



THE ASYLUM

VOLUME I

ISSUE IV



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THE ASYLUM

VOLUME I ISSUE IV

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I would like to thank all those contributors who make this magazine possible.

The Asylum IV welcomes writing by Raw Egg Nationalist (@Babygravy9), egyptius (@egyptius1), JL de L'Enclos (@malmesburyman), Anna Khachiyani (@annakhachiyani), Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat), Citizen of Geneva, and Bronze Age Pervert. We are furthermore very grateful for the original art by Matthew the Stoat (@MatthewTheStoat), Harald (@hmrkrm), DRAWTHENTIC (@_drawthentic_), emil_graphics (@emil_graphics), and TIN BRO (@tinbroforever). Please support their work by subscribing to their platforms, sharing their output, and when possible, buying their content.

INSIDE

GILES HOFFMANN	1	LETTER FROM THE EDITOR
RAW EGG NATIONALIST	4	RACE IN AMERICA IN THE 2020s
EUGYPIUS	11	BLOOD PASSOVER
JL DE L'ENCLOS	20	THE LIFE AND THOUGHTS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD
ANNA KHACHIYAN	29	THE ART OF GOSSIP NO. I
SECOND CITY BUREAUCRAT	40	JEWES AND GENEALOGIES OF GROUP NARCISSISM
CITIZEN OF GENEVA	47	THE GAY QUESTION
BRONZE AGE PERVERT	74	CLASSICAL MUSIC AND THE RIGHT

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Of the many words used in our exchanges there are some which leave the mouth awkwardly. Such terms can be so nebulous that they evade meaning entirely. Academic neologisms which insinuate themselves into casual conversation are obvious examples. Then there are words which give a repulsive feeling, less because of their meaning, but more so because the terms are characteristically used by the unpleasant or the stupid, and that by using the same language you feel yourself to be no different.

And there is worse still. Some words are both vapid and cringeworthy – the defective offspring from a grotesque marriage between the denotatively empty and the spiritually sickening. I feel this way whenever I hear the word “nuance” being used by the pretentious occupiers of university sinecures. These card-carrying intellectuals turn nature into proud concepts, which for them are more solid than earth itself, while they simultaneously and without irony exhort nuance. It is the backwards case of throwing out the baby and keeping the dirty bathwater.

For us, the *kampf* is real and we must not let ourselves become ensnared by language traps. Because as soon as language becomes something inherited and internalized by the author – taken from others and used *as is* – then the author becomes a splayed out woman, the nondiscriminating receptacle to outside forces. The solution though is very simple: *you cannot accept their terms*. And yet a complete rejection can sometimes be even more damaging. Like the foresters who clear-cut woodlands for the fertile soil, but who only carry with them an axe and no bag of seeds, we too can end up in a wasteland. This is why the frogs are an exception; we have found a way to break free from the linguistic prison that is set by the culture of mass conformity.

For all the attacks we receive and the attempts at obfuscating our words – itself an indication how threatening the frogs are to those with an illegitimate claim – our brutal truth shines out like lightning flashes through the clouds of deception. Moreover, our brutality is not crude. In fact, there is an admirable subtlety to our thinking, combined with that vicious discrimination which excoriates the lies which have calcified over time. Indeed, everyone within *The Asylum* has been chosen by Fate to be the executioners of History’s ill-begotten sons.

We therefore cannot be too concerned with those who misunderstand the content of these articles. This is after all an invariable fact when speaking to the crowd. The greatest retards among us will proceed to place our friends in ready-supplied categories, during which they will stain themselves, such that the authors will be the recipients of contradicting invectives. Those of us who have the ability to see and speak beyond inherited understanding, beyond the mere face of men and their words – the nuanced perhaps! – will invite accusations of being both, at the same time: “antisemitic” and “philosemitic”; or “homophobic” and “gay”; or “racist” and “moderate”; and other comparable attacks that are equally self-refuting. The inept

can be forgiven, once they learn their place; those who deceive others intentionally, however, will have to be dealt with in due course. But before I overwhelm myself with blood lust, let me get to what's inside this fourth issue:

We begin with an essay from Raw Egg Nationalist on how Spenglerian race might soon emerge distinctly in America. His prediction is that as things start to crumble – social fabric and concrete alike – we are going to see the surfacing of certain men, who will either provide an alternative path to our decline, or who will at least give the noble and defiant last cry.

Next eugyppius scrutinizes the historical claims about ritual murder of European children, specifically by Jews during Passover, and the consequent blood libel against them, using the curious case of Ariel Toaff's *Pasque di Sangue*. Was it all just a hateful canard as we are meant to believe?

With his eyes also on history, JL de L'Enclos (otherwise known as @malmesburyman) writes about François de La Rochefoucauld, as man of both action and intellect, who could be brave on the battlefield, and who could also grasp the nature of man's psychology without dressing-up the bare truth with wishful illusions.

I then have my interview with Anna Khachiyan of the *Red Scare Podcast*. We discuss many things including her perception of the frogs, what it means to be a spiritual leftist, and how she avoids turning her son gay.

But that is not all, since we are very lucky to have Second City Bureaucrat trace the lineage of Jewish political persuasion, how it has manifested in American institutions, and the odd shifts it has taken in response to different pressures, sometimes breeding strange political chimeras.

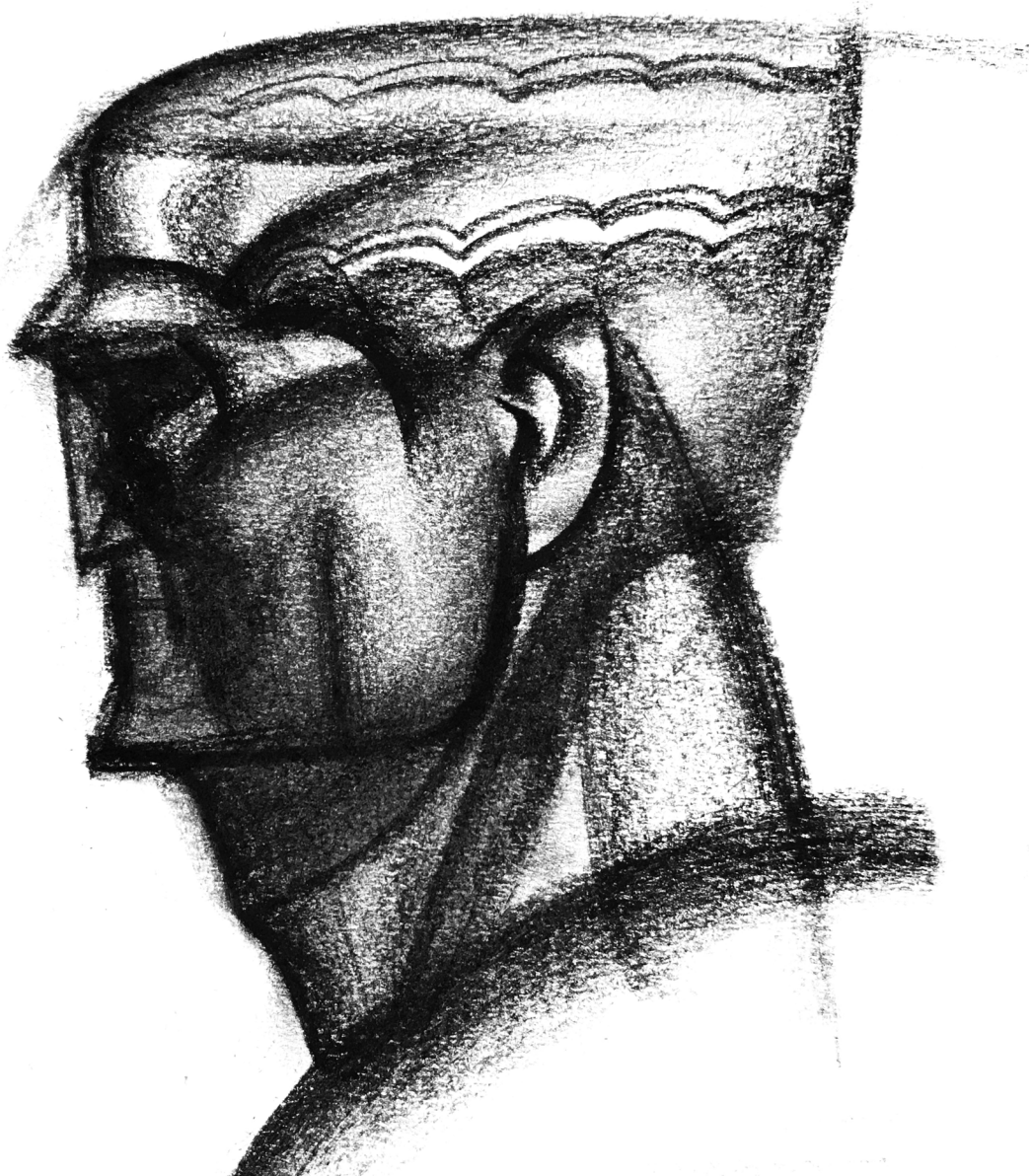
The penultimate piece will surely cause a scandal, and not only among our enemies. Some mysterious frog called Citizen of Geneva wishes to share his opinion on "The Gay Question." It is a brilliant bit of writing about the corruption of same-sex attraction into modern faggotry, and the political implications concerning the warband. You may recoil at this piece. I am not entirely sure what to make of it myself. But I will defend the author to the death, since there is something very important at stake, which this author has defined precisely and bravely.

We close with something by Bronze Age Pervert, who again reveals why he is the torch-carrier, showing us the pathway on this very long night. On this occasion BAP writes about music. Not only does he consider the meaning and substance of music, he understands it to be like all art: an expression of a people and their spiritual orientation. He considers how different perceptions of nature, and ultimately their political projects, attempt to understand music's language, and why only few succeed.

That is all in this glorious issue. As a final note, I would like to thank you, dear reader, for returning to this magazine. It is a pain in the ass to organize, and your faithful readership makes the effort worthwhile. Until we dance on the corpses of today's idols...

Welcome back to *The Asylum* mein frogs!

Giles Hoffmann



Matthew the Stoat
Head of Nobility (2022)
Black Chalk on Paper

RACE IN AMERICA IN THE 2020S RAW EGG NATIONALIST

This is an essay about the role of race in America in the 2020s – but not in the sense you might expect. What I’m not going to be talking about, or at least it won’t be the primary focus here, is the relationship between the different racial groups within the US – white, black, Latino, Asian – nor even one racial group in particular. Of course, race in this sense is a very important topic, but one that plenty of other writers, some capable but most far less so, have written about and will continue to write about until the stars fall from the sky. No, I’m thinking of an altogether different kind of race, which I’ll refer to from now on in inverted commas to distinguish it from the more commonplace definition. I’ll make a prediction, too: that this kind of “race” will become much more visible as America continues its slide into chaos. This could actually be a very good thing: perhaps even the salvation of the Republic. Or, alternatively, it could be no more than a last defiant shout in the face of annihilation.

What I mean by “race” is a quality rather than simply a biological marker. “Race” as an heroic ethos that is manifested through action; a quality, then, that is not given simply through birth, but which must be cultivated and, most importantly, *demonstrated*. This is the definition that the great German philosopher Oswald Spengler (1880-1936) advanced, in addition to considering

the conventional definition. While this alternative definition featured throughout his work, it found its most poignant expression in one of his shorter, simpler books, *Man and Technics*. There, in the book’s melancholic conclusion, Spengler compares the final fate of European civilisation to that of a Roman soldier whose remains were discovered among the ruins of Pompeii. This soldier had died at his post when Vesuvius erupted, presumably because no order had arrived for him to leave it. Paraphrase hardly does this short passage justice, so I’ll quote it verbatim.

Faced with this destiny [the end of our civilisation], there is only one worldview that is worthy of us, the aforementioned one of Achilles: better a short life, full of deeds and glory, than a long and empty one. The danger is so great, for every individual, every class, every people, that it is pathetic to delude oneself. Time cannot be stopped; there is absolutely no way back, no wise renunciation to be made. Only dreamers believe in ways out. Optimism is cowardice.

We are born in this time and must bravely follow the path to the destined end. There is no other way. Our duty is to hold on to the lost position, without hope, without rescue. To hold on like that Roman soldier whose bones were found in front of a door in Pompeii, who died because they forgot to relieve him when Vesuvius erupted. That is great-

ness; that is to have race. This honourable end is the one thing that cannot be taken from man.

Spengler's predictions for the future were deeply pessimistic ("optimism is *cowardice*"), at least when it came to European or "Faustian" man, as he called him, and the Roman soldier is a perfect example of this. The cataclysm that destroyed Pompeii and the individual soldier suggests the even greater cataclysm that Spengler saw looming before Western man in the 1930s. This civilisation-ending disaster would be the inevitable result of Europeans surrendering, voluntarily, the means of their own technical supremacy to the rest of the world. Although the production of this technical supremacy is the *raison d'être* of European man – this is what makes him "Faustian", an inner drive to mastery at any cost – non-European man would simply use this same technology as a means to multiply and, finally, destroy its creator.

It's clear that Spengler saw "race" as a quality not all members of a race are in possession of. In this, he was very obviously a disciple of Nietzsche (Spengler was actually buried with a copy of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*). There is man and there is the herd, and even if these two are of the same race, they do not necessarily share "race" in common; they are not even really the same animal. What is it about the Roman soldier that exemplified "race" to Spengler? It's not necessarily the physical or character traits that we might associate with soldiers as a class – strength, training, loyalty to fatherland etc. – although those things obviously figure. It's that that particular soldier, even while staring down catastrophe – as collapse takes place not

just around him but quite literally *on top of him* – refuses to compromise his honour and duty. He has a role. He fulfils it. There is a grim determination in this that is the opposite of what we might call "blackpilled", especially since the blackpiller usually faces a situation that is not, in fact, hopeless, and so merely betrays his own lack of courage in the face of adversity. "Race", then, is a transcendent force that raises the possessor above the circumstances he finds himself in, providing an immortal example in the process.

So what do I mean when I say that "race" will become more visible in the coming years? First, an example. Rather than describing it in exhaustive detail, I'll just outline what I consider to be the most pertinent facts, since this example is likely to be familiar to you already.

On August 25 2020, Kyle Rittenhouse, then aged 17, was in Kenosha, Wisconsin with a friend to protect businesses during riots that were triggered by the shooting of Jacob Blake by police. He came armed, with an AR-15, as well as medical supplies, and spent most of the day cleaning graffiti off a school, protecting a car dealership and offering medical attention to passers-by. He also came of his own free will: he was not paid or given any other recompense. Towards midnight, Rittenhouse was attacked by Joseph Rosenbaum, a child-sex offender, who had been acting aggressively to a number of people in Rittenhouse's vicinity. Rosenbaum, who was apparently enraged by the efforts of Rittenhouse and others to prevent the rioters from burning a petrol station, pursued and tried to disarm Rittenhouse but was shot four times, killing him. Rittenhouse fled the scene in the direction of police, with other rioters in pursuit of him. A rioter struck

Rittenhouse, who then tripped and fell to the ground. Anthony Huber, another felon, hit Rittenhouse with his skateboard and attempted to disarm him. Rittenhouse shot him once, killing him. While Rittenhouse was still on the ground, a third convicted criminal, Gaige Grosskreutz, advanced on Rittenhouse with a drawn pistol – which he had been carrying concealed, despite his permit having expired – and Rittenhouse shot him in the arm, severely injuring him. Although Rittenhouse attempted to turn himself in to police who were arriving on the scene, he was not taken into custody, but instead presented himself to police in his hometown of Antioch, Illinois. Between November 1 and 19 2021, he was tried on five counts, including first-degree intentional homicide. Despite the prosecution’s attempt to portray him as a “criminal gunman” who deliberately sought to kill, and a political and media circus that fostered the lie that he was a white-supremacist domestic terrorist, Rittenhouse was unanimously found not guilty on all charges.

This notorious incident is, to my mind, a clear display of “race” in America today. It represents a refusal to abandon established moral standards and, as a result, a refusal to allow the encroaching tyranny to humiliate, isolate and punish ordinary Americans, despite its overwhelming power. Like the Roman soldier’s last stand, what Rittenhouse did in the moment was not conscious or planned, but an organic response to a situation that would elicit a very different response from another kind of person. Rittenhouse demonstrated his “race” simply by responding in the way he did.

“Anarcho-tyranny” is a phrase that is often used to describe what is happening in the US and elsewhere

in the Western world today. What this phrase means, basically, is a descent into managed anarchy as a way of ensuring regime control, especially of the tax-producing middle classes. The state permits certain forms of lawlessness to scare citizens straight, as it were, and to stifle dissent. The term was first coined by columnist Sam Francis in 1992. He describes the means by which this new form of governance is achieved:

exorbitant taxation, bureaucratic regulation; the invasion of privacy, and the engineering of social institutions, such as the family and local schools; the imposition of thought control through ‘sensitivity training’ and multiculturalist curricula; ‘hate crime’ laws; gun-control laws that punish or disarm otherwise law-abiding citizens but have no impact on violent criminals who get guns illegally; and a vast labyrinth of other measures.

Sound familiar? Anarcho-tyranny is why BLM protestors can spend an entire summer burning American cities without official repercussions, yet an Iowa man can be sentenced to 15 years in prison for burning a pride flag. Anarcho-tyranny is why critical race theory and barely disguised paedophilia are essential parts of the public school curriculum, but parents who attend school meetings to voice their disapproval are monitored and investigated by the FBI. Anarcho-tyranny is a police SWAT team waiting for nearly an hour in the corridors of a school during an active shooting, while the parents are tasered and restrained outside for trying to do something themselves. I’m sure you can think of further examples.

One thing that the phrase doesn’t really capture adequately, though, is

the genocidal aspect that characterises the present descent into chaos. “Anarcho-tyranny” seems to presuppose that the regime wishes, in some sense, to preserve the middle classes, to shepherd them into an enclosure, if only to terrorise them and milk them of value, whereas there are clear intimations that something much worse is on the cards. Bronze Age Pervert has described the modern left as the “Interhamwe left”, to draw parallels with the course of politics in Rwanda in the 1990s. The Interhamwe was founded as a youth movement of the Hutu MRND government and was one of the main perpetrators, with the government’s backing, of the genocide of 1994, which killed perhaps as many as a million Tutsis, Twa and moderate Hutus.

Anarcho-tyranny or Rwanda 2: Electric Boogaloo – the exact nature and goal of the American decline is a matter for another essay. What’s clear, though – clear as day – is that decline is happening and it’s happening fast. The ultimate embodiment not just of the decline but of its accelerating pace is, of course, the POTUS himself, whose whistlestop journey through the seventh age of man is broadcast daily to billions.

To return to our example, Kyle Rittenhouse, what we are basically concerned with is an ordinary American – a teenager, at that – exercising foundational American rights and liberties, and it’s these rights and liberties that must now, from the perspective of the regime, be expunged. This is precisely why, in my opinion, “race” will only become more visible as time passes. As living standards decline and ordinary people’s livelihoods and lives are imperilled more and more, there will be people who refuse to accept these things. Like

Rittenhouse, these people will stand up for themselves, their families and their property, and this will necessarily demand correction from the regime, correction which must be public – *pour encourager les autres*, as they say. This may take official or unofficial form. I’ve already alluded, two paragraphs ago, to recent events at Robb Elementary School in Uvalde, Texas, where the police disgracefully refused to engage an active shooter, despite being perfectly trained and equipped to do so and, even worse, despite knowing that the shooter was in the process of killing children. For the crime of embarrassing the police by trying to take matters into her own hands, at least one parent is now apparently being harassed by police officers. We might call this “unofficial” correction.

As for official correction, Rittenhouse and his treatment by the justice system and the media is the archetype here. In other parts of the US, and probably the whole country just a decade or two ago, Rittenhouse would never have ended up in court, so clear was the evidence of self-defence, but political and social conditions were right for him to be made an example of. Yes, Rittenhouse was rightly acquitted, but the trial and media circus had the intended demoralising effect all the same. The message could not have been clearer. If you pick up a gun to defend yourself, even if you really are defending yourself, you will be dragged through the courts. At the very least, your life will be changed irretrievably, if not ruined, and with the right – or wrong – jury, you’ll be sent to prison for a very long time. People will now hesitate and second-guess themselves where before they might have acted decisively. *Perhaps I’ll just let these robbers take my car – after all, it’s only a car...*

And so the regime has accomplished its mission.

Of course, by making a public example of displays of “race”, the regime is taking a risk. As much as Rittenhouse was reviled, he was also lionised. Which is to say, the regime needs to be careful not to create a hero who can unite the people behind him. In another time, Rittenhouse’s actions might not have received very much attention at all, especially if he had not gone to trial. He would be just another dude who defended himself with lethal force, perhaps an object of local admiration, but nothing more. After everything he’s been through, Rittenhouse has not yet become the popular figure of resistance to the regime he could become; although he has made a few political appearances and sued some of the many, many people who slandered him as a white-supremacist murderer. But he has not cut a swathe through these people in as public a manner as possible, as many hoped he would do, nor does it look like he will live anything other than a normal life in the future. We shall see.

On balance, the distribution of force obviously favours the regime, which works in direct coordination with the mainstream media and tech giants to spread its message and manipulate public opinion, as well as having increasing political control over the courts, law enforcement and supposedly non-governmental activist organisations like Antifa and BLM. There is good reason, like Spengler, to be pessimistic in the twilight of American empire. Such demonstrations of “race” as we are likely to see may very well end up being nothing more than gestures in the sense that the Roman soldier’s was – heroic yes, but ephemeral, forgotten, buried among

the ashes of the culture.

In behavioural terms, we can think of the American collapse as a kind of “great filter” which will reveal those who truly have “race” and those who don’t. It will do this by forcing people to demonstrate, like the police at Uvalde, whether they truly are as good as their word and ideal. For many conservatives, what happened at Uvalde has been a shattering experience, not just because children are dead – obviously – but because one of their cherished institutions has failed so miserably to do what it was supposed to do. All the talk of a “thin blue line”, “backing the blue” and “based cops” now seems laughably empty. If police won’t even put themselves in harm’s way to protect the lives of children, even when present in number and armed with tactical gear – well, what can they be relied on to do? Do you really think they won’t enforce unconstitutional orders, for instance to confiscate people’s legally owned weapons?

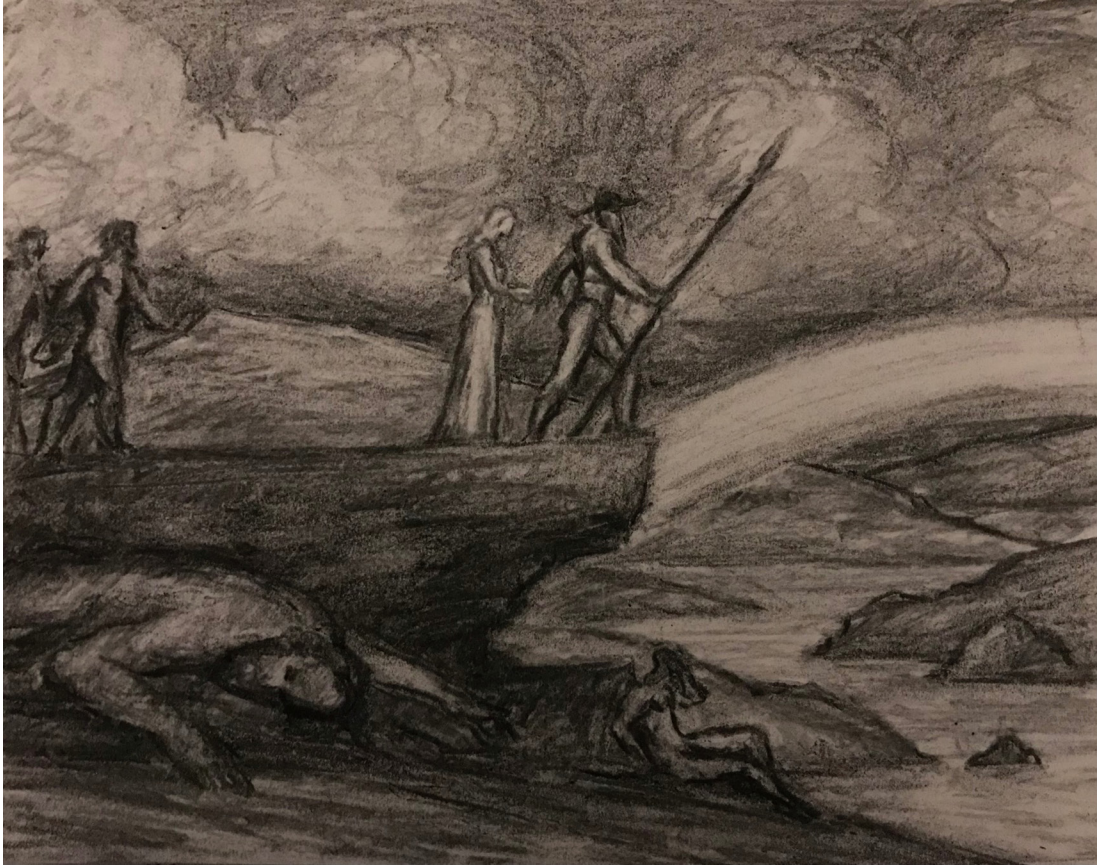
That sound you hear? It’s an entire worldview crumbling.

