

ON BETH'S CUTE TITS

And other essays

César Tort (Editor)

Cover:

Gabrielle d'Estrées et une de ses soeurs
(Gabrielle d'Estrées and one of her sisters),
a painting by an unknown artist dated c. 1594.
It is in the Louvre in Paris, usually thought
from the Fontainebleau School.

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Other books edited
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In Spanish:

Hojas Susurrantes
¿Me Ayudarás...?
El Grial

In English:

The Fair Race's Darkest Hour
Day of Wrath
Daybreak
On Exterminationism
Christianity's Criminal History
Letter to mom Medusa

Foreword

As a Sanskrit saying goes, from the corruption of women come all evils. And as I have demonstrated in many articles on my website *The West's Darkest Hour*, feminism goes hand in hand with a thoroughgoing feminisation of Western man. Both are two sides of the same coin: a mass madness that has been destroying the fair race throughout the West. The third wave of feminism began with the sexual revolution of the 1960s, which led to the disintegration of the family and the falling birth rate due to the emancipation of white women from all family responsibilities. But in this collection we will also talk about the first and second waves, which explain the third wave and which long preceded what happened in the 60s.

Feminism, 'the great destroyer' as William Pierce called it in an abridged interview for this book, has been corrupting whites ever since Nietzsche complained that Europeans were beginning to abandon the institution of marriage. George Lincoln Rockwell said something similar in a passage from one of his books, also reproduced here. Today's suicidal ethos among whites could not contrast more with the pamphlets the SS gave their soldiers to procreate lavishly with their wives or Aryan mistresses. Unlike today's West, Hitler's Germany was a very healthy society. When I finish this book I will start quoting some passages from those pamphlets on my website, among them *Sieg des Waffen*, *Sieg des Kindes*.

Instead of National Socialism, what we see in the United States is a small group of diligent white advocates who are often called white nationalists. Rarely do they declare intellectual war on feminism. One exception is Roger Devlin, whose seminal article on the subject is reproduced here. Some white nationalists are so obtuse that in the comments section of 'A Breakthrough Year', a 30 December 2015 article in *The Occidental Observer*, Devlin had this to say:

When I began writing and talking about sex in racist circles a few years ago, even some very intelligent people did not understand the relevance of what I was saying to their concerns. The relevance is, of course, that races *reproduce sexually*. Feminism in all its aspects is as much an attack on our race as Boasian egalitarian dogma, and the same struggle must be waged against both. Like the Soviet Union of old, the contemporary West is a regime built upon lies, and cannot survive once those lies are brought into open and general contempt.

To expose the lies here I also reproduce a couple of casual comments on my website; some texts by Andrew Anglin who runs *The Daily Stormer*, what Lord Kenneth Clark said in *Civilisation*. I also quoted and paraphrased the words of a vlogger who uploads videos under the controversial pseudonym Turd Flinging Monkey. John Sparks studied animal behaviour with Desmond Morris at the Zoological Society of London. Here some excerpts from Sparks' *Battle of the Sexes* are reproduced.

This book consists of thirteen articles, of which I am the author of some of them. The title is inspired by a passage from Desmond Morris's *The Naked Ape*. That essay, 'On Beth's Cute Tits', also alludes to the character in the series *The Queen's Gambit*, which according to Netflix has been its most popular miniseries. The longest essay in this book is my critique of HBO's most popular series, *Game of Thrones*, which also promotes feminism.

My final words on 'The Iron Throne' summarise my diagnosis of the aetiology of the darkest hour of the fair race.

César Tort (Editor)

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A time is coming when men will go mad, and when they see someone who is not mad they will attack him saying, 'You are mad, you are not like us'.

—Anthony the Great

'Much hath Zarathustra spoken also to us women, but never spake he unto us concerning woman'.

And I answered her: 'Concerning woman, one should only talk unto men'.

—Nietzsche

Thus Spake Zarathustra

On Beth's cute tits

by the Editor

The Queen's Gambit is an American television miniseries based on Walter Tevis' 1983 novel of the same name, starring Anya Taylor-Joy as Beth Harmon. It was directed by the Jew Scott Frank and the screenplay was written by a gentile, Allan Scott. *The Queen's Gambit* premiered on Netflix in October 2020.



