned politically with national conservatism. *The New Mercenaries* sees him not entirely averse to National Socialism, and like millions of other Germans, Müller got swept up in the enthusiasms of 1933. Rather than join the NSDAP, Müller joined the Wehrmacht. He served in the Polish and French campaigns, the latter of which he fondly recalled decades later.

When Operation Barbarossa commenced, Müller and his unit went east. The NCO and later officer-candidate would spend years fighting the Soviets, earning awards like the Iron Cross for his heroics. Müller’s war entered a rest period in 1945 but did not end. The Prussian soldier spent time as a prisoner of the U.S. Army before joining a multi-ethnic labor battalion organized by NATO. It was here that Müller first became a mercenary. He soon moved from physical labor to military training, where the experienced veteran taught

future soldiers as a leader among NATO’s military police. Müller wanted more. The then contemporary Korean War inspired him to learn about the technical side of killing, and he studied at the American Military School as a result. For five years, Müller trained to be a technician and specialist in war, and yet the West German Bundeswehr ultimately denied his request to join their ranks. The new and democratic force wanted nothing to do with old Nazis. Müller declined to embrace the bitterness that surely existed in his guts, and instead set off for Libya, where he spent time de-mining former battlefields.

Libya inspired Müller to remake himself in Africa. The Prussian immigrated to South Africa. The reality of Apartheid surprised him, but not the in the way one would expect:

“On arriving in Johannesburg, an image struck me...a white fiddler singing a German lament, begging for money...an old white couple were snatching their food from the trash cans of a palace, under the insensitive eyes of a black lady emerging from her black chauffeured Cadillac in livery, followed by a young maid carrying the shopping nets. They entered the shop through a door marked “Non-White,” were served by a white saleswoman who also served the customers entering the door reserved for whites with the same politeness and at the same prices!”

When the scene ended, all parties involved either left on racially segregated buses, or went about their business as if nothing unusual had happened. To Müller’s eyes, the Republic of South Africa had solved the vexing problem of multi-racial societies by giving each a chance to flourish under their

conditions. Müller writes about South Africa as a man impressed by the civilization. He is also unashamed of complimenting African females. Müller is not a fire-eating extremist in *The New Mercenaries*, but he admits that “South Africa is a white territory” that “was a virgin land when the Afrikaners arrived there.” It is for this idea, along with the idea of preserving the white right to live on the African continent that Müller became a mercenary again.

Reprinted again after fifty-five years as a new English translation, *The New Mercenaries* is the first publication by the new imprint, Catacomb Archives (@CatacombArchives). This slim volume recounts the hectic and dangerous days of the Simba Rebellion in the newly independent Congo.

The Simba Rebels emerged out of the jungles around 1964, and their communist-inspired revolution saw a red tide of violence sweep across the already fractured African nation. For instance, when the rebels took Stanleyville, they captured the city’s mayor and removed his heart while he still breathed. Other acts of cannibalism and mutilation occurred throughout the rebellion, with victims ranging from Congolese soldiers to Italian airmen. The rebels practiced witchcraft and black magic and believed that eating their victims and wearing their skins provided them with immense power, including the power to turn enemy bullets into drops of water. To end this horror show, and to protect the lives of the white population that was scheduled for genocide, Moïse Tshombe, the former leader of the breakaway State of Katanga and the fifth prime minister of the Democratic Republic of the Congo, agreed to hire a band of mercenaries under the command of “Mad” Mike

Hoare. Another son of British India and a World War II veteran with special operations experience, Hoare was the foremost mercenary leader in Africa in 1964. He promised his men good pay and gave them British discipline. Most of Hoare’s volunteers came from Rhodesia and South Africa, but some came from further afield like Belgium and Italy. One of them came from Germany—Siegfried Müller.

Owing to his to his depth of military experience, Müller earned a command position in 52 Commando, a subunit of Hoare’s 5 Commando. Müller tasted blood for the first time since Russia when his small unit of European mercenaries traded gunshots with rebel youths outside of Albertville. For his troubles, which included casualties and days and nights of exhaustion, thirst, and hunger, Müller became a major, thereby making him one of the highest-ranking white mercenaries in all of Africa. After Albertville, Müller took part in the rescue of Stanleyville as well as other countless firefights between 1964 and 1965. Thanks to Müller and the rest of Hoare’s Commandos, the rebellion ended in failure. The mercenaries managed to save the Congo from itself, at least for a moment.

The Prussian’s activities became known back home, where the German press dubbed him *Kongo Müller*. The press took a dim view of Müller and his mercenary brethren. This view is on full display in *The Laughing Man—Confessions of a Murderer* (1966). The documentary, which can be watched in its entirety on YouTube, features a drunken Müller speaking about his time in the Congo as well as his opinions on America’s fight against communism in Southeast Asia. The documentarians got the mercenary

officer liquored up as part of their broader subterfuge. The “journalists” were in reality East German propagandists, and their film was made with the purpose of turning Müller into the sociopathic face of Western imperialism.

The New Mercenaries presents a much different picture. Müller is not a bloodthirsty manhunter; he is an oftentimes funny and oftentimes poetic fighting man with a genuine love of Africa and her people. He is also an astute observer of politics. Müller writes stinging denunciations of Nasserism and pan-Arabism as providing a political cover for the continuation of the Arab tradition of economic vampirism south of the Sahara. He pulls no punches in flatly stating that the post-colonial and socialist states of Ghana and Algeria sought and achieved widespread chaos in the Congo because only in such chaos can left-wing revolutions hope to achieve any kind of power. Again, like Kemp before him, Müller instinctively knew about the machinations of communists.

Contemporary readers may be surprised at Müller’s numerous references to the Chinese in *The New Mercenaries*. Some online commentators and talking heads are quick to minimize Chinese involvement in African affairs, or otherwise downplay them as neither colonialist nor expansive. *The New Mercenaries* shows the lie behind this propaganda, as the Simba rebellion took direct inspiration from Maoist China. Chinese agents and military advisors were on the ground too. Müller labeled Chinese involvement in revolutionary Africa as part of a broader civilizational danger posed by Beijing: “The danger lies in the East...They are advancing, slowly but surely, towards the United

States. They (the Chinese) are settled in Indonesia, Burma, Hong Kong, and many other places.” Like the Third Reich that he served, Müller sees in the Maoist Chinese a united racial identity and mission. Such prophetic words written so long ago are still too often ignored now.

The New Mercenaries provides quite a bit in just over 130 pages. Müller’s diary and remembrances provide the largest chunk, but other parts include a general history of the Congo, discourses on the UN’s botching of the Congo Crisis, and much more. But the undeniable appeal of the book is Müller himself. The brave and hardy Prussian survived the war and ended his days as a South African citizen. Stomach cancer claimed him in 1983. Now, thanks to Catacomb Archives, Müller’s courage and aplomb can be enjoyed again after so many decades unremembered.

Gustav Krist — Prisoner of the Mountains

A duck caused Gurk, aka Private Gustav Krist, to run afoul of the Tsar’s army. “Not for the first time in history,” Krist writes in the newly republished *Prisoner in the Forbidden Land* by Agatha Publishing (@AgathaBOOKs), “a domestic fowl played a treacherous role in military affairs.” Thus begins the bizarre and exhilarating story of Krist—soldier, POW, explorer, and wanted man.

Like millions of the Kaiser’s subjects, Krist, a simple man from Vienna, found himself a conscript on the frontlines of Galicia in 1914. The Austrian soldier, who calls himself Gurk in his first autobiography, fights hard and well, but the Slavic winter hits him hard. He and his comrades are light on food, so when they see a wandering duck, they

go all-in. Unfortunately for them, their wild duck hunt is noticed by a Cossack patrol. Krist and a fellow soldier are captured and made prisoners of the Russian Empire.

Prisoner in the Forbidden Land (1936, 2021) recounts Krist's harrowing years as a POW throughout the Great War. His story is part war memoir and part ethnography. The first portion of the book is about Krist's dealings with the Russian authorities, from brutal police officers in the provinces to a congenial cook who provides the young Austrian with work and extra food. Krist even has the pleasure of meeting Russian royalty, as his hospital is visited by no less a luminary than Gran Duchess Xenia Egorovna. The duchess takes a liking to Krist, and extols the virtues of Vienna to him, a native son. Krist's fellow wounded POW, Abeldamm, gets a much different treatment owing to being German instead of Austrian. "Get out! Get out at once, you German devil," the duchess cries at the wounded man.

Before long, Krist and his mates are transported deeper and deeper into Russian territory. Siberia beckons them, and then before long they are in the fabled lands of Central Asia. Krist sees his first Kyrgyz nomads. He marvels at the medieval architecture of Samarkand. Like Kemp in Bali and Müller in Africa, Krist finds more than just exotic pleasure in Central Asia; he finds a purpose. *Prisoner in the Forbidden Land* chronicles Krist's many escapes from captivity, along with his explorations through lands previously forbidden to Europeans like him—Afghanistan, Persia, and the wild mountains of the Hindu Kush. Two years after capture, Krist manages to flee towards British-controlled Kurdistan. His hopes of reaching Vienna

again are dashed, so he finds his way to Tabriz. Here, Krist immerses himself in the Persian's city's small German community. He also develops a passion for Tabriz's chief export—carpets. Krist will later become a professional carpet merchant and author on the subject. That will have to wait, as Krist is once again captured by the Russians in 1916 and brought back to Turkestan.

The Austrian POW witnesses the Russian Revolution in the East, where things proved to be even more chaotic. Besides the war between the Whites and Reds, Turkestan and all of Russian Central Asia erupted with what became known as the Basmachi Revolt. Although the origins of the rebellion began with the Tsar's conscription drives among his Turkic Muslim subjects, the revolution of 1917 provided the necessary accelerant to turn disobedience into revolt. Muslim chieftains, nationalists, pan-Turanists (including the Young Turk Enver Pasha), and common bandits resisted the Red Army for years. The Soviets, in the face of their own proclamations of worldwide anti-imperialism, used force, including indiscriminate bombings of civilian centers, to subdue the Basmachi and return Turkestan to Moscow's authority.

Krist and many Austrian POWs were offered their freedom in return for taking up arms against the Muslims. Krist did so, along with other unpleasant tasks such as burying Ottoman POWs who shared a similar fate. However, the Reds showed their true colors by ultimately denying the Austrians a train ride back to Europe. Krist would not make it home again until 1921, and he had to transverse a war-torn Russia and the Baltic states to do so.

Unlike Kemp and Müller, Krist

came from a humble background. He did not serve as an officer, and indeed, between 1914 and 1921, he was officially just a POW. Still, Krist snatched life by the throat and became a wanderer, a merchant of the old Silk Road, and, according to the Soviet authorities, a counter-revolutionary agent scheduled for execution. And most surprising of all, he was not yet done. In 1922, Krist returned to Tabriz. There he sold carpets and explored Persia. Two years later, using forged papers and cover as a geologist, Krist returned to Soviet Central Asia. The Basmachi revolt was still ongoing, but the Soviets had by then effectively sealed Central Asia off from the rest of the world. Krist entered this world merely out of curiosity. This curiosity would propel him to Ferghana, the Karakum Desert, and the Amu Darya. Krist wintered with Kyrgyz nomads prior to their forced collectivization by the Soviet authorities. He met a GPU agent who claimed to have been present at the death of Enver Pasha. He worked and saw many fabulous things, from the frontier of Tajikistan all the way back to the deserts of Mesopotamia. By 1926, Krist had seen enough. He moved back to Vienna permanently. He died there in 1937, succumbing to old war wounds that never fully healed.

Prisoner in the Forbidden Land, which tells of Krist's first round of adventures, and *Alone Through the Forbidden Land*, which tells of his final explorations between 1922 and 1926, are now available in English after eighty-five and eighty-four years of virtual oblivion. Agarthia Publishing's two volumes are lovingly crafted. More importantly, Agarthia, Mystery Grove, and Catacomb have done the Lord's work in bringing back to life these incredible and incredi-


bly brave men from the past.

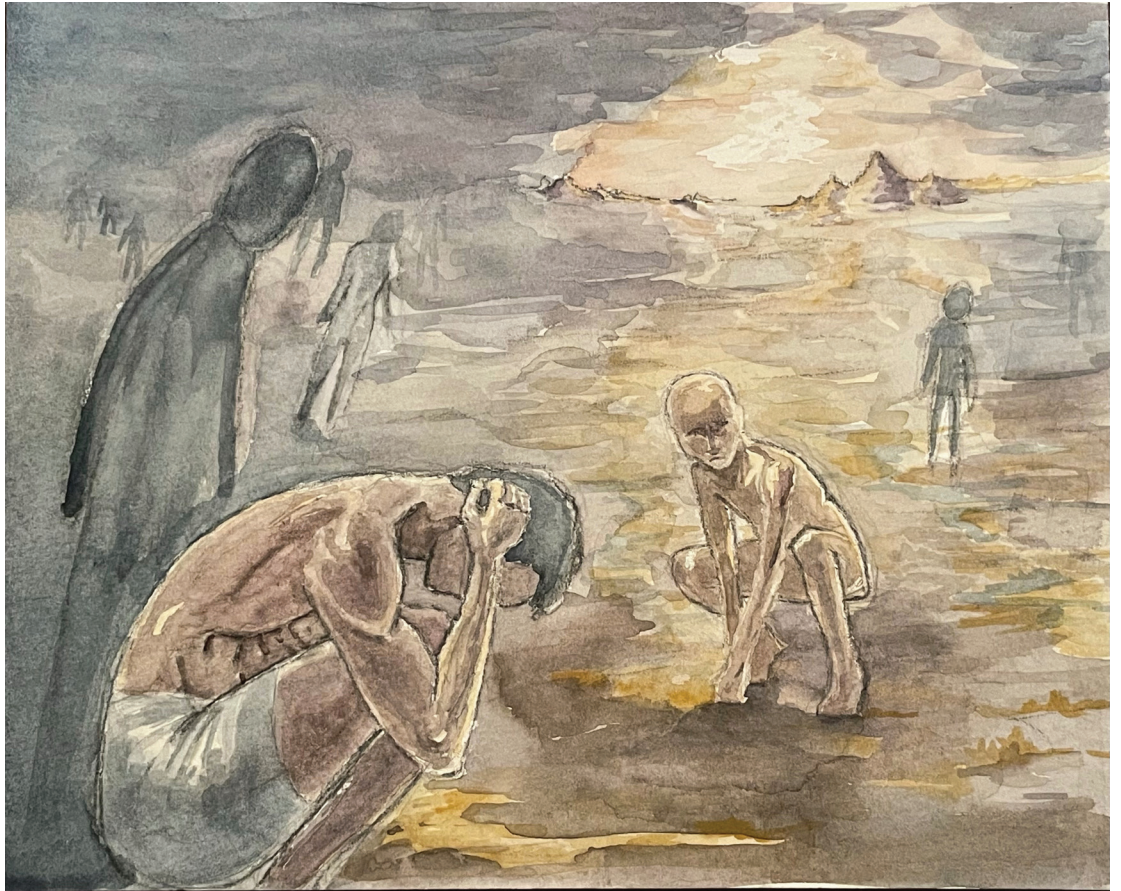
Old Heroes for a New Future

Peter Kemp, Siegfried Müller, and Gustav Krist. For decades these names were little-known and even less appreciated. Today, that is changing thanks to right-wing, anonymous, and independent publishing companies. Mystery Grove, Catacomb Archives, and Agarthia Publishing are not the only ones. Antelope Hill, Tsar Press, and Imperium Press have also resurrected previously out-of-print or hard-to-find books from early twentieth century Europe. Praeda Publishing (@PraedaBooks) is scheduled to be the next to join this illustrious movement. There are many more, including those waiting to be born. Other heroes will join Kemp, Müller, and Krist as old heroes providing a blueprint for the new future. That is the point.