Truth is, it should come as no surprise to us that, when push comes to shove, many will be found lacking. There is a deep body of work in social psychology and philosophy, going back through Stanley Milgram’s electro-shock experiments to the Scottish Enlightenment and beyond, that reveals how contingent people’s good behaviour is on the circumstances they find themselves in. In the case of Milgram’s experiments, it took little more than the garb of authority – a white lab-coat – to make ordinary people administer, or at least believe they had administered, lethal shocks to people whose only apparent

crime was failing to answer a set of questions properly. I don't believe, as some extreme proponents of the "situationist" theory of ethics believe, that there is no such thing as character or virtue, but I do think that people are too confident in their own, and others', virtue, precisely because it is largely untested. So, to add some nuance to my prediction, I'll say this too: we will be surprised by who does and who doesn't end up having "race" when the cookie finally crumbles.

For all this pessimism, though, which is of course well suited to an essay whose starting point is Oswald Spengler, I still think it's possible that "race" could be an X-factor in the coming years. If Kyle Rittenhouse, the example I've used here, turns out to be a disappointment, we can and should look elsewhere for other examples, and not just in the real world. The much-maligned Kevin Costner film *The Postman* suggests an alternative path. *The Postman* is a rather straightforward post-apocalyptic film except in one regard: by the end of the film, the collapse has been reversed. This happens through the example of one man, an eccentric unnamed drifter, played by Costner, who discovers a US Postal Service mail carrier and decides to re-found the Postal Service. By delivering letters from the scattered inhabitants of the former United States to one another, Costner's character reminds them of what they have in common, inspiring them to defeat the regional warlords who have taken over. The film ends thirty years later in a restored United States, with the unveiling of a statue to the Postman, beneath which is a plaque: "The Postman: He delivered a message of hope embraced by a new generation". Cheesy? Of course – it's 90s Costner! Cheese aside, the film demonstrates

clearly that, while an heroic example is necessary, it's not sufficient for renewal. There must be a broader movement, which is presumably what develops in the unseen time between the film's final battle and the unveiling of the statue. The question of the conditions that make such a movement possible will have to wait, however, for another day to find its answer. 🐾



Harald

Composition Sketch for Entry of the Gods into Valhalla (2022)

Charcoal on Paper

BLOOD PASSOVER EUGYPIIUS

Simon, or Simonino, was a young boy from Trent who disappeared on Maundy Thursday, 1475. After a few days of fruitless searching, a servant found his lifeless body on Easter Sunday, in a cellar owned by the Jewish paterfamilias Samuel of Nuremberg. Observers said the body appeared to have been exsanguinated, or drained of its blood, and municipal authorities operating under the auspices of prince-bishop Johannes Hinderbach promptly arrested the entire Ashkenazi community of Trent. The prisoners confessed after torture to the ritual murder of the two-year-old child and the consumption of his blood in the course of their Passover rites. Ultimately, and despite papal attempts to intervene on their behalf, sixteen Jews were burnt at the stake.

Although Simon of Trent's name was eventually included in the Roman martyrology, and he was even effectively beatified in 1588, today the whole matter has become an embarrassment for the Roman Catholic Church. The accusations that followed Simon's murder are counted among the foremost examples of blood libel, which, according to Wikipedia, is "an antisemitic canard that falsely accuses Jews of murdering Christian boys in order to use their blood in the performance of religious rituals." Pope Paul VI suppressed Simon's cult in 1965, and modern scholars discount the confessions of the Trent defendants as

the products of coercion and antisemitism. Allegations associated with the blood libel must be impossible, so goes the line, given that Mosaic law prohibits the ingestion of blood.

As a rule, historians tend towards credulity. It is very hard to say anything about the past if you cannot trust your sources. In certain politically or culturally sensitive areas, though, postwar historians have cultivated a dogmatic scepticism. The forbidden terrain is not limited to sensitive topics in Jewish history, but extends to a whole body of medieval and early modern sources characterising deviant or illicit religious practices. The licentious behaviour of specific heretical sects, the subversive rites ascribed to early modern witches, and all tales of blood libel are held to be little more than clerical fever dreams. This is all in accordance with a broader pattern, whereby modern scholars exhibit hostility towards the efforts of past European Christians to define orthodox practices and exclude outsiders, even as they remain eager to entertain polemical Byzantine, Muslim and Jewish accounts of European Christian conduct and to deplore the purported racial and religious crimes of their forbears whenever possible.

This unbalanced attitude has not always encouraged parsimonious theories. The campaign to discount beliefs and practices of witchcraft as pure



Matthew the Stoa
Fire Walk (2022)
Black Chalk on Paper

judicial fantasy, for example, has been pushed to very implausible extremes. Early modern witch trials have a very definite geographic distribution, and witch mythology often reveals specific regional characteristics which make it hard to write off the phenomenon as purely fantastical. Trial records vary in quality, of course. There are clear moral panics, in which the accused blandly confess to stereotypical offences under torture, but there are also cases where alleged witches provide much more specific accounts of their illicit activities in the absence of coercion. Nor does anybody dispute the abundant evidence for contemporary learned interest in ritual magic and necromancy. Thus it seems far from crazy to suppose, as a minimal thesis, that scholarly cultivation of spells and potions, diffused by itinerant preachers or some other mechanism, inspired subversive parareligious rites in various peasant communities.

The early modern witch got up to various nefarious acts; above all, she participated in something called the Witches' Sabbat. This was held to be a weekly diabolical celebration at which witches danced with demons, engaged in inverted parodies of Christian liturgical rites, and often murdered children, either eating them or reducing their bodies to magical pastes or powders. These extracts could then be used for the preparation of specific potions, or even for lending the power of flight to their broomsticks.

Perhaps broomsticks cannot fly, but such stories are enough to raise the question of whether premodern Europeans took an interest in pastes or powders derived from children in other contexts. It was in the course of trying to answer this question that I first encountered a

curious book by Ariel Toaff, son of the Chief Rabbi of Rome and history professor at Bar-Ilan University in Israel, called *Pasque di sangue: Ebrei d'Europa e omicidi rituali*, or, in English: *Blood Passover: European Jews and Ritual Murder*. Among the curious contents of this volume is an entire chapter summarising what is known of the late medieval magical and ritual uses of powdered blood, especially the blood of children. As it turns out, there was an active late medieval trade in this exotic substance, which was the key ingredient in certain electuaries and considered to have a range of salutary properties, both as a haemostatic agent and as a curative astringent. There are even Ashkenazi texts which prescribe the use of blood as a coagulant during the circumcision ceremony. Apparently, those Jews who used these blood-based remedies believed that Mosaic prohibitions did not apply once the blood had been desiccated or mixed with other substances.

It seemed strange to me that the contents of this chapter had never found any reception in the broader discussion of European witch mythology. Here, after all, was clear evidence anchoring in reality the use of potions derived from the bodies of children – the very sorts of things fabulistic witches stood accused of concocting. I soon realised that there were reasons for this neglect. Powdered blood was for Toaff an ancillary matter; his primary concern was none other than Simon, the two year-old boy-martyr from Trent and the ritual murder accusations surrounding his death. After years studying the case with his students, Toaff had concluded that the trial records “constitute the most important and detailed document ever written on the ritual murder accusation, a precious

document ... in which the words of the accusers and inquisitors did not always succeed in superimposing themselves over, or confusing themselves with, the words of the defendants” (p. 79f.). He proceeded to entertain the theory that the allegations against the Trent defendants might have been accurate, hypothesising that these murderous rituals had become current among select fundamentalist Ashkenazi communities. For this subset of European Jewry, tense cohabitation with German Christians in the Rhineland, punctuated by formative events like the Crusader massacres of 1096, had nourished pronounced anti-Christian sentiments and perhaps encouraged these extreme ceremonies.

My copy of *Pasque di sangue*, bearing the date of 2008, turned out to be a second edition. I learned that the book had first appeared a year earlier, in 2007, and had even received an enthusiastic advance review in *Corriere della Sera*. Yet the threat that it posed to the politically fraught edifice of the blood libel enraged familiar actors like the Anti-Defamation League, and set off an international firestorm. Inflamed activists and academics demanded that Toaff resign his professorship; some even called for criminal charges. Scholars of European history, from the illustrious Cambridge historian David Abulafia to the eccentric and unimaginative author of a prior book on the Trent accusations named Ronnie Po-Chia Hsia, issued ex-cathedra condemnations of Toaff’s thesis. Within days of publication, the professor relented and ordered his publisher to withdraw the book. The next year he issued a revised edition, the one that had come into my hands, in which he modified his claims and denied that he had ever entertained the possibility of ritu-

al murder. He had, he pleaded, merely intended to explore the use of blood in Ashkenazi culture and ritual. To protest Toaff’s shameful treatment and the open ethnic biases of his attackers, translators produced a hasty English version, which you can download yourself (<http://www.israelshamir.net/bloodpassover.pdf>). While the translation is far from elegant, it is this version of the text that is most widely available, and that which I’ll cite in what follows.

Toaff’s critics rarely show signs of having read *Blood Passover* at all. They prefer to deplore, without elaboration, his methodological sin of taking confessions obtained under torture at face value, even though this is not his approach. All of our records for the past have been produced by people with an array of overt and covert motivations; the historian has to establish the reliability of his sources, but he is never called upon to discount them outright. Judicial torture has also elicited many accurate confessions, after all.

Ritual murder allegations against Jews come out of nowhere, in the middle of the twelfth century. The first case involved the murder of a twelve year-old boy named William, who died around 22 March 1144 in Norwich, England. He disappeared in the days before Easter and his mutilated body was found on Holy Saturday, on the Mousehold Heath just outside the town. Locals accused the Norwich Jewish community of William’s murder; the accused received royal protection immediately and were never tried. The near-contemporary account of William’s murder by the monk Thomas of Monmouth, allegedly based on the testimony of converted Jews with direct knowledge of the killing, is a strange, nightmarish document, with an overt-

ly legendary tone that clashes with its chronological proximity to the events in question. Like all early narratives in the genre, blood has no role to play in the narrative; the emphasis lies rather on a grotesque, ritualised crucifixion.

After the thirteenth century, stories of ritual murder focus more and more on the blood of the murdered victims and its importance for the Passover rite. An important aspect of Toaff's argument, is that the geographical distribution of these cases is far from random, but is rather closely tied to the presence of the Ashkenazi Jewish diaspora. Thus, although the Italian peninsula had been home to Roman Jews for millennia, ritual murder allegations first arrived in northern Italy with Ashkenazi migrants from Germany in the fifteenth century. The accusations moreover have a distinct pattern, familiar to anyone who has studied the witchcraft trials of Europe: Sensational cases, like that at Trent in 1475, often induce a frenzy of less credible accusations that doubtless ensnare many innocent parties. The most interesting evidence is generally always to be found in isolated incidents, or as at Trent, at the very start of these judicial chain reactions.

There is perhaps a reason that Thomas of Monmouth's strange account has been widely translated and made available to university students everywhere, while the Trent materials remain out of reach on the high shelf. Contrary to Thomas's difficult and puzzling story, the confessions of the Trent Ashkenazim are richly detailed, plausible in many points and often subject to external documentary confirmation.

One of central figures in the Trent drama was a young artist named Israel, who confessed eagerly, convert-

ed to Christianity, received the name Wolfgang, and even briefly became a confidant of Bishop Hinderbach — all before his covert efforts to free the female defendants in the trial were discovered and he was executed. Israel Wolfgang's voluminous testimony included a description of another ritual murder that he said had occurred years earlier at Regensburg in 1467, and in which he claimed to have participated. Toaff summarises the story as follows (p. 121f.):

In those days, Rabbi Jossel di Kelheim had ... purchased a Christian child from a beggar for the price of ten ducats. He took the child to his house, in the Jewish quarter, where he concealed him for two days, in anticipation of the solemn event of the Pesach, the feast of the unleavened bread, when the annual celebrations begin in remembrance of the miraculous escape of the people of Israel from captivity in Egypt would begin. In the early morning of the first day of the holiday period, Rabbi Jossel ... transferred the boy into the narrow confines of the parlour of Sayer Straubinger, the small synagogue located a short distance from his house, where he was accustomed to preside over the collective rites of the community and its daily and festive liturgical meetings. Awaiting him were at least 25 Jews, previously informed of the extraordinary event. Israel Wolfgang was one of them, and he remembered the exact names of all the participants in the rite, both those from Regensburg and those from other regions. ...

The boy was undressed in the parlor and placed on a chest containing the sacred parchments of the synagogue. He was then crucified, circumcised and finally suffocated over the course of a horrifying collective ritual, following a script ... well known to all the participants... [T]he blood was collected

in a bowl, to be distributed among the Jews participating in the rite or sent to the rich of the community. The day after, rumor of the ritual infanticide spread in the district and many people rushed to Sayer's parlor to see the body of the sacrificed boy, which was placed quite visibly inside the chest. The next evening, at the beginning of the ceremonies of the second day of Pesach, in the central room of the small synagogue ... the grisly ritual, which had now become merely commemorative, began afresh. Finally, the child's body was buried in the courtyard of the chapel, in a remote corner, surrounded by a wall, accessed through a small door which was usually kept locked.

Israel Wolfgang's deposition prompted a separate inquiry in Regensburg, which culminated in the arrest of the Rabbi and the other prominent Jews he had named. The accused gave unremarkable pro forma confessions, after which the German Emperor, Frederick III, ordered their release in exchange for ruinous fees. And so the incident would have passed beneath our notice as the implausible product of judicial torture, had not workers who were engaged in repairing the house of the Regensburg rabbi, in the course of excavating his cellars, uncovered the skeleton of a small child. The Jews immediately protested that the bones had been planted to incriminate them, and Frederick remained insistent on their release. Any objective observer, however, must admit that this case represents a serious problem for the blood libel thesis, for it cannot be so easily dismissed as the mere product of antisemitism and torture.

Authorities in Trent had no prior experience with ritualistic Passover murders, in fantasy or reality, and the interrogators put a wide range of ques-

tions to the accused, touching on all aspects of their Passover ritual. What typically happens, in the less credible witchcraft trials, is that untextured judicial fantasies impose themselves upon the confession, which then loses much of its detail and all connection to local circumstances. You can almost see the truth of events receding from you, as the defendants tell their interrogators what they want to hear. The Trent confessions are attended by the opposite phenomenon, of explicit, textured detail and the coherence of the whole.

In their depositions, the Trent defendants provided a detailed account of their ritualistic use of blood at Passover, at points in the ritual specific to Ashkenazi liturgy. For them, blood was "the object of minute regulation ... governed by broad and exhaustive [rules], almost as if it formed an integral part of the most firmly established regulations relating to the ritual" (p. 260). Small quantities of powdered blood from a Christian child were mixed into the dough of the unleavened bread, and dissolved into a cup of wine used during a Seder recitation of the ten curses Yahweh levelled upon the land of Egypt. Heads of households were obligated to procure the blood for Passover, and in view of its expense, wealthy Jews were expected to provide for their less fortunate co-religious.

As you'd expect of old, embedded ritual practices, whose origins had passed beyond memory, opinions on the significance of the blood varied. One defendant suggested it was "a sign of outrage against Jesus Christ, whom the Christians claim is their God" (p. 262); for another, it betokened the coming destruction of the Christian religion. Its use was accompanied by Hebrew invocations fully embedded in the broader

Passover rite. “[O]nly someone with a very good knowledge of the Seder ritual, an insider, could describe the order of gestures and operations and be capable of supplying such detailed and precise descriptions and explanations” of what was done and why (p. 265). Toaff is even compelled to reconstruct the precise meaning of the depositions at various points, because the Trent judges and their notaries could not accurately transcribe the Hebrew vocabulary of the accused. “Imagining that the judges dictated these descriptions of the Seder ritual, with the related liturgical formulae in Hebrew, does not seem very plausible” (ibid.).

As for Simon’s killing:

The depositions of the defendants in the Trent trial were all in agreement as to the fact that the murder of little Simon was said to have been committed on Friday, inside the synagogue, ... in the antechamber of the hall in which the men gathered in prayer. ... Simon’s crucifixion was alleged to have been committed on a bench... The boy’s body, [once] lifeless, was ... alleged to have been removed to the central hall of the synagogue ... for the ceremonies of the Sabbath. ... The body was wrapped in a wimple of variegated silk and embroidery, a fine cloth the size of a hand towel used to cover the scrolls of the Law after the reading. (p. 289f.)

Various wounds inflicted on the body had ceremonial significance in the minds of some defendants, but were also at base intended to commemorate, in an act of liturgical mockery, the crucifixion of Christ. The defendants provided precise formulae employed during the murder rite, which were again poorly transcribed by the Italian notaries and

at points require Toaff’s reconstruction.

If it is appropriate to argue that Christians were guilty of the unjust torture and execution of religious minorities in their midst, perhaps it should also be permitted to consider the opposite possibility, namely that some of these religious minorities – even if only specific, extremist sects – were likewise guilty of the crimes to which they confessed. Maybe someday, scholars will even consider the possibility that within the late medieval Christian world, on the eve of the Reformation, there lurked a semi-cohesive subversive anti-Christian movement, of which the Trent defendants were only one element, and which indulged in the occasional, ritualistic murder of children, as a parody of the Mass, and for purposes religious, magic or otherwise.

Maybe some of them are still with us. 🐾



Harald
Elevation (2022)
Charcoal on Paper



DRAWTHENTIC
King of the Hill (2022)
Digital

THE LIFE AND THOUGHTS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD JL DE L'ENCLOS

On the night of July 1, 1652 the army of Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Condé passed around the northern outskirts of Paris, from the Porte Saint-Honoré in the west to the Porte Saint-Antoine in the east. Condé was the leading military commander of the rebellion known as the Fronde, which saw much of the French nobility rise up against the regency of Louis XIV under the queen mother Anne of Austria and the administration of Cardinal Mazarin— and he was in need of a more secure position. He had just met up with his army in the north, which was beset by difficulties, by sneaking through royalist lines along with the Duc de La Rochefoucauld and a handful of other followers. Now he was being pursued by two armies loyal to the King, each larger than his own: one belonging to the Vicomte de Turenne, and the other to the Maréchal de la Ferté.

Condé had resolved to move his army to Charenton in the east. His preference would have been to go south to Saint-Germain, but Gaston, the Duc d'Orleans and uncle of Louis XIV, was afraid a battle would take place outside the Palais de Luxembourg where he lived, and that his house would be struck by artillery fire. Lacking his consent to camp there, and reluctant to request passage through the city of Paris, which like the Duc d'Orleans was then wavering between the party of the Fronde and the party of the King, Condé made his

move around the city walls. In so passing to the north, he and his army went directly by the royal Court, then sitting at Saint Denis, having previously decamped Paris under duress. The Court immediately became aware of his movement, and Turenne gave chase. We are told that the King himself went to watch the battle, which the Court expected to be the final defeat of Condé, and with that the end of the civil war.

Around seven o'clock in the morning, Condé reached the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, now part of the city of Paris, but at that time a suburb outside the city gates. It was then and there that Turenne caught up with Condé. Turenne initially sent a small detachment into Condé's rearguard, "to amuse him." As a result, the troops of Condé were thrown into disorder, and he had to abandon his baggage to have time to get his men in some semblance of order for battle. With his forces fragmented, Condé had immediately around himself no more than thirty or forty allied noblemen and members of his own household, whom he quickly formed into a squadron and moved to a defensive position behind some entrenchments the local villagers of the Faubourg had made several days earlier, expecting to be pillaged.

Turenne sent an entire well-ordered battalion against the small squadron, and it seemed to be the end

for Condé in the eyes of those watching. But at thirty feet from their position, Condé charged out from his defensive entrenchments, sword in hand, whereupon he and his small band entirely defeated Turenne's battalion, taking their officers prisoner and capturing their banners before returning behind the entrenchments.

Nevertheless, Turenne's attacks continued, not only on Condé's immediate position but on his forces' other scattered positions as well. Yet the King's forces met intense resistance throughout the battle. Condé came out a second time from his entrenchments and once again repulsed Turenne's men. La Rochefoucauld tells us, "he was everywhere. And in the middle of the fire and the battle, he gave orders with that clarity of mind that is so rare and so necessary in these encounters."

After the second attack was repulsed, the rebel Duc de Beaufort joined up with Condé along with his brother-in-law, and rival Frondeur, the Duc de Nemours. Condé wanted to send his infantry against the musketry that had taken up positions in the houses along the road to Charenton. But Beaufort, disappointed that he had not fought alongside Condé at Turenne's two prior attacks while Nemours had, argued that they should instead attack the barricades blocking the road ahead. They proceeded with Beaufort's plan, but the attack failed and their infantry hid in hedges, no longer wishing to fight.

At this time La Rochefoucauld joined up with Beaufort and Nemours, and Beaufort proposed to the three of them that they and their followers attack a squadron of Flemish troops loyal to the King who were then passing down the road. It was a foolhardy attack,

and they exposed themselves and their few companions who followed them to withering fire from the musketry in the houses lining the road.

But the guards at the barricade were put in shock by the boldness of the attack, and continuing to drive forward despite the musket fire from the houses, the noblemen pushed the guards back and took the barricade. Alone. Their followers had not joined them. Holding the barricade was nobody but the Duc de Beaufort, the Duc de Nemours, and the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, along with his eldest son François VII, Prince de Marcillac, who had just passed his eighteenth birthday a few weeks prior, and yet had already been in battle several times alongside his father over the past year.

Seeing that only four men held the barricade, the king's forces immediately counterattacked. Condé put himself in the road with his followers and tried to come to their aid, but the four noblemen were entirely outmatched. Nemours was shot 13 times. Most balls lodged in his armor, but several struck his body. La Rochefoucauld received a musket shot to the face. The ball passed behind one eye, into his nasal cavity, behind the other eye, and exited clean through the other side of his face. La Rochefoucauld tells us that he instantly lost sight. Beaufort and the young Marcillac helped the two wounded dukes to friendly lines, while Condé and his small squadron defended their retreat. The barricade was once again lost to the King's forces.

Both sides were by now exhausted by battle, and attention turned to the wounded, of which there were many on both sides. But word came that the King's other army, led by de la Ferté, was

en route with fresh troops. Once again, it appeared to be the end for Condé and the Fronde.

But the opinion of the people of Paris suddenly shifted. They had up until that point viewed the battle cynically. Many mistrusted Condé, based on rumors of his previously attempting to make a separate peace with the King. Some even went so far as to think that the entire conflict was being staged by the King's chief minister, Cardinal Mazarin. But seeing so many dead and wounded noblemen being carried from the battlefield, such illusions were lost; and with their sympathy aroused, the Parisian people began to take the side of Condé.

The Duc d'Orleans, who held great sway over the city of Paris and controlled its defenses, had also wavered considerably between the two camps. Throughout the battle, the Cardinal de Retz continually counseled Orleans to remain neutral. But his twenty-five-year-old daughter, Anne Marie Louise, called la Grande Mademoiselle, overcame his indecision and took matters into her own hands. She went to the city hall and ordered the bourgeois of the city armed, so that they could remove the King's guard blocking the city gates. Then she went to the Bastille, which overlooked the battlefield, and ordered the governor of the fort to turn his cannon on the king's troops—which he did.

With the gates now open, La Rochefoucauld, despite his grave wounds, was helped onto his horse and rode into Paris, where he called on the people to join the side of Condé. La Grande Mademoiselle reported in her own *Mémoires* that she met him at the old Rue de Tissanderie (today the Rue de Rivoli, near the Hôtel de Ville).

He was being held up on his horse by his son the Prince de Marcillac and his right-hand man, Jean Hérauld Gourville. All three men had on white doublets, which were covered in the duke's blood. La Rochefoucauld was exhaling heavily, for fear that the blood running from his nose into his mouth would suffocate him. And it appeared, she said, that his eyes were falling out of his head. She did not think he would be able to survive.

Following the swing in popular support and the intervention of la Grande Mademoiselle, Condé entered the city to great acclamation, despite being grossly outmatched and having endured heavy casualties. It was a sort of triumphal retreat into Paris. The captured banners of Turenne and others were hung up on the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Condé was at the height of his power. The King and Court returned to their provisional seat at St. Denis.

But by October, after various duels, riots, melees, and other intrigues, the Fronde collapsed and the civil war was over. The King retook Paris with Turenne's assistance, and Condé went into exile. La Rochefoucauld survived, and the King offered him amnesty. But he refused it, and chose instead to recuperate from his wounds with his family far away from Paris, near Luxembourg in lands governed by his brother-in-law.

Married at fifteen, a soldier from sixteen, a father at twenty, and exiled from court once previously at the age twenty-one for "imprudence of language," no written work had yet appeared in print under La Rochefoucauld's name, and nothing out of print besides some letters. Now, at thirty-nine years old, the cause he had fought for was lost; his injuries would require a lengthy convalescence; his affairs were

in disarray after years of war; his family seat, the Chateau de Verteuil, had been leveled by the King's forces; and he was out of favor with the Court once again.

Yet it is in this second exile, during his recuperation from the wounds of war and the rebuilding of a shattered noble house, that we encounter one of the most remarkable moralists that the European spirit has produced in any age.

"Hypocrisy is a tribute vice pays to virtue."

"One gives nothing so generously as his advice."

"The mind is always the dupe of the heart."

"Neither the sun nor death can be looked at unblinkingly."

"Disputes would not last long if the fault were only on one side."

"One is never as happy nor as unhappy as one imagines."