Tevis's novel is, naturally, fictional. The story follows the life of an orphaned chess prodigy, Beth Harmon, during her quest to become the world's greatest chess player while struggling with emotional problems, drug and alcohol dependency. The story begins in the mid-1950s and continues through the 1960s. From one of the first episodes, when Beth approaches the camera showing the shape of her tits under her clothes, I realised the impossible chimæra—cute tits plus a big brain—that is causing a sensation in the world. But first of all, I must say something about female breasts in our species.

Decades ago, the biggest surprise I got from reading *The Naked Ape* was discovering why men crave women. If we consider

the shape of a milk bottle, that is exactly the shape female breasts would be if the purpose was purely functional—baby sucking. But women's breasts are completely different. Desmond Morris, the author of *The Naked Ape*, explains the phenomenon of 'self-mimicry' in other ape species. In these species, natural selection favours females to mimic their buttocks with their coloured breasts, to shift male aggression towards a more erotic channel. I was surprised to discover that my own species is a more aesthetic version of the same self-mimicking phenomenon. Morris wrote, referring also to the lips of the mouth:

Given this situation, one might very well expect to find some sort of frontal self-mimicry of the type seen in the gelada baboon. Can we, if we look at the frontal regions of the females of our species, see any structures that might possibly be mimics of the ancient genital display of hemispherical buttocks and red labia?

That is exactly right when we see the ape we are with a naked eye: the needs of the baby are secondary to the trick Nature plays on us to impregnate our females. Nature makes them irresistible to our vision for the human species to reproduce. But our species is also governed by the concept of trade-off, and I will have no choice but to speak scientifically for a few paragraphs.

Why can't there be a species that is a cross between a venomous bug and a large, beautiful, highly intelligent, winged creature? In a fantasy world, imagine the power such a creature would have. In my science course at the Open University, I learned the concept of a trade-off between one aspect of an organism's biology and another. A trade-off is a situation in which, to gain some advantage, an organism has to pay a price: compromise. In our species, big brains are a good example. Our huge frontal lobes are certainly nice to have, but they are costly in terms of the energy they consume, and they make childbirth extremely difficult.

As explained in my *Day of Wrath*, this is the main cause of the mass infanticide of babies in prehistory and history. Extremely immature babies are annoying. A unique feature of the human race—prolonged infancy with consequent long dependence on adults—is the basis for the psychodynamics of child abuse. The long childhood of *Homo sapiens* lends itself to parents abusing their offspring. After all, premature birth was Nature's solution to the

trade-off of bipedalism and pelvic limitations of hominid females in our ape ancestors. (If *Homo sapiens* weren't born so immature, we would have to remain inside our mothers' wombs for some twenty months.) This 'long childhood' provides a solid basis for understanding parental abuse in our species, and thus the mental disorders suffered by the offspring. But that's the price we have paid for our big brains.

Body size is another example of a trade-off. In the animal kingdom, being big gives you some advantages against predators, but it also means you need more food. Being small means you don't need much food but it makes it easier for another animal to hunt you. That species cannot gain an advantage without having to pay a price means that there will be many ways to survive and thrive. This explains why there is such a rich diversity in the animal kingdom. In my Open University course, I had to answer this question: Why is there no bird with a complete set of all potentially highly successful traits (a bird species whose individuals live long, breed repeatedly and with high frequency, and with large clutch sizes)? The answer is *because of trade-offs*. A bird that produces large clutches cannot breed frequently because the production of each clutch is resource-intensive. In addition, large clutches require more care because in due course there are more mouths to feed. Therefore, large clutches are likely to suffer higher mortality than small clutches while the adults are absent from the nest (the same is true of the surreal example of the impossible chimera I imagined above). Having assimilated the concept of trade-off, let's now remember old Schopenhauer:

In the girl Nature has had in view what could in theatrical terms be called a stage-effect: it has provided her with superabundant beauty and charm for a few years at the expense of the whole remainder of her life, so that during these years she may so capture the imagination of a man that he is carried away into undertaking to support her honourably in some form or another for the rest of his life, a step he would seem hardly likely to take for purely rational considerations. Thus nature has equipped women, as it has all its creatures, with the tools and weapons she needs for securing her existence, and at just the time she needs them; in doing which nature has acted with its usual economy.