These memoirs are meant to inspire. They show truly masculine men doing daring things against often overwhelming odds. The stories these men tell are worth remembering and emulating. Kemp, Müller, and Krist also serve as reminders about the ever-present threat of communism, and it is not surprising in the least that these publishers have all published these books between 2020 and 2021, when the United States descended into the type of anarcho-tyranny that so often characterizes the first stages of a Red revolution. Much of the propaganda online and IRL would lead any young Western man to believe that a counter-revolution is hopeless. To fight back is to be called nasty names, to be cancelled, to be labeled a non-person worthy of complete ostracization. It has been this way for longer than most can remember. Kemp, Müller, and Krist all

suffered scorn for their ideals, their ethnicity, and their politics. They also faced death multiple times over. Their books are full of close calls with the reaper, but never once do these men seem to falter or wallow in their own misfortunes. Each had an incredible zest for life, real life, which so often includes more heartbreak and struggle than anything else.

The stories of Peter Kemp, Siegfried Müller, and Gustav Krist need to be read, studied, and taken to heart by our young men. They also deserve the attention of supposedly “serious” scholars and pundits, especially those instinctively worried about the current projection of the American state. It is never too late to fight back, and it is never too late to head off into the sun for an adventure. These are often the same, whether the fight is in Albania, the Congo, Samarkand, or somewhere as yet undiscovered. 



Elephant Guy
The Land of the Dead (2021)
Watercolour with Digital Touchups



Robin Williams
Good Guise (2021)
Lacquer and Oil on Paper

THE PARABLE OF GOTHAM

JOSIAH LIPPINCOTT

Superhero movies are mostly garbage. The bloated Marvel franchise with its eye-rolling “snappy” one-liners, bloated CGI budgets, and sprawling storylines exemplifies the state of the genre.

Christopher Nolan’s Batman trilogy, however, is an exception. His films rise to the level of art, dealing with serious themes like civilizational decline, the nature of a democratic people, and the question of tyranny and Caesarism. Even more than a decade after their release, these films retain their literary merit and provide a helpful artistic lens for thinking about our own political crisis.

Modern America is in a state of profound decline. Nearly half of the country believes, with good reason, the last presidential election was stolen. The last two years of COVID panic have brought economic upheaval, an endless state of emergency, and the complete politicization of medicine. Crime is up. Murder-rates have hit an all-time high in a dozen American cities this year. Inflation ratchets upward. The war in Afghanistan revealed that America’s military, “the most powerful in the world,” is a paper tiger incapable of winning wars against third-world tribesmen.

America’s basic infrastructure is breaking down. The blight of boarded up windows, riots, and feces mark our urban centers. Public brawls are now commonplace. So too are “flash robs,”

in which gangs of urban youths stage orchestrated smash-and-grab hits on upscale stores from San Francisco to Minneapolis.

America, like the fictional Gotham, is a regime increasingly dirty and crumbling, her energy and youthful optimism spent. Such times of crisis bring out forces unseen and forgotten in times of peace. Nolan’s films explore those forces. *Batman Begins*, the first movie in the Nolan trilogy, introduces Ra’s al Ghul as the ostensible villain and the leader of the League of Shadows, a subterranean society that audits civilization, and intervenes in times of moral disaster.

Ra’s and the League represent the return of nature and the cleansing fire that sweeps away decadence. In the film, Ra’s al Ghul explains that the League of Shadows is a transhistorical force that always emerges in times of decline in order to put disordered regimes out of their misery. His plan, in the case of Gotham, is to destroy the regime through a fear-inducing airborne toxin. The people dominated by fear and despair will enter into a crazed orgy of violence that will tear the city apart and allow the survivors to start over.

Bruce Wayne – Batman – rejects this solution. He wants no part of the cleansing fire. Instead, he wants to somehow save Gotham from itself—to become the singular man of wealth and power, the prince who reforms the dying

regime through sheer force of will.

Bruce Wayne's rejection of the League of Shadows' mission reveals, however, the problematic character of Batman as a hero. Ra's al Ghul is Wayne's mentor and teacher. He takes him in at his lowest point—as Wayne explores the criminal underworld in hope of finding answers around his parents' murder—and trains him in the martial arts. What Ra's wants most of all is for Wayne to serve as his right-hand man and lead the League of Shadows back to Gotham, to use his influence to lay waste to the entire corrupt system.

As a test of Wayne's commitment to "true justice" Ra's al Ghul tasks him to execute a murderer in front of the League. Wayne refuses. His pity takes over. The murderer, he says, deserves to stand trial. When Ra's Al Ghul points out that a fair trial is impossible—corrupt bureaucrats will prevent justice from being done—Wayne merely shrugs his shoulders and doubles down on his principled stand against unsanctioned killing. Unwilling to participate in the execution, he goes further and saves the murderer's life by attacking Ra's Al Ghul and burning down the League's headquarters.

Bruce Wayne won't execute murderers but he has no problem betraying the men who took him in and trained him, killing some in the process. Problematic indeed.

In Nolan's presentation, Ra's al Ghul comes off far more sympathetically than one would expect. He is right about Gotham. The city is hopelessly corrupt. Its officials, from judges to doctors, openly work with the mob. Violence is the norm. Bruce Wayne's idealistic father tried to make a difference and got murdered for his efforts. When

Wayne confronts Ra's al Ghul later in the film, arguing that millions who would die if the League's plan succeeded, Ra's responds coolly: "Only a cynical man would call what these people have lives. Crime, despair: this is not how man was meant to live."

Bruce Wayne ends up defeating Ra's Al Ghul and foiling his plan, but at great cost. He preserves the corrupt and degenerate regime. His antics as the Batman manage to keep the regime limping along. His theatrical game of dress up attracts a new kind of evil, however.

Ra's Al Ghul was a man with purpose. Brutal and harsh, perhaps, but his aim was, rhetorically at least, justice. The villains that appear in his wake have no such compunctions. *The Dark Knight's* Joker is the pinnacle of this nihilistic evil. The Joker, like Batman, embraces the mask and symbolism.

In the words of Alfred, Batman's butler, "Some men just want to watch the world burn." The Joker goes even further than Ra's al Ghul in revealing the depths of Gotham's degeneracy. The League of Shadows' mission to bring cleansing fire to Gotham mimics the divine justice meted out on Sodom and Gomorrah. In the Biblical account, Abraham asks God to spare Sodom if he finds only ten men righteous men within its borders.

The Joker sets out to prove that no such ten men exist in Gotham. Everything is corrupt, even Batman's own allies like Police Commissioner Jim Gordon. A handful of Gordon's officers turn out to be secret mob informants. The Joker leverages these traitors to help inflict such trauma on Harvey Dent, Gotham's righteous avenging district attorney, that he turns into a murderous psychopath.

The Dark Knight ends with the

main characters telling a series of supposedly noble lies to cover up Dent's misdeeds. Batman and Jim Gordon tell the people of Gotham that he died a hero, not a maniac. Batman takes credit for the deaths Dent inflicted. Alfred burns the note from Wayne's erstwhile girlfriend Rachel Dawes in which she reveals, before her untimely death, that she could never be with Bruce Wayne as long as he remained the Batman.

Gotham is so corrupt that its leaders feel that the only outright lies and propaganda can maintain a semblance of order. They do succeed, but again only at enormous cost. Batman defeats the Joker but must go into hiding. Again, the city limps on, spared of chaos and terror but at the price of a web of lies propping up the delicate peace that emerges in the Joker's wake.

The most famous part of *The Dark Knight* is the ferry scene. At the film's climax the Joker fills two ships, one full of regular citizens and the other full of criminals, with high explosives. He gives both ships the detonator to the other. In a twist of the Prisoner's Dilemma, the crews can choose to blow up the other ship. If neither one acts, then both ships will be destroyed.

Both sets of passengers refuse to destroy the other. It is a scene that Batman uses as evidence of the people of Gotham's good character. But it is an ambiguous conclusion at the least. In the vote taken on the civilian ferry a vast majority elects to blow up the criminals. It is a lack of will that prevents them from acting on that vote, not diehard opposition to the Joker's plans or principled unwillingness to commit murder.

Events earlier in the film make this point even clearer. At one point, the Joker threatens to blow up a hospital if

a certain official isn't executed. A significant portion of the people go wild in their attempt to execute the unfortunate soul. A mob attacks the building where he is held, another man attempts to ram the vehicle carrying him to safety, and even the police officer guarding the man attempts to murder him in cold blood.

Harvey Dent, at another point, (telling another noble lie) claims to be the Batman in order to comply with the Joker's demand that the Batman reveal himself in order to stop the killing. The people clamor for the Joker's will to be done. They are more than happy to betray the man who cleaned up their streets and kept the regime alive at the first sign of trouble. Nolan presents the people of Gotham as finicky, prone to corruption and violence. They are happy to side with terrorists if it means eking out the smallest margin of security.

Compare this degraded populace to the one found in John Ford's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence*, another film that deals with the problem of vigilantism and regime-founding. In that film, the people of the small western town at the center of the film have good instincts but no martial prowess. This is why they are dominated by the notorious outlaw, Liberty Valence. Batman's Gotham is a fundamentally different kind of political order. The people have the use of force but bad character.

This corruption becomes even more clear in the last movie, *The Dark Knight Rises*. When Bane, with a reborn League of Shadows, returns to Gotham, he triggers a political revolution. Reminiscent of the French Revolution, the people, once liberated from the rule of law, immediately turn on each other in an orgy of violence and a brutal reign of terror.

It is noteworthy that Bane only manages to return because of a bumbling CIA. The American government proves powerless to disrupt the nuclear hostage situation he sets up. At one point, Jim Gordon listens to a speech by the American President saying he won't abandon Gotham. Gordon points out, cynically, that this means the city is on its own.

Nolan's presentation of corrupt institutions—from city to national government and extending to the national security state rings true, especially in our time.

That corruption doesn't come out of nowhere either. There is something wrong with the people, the *demos*, out of which the regime is formed. The minute the power of the state disappears, the apparent peace that characterized the time between *The Dark Knight* and *The Dark Knight Rises* disappears. One begins to wonder if Gotham might actually deserve the nuclear hellfire that Bane and his master, Ra's al Ghul's daughter, wish to visit upon it.

There are rays of hope. In the last film, Gotham's police fight back against the terrorists and even prevail in armed conflict. A cowardly character, a minor official who serves as Jim Gordon's right-hand man, displays a change of heart and dies fighting for the city.

Perhaps the Sodom standard of ten good men has been met after all. But one must admit that this is, ultimately, is a low bar.

The series concludes with Bane's defeat and the threat of nuclear holocaust avoided. Bruce Wayne finds a wife and passes on the Batman mantle to an heir. The city honors their caped crusader in public, recognizing at last the service he performed for them. But in the

end, the need for the vigilante prince, for Batman, remains. Gotham needs a man beyond the law to maintain order even after everything Bruce Wayne has done.

Caesarism makes an explicit appearance in the films. Harvey Dent defends the Batman in the second film. He argues that the people, standing by while "scum took over the city," have appointed the Batman as their real leader. Dent goes on to compare the Batman to the dictators that the Roman people appointed to defend their regime in times of crisis. Rachel Dawes points out that the last dictator, Caesar, ended the Republic and replaced it with the empire.

Nolan's films, and their conclusion, is an implicit endorsement of the turn to one-man rule. In times of profound degeneracy and corruption, when the scum takes over, the only solution is the prince. Machiavelli says something similar in *The Discourses on Livy* in Book III Chapter I: "Thus this good [the rejuvenation of the law] emerges in republics either through the virtue of a man or through the virtue of an order." And, it turns out, the virtue of an order also depends on the virtue of singular men or princes.

Even in Republics, Machiavelli acknowledges that there is always a need for dictators and princes. John Locke in *The Second Treatise* echoes this thought. In one of the most influential defenses of republicanism and the separation of powers ever written, Locke provides a surprising endorsement of "prerogative" which he calls the power of the prince to do the public good where the law is "silent" and even "against the direct letter of the law." The good prince, Locke says, cannot ever have too much of this power.

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Dictatorship, of course, has serious flaws. Machiavelli, Locke, and Nolan all know this, and make the problems thematic in their work to various degrees. But all agree that there is a time and place for it. Regimes in decline where the people's character has become corrupt enough simply cannot retain their democratic character and protect the public good at the same time. Vigilantes and Caesars become inevitable. Either that or the cleansing fire.


Returning a corrupt regime to its former glory is no easy task. At a certain point, the Ra's al Ghul solution no longer appears as harsh as letting a regime survive. In Solzhenitsyn's novel *In the First Circle*, a GULAG prisoner named Spiridon prays for the nuclear bombardment of the Soviet regime if that means the vicious tyranny will be obliterated. He is willing even to die in such a strike to ensure the destruction of the USSR's monstrous evil.

A fate similar to Nolan's Gotham potentially presents itself in our own political situation: dictatorship or hellfire. Which way Western Man, indeed.

Decent men may fervently hope that it will not come to such a choice. But in a time of decline, this binary may become inevitable. There is, of course, a third option: the complete rule of scum. The inmates of Arkham Asylum running the West for decades on end, maybe even centuries. The Soviet Union lasted seventy years before it finally imploded. Enough time to ensure the death of millions. The possibility of a beneficent Caesar died with the Tsar, who was brutally murdered by Communist revolutionaries. Nuclear hellfire (in

the form of American warheads) never materialized. Instead, despair, decline, and murderous cruelty reigned supreme until they finally burned themselves out.

Nolan's Gotham is ultimately only a regime in speech. Our reality is different. Outside the coastal urban epicenters of power, the character of the people remains decent and strong. The principles of the American founding, though under assault for over one hundred years, still maintains a powerful hold on the people. Perhaps this is a sign of hope. Maybe we can yet avert a more fundamental political crisis. One must certainly hope for such an outcome. But it will take great courage, foresight, and prudence to find our way out of this decline.

Such virtues are always in short supply, but especially now. It should be the foremost task of every conservative establishment to find them again, wherever they may lie. Now is no time for distractions. We must act if we wish to save the republic and find a way forward. Nolan's artistic vision serves as a powerful warning as to the consequences of failure. 

FRONTIER LIFE & FEATHER LARPING STONE AGE HERBALIST

“Both the Wendats and their Iroquois enemies engaged in warfare largely to garner captives rather than to inflict large losses of life. Wendats aimed to stretch out the captive’s agony as long as possible, starting with the extremities and working toward the vital organs over the course of one, two, or even three days. The prisoner did his best to show no fear of death, singing his war song or mocking his torturers despite unimaginable pain. If the prisoner was especially courageous in dying, the captors would eat his heart so as to gain his bravery. The captors would also sometimes cut incisions in the upper part of their necks and allow some of the dead man’s blood to mingle with their own, again to gain his power. Even if the prisoner was weak and cried out, ritual cannibalism marked the final triumph of the victors over the prisoner.”

To those unaccustomed with even the basics of Native American history, paragraphs like the above might come as a shock. There might be an instinctive revulsion against such barbarity and cruelty perhaps, or maybe defiance and a flaring anger declaring such descriptions the work of Christian missionaries, bent on besmirching peaceful Native cultures. In reality this is a relatively mild-mannered narration of a practice which stretched from the Southern Plains to the Eastern Woodlands. My intention here is not to gloat that Native Americans deserved to be eradicated,

nor to make them into paragons of unusual primitivist lusts, but rather to start a discussion about how and why these cultures have been reduced to t-shirt images and pithy eco-slogans.

It seems to me that Native Americans have been shrunk and crammed into a tiny social box, one which permits them only to be the stoic and long-suffering carriers of some primordial golden age, one where humans lived in harmony with each other and with nature. The real histories and stories of these rich cultures have been largely smothered and homogenised until we are really only familiar with some wrinkled old wise man in a feather headdress.