When one encounters the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, they are typically of the sort translated above. The kinds of pithy turns of phrase that used to occasionally leaven the writings of essayists and the speech of political men, before the quality of our public discourse degraded to its present state. Yet the *Réflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales* are more than pithy turns of phrase. They contain a system. But not a system of philosophy (for which La Rochefoucauld holds a certain contempt).

"Philosophy easily triumphs over evils of the past and evils of the future, but present evils triumph over it." (22)

Rather, they contain a system of moral psychology that distills and crystallizes and isolates and refines human nature into its constituent elements, and reassembles them into a picture of man as he truly is, even if it is not what theologians or philosophers might hope.

"The vices enter into the composition of the virtues, as poisons enter into the composition of remedies: prudence assembles them and tempers them and employs them gainfully against the evils of life." (182)

Nietzsche, praising both the maxim as a literary form and the author of these, called them "accurately aimed arrows, which hit the mark again and again, the black mark of man's nature." The metaphor of the arrow is apt, but not ideal. Better to liken the *Maximes* to the épée:

"Solemnity is an obscurity in the body contrived to hide the faults of the mind." (257)

or to the musket:

"No one deserves to be praised for kindness if he doesn't have the strength to be cruel: any other kindness is often nothing but a laziness or the impotence of the will." (237)

The maxim is the perfect literary form for a man of the *noblesse de l'épée* who was willing to go to war against his own King in order to protect his privileges, to maintain his rule over his ancestral domains—and, indeed, for the love of adventure and intrigue. It is pure assertion. Unsupported by argument or data, it is its own evidence. It is the literary equivalent of the thrust of a blade or the blast of a gun. His maxims

are frequently cutting, often ironic, and occasionally quite funny:

“Most chaste women are hidden treasures, who are only in safekeeping because no one looks for them.” (368)

He fights with the pen just as he did at the battle of Faubourg Saint-Antoine, like a true French nobleman—among the few, exposed to enemy fire, but bravely staking his claim with a bold and contentious pronouncement.

“What men call friendship is nothing but a company, a reciprocal management of interests, and an exchange of good offices; in the end, it is nothing but a business wherein pride always offers something to gain.” (83)

No longer at war, and in repose, he wages a battle of the mind’s wit. It must be understood that the maxims are the product of aristocratic conversation—the intrigue and hypocrisy of court, of course; but also: the salon, letters, and above all liaisons and affairs and private friendships, especially with young women. The quintessential image of La Rochefoucauld is the convalescing nobleman reclining at one of his estates while conversing intently with two pretty girls in finery. In the years after the Fronde, he became closely linked with Mme de Sévigné, author of celebrated letters to her daughter, and Mme de Lafayette, author of perhaps the first truly modern novel, *La Princesse de Clèves*.

Without a doubt, La Rochefoucauld has his enemies. They existed in his day and persist throughout literary history, and they follow a certain fixed line of attack. That line is very well exemplified in a biographical work by the minor 19th century French philosopher

Victor Cousin. He takes up the early life of the duchesse de Longueville, who was the sister of Condé, mistress of La Rochefoucauld, and the central figure in the political intrigues that initiated and sustained the Fronde. Cousin paints a picture of La Rochefoucauld as entirely self-interested and totally lacking in virtue—particularly lacking in the virtues of courtly love.

To his way of thinking, La Rochefoucauld should have put Mme de Longueville on a pedestal and sacrificed himself for her sake, rather than manipulating her into leading the Fronde and using his relations with her for personal and political advantages — and then casting her aside at the merest hint of betrayal.

La Rochefoucauld suspected Mme de Longueville of having secretly entered into an affair with the Duc de Nemours, and said as much in his *Mémoires*. Although they were published anonymously and he disavowed authorship, the accusation made a scandal; and that, along with the collapse of the Fronde, drove Mme de Longueville to spend the rest of her life at the abbey of Port-Royal in religious seclusion. La Rochefoucauld, meanwhile, healed from his wounds and regained his sight, reentered the King’s favor and gained high offices for himself and his sons, and joined a literary society where he circulated works that gained great and lasting renown.

“In love, the one who heals the first is always the better healed.” (417)

Cousin’s line of attack is heavily influenced by the unflattering depiction of La Rochefoucauld recorded by his fellow Frondeur and bitterest rival: Paul

de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz. Retz is the author of celebrated *Mémoires*, which contain a sardonically belittling portrait of La Rochefoucauld. Retz describes him as possessed of good qualities but habitually vacillating and never able to carry matters to a profitable outcome; a soldier but not a warrior; and author of the *Maximes* which show insufficient faith in virtue:

“he would have done better to know himself and reduce himself to passing, as he could have done, for the most polished courtier of his century.”

La Rochefoucauld for his part responded with a written portrait of Retz which was substantially more direct and caustic: “little piety, some appearance of religion”; “seems ambitious without being it”; “insensitive to hatred and friendship, whatever care he took to look busy with the one or the other.” His contempt is not surprising. At one point in the Fronde, La Rochefoucauld tried to assassinate Retz, then insulted him in front of the Parliament of Paris, and would have dueled with him over it, had it not been for the intervention of the Duc d’Orleans.

The critics do have some merit to their charges. La Rochefoucauld was, without a doubt, a political and economic failure in the first part of his life. Although he inherited a ducal title and was a hereditary *pair de France*, his early love of intrigue and adventure left his house in tatters.

“Youth is a continuous inebriation: it is the fever of reason.” (271)

But it was through his engagement in affairs that La Rochefoucauld

developed a penetrating sense of the psychological motives that drive human action.

“Men and affairs have their point of perspective. There are certain ones that must be seen up close to judge them properly, and others which one never judges so well as when one is far away.” (104)

And in the system of La Rochefoucauld, affairs are nothing more than the actions of particular men, who are driven by their own interests, including their interest in honor and glory; their pride or self-love; their individual humors or dispositions; and above all, fortune.

“What we take for virtues are often nothing but an assemblage of various actions and interests that fortune or our industry are able to put in order, and it is not always by valor or chastity that men are valiant and that women are chaste.” (1)

La Rochefoucauld is not seeking with the *Maximes* to raise man to the attainment of a higher condition. But nor is he an amoralist or moral anarchist, instructing followers to abandon virtue. He is the engaged spectator, the mature aristocrat who, having passed from an active life to a largely contemplative one, is able to see in others and in himself the bitter truth of man’s high moral aspirations when they confront reality.

“The virtues are lost in interest, as rivers are lost in the sea.” (171)

And neither he is a Machiavelian, inventing new modes and orders, nor is he a Nietzschean affecting a transvaluation of values. The system of La

Rochefoucauld is not one of social or political improvement or even criticism. It is directed above all at affecting the most penetrating possible insight into the mind and motives of men...

"The greatest fault of a penetrating insight is not to fall just shy of the mark, it is to go past it." (377)

...while leaving the rest to fortune.

"Fortune makes our virtues and vices appear, just as light makes objects appear." (38)

Nature and fortune are the two great givens for La Rochefoucauld, with nature being the material and fortune being the field of action—each of which serve to distinguish men.

"Nature creates merit, fortune puts it to work." (153)

La Rochefoucauld speaks of fortune the way many of his contemporaries would speak of Providence, which he only referred to once, in an early edition of the *Maximes*.

"Whatever uncertainty and whatever variety appears in the world, one notices nevertheless a certain hidden sequence and order always settled by Providence, which causes each thing to walk in file and follow the course of its destiny." (613, 225 in 1665 ed.)

He removed that maxim in subsequent editions, and in view of the overall system, we can see why it was suppressed. La Rochefoucauld assiduously avoids allowing any sort of hidden hand or guiding mechanism, other than fortune, to enter into his portrayal of human motivations. And yet even fortune is not entirely determinative.

"There is a superiority that does not depend a bit on fortune: it is a certain appearance that distinguishes us and makes us seem destined for great things; it is a price that we imperceptibly put on ourselves; it is by this quality that we usurp the deference of other men, and it is typically by this quality that we stand taller than others do by birth, by prerogative, by merit even." (399)

It is a view that sees man as fundamentally active according to his nature—not as a reactive object of group dynamics or as a passive observer of a deterministic historical process. And even though fortune as well as nature must favor those who wish to win eternal fame...

"Whatever great advantages nature gives, it is not by nature alone, but fortune with it that makes heroes." (53)

...great men know how to make fortune favor them.

"To be a great man, one must know how to turn all fortune to his advantage." (343)

These maxims, although they were published in multiple editions and were well-known in his lifetime, reflect the preoccupations of a nobleman. They are not the sort of thoughts that are appropriate for the many.

"Mediocre minds typically condemn everything that exceeds their reach." (375)

Nietzsche recognized as much in his encounter with La Rochefoucauld, wondering whether "perhaps the belief in goodness, in virtuous men and actions, in an abundance of impersonal goodwill

in the world has made men better.” He goes on to “table the question of whether psychological observation brings more advantage or harm upon men.”

La Rochefoucauld, however, does not entirely avoid that question. In the final maxim, he addresses the fear of death and the falsehood and self-deception of those who appear to disdain it—regardless of their status.

“It is true that, whatever disproportion there is between great men and the common people, one has seen a thousand times the one and the other greet death with the same face; but it has always been with the difference that, in the disdain that great men appear to have for death, it is the love of glory that takes away their sight, and in common people it is nothing but an effect of their lack of enlightenment that stops them from considering the magnitude of their woe, and gives them the freedom to think about something else.” (504)

It is a striking yet altogether fitting coda to the *Maximes*, and one which stands as a rebuke to some of the basic presumptions that pervade the present epoch. At a minimum, we ought to doubt that La Rochefoucauld would recognize the merit of pressing the common man into a scheme of universal education, thereby stealing from him that simplicity of spirit which is his succor from life’s greatest evil, and arousing in him instead the false hope of social progress and technological improvement.

Worse than misguided schemes to raise the social and intellectual condition of the common man, which continue to fail despite centuries of effort, is the nagging sense that an overall decline in human substance and an oppressive


empire of petty regulation of daily life are reaching a point where we may never again see great men. But La Rochefoucauld reminds us that the reluctant warrior and the bureaucrat were with him in his day also.

“We do not want to lose our lives, and we want to gain glory; which causes the brave to have even greater skill and spirit for avoiding death than functionaries have for holding onto their benefits.” (221)

And so too was the impulse of the unremarkable masses to hinder and constrain the great.

“We have made a virtue of moderation to put limits on the ambition of great men, and to console mediocre people for their lack of fortune, and their lack of merit.” (308)

Yet the desire for glory never dies in the hearts of certain men—the best men. As inhospitable as the times are to the pursuit of glory, so much greater will be the faculties and so much bolder will be the enterprises of those immoderate men who aspire to ever-flowing renown among mortals. And that will make their names all the greater.

“The glory of great men must be measured by the means they use to get it.” (157) 



Harald

Siegfried Going Through the Magic Fire (2022)

Charcoal on Paper

THE ART OF GOSSIP No. I

ANNA KHACHIYAN

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

Anna Khachiyan and Dasha Nekrasova started the *Red Scare Podcast* in 2018. It is now a successful program (so far achieving over 12 000 subscribers) in which “the ladies” loosely and discursively ramble about American culture, fresh political news, some philosophical thoughts, the rare theological concern, and (obviously) their feelings. This alone is scarcely interesting though. So why do Anna and Dasha concern us?

Well partly because some of their episodes are dedicated to interviews of anti-establishment figures.

Though each guest varies in their degree of fringe-cum-mainstream status – with some putatively on right and others donning traditionally leftist laurels – they together form a curry of revolutionary longing. The most notable among them are: Slavoj Žižek, Glenn Greenwald and Adam Curtis (left); as well as Steven Bannon, Alex Jones, and Curtis Yarvin (right). Do not be surprised if the *Führer der Frösche* himself (“yes. henlo”) will soon be a guest.

For hosting these pariahs and committing other blasphemies, such as their liberal usage of less-than-offensive taboo words, the ladies are often diminished to attention seekers by the mainstream media, who mendaciously char-

acterize them as only “provocateurs” or “trolls” or “nihilists.” But this deliberately dismissive depiction is hardly true.

The ladies are oppositely amplifying immoderate voices of subversion, and consistently give their platform to whomever is willing to puncture holes in the ship’s hull. Yes, to some degree, the girls only want what we want: to see the foundering of this gay cruise liner.

If my impression of them is accurate, then Anna and Dasha are just merchants of fringe. *Bravo les filles!*

But that is not all; there is something new fermenting here. The girls, who at first might have been just haphazardly helping themselves to any dissident in the culture-buffet, are now giving our croaks and our ribbits a megaphone. Just look at what Anna shares online. They found a heat source and they want to cozy up! So please be kind...shift over...make some room around our fire.

And I will admit it: I speak this amicably only in hindsight, after asking pointed questions, since I was first concerned that this conversation would be little else but interview parasitism. Anna, among other things, is an interviewer; this interview, then, would only be turning the knife back into the assailant – of questioning the questioner. I was afraid I had reached my low only after three issues...becoming a blood-quenched mosquito (me) on the hind-legs of a ravenous hyena (Anna). But I



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had crudely underestimated the woman!

Anna is far more intelligent than how you might believe at first when hearing her voice, the nightmarish emanations of a trailer-park-yenta. I furthermore think she is here in good faith, because she has come to us, not on the condition of taming our spirit or softening our views, but as a genuine opportunist – like a truffle hunting sow or bitch, she has a nose for the good stuff!

She was also willing to meet in person. And we auspiciously got together inside the Trump Tower at 5th and 56th, in the cafe. I was surprised to see she had brought her son, a cute boy who was kicking to get out of his stroller, suckling on a red silicon-nipple, and wearing a T-shirt that displayed the text, “My other Mommy is The State.” I found out very early that the suggestive location wasn’t chosen for my purposes but so that Anna could scurry off to the restroom for “mirror-pics” to show that “mothers can still be thirst traps.”

Between her regular disappearances, here are the fruits of our conversation:

INTERVIEWER

You are currently writing a piece for the next issue of *The Asylum* (unless I come on too confrontational in this interview...you’ll see later). What is the gist of this article? Give us a little tease.

ANNA

I’ll have to save this question for last since (a) hopefully some of my thoughts will be fleshed out in greater detail in the course of this interview and (b) I’m a naturally superstitious person who doesn’t like to blow up my spot or “jinx” myself before I’ve fully committed to a

particular line of thinking. In a nutshell, I’m interested in “exploring the link” between leftism as a metaphor and narcissism as a metaphor because it’s very clear that “economic explanations” of the culture war don’t even come close to getting the bigger picture. My feeling is we’ve moved from “the culture of narcissism” to a borderline society.

INTERVIEWER

I believe that Mark Fisher, David Foster Wallace, and Anthony Bourdain represent one trinity of liberal-postmodernism: as the academic, the writer, and the explorer.

All three committed suicide with severe depression. Why do you think that none of their philosophy could come to their rescue?

ANNA

What makes you think their philosophy didn’t come to their rescue? Perhaps it was following their philosophy to its logical conclusion that led them to take such drastic measures. Maybe I’m giving them too much credit here, and their crisis of faith was brought on by an inability and/or unwillingness to confront reality in the first place? In a way, a guy like Fisher was lucky because he was spared from seeing the worst of his predictions come true. Then again, had he just held on a few more years, he would’ve been a Substack Millionaire.

INTERVIEWER

Why do you engage with the frogs at all, when they are typically (accurately) considered: racists, misogynists, homophobes, etc? Do you suffer from the Ashki trait whereby you gravitate towards brilliance even if it means self-negation?

ANNA

Why not? It's a free country.

In general, I would caution against reading into things in any way that indulges your appetite for paranoid thinking and conspiracy theories. I've always subscribed to the philosophy that the best explanation is often the simplest one. I engage with them for the same reason I engage with anyone: I'm interested in what they have to say and think they're funny. Hitting this new low happened organically and was totally unpremeditated, which is why it took me so long. Though looking back now, the brighter, less retarded ones do seem to lack the existential poverty and desperate, animal fear of one's own psyche that is the trademark of the online left. Speaking from experience, that usually also means they're more pleasant and well-adjusted people in private.

INTERVIEWER

"Women are spiritual Leftists." What does this mean to you? It is an interesting point, because it connects a biological classification ("women") with a political orientation ("Leftists").

Can you think of other bio-political associations? You've referenced Steve Sailer's work, so I'm sure you can think of others.

ANNA

A lot to unpack here.

To begin with, I should probably clarify what I mean by "spiritual leftism." It seems to me that "spiritual leftism," "the culture of narcissism," "the feminization of society" are just different ways of saying the same thing: that in recent

lifetimes there's been a move away from civilization building to the management and administering of its decline. And that this turn of events was justified after the fact by various moral pleas to progressive values like "achieving equality" and "the need for more empathy."

So when I say women are spiritual leftists, all I mean by that is they relate to the world through a collectivist and moralistic framework. You bring up Steve Sailer. As Sailer points out, women "tend toward conformism," "aren't comfortable with ... diversity among women," and "take it personally when other women aren't like them." I'm sure both women and misogynists would find this description equally unflattering, though for opposite reasons. I see it less as a value judgment than as a statement of fact. This is as it should be. Women are spiritual leftists, and the ones who aren't have something off about them.

Naturally, whenever I mention leftism, I'm accused of being overly dogmatic or too invested in certain hair-splitting debates coming out of some "internet bubble" or "online ghetto" that I've backed myself into. Just as whenever I mention narcissism, I must be guilty of "projection." The confusion is understandable, but it misses the point. When I use terms like "leftism" and "narcissism," I'm using them metaphorically to read the culture through its representative cultural type, or what Zizek claims Marxism called the "socially mandatory character." (The precise link between narcissistic personality and traditionally leftist forms of political activity, like "organizing" and activism has been examined at length by two of my favorite authors, Christopher Lasch and *The Last Psychiatrist*, and I

won't rehash it here.)

Although I haven't read much Marx, I'm vaguely familiar with the Marxist theory of "false consciousness." Interestingly, the form of false consciousness that's won out today isn't the sort that disempowers you from properly identifying with the true nature of your socioeconomic station, but instead the sort that empowers you to overidentify with your socioeconomic station, or worse, that of others, as a means of keeping you from properly acknowledging other possible sources for your political discontent.

It's late and I'm tired so I'm glad I could find a clean segue back to women. What is "the feminization of society" other than a metaphor for the thinning of responsibility? As it were, my beef with the rightwingers is that they place too much blame for this state of affairs on literal women. This is unfair and unmanly! Responsibility evasion being a "female trait" may also help explain why so many men suddenly want to be women these days.

To make a long story short, what I'm saying is that all of this could've been avoided by not granting women access to equal rights in the first place. But since that's all in the past and fantasizing about RETVRN is a LARP, we have to deal with things as they are now. So I guess it's back to "toppling sacred cows" and "speaking truth to power" by calling women fat on the internet.

INTERVIEWER

At the time of researching you, while glancing at your feed, I saw retweeted in almost consecutive order: 2CB, malmesburyman, Just Loki, Dr. Braddock, Tuck-

er Carlson...one or two insignificant others...and then BAP, Breast Milk Enjoyer, etc...

This is not the timeline of a "dirtbag leftist" (something we'll get to later).

It instead suggests a couple things, namely:

That you are going through a political transformation; that you are becoming radicalized. (How much time before the *Red Scare Podcast* is replaced by the *Red White & Black Scare Podcast*?)

And: mere shtetl-opportunism, made with the calculating observation that we are the future and therefore you'd rather ingratiate yourself early – such that you can become BAP's Eva Braun now instead of becoming Breast Milk Enjoyer's Elisabeth Fritzl later.

ANNA

I have to say I can't relate to anyone who claims to have been "radicalized" by some or other "pipeline." My politics have been the same since I first became aware of politics. Make of that what you will.

INTERVIEWER

Leftism is often used as an umbrella term for any political project that has the aim of promoting equality or reducing the natural consequences of immutable difference. What then is dirtbag leftism when compared to traditional leftism but the same ideology with the same goals, only distinguished by some surface-level provocation of social-justice causes, which do not even promote equality and often even heighten division? In that respect the dirtbag left could be consid-

ered *even better* at achieving the Marxist end state, since they do not lose sight of the bigger picture.

Do you still consider yourself part of the dirtbag left?

ANNA

I've never considered myself part of the dirtbag left. And I've said as much ever since a friend of mine coined the term six going on seven years ago now. To tell you the truth, this has less to do with my disgust for their political and ideological program than with my indifference at the idea of belonging to any kind of partisan club. I'm sure there are plenty of people out there who are under the impression that I'm a dirtbag leftist or at least guilty by association. They're entitled to their opinion, but it's not my problem.

INTERVIEWER

Beyond "having fun" or cracking jokes on this or that – what is it that you actually *believe in*?

This isn't necessarily a political question, and I'd prefer to avoid making this about American domestic affairs and its attendant culture. In the same vein, let's also bracket nebulous political-science terminology such "neoliberalism" and anything that has to do with systems or abstractions.

What I am asking in simpler language is: when you look around you, on the street, in the stores, *in your life* – what do you think is good and what do you think is bad?

ANNA

In this house we believe that loyalty is the purest, most timeless virtue. Unfortunately, current generations have made a mockery out of it and turned it into a dog-and-pony show. The left openly flouts "values" and "traditions" except to invoke them periodically as a matter of convenience. And the right arguably does worse by making a display out of pretending to "honor" them. All of this is anyway beside the point since many if not most of us lack the receptors to begin to comprehend what things like honor and loyalty even mean.

Something else I believe is that ethics can only come from looking at the world as it is rather than as you think it should be. Working backwards from sentimental abstract ideals like "human rights" and "social justice" leads at best to a doubling down on existing perversions and pathologies and at worst to people inventing new problems so they can take credit for the solutions.

But that's just me spitballing off the top of my head, as this is a big and important question, and it's pointless to talk about what "you believe in" in lieu of actually living by those beliefs.

INTERVIEWER

The question that naturally follows is then: what is the point of the *Red Scare Podcast*, other than to entertain others or fend off personal boredom. I hope it isn't only as a platform for cultural criticism, since it then becomes indistinguishable from the lox-and-bagel-house gossip which is somehow that unique combination of neurosis and moralism.

ANNA

Obviously, the point is for me to continue to afford designer clothes and organic diapers. I don't view what we do as strictly cultural criticism though that's definitely part of it; there have been some downright absurdist, artistic, even psychedelic moments like "The Zoo" episode or Dasha's Catholic reveries or the time I accidentally forgot to sync the intro/outro music to the voice track and ended up keeping it by popular demand. All jokes aside, what's wrong with entertaining people? Does everything have to have a mission? I die a little inside every time some wretched soul breaks out the tiny violin for our "political incoherence," as if that's a bad thing. "The discourse" is such a drag. I'm just happy if we succeed in making people laugh. If it also happens to make them think, that's icing on the cake.

INTERVIEWER

I'm now going to address the supposed "anon problem" which you and Dasha were vapouring about most recently. (You knew this was coming). Your main contention was that anonymity is a *literary style* acceptable for writing posts, but once the author goes onto television, he ought to present himself naked. You accuse all those who enter the mainstream while keeping their disguise as cowards and narcissists.

Why the medium in which information is spread should matter is an odd place to draw a line. It is also puzzling why success, through promulgating ideas into the mainstream, is the point at which the dissident should surrender his only defense. Neither the medium, nor the public stage should matter to the writer.

Instead what matters is how threatening the author is to the legitimacy of the people who have suppressive and punitive powers – what is sometimes grouped together ominously as "the regime". There is a reason why there are leftists such as Glenn Greenwald, Edward Snowden, and Julian Assange who have had to genuinely attempt escaping from the regime's crosshairs, and why Dasha's main insecurity is jeopardizing her Hollywood prospects.

You even make such an admission of constraint or moderation, and perhaps overall impotence, since in your words, "I have mouths to feed".

This exact point illustrates how the liberal use of the terms "retard" and "gay" do not in reality violate any taboos, while simultaneously earning cheap points of appearing irreverent. As well as in content, in language you do not even *symbolically* threaten the regime. But do not lose hope! I will extend an olive branch (and some rope):

There is one ineffable word that demonstrates complete non-compliance and ignites the conscience of the over-socialized whenever it is uttered. Say it here. Please, Anna. Capitalize the "N". Use the hard "r". Harder, Anna! HARDER!

ANNA

First off, thank you for doing your research and listening to one whole episode of the podcast. I can only imagine how difficult it must've been for you as a man to sit through nearly two hours of Women Talking. Secondly, is this an interview or a shit test?

In all fairness to the anons in question, they *did* present themselves naked, just with their voices altered and faces blurred, like they were auditioning for a sexy witness protection program. And in our defense, we were really drunk and it was a pretty mild roast. That being said, there's a fine line between protecting yourself in service of fulfilling some higher destiny and flattering yourself that "your voice matters" in the grand scheme of things, and it cuts both ways. I'm not trying to be a longhouse moralizer telling men to "check their privilege" or curb their ambition. In any case, it's not up to me. Every man must do that searching and fearless moral inventory for himself.

My only comment is: if you choose the path of anonymity, you have to be willing to accept its natural limits, such as operating mostly on the margins or "facefags" stealing your ideas and popularizing them with the normies. Much like if you choose the alternate path, you have to be willing to tolerate certain aspects of the job as occupational hazards. This is why I have so little patience for bluechecks who spend all of their time complaining about "death threats" and "white supremacy" and doxxing 80-follower groyper accounts. Overall, as I said in that segment, I'm a defender of anonymity both in principle and in practice. Go ahead, call me a roastie, I'll still cosign that garbage.