Growing up I and many others were told this was the result of the march of conservative, right-wing and racist forces in America and that the progressive Left was the guardian and defender of a continent of primitive communism. What I want to show here is how wrong this narrative is, and why we should celebrate the full and troubling truth of Native history. The Left is no longer fit to safeguard these stories, they cannot cope with the overwhelming cold bath of violence, patriarchy, slavery, imperial ambition, genocide, land dispossession and martial celebration which partly characterised so many Native societies. I write this neither in condemnation, nor in exaltation, but as someone keen to see the truth of human nature in all



ET Dale
State of Nature (2021)
Watercolour

its glories and horrors. Native, tribal, Indigenous - these words have become loaded and saturated with an unbearable moral character and it's only right that we strip it away and reconcile with what is beneath. This article is then, in some strange way, a love letter to those cultures which have been warped into something bereft of true dignity, and so I dedicate this to the martial and proud peoples of the Americas.

Creating the 'Ecological Indian'

The phrase '*noble savage*' must rank among the most misunderstood in literary history. Attributed incorrectly to Jean-Jacques Rousseau and used as a label of derision or attack, it originally referred to the 'noble' pastimes of certain male Native Americans, many of whom were free to practice the aristocratic trades of hunting and warfare. Nevertheless it is deployed today to undermine an author who is seen to be overly romanticising the carefree and virtuous life of the 'savage' as opposed to the corruption and hypocrisy of 'civilised' man. Writers and thinkers of all political persuasions have made use of this dichotomy, and it was foremost in many intellectual discussions of the 17th and 18th centuries. Authors such as Louis Armand de Lom d'Arce, baron de Lahontan, who wrote *New Voyages to North America* (1703) enjoyed great success with tales of the rational, calm and balanced Indian who was at one with his environment. Others like James Fenimore Cooper and Ernest Thompson Seton helped create the lasting image of an ancient, magnificent but doomed people who possessed a greater wisdom of the natural world than Europeans ever could.

The anthropologist and ethnog-

rapher Lewis H. Morgan, in his observations of the Iroquois Nation, provided the intellectual grist for Marx and Engels in their development of the idea of '*primitive communism*.' Morgan centred his account around the Iroquoian 'long-house' and the matrilineal system of social organisation. In 1877 he first used the term 'communism in living,' to describe a way of life totally at odds with the voracious and patriarchal colonial societies. His work helped create an image of a collectivist, matriarchal people, freed from the yoke of marriage and private property - a vision which still lives on today in a Rousseau archetype for human flourishing. One which took place before the Fall of property and domination. Engels took this and bolted it to a theoretical framework which insisted on the primacy and fundamental nature of 'communist man,' who must suffer through the stages of History before his place in the sun can return with the dawning of proletarian rule.

The long-term effect of Marxism on anthropology cannot be overstated. Even today it is standard to consider 'economic production' and 'surplus' to be vital components of how egalitarian or hierarchical a society can be. The Marxist logic is ironclad, if a surplus is made, then a ruling class of some form will emerge to manage and appropriate it. This fictional analysis, grounded in the idea that original societies were egalitarian and communist in character, has embedded itself into both Left and Right wing thought. The Left idolises this state of human development, the Right often scorns it. As the development of 'green' and 'ecological' politics has grown through the last century, it has come to place a great moral weight on the supposedly harmonious and virtuous traits

of these primitive cultures. Indigenous people are thought to possess a special wisdom through their more organic and natural connection with the land, as opposed to European civilisations.

Potawatomi botanist Robin Wall Kimmerer provides some standard examples of this mentality on her book *Braiding Sweetgrass*:

“Look at the legacy of poor Eve’s exile from Eden: the land shows the bruises of an abusive relationship. It’s not just land that is broken, but more importantly, our relationship to land... In the Western tradition there is a recognized hierarchy of beings, with, of course, the human being on top—the pinnacle of evolution, the darling of Creation—and the plants at the bottom. But in Native ways of knowing, human people are often referred to as “the younger brothers of Creation.” We say that humans have the least experience with how to live and thus the most to learn— we must look to our teachers among the other species for guidance. Their wisdom is apparent in the way that they live. They teach us by example. They’ve been on the earth far longer than we have been, and have had time to figure things out.”

This has been echoed a thousand times in a thousand different slogans, posters, placards and banners - Native people know better, they are more in touch with the reality of Nature, you, a wicked coloniser, know nothing but greed and theft. Having sprinted through some of the misty-eyed lenses which have distorted the reality of pre-Columbian Native life, we can now turn to some of those harsher truths.

Slavery

Likely no topic can be as incendiary in today’s academia as slavery. More accurately though, this is because, unfortunately, all discussion of slavery is filtered through one particular episode and its consequences. In all probability most remain ignorant of Native American slavery as an institution, how it functioned and how it differed across the continent. The recurring theme of this article will be: ‘it’s a great shame,’ and it is. The total historical blindness to the universality of slavery has made it almost impossible to discuss without a series of normative prescriptions surrounding the manner and tone of debate. In reality, Native cultures widely practiced bonded labour, slavery and war/sexual captivity.

Elsie Francis Dennis, in her three volumes on slavery in the Pacific Northwest (PNW) culture area, wrote:

“Slavery among the Indians of the north-west coast of America is chronicled by every writer who treats at length of the Indians. Early explorers of all nations, who visited the coast and remained long enough to be conversant with the customs of the natives, mention slavery as more or less prevalent. Navigators who remained for any length of time, such as Vancouver, Jewitt and Meares, mention the custom, as do the early fur traders, such as Franchere, Ross Cox, Alexander Henry and employees of the Hudson’s Bay Company. The early missionaries, such as Jason Lee and Dr. Elijah White, mention it in their records.”

This snapshot tells us that the vast PNW territories, covering the nations of the Haida, Tlingit, Kwakiutl, Tsimshian and others, were home to an institutionalised form of human slave exploitation. Slave raiding by the Haida

reached down to the Californian coastline. Some have estimated the numbers of PNW slaves to be up to 25% of the population. Comparable to other civilisations, the PNW cultures also ensured slavery would be a generational institution and often tortured and killed their property during ritual events such as potlatches or erecting new totem poles.

Outside of the PNW there were plenty of other examples. The Plains cultures, such as the Apache, Kiowa, Arapaho and Comanche, all practised slavery of one form or another. Probably the most famous example was the Comanche kidnapping of Cynthia Ann Parker in 1836, who went on in her newly assimilated role, to give birth to Quanah Parker, the last chief of the Comanches. While labour was essential for the Plains way of life, in particular hide scraping and preparation, the intense movement and use of horses meant these societies had very low birth rates, and so kidnapping women to help boost numbers was a common occurrence. Similarly in the North-East, the Iroquois launched a devastating series of 'Mourning Wars' in 1650 against the Huron, Neutrals and Erie. Their numbers had been decimated by new diseases and they went to war with the aim of capturing and forcibly assimilating other Native peoples. A final example of Native slavery and the subsequent academic handwringing around the issue comes from the so-called 'Five Civilised Tribes' of the South-East: the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole. These tribes engaged in widespread chattel slavery of Africans and African-Americans, to work on their plantations and agricultural settlements. A major theme of academic research into this time period has been to place the blame for this

onto the Europeans.

In her book on southern Native slavery, Christina Snyder highlights the complexity of slavery in a kin-based system, such as the Native cultures were, but also gives room for the Cherokee and others to have made their own choices about extending chattel slavery into their own territories. Even allowing such a modicum of agency has provoked the wrath of other scholars, with Kathleen Bragdon writing:

"...this book represents a dangerous trend: Like several other recent histories that focus on the American South, this book erroneously implicates the Native Americans who lived there not only in their own displacement but also in the development of racialized slavery."

The tone here is clear, Native Americans are not and cannot be held responsible for southern plantation slavery, despite fully engaging and extending the practice. As ever, what is key is to deny Native Americans full and complete autonomy over decision making, leaving them forever at the mercy of European colonialism. Despite the fact that the Cherokee have been refusing to admit black descendants of this practice into their tribe for many years, this can only be viewed as the Cherokee 'internalising anti-blackness,' rather than a decision the Cherokee have made for themselves.

Violence

The question of how violent Native American peoples were has undergone a number of dramatic changes over the centuries. Both visions of the 'savage,' as either pacifistic or belligerent

have waxed and waned as circumstances have altered. Today we find ourselves more able to accommodate the realities of violence, torture, aggression and so on, but we still have the legacy of the post-war and 60's era to contend with. In his 1984 book, *Now That the Buffalo's Gone: A Study of Today's American Indians*, author Alvin Josephy describes the Native Americans as "essentially preoccupied with the pursuits of peace" and goes on to bracket Native warfare as a last resort engaged in by a people who feel they have no other choice. I sense that this would be seen as a touch naive today, but for many lay people there is still the impression that Native cultures were far less violent than the European colonists who ultimately won out. Without the space to explore each and every cultural form of warfare in the Americas, it is worth highlighting perhaps a lesser known type of ritual violence - 'Heroic Torture.'

'Heroic Torture' is a term I am inventing for the purposes of describing a phenomenon specific to the North-East Woodlands and Plains Natives. I don't know of any other academic term for it. Tribes such as the Huron, Oneida, Winnebago, Mohawk and Seneca routinely engaged in a practice of torturing war captives, but with the spiritual goal of testing the will and endurance powers of the condemned. The exacting and gruelling details of this have come down to us from multiple first-hand sources, including from Jesuits and other early missionaries. Despite counter moves within academia, the general consensus seems to be that this did occur, and in the manner described.

Typically a war captive would be tied to a tree or scaffold and have their body burnt all over with hot coals, of-

ten by young children. Small splinters of wood could be jabbed into them and set alight. Fingernails could be ripped out and the finger bones smashed and bent into crooked shapes. The intention here was to cause extreme pain, but also to allow the captive the opportunity to face death heroically. Often the prisoner would sing or chant defiant songs, mock his captors and boast about bearing anything they could do to him. The torture could take several days, with the captive taken down, fed and watered and the agony resuming the following day. If he could cope with being flayed, burnt, broken, being scalped alive and hot sand rubbed onto his skull, then he would be granted the mercy of death. Depending on how bravely the man had faced his ordeal, his body might be discarded as so much refuse, or butchered, cooked and eaten by the assembled tribe.

The spiritual test that the condemned faced would potentially ensure his immortality, as his heart and flesh were consumed for their power. But also his name might be sung and remembered, his family informed of his courage during such an unimaginable trial. It's likely that certain accounts have been exaggerated, and no doubt the Jesuit retelling of their executions as a Passion narrative has opened up all such descriptions as potentially false. But given the similarity of accounts from those in contact with the Plains tribes, there is more than a ring of truth to this. The Apache and Comanche in particular were notorious for devising cruel and unusual punishments and executions, including: staking out victims in the burning sun and removing their eyelids, skinning their victims alive, slowly roasting captives over a bed of coals and so on.

Ecology

Probably the greatest moral virtue associated with Native Americans, and more broadly with all Indigenous people worldwide, is their supposedly greater concern for and knowledge of the natural environment. Now clearly there is a *reductio ad absurdum* to dismiss here - obviously tribal peoples who lived by hunting, gathering, fishing, farming and foraging had greater awareness and experience with their ecology. However, the opposing nonsense occurs when environmental and green activists create a false image of Indigenous people as both *morally* and *spiritually* superior, demarcating them as naturally endowed with the quality of ecological vision and foresight. Many argue that their religious and even linguistic systems are better adapted to a holistic and eco-friendly *Weltanschauung*.

In the 1970's, a number of 'Keep America Beautiful' public service announcements showed a weeping stereotypical Native American, visibly upset whenever someone threw rubbish on the ground. The actor, a Sicilian called Espera Oscar de Corti, was known to Hollywood as 'Iron Eyes Cody.' The 'Crying Indian,' as he became known in the announcements, spent his entire career pretending to be of Native heritage. In many ways he is the perfect metaphor for the 'ecological Indian' that he was supposed to represent to the American public, in essence a conjured and fictitious character. In 1997 the anthropologist Shepard Krech III published, *The Ecological Indian: Myth and History*. In this work Krech outlined a number of cases which he felt contradicted the ecological image which the 'Crying Indian' was supposed to embody. From

the overhunting of the megafauna to the mismanaged resources of the Hohokum, from the wholesale destruction of the beaver, to the indiscriminate use of fire - each example serving to build Krech's argument that Native Americans may well have eco-minded religious beliefs, but in practice they could be just as destructive as any other group of people.

Without trying to spitefully dismiss any rationale for Native cultures as sound guardians of their environments - which in many cases they certainly aspire to - the real core of Krech's thesis is not so much how inadequate they are as earth defenders, but that the concept of environment and ecology is so fundamentally Western. Native cosmologies cannot mesh so easily. Traditional Native cosmological and ontological conceptions of nature are not 'rational,' nor are they necessarily even legible to the modern eco-mind. In just one of many examples, during the 2016 Dakota Access Pipeline Protests the tension between the 'scientific' Western green activists and the 'religious' Native protestors could not have been more stark, and yet the whole affair followed a well rehearsed pattern. Claims by the Sioux that the pipeline would interfere with sacred land, disrupt the bonds between people and water - a gift from the 'Great Spirit' - are skillfully converted into a professionalised discourse about water tables and carbon emissions, the concerns of the Sioux relegated to 'sites of religious and cultural importance.' Nevermind that the Sioux have their own prophetic tradition of the White Buffalo Calf Woman, with her dire warnings and sacred objects. In a similar way the Algonquin, who over-exploited the beaver, don't fit neatly into a materialistic analysis of conservation efforts, given

that their traditional approach involved carefully setting aside the bones of the animal for reincarnation, thus ensuring bounties for future generations.

The LARP Continues

My original motivation for this piece was to take aim at a certain kind of modern Native American, one I think is guilty of LARPing (live action role playing). As outlined above, various tenets of the fictional Indian are simply wrong. There is no justification for viewing Native cultures as *especially* peaceful, anti-slavery or even ecological, by Western categories. Yet what has happened, perhaps predictably in some ways, is that Native people have been subject to two powerful cultural forces: One that has created a 'Pan-Indian' identity and the other which has foisted onto them every binary opposite of the wicked West that the Left holds to be true. Thus the new 'good Injun' is matriarchal, peaceful, wise, ecologically minded, stoic, long suffering, resists violence, is culturally opposed to domination in all forms, a more natural parent, instinctively anti-homophobic, anti-transphobic and anti-consumerist. This burden, placed onto them by liberal Westerners, has resulted in some very strange new ideas being presented as tradition.

The term 'Two-Spirit' has slipped into modern American parlance, along with the dazzling new identities of the LGBTQIA2S++ movement. Few challenge its position as the 'Native' equivalent of some kind of queer non-conformist and curiously exotic persona. Even fewer know that the term 'Two-Spirit' was created by several gay white men with little to no input from the Native American community, such as it is. In


1990, the third annual Native LGBT conference, held in Winnipeg, introduced the term and projected its authenticity backwards in time by translating it into Ojibwe (*niizh manidoowag*). This translation is often given as the 'original' definition. The inventors of the term, most likely Will Roscoe and Harry Hay, belonged to the hippy gay group 'Radical Faeries' who partly define themselves as a "non-Native community that emulates Native spirituality." In the decades following the conference, 'Two-Spirit' has been deemed the formal inheritor of anthropological descriptions of gender non-conforming behaviour observed over the past few centuries in North America.

This co-option of complex and socially contingent phenomena goes to my point exactly. The individual and unique facets of different Native tribes have been glossed over in favour of a general civil rights movement with an explicitly left-wing agenda, one which casts the Native peoples as *always* having been on the side of the modern progressive Left. In a similar way, the ecological concerns now positioned as an eternal Native philosophy have been pushed onto, and adopted by, Native tribes as an explicitly political project. To quote Adrian Tanner's review of Krech:

"Whether or not Indian groups historically acted with environmental responsibility, the contemporary claim that they are, by their nature and heritage, 'ecological' is also part of their counter-hegemonic political ideology. Another study that has looked for the origins of 'Mother Earth', a concept related to that of the Ecological Indian, concludes it first appeared in the context of nineteenth century aboriginal political discourses with whites. Krech's data seem to concur with

those of Gill that it was relatively recently and by comparison to whites that they began to explicitly attribute 'closeness to nature' to themselves."

A Few Thoughts

The caveat I gave at the beginning of this piece still stands - I don't wish to see Native Americans disappear or stand condemned as uniquely troublesome people; they are not. My position remains that human nature, by and large, generates the same tendencies towards violence and expansion and I wish to see the moral flagellation over this lessened. It is a shame that many Native people see allying themselves to the forces of progressive modernity as a way to bolster and make visible their plight. Certainly in comparison to other minorities in America, the Native people have received a raw deal in recent decades. Their representation in pop culture and mass media is tragically low and the burgeoning influx of white Americans looking to assuage their guilt by identifying as Natives on the census should be resisted. Equally though I don't wish to patronise their decisions, and if the future of Native Americans is as a token mascot and battering ram for the Left, then it's up to them to decide their fate. For myself I wish only to see truth prevail and for a glorious recovery of the dynamic, bellicose and vital energies which once dominated the plains, the coasts, the woodlands and the valleys. 



Fen de Villiers
Breakthrough (2021)
Clay Sculpture



ET Dale

Oh Beasts O' Burden (2021)

Watercolour & Ink with touches of Oil Pastel

IN DEFENSE OF CONSPIRACY THEORIES LOMEZ

To be honest, I do not like the term conspiracy theories. It is, much like its cousin-term “misinformation,” denotatively meaningless. These terms are rhetorical cudgels to delegitimize whatever ideas and beliefs the speaker using them does not like. That is all. Richard Weaver called such language “devil terms.” If you drill down on what is meant by conspiracy theory, its distinct elements as a category of belief, how conspiracy theories are operatively different from other kinds of narratives that attempt to explain the causes of various events and circumstances, you will find nothing there. The edges bleed out; the center is empty.

But I am also not interested in a semantic fight over definitions. This is a stupid game played mostly by the dishonest and the pedantic. They do this with Critical Race Theory for instance. It is said not to exist, or else only narrowly apply to an abstruse legal theory for which no one making claims under its rubric ever has to account. Define “dishonest.” Define “pedantic.” Whoever plays this game you can safely ignore.

So let’s stipulate for the sake of this discussion that conspiracy theories are a type of narrative that you know when you see it. They posit shadowy forces lurking behind the scenes, choreographing the grand spectacle of geopolitical life toward malevolent ends. Conspiracy theories assign intentionali-

ty to what may seem on the surface to be random or spontaneous. They are often inflected by a schizo-autistic kind of inductive reasoning, the “paranoid style,” as Richard Hofstadter put it. They may have an eschatological or revolutionary bent, and sometimes overlap with apolitical folk beliefs about the supernatural and the occult.

The principle feature of conspiracy theories, above all else however, is that they defy mainstream narratives. There is an official version of events, supported by the evidence as interpreted by “credible” experts, and then there are conspiracy theories. That’s the basic dichotomy. Take for example 9/11, and the two conflicting theories about what happened that day. In both versions a cabal of covert agents planned and executed an unprecedented attack on the United States requiring prolonged secrecy and improbable logistical complexity. At the center of one version is George W. Bush. At the center of the other version is Osama bin Laden. Both versions are theories about a conspiracy. But what makes the former a “conspiracy theory,” and not the latter, is that the former is not the explanation of events favored by officialdom, of the broad set of people and the institutions we might call epistemic authorities. It is not supported by the preponderance of known evidence, or of the usual process of postulation and verification. It is not sup-

ported by the 9/11 Commission Report, or NIST's peer-reviewed report about the collapse of the World Trade Center towers. It is not, frankly, supported by common sense either, at least at the level of its most popularly articulated details. While I do not intend to debate whether 9/11 Trutherism has merit or not (of certain particulars and of certain "directional" suspicions, versions of it definitely do have merit), I mean only to say that it is not the official explanation. Therefore, it is a "conspiracy theory."

Conspiracy theories exist, in other words, to the extent they exist as a coherent category of ideas at all, outside the Overton Window. And it is for this reason that conspiracy theories are worthy of our attention and have much potential epistemic and discursive value. What lies beyond the Overton Window is, after all, the intellectual landscape we (and I mean just about anyone reading this) inhabit. This is our home turf. We come here on the premise that there is truth and story and belief of great value to be mined where the light of officialdom does not shine. Conspiracy theories are a major part of this territory and we ought not neglect them.

This is not to say that conspiracy theories, or conspiratorial thinking are all together positive. Eugyppius (<https://eugyppius.substack.com/>), who has done a lot of very good writing about the pandemic, has rightfully warned about the danger of conspiranoid fantasies that presume our elites to be smart enough and competent enough to bend the world to their will. The elites are instead as retarded as they are malevolent. I have long said there is no one at the wheel and this is borne out over and over again in the many failures and desperate measures these elites are forced

to take in order to prop up their increasingly fragile hold on power.

Conspiracism, taken too far, makes the mistake of believing the people and forces arrayed against us are omnipotent. This is not so unlike Hoteps ascribing all adverse circumstances of black people to the Whiteman's tricknology. It is a totalizing belief system that is both obviously false and also reduces the field of potential action to zero. It enfeebles the believer to a state of passive submission. It is cope. It also reveals the believer to be incapable of formulating skepticism proportionate to the middling ability and cunning we know these would-be conspiratorial overlords actually possess. Consider the meme of the slick CIA field agent you know from spy movies juxtaposed with the image of Eggman McMulfyn with his sweaty Gap shirt and moron smile. This is the same basic idea. The elites are in reality farcical imitations of the genius Masters of the Universe they believe themselves to be and how they exist in the imagination of the Reddit conspiranoid.

Understood with these caveats in mind, conspiracy theories, even obviously false ones, still have several useful functions. For one, properly deployed, they exist in the difficult to parse middle-ground between genuine belief and absurdist humor that is critical for dissident thought. They operate as a kind of playful esotericism in this way. Some may resent the need for esotericism since it concedes a subaltern position, but is nonetheless an important tactic to confound and expose outsiders while also allowing the exchange and testing of ideas in a liminal, non-committal space. When BAP says that Honduras does not exist, or when Alex Jones laments the interdimensional globalist reptiloids feed-

ing off adrenochrome in the basement of Comet Ping Pong, these claims are simultaneously metaphorical and literal, at least for those who know how to decode them. The normie, the bugmen, and the midwit cannot understand. They cannot comprehend how such claims are either funny or true, and never both. They are left outside the circle of participatory, bottom-up storytelling and humor through which our beliefs and attitudes about the world are given space to breathe. Maybe it is helpful to think of this as a form of encryption, for which only insiders have the key.

There is a second meta-function of conspiracy theories which, when earnestly approached, is that they provide a kind of training ground for effective participation in the broader arena of ideas—that is by sharpening one’s argumentative and story-telling capabilities. There is a misconception that trading in conspiracy theories is like playing tennis without a net, and certainly some are prone to a Dadaist take on these subjects, but to do them well, to do them in a way that engages an audience, one must operate under a set of fairly severe constraints. There are rules. The first is that any good theory must have explanatory power. The more improbable the conspiracy, the more difficult this is to achieve. It requires the conspiracy theorist to call upon all of his historical knowledge and analytical know-how. This is what Loki Julianus does so well, for example. He is a great master of obscure recall. Then, making these explanations compelling, which is the second constraint, requires not just the knowledge and analysis to produce the explanation, but the rhetorical artistry to frame these ideas in an interesting way. They must jar the audience out of their

prior beliefs, if only slightly. They must reconstitute events and motives while still cohering to a larger historical view.

Doing this well also makes one attuned to the discursive tactics and loose accounting of facts that increasingly characterizes mainstream narratives. One learns to recognize the conspiratorial style wherever it exists, and can develop appropriate responses, and learn to identify for others how such narratives are shaped and maintained. It is not a coincidence that the schizoid right-wing sphere, steeped in conspiracism themselves, were so early to call out the lies being told about Wuhan Flu or Russiagate or the election, which all required a strained conspiratorial narrative to be convincingly sold to the normie, and for which the normie has become increasingly skeptical. Conspiracism is good intellectual hygiene.

Much in the memespace functions like this—as discursive practice. But one must be wary of depending too heavily on crypto-irony or quasi-belief as a mode of politics. There is the leftist tendency to revel in transgression or absurdism for the sake of these things alone. Conspiracy theories can be a trap when they are used only for this end. If you ever listen to the TrueAnon podcast you will know what I mean. This is a Chapo extended universe spin-off show, with the same renegade pretensions and appealing to the same out-of-work humanities academic audience. In this context, conspiracy theories are used to counterbalance the host’s and the audience’s otherwise self-serious and maudlin politics, so you get this manic, clownish kind of talk that is constantly expressing histrionic surprise and glee at itself for exposing the secrets of the arcanum. But it is all rather dull. Inev-

itably it turns into a first-year PoliSci section with the “cool” TA doing Howard Zinn tier “secret history” reading of the syllabus. This sort of thing. It is only ever safe conspiracies, the known unknowns, nothing that could ever shock the listener into rethinking her assumptions. The point is never to test or produce knowledge, but to affirm oneself as (superficially) transgressive while still being safely within the confines of acceptable belief.

This is a trivial, kitsch style of conspiracism, more affectation than an earnest attempt at understanding, and as it is merely a kind of intellectual dress or fashion it neglects conspiracism’s larger practical utility. And here is the final point about why it is so vital not to abandon these kinds of ideas as capable of uncovering truth about the world. It is perhaps fair to assume that in a more functional society, where an adversarial press can be relied upon to hold powerful interests accountable, and where that power is diffuse across many competing institutions, the likelihood for successful conspiracies is rather low, and therefore conspiracy theories do not offer much benefit in the way of producing actionable information. But that is not the society we live in, not now and perhaps not ever. The press actively suppresses information that is detrimental to the very same people it ostensibly must hold to account. And on the flipside it constructs fake conspiracies, whether it is white supremacy or the fascist Putler overthrow of the Republic, to demonize whatever segment of the population opposes their interests. Meanwhile, the press aside, the competing institutions that ought to moderate themselves through self-interest have almost totally fallen capture to the same globohomo

ideology and agenda. One might say this view of the situation is itself a conspiracy theory, but I take the situation to be largely self-evident.

In any case, I do not think I have to prove to this audience that the press, the deep state, academia, woke capital, Big Tech, etc.—virtually the entirety of our sense making institutions—have demonstrated the ability and willingness to shape narratives and produce outcomes that comport to globohomo cultural and political preferences. Again, as a reminder to an earlier point, do not mistake this for total control, or supernatural omnipotence. Never forget that these people are retarded. But what these present conditions suggest is that our leaders and their media lapdogs will be more willing to carry out actual conspiracies, what we might call “ops,” coordinated efforts of various kind and degree for which there will only be scant evidence available, in order to achieve their aims. They will do this NOT because they don’t think they will get caught—this is an obsolete view of conspiracy theories, that they are unlikely precisely because they will be found out—but rather because even if and when they do get caught, they will pay no consequences for it. Their perfidy is immune to punishment, since the very institutions capable of meting out that punishment are themselves a part of the conspiracy (or anyway, share its goals).

This view of things does not require or even imply a centralized plan of action. All of this can be done via well-aligned incentives and genuine and organic commitment to a set of preferences shared by the people who are selected into these roles precisely because they are the kind of people who will passive-

ly comply. To put this very simply and plainly: Conspiracism is legitimate because conspiracies are becoming an ever more salient feature of our social and political organization.

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There is a very good recent book by Tom O'Neill about the Manson murders called "Chaos" that provides an instructive coda to the points being made here. O'Neill set out to write a straightforward history of the Tate-Labianca murders but soon found himself following a bizarre thread of largely unexamined evidence that credibly implicated the CIA, various mysterious figures associated with Manson, experimental LSD treatment facilities with ties to the MK-Ultra program, and other coincidences that made the official narrative of the event almost certainly a cover for something else. O'Neil became obsessed, devoting his life to this story for the better part of a decade, attempting to unravel it all and discover the dispositive smoking gun that might finally explain what actually happened that night and who knew what and why. But he never quite gets there. The final answer is always just out of reach, hidden from view, in a file that was accidentally shredded in a Langley basement, or in a tape-recorded testimony that freakishly goes blank for three minutes right at the point the critical question is finally asked.

This is the ultimate lesson of conspiracy theories. They rarely ever can be proven. The conspiracy theorist must reconcile himself to uncertainty, to a glimpse at the face behind the veil, but never the full visage. And that is okay. It is enough to know that what meets the eye is not all there is. The story is almost

always deeper and more complex than what is told to us by officialdom, and the people at the center of it have names, perhaps 500 of them. They can be found, and they can be held to account. And it is within our capacity, even if we can never get our hands on the Confidential document that confesses their grand designs (and such a document almost surely does not exist), to sort the chaff, to dig, and to probe, and uncover what was meant to be left in the dark. 🐾

LANDLINE STORIES IN A SMARTPHONE WORLD ZERO HP LOVECRAFT

Seraphim Rose and the Occult Stack

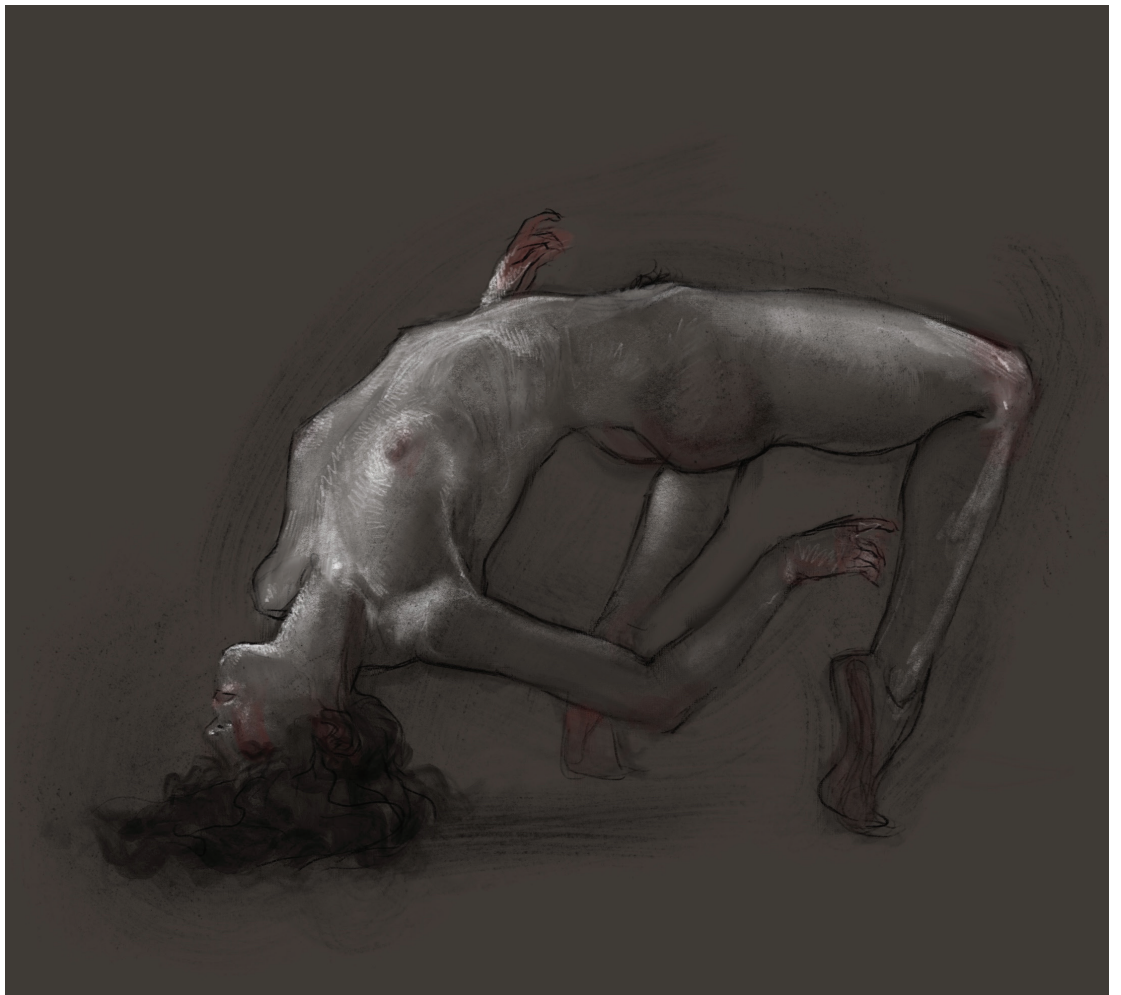
In 1975, Hieromonk Seraphim Rose wrote a book called *Orthodoxy and the Religion of the Future*, where he identified a list of sci-fi tropes which correspond to “the everyday reality of occult and demonic experience through the ages,” and the “standard claims of sorcerers and demons.” These tropes include: communication by telepathy, ambition to fly, materialize or dematerialize, traveling at speeds beyond any existing technology, the ability to transform the appearances of things by means of pure thought, and a philosophy which is beyond all religions, where intelligence is not dependent on matter. We will refer to Rose’s list as the occult stack.