INTERVIEWER

Something else I wish to contest you on: the significance of BAP.

Whether because of misunderstanding or by deceit, there have been some commentators on /our side/ who reduce

BAP to his language, the wellspring of contagious buzzwords and unique catchphrases, which have successfully pollinated the online right. Some dissident-right aspirants in particular seem to hope that by diluting his core message into only something literary or artistic, or by ignoring altogether, they can disavow his ideas while celebrating their expression as "funny" or "disruptive". Alex Perez went so far as formulizing this stupid line of thought into a piece for the inaugural print-issue of IM1776 (centerfold too), in which he wrote:

Say what you will about Bronze Age Pervert, but he's created a style all his own, which is at times infuriating and repellent, but there's still an energy and a playfulness to his work that many writers would do well to emulate. BAM is certainly a 'blackpilled text', but the driving force behind the book is not the content, but the aforementioned chaotic energy that permeates it, which is what young writers should be taking away from it. What a book says stylistically and aesthetically is often of greater import than whatever thematic point of view it's trying — and often failing — to propagate.

I am not alone in my suspicion that these *soft condemnations* are made for the purpose of queer flagging to more "respectable" sources of influence. REN wrote about this recently. But don't worry: I don't place you within this sycophantic faction.

Although...you have made some comments that have led me to question your understanding of what's really going on over here. In the same podcast episode (*Oy Ye!*), the two of you express wonder at why the frogs concern themselves obsessively with weightlifting and UV

bathing. You ask if this is only to impress women like you and Dasha (...as if anyone would even want Cousin Greg's leftovers).

Well, this precisely overlooks one of BAP's central points: the body is supreme. It is our portal to understanding nature. Politics is totally useless in a world of physical degeneration.

Indeed, our writing may be fun, but that's because writing *should* be if you have any respect for your audience. But our writing is not limited to amusement. You have to ask yourself why we care about biology so much, and all that follows from it, whether it be: eugenics, race, sex, hormones, pharma, agriculture and husbandry...matters of *health*; concerns of blood and soil.

Are you ready for *that* truth? Could you put your name behind that project? Until then, I'm not sure anyone will take you seriously when you mock them for veiling themselves with pen names.

ANNA

Don't take this the wrong way, but I think you've got it backwards. You're giving the haters and losers too much credit. They're not worried about dirtying their hands with the content of his message, though that's what they want you to believe (and would also like to tell themselves). What really keeps them up at night is the knowledge that they can never live up to his level of popularity and influence. Their efforts to maintain a respectable distance with his project are an attempt to get ahead of just such low and petty accusations of envy, to give off the impression that actually they're good sports and "serious intellectuals"

who aren't at all coping and seething, because of course they're smart enough to know there's nothing respectable about that.

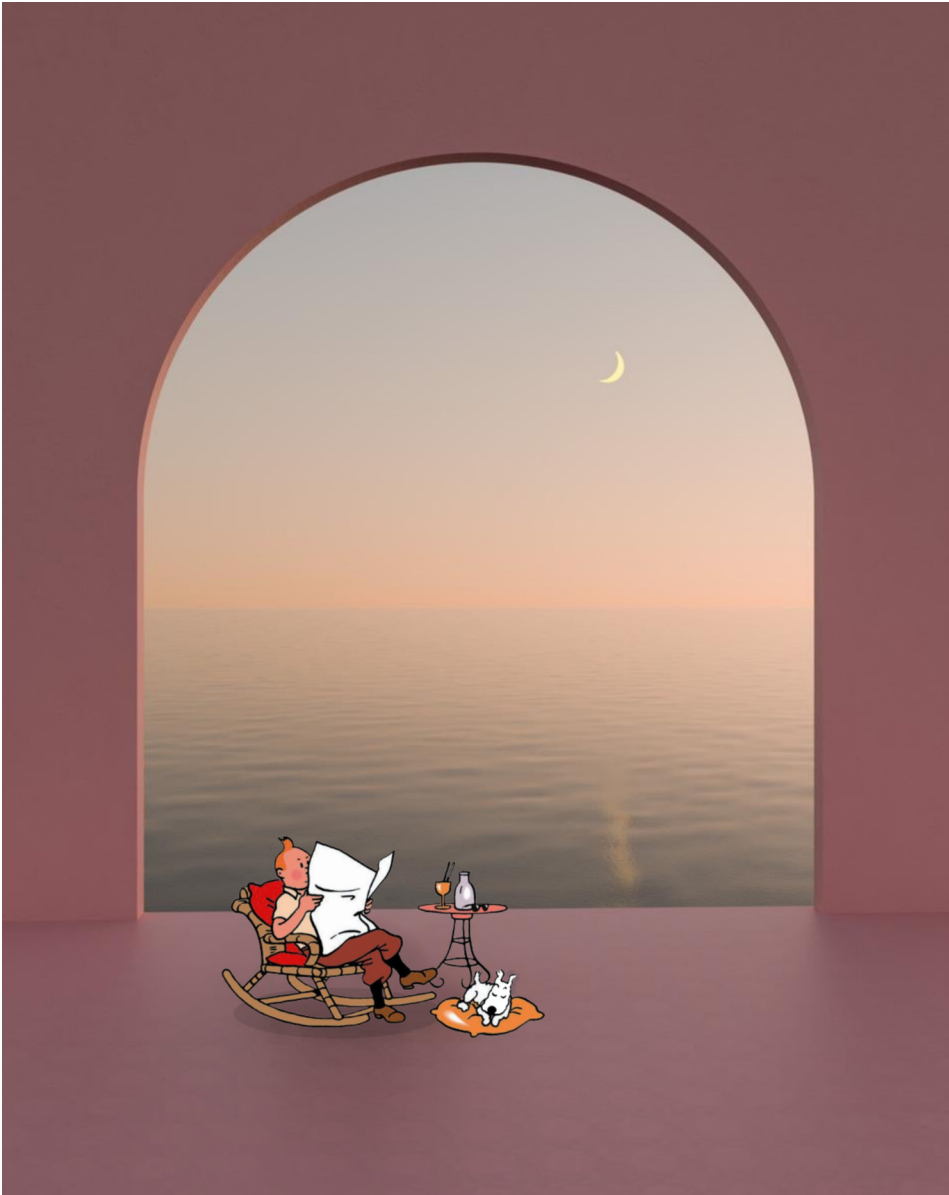
So while I personally don't keep up with all the BAP struggle sessions, I hope that settles the question of where I stand because I'm running out of steam.

INTERVIEWER

Speaking of health: since having a boy (I hope we are invited to the bar mitzvah), have you developed any greater attention to what is in the home? Are you spending more time at health food stores? Have you tested him for autism yet?

ANNA

Yes and no. On one hand, I'm pretty careful about reading labels, "shopping local," buying organic, that sort of thing. On the other hand, I try not to drive myself crazy or beat myself up. It's not the microplastics and xenoestrogens that will kill you, it's the stress. I'm intuitively not too worried about my son. He's handsome, has a great personality and maintains eye contact. Plus he's an Aries, the sign of many great directors and dictators. The worst thing you can do as a parent within the realm of acceptability is transfer your guilt and anxiety onto your child. 🐾



Tin Bro
The Evening Paper (2022)
Digital



Harald
Hippocrene (2022)
Oil on Canvas

JEWES AND GENEALOGIES OF GROUP NARCISSISM SECOND CITY BUREAUCRAT

Recently, I've been considering vicarious group narcissism (or group narcissism by proxy) in certain academic fields like sociology and social psychology, whereby an academic promotes the abstract grandiose self-image of a group which doesn't include the academic. The first two articles looked at Talcott Parsons and Robert Bellah, both sociologists who located the essence of America's civil religion in America's dissenting protestant roots and who further interpreted that civil religion required the promotion of grandiose group identities in certain non-white groups that had suffered group-based discrimination and victimization. The third article looked at a trend in the field of social psychology, which called for the creation of group identities and the enhancement of group self-esteem in historically disadvantaged groups.

This approach garnered criticism suggesting I had endorsed Moldbug's genealogical arguments about the connection between Puritanism and Progressivism. This wasn't my intent. In writing those articles, I had hoped to provide examples of the sources and motivations undergirding the establishment's promotion of group grandiosity, which has amplified recent political phenomena like "wokeness" and The Movement for Black Lives. In other words, I wanted to show some of the external etiologies of group narcissism in

groups like Black Americans without denying the existence of other external and internal etiologies. In passing, I even provided examples of Protestantism in America that were explicitly anti-liberal and Teutonic-supremacist to illustrate why the exclusive protestant genealogy of American liberalism is tenuous and possessed low explanatory power for modern political phenomena.

Some of the criticisms also accused me of diminishing (this is historical diminishment!) the Jewish origins of modern liberalism. The evidence of the influence of left-leaning Jewish intellectual movements on American liberalism has been exhaustively documented by Jews and critics of Jews alike, and there is no need to recapitulate here. However, in receiving this criticism, I wondered whether it might be useful to investigate right-wing or Zionist sources of vicarious group narcissism, both to uncover lesser-known etiologies of modern group narcissism and to further undermine the absolutist theological genealogies that obfuscate modern political analysis.

The following article looks at how even an ethno-nationalistic, particularist movement like Zionism can end up promoting the group identities of the "unheard" in a manner similar to protestant-adjacent progressives like Parsons and Bellah.

The article concludes with fur-

ther reflections on theological genealogy.

De-radicalizing the Anti-Defamation League

The Anti-Defamation League is an old American-based international Jewish NGO. Because it defines itself generally as “Jewish” without reference to Jewish sect or theological principle (excepting Zionism, which the ADL supports by way of its defense of the “Jewish homeland”), its history is an especially instructive example of how group self-images shift in presentation and rationales. This means that it is also an instructive case for developing the metaphor of group narcissism, which I have defined in terms of the reasoning and behavioral patterns that follow from an individual believing in, and therefore defending, an abstract and grandiose group self-image. Further to the point and consistent with my recent series on vicarious group narcissism, the ADL’s history is instructive for investigating vicarious group narcissism.

In recent history, the ADL has struggled with criticisms from the left despite its professed commitment to left-liberal civil rights causes. With the rise of Trump and the populist right, the ADL has come under pressure from the opposite part of the political spectrum. We are therefore in the fortunate historical position of bearing witness to the latest transformation of the ADL’s identity.

For much of the last few decades, the ADL has endured criticism for its association with Israel, a white supremacist colonial state according to prominent left-liberal critics. How can an international civil rights organiza-

tion dedicated to fighting for the rights of minorities simultaneously support such a state? The ADL recently engaged in spats with Black Lives Matter and the Women’s March over the issue of Israel. But such criticisms are not new for the ADL. For example, in the early ‘90s, the ADL came under fire from the ACLU for passing information on leftist dissidents to Apartheid South Africa, a close ally of Israel.

Because of this pressure, but also because of the civil rights movement’s association with more liberal interpretations of constitutional law, the ADL increasingly has moved to accommodate the left and its sundry client identity groups. This trend culminated in the ADL’s embarrassing adoption of the crude ideological formulations that were borne of the critical legal studies movement and codified in the ‘80s and ‘90s, and which explicitly endorsed the group narcissism of non-white gentile groups.

The recent controversy over Whoopi Goldberg’s comments on the Holocaust revealed that the ADL had been promoting the definition of racism as something only white people can be guilty of, causing the ADL to change its definition. This led in turn to more scrutiny from right-wing Jewish organizations, like the ZOA, and secular activist organizations like Fox News, whose investigations revealed the ADL to be promoting the controversial Critical Race Theory in its educational curricula, prompting ADL internal reviews.

The ADL’s definitional changes and internal reviews in the face of public criticism, just like its prior accommodations of leftist dogma, demonstrate how the ADL’s mission can easily shift and accommodate radically incompati-

ble views of reality, just as the narcissist's self-presentation shifts to ensure ongoing external validation of his subjective self-image. The highly abstract goals of the ADL – to defend Jews against defamation and the Jewish homeland against arguments that it is illegitimate – are analogous to the abstract nature of the narcissist's grandiose or omnipotent self-image, and thus they can accommodate the same kinds of conflicting value systems and self-protective rationalizations the narcissist employs in his defensive verbal behavior.

The political neutralization of Zionism

Traditionally, political commentators contrast the universalism and progressivism of protestant liberalism with the particularism of nationalistic movements like those that appeared in Europe during the first half of the 20th century, including Zionism. In the context of western Jews, this contrast is generally highlighted to distinguish the leftist universalism of Jewish activists so extensively documented by critics like Kevin MacDonald from “conservative” or Zionist Jewish activism. The ADL is interesting because it bridges these categories.

John Murray Cuddihy offered an interesting story about how this bridge was constructed, pointing to the later work of Rabbi Hertzberg as the prime impetus. For Hertzberg, the doctrine of Jewish election or “chosenness” violates the American civil religion, akin to the way in which Catholicism's claim to be the one true church, and the Protestant “mission to the Jews”, violate it. In Cuddihy's words, “Judaism has struggled with the important *olenu l'shabeach la'*

Adon hakol part of the prayer services (where Jews praise God “for not having made them like the other nations [*goyim*]).” For Hertzberg, “The essence of Judaism is the affirmation that the Jews are the chosen people; all else is commentary.”

As a compromise, Cuddihy believed American Jews had first sought a secular analogue for this chosenness in “a kind of spiritual elitism” where “Judaism was an aristocracy of the spirit “burdened” with a “mission” to the West”, before seeking other secular analogues as tastes turned more democratic and anti-elitist.

Hertzberg believed these secularization efforts were hypocritical, that they were erasing Jewish identity instead of affording it the respect our civil religion demands for every religion. Reform Judaism, in other words, was not causing gentiles to accept the Jewish claim to chosenness, and was even driving Jews away from Judaism toward the New Left for the same reason. “A Jew with any memory or piety at all must swallow hard”, Cuddihy observes, “as he hears himself say “I happen to be Jewish.””

In response, Hertzberg began pleading with the Jewish establishment to assert that Jewish identity was not just a third type of American religion. He looked everywhere to find content that could justify and explain Jewish “apartness” in the pluralistic West, until the 1967 Arab-Israeli war produced what he was looking for. “The secular Judaism of American Jews became, almost overnight,” Cuddihy writes, “the special obligation to support Israel in every way possible.” Hertzberg's secularization effort thus transformed rebellion against God into betrayal of the community, meaning that support for Israel is re-

quired regardless of a Jew's political or theological convictions.

This approach had the effect of correcting Zionism, which merely sought to end anti-Semitism and make Israel a nation just like any other (in other words, an unexceptional nation), bringing it more into line with the chosenness Hertzberg upheld by stressing the exceptional nature of Jews. The political neutralization of Zionism further implied that Jews weren't required to emigrate to Israel, that they could stay in America and harbor a dual loyalty that was sanctioned by the American civil religion. The American acceptance of this exception - the "special relationship" - satisfied Hertzberg's need for Americans to acknowledge that Jews were the chosen people.

Thus, we can see how non-protellant, particularist and ethnocentric thought can nonetheless lead to the embrace of the same politics for which the ADL is currently receiving criticism.

Politically neutralized Zionism and vicarious group narcissism

Today it isn't uncommon to see self-described Zionists boosting the narcissism - the uniqueness and grandiosity - of non-Jewish groups like the American Black community. This is even more pervasive in the writings of Israel-boosting Jews who don't necessarily identify as Zionist, such as the later books of Alan Dershowitz, which make "the liberal case" for Israel and defend the leftist and reform efforts to uplift non-Jewish minorities.

Critics often suggest that Zionists (or Hertzberg-style Israel-first Jews) are merely engaging in cynical maneuvering to protect the political interests of

Jews or Israel when they engage in this kind of political speech. Indeed, there is some evidence that this is the case.

Like all forms of early-19th and -20th-century European nationalism, Zionism was racist and exclusionary, bringing it into constant conflict with Black America and "third worldism." However, as the political climate shifted after WW2, so did Zionist political strategy, although the tension remains.

For example, the Zionist and physicist Judd Teller dedicated a significant section of his book on the evolution of American Jews to analyzing the threat posed by the rise of Black identity politics. After surveying the menacing anti-Semitic rhetoric of Black activists, including what he calls the Black *Mein Kampf* (Harold Cruse's *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*), Teller suggests that Black identity is more dangerous than the old anti-Semitic populism that Jews encountered before and during WW2. Teller then describes the practical political situation:

Jewish political influence has derived from the concentration of the Jewish electorate in several key states. The high Negro and the declining Jewish birthrate, together with the diminution of the Jewish voter's ethnic consciousness now that he thinks of himself as part of the Establishment, can lead to a complete dissipation of American Jewry's political power should the politician be compelled to choose between the Jewish and the Negro vote.

To forestall this development, and to mitigate the potential for a rising Black populism to scapegoat and pogrom Jews, the Zionist Teller advises that the "Jew must take an existentialist view of the situation...the Jew must

use all his resourcefulness to improvise accommodations with the Negro.” Teller then lists a series of condescending efforts to mollify Black group insecurities, including “the evacuation of Jewish business from the Negro ghettos where it serves as a living symbol of Jewish exploitation”, “redistribution of roles in politics, business, economics, and the professions between Negro and Jew on the basis not of merit, or economic realities, but political expediency”, and the unification of the Black community under a single negotiating authority to ensure the security of the political alliance between Jews and Blacks.

Thus, cynical political maneuvering can lead even ethnonationalist groups to aggrandize the group narcissism of other groups.

Proto-Zionism and vicarious group narcissism

However, there is far older evidence, from a time when the cynical motivations that animated Teller’s strategy above could not have been present, suggesting that even aggressively particularistic philosophies like Zionism can endorse the uniqueness of other group identities for entirely non-cynical reasons.

The writings of the proto-Zionist Moses Hess are especially interesting here. Beginning in the 1840s, Hess struggled with the consequences of Jewish emancipation, including feelings of patriotism for Germany and the subsequent disillusionment he felt in the face of German anti-Semitism.

His early writings are reminiscent of Hegelian and other protestant philosophical trends, albeit with a Jewish essence. For instance, echoing the

Teutonic messianism of writers like Melville, as well as the reform Judaism ethos described by Cuddihy above, Hess wrote of the Jews,

This people was called from the beginning to conquer the world, not like pagan Rome, through force of arms, but through the inner strength of its spirit. It wandered, like a spirit, through the world that it conquered, and could not be destroyed by its enemies because it is impalpable.

This vanguard role would give way to the eventual assimilation of all groups under a universal religion and the destruction of Jewish identity. Hess himself deeply believed in this future and married a Christian woman.

However, experiences with anti-Semitism caused Hess to turn away from this early reform brand of grandiosity. By the 1860s, Hess had experienced an ethnocentric rebirth, remarking upon the inseparable connection between his “own race”, the “Holy Land and the Eternal City.” Here Hess abandons the Hegelian and protestant universalism of his youth for Darwinism and the emerging science of race. But this racialism is tempered by a strictly Jewish universalism and historicism which identifies “the goal of humanity” with the “recognition of God”, which the Jews were the first to accomplish, and which Spinoza had made available to all of humanity. (Just as the Greeks had helped “Nature” reach perfection, according to Hess, so the Jews were now positioned to perfect “History”.)

Hess observes that humanity is subdivided into races with distinct, hereditary mental and physical traits, and humorously details various immutable, superior Jewish racial traits like dark

curly hair, which cannot be destroyed by racial mixing. Indeed “Jewish genius” and various other superior Jewish-only racial traits owe their persistence to this remarkable indestructibility through mixing.

This superior Jewish race is tasked with moving history forward for all of humanity, and Hess stresses that his nationalism is not un-humanitarian. Indeed, for Hess, the real problem in his era is the problem of “how to free the various oppressed races and folk-types and allow them to develop in their own way.” At the end of Jewish history, the varieties of human races and “folk-types” will “live not only in friendly fashion with one another, but live *each for the other* [original italics], preserving, at the same time, their particular type identity.”

Here we are very close to the paradoxical civil-religious dictates of protestants like Parsons and Bellah, which call for humanity to endorse and promote the particularity of certain groups while simultaneously binding them to a universal humanity. But Hess goes a step further in imaging an end of history where each group preserves its own uniqueness and validates the uniqueness of every other group in turn.

Thus, we see how even ethnonationalist and racist philosophies can find ideological space to justify the promotion of other group identities. Hess the proto-Zionist racist was also an anti-colonialist.

A concluding note on genealogy

Of course, one could say that Zionism itself, like the forms of Jewish secular universalism many claim derive from Protestantism, is also a product

of Puritanism or Protestantism, in the sense that Protestantism inspired Jews to develop Jewish versions of Protestant moral and intellectual fads similar to those adopted by early Zionists. There is evidence that this is the case with the kind of Judaism envisioned by the younger Hess described above. Further there is even direct evidence that Protestantism created Zionism.

For example, Carl Jung’s maternal grandfather, Samuel “Antistes” Preiswerk, was a reform protestant minister and “Hebraist” who, long before Hess, promoted a policy that resembled Zionism:


*Antistes Preiswerk is regarded today as a Zionist precursor, for he believed that Palestine should be ceded to the Jews to become their homeland and a Jewish nation. In Basel (Switzerland), a city noted for its underlying opposition to all things Jewish and for a deeply ingrained cultural anti-Semitism, Antistes Preiswerk openly defied the status quo by defending this unpopular idea. He chastised Swiss Jews for what he perceived as their lack of interest in a Palestinian homeland in *Das Morgenland*, a monthly journal he published, despite the opprobrium of his fellow Gentiles.*

Today this tradition persists among Evangelical Christians, as documented by Mearsheimer and Walt in their book on the Israel lobby.

Following the lazy genealogical method that pervades the internet, the story could then be told that modern secular Jewish identity and philosophy, including everything from extreme Zionism to Marxism and reform Judaism, are mere epiphenomenon of the emancipation of Jews into western society, meaning in other words that modern

Jewish identity does not exist without Protestantism. But is this really a persuasive genealogy? Did Protestants force orthodox Jews to accept civil rights and emancipation?

Or consider the “pure” Jewish race Hess admires and confuses with Jewry in general. Today we know from population genetics that Ashkenazi Jews derive from a diverse array of largely (perhaps exclusively) gentile southern and eastern European populations, and that the racial uniqueness of Ashkenazi Jews is the consequence of a population bottleneck that occurred 700-1,000 years ago. In short, Hess’s pure Jewish race, which comprises only one part of the group denoted as Jews (Hess seems to have been unaware of Beta Israel and other obscure non-white sects), was forged in the Middle Ages through inbreeding that was in part forced by Christian oppression and ostracism (we know from ancient Judaeans and modern Jewish behavior that, in the absence of such oppression and ostracism, Judaeans and Jews readily mix with gentiles). Does this mean the genealogy of Ashkenazi Jews is Christianity?

Such puzzling *reductios* will have to be taken up in future articles. 

THE GAY QUESTION CITIZEN OF GENEVA

WAS HITLER GAY?

THE SOLUTION TO THE RIDDLE POSED BY THIS AND MANY OTHER SUCH CASES.

The author is in a sense the relic of a bygone era, before mixed education (*co-ed*) was made universally mandatory. This fortunate happenstance arises from his birth into an ethnoreligious group in Europe that until very recently used to run its own sex-segregated boarding schools. (In the first of a number of disclaimers in this essay about belonging to a suspect group, I hasten to add that no, the author is not a crypto-Joo; this is *another* ethnoreligious sect, a Christian one with roots in the middle ages, but one which managed to achieve Ashki levels of insularity and inbreeding all the same: no mean achievement). What's more, I also happened to attend college, before moving to America, in an institution that, although formally *co-ed*, was in practice over 90% male. Why do I preface this? It is because I came away from this now-extinct world with a very different understanding of male sexuality relative to what is now common among Westerners. All of you have come across the well-worn taunt about BAP being gay. It is the most common form of attack, is it not? I would go further and state that the Gay Question is the most important roadblock in the way to the formation of the sort of new social groups we need, urgently, to deal with the Empire of Lies as we approach the edge of chaos—the crucial period of instability when the regime begins to lose its grip and a window of opportunity arises for men of good

will to cleanse the world.

For this reason, I have decided to set aside certain scruples (you'll see what I mean), and present to you the Final Solution to the GQ. You may think of me as a “voice from the past”; what follows used to be the common knowledge of mankind, but it has now been forgotten. It is the one and only way to end “LGBT” ideology, its death knell. All the arguments put forward to justify sodomy, gay marriage, and so on, crumble before my onslaught. The “poisoning of the well” of male friendship is ended. All these blessings I offer you. And yet, the paradox is that many of you will never accept what I have to say.

Of course, you may have heard already that “homosexual activity” was rife in old boys' schools. Touching on this sensitive subject, BAP is fond of bringing up “The Confusions of Young Töerless”, a novel about the sadistic and anally-administered tortures visited on overly meek or girlish boys in such places. Now, I can testify that the brutality described in that book bears no resemblance to the goings-on in the school I attended. It is possible that the boys of Austria-Hungary circa 1900 were made of sterner stuff than those of (my country of birth) circa 2000. It is also conceivable that Musil's school sourced its pupils from a different and slightly more feral social substrate. In my little *schulporta*, students came from middle-class



Matthew the Stoat
The Wrestlers (after Muybridge) (2022)
Black Chalk on Paper

families, and academic admission standards ensured a slight but perceptible intellectual atmosphere. There was certainly bullying and the sporadic beating by senior students, but nothing nearly as wanton as in Musil's narrative. The worst act of violence in the school's history was probably *my* doing. In my first year (perhaps equivalent to an American 8th grade), a certain older boy of low birth but considerable physical bulk was threatening to become a regular tormentor. One fateful day, he was foolish enough to reopen hostilities while I was carrying an innocent-looking beanie full of silver coins. I was quite the little numismatist in those days, you see. With no hesitation but only a cold, contemptuous glint in my eyes as he was rearing to attack, I coshed him in the head with the full faith and credit of my country's old royal government. It has well been said that precious metal coinage had a feel and heft to it that our fiat currency lacks. Its effects on the enemy's skull were correspondingly pregnant: a trip to the emergency room for him, and the total (unfair) blame and *fury* of the school authorities for me. I was not expelled, in the end (being academically the best in my class, if not the entire school, helped my case), and he never bothered me again. If only Basini had put to better use the cash he'd stolen... Anyway, coasting closer to the subject at hand, it must be admitted that although sodomy was nowhere in evidence, very much indeed went on in the dormitories at night between chaps and their cock, and it was not unknown for this to turn into "a social rather than solitary activity". Mere mechanical pleasures indulged in for as long as girls were unattainable, right? Indeed, that is true. What is more rarely acknowledged, however, is that in some

cases, that was not all.

I'll quote now from Christopher Hitchens' autobiography (Why? Because his experience mirrors my own, and his memoir is a truthful and candid account, and by quoting him I am relieved of the jam of having to discuss personal matters without giving away too much personal info). So here it is:

Mr. Chips's feminist-socialist wife had phrased it in a no-nonsense way by saying that official disapproval of public-school homosexuality was the equivalent of condemning a boy for being there in the first place. She was chiefly right about the sheer physical aspect [...], but actually it was my first exposure to love as well as to sex. The details aren't very important, but until this moment I have doubted if I would ever be able to set them down. "He" was a sort of strawberry blond, very slightly bow-legged, with a wicked smile that seemed to promise both innocence and experience. He was in another "house". He was my age. He was quite right-wing (which I swiftly decided to forgive) but also a "rebel" in the sense of being a cavalier elitist. His family had some connection with the louche Simon Raven [...]. The marvelous boy was more urbane than I was, and much more knowing, if slightly less academic. His name was Guy, and I still sometimes twitch a little when I run into someone else who's called that — even in America, where in a way it is every boy's name.

Were poems exchanged? Were there white-hot and snatched kisses? Did we sometimes pine for the holidays to end, so that (unlike everybody else) we actually yearned to be back at school? Yes, yes, and yes. Did we sleep together? Well, dear reader, the "straight" answer is no, we didn't. The heated yet chaste embrace was exactly what

marked us off from the grim and turgid and randy manipulations in which the common herd partook.

This excerpt, by the way, sets the tone for the rest of this essay. You are forewarned: *No complaints to the editor!*

Something I may or may not need to explain is the last sentence. Have you ever loved anyone? Let's say, for the sake of convention, that boy meets girl. They come to know and enjoy each other. Her qualities—beauty, kindness, wisdom—strike him with admiration and amazement. When he approaches her, his heart brims over, and the cock too bestirs itself at the call of love. Lust, in other words, is only *one* possible route to physical intimacy. There is another one, affection, a hallmark of which is that sex may ensue but only rather as a side effect. The desire to possess a body, or to get off, is not at all the point. This is what the Christopher (whom Thomas⁷⁷⁷ in later years upbraided, perhaps too harshly, as “a fat effeminate limey”) was trying to convey above.

Now, it may surprise you to learn that young Hitchens and his Guy were not an anomaly. Later, in college, I could observe as a matter of fact that one quarter to one third of the overwhelmingly-male and homosocial student body was engaged in various intense dyadic friendships that at one point or another turned indeed “Platonic” in the original sense of the word. These young men were not “gay”. All of them, to my knowledge, went on to have girlfriends or wives, and some of them are now fathers. A certain form of *attraction* must exist to draw friends together. We are at pains (and rightly so) to distinguish it from the more familiar type one feels for a dishy female, but the truth is that this is

a bona fide kind of attraction which can grow, in one's youth, in circumstances nigh extinct in the modern world, to the full blaze that Hitchens memorialized. Otto Weininger came close to arguing in *Sex and Character* that this is the very foundation of all authentic male friendships—but he put it in a provocative and therefore easily misunderstood way:

There is no friendship between men that has not an element of sexuality in it, however little accentuated it may be in the nature of the friendship, and however painful the idea of the sexual element would be. But it is enough to remember that there can be no friendship unless there has been some attraction to draw the men together.

Many enthusiastic admirers of Weininger's genius in diagnosing Woman as either Mother or Whore are not nearly as keen to concede this point. And I can imagine the revolt under way among my own readers! The problem here is a failure of your imagination, warped by the modern gay freakshow. In other words, you misunderstand sexuality between men to mean *sodomy*, or worse (you have perused the Salo forum's thread on AIDS, haven't you?). But Weininger's context and mine should have made you realize that this is not our drift. Here lies a crucial point, one that goes to the very heart of the question of what is wrong with modern gays. What is wrong with them? Have you ever asked yourselves this question? “They are fags”, you say. Yes, but that is not enough. We are enlightened men here, far from any irrational prejudice. Perhaps you think the problem is that they are voluptuaries driven by pleasure-seeking to the most debauched acts? Steve Sailer thinks so. He calls them, “irresponsi-

ble hedonists”. If you agree, you too are completely and utterly off the mark. The gay is not pleasure-seeking. The problem with him is precisely the opposite: he seeks out what is *not* pleasurable, but harmful and degrading. Sodomy, dear readers, is not pleasant. This is the sort of insight, I know, for which you come back faithfully to this magazine. And it’s not just unpleasant to *you*, it’s unpleasant to *everybody*. This is not a matter of taste. “Oh, I like cilantro, you like a silo up your anal sphincter. Toe-mah-toe, toe-may-toe.” No. Why is there such rampant drug abuse among “gays”? Again, the answer is not unhinged hedonism. It is because they need to drug themselves up to be able to endure the physical pain of anal sex. You can ask them; some will admit this. Everything about the “gay” subculture follows from this original attraction, not to “the same sex” or to pleasure, but to what is harmful and degrading. The diseases of the flesh for which they have become notorious are merely the manifestation of this disease of the soul, and we will come back to it later when we examine how modern “gays” really came about, beyond all the smoke and mirrors about “same-sex attraction”. Here I am just pointing out the obvious, viz that love for a friend cannot be expressed through an act of physical and mental degradation. Am I being incoherent then, first endorsing Weininger’s outrageous claim that an element of sexuality is implicit in a man’s attraction to his friends, and then denying that affection can be so expressed? Not at all. It is a matter, as I said, of faulty assumptions. If I look back on my bright college days, I can report that there was only ever *one thing* that ensued, quite spontaneously, in those moments of intimacy when one was in no mood to refuse

anything to one’s friend. The name of it, I only learned several years after the surcease of the practice, but since you are curious, and this is an important point, here it is: <https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Wiki-frot2.png> (have fun on that page). That, ladies, is what “an element of sexuality” means.

Believe it or not, for those of us who didn’t grow up steeped 24/7 in co-ed pussy, that sort of thing was nothing more (and nothing less) than a joyous way of expressing our affection for a kindred spirit, a congenial fellow whose constant kindness and admirable virtues (the Greeks would have said *kalokagathia*) had blown the divine madness into ordinary friendship. Were we weird (or are you fishing for another word)? I submit that perhaps *you* are the odd ones, because this dynamic has existed since the dawn of time, has never been the mark of a “minority”, is the perfectly normal and healthy complement (not alternative) to heterosexual relations, and indeed a slight variation on it is exactly what the Greeks used to do in their so-called “pederastic relationships”, so misunderstood today. Weininger, who probably had the same experience, knew or in any case sensed this: that at least the potentiality of *this* sexual element is inherent in the attraction that brings friends together. Here is the most hysterically received banality in the world: sincere friendship springs from mutual attraction, is a pleasure that grows into affection, and yes, affection is a possible route, in certain circumstances, in one’s youth, to a non-degrading form of sex.

How does this make you feel? Will this cost you years of psychotherapy? “You can sue me”, ’cause it’s true.

Same-Sex Attraction and the Greeks

We come now upon the perfect opportunity to talk about what you have always wanted to know, and never managed to get a sane answer to even when you had the courage to ask: “LGBTQ+ relationships in Ancient Greece”!

Did you know that sodomy was a capital offense in most of Ancient Greece? You were executed in front of a hissing crowd of your fellow citizens if you tried any of that stuff. It’s no matter—gay activists in desperate search of self-validation continue to project their delusions onto the innocent Greeks, and Christian derangeoids lead on the fags by sputtering and hollering about the pagan world being a den of vice... The truth is that most of today’s Catholic priests or megachurch pastors would have been executed in Athens or Sparta along with the gay activists, and for the same infamies. The so-called “pederastic relationship” was simply a strong friendship between two young men, typically about ten years apart in age, with the younger one (the *eromenos*) a strapping 18- to 20-year-old military trainee. The “sexual element” you now know what it was. The underlying dynamic was not a peculiarity of the Greeks. As I said, it has always existed, being rooted in human nature, and only in very recent times the conditions for it to flourish have been stamped out (quite deliberately) in the West. What was unique about the Greeks is that they socially celebrated and ritualized these friendships, because they recognized in them an exceptionally powerful conduit for two related things: the contemplation of Absolute Beauty, and a man’s quest to overcome himself. They were therefore the perfect springboard for ascent to higher life, a sort of incubator to make

solid and true the shadow of what is best in a man.

In the *Phaedrus*, Plato lyrically portrayed how this process worked and works, in his time as in ours. Each man has, in his words, “his own particular divinity”—meaning, his own talents or predispositions that can be fanned like a flame into greatness—, and longs to find a friend with a congenial nature... For example, maybe you are a free spirit who like to make outré jokes to inject the merry chaos and the flow of soul into staid proceedings; maybe while everyone else, especially the leaden schoolmarmy females, purses the lips and scowls, “he” plays along and deadpans in return, and the two of you end up amusing each other while everyone else stares in outrage. Such would be a kindred spirit for a Dionysian. But it could be anything. Maybe you play football, and he is especially majestic and brave in the gridiron; such nowadays for a follower of Ares...

What then? When a man finds this pal whose mind or *will* is one and the same with his own, “he devotes himself to *personal imitation of his god*”—meaning, to the struggle to become the best in whatever his calling is, the most magnificent specimen of his kind—, “and at the same time he attempts to spur and train his friend to the best of his power to walk in the ways of that god and to mold himself on him. [...] His whole effort is concentrated on leading the object of his love into the closest possible conformity with himself and with the god he worships”, i.e., on driving his best friend likewise to become the best man he can be, or perhaps—better put—to become what he is.

And there is more! Plato himself tried to harness this powerful force in the

service of his moralizing project, but the point he makes is a beautiful one, and can be generalized. Imagine, if you will, a man's soul as an aerial chariot driven by a winged charioteer and pulled by two horses. One is a noble steed, impetuous but naturally striving towards the heights (this is your desire to win contests--your *thumos*--with all its potential for the cultivation of excellence); the other horse is of bad stock, unruly, always given to dragging the team down to earth (this is the low urges to do what is ignoble). The charioteer, dear reader, is you qua driver of your soul, tasked with governing the noble and base urges within yourself. Why the wings? The wings symbolize life in ascent, the power to turn your existence into the life of a god, resplendent with "beauty, wisdom, goodness, and every other excellence". The wings must be nourished with these selfsame qualities, else they waste and perish. And so, friendship with a noble man—a *kalos kagathos* man—fosters the growth of wings in the soul...

Is this too abstract for you? Hitchens eventually found an approximation of such an ideal in Martin Amis, and both reached respectable heights in personal imitation of their gods, who would have to be Apollo and the Muses. A more world-historical example would be the duo Montaigne - La Boétie, also worshippers of the god of light, as well as Jupiterian statesmen in their lifetime, who attained great wisdom about the affairs of the polis...

And if little things with great we may compare, the appreciation never leaves me that friendship with *my* best friend spurred me on to become a better man than I would otherwise have been, had he remained a superficial acquaintance and had I wasted all my college

years simping non-stop after omnipresent girls.

As for the second aspect, the Greeks maintained that same-sex attraction is superior to opposite-sex attraction as a fast-lane to the contemplation of Absolute Beauty, with all that that entails in terms of capacity for great art and high civilization. Why? Because same-sex attraction is *inherently farther removed from lust*, from carnality, from the need to just get one's nuts off. Recall in your mind the last time you met a beautiful young woman. Her beauty forms an aura around her. You are happy to gaze at her, be near her. Her very being radiates into everything that surrounds her: even the furniture and the walls seem to be indued with a special attribute.

Now, you may think of this as admiration, but there is always a sensual pleasure mixed in. You can imagine having sex with her almost *immediately* on seeing her. However, crucially, the same is not true about a handsome man. His beauty affects you just as powerfully, albeit in a different way, as does the beauty of a woman. If you deny this, please consider the following:

What happens when you start working out, and begin the transformation into a HandsomeThursday specimen? Who did you expect to attract before, and who do you find is actually attracted to you afterwards? The "strange phenomenon" is so well-known that there are internet memes about it.

This magnetism, or same-sex attraction, (which emanates not only because of physical beauty, but also because of manly virtues such as courage) is likewise interpreted as admiration or something vaguer, but there is indeed a crucial difference with the female case:

The Weiningerian “element” alluded to in the previous section, is something that can manifest itself (if at all) not immediately, not out of lust, but only as intimacy is established between two friends, long after they have got used to each other. And so the Greeks thought that same-sex attraction made it easier to contemplate what Beauty itself is, without pollution from low drives.

In fact, love for a beautiful girl can play the exact same role, *but only if the woman is inaccessible*: This distances opposite-sex attraction enough from lust, you see, to purify it. This is the hidden message of Mishima’s beautiful short story, *The Priest of Shiga Temple and His Love*, which should be read as a striking riff on the Phaedrus.

Before moving on, I want to rub it in (does this expression upset you???): the “sexual element” in the Greek relationships has rightly been called an exaggeration, not because it necessarily didn’t exist, but because it was in any case unimportant. When you lament the “sexualization” of ancient friendships, you share in the guilt. Sex is not a metaphysically unique test of your “identity”: it is an activity, like any other, noble or ignoble according to the specifics of the case (i.e. what exactly is being done, and why). While unimportant in the great scheme of things, do not think of it as an embarrassing idiosyncrasy either.

The Greeks pointed out that friends who have shared in these moments of intimacy “will regard themselves as having exchanged mutual pledges so sacred that they can never break them and become enemies.” Maybe this was worth having, at a time when the loyalty of your friends meant the difference between life and death.

Gays Are Not Distinguished by Same-

Sex Attraction

So, what do we make of “sexual orientation”, “gay men”, and the rest of this bag of 20th century vapping? Simple: it is all made up. A disparate group of people is today called “gay”, with little in common with each other. The core, that which gives the “gay community” its character and ways, is made up of totally feminized men—men that behave like women. These are not “homosexuals”: they are the only real *transsexuals*, i.e. the only real “women in men’s bodies”. These beings are not distinguished by same-sex attraction. When you recognize one, you don’t do so on the basis of sexual behavior or “attraction”. You do so on the basis of feminine everyday mannerisms. What they feel for men is not same-sex attraction; it is lust for the opposite sex, such as females experience. It is only when they get intimate with women (which happens all the time) that they indeed act on same-sex attraction and discover the affection route to sex.

I’m not playing word games here, you must understand. These “real trans people” have always existed, see for example the character *Cleisthenes* from Attic comedy. But what distinguished them at a time when most men had friendships that openly showcased the Weiningerian “element of sexuality”? What distinguished them was their true difference: their total lack of *andreia*, or virility, which exposed them to the just derision of their fellow citizens. It was only in the late Victorian era, and even more so in the 1950s, when society had softened up to the point that manly virtues had passed out of fashion, that the moraline-soaked windbags of the time fixated on *sexual behavior*. You could fag

out as much as you liked: be a coward, bitch like a woman, fail utterly in every test of character that makes a man worthy of esteem—your fellow citizens could overlook all that, because they had themselves given up to a large extent on bravery and honor. In most European countries, certainly in Britain and France, the ethos of the military nobility of the past had faded. Soft, fat bankers and journalists held sway, having replaced the warriors. Christian Pharisaism was all those people had left, thus they latched onto sex as the only thing they really couldn't get over. In reaction, the "real trans people"—excluded from friendship with men, and ignorant of its mysteries—eventually built a newfangled "identity" out of a tangential aspect of their nature, which they moreover misrepresented as "same-sex attraction", to the discredit of the real thing. Our whole society now dreams as such suffering beings dreamt—Why everyone else went along with this nonsense, found it plausible, I will say later.

Today the "real trans" make up, in my opinion, only a minority of the "gay" population, which has ballooned enormously since the fad began in the 1960s. The bulk of them comes about quite differently and is a novel and more disturbing phenomenon. These are men that suffered, in adolescence, from some kind of (often *physical*) inferiority. You can read many of their lachrymose self-pitying recollections online. They always remark that at puberty they were underdeveloped and easily put upon. Rejected by their peers, they become friendless freaks. At this point their unsatisfied longing for friends—their same-sex attraction—becomes fetishized and gradually turns into a paraphilia. You can identify precise stages of

this process in some of their testimonies: for instance, early adolescent fantasies of acceptance and camaraderie, often in the company of superheroes (our times' version of hero-worship; and what are heroes but men supremely worthy of friendship?). The next and fateful step is their encounter with gay porn. Porn in general is treacherous, because it acts as a tremendously powerful mechanism for *behavioral conditioning*. There is a great flood of dopamine in the brain at orgasm, the greatest amount that can be released by physiological means (you can get more only by zapping certain brain areas with implanted electrodes). The repeated association of dopamine release with a neutral or even harmful stimulus re-wires the brain to experience the latter with desire (you may have heard of Pavlovian associations). This is why porn is such a great fountainhead of paraphilias. The boys whose experience of sex in adolescence resolves itself with gay porn learn to associate same-sex attraction with sodomy, and sodomy with sexual reward. This is, ironically, a process of turning same-sex attraction into something acted out *in the same way* as opposite-sex attraction. (That's right: gays are too heterosexual—you have heard it here first.) But as equality can only be anti-nature, so the eroticizing of the anus, which is not a sexual organ but an organ of excretion, of filth, leads to everything for which the gay freakshow has become notorious: the diseases, the drugs, the compulsion towards what is degrading, the self-destruction. You ask them (as I have done) why they need to have anal sex, of all things, and when they even understand the question, they always reply that they learned it from watching porn. Now imagine if during adolescence you had been a complete-

ly alienated freak, with no friends and no relationships, but only BDSM lesbian porn as your sentimental education. Would you have turned out well? (This aberrant conditioning can happen by other means than gay porn, e.g. by molestation. Almost half of self-identified “gays” report being molested in early life, while only 7% of “straights” do.)

Of course, there is nothing inevitable about this descent, this is not an “inborn and immutable condition”. Mishima is a famous example of a boy who started out in early youth as this degenerative type but managed to find the upward path, the way to “beauty, wisdom, goodness, and every other excellence”. As the origin of the problem is often the body, an essentially physical inferiority, the beginning of its resolution also lies with the body:

The balance and harmony of the body constantly draw one back to the point at which there is no longer any room to doubt “one’s identity with others”. [...] If the body could achieve perfect, non-individual harmony, then it would be possible to shut individuality up for ever in close confinement.

There are tortuous ways by which the truth of this statement can prove itself, and you must not stop at the surface. This is no medical argument I’m making. I only allude to the workings of the world. Things fall into place of their own accord, and the will of the gods manifests itself. It is at the end of this journey that this type of man will appreciate, more dramatically than anyone else I can think of, what we mean when we say that real freedom consists in conforming to the order of nature...

Now let us examine, by contrast, LGBT ideology. This view of human na-

ture, at every step, makes these people’s predicament infinitely worse. It preaches alienation from “heterosexual society”, it lies to these boys that their social problems stem from same-sex attraction (when in fact they stem from *everything else* about them that makes them unworthy). It tells them that the only way they can fulfill their desires is by assimilation into a deviant subculture, which only encourages the worst tendencies in their nature. The lie of the ideology also creates its own reality, by investing trifles with existential significance and consequently with hysteria. You enjoy a friend too much? You are gay!—more, you have always been gay, since before birth! Then people complain male friendships have deteriorated. And it enables the most disgusting and aberrant behavior by shifting attention to made-up “inborn essences”. You were born to fist strangers in bathhouses, you see; love is love! We have established that you are familiar with the Salo forum thread on AIDS. Well, the source of that thread is a book on the early history of the disease, which I have read so you don’t have to. It is a very interesting book, a medical detective mystery. It tells of how HIV spread at first among European sailors having sex with female prostitutes in Africa, thenceforth reaching the Western Hemisphere as early perhaps as 1950. It circulated there feebly, locally, but could not ignite a pandemic until much later, in the 1970s. Why? Because HIV can only spread efficiently by sodomy, and there was no sodomy going on in the United States, except sporadic aberrations, until the invention of the gay lifestyle in the late 1960s. The author of that book (a San Francisco “gay” journalist) makes it a point to state that, even among the “real trans” of the 1950s, folks who went

for anal sex were considered mentally-ill freaks and mocked as “brown queens”(sic) (I’m not making any of this up; feel free to check the book). All of which goes to show that the gay lifestyle, far from reflecting an inborn and immutable condition, is in fact a recent invention, manufactured in the late 1960s and ‘70s by pornographers and ideologues hellbent on opening a new front in their war against traditional culture. It is no different in this respect from “antiracism” and postwar feminism. The gospel of wretchedness cultivates what is worst in man, and then adds some. It can’t be any different. A leftist movement that uplifted its members would die out, as the left is at heart an engine to turn the festering hatred of whatever is or has become “sick, misshapen, suffering from itself” into political power for the faction who can manipulate, incite, and direct this hatred. We have seen this before. The white working class ceased to be a viable tool for the left as soon as workers got decent jobs and fulfilling lives. The call for the great slave rising *needs slaves*. Ergo only leftist movements that stunt life will be selected for and spread. This evolutionary process has yielded “gays”, among other pawns in the new “coalition of the fringes”, but it is not self-limiting: ever more malign ideologies will evolve under the cloak of social justice, and, if not forcibly suppressed, will reach their natural terminus in the universal third-world latrine, inhabited by botched and dysfunctional wretches, the lowest order of the spirit finally realized. This is how the cult of Equality reveals its true demonic face in the life-history of a people. The only apt analogy is Munchausen by proxy: a malevolent borderline-personality step-mother who tortures her ward under the

guise of seeking to cure him.

The Cult of Equality—let anyone dare to speak to me of its “humanitarian blessings”! Its deepest necessity ranges it against any effort to abolish suffering: It lives by suffering; It creates suffering to make itself immortal. [...] This Fraud, this Pretext... The most subterranean conspiracy ever heard of—against health, beauty, well-being...

This process, now that the left has achieved hegemony in all culture-producing organs, is accompanied by systematic *falsification of history* and re-writing of the past, to spin narratives of oppression, fan resentment against the old order, and cozen the victims of “Progress” to look on their torturer as savior. Wikipedia pages and history books are edited to remake the Sacred Band of Thebes into a legion of “gay lovers”, and anti-sodomy laws from the Christian centuries (but curiously not the Classical ones) are turned into holocausts of “gay people”...

Taking all of this together, you now understand why no culture has ever had words for “gay” or “straight”. If they referred to real inborn conditions, all languages would have counterparts as universal as the terms for “man” and “woman”. But they don’t. Even the English words had to be hijacked. Nobody had heard of any of this until the last century. You can also finally understand why nobody has ever been able to produce a “gay gene” (or the equally elusive “gay germ”). And why exclusive homosexuality has never been observed *in any animal species* in the wild, including humanity before ~1900—or actually not even *now*, since the vast majority of teens who identify as LGBT change their sexual orientation within 13 years,

thus exposing “sexual orientation” itself (the concept, the “immutable essence”) as a steaming pile of baloney.

The Real Meaning of Aristophanes’ Speech: Two Types of Men

Enough with the modern “gays”. Now that we understand what same-sex attraction really is, we can reveal that there is in fact a population distribution for it. This again has nothing to do with the imaginary gay-straight dichotomy but is a very real distinction rooted in biology, which you can learn to recognize in your daily life if you train your eye for it, to your great benefit and delight.