Rose thought the first science fiction was Mary Shelley’s *Frankenstein*, or the stories of Poe (e.g., *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*; *The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Pfallor*) and he highlights these authors because their occult influences and their influence on later sci-fi are both evident. But if Rose had known more about science fiction, he might have mentioned *Somnium*, Johannes Kepler’s 1608 novel about a journey to the moon. The book contained speculations about space travel, methods for breathing on the moon, and xeno-astronomy, and it makes Rose’s case even better than his own suggestions, because Kepler’s astronauts are carried

to the stars by literal demons.

This seeming paradox is central to science fiction; we think science is the apex of “rational” materialist thought, but sci-fi takes inspiration from magic and occultism, because it explores how technology might let us bend or break the rules of the world we inhabit. It’s undeniable that sci-fi draws from the occult to imagine fantastical science, but the attempt to condemn it on these grounds fails, because the real first sci-fi novel was the Book of Revelation. John of Patmos described a future government which, in conjunction with Satan, implemented a universal credit score system, where trade was only permitted to people who were cybernetically enhanced with a cryptographic hash, signed with the private key of the anti-christ.

The method of Revelation was the same as *Somnium*: it married occult power to then-current technology to imagine a novel system of social control, delivering a version of James C. Scott’s thesis in *Seeing Like a State*: governments impose schemes of regularization on their citizens to make them more legible to their organs of rent extraction. The dystopia at the end of the Bible has been realized many times, so often that we now think credit scores are mundane. It might be that our predecessors were correct to fear them, but it’s impossible to make an objective evaluation of that



Matthew the Stoat
A Maenad (2019)
Digital

to which you are accustomed.

It is curious that the elements of the occult stack can be found in witchcraft, Buddhism, psychedelic drug use, new ageism, UFO encounters, and science fiction, but attributing all of this to demons is exactly as reductive and parochial as dismissing all supernatural forces a priori. These domains of discourse cross-pollinate each other in ways that are innocent of sinister motives; adherents of the new age movement were living through the upstroke of a period of dizzying technological advance, wherein powers previously relegated to fantasy were becoming reality. The green revolution yielded a world of agricultural post-scarcity. Air travel became ubiquitous. The chemistry of plastics let us conjure previously impossible materials. Through computer simulation, we really could “manifest our will” in a virtual space.

In fact, most of the elements in the occult stack are reasonable objectives in their own right, because they have obvious utility, and the view of these advances as demonic is predicated on a popular, lazy pessimism regarding technology. “Ambition to fly” is a compelling idea that occurs to anyone who has ever seen a bird. What kind of spiritual cripple, what goblinous wretch of the soul has never looked to the sky and imagined the ecstasy and freedom of flight? Angels have wings, but Rose insists this desire is demonic.

As is so often the case, the only objectionable entries on Rose’s list are the strictly philosophical ones, and this is a common mistake: to conflate bad philosophy with good actions, when neither is contingent on the other. Seraphim Rose presented a thesis that the occult stack is the foundation of a new

religion encompassed by the tropes he identified. And indeed, we have a new religion, but it has nothing in common with the occult stack. Rose’s predictions have not come true, and they won’t, because Rose made the classic futurological mistake: he extrapolated from a passing fad into a stable institution.

Peter Thiel and the Decline of Scientific Optimism

It’s rare to read about aliens advocating post-religion these days, even rarer to find a sci-fi story about telepathy, because antiracism and smart phones perform the same roles, respectively. The tropes in the occult stack no longer strike us as occult because we have added them to our mundane reality. And we have seen that these technologies create new problems as we find ourselves in a mismatch to our environment of evolutionary adaptedness. It is no longer a great leap of imagination to propose magical technologies for communication, space travel, or biological engineering. Instead, our hardest challenge is to envision a future where we do not fall victim to their externalities.

Peter Thiel claims we are in an era of technological stagnation, and this is evident in the decline of scientific optimism and the rise of dystopianism in science fiction. We can be certain technological development has stagnated; our total civilizational energy consumption has flatlined since the 1980s, (one thinks of the Kardashev scale) but the idea that dystopian themes are rising bears more scrutiny.

Culturally, the failure of an imagination, a different future, is seen in science fiction: if you look at all the science fiction films in the last quarter-century,

they show technology that's dystopian, that doesn't work, that kills people. So you can choose between the *Terminator* or *The Matrix* or *Avatar* or maybe *Elysium*. And that does not portray a future that's radically different and better. *The Jetsons* are a completely reactionary aesthetic at this point. (Thiel)

Identifying the dominant current in science fiction is as much an aesthetic as a quantitative judgement. We could count all the works of sci-fi produced, give them each a dystopia score, and try to figure out if dystopianism is increasing or decreasing. We could note if the enemy is man or machine. But this quantitiveness misses the forest for the trees; to evaluate a story as dystopian requires moral judgements. Wikipedia (inferior younger brother of wiki-feet) lists eight dystopian claims about technology, of which number three is "technology reinforces hierarchies" (no one ever even tries to explain why this is bad). Even if we strike this dubious moral claim from the list, it casts doubt onto the whole approach.

Dystopia is the oldest modality in science fiction. In Shelley's *The Last Man* (1826), a pandemic nearly wipes out humanity, though the technological drama is that science and medicine were ineffective, rather than overreaching. Even Poe tried his hand at the genre, publishing his underwhelming story *Mellonta Tauta* in 1849. Throughout the 20th century, we have such famous examples as *Brave New World* (1932), *That Hideous Strength* (1945), *1984* (1949), *Fahrenheit 451* (1953), *Minority Report* (1956), *Harrison Bergeron* (1961), *I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream* (1967), *High-Rise* (1976), and on and on. One thing we notice about these dystopias is that the badness of the place derives less from the negative

consequences of technology itself, and comes instead from the stifling of technology, or of knowledge, or of secular humanism more generally.

In 1984, the party uses technology to monitor and control its own members. This was no future prediction, but a stylized retelling of actual life in Soviet Russia. In *Fahrenheit 451*, the problem is that they burn all the books. In *Harrison Bergeron*, the doctrine of social equality is taken to its logical conclusion. The futurism is secondary to the diagnosis of social problems. In contrast, Thiel's more recent examples seem to point to a change in the character of dystopian sci-fi. In *Terminator*, *The Matrix*, and *Avatar*, the antagonist is the machine itself, technology itself. This change of character seems to track with the collapse of the occult stack; once the technology was realized, the philosophy could no longer attach to the promise of a better future. Scientism is now permeated by manic denialism regarding its failures, and the only place honesty leaks out is in popular sci-fi.

The dirty secret of all dystopias is that they are always anchored in the present moment, though they are set in the future or the past. If sci-fi has grown more dystopian, it's because it's not an engine of hope for the future, it's an engine of reflection for the present, and the technological world itself has grown dystopian. We have seen the dark tradeoffs of every new technology from the past century. Plastics, miracle materials that can take any shape or color or texture, are so cheap that the world is now flooded with mountains of durable garbage. Runoff from pharmaceuticals pollutes our water and contaminates our bodies. The technology we use to talk to our friends also traps us in an automat-

ed global panopticon. Software tools for artists let them achieve any conceivable vision, and make it impossible to trust any image or video. Cheap international travel spreads novel pandemics to the whole world in a matter of weeks.

You have heard the claim that everything is getting better all the time, that there is less disease, less violence, less death, more food, more prosperity and so on. These claims feel hollow to us because we can see the aesthetic and spiritual decay all around us, and we know aesthetic decay is not captured in the metrics of our managerial overlords, with their narrow attempts to quantify the good. The truth is every technology has its costs and downsides, and the marketing brochures don't mention that. When we first discover the negatives of technology, we may feel betrayed; many do recover from this, suffering something akin to Paris Syndrome, the culture shock that Japanese tourists feel when the grubby realities of the city fail to live up to their romantic ideals of it. Seraphim Rose's proto-satanic-panic finds an eager audience because technology and modernity are obvious, lazy scapegoats for the pervasive discontent in the human condition.

In times of peace, the man of war attacks himself, and we attack technology because of the peace they grant us. The dangers of technology, which are legion, are the thrill of holding power; they will always be dangerous because power is dangerous. There is no spiritual difference between the bugman who uses technology to soften every hard edge in the world and the luddite who believes technology is bad because it creates hard edges. With this understanding, it becomes even more critical to recognize the benefits of technology, because we

are so ready to blame it for our problems, all of which long predate technology. The shackles of the digital panopticon also give us tremendous intellectual freedom; we can learn anything about any place or time in the world with a few keystrokes. We can read the greatest works of philosophy or poetry for free, and instead most of us choose to watch videos of undulating women.

It is a cliché, but it's also true: a poor craftsman blames his tools. If aesthetic and spiritual decay are upon us, we must examine ourselves.

Douglas Adams and the Semi-Orthogonality of Social and Scientific Progress

Douglas Adams coined the term "zeerust" to denote the condition where future technological development is portrayed without accounting for its concomitant social changes. In fact his definition was: the particular kind of datedness which afflicts things that were originally designed to look futuristic. But mine is better.

We are living in a smartphone world and most authors are still writing landline stories. Many classic plots rely on a mechanism where vital information cannot be conveyed in time to avert calamity, or on the difficulties of being lost, or on the discovery of hidden things in common places. The internet (i.e., telepathy) has rendered all of these plots obsolete, because communication is now instantaneous, because everyone has a GPS device in their pocket, and because social media flattens the social landscape and positions all secrets and all cultures in the same plane of immanence. Plots about information traveling too slow are anachronistic. Plots where

people fail to act as if we have these tools are zeerustic.

The canonical example of zeerust is when old sci-fi movies have in-world ads for fifties housewives using atomic cleaning products, ostensibly because the fifties housewife is now an extinct species of woman, to the point that many now question whether she ever existed at all. Even if she did exist, she is now verboten as a demographic; we are only permitted to portray her as an object of pity, or as an ironic deconstruction of femininity. But the atomic housewife is a terrible instance of the form, because there is nothing about atomic power, space travel, or any other industrial technology that necessarily engenders women's "liberation." (Just as there is nothing about airplanes that necessitates a philosophy beyond all religions.)

A better example is that people in Star Trek have access to holodecks and FTL communication channels, but they conduct most of their conversations face-to-face. This isn't even still true in the world of wireless internet and webcams. Star Trek communicators are zeerustic because a change in communication technology will inevitably produce changes in communication norms. Moreover, if there is a moral aspect to this change, it is the opposite of emancipatory. It's neither a bug nor a feature, merely a fact: every digital communication system is always inexorably a digital surveillance system.

When we look at sci-fi today, we see a field almost entirely composed of zeerust; anyone can imagine smaller microprocessors or quantum hyperflangulators because they're all in our noetic water supply, but the modal authors lack the sensitivity to even capture

our present social conditions, let alone hypothetical futures. As a result, most plots are stuck in the early 20th century. No one knows how to tell a story about industrial post-scarcity, let alone instantaneous anywhere-to-anywhere communication. To create a portrayal of future technology that avoids zeerust, the minimum requirement is to capture the social conditions of the current year.

The parochialism of the average writer is nowhere more evident than in the narrowness of their moral imagination, which can only conceive of one kind of social change. The only concept of social development that current year futurists can articulate is one where norms are more sexually libertine, entailing less individual responsibility for any moral outcome, and in particular less responsibility or connectedness to one's family. This spiritual paucity is called progress, and its defining feature is its belief that all prohibitions on behavior are wicked, and that moral and spiritual development are constituted chiefly of the lifting of all restrictions. Anywhere progress finds a rule, or a rulemaker, or a ruler, it sees "a system of oppression" which must be dismantled.

Technological developments do precipitate social change, but it doesn't work in the abstract way that Obamanian moral-arc-of-history-believers imagine. Developments in agriculture change the way we eat. Developments in communication change the way we meet. Developments in reproductive suppression change the way we skeet. The progressive contention is that there is a deeper paradigm of social change that underlies all merely surface level advances, and that morality advances in the same way as technology, and that both forms of advancement are inevita-

ble and somehow even coterminous in a virtuous upward spiral, where greater levels of freedom and equality cause greater levels of scientific progress cause greater levels of freedom and equality.

Not only is there “no evidence” for the progressive theory of techno-moral inter-causality, there is substantial evidence against it. The British Royal Society, once the most prolific scientific organization in the world, flourished in Victorian England, while consisting entirely of white men, during the zenith of Anglo sexual repression. (Ignore Foucault’s National Enquirer tier ‘scholarship’ to the contrary.) If the progressive hypothesis were true, we would expect the rate of scientific discovery to increase as sexual norms relaxed, but the opposite has occurred.

If any organization rivalled the early Royal Society, it might be the Manhattan Project, which also happened entirely before the Civil Rights Act, the Hart-Celler act, *Griggs v. Duke Power*, before second wave feminism, before the mainstreaming of homosexuality. If the progressive hypothesis were true, these changes should have brought an age of unimaginable scientific advancement. But somehow America, the most progressive nation on earth, the epicenter of racial and sexual emancipation, no longer even builds its skyscrapers as high as 20 years ago. We don’t build high speed rail, we retired our commercial supersonic jets, we manufacture vaccines that barely work, and something like half of our scientific research can’t be replicated.

Thiel’s famous quote is that we were promised flying cars, but we got 140 characters. Well I am telling you that 140 characters was a genuine innovation compared to what came after it. We were

promised flying cars, and instead we got puberty blockers and government-subsidized PrEP. Social progressivism is an attempt to cope and soothe ourselves into accepting the pervasive technological stagnation of the current year, a consolation prize for the technological development that has failed to manifest, and it terrorizes as many people as it comforts.

Three Doors: Roddenberry, Greer, and One Who is to Come

Science fiction is hyperstition, the fiction that makes itself true. In the current year, SCIENCE is the name of a church that inverts the motto of the British Royal Society; where scientists once proclaimed “take no one’s word,” Scientists (big S) now command us to “trust the science.” The former motto gave us antibiotics and rockets, the latter has brought mask mandates and genital affirmation surgeries, a procedure in which one denies one’s sex.

The old science, small s, really is an epistemology so powerful that we mistake it for magic. Everyone knows the Arthur Clarke quote. But the truth is that deductive reasoning is a form of time travel, even at its most quotidian; it’s an eye that can see the future. Students of the occult will tell you that human intellect is a vain accessory to the ultimately demonic origins of technological innovation, but they have it backwards: the third eye is a primitive fetishization of the intellect, not the other way around, and now that the church of Science has reached the asymptote of its corruption, this primitive way of regarding the world is returning. If God made man in His image, and endowed us with intellect, then the cultivation of

the mind is a part of the journey towards God, and occult conceptions of these things are anemic parodies, pale shadows.

Predictiveness is the barometer of scientific knowledge because it's an honest accounting of the success of deductive time travel. But time travel is never quite linear; by knowing the future, we enable it to reach back and transform the present. But for the future to have power over the present, it must be different to the present, and Thiel suggests there are exactly three possible doors to a different future.

Behind the first door is the path we are on now, and it leads to a communist AI world; the big eye of Sauron that will be watching you at all times in all places. It is the path to the total apotheosis of the state into mother, father, priest, doctor, and lover. The only value in this state is emancipation, which is a particular kind of freedom: the freedom of a child, freedom from responsibility, from the pain of adulthood and obligation. This is the world of social cooling, where people are no longer comfortable having sincere interactions with each other, because they are always watched through their phones by a fickle mob and a paranoid state. In this world, everyone's spirit is eroded away, until we are all soft, squishy, HR-approved blobs. In the name of individuality, all individuality will be destroyed. Communist AI world seems to be an attractor in the space of technological development. No one even has to try to build it; it's the default option when you build ubiquitous pocket computers with high speed telephony.

There is no mere advancement in technology that can break us out of the Eye of Sauron death spiral, though it

may appear so: every new technological frontier brings with it an initial phase of free-wheeling, spontaneous order. I have no doubt that when cars first became popular (vs. horses), pundits wrote paeans to the new mobility that would decentralize towns and cities. Whether we are talking about combustion engines, 3D printers, internet access, or cryptocurrency, flows of energy and capital always form networks where traffic is distributed according to a power laws, where the main center of activity is an order of magnitude bigger than the secondary center, which is an order of magnitude bigger than the tertiary center, etc. In China, the possession of this centrality is known as *Tianming*, the mandate of heaven. The fantasy of the decentralized world is a utopian eschatology almost as naive as the fantasy of the harmonious workers' paradise; the former is the mythical final triumph of markets over people, and the latter is the mythical final triumph of people over markets.

Behind the second door is the green movement, where we deliberately retard and restrain our use of technology and energy. This is supposed to be an alternative because, instead of slowly slouching towards future #1 and lamenting our stagnation, we embrace stagnation and pretend it was for the sake of "the environment," as if the environment isn't a place of infinite cruelty, predation, storms, floods, diseases, parasites and meteors. The green movement is a total capitulation to the elder gods of nature, it is defeat and defeatism, tempting only in the way that the grave is tempting. I may draw the ire of my friends for saying this: if you choose this you are a faggot.

Maybe you know the parable of the talents. Green stagnation is the path

of the servant who was given only one talent, who buried it in the earth, the wicked and slothful servant who squanders the gifts of nature and nature's God. There is only one interesting question in all of philosophy: will you fight? Or will you perish like a dog? To choose the inglorious eco-future is to choose "perish," because it only takes one defector from the green coward equilibrium to build nukes, and then the whole thing goes up in a mushroom cloud. Those who reject technology will be slaughtered by those with courage, and they will deserve it.

John Michael Greer, perhaps the most lucid proponent of door number two, and a science fiction author in his own right, understands how to bundle his vision of the future into a package of aspirations expressed through stories. In other words, he does everything that Peter Thiel suggests science fiction ought to do, except his vision is to die quietly and with dignity on the road to eco-austerity. As Greer is to green collapse, Gene Roddenberry is to "luxury" space communism. In fact, Greer had this to say on the subject of Star Trek:

"That an imaginary future churned out by the corporate mass media more than half a century ago is still the cynosure of our collective imagination is good evidence that the civil religion of progress is sprawled flat on its back, struggling for air, as the medics shake their heads."

And it's true; Star Trek always hand-waved over its political conditions, taking for granted a competent one-world government with the values of the American mid-century. In a way, this is *zeerust par excellence*, because people in Roddenberry's world do not seem to suffer from derealization despite hav-

ing the ability to simulate anything with perfect fidelity. Yet it may be this exact obstinacy that has cemented Star Trek as the "cynosure" of our collective imagination; all of the characters in the original series and the next generation are aligned in their moral calibrations. It's as if Baudrillard and Lyotard (to say nothing of Marcuse and Foucault) never happened. It's not clear at all how the economics of Star Trek are supposed to work, and when later series tried to explore this, all of the optimism dissolved, and the gleaming future lost its glimmer. In hindsight, it appears the people of Star Trek have been through the great reset; they own nothing, but we strain to imagine them happy.

Behind the third door is the actual third position, which is not national socialism or any such shibboleth. In fact it is far less socially acceptable than that. In Thiel's formulation, the third door leads to Sharia law. But this need not mean Islam; in this case it refers to any paradigm where homosexuality is outlawed, where women are not permitted to wield political or corporate power, and where this is enforced as a matter of theology. This sounds radical to us because we have forgotten, in a strikingly short time, the social arrangements that obtained throughout human history.

But this is no argument, only a heuristic. Indeed, Nassim Taleb has done as much to discredit the fallacy of argumentum *ad antiquitatem* as "the libs" have done to discredit the fallacy of the slippery slope (the belief that orientals suffer from a debilitating excess of sebum). All slopes are slippery and old things have tended to endure for a reason, even if that reason is not legible. But technology has changed so many "immutable" conditions of our environ-

ment that tradition alone is now insufficient to guide us. When we say “theology,” we mean there is something which drives men to action which is beyond money, beyond incentives, beyond rational self-interest, beyond even altruism (which is perfectly rational if one knows what to look for) and that thing is ineffable and irrational, though it’s something like desire, and something like faith, which is our knowledge of God. Science, rationality, fairness, and progress all supervene on faith, HOWEVER – this is what traditionalists often miss – so does tradition.

You have heard that “growth for the sake of growth” is the ideology of a cancer cell, but this credo itself is the ideology of a corpse. Growth is the *sine qua non* of life; that which is not growing is dying. We believe technological development correlates with collapsing fertility, and this is evidence we are living in a sci-fi dystopia, specifically a sexual one, and secondarily an agricultural dystopia and a medical one. It is beyond the scope of this essay to trace the contours of this, or to fully make the case for the following: but if there is a future for technological development, it is a future which has renounced sexual emancipation, because the thrust of sexually emancipative ideology is towards sterility, both at the individual and the societal level.

The democratization of science has culminated in a crisis of replication, and this, of all things, was predictable. Our attempts to formalize the scientific method are as claudicant as our attempts to conflate social and scientific progress. It may be that we can no more articulate the technique of our thoughts when we think than the technique of our legs when we run, which is to say,


as a kind of *post hoc* abstraction which is necessarily disconnected from the poetry and kinematics of the act. Francis Bacon was a redditor by virtue of retroactive nominative determinism, and also in his temperament. His clumsy inductive *Novum Organum* is most notable for the way it utterly fails to capture the masculine poetry of scientific discovery. The machinations of a genius like Einstein or Newton are more alike to revelation than to any Baconian algorithm. Medievals called theology the queen of the sciences because they believed that knowledge of creation was a path to knowledge of the Creator – and this is the faith that lies behind door number three.

The Possibility of Optimistic Futurism

Do you know the futurist manifesto of Filippo Tommaso Marinetti? His aesthetic movement was a story of folly and failure, which even his commitment to fascism could not redeem, being only mewling obsequy to the ruling powers of Italy in his lifetime. But despite his shortcomings, there is a thread of techno-optimism in his famous manifesto, a spirit and a joyousness I have scarcely encountered in all my fascinations with the science fiction genre.

Marinetti declares that the splendor of the world has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing automobile with its bonnet adorned with great tubes like serpents with explosive breath ... a roaring motor car which seems to run on machine-gun fire, the gluttonous railway stations devouring smoking serpents; factories suspended from the clouds by the thread of their smoke; bridges with the leap of gymnasts flung across the

diabolic cutlery of sunny rivers: adventurous steamers sniffing the horizon; great-breasted locomotives, puffing on the rails like enormous steel horses with long tubes for a bridle, and the gliding flight of aeroplanes whose propeller sounds like the flapping of a flag and the applause of enthusiastic crowds.

These words inspire me. Who among you will have the courage, audacity, and revolt to praise the beauty of speed, to glorify war, militarism, patriotism, the beautiful ideas that kill, and the contempt for woman? 

Three Poems by Arthur Powell

Winter Sun Rises

Pomegranate pink stains the snow
His blood red rays crashing
Into the white and green

Fleeting moment, melting there
A harmony of delicateness
Lingers just enough

Unseen Visitation

It whips across the valley
Pushed on by freight trains roar

It dances around the trees
Spurred on by Jackdaws' call

It nips playfully at my ears
As if a wily stoat takes hunger

Solstice

The rising sun
Ever an image of the golden
To triumph above
Deepest despair
A dawn that is ever there
Full of promise.



Gio Pennacchiotti
Perdition unto the World (2021)
Acrylic on Panel

A POUNDSHOP PRUFROCK RAW EGG NATIONALIST

Every age produces its own set of unique characters, according to the moral philosopher Alasdair MacIntyre. By “characters” he means something like “archetypes”, idealised types that embody certain of the values and aspirations of an age, as well as its social structure and development. So the Homeric Age produced Achilles and Odysseus, who each in his own way fleshed out the sometimes diverging values of the archaic Greeks, serving as both models for and reflections of how they actually behaved (and thought about how they behaved).

The modern age, by contrast, in MacIntyre’s view, provides us with the characters of the bureaucrat and the aesthete. Although seemingly worlds apart, at least on the face of things, these two are really just opposing sides of the same coin. Both order their lives around what MacIntyre claims to be one of the defining aspects of the modern world: an absolute distinction between facts and values.

In the bureaucrat’s professional life, this means that he concerns himself only with means (facts) and never ends (values), which are chosen for him from above. All he can do is seek to maximise rationality in pursuit of the goals he is set – nothing more.

The aesthete comes at the separation between facts and values from the other side, as it were. Instead of concern-

ing himself with facts, he chooses to pursue ends in an arbitrary manner, solely as a way of satisfying his whims. But he pursues a vision of pleasure which is always fleeting, never within his grasp – and so his quest for satisfaction never ends. In the literary world, the character of the aesthete is best represented by the libertine in Kierkegaard’s *Either/Or* (1843) or perhaps by Des Esseintes, the reclusive main character of J.K. Huysman’s anti-novel *Against the Grain* (1884).

The last dying splutter of a once proud aristocratic family, Des Esseintes confines himself to his home in the Paris suburbs, where he dedicates his time to a series of increasingly strange endeavours. His exploits – or anti-exploits, since they really amount to nothing – include encrusting his pet tortoise with ornate gemstones, which end up killing it; creating a garden of poisonous tropical plants, the more artificial-looking the better; and taking an abortive journey to London, which he cancels when, sitting in an English restaurant in Paris, he realises that nothing real about London could match the vividness of his own notions derived from reading Charles Dickens. Des Esseintes is, in short, a man both of and against his time, as the title of the novel states.

A kindred spirit, if you will, is the character of J. Alfred Prufrock, from T.S. Eliot’s poem “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” (1917). Unlike Des Es-

seintes, Prufrock is not a genuine aristo, but something more like an upper-middle-class young man with pretensions to nobility. You could describe him as a kind of inadequate social climber, a man who is overtaken by events. Left behind in a fast-changing world, he can't do the things he feels he should or wishes he could. Among these many inhibitions, most tellingly of all, is his failure to summon the right words to say to a potential love-match. And so he descends into increasingly histrionic and morbid self-pity, observing the growing bald spot on his head, his stiff garb and the thinness of his arms; squirming under the gaze of others – “the eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase” – before imagining himself in almost Lovecraftian terms as “a pair of ragged claws, scuttling across the floors of silent seas.”

“No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;

Am an attendant lord, one that will do

To swell a progress, start a scene or two,

Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,

Deferential, glad to be of use,

Politic, cautious and meticulous;

Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;

At times, indeed, almost ridiculous –

Almost, at times, the Fool.”

Although Prufrock is just a literary character, many real Prufrocks existed in the early twentieth century – men whom the momentous changes of the

time had simply left out of place, unable to cope. Sensitive men with aspirations to civility and the values of the landed aristocracy who were swept along in the rising tide of money and vulgarity. Chief among them was the poet himself.

People forget sometimes that Eliot was an American who spent his whole adult life trying to be something he wasn't – English. As you might expect, he struck his English contemporaries as a strange creature, and the comparison with Prufrock, especially in attire and mannerisms, was not lost on them. Virginia Woolf captured Eliot's in-betweenness perfectly when she referred to him in a letter to her brother-in-law: “Come to lunch. Eliot will be there in a four-piece suit.” His alienation from the Bloomsbury set only increased with his religiosity and monarchism. There are also – *of course there are* – suggestions of repressed homosexuality, especially due to the dedication of his first set of poems, “Prufrock and Other Observations”, which honoured a young French medical student he knew who was killed in the Dardanelles campaign of 1915.

All of which leads me, in a roundabout way, to a couple of questions: If Prufrock is both a literary and historical character whose place lies very firmly in the fin de siècle, why on earth would anybody want to resurrect him as their literary persona in 2021? And not only that, but bring him back to life using the clumsiest magic available? These are questions I find myself asking as I consider the case of “William Guppy”. A simple answer to both would be: *lack of talent*. But in truth these questions deserve more careful consideration.

Guppy is British (I assume) and a major-minor Twitter figure on the dissident-right spectrum (@w_guppy,

c.9.5k followers at time of publication). He sometimes writes book reviews and opinion essays, some of which feature on his Substack page. He's also self-published a book.

When he tweets, he writes things like this:

"I'm drawn to the type of people who have never heard of William Guppy; who would never even get close to the circles in which William Guppy is in [sic], nor those which circulate it. Someone at a party once spent half an hour explaining to me who William Guppy was, and it bored me."

I think this may actually be an excerpt from his book, *Ha Ha Ha Delightful*, which he calls a book of "selected epigrams". One of the book's main selling points, besides the self-referentiality, is an extra sprinkling of pomo charm from Michael Crumplar, a.k.a. M. Crumps, a man whose sole claim to fame is an embarrassingly unrequited obsession for Red Scare's Anna Khachiyan. I believe only Logo Daedalus's magnum opus, *Carey Mulligan's Brown Skidoo*, sells better.

Guppy's notoriety, such as it is, derives almost entirely as a result of the following tweet.

"Each large muscle of a bodybuilder represents a language he didn't learn, a poem he didn't read, a fun fact he never memorised."

Lots of people clearly thought this was dumb, because it is, indeed, dumb. Guppy (metaphorically) dines out on this tweet as much as he can – apparently believing the vulgar dictum that any publicity is good publicity, in

sharp contrast to his scrupulous principles (more on those below).

But if you want a fuller idea of his persona, you must go straight to the longer works, most of which are on his Substack. It's there that his sub-Prufrock shtick is most fully developed. I choose one of them at random, "A Small Man on His Balcony". This is how it begins:

"Mother, I have made it. That upper station of low life which you and Father fashioned for me has slipped away, and I find myself now looming over the unwashed masses from my little plinth between apartments 505 and 503. The distinction between the low and the high has never been clearer, never more delicious."

The tropes are there for all to see in this first paragraph. Oedipal tension; a cavilling sense of propriety; an ultimately futile lament at modern vulgarity. And the piece continues along those same extremely well-worn lines as Guppy describes witnessing the carnage of an evening's drinking from his "little plinth." (Which, frankly, is an odd way for anybody with a decent command of the English language to describe a balcony, given that a plinth is usually used to support a vase or statue or the base of a column; but I'm sure Guppy knows this really, because he's terribly clever.) The piece ends with Guppy coming across a man in the street getting "his head kicked in" as he drives home from the local supermarket. The supermarket is, of course, Marks and Spencer. (Sadly, the "beauty" of this last reference will be lost on anybody who hasn't lived in England long enough.)

I don't know, or even particularly care, whether the incident he describes actually happened. What bothers me

most is just, well, how bad it all is. Take this description of one of the many sights witnessed by the titular small man from his balcony:

“Looking closer, I found that it was, in fact, a single drug addict who had taken to removing and replacing his coat in and [sic] infinite loop on the street corner. The eccentric movements of his gangling legs, which thrust him violently from one stretch of pavement to another, were so erratic that they had convinced me that his silhouette represented two men.”