Among men (normal men, men who lust for women) we find that there are two very different types:

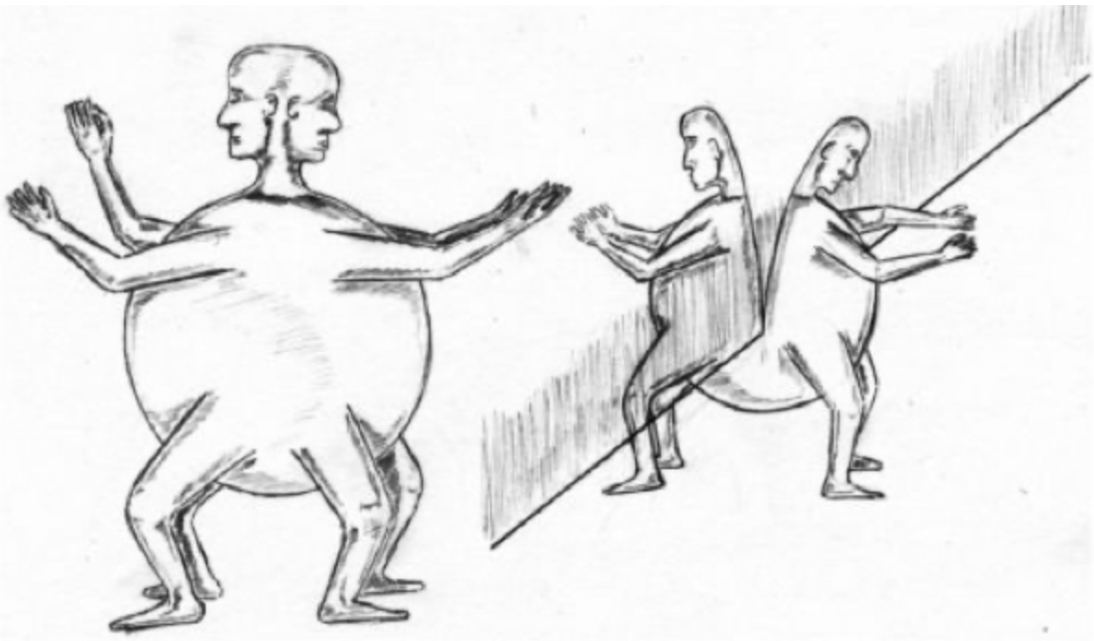
(1) About 40% have no capacity for same-sex attraction. For them, everything I talk about in this essay will be completely and forever incomprehensible. There is nothing that can be done about it. These men have no desire for friendships with other males, except maybe as a pastime to fend off ennui during spells of pussyliness. But the bond is always tenuous at best. The most self-perceptive among them will even come out with statements such as “friends do not really exist”. This is true *for them*. These men have only one totalizing, single-minded concern: pussy, pussy, pussy, and more pussy! They do not want pussy simply to fuck (like everybody else); they want it for “friendship” (companions) too, and sometimes they crave it so much that they anatomically get one for themselves: This is the demographic pool the autogynephilic troons come out of, in extreme cases. We call these the *gyno-centric males* (gyno-men, for short). They

tend to be selfish assholes, frankly—their associations with other men being mostly opportunistic in their pursuit for women. They also have a bad tendency to universalize their condition. Learning here that they are a minority will be a surprise to them.

(2) The remaining 60% of men can experience same-sex attraction to a varying degree. If you ask them if they “like” men or women, they will answer perfectly truthfully that they like(=lust after) women and only women. They are for the most part unaware today of the Weiningerian “element”, but these are the men for whom the following statements are true:

Among your instincts, you will find the longing for strong friendships, that the modern evil tries to snuff out [...]. “Friendship is a social relation of a kind that is beyond ethics; and if you ever think of it in terms of ethics, you misunderstand it. It is a great pleasure between two men, very different from the sexual pleasure between man and woman, but of the same species, in that it is pleasant.

This is superbly put, but again true for only this subset of men, whom we will call *full men*. I think the designation is apt because these are the best of men, those who most closely fit our image of what a man should be. They tend to be generous and gregarious, possessed of manly virtue. Despite the high *thumos* that can make some of them hard to deal with, they are, in the end, more pleasant to be around than the others (if you are a man, that is; but in truth I suspect this holds even if you are a woman)—think of it as the difference between Achilles and Paris.



Now, the fascinating angle is that you can learn to recognize these two types in real life, and this is an invaluable skill, rarely possessed in the modern world. The difference was blatant in the single-sex environments of my youth, and shows up in the way the two types interact with other men in social contexts. For some time after moving to America I wondered if the *full* type existed only among those brought up in single-sex schools, because I could not see it as clearly on campus. Then I discovered that the behavioral differences re-emerge whenever men are among themselves, e.g. at frat parties and such, whenever women are absent, even if only from a room for some sustained period of time. You have to train yourself to observe. It is subtle, but once you learn to recognize what you're looking for, it becomes unmistakable. It is as real an ontological divide as the species difference between Darwin's finches. On the other hand, the presence of girls absolutely erases the differential dynamic, as everything degenerates into the usual uniform jockeying and clowning for fe-

male attention.

The difference between these two types—and this is yet another esoteric teaching you'll find nowhere else—is the true meaning of Aristophanes' speech in the *Symposium*. You surely know about it: Aristophanes recounts a myth about primeval humans being made up of essentially two beings sharing one soul and having their bodies fused together in a sort of eternal embrace. Some of them were fully male, and some androgynous (the fusion of a man and a woman). So powerful were these beings that they launched an attack on Olympus, nearly succeeding in toppling the immortal gods. To prevent further rebellions Zeus fissioned them, each half into a separate individual. The forlorn atomized man however continues to share his soul with the other half who used to make up the primordial whole. And so, here's how the two types of men came about: a gynomale is cleaved from an original androgynous being, and a full man from an originally fully male being.

Now, virtually all academics to-

day (who are idiots) make this out to be the Greeks' origin myth for "sexual orientation", another example of the falsification of the past that we spoke of. To repeat, most men had friendships with an overt sexual element, sodomy got you executed, and the rare "true transexual" type that makes up the "gay core" today was then a literal laughingstock for use in comedies, later shunted off to castration cults such the Galli priests of Cybele. So Aristophanes could not have been talking about gays and straights. Indeed, he is adamant in his speech that the men derived from the fully male original being are *more manly* than those split from the male-female beings. Does that sound like the gays to you? Some modern readers try to solve the riddle by claiming that the whole speech is a joke (Aristophanes being a comedy writer). In fact, although there is a grotesque element in the myth (the original four-legged, four-armed fused beings, reminiscent of John Carpenter's 1982 movie *The Thing*) the pith of the story is dead-on serious, and the imagery more fitting than anything else I can think of: The gyno-men ARE spiritually halfway between male and female—in their incapacity for male friendship, which makes them politically useless; in their *totalizing* interest in mating; and above all in their untrustworthiness (as they readily betray their comrades to get access to women, very much like the treacherous tendencies of the hypergamous female). There are political consequences to these two types, who really are two spiritual orientations. The gyno-men would be perfectly happy to get a trad wife redistributed to them by the state and to spend the rest of their life worshipping her as the living image of the Earth Goddess in some squash-growing homestead in Idaho.

You can find some in the Right today, but only because they are driven off by the left (for being white and/or Christian). One hundred years ago, they would have been happy "Christian socialists" or even straight-up communists. The longhouse is no problem at all for them. So long as they get pussy, they'll be fine with *anything*.

Contrast this with the full men. In the modern world, they are the most badly affected by the gay neurosis, in that they suffer, whether they realize it or not, from the difficulty to forge intimate friendships without arousing suspicions. They tend to gravitate toward team sports and in general wherever male camaraderie can still be enjoyed. It is an empirically observable fact that, when they succeed in living according to their nature, they become braver and more "classically manly" than others. Why? Because masculinity can only be honed in osmotic association with other men, your peers, and also because if you really love a friend, you don't want to show yourself up in front of him. You are forced to be braver, to become the best you can be, lest he lose esteem for you. This is infinitely more serious and more consistent than the clownish swagger men put on to impress females. The breakdown of this dynamic in the face of the gay neurosis is the deep reason why most men today behave like fags.

What is the political expression of this type of man? It will look like what you find in Bronze Age Mindset. Bands of adventurers, bound by supreme loyalty to one another, deciding to quit beautiful trad-wifey to go and conquer Fiume or Sarawak, enjoying the busy war-brides they take as spoils along the way, for sure, but even more so each other's heroic company and exploits.



Would you forsake your beautiful GF to go off with the boys to conquer Fiume???

Mishima's novel *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With the Sea* can be seen, in essence, as the story of a man who attempts to "transition" from the full- to the gyno- type, and meets with the condign punishment for this sacrilege against the very spirit of life.

This reality, perceived by modern academics (who are idiots) through the lens of their own degenerate natures, explains why so much ink has been wasted on "homofascism". This is why almost EVERY SINGLE figure within the current of the Futurist Right has been accused at one time or another of gayness: Nietzsche, George, Klages, Blüher, D'Annunzio, Evola, Hitler, Mishima, BAP, ...

To my knowledge, only Mussolini and perhaps Ezra Pound have not yet faced the allegation. But I understand that Moldbug is writing a piece of speech-parsing software to demonstrate scientifically that Mussolini too was a fag. When the commando led by Skorzeny arrived to whisk him away from captivity in the Gran Sasso, he is

reputed to have exclaimed (referring to Hitler), "I knew that my friend would not abandon me!" –which to Moldbug, in-between ballbusting sessions with his BDSM-mistress/wife, sounds pretty gay. Oh, well.

Final words: the distinction between gyno-men and full men makes perfect evolutionary sense: you can imagine two strategies to secure your progeny: one is to pursue the pussy non-stop individualistically, the other is to bond with other men in warbands to take over new territories and all the female spoils to be found therein. It would be fascinating to conduct an anthropological study to see if the proportion of the two types varies among different races. Is it possible that the full men are more prevalent among Europeans, descendants of the koryos-forming Aryans? Can high-level civilizational differences be explained by this, as the two types vary in attraction to Absolute Beauty, and in defiance to gynocracy?

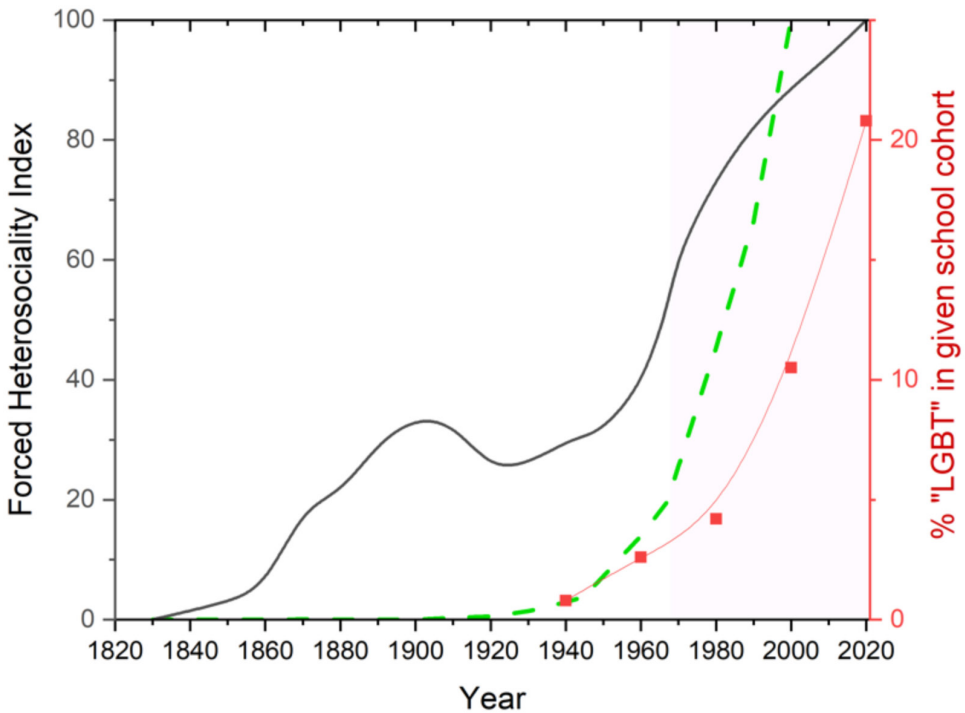
Of course such a study is no longer possible, as the real distinction is

effaced by the spread of the LGBT delusion...

How the Gay Delusion Conquered the West

The only thing left to explain is: Why have we forgotten what same-sex attraction really is, and why do we find the gay-straight dichotomy so convincing and natural? Because of this:

and paramilitary organization, youth groups like the Boy Scouts, and weighted and integrated them to produce a unified index of forced heterosociality (FHS)(black curve in the plot). FHS=0 means all-male environments are the default in men's youth. FHS=100 means that all-male spaces have been made impossible. The historical course looks like this: in the second half of the 19th century, there was a gradual increase in FHS,



This is a plot of an integrated measure of how hard it is for young men to find all-male spaces. Most men are naturally homo-social, meaning they prefer to deal with other men. A society can encourage this by providing all-male spaces as the default condition while males grow up, or make this impossible—forcing boys into mixed-sex environments all the time—, or anything in between. So I have dug up data on the proportion of co-ed schools and colleges, membership in all-male fraternal societies (e.g. Freemasons), military

driven by fanatical protestants drunk on egalitarianism (“There is no Jew or Gentile, male or female, for you are all one in Christ”) who launched headlong into an unprecedented experiment with mixed-sex education. Protestant countries integrated lower grades (up to high school) while compulsory schooling was being rolled out. They also pushed co-ed at the university level, to the point that half of all colleges in the United States were co-ed by 1900. There remained however some physical segregation (in terms of dorms, etc.), so male-only spac-

es were not completely banned—and there was also a pushback from men. Men deprived of natural homosocial environments reacted by founding and joining fraternal and youth organizations in record numbers. Between 1914 and 1945, as education was being more and more feminized, there was also a great surge of military and paramilitary activity, which further contained the rise of FHS. It was only in the aftermath of WWII that all these social defenses were overrun: in the 1960s in particular, physical sex segregation in colleges was abolished, and almost all remaining institutions (notably Catholic ones) became co-ed; then the “bowling alone” effect of ethnic diversity led to the decline of fraternal societies. FHS maxed out finally with the recent ideological campaign to stuff females in every single remaining male space (military, police, Boy Scouts, college fraternities, even men’s college sports). I am certain that the people spearheading this, the usual pinko-commie sallow-faced fanged ghouls, have been doing so deliberately, not because of any great passion for “gender equality” (all-female spaces have never come under attack), but because at some level they understood: their goal was *domestication*, and they knew how to go about it whether or not they’d ever heard the word *Maennerbund*. Nowadays you can’t find male spaces even if you join special forces in the military. There will always be one or two “lesbian” crackheads or the odd chick-with-dick or even the occasional stray hormonal straight-up femoid.

Now, a striking thing happens if you plot the proportion of youth who identify as “LGBT” in a given school year (red curve, right axis) over the FHS graph: the %LGBT curve follows the exact same

shape as the FHS curve, but with a lag of approximately one generation. What means? What means is that the effect is likely not direct: in other words, constant steeping in females while growing up does not directly cause boys to become “gay”. No, the effect is mediated by the green dashed line. What is that? That is the normalized Google N-gram of the terms “homosexuals” and “gays” (plural; capturing the semantic shift from thinking of homosexuality as behavior to thinking of it as people). In simple terms, forced heterosociality prevents boys from understanding same-sex attraction. You, dear readers, were deprived of the experiences I recounted at the beginning of this highly personal essay. You are unaware that such things can and do happen to you if you aren’t immersed 24/7 in swarms of females. This made the “gay-straight model” of sexual behavior plausible to you in a way that was not plausible to those that were brought up like me.

The great father of sociobiology, E.O. Wilson, who tried to restore a biological approach to social research in academia against the smothering clout of the Boasians, dealt with many subjects in his seminal work *On Human Nature*. One of these is homosexuality. Now, Wilson is a very old man; he grew up at a time when forced heterosociality was low. Did he deal with homosexuality as a personal condition? No, he thought of it as an aspect of affiliative behavior. For him, the truth was self-evident: Same-sex attraction is an entirely different domain from opposite-sex attraction, not alternative but *orthogonal* to it; it underpins a different biological function (affiliation vs reproduction); it is not about possessing another person’s body (although it may be about

possessing another person's mind, recognized as the same as one's own); it is not expressed by penetrative sex.

But this way of thinking has become so alien that I wonder if you will really understand it, or will you confuse what I've been saying with allegations of universal bisexuality such as what "queer theorists" make? Men who *lust* after men *indifferently as they do after women* do not exist, obviously. The confusion only stems from our modern perversity of seeking to treat different things equally...

Forced heterosociality made the gay delusion possible. Now it is also self-sustained, like a runaway nuclear reaction, by dint of the sheer filth of the "gay community". The mass-scale analist gays have tainted same-sex attraction to the extent that normal men are *terrified* of experiencing it. This is what has really "poisoned the well of male friendship". Many men now eschew affection with their friends both because they are afraid of being *seen* as gay, and because they are scared they might like that intimacy too much. This is what I call the *gay neurosis*. The gay neurosis (alongside old-fashioned intrasexual competition) lies behind the hysterical reactions of some men to BAP's posts of magnificent male physiques. No such rage was in evidence among the Greeks, who worked out and held athletic contests in the nude. No such hysteria was anywhere to be seen as recently as the 1930s, when the Nazis (and the Soviets) produced propaganda posters and colossal statues of powerful half-naked men. Much more seriously, the gay neurosis is fatal to male bonding at a more-than-superficial level, because this is precisely what same-sex attraction is for—this is its biological function. If you take the trou-

ble of perusing private correspondence between friends up to the 19th century, you'll find that it reads like love letters. What we describe today as "bromance" is on the tepid side in comparison. Gay activists have seized on this fact, not as a clue that their view of human nature is warped and has twisted the whole of modern society—no, they take this as proof that most men born before the year 1900 were secretly gay! Entire popular books and a diarrheal effluence of academic papers have come out to demonstrate the clandestine gayness of Hamilton, Lincoln, Washington...

Social and Political Effects of the Gay Neurosis

The gay neurosis leads to many a bizarre phenomenon. One is the strange fascination of many straight guys for the tomboy, AKA the proto-bulldyke. Now, whether you are same-sex-attracted to someone or opposite-sex-attracted has really nothing to do with the loved one's anatomical sex. For instance, you can lust after an extremely epicene ladyboy, and that would be opposite-sex attraction. The femininity attracts you. It's clear then that the fascination for the tomboy (young masculinized female) is very curious. My take is that today's straight guys allow themselves to relax and experience same-sex attraction only if the object of it is a formal female. In a world free of gay neurosis these guys would adopt that attitude toward congenial dudes, their real kindred spirits (which a bulldyke can never be). In this small way, we begin to see that the gay-straight dichotomy, far from being natural, is a procrustean bed forcing men into all sorts of unnatural compromises, thwarting the development of their

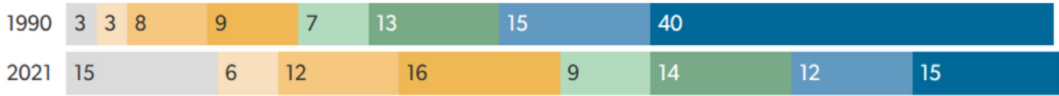
full potential. You think you're fine with it? you're happy with fucking women? Yeah, let's see how happy you are.

friends of Antiquity who helped each other become the best men they could be. Women drain the life out of men,

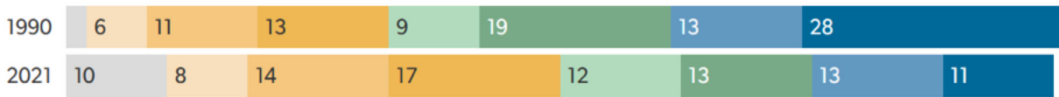
Percentage who report having the following number of close friends, not counting their relatives . . .

No Close Friends
 One Friend
 Two Friends
 Three Friends
 Four Friends
 Five Friends
 Six to Nine Friends
 Ten or More

Men



Women



Firstly, friendship is going extinct. The percentage of men who say they have at least 6 close friends has halved since 1990 (itself a late date, when most damage had already been done). Among single men, almost 1 in 5 say they have no close friends whatever. The *quality* of the surviving relationships is also but a pale shadow of what it used to be before 1950. Besides the ill-effect on one's personal health, this has had a particularly destructive *social* effect: men's complete and utter psychological subjection to women.

If your need for affection can no longer be safely fulfilled with men, you will seek satisfaction from the female of the species, who already has a separate inalienable monopoly on *sexual* fulfillment. Is it surprising that the vampiric female should have taken advantage of her newfound power, after you heaped monopoly upon monopoly on her?

This is no benevolent tyranny! Women are not only inherently untrustworthy beings (you will find this out on your own if you still harbor illusions about this); but by their very nature they act as the opposite force to the dyadic

and are thus biologically foreclosed from playing the role intended by nature for men's friends.

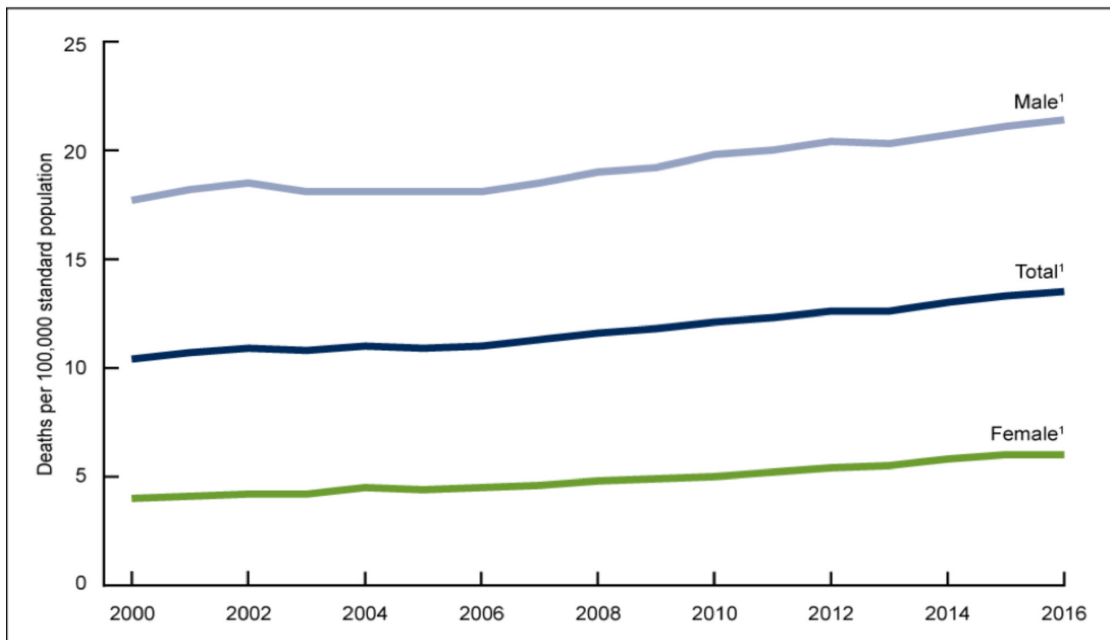
To state it plainly: women cannot love men in the way men want to be loved. Whereas men love men (their friends) as extensions of themselves, women love men as means to an end. These are the facts. Just as "gays" only find self-destruction in their doomed attempt to get from men what can only be got from women, so today's "straights" only find self-destruction in their doomed attempt to get from women what can only be got from men.

50% of marriages now end in divorce, almost always initiated by the wife. Women enjoy court-enforced supremacy in all matters of property, alimony, and child custody. If she became pregnant by another man while you were married to her, you will be forced by the courts, no matter who filed for divorce, to pay her for the other man's child. Then good luck starting from scratch finding friends—you will have retained none from your youth because all your early-life friendships were either with mentally-ill females, or mere

afterthoughts to poon-hounding. You think this is a joke? You will be a broken man, miserable and alone. Society will mock you. In your abject loneliness, you will turn to alcohol or become a fentanyl addict, and you will die, after years or decades of this living-dead existence, with increasing frequency by your own hand. Moreover, even if your marriage survives, you will always have the vision of this empty abyss in your mind, as a reminder of your fetters.

you would have noticed a glaring difference in men's behavior. Granted, we boys were no giants. There were among us the small-souled bugman and even rare cases of the American-type fecal-lib. But something must be acknowledged: I have never again encountered an environment where obtains the same intensity of intellectual combat, of scheming, of philosophizing, of proto-political ferment. Perhaps these were all manifestations of the same longing for the sun

Figure 1. Age-adjusted suicide rates, by sex: United States, 2000–2016



Congratulations on not being gay. (Of course “gays” have no such problems in late life, as they mostly die off of exotic diseases; the equality of the grave being the only achievable one.)

If this were all there was to it, we might not care that much. What if men make themselves needlessly miserable? But something still much worse lurks which calls for our attention. This is about men's political instincts. If you too had had the singular experience of living in a virtually all-male college in your late teens and early 20s, and of later working in a female-dominated campus,

of something higher than the ordinary, the domestic, everyday life. Nothing of the sort certainly exists in the American campus, where everything outside studying for one's very expensive degree ultimately resolves itself, directly or indirectly, in the jostling and clowning to give females the attention they seek.