Even now, a good few hours since reading this passage, I still have absolutely no idea of what Guppy is actually trying to describe here. It’s almost as if a GPT-2 openAI model had been made to generate text in the style of Orwell at his very worst. Which is very bad indeed. People forget, too, that Orwell was a dreadful prose stylist – go back and read *A Clergyman’s Daughter* (1935) or even one of his later novels if you’ve forgotten – but he did at least have something comprehensible to say.

Nope, still haven’t got it.

Things don’t get better. Almost every paragraph is riddled with solecisms, jarring turns of phrase and baffling word choices which serve only to reinforce the fact that the author really isn’t up to the task of inhabiting his chosen literary persona. It’s not just that Guppy seems to be reaching constantly for the thesaurus: it’s that he doesn’t even to know how to use it.

At one point, Guppy worries that the little people might notice him watching them from his balcony: “Then I am reminded that pigs cannot look up.” I

won’t insult you by suggesting you Google “pigs looking up.” Guppy is either an idiot or thinks his readers are idiots – or both.

Although I know nothing about Guppy as an actual person, I believe I can nevertheless piece together a decent minimum of biographical information about him from his writing and his presence on social media. As well as having access to his public tweets, I occasionally run into him in a Twitter groupchat I was added to, when he appears to make some dire pronouncement, before skulking off to whatever “estaminet” he imagines he dwells in (having of course searched with characteristic thoroughness for a synonym to describe that poky little hole with its “plinth”).

Most importantly, I think, so much about Guppy screams ‘master’s student’ and ‘second-rate university’, not least of all the ocean separating his pretensions and his abilities, and the brittle self-esteem so evident in his interactions with others, especially those who demonstrate real intelligence.

Little ink has been spilled on the pitiful figure of the master’s student, which is perhaps understandable, but it’s worth noting first, that there are far more of them than there have ever been before; and second, that some of the worst actors in this corner of the Twittersphere seem to have master’s qualifications. This isn’t a coincidence.

Over the past fifteen years or so, there has been an unheralded proliferation of master’s courses in Anglo-American universities; once upon a time not all that long ago, these degrees didn’t even really exist. Everybody knows, certainly on the faculty, that these courses are just cash-cows, but even so they are promoted as meaningful degrees, com-

binning rigorous study (hahaha) with enhanced job prospects (hahaha... sorry, please excuse me).

Because of the pressures caused by the massive growth in the numbers of people who get bachelor's degrees, you now have a whole demographic who choose to get master's degrees in the hope of going on to distinguish themselves in the crowded job market. At the same time, you also get just as many who feel that they should be engaged in "higher" study, but don't necessarily want to (or can't) commit to reading for a PhD. These types often come with heavy chips on their shoulders, feeling that their particular star has yet to be recognised in undergraduate study.

In the UK, perhaps the worst of these have studied outside Oxbridge as undergraduates (often having failed the Oxbridge entrance) and then choose to do a master's at Oxbridge in the hope of proving that this grievous injury to their self-esteem was unjustly inflicted. Both groups, ultimately, must pay for these courses themselves: only the doctoral students actually get scholarships or funding to study. It's the second group who are usually most affected, then, by the discovery that they are being quite literally milked – as they discover, to their horror, that they are paying for the privilege of sitting in on undergraduate lectures and minimal contact hours with their tutor, that nobody (maybe not even their tutor) will read their shitty 10k word thesis and that they don't have a chance in hell of an academic job or even a job "commensurate with their qualifications", whatever that might mean, in the real world. A year is over so quick, it's almost as if they'd never left their accustomed place behind the bar or in front of the coffee machine.

The process of embitterment is already at work, as I've said, while these unfortunates are studying. But it's only once they return to the real world from the cloistered halls of a decent university where they didn't belong (if they're lucky) or a former polytechnic, that these circumstances really begin to bear their bitter fruits. Which reminds me... Guppy! If I were a gambling man, this is precisely the trajectory I would ascribe to him: second-rate university, a non-Oxbridge master's, disillusionment and desperation in the "world of work".

I won't lie: Pope's famous question – "Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?" – has been in my mind most of the time I've been writing this. Perhaps if I had been in a more charitable mood today I might not have written it at all. After all, what does Guppy matter? Talent will out, as they say, and he'll have disappeared without trace soon enough, right? While I don't doubt this, I think there is still a broader point worth making. The point is this: beyond the fact that Guppy isn't worth reading or interacting with, these types are increasingly proving to be quite dangerous.

Two of the worst offenders in this regard have been "Kantbot" and "Logo Daedalus", both of whom, to my knowledge, hold master's degrees and seem to be motivated by the same combination of petty talent and petty spite as Guppy. Over the course of the past five years, both have demonstrated themselves not simply to lack a hardcore set of beliefs or any kind of genuine allegiance or sense of loyalty, which is bad enough in itself, but also to be actively malicious. Not content to be intellectual cornstalks in the wind – which is something of a necessity when you have no genuine talent to sell – Logo and especially Kantbot

have tried to re-sell themselves to the so-called “dirtbag left” by shitting all over people they formerly did their utmost to ingratiate themselves with.

This is best exemplified in the case of Kantbot’s attempts to doxx Bronze Age Pervert and reveal a network of anonymous Thiel-funded right-wing bodybuilders that’s out for his blood. But the truth is, anons are out for his blood because he’s a sneaky fat fuck, straight out of the playground, not because he’s some high-value target in a propaganda war.


That Kantbot and Logo Daedalus have proven to be untrustworthy in the extreme should have been clear to anybody who actually knows what they look like; physiognomy still remains undefeated. I don’t know what Guppy looks like, but I can’t imagine it’s good. My prediction: look for him, if he does stick around, to make a similar pivot when it suits his chances of (extremely humble) success. Indeed, look for this career path to become increasingly common as other moderately successful accounts try to cash out with the right and in with the left, to keep their dreams alive.

Broadly, I think this is just an extension of the problem of “gentleman conservatives” that has plagued the right since the time of William F. Buckley, as described by the Fat Nutritionist in the first issue of this magazine. These people are play actors:

“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?”

We don’t need these people around. They look bad; they smell bad; they have nothing interesting, new or funny to say; and they have no genuine desire to help us.

I’ve used the following line before, but it deserves repeating. Despite what our enemies claim, we don’t discriminate anywhere near as much as we should. Let’s try to live up to our reputation, shall we? 



Fen de Villiers
Breakthrough (2021)
Stone Sculpture

THE ART OF VIOLENCE NO. I JAKE SHIELDS

This interview has been conducted by Giles Hoffmann and has been edited for brevity and clarity.

I laid eyes on Jake Shields for the first time on April 30 2011, when he fought against George St-Pierre (GSP) for the welterweight title of the Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC). The event was held in Toronto as Ontario's first sanctioned Mixed Martial Arts (MMA) competition, and of greater historical importance, it welcomed fifty-five thousand fans, nearly double the number in attendance than the previous North American record, which had also taken place in a Canadian city, that time in the stripper mecca of Montreal. For a country that would likely lose a war against Costa Rica, Canadians seem to be in love with blood-sports, and on that momentous night it was Quebec's favorite bouncer who fastened the championship belt to his waist, having won by decision. By visual inspection, however, Jake appeared untouched whereas GSP wore the countenance of a face which had met a masticator.

Jake Sequoyah Shields was raised by hippies in rural California in a made-up-sounding location called Mountain Ranch; in fact, it's not even a town or village officially but a "census-designated place," which if investigated is probably a euphemism for any "geography consanguineously populated." (I,

too, grew up in such an area where the phonebook is really a family registry). His childhood home was nested beside a canyon, giving Jake plenty of time to climb summits, on which he developed the spirit that comes from mountaineering, the spirit which seems to give wrestlers their gritty perseverance. His parents gave him the middle name "Sequoyah" after the Cherokeean polymath from Tuskegee (not the Syphilitic one), a Native whose portrait depicts a suspiciously Arab-looking man. Despite the name though, Jake is as Indigenous as Elizabeth Warren, which means he can drink beer and booze without sleeping on the sidewalk.

His record contains the capture of four championship titles in four separate MMA organizations, earning him immortality in combat sports. At the height of his career Jake triumphed against fifteen consecutive fighters, without any interrupting losses, including against the two reputable strikers, Yushin Okami and Carlos Condit, whom he defeated in the same night. (Carlos Condit would later become a UFC interim champion). This kind of success is rare in MMA. Even rarer still is that Jake achieved such glory while swallowing the spinach-propaganda of Popeye the Sailor Man. As a lifelong vegetarian he has yet to tell me what he thinks about the invective "soy-boy."

To add to his blood-stained lau-



Matthew the Stoat
The Golden One (2018)
Digital

rels, Jake is furthermore a pioneer – certainly the patriarch if not the singular inventor – of “American Jiu-Jitsu” (AJJ), a name he coined and then tattooed on his arm to make the association indelible. But time is unforgiving to warriors, and professional fighting is no differently skewed towards youth. Jake is no longer competing in MMA. He keeps himself busy by training, hosting seminars, investing, and will soon be launching a brand of apparel for American Jiu-Jitsu. Jake casually mentions “some involvement in the Cannabis industry” too, which I assume is something other than watching who between Nick and Nate can rip the bigger bowl.

But even if Jake has hung up his four-ounce gloves, he has found other belligerent callings outside the octagon, off the mat, and away from sanctioned spaces. Jake is still ready to fight. Not only with words, either, though he has proven to be quite an effective shit-slinger on Twitter. In 2017 when Antifa organized their chimp-out on Berkeley campus in protest against Milo Yiannopoulos – the flamboyant faggot-cum-fascist – *or rather* – the limp-wristed reactionary and pederast – *and now* – the reformed homosexualist – Jake rose in defense of a bystander caught in the chaos and managed to beat into submission two black bloc agitators.

And Antifa is only one of many organizations within Jake’s crosshairs; he is often disdainful towards any group that sows anarchy, such as Black Lives Matter, though he does insist that he’s not racist. No really. So if one of you have an extra copy of the Comte de Gobineau’s famous book, please make a note of Jake’s birthday: January 9.

Don’t mistake Jake’s moderation as a sign of weakness, however, because

Jake is instinctually and spiritually *one of us*. He will no doubt radicalize further to the cliff-edge and join the frogs, a migration borne out already. All you have to do is give it time. Jake is indeed an excellent example of the “regular American,” the non-autists who, unlike us, have better things to do than memorize Nietzsche’s most mordant aphorisms and suffer the imagined patriotic nostalgia for the Red, White and Bl...ack.

Because even though he takes a common-sense perspective, one promoting freedom and health, Jake is now being forced to wear the far-right armband. It would seem as though the lower-castes of those around him, the unconscious chaperones of globohomo, have become like an indiscriminate Aldo the Apache, carving the swastika into anyone hailing a cab – just in case! – thereby forcing regular commuters in marching line with the *einsatzgruppen*.

I now call Jake just over a decade after the fight, a phone call occasionally interrupted because Jake has bad phone reception in certain parts of his house, and because my service is worse in rural Canada than it is in most countries that boast not a single modern invention. My questions are not linear. They are schizophrenic.

INTERVIEWER

Jake, are you still living in San Francisco?

JAKE SHIELDS

No, I moved to Las Vegas recently, now over one year ago. In large part it was due to the obvious COVID insanity, but along with San Francisco’s other issues, it’s not a place to live. After the initial lockdown, there was almost a whole year of extreme restrictions – of not go-

ing out to eat, when even outdoor dining was closed – yet on the street there would regularly be entire block parties of homeless people.

INTERVIEWER

So what you're saying is that you moved to Las Vegas for the girls?

JAKE SHIELDS

I have a girlfriend right now. But if you are single and a UFC fighter, it's a good place to be – always tons of girls in Vegas.

INTERVIEWER

We might as well just get this out of the way: you're a vegetarian or a vegan, why? Were you raised this way?

JAKE SHIELDS

Yes, my parents were hippies, they leaned quite left, although not the left of today's standards. I grew up vegetarian, not vegan: eating eggs and cheese. I've thought about eating meat on occasion, but I find factory farming disgusting – I think most people do – and the few times I've tried eating meat, my body couldn't handle it so I stuck to vegetarianism. Maybe if I hunted. But then again, I love animals; it would be for survival only, though I love hiking and being outdoors, so I'm sure I would enjoy that part of the hunt.

INTERVIEWER

And unlike your parents, you obviously lean politically to the right?

JAKE SHIELDS

I lean right, but there is a ton of shit on the right too. A lot of the things that designate me right shouldn't even be political though. I think it should be

common sense. For example: I was very much against extreme COVID lockdowns, even from the beginning when Trump was turning the key; I maintain the biological differences between men and woman, a very stupid debate; and, I don't want to pay insane amounts of taxes, especially because of the incompetence of our government.

INTERVIEWER

Men and women are different, you say? Consider this: Joe Rogan drops down to 145lbs in weight – he might have to get off his TRT and stop eating elk – to fight Amanda Nunes (unanimously considered the best female fighter in the world at the time of this phone call), who wins?

JAKE SHIELDS

Men are just so, so much superior to women it's not even fair. Joe Rogan is in his fifties and has only trained a bit, but would still probably beat the best woman of all time. My prediction would be that if Joe did a little cage work and a little takedown work, he could probably just push her against the octagon, put her on the mat, and then smash her. That's how big the differences are. The only people who don't understand this are the liberals, the mostly weak men who have never played sports, who have never been with women, and so don't understand the differences between bodies, let alone the differences between the bodies of men and women. They are not in reality.

INTERVIEWER

Yes, and they especially do not understand violence, which is not coincidence. In fact, many media mouthpieces have claimed an inextricable link between MMA and the far-right. Unfortunately

ly, there is a defensive tendency among some fans to say that “MMA is not political” but I think that, really, corporate media is actually correct in making this connection. The modern left seems to lack all comprehension of violence by actively courting civil unrest without understanding its implications. They seem to live in a fantasy of marvel-movie proportions in which they can dismiss any order and its enforcement until they desperately need it. But violent chickens come home and roost violently. This was very obvious in the Kyle Rittenhouse case. I’d like to ask about a few things following this train of thought: (1) Describe your own interaction with Antifa, an altercation that has landed you in the media; (2) Sometimes a man can get a sense of his opponent during a face-off, what could you sense in your Berkeley rivals?; (3) The MMA fighter is the closest modern equivalent to the gladiator, a parallel that was used before the “Face the Pain” introduction back in the day (which I desperately miss). I think that the training, discipline, and competition, but most of all, the *love of battle* gives an MMA fighter an understanding which is inherently right-wing. The sport requires understanding of basic realities of human nature for which feel-good illusions have neither a market-value (they don’t sell tickets), nor do they help at all with a warrior’s mindset. What are your thoughts?

JAKE SHIEDS

So about four or five years ago, a gay guy hit me up inviting me to some event. This guy Milo Yiannopoulos was giving a talk – I had no idea who he was – but I went to check out his speech at Berkeley, and when I got there, there were massive riots. People were getting beat

up in the streets. At one point I had to become physically involved and fight people off. I remember pulling one guy into a liquor store to save him from the mob. Unfortunately, I had my girlfriend with me at the time, and I wanted to get her out of harm’s way. As we were leaving, I approached the police. They told me that they were strictly forbidden from getting involved. I asked them, “You’re just going to let people get hurt?” and they shrugged. I was pissed off and went back into the chaos to prevent further attacks on random people. But the whole thing was a mess. My girlfriend continued to follow me – she was a little naïve – and had I to tell her: “Look, these people will hit you, you should wait in the car,” but she kept tailing me. I didn’t want to jeopardize her safety so we left. Later on, we watched the videos of girls getting clubbed by bats, and I fully realized how insane these people are. Think about it in simple terms: they rioted at a college to stop a gay man from speaking. These protesters were calling Milo a Nazi, which he’s not. He might even be a Jew. Anyway, the left is playing a game of make-believe. They don’t realize the consequences, they don’t actually know how to fight; it’s just a game. You asked me how I felt when I squared off? I’ve been in lots of street fights growing up and many professional fights in my career. These were the weakest people I ever faced off against. I was there by myself with my girlfriend, a disadvantage, and I was up against ten of them. As soon as I threw a couple of punches, dropped a few guys to the ground, all of a sudden reality kicked in and their demeanor changed. They went from calling me a Nazi to scurrying off. When I became a threat, then they started talking with reason. But hilariously, after the men

ran away, I actually had a chick come up to me and try to hit me with a rod or something. It's was so ridiculous. I didn't punch her, but I was looking at her like "this girl is really trying to face up to me." These people are so out of touch with reality. Later that evening I considered going back with my fighter friends. I think if we stood back to back, we likely could have taken the whole Antifa mob; it wouldn't have mattered if there were hundreds of them, we could have beaten them senseless – more senseless. I was tempted to go back but I realized it wasn't the smartest thing to do. Still these guys aren't capable of fighting. They are the most unathletic, untough people. The thing I was scared about, though, was my girlfriend getting hit, because she was putting herself in the middle of the conflict. I think these guys are so weak, they have no issue with attacking a girl - remember these are the people who support men fighting women.

INTERVIEWER

On that note, Jake, what would you recommend for those of us who predict, and are preparing for, future clashes? What are your thoughts on Krav Maga, outside the octagon of course? Is it genuinely the most effective combat system around, as it's sometimes touted to be, or do you think it's just IDF propaganda to promote Israeli supremacy?

JAKE SHIELDS

I am not too familiar with Krav Maga, and I don't like knocking things I don't know. That said, if I was offered the choice between three men who had trained MMA for a year, or three guys who had trained Krav Maga, in a street fight, I would choose the three MMA guys without skipping a heartbeat. Of

course, I don't mean to imply that Krav Maga doesn't work, but what do they really teach you? How to kick someone in the nuts, or how to eye gouge? I know how to kick someone in the nuts, and to eye gouge. Really, I think the best bet is to pick some martial art that in practice includes live sparring. Look at every martial art that is successful in MMA, each gives primacy to live sparring: Judo, Jiu-Jitsu, wrestling, kickboxing, boxing; while the martial arts that have failed were never heavy on live sparing: Kung Fu, Karate, etc. This is not a coincidence; without live sparring you can't work out what is effective for combat.

INTERVIEWER

There is the conspicuous pride of nationality and even "blood and soil" within MMA, and certain racial or ethnic groups, whatever you prefer to call them, appear dominant in particular ways. The Dagastanis, a North Caucasian ethnicity, which literally translates as "mountain people," all seem to have similar physiognomies and show a certain advantage in wrestling and with ground control. Brazilians have always been proud of their sneaky grappling, through which they catch people in submissions (more on this later). The Japanese, as history knows them, seem to produce very honorable fighters. It goes on and on. There is a certain powerful type that comes out of West-Central Africa, for instance: Cheick Kongo, Francis Ngannou, and Kamaru Usman. Then there are the Mexican scrappers such as Diego Sanchez, the Diaz brothers, Brendan Moreno, and Kevin Gastelum. These men are nearly impossible to stop and must have a powerful mix of Aztec and Conquistador blood. They seem to channel the spirit of Hernan Cortez, the

man who defeated the Aztec and colonized Mexico and, as legend has it, sunk his own ships before some battle, only to eliminate any possibility of retreat. Yes, the bean-brawlers seem to only accept a decisive win or a decisive loss. These are all archetypes; of course, there are exceptions. The point is that MMA seems to display the real biological differences between racial groups. At one time wars, allowing one genetic population to wipe out another (genocide), meant that only the stronger or smarter of the two could populate the future. The differences then would have been far more obvious. But still today, interestingly, in MMA we see biological differences amongst distinct and somewhat homogenous people. To again use Dagestan as an extreme example, it is a place, to speak in euphemism, where pollination happens within the same meadow. The question I'm ultimately creeping towards is: if you had to race-mix to make the perfect fighter, like how a dog-breeder might do to make the most ferocious mutt, what races would you copulate?

JAKE SHIELDS

Oh man, that is a tough question - a great question - and there are definitely some differences. First you have to ask, how much is cultural and how much is genetic, or is it both - and it's probably both. Honor in Japan for instance, in its extreme form, has decreased tremendously within the past twenty years. When I was first fighting, the Japanese were so dignified. Now you don't see very many good Japanese fighters. Sadly, I think Japanese men are getting weaker and their culture is weakening too. As for Mexicans - I mostly train with Mexicans. My three main training partners are Gilbert Melendez, Nate and Nick

Diaz. These men are the epitome of the Mexican fighter: they are in your face, they grind relentlessly, and their cardio is good, which is maybe because they push so hard mentally. The Dagastanis would be good to mix too. They have a heavy wrestling base, they are strong; although, there has to be something else too - these are mountain people and they have this strong will. They never want to lose. When you train with them, they never go easy. They train like it's itself a fight and so come after you fearlessly. A lot of times American guys train at fifty percent, but when you train with the Dagastanis, you train at one hundred percent. So, on the mat is where you learn the differences in the races. As far as the Africans are concerned, that's very interesting, because none of the African countries are really producing fighters locally. When they come to America to train, however, they become some of the best fighters in the league. You said they were all from the same general region, because that is something I've not followed too closely. I've trained with Ngannou a little bit and he's so explosive, so athletic; it's same with Usman, so again you can see the differences in races. But all said, I think that America is still the greatest - we are the melting pot - we consume everything and produce a better product. Many of these guys from other countries, they move to America, train here, and a lot of them become citizens. We have the best facilities, the best work ethic, and the best spirit. And many of these men come here to accomplish the American dream. That's what is interesting too, all of the immigrant fighters are extremely proud Americans: they worked their ass off, they literally fight for their citizenships, only to become American. Then you have the

liberals who chant about how America is bad, and the immigrant fighters say “I love it here. I’ve made millions of dollars.” Take Usman for instance, who came from Nigeria. He is the American dream. The left tried to co-opt him in his fight against Colby, but as far as I know, Usman is a patriotic American.

INTERVIEWER

You are really just a multi-cultural liberal. Anyway, you mentioned “the will,” which I think is worth discussing because of the modern mass bureaucratization of human spirit. Humans, we are told, are influenced by trends, economics, material conditions, much like controlled and inanimate variables within a scientific laboratory. There isn’t much discussion or room for the indomitable spirit in academic discourse, modern literature, and the general culture. It goes against their entire perspective, which seeks to micromanage the universe. But MMA strikes such a weak conception of life as utterly absurd, because we see the power of the will every time we watch a fight, and it surfaces the power of its existence, disrobed in an entirely pre-conscious state. What has a career as a fighter taught you about the insuperable will?

JAKE SHIELDS

Will is one of the most important things, without a doubt. You’re not going to be an elite fighter without a very strong will. Sometimes you get guys who are great athletes and who have an intimidating presence, but when they actually fight, they fold, because there is little else that compares to getting hit, getting hurt, especially when you’re tired. Henderson knocked me down three times in the first round, but by pure will I kept

getting up to fight. Can this be taught? I don’t think there is any other sport where a man is pitted against a man – or a woman against a woman – and the goal is to hit or choke your opponent until he is left unconscious. It’s the ultimate test of will and that’s why people love it so much; there’s nothing as pure for people to watch. Of course, in basketball and football there is toughness, but it’s not pure battle – one person’s will against another. Again, let me put the Henderson fight into a narrative. Henderson was a lot heavier than me, bigger than me, and he has one of the hardest punches in the sport. He first laid me out with an overhand right. I sprang up and he hit me again, this second time with an uppercut, and I fell, dazed, seeing double. Most guys at this point lie down and let the referee stop the contest. But I just repeated to myself, like a mantra, “keep moving, keep moving” so that the fight continued, and slowly, my vision returned to normal, and I started regaining my bearing. That is when I decided that I could still win. Remember I fought Henderson right after he had knocked out Michael Bisping at UFC 100 with the same overhand right he hit me with, but then followed by the superman punch to the ground. The whole time I kept thinking “Don’t get Bisping’d.”

INTERVIEWER

I have a question about this evolution of the sport and your role in it, for which I first have to ramble briefly on the history of grappling. A short history: when Mitsuyo Maeda, an expert in traditional martial arts and especially Judo, came to Brazil in the early 1900s as a diplomat, during a great Japanese migration of laborers and empresarios, he came across the Scottish-descended Gracie family

and took on one of the sons, Carlos, as a disciple. The origin myth has it that Hélio, the younger brother of Carlos, was a sick and meagre boy who couldn't perform as well as his brother, because he lacked in physical qualities such as size, strength, speed, and power. But what Hélio lacked in brawn he made up for in brains by adapting positions to make use of leverage. Such innovation would have been shunned in Japan for its dismissal of ritual and ossified traditional techniques. But soon Hélio's systematic improvements would become so popular that his techniques would become known as Gracie Jiu-Jitsu. There are many theories about how Gracie Jiu-Jitsu later morphed into Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu. The theory I am most persuaded by is the one given by Clark Gracie. He identifies a quality derived from the Brazilian culture called *maladragem*. It means crafty, sneaky, and cunning, which I think is a very common personality trait and survival mechanism in most of the third world. *Maladragem* is perhaps not a technique *per se* but a mentality through which a technique is executed, which separates it from its more formal, honorific parent, similar to how Hélio transformed Jiu-Jitsu previously. Now, you are an advocate and practitioner of another variant called American Jiu-Jitsu (AJJ). Keenan Cornelius, another famous grappler, has said American Jiu-Jitsu can be understood – rather boringly – as “Americans who do Jiu-Jitsu” and that the term is essentially a placeholder for definition not yet arrived at. It's not a very satisfying answer. Could you now give AJJ a technical definition, which obviously distinguishes it from its Gracie or Brazilian predecessor?

JAKE SHIELDS

I was the first person who coined American Jiu-Jitsu, a term which has been used now for about twenty years. Like you said earlier, Jiu-Jitsu came from Japan, but the Brazilians put on their own personality, infused their trickiness, and changed it fundamentally. I did the same. Originally, I was the one of the first people to take the *Gi* off. I wanted to fuse wrestling and Jiu-Jitsu seamlessly, to make it into one art. Also, in Gracie Jiu-Jitsu, it was all about waiting for your opponent to make a mistake since there is no time limit. Fighters just wait. In MMA, however, there are rounds, so I decided to force the mistakes. It's a very American attitude of going in and taking things, to relentlessly come after your enemy. So I added the pressure of constantly attacking, constantly forcing reactions.

INTERVIEWER

Caesar Gracie was your mentor, whose great grand-uncle was none other than Hélio. I have heard whispers about a peculiar underground philosophy called Integralism, which he was said to have practised, and which is said to have been inspired by fascism. What is Integralism?

JAKE SHIELDS

I haven't ever heard about Integralism. I will ask Renzo (Gracie) and get back to you.

INTERVIEWER

Yes, please do. Some of the earliest enemies of MMA, especially of the UFC, came from Republicans such as Senator John McCain, who called the sport “human cockfighting.” Mainstream media subsequently refused to cover the fights. But it was Donald Trump who realized

the brilliance and value of MMA, in 2001, and gave it a platform that legitimized the sport. This was much before his political metamorphosis. Looking back on how MMA was treated, the distinction between the “cuckservative” and us on the “alt-right” or “populist-right” or as BAP may call it “the faction of truth” is now fairly obvious. Was this apparent at the time?

JAKE SHIELDS

Not really. Fighters didn't seem to care too much about politics. But politicians like McCain and Chris Christy were the morons who I never supported. I actually fought in the dark ages of MMA because of these Republicans, before the sport was on cable TV and on Native American reserves. They tried their best to suppress MMA. Looking back now it's funny how the sport became embraced by the right-wing. It is probably a combination of Trump being a huge MMA fan, and that the majority of MMA fans for whatever reason tend to hang towards the far-right – and not just white guys; black guys, middle eastern fighters, they're all against the left.

INTERVIEWER

What is more satisfying: tapping-out an opponent or sending him to sleep?

JAKE SHIELDS

Putting someone to sleep is more satisfying. They generally tap first, but when someone completely collapses, it's such a great feeling. Sometimes you're so amped up, though, you don't want to stop when your opponent taps. It's just such a great feeling when someone crumbles unconscious in your arms.

INTERVIEWER

It's rather romantic. Anyway, last question: Jason Miller – did you ever reconcile?


JAKE SHIELDS

No, but I don't hate the guy, I feel bad for him. He's just crazy. He's been in and out of jail, he has emotional problems and he was mad at the time because I poached some girl that he liked. I hope for the best of him at this point.

INTERVIEWER

Yes, I remember watching the two of you brawl on live television, after the “Where's my rematch, buddy?” incident. I enjoyed that, as well as the Conor-Khabib afterparty.

JAKE SHIELDS

Those were great. I can think of others as well, but those two stand out. The funny thing is that the brawls, we probably shouldn't do them, but they're fun. And you see the disconnect within the MMA media. They will comment on the brawl saying that it is “the most shameful thing we've ever seen” and make predictions such as “this is going to end his career.” But then you talk to fans and they absolutely love it. The fact is: we're not just athletes, we're fighters, and sometimes we're going to get into a fight. 

LAST NOTES GILES HOFFMANN

There were good reasons for why I called the magazine *The Asylum* in the first place, one of which was because calling the publication *Hierarchy* – an overt nod to Benny’s *Gerarchia* – would have been too obvious. Nor did I pick the name to simply rib all the writers who have generously written *pro bono* for this publication. In delivering conspicuously subversive messages, there is a certain advantage to playing up one’s own psychosis. Concerning the law, on its own, it gives room for the plausible deniability of performance art. This was the defence Alex Jones used against his pursuers.

More importantly, however, as BAP demonstrates so well, a charade can also let the medicine go down slightly easier. Radical ideas tend to make it past the Super Ego’s filter – the sieve which internalizes societal “good-sense” – when there is a tinge of doubt and a taint of humour. Our strength is found, among other things: in the power of image, through the passion of rhetoric, and from the indifference of humour. Whereas the regime tells us blunt lies, we point towards the truth obliquely. Our memes are a good example of this.

But beyond tactical reasons, there also remains an inherent virtue to being considered deranged and dangerous by the priestly class of the fake-n-ghey monoculture. Even by mere observation, the schizo often has a talent for words and insight that is much better than what is held by our modern preachers and professors. It is a gift that goes unrecognized, however, once the men with clip-boards make their clinical assessment.

In our feminine age, the anxious overbearing mother has become worshipped: she preaches the ideals of safety and wellbeing; she demands the sacrifice of adventure; she is propitiated only by the demoralization of man. Any real passion is smothered out with a counterfeit, mild-mannered, intellectual dispassion. Under this reign it becomes sin to look upwards with an expression of wonder, and it becomes sin to look downward with judgement and disgust. The only acceptable appearance is like that of schoolchildren – eyes forward, standing in a straight line (no laughing; no crying) – while we wait our turn for cartons of milk. What purpose could the state’s exhausting bureaucracy, its punishing legal arbitration, and its democratic process serve other than to quell the aggression – the sonorous breath and boiling red blood – of the star-gazing man. It is not even a secret but the intended purpose, built into the bones, as architecture, of the modern state. Indeed, our governments are nothing more than conspiracy of meek men with squeaky voices who are being puppeteered by female gods.

But there is hope: the fringe is moving towards the centre, their whispers are

getting louder, and their calls are awakening a currently suppressed and sublimated instinct. We, who are the “insane,” are building our ideas high – high like how a mason stacks bricks, but also strong like a barrier – like a wall that separates the seers from those who cannot commune with Nature. The bugmen think that we are closing ourselves off but little do they realize, too concentrated on their own clipboards, that they are the ones being boxed in, soon to be gasping for the oxygen that we will deny them. One is tempted to say that in an insane society the only place for a sane man is within *The Asylum*. But that would be a mistake. We cannot be confined; our psychosis is expansionist in its nature.

The ideas born from us will seep out into the youthful men who would choose a glorious death over the scripted-life, soon forgotten.