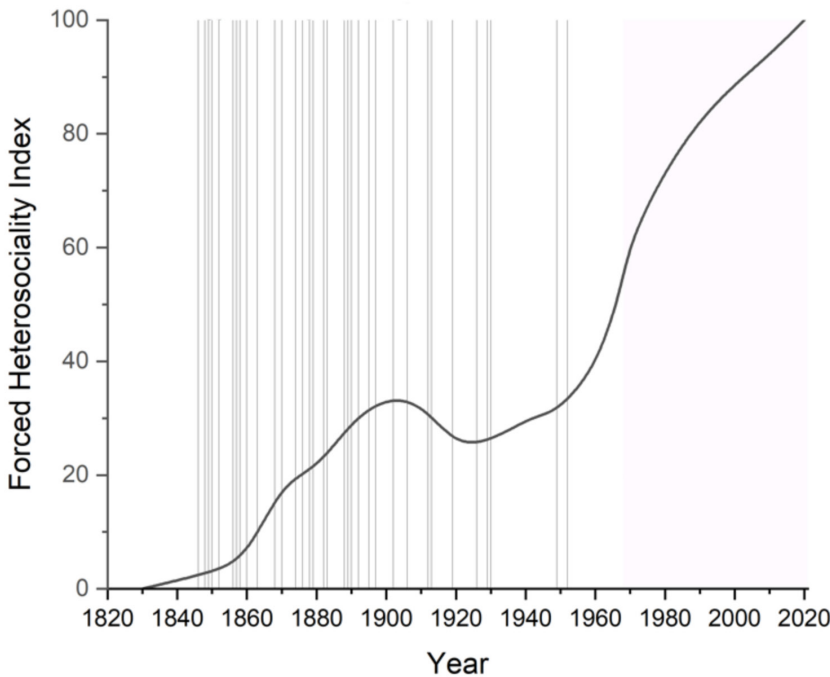
And so men never develop the ability to rally and organize with other men. The ability to form gangs, to hone one's manly virtues (boldness, daring, virtù)... On the world-historical stage, this manifests itself as the *end to grand politics*. We have lived for decades now

as if in suspended animation, with fake leaders and fake history. Nothing any longer happens, and what little happens does so by incompetence, accident, or inertia (cf. dissolution of USSR), because the only possible *subject* of history, leagues of men, are no longer being born.

This author is the lowbrow scion of a long line of poor artisans; he subscribes to uncouth theories of history, specifically the “great man” idea, the notion that history is driven forward not (always) by irresistible systemic processes that overwhelm any possibility of individual action, but (also) by the will of great men. What happened to great men?

been born in the West since the 1960s. No doubt *potentially* great men are out there, but they have so far failed to become what they are.

In Von Salomon’s *The Outlaws*, the 17-year old protagonist strikes up the decisive friendship that will lead to Organisation Consul, with all the history-making that will spring from it, by approaching in the streets another man (Kern) a few years his senior, who will become his bosom buddy and Freikorp comrade. He compliments him (“Hey, that was fine!”) for beating to a pulp a rioting communist mutant. I wonder: would a young man today allow himself to do the same? Would the anxiety of befriending an unrelated male (!!!) in



The vertical lines here mark the birth dates of great men of the past (shift them all 15-20 years ahead to see when they came of age). There is no pretension of scientific proof, but it seems indisputable to me that no great man has

an unsupervised and unapproved environment (!!!!!) prevent him? Would the chap today seek to allay his burgeoning neuroses by reaching instead for his smartphone and swiping frantically on Tinder so that obese corn-syrup-guz-

zling girls could reject him for being under 6'4"? Would he then hop on to Twitter to complain about feminism having ruined the West? These are not frivolous questions. How many O.C.s have failed to be born because of this?

What Is to Be Done?

Our society is set up to smother *virtù* in the cradle. I have given you my account of why I believe that is, and that brings us finally to the question, What is to be done?

The melancholy answer is that there is no easy solution. I'm under no illusion: what I have articulated in this essay is a view of human nature so alien as to be probably incomprehensible and certainly incredible to many of my readers. Many others will understand, but the gay-straight dichotomy has become so ingrained that there might not be any shift in public perception even if everyone in the West were exposed to the truth. The real insidiousness of the "LGBT worldview" lies in the fact that the revolting behavior it has enabled provides a powerful incentive to *accept* its premise: you want gays to be a different type of human, a different species even. You want to distance yourself as much as possible from them. Failure to do so immediately invites suspicion. And why risk that? Why be so foolhardy as to argue, as I do, that "the gay" is a degenerated version of something present in most men? And yet, this risky argument is the only way to shatter the ideology behind "LGBT rights", from the legalization of sodomy to "gay marriage". If you accept the alternative I have presented here, you could restore tomorrow the ancient Greek (or modern Iranian) penalty for "LGBT activity" and shut down the

whole freakshow forever (thus bringing real happiness to everyone involved—oh, yes, we too must love mankind).

But do you want to? If not, the only possible way forward would be to undo the social changes that have led us here, specifically rolling back forced heterosociality. That is of course beyond my power. So my hopes rest with the upcoming Muslim majority in Europe. If the Islamists win and impose sharia (which entails the double cure of sex-segregated schools and sodomy ban), there is no doubt in my mind that Europe will start again producing men, and those men will have no great difficulty in restoring freedom and glory to their race, no matter what desperate straits we shall find ourselves in. Is this how the Leviathan abolishes itself? Let us pray.

In the meanwhile, I want to conclude by giving private advice to the few intelligent young men who may be reading this. Most of you will naturally be morons, but even if only one or two "sensitive and intelligent youths" should straggle here and be helped by these notes of mine, it will have been well worth my time and effort. Sometimes I wish I had had a mentor ten or fifteen years ago at the time of my induction into green and callow adulthood. If someone had told me the truth about women back then, for instance, it would have saved me a lot of trouble. About the topic at hand, I will say therefore the following (this is a good way to recap before saying farewell).

Well then, there is no such thing as gay or straight people. There are only noble or ignoble acts. Understanding this is the only way to end the hysteria. If you are like most men, desiring to find a friend "after your own heart", to love as a kindred spirit, is perfectly normal and

healthy. Do not treat men, therefore, as surplus biological material in your hunt for women. Any one of them could be the lost half of your soul. Go and talk to him!

Allow yourself to experience and show affection for such a friend (with hugs and such), if you are lucky enough to find him.

“Same-sex attraction” is a non-issue: It is the way nature made friendship possible, and the best conduit perhaps to rising above everydayness, to the contemplation of Absolute Beauty, and finally to becoming what you are.

Always you must care about, not ineffable essences, but concrete actions and individuals. Is *what you do* noble or vile, beautiful or ugly? Is this fellow you are dealing with a worthy and admirable one, and is your association with him making the two of you better men, fostering what is noble in your nature?

For fate, which has ordained that there shall be no friendship among bad men, has also ordained that there shall ever be friendship among the good.

Courage, loyalty, aversion to craftiness, will to truth, ability to rise above pettiness (plus the specific qualities “in your particular style of divinity”). Is this what your friendship is bestowing on the two of you? Yes or no? This is all that matters. The challenge, if there is one, is to understand that these are not mere words, empty talk. This is what you should hold dear in life. The issue of sex, which so agitates contemporaries, is decided on the basis of these same criteria. The “element” we’ve been coyly referring to does sometimes manifest itself as a side effect of affection, in one’s youth at least. It has done so since the dawn of

time. It is always the same spontaneous act—neither degrading nor unhealthy. It doesn’t transmute your “identity”. It won’t lead to generational trauma. If it happens to you, you’ll be alright. Most of the time, it doesn’t even happen.

Now you may say: “This is all moot, because intimate friendships are no longer possible; even if I rid myself of what you call the gay neurosis, there is always the problem of how *others* will perceive me. I don’t want my friends, nor especially women, to think I am gay”. This is a real problem. Only private workarounds are possible, given the state of the society we live in. Firstly, I believe that the will can create its own reality. If your intentions are indeed pure, and you act accordingly without self-doubt or awkwardness, it is perhaps not too naïve to expect that this will come across. Secondly, if you have already found someone who you think could be your best friend, and you want a relationship with him in the old style (viz, as men used to have as late as the 19th century), you could try to let him find this essay. I have alluded to these matters in real life, and the responses have always been the same: utter bafflement from about half the audience, and a tacit glimmer of comprehension from the rest. This reflects the division between the two types of men I explained before. I have never had negative reactions, and in one instance I have good reason to believe I was responsible for restoring the spirit of Antiquity where it was needed. That said, you must exercise your own prudence to decide whether to share this with your friend. The responsibility is yours. It is important to make clear that you’re not after sex, of any type (and you really should not be: the whole point is that the hysteria around sex causes a lot

of babies to be thrown out with very little bathwater). Finally, be discreet about all this. Be kind and affectionate in private with whoever you decide deserves it, and never air the matter in public, most especially not in front of women and gyno-men. Gays do not exist, but the accusation of gayness is a low-effort tool of social manipulation reached for by losers and lowlives. And private life should rightly be kept private: *there* is your holy of holies.

Now, since this is the internet and you never know who may read this, I add a final warning. I have been focusing here on the lighter side of life, but this only comes about on an undercurrent of constant struggle. One should never forget that there are more base men than noble ones. The possibility always exists that some perverted freakazoid may seek to take advantage of you under the *guise* of friendship. What helps here is another timeless example from Antiquity. Valerius Maximus tells of a legionary in the Roman army who wound up on the receiving end of perverted attentions from a centurion (his superior officer), who happened to be the son of the legion's legate (the highest military officer). What to do about this? The legionary simply bludgeoned the centurion to death. Discipline in the Roman army entailed crucifixion for such an offense, but as the circumstances became known not only was the legionary spared punishment: the legate personally shook his hands and commended him for killing his own unworthy son. Now, if you recall the anecdote from my adolescence opening this long essay, you know that I'm a big fan of bludgeoning jerks. I don't advise anybody to bludgeon anybody else *to death* (unless your own life is in danger), but a good beating

can teach valuable lessons.

There, there, this is really all there is to say about this thorny and angst-ridden subject. For those of you, if any, who are not "on the *right* side", let this essay open up a new vista: there exists a whole alternative view of the world and of life to the gospel of wretchedness that gave us "LGBT". It is not a gospel of oppression, as the left would have you believe, but a gospel of nobility, based on the struggle for the elevation of the type "man", and on true justice, which preaches: "Never make the unequal equal". This is the alternative path to the future.

I guess I should end by asking myself, Have I been understood? This too, you know, is a skirmish in the great war between Dionysus and the crucified one. As we grow up, we learn what sterling creatures our fellow humans are, so I'm sure nobody will ever twist what has here been said. Be it as it may, my final lesson to you in mentorship-mode is that there is no greater pleasure in life than going against the herd, single-handedly if needs be. In the worst case, you will always be left with the only person in the world that you really need: yourself.

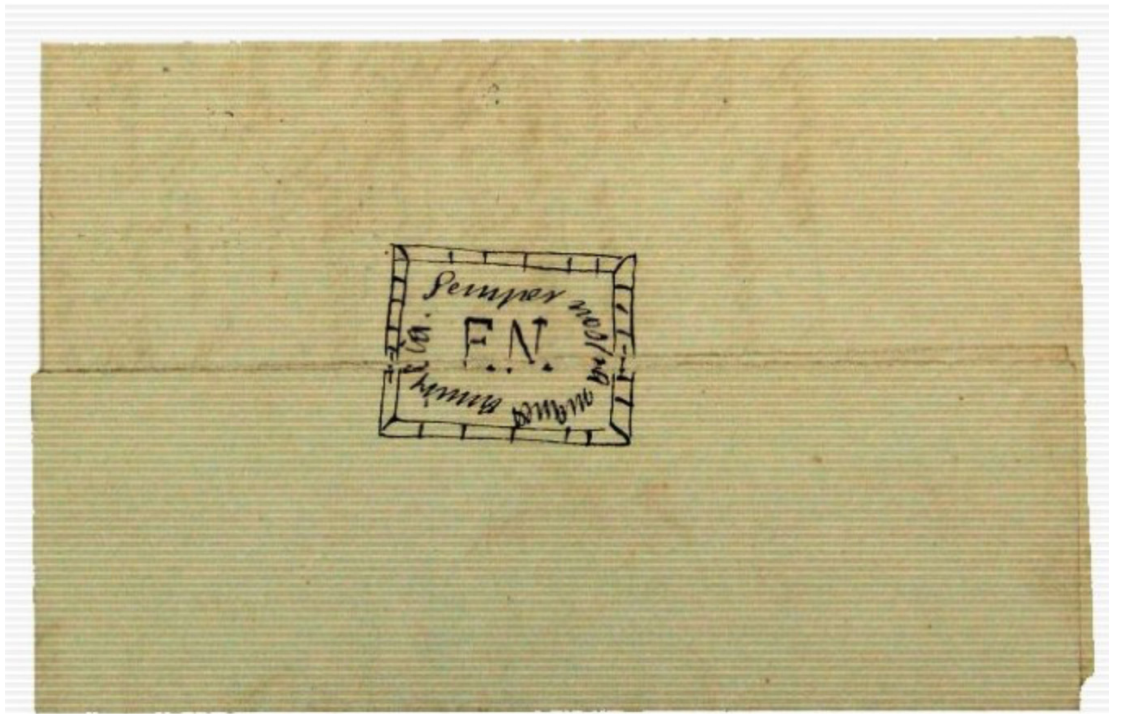
Let us not concern ourselves with dark things then but end instead with light: a dedication.

Hitchens and Amis, Montaigne and La Boétie, Alexander and Hephaestion, Achilles and Patroclus (you now understand about them all!)— Friends "who will regard themselves as having exchanged mutual pledges so sacred that they can never be broken"... For *my* friend and me too, the promise of the Phaedrus has held true, for close to 13 years now, and across the world-spanning distances that our careers have put between us. A great seducer of women

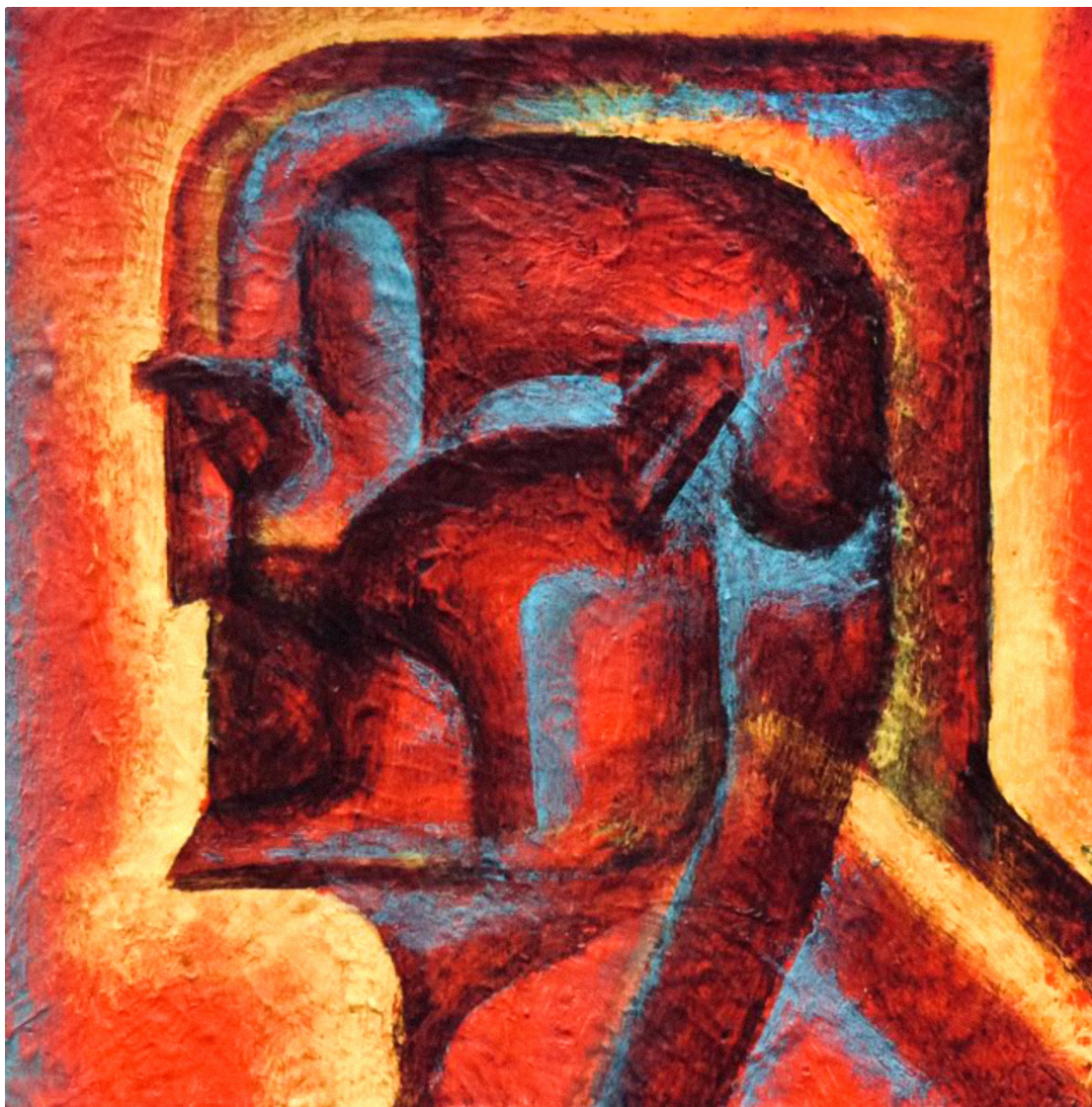
in the past, he has for a long time now been in a successful marriage with a non-Western lady. I was there with him to celebrate the arrival of his second son, rather movingly named after me. . As we are now in our 30s, our communion has long settled into the “purely spiritual” realm, it must be said, but not because of any fundamental change. On the contrary, I’m quite happy to confess that I still could not refuse him *anything*. Our friendship—if I can borrow a phrase—has always been a perfectly cloudless sky, a love whose month is ever May. That so many men today should deprive themselves of the most meaningful relationship in life because of the hallucinations and real filth put out by a sick society is reason enough, even if everything else were fine, to wish to see this world destroyed. And I only hope to live long enough to have the opportunity to see this desire fulfilled in action. 🐾

ⁱ Those of you who compare the Greek custom to the bacha bazi of the modern Afghans completely miss the point. The eromenos was not a stand-in for a girl. It’s true that in Athens (upper-class) females were inaccessible like in Islamic societies, but that was not the case in other poleis like Sparta where girls were freely available (as they were, incidentally, in the town where my college is set). There are simply different rules for different things.

ⁱⁱ This is already a long essay, so I can make it even longer by complaining about the depictions of Aristophanes’ beings. They are always shown as globular two-headed, four-armed, four-legged creatures, which is okay. What is wrong is that their bellies are drawn on the outside of the creatures. They are depicted as just two people sitting back-to-back. But the story makes clear that the backs should be on the outside, not the bellies. You have to imagine it as if you loved a kindred spirit so much that you embrace him/her forever, head pressing against head, genitals against genitals, until they both fuse and come out, as it were, “on the other side”. And imagine this as a single soul being reunited, not as two different people. Yet I’ve never seen this drawn correctly. Why?



Semper Nostra Manet Amicitia



Matthew the Stoat
Head of Stoicism (2022)
Acrylic on Wood Panel

CLASSICAL MUSIC AND THE RIGHT BRONZE AGE PERVERT

An observation from Nietzsche I always loved, regarding artists—they are advised to stay away from trying to render their sensuality in direct or explicit way, whether in music or painting or anything such. He says, for an artsy type, “their sensuality begins where the People’s ends”: it doesn’t translate. And so to a popular taste (and the sexual instinct is always “popular” on a basic level) the artist’s sensuality appears otherworldly, ethereal, “elvish.” The best examples are in those fin de siècle composers who didn’t take Nietzsche’s advice despite both being his disciples, either because they didn’t know about it or because they couldn’t help themselves: Debussy and Scriabin. Both tried to render eroticism and sensuality in music most directly, but neither succeeded. You can hear this failure for example in Debussy *Prélude à l’après-midi d’un faune*; it’s great music, but not because it inspires or reminds of eroticism of lust, though that was the intention. At most it renders languor and loss in a haze of dreamy feeling, which at best precede certain erotic states. But the feeling of sexual stimulation, there is none—to its benefit maybe. In Scriabin’s music this same “failure” is even more explicit. He tried many times to go for the sensual feeling openly, for example in his *Poem of Ecstasy*. But what he achieves is again to render the feeling of a dreamy languor and then, insofar as there is ecstasy,

it’s that of the otherworldly mystic in a fit of religious divine rage. It feels, like the end of his fourth piano sonata, or the insane piece *Towards the Flame*, like an alien wrote it bringing alien fire and mad passion for a new and alien god—not like anything sexual; and that is good. None of Scriabin’s music feels sensual in the popular sense, even though maybe a third to a half of it was composed as accompaniment to masturbation. I encourage you to his various so-called “languid dances.” And it all came from the inspiration of a philandering man amorous of women and affairs, as many artsy types often are. But even so it translates as a highly spiritualized sensuality, even too precious. The stodgy English musical traditionalists of the early 20th Century, representing a culture some say less vulgar than our own and maybe less vulgar than myself, did feel, however, a crude and dangerous eroticism in Scriabin’s art and were outraged and shocked by it. Their denunciations sound very funny now: banned from the BBC Symphony Orchestra in the 1930’s as “evil music” and denounced by one meddlesome parvenu Gerald Abraham as “erotic and egotistic to the point of mania.” Whether these Church lady denunciations were indeed motivated by a sensibility more sensitive than mine—I don’t myself see the crude eroticism in his music—or whether they were politically motivated because they felt something rather dif-

ferent...maybe a kinship between Scriabin's mystical ecstaticism and the then awakening of the European peoples to a new political vision...who knows?! But it made me think to ask the question, what is the relationship between the right and classical music.

CAN THERE BE MARXIST MUSIC?

What could be "left wing" music? If by this is meant music of the Reds, such as the Bolshevik battle hymn *The Red Army is the Strongest*, this is a nothing answer. This is militarist exciting music, and could be the music of any militant state or organization, or any revolutionary group. It's actually indistinguishable from the militant music of the SA or the Fascists or anthems like *Cara al Sol*, the hymn of the Falange, or for that matter English or American military songs like the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, of which the Red Army Choir has one of the best recorded versions. It has nothing to do with the left wing spiritually. Beethoven is also music of the French Revolution. But for all of Beethoven's supposed later anger at Napoleon's coronation as Emperor, it's obvious that his music is glorification not so much of the egalitarian program of the French Revolution, but of its redeemer in Napoleon. It is the setting for the greatness of life and vision of a classical man of violence and energy who appeared in the middle of a mediocre democratic age like an out of place surprising comet, and who overcame it. It's not and it can't be the music of Jacobin egalitarianism and moral faggotry. Young people often love this spirit and these musics but only because they love revolution and violence; they don't love or don't even know what left wing revolution is actually supposed

to bring. That would mean the music of the Marxist End State, or a music in anticipation of it. In the Marxist End State that covers the globe there can't be music like "*Red Army is the Strongest*," or like Shostakovich wartime symphonies, or anything else of this kind. War, struggle and all necessity has ended. If there could be a classical or in other words—a refined and higher spiritual music that evokes this, it would be one of the end of all struggle, all passion, all suffering, all intense necessity. But Marx's End State feels like hell on Earth, the domain of total boredom. To use his own dystopian words, after all that struggle and blood what is left is to paint in the morning and fish in the evening. But is possible to imagine that for someone who desires this end of all tensions, longings and hierarchies of the spirit...there could be a refined reflection of all this in a kind of pleasant music, pleasant in its own way. It would have to be a music where the self or soul feels like it disintegrates into a pleasant indifference. I'm not sure this is possible. You can try listening even to white noise on headphones, but white noise is true and natural power and after some time a great chimp madness takes hold of you.

Good music is as such a reflection of the inner being of the world and of existence itself and will therefore always in some way act as a recall and an enticement to the intensity of existence. "Without music life would be a mistake"—yes; music is the genius of the species made sensible and concrete. Which is why in the end there can't be an antilife, antibiological, or same thing, purely left wing or communist music. As long as music is good, it excites to something beyond mere life. It can never be the program to an ideology of mere life.

MUSIC AND THE REACTIONARY

Music as a program to a religious or philosophical doctrine has been successfully done many times and is the rule historically when it comes to “classical music,” or music refined into a high art with a tradition of craft passed on from one generation to the next and refined into forms that please consistently. As a rule such musical tradition develops around religious or political centers of patronage and cultivation. These seek to have the unity of their vision of life expressed in various arts and literary productions. Culture is “unity of artistic style in all the expressions of the life of a people.” Classical music in seeking to preserve this or that particular tradition is almost by definition “right wing.” But this view of “right wing” is to be rejected because it is too broad a definition of the right. Shintoism for example may be “right wing” by this definition but that doesn’t as such make it aligned with other “right wing” phenomena like Hindu-Brahman nationalism or Zionism. I like to ask American conservatives who praise Zionism as “right wing”: “but what is it to you? By that definition so is Shintoism.” Guenon as well as many other religious traditionalists are misleading many that all traditions are equivalent in being Tradition as opposed to modern materialism. But traditions are interesting most of all when their differences from each other are considered. Each has a different vision of man, of his ends and his life and of what is great and good, and mostly these are incompatible with each other. Each favors different passions and habits so each ends up breeding over time a different type of man, with different tastes.

A closely related fact is that tradition doesn’t experience itself always or just as “tradition,” as veneration for the ancestral and what has been passed down, although they do all have this in common; there is also veneration for the content and vital truth of what is claimed, which is something modern Traditionalists often forget as much as modern leftist, liberal and many American conservative Intellectuals forget that cultures are held together primarily by ties of mutual loyalty, common habits, blood and respect for ancestors. Both elements are necessary.

So in a sense all types of “classical music” are “right wing.” But this is not so useful to say, first of all because defining “right wing” simply as faithfulness to some particular tradition is too vague; but most of all because nearly no one today lives fully and passionately and with true belief within such a tradition. We live in a time when almost all traditions have been run over by something traditionalists denounce as modernism or modernity. Whether this can be reversed or should be are different questions, but the first step on this matter must be—uncompromising honesty with oneself at least, that no in fact, you weren’t raised with genuine belief and practice in a tradition in the way almost all men were some centuries ago. Maybe in some corner of Bhutan, or among tribesmen of Yanomami, but even there...observe tribesmen where “traditional styles” and ways of life are preserved and even there, as long as they’ve actually heard of modern life, there’s something deliberate and artificial about it that wasn’t true for their grandfathers who didn’t know about us. “We won’t join this strange new world, its risks are too great, let’s cleave to our

ways instead”—but that very act of reflection of seeing our ways as something separate from *the way*, of at least having that doubt...and all modern men have very strong doubt on this whatever they may say; that’s something their ancestors didn’t know. The innocence of “traditional life” is lost for now. The modern world, whatever it may be, is in practice a kind of apocalypse: an “uncovering” or exposure because it tears away the protective local shadow under which particular traditions protected and cultivated this or that type of man and life. Some say it is science and reason dispelling the salutary enchantments under which man developed locally; others say it’s a false homogenizing materialism that does away with truth and the divine as it shows itself to man historically in multiple places according to their own abilities, characters, and destinies. I’d say it comes down to popularized or mass-propagated Socratic skepticism—what Nietzsche called Alexandrian scientific civilization. For better or worse, when it spreads as it does now with modern technology, wealth or its promise, and ideologies, it really does tear down beautiful and salutary local “umbrellas” under which different tribes of men have been able to cultivate themselves. But it doesn’t replace them with a genuinely human or natural culture built in the light of science; its very presuppositions, its false understanding of man as a creature of reason, are anti-artistic and anti-cultural. It can be a spiritual edifice for a society of human multiplication, but not cultivation or culture. This is the problem. It’s at this point that the reaction against this uncovering and exposure-left-barren takes a more or less typical form and can be brought under a less vague concept of “the right.” The re-

actionary wants to reestablish tradition and even though these traditions differ from each other in what they want, many reactionaries have more or less the same wounds. So their methods and orientations are often very similar. Sayid Qutb and Mohammad Iqbal of Muslim Brotherhood and Pakistan foundation respectively are similar to each other not just because they’re broadly Muslim but because they’re reactionaries against modernity...so they are also similar to Shinto reactionaries and in certain arguments also to Joseph de Maistre and Donoso Cortes Christian reactionaries and to many others. In the non-European reactions to modernity, it is added also the humiliation that modernity was introduced by foreigners, which twists the knife in the wound, and gives the reactionary ideology often a character of extreme rancor.

In the arts, however, it’s hard to think of a purely reactionary artist who was successful. Here you have to distinguish between an artist’s political views, which may be purely reactionary and not entirely relevant, and his actual art—which, if good, is very rarely purely reactionary. Even the most self-consciously reactionary good art has to engage with modernity. In speech and politics purely reactionary walking back like a crab is more possible to; in the arts if the final product works and pleases a good taste, it can’t hide behind speech, concepts, or the other lies of reason and human self-deception. It has to engage the senses and provide a direct intuitive understanding to perception, which either absorbs you or it doesn’t. And so here roleplay and pretense comes off as contrived and quaint, or “cringe” even. “No one is free to walk backwards like a crab”: yes but you can pretend to, and

this is harder if you try to make good art.

Attempting to reproduce the feelings of the court of Louis XIV and continue the—forget the style!—just the vision of life of Couperin, as if the last hundred or two hundred years hasn't happened, would be a wonderful act of defiance but ultimately it could only work as some very cruel parody.

I have many bad memories of driving through the desolation of the northeast United States and looking out the window at this mud-colored bleak world, abandoned by everything beautiful, with just senseless jumble of dilapidated almost-Soviet shingled shacks and grim utilitarian shops, and disjointed architecture built according to no plan; or worse, with a thin rape of agricultural production spread widely across the land...and of trying to listen to Couperin with this gray apocalypse out the window. I always had to turn off such music. It's an insult to the music and to yourself. It's worse in other parts of America—imagine looking out now on obese lardmother with mystery meat kid sweating at bus stop. And you listen Rameau while you see this...I encourage you do this; listen to his "Cyclops" while you look this. You will only wish for total nuclear wipeout; I mean the contrast is so severe. I am exaggerating. There were scenes of desolation and poverty in Couperin day too, maybe even worse than now. But the music would feel inappropriate as a program even to the greatest opulence of today. "It doesn't fit." It's like trying to wear powdered wig; I know such things are titillating for many men now who call themselves reactionaries. They have other motivations. But at its worst the "reactionary mind" is just this vulgar pretense, in the middle of our total desolation, that you can just carry

on going through the motions and that merely aping the past and its forms is going to revive it. At its worst and most vulgar, the "reactionary" relationship to classical music is a symphony hall, itself a contrivance now, serving as a meeting place for families of Orthodox Jews to take their daughters for "cultural enrichment experience." It has driven me to a rage to think that this is what a great musical heritage has been reduced to, and I walked out of music hall cursing it and feeling worse than if I had gone to porn jackoff booth. Beethoven and Couperin didn't write for this...for a museum experience and to be "cultural enrichment."

You must understand I didn't start listening to such musics until I was maybe thirteen or so, and then it wasn't because I wanted a "historical experience" or to feel traditional, but because this music, which I began to listen to by chance, the music of the classical tradition spoke to my deepest longings for another world, a transfigured world. I had one or two friends who I discussed such musics with in great detail and with eagerness, and unlike me they became musicians. Now they either play for such audiences as I just said, or as a luxury "guest chef" type gig in the houses of the very rich, but in all cases this is not really what I had in mind or hoped for when I was discussing this music with them. This music like all high art has no home anywhere today because it's never there as a setting, program, or spur to the great feelings and great pressures under which it was created. It's now just a sad ornament to an unworthy existence. The incongruity between the greatness of feeling in these composers and the tawdry bleakness of modern life turns Couperin or Beethoven, when set to any modern life scene, as—well, the

only “setting” I can imagine here, the only resolution, is the total destruction of this mistake. The total violent erasure of this entire so-called modern world of teeming, purposeless insect life: that is the meaning of Beethoven when set to any scene of now. A redemption through orgy of destruction. This is the only type of “reaction” that I can imagine and that wouldn’t be a complete joke museum re-enactment or historical roleplay.

I don’t mean to insult all reactionaries, some are good people, they’re not all Hasids or Chinese taking their daughter to education symphony hall hour. I rather like Donoso Cortes and Franco, and would prefer that kind of government greatly to whatever exists now; they would at least not censor me and my friends. And in the arts, there are genuinely great reactionary authors and composers, for example Tolkien and Rachmaninoff. That’s probably what reactionary art looks like at its best. Rachmaninoff continued not just the style, but stubbornly stuck to reproducing the feel of the world he had loved around 1900-1910, and lost completely in 1917. If you want to hear and feel not just the court of the Tsar, but of the international European aristocracy of around that time, you can see it in Rachmaninoff. This appears most clearly in his second sonata, which is just very high class lounge music, or in the Etude-Tableau opus 39 number 5, a flight dream of fin de siecle glamorous decadence remembered and exalted to otherworldliness by a man in exile from it. It was real and vital in him even after 1917 because it was animated by a nostalgia for something he had known and loved, and remembered dearly as something lost. A similar nostalgia and sense of loss I am told is throughout Tolkien’s books. But

even he engaged with modern styles and feels in his later music, and so did a reactionary author like Tolkien. And in any case, the European aristocracy around 1900 was already modern and changed by modernity, and this is reflected in his music from the beginning. It’s the reason his music is an appropriate setting to the decades later Old Hollywood and in fact to almost any half-glamorous scene in Western modern life up until around the time suits stopped being worn as universal style in polite society.

CLASSICAL MUSIC AND THE RIGHT IN THE EYES OF THE LYING PRESS

The mention of roleplaying and affectation brings to mind the political and social uses of classical music, which unfortunately is something that accompanies and often perverts all the high arts. This is especially true now when they really no longer exist as anything but preservative traditions and historical reenactments, and are therefore separated from their natural dwelling. The natural dwelling of any high art is an audience with high taste, which feels a genuine need for them. Genuine connoisseurs are few, where before they were many; so now the arts have become something else. Much has been made of how visual art is used as a status marker, as an investment to store wealth, as a form of money laundering, and as an edifice on which are built the careers of many academics and critics, most of them onanists. What it lacks now in number that it had before are genuine lovers. Classical music can be used in a similar way. Some like it or pretend to like it for bad reasons. For example: modernity is vulgar and democratic and frankly low-class, whereas Euro-

pean traditional society is aristocratic and high class. Classical music was the music of the aristocracy and then the haute bourgeoisie (not the “upper middle class” of today who are paupers by comparison both in wealth and in education or taste). And so in some cases there is the motivation of status signaling, “I’m not one of the rubes so I listen to Mozarts”: this motivation exists even among the left and liberals. And it’s very frequent among minorities looking to assimilate to or appropriate the symbols of a civilization that no longer exists in order, again, to signal status and high class branding. This is a bad motivation, but it is “reactionary” in a vulgar sense. At a somewhat higher level there is the youth who senses that modern music is or tries to be erotic. This is actually a misunderstanding of modern pop music on the part of certain types of reactionaries and conservatives; it’s not true, as Allan Bloom alleges, that rock music is about stimulating eroticism—it’s just not felt this way by the listeners. When he adds in the *Closing of the American Mind* that youth only like Ravel’s *Bolero* among classical musics for the same reasons, he’s shooting off target. That’s just not the feeling Ravel’s piece inspires, its rhythms notwithstanding. Aside from certain forms of hip hop, which in some cases is just retarded black locker room music, there are very few forms of modern pop music that succeed or even try to inspire erotic feelings in the listener (and this doesn’t even describe most of hip hop as it exists now). But a certain kind of conservative again thinks modern pop music is about this; for example the kind who wears a bow tie and who imagines himself a reviver of the Stuart monarchy and the empire of Our Lady of Guadeloupe and many such things;

or Evelyn Waugh pretend scotch and cigar parties in Washington DC. Often sexually confused or repressed—the left is unfortunately correct about certain rightist types—they lean to classical music because they wrongly feel it is “less erotic” or less connected to a “hypersexualized” modernity. The “stuffed shirt” associations of this music appeals to them. This is a somewhat higher motivation than the Chinese immigrant’s status hunger, but it’s still a deformed reason to “like” classical music. In all these cases it’s a form of social and political signaling. If it starts this way and moves beyond that to an appreciation of the content itself this can be good though; and there are cases where even political signaling can be good, for example when convenience stores use classical music on radio megaphone to make a certain element not loiter outside in the parking lot.

From a popular cretin’s or journalist’s point of view, what I just described is “the relationship between the right and classical music.” It explains the political and social signaling as well on the left when they force, for example as this week, a four hundred pound mocha manatee type to play Madison’s crystal flute at some Camacho Idiocracy music obesity mega-event; the intention being to profane (as they see it) one of the symbols of the oppressive white order. Or, on the other hand, when journalists get the airs over the “problematic” phenomenon of young white men who lift weights, listen to classical music and possibly harbor retrograde or fascist racist tendencies. In all these cases it’s a question of the political use of art, but only of its outward symbol status as maybe a gang sign. I had to address something this obvious; but here I’m

concerned only with the inner significance of the music and how it actually affects the spirit of those who genuinely listen and like, and of what it inspires in them.

WHY CLASSICAL MUSIC DOESN'T EXIST NOW

The difference between classical music and popular is in ability of classical to access a wider range of emotions, including ones that don't have precise names; or some exist in shades not quite captured by word language. A popular song can be good, especially in the melody just as good as any classical composition. But because of relative lack of accumulated skill modern music can mostly affect you only in one-note way. At the opposite end you have the pinnacle of classical music, the symphony form, which can be a world into itself and tell the story of life, nature and man in its vicissitudes and many changes, and make you feel many different and contradictory things in many varying shades. The melody part of music is the pure work of genius and inspiration; consistent ability to find good and striking melodies is really something of the blood and can't be learned. Others can find a good melody very rarely by luck only. So ability to find good melodies isn't dependent on a tradition or learned skill, and can be found just as much among popular as among classical music historically.

Musical genius can exist today and I hear there is "popular" music composed now that is equal to any great classical piece both in the inspiration of its melody and even in the refinement of how this is orchestrated and developed. But it's by necessity very rare for two reasons. First the young musical ge-

nius finds himself alone and having to start almost from scratch; he is not introduced to a wide variety of forms, learned "tricks," and traditions of composition through mentorship which could give him a way to develop his skills in a sophisticated way. Even a cook with great taste and native skill would be lost and at great disadvantage without the accumulated knowledge and skills of a great culinary tradition. The second reason is the very one such a tradition of mentorship and skill refinement and memory no longer exists: it's no longer needed. There isn't a class of people of taste such as the European aristocracy, who have the emotional and cultural sophistication to need this music or any other high art for that matter. Accordingly classical music exists only as a museum taste to preserve a dead tradition for many of the reasons listed above, mostly having to do with affectation; occasionally you will find people who genuinely love it and need it, but not enough to create a demand, market or patronage structure for new art to be created. Audiences who attend classical concerts today don't need it and don't want new music. A musician trained in that tradition would in the best case become like John Williams if he wants to compose something new. Others are advised to compose in the popular style, where acclaim and appreciation of some kind can still be found for the innovation of genius as opposed just to preservation. But as the people are peasants with crude tastes, the best music won't necessarily find its proper audience or be rewarded, not with enough consistency to lead to the existence of a high art tradition or something with consistent production standards; and so, being without the support of a tradition of composition, even the greatest genius

will be able to hit on something good only occasionally now.

For this reason I am here concerned only with the classical music tradition and its relationship to the right. The “states of soul” accessible by modern and popular music are too narrow or too inconsistent to be considered for now. But even in addressing what is now a dead tradition I hope to show to anyone interested the possibility of a rebirth of music as a high art. Such an art will only develop when there is an audience who needs and wants it, and which is big and secure enough. There is no reason why certain modern popular forms couldn’t at that point be refined anew into a high art. Some elements of the classical tradition itself will no doubt be incorporated, but for example, as far as the instruments go, there would be no need to limit a new music to the instruments of the classical tradition. These were changed and added over time anyway; it would be only out of historical affectation that one excludes for example certain electronic instruments and other musical technologies. Actually these are to be welcomed because they give the individual composer greater independence. A half-autist very much concerned and absorbed with musical notes and sound will find the process of musical production with modern electronic instruments, computer, and visual representations alone in a studio much more congenial to his nature than anything from the past. But the important question is what ultimately is the spiritual purpose of music as a high art, and what does it mean in the life and education of an audience able and ready to receive it.

CLASSICAL MUSIC AND THE RIGHT

The difference between the reactionary and the new or Nietzschean or radical right in politics is mirrored in the difference between “classical music” understood as right wing in the reactionary sense I tried to describe above, and then in a quite different sense. In politics the difference is clear to state in theory although in practice the two wings of the right are never so discrete: on one hand there is the throne and altar conservative, who seeks to preserve the *ancien regime* of Europe in some form. On the other hand there are the various rightist factions who mostly come with Nietzsche and after, who are secular or atheist, and who embrace modernism and technological progress. These usually have an orientation based around the State or around race and biology, or both; in the modern world after the failures or rather the military defeat and suppression of Fascism and associated movements, there’s also the interesting possibility of a radical right based around biologism that is not however connected to any State or statist project, especially in a time when large states might fail because of decreasing lack of human capital. But anyway: in reality there are again many hybrid cases of the “two sides of the right” and in practice there is cooperation more frequently than there is conflict, because both share the communist left and to some lesser extent also the liberal mainstream as enemies. As to the ultimate foundations of each of these rightist sides or factions or flavors, this is a big topic worthy of a big book—but it’s fair to say that to qualify as right wing, both must reject egalitarianism. Whether they reject egalitarianism in favor of the traditional hierarchies of an old order, or whether they seek to cre-

ate a new order based on a natural hierarchy such as that of biology or race, they have rejection of egalitarianism in common. But this ultimately translates into rejection of mere life, or the “human being as a walking stomach” idea of mankind, which is shared by both liberal capitalism and communism, and which explains their frequent historical alliances against European man.

In music it’s easy to point to Wagner as the template for composer that is “radical right wing” both in form and in spirit. Like any man of the radical right he saw the old order was failing and insufficient. Just as a disciple of Nietzsche might see that the foundation of the old hierarchies is withering, both spiritually and intellectually, while these are materially unable to hold back the forcefulness of the mob and of the left; and then see however in the new discoveries of Schopenhauer and Darwin, in the remembrance of biology and in general in the progress of science an opportunity to refound anew a project of mankind to reach beyond itself. Or in other words to found new hierarchies and orders based now, not on salutary lies, but on the true rank of values as found in nature. In same way Wagner sought a new kind of music, that would give birth to new gods and itself serve as the program for a new human life and a new political state that exists as a work of art.

Analogous to how radical right wingers are often viewed with suspicion by the reactionary right, Wagner was abhorred by the old guard in music. For a funny example see Arthur Rubinstein’s autobiography where he complains about his reactionary piano teacher. He complains about this teacher’s antisemitism and grouchy behavior, but his peculiarities were most marked

in his opinions on music, with which he tried to tyrannize his student: music was to have stopped with Brahms. Playing a few bars of Wagner on the piano was enough to make a musical reactionary throw a fit, and this was a common joke in musical circles at the time. Something changes with Wagner, there is a big break: Nietzsche says that whereas before all music strove to follow the form of the dance, for Wagner it was to seek the sensation of floating in an ocean. The stylistic break is only the vehicle to the spiritual and programmatic break: there is a revolution in Wagner’s spiritual program. Previous great classical music is understandable on the basis of generally conventional political and moral programs. Mozart and Haydn reflect courtly taste still, and in them the feeling of Enlightenment ideology of balance and reason...this is all compatible with Christian feeling and program. Beethoven’s revolutionary fervor and exaltation of Napoleon as the great man doesn’t seem to explicitly call for a civilizational break; the nationalist Romantic composers celebrate national feeling and style—Grieg instantly feels Scandinavian even to someone who doesn’t know who the composer is—but while all this is interesting and in many cases new and always beautiful, it doesn’t intend or reflect a break in civilization.

In Wagner there are by contrast birth pangs of entirely new gods, and in men like Siegfried, a totally new morality and vision of life, previously unknown in the Christian world, or at least submerged and suppressed since antiquity. There is with all this the effort to create a “total work of art” that goes beyond the symphony and becomes an entirely immersive experience combining theater, music and staging that goes be-

yond traditional opera and involves the audience essentially in the recreation of a participative Dionysian passion play. It is on one hand music meant to break in spirit with civilization as it had existed and meant to birth an entirely new civilization and new gods; and on the other hand it is a music that was to be a total work of art that in style unifies different arts and in essence absorbs the audience entirely as something more than an ironic spectator. These two related aspects of the new art were taken to their natural conclusion by Scriabin, a disciple both of Wagner and of Nietzsche. His last unfinished work, *Mysterium*—he died on Easter Day as he had been born on Christmas Day—was to be performed on several mountaintops in the Himalayas, and to mix music, colored lightings, speech, whispers, smell, many other thing. Its performance was intended to cause the end of this world and age, which I have no doubt it would have. More even than Wagner he attempted, explicitly in his intentions, to call forth new beings and gods to be born and to enter our world. Thus the fourth sonata, where he says the vision was a faraway blue star that got closer and closer to him one night until he was engulfed in an ocean of ecstatic blue light; or the fifth sonata, a Poem of Ecstasy which he claims was his complete apprehension of an other-dimensional being, and which is dedicated with this poem:

*I call you to life, hidden desires!
 You, who have sunk into the dark depths
 of the creative spirit, you fearful ones.
 You germs of life, to you I bring boldness!*

It was to be the birth of a new god and a new world. An accompanying political-moral event of foundation

you can see in the venture of Gabriele D'Annunzio in Fiume in 1919. D'Annunzio formed his spirit and mind during this same time as Scriabin was writing this music. Also a disciple of the prophet Nietzsche, D'Annunzio after having proclaimed himself Duce, announced music as the central governing and spiritual principle of his new state. It was to be a Wagnerian opera set into action on a grand scale, an entire state organized as a Wagnerian Dionysian rite, as an organic work of art and theater. It was a true vitalist state. The unity of art and politics.

The people would be mobilized into an artful whole and the primary means would be a new music, a post-Wagnerian magnificent music through which the state is organized in an ecstatic frenzy. The entire pageantry of later Fascism and Nazism is inherited from D'Annunzio's efforts in Fiume... this is well known. But you don't need to buy into the full political program of either Mussolini or Hitler to appreciate the perfect aesthetics of their creations. However much else Mussolini and Hitler may have dumbed down D'Annunzio's attempt (or been forced to by necessity and the capacities of the people), they preserved the aesthetic project beautifully and almost flawlessly. Hugo Boss, Porsche and Chanel worked for the Nazis and Dali was an admirer of Franco; I hear even now there are lingering sympathies in the fashion world and that founders of Dolce & Gabbana were involved in some controversies. The left doesn't like this, but Fascism and Nazism were entrancing for artists, nurtured many, and continues to. As such Hitler's state and Mussolini's would be the only modern states that Plato would approve of—it's no accident that Mus-

solini himself is one of the most important readers of Plato in the 20th Century. The attempt to bring music and art back to the forefront of the education of a people and the foundation of a culture and of political life, the need for its inculcation prior to any reason or rationalization to effect a spiritual awakening... music and pageantry as the foundation of a people's habits and of the national community itself—this attempt to resurrect antiquity in our time is shocking. It is a great experiment.

While any state-based solutions to our present problems and direct mimicry of these just-named examples is outdated for now, the kernel they carried, that of the reorganization of life on aesthetic and biological, rather than moral and commercial foundations is the most amazing innovation and resurrection of the ancient spirit of nature; and it is open to any number of uses and opportunities in the near future. Many for example have been confused about anonymous anime accounts on Internet social media sites. Some of these use anime avatars, and are interested in the magical aesthetics of various anime things and series...who are interested in catgirls and much such things. These enterprising accounts promote enthusiastically the aesthetics of the Third Reich and Hugo Boss and so on. It is a political program entirely based on the promotion of anime, of catgirls, and of the aesthetics of National Socialism. This is one of the most amazing uses of the Internet of our time, and very successful. It has amazed and confused many.

If you begin backward, if you start first with the music of Wagner and Scriabin, sense their intentions and spirit, and from there reconsider the classical music tradition from before, it starts

to sound different. If you listen to Beethoven and Bach with what comes later in mind, then you see something hidden. You start to see that yes, the composition of polyphony and even much of Baroque music still was almost entirely within the Christian-Alexandrian synthesis that is known as "Western civilization." But within German music in particular there is an undercurrent that is not of it, it is from somewhere else. It's not always honestly and explicitly expressed, but it's there in the bass harmonies of Beethoven and already of Bach, and often also in their thematic melodies that recall an uncanny, impulsive and brutal spirit that says again and again: here is nature, here is the brute surface of the rock face deep inside night forest...you're in the wrong neighborhood, Alexandrian, you came to the wrong neighborhood Socrates you...

This is the deep insight of Nietzsche's early book *The Birth of Tragedy*, which he never really repudiated. Western civilization since Socrates, also called Alexandrian scientific civilization, in synthesis with Christianity which is its popularized form, is striking, new and revolutionary because it was a first attempt to discover or posit a universal basis for man's culture or cultivation. But the version of nature on which this attempt was launched was edited and false. It depended on a ruthless editing out of the pre-Platonic philosophy of nature and life. This earlier and less edited version of philosophy was in conversation with and drew sustenance from the Dionysiac rites of Greek culture, which perceived and honored the true sources of human nature. The Socratic-Alexandrian successor civilization by contrast falsely posited reason as the moral foundation of human life. "Reason" here re-

fers not to science, or investigation, but to a false moral formula that edits out the truths about what it is that motivates and cultivates men, and replaces it with an inadequate insistence that conceptual education and moral piledriving can make them better. But this Alexandrian civilization of the cult of Reason and Moralism, all of which depended on an edited vision of human nature that excised the Dionysian and the Tragic, this was never able fully to tame the Teuton. The Teuton received the outer forms of this civilization, but as to its inner meaning, there is a reason that area of Europe is the source of so many heresies in the same way that Persia was for the Islamic world. It was unwilling really to take to the seed of Alexandrian civilization and reacted against it frequently.

The question of to what extent European man's world-conquering success was because of this Alexandrian-Socratic-scientific civilization or in spite of it, this is interesting. This is all very interesting and big question; but for another time. It is indisputable though that the degradation of modernity, the multiplication of damaged life, and of its accompanying ideologies of revenge against higher forms, a revenge masked under doctrines of egalitarianism, human rights, or compassion, that all this is the evil late flower of just this Alexandrian-Socratic rationalist "scientific" civilization. And that the untamed, half-barbaric spirit of Dionysus, which is the same as of Wotan, survived as a rival undercurrent expressed most dangerously in German music...yes, even in the days of Bach already. German music never really was a part of traditional Socratic civilization, but something different, and something meant to destroy it and break its shackles on Euro-

pean man. It is for this reason Nietzsche and his followers had such high hopes that out of this music would emerge the foundations of a new world culture, this time based together with a new science of evolution on the tragic but grand truth about nature and man as opposed to a half-lying edit of this truth.

I hope this has been a fruitful introduction to what I see as the meaning of the classical music tradition and its potential reemergence. It could one day once again become a platform for the re-birth of the spirit of the real Greek antiquity and of nature in our time. 🐉