The lie with which we are bombarded by the media and Hollywood is tantamount to making a movie about those flying, poisonous bugs as intelligent as humans: impossible chimaeras. In previous years I have insisted on how the most popular series of all time, *Game of Thrones*, made us see several female characters as brave warriors (Brienne of Tarth, Yara Greyjoy, the wild Ygritte and the masculinised warriors of Dorne): something that never existed in the Middle Ages or the chivalry novels; or spoiled queens without a king to control them (Daenerys Targaryen, Cersei Lannister and in the finale Sansa Stark). Worst of all, a girl (Arya Stark) killed the bad guy at the climax of the series. In real medieval times and novels of chivalry, all these women would have been similar to Lady Sansa: the only character who had a female role in most seasons, as we will see in the final essay of this book.

The goal of Hollywood and television is to brainwash us by reversing sex roles. HBO produced *Game of Thrones* and Netflix produced *The Queen's Gambit*. HBO wanted us to believe that women can compete with, and even surpass, men in matters of what used to be called the knight-errant. (Remember how Brienne of Tarth defeated the very tough Hound in the last episode of *Game of Thrones* season four.) Now Netflix wants us to believe that in matters of intellect a woman, Beth Harmon, can beat the smartest chess players and even the world champion himself (Vasily Borgov in the TV series, Beth's strongest competitor). Some media outlets publish articles with titles such as 'Is *The Queen's Gambit* a true story? They claim that the series is inspired by the woman who has reached the highest level of competition in tournament chess: the Hungarian Judit Polgar, now retired from competition but still commentating on professional chess games. But Polgar's life was very different from that of the fictional Beth Harmon. True, in real life Polgar once beat world chess champion, Garry Kasparov. But what Netflix fans ignore is the outcome of all their matches. In real life, Kasparov beat Judit Polgar 12-1, with 4 draws!

I think it is important to present the scores of the best female chess player in history, Polgar, in her games against male world champions (to date, no woman has ever been crowned world chess champion). The source for the list below is *Chess Life*, an American magazine that is mentioned several times in the Netflix miniseries:

Kasparov - Polgar: 12-1

Carlsen - Polgar: 10-1

Anand - Polgar: 28-10

Karpov - Polgar: 20-14

Topalov - Pogar: 16-15

Kramnik - Polgar: 23-1

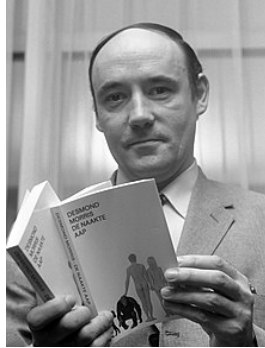
As we can see, Polgar is at a disadvantage against all her contemporary world champions. The only champion with whom she kept an almost equal score was Topalov. Her score against Karpov was not bad, and although her disadvantage against Anand is wide, her results are noteworthy. But against Kasparov, Carlsen and especially Kramnik, Polgar took real beatings. These are the hard facts of real life that no more feminist HBO or Netflix series are going to change. They want us to believe that women are interchangeable with us when it comes to physical activity and, now, intellectual sport.

Nature has endowed the human female with superabundant beauty and charm that drives a male mad in order to impregnate her, and support her for the rest of his life. Nature didn't endow her with muscles or brain power equal to us: we have more cranial capacity than them. In chess there is a current world champion, Magnus Carlsen, and in a parallel universe of players there is a women's world chess championship. Why are there separate chess tournaments for men and women, if according to the current narrative the females are as smart as the males?

Because gals cannot compete with guys in chess. If we look at the list of the names of the 101 best players in the world according to this month's International Chess Federation list, there is only one woman, Hou Yifan, who ranks 88th on that list, which means that there are eighty-seven male players with a higher rating than her. The Netflix series *The Queen's Gambit* only advances feminist lies about women. Beautiful tits that enchant us cannot go on the body that houses, at the same time, a superior brain of those whom her tits seduce: an elementary trade-off.

The West's Darkest Hour, 25 November
2020, adapted for this book.

A naked ape



Desmond Morris

A few more words about my post from last Wednesday, ‘On Beth’s cute tits’. I have just revisited Desmond Morris’s *The Naked Ape* after decades without reading it. I quote on the next pages the passages that made such an impression on me when I was much younger.

This is a huge issue because the ideology that is killing white people is the Christian view of man, which permeates even secular humanism. Consider, for example, the egalitarianism engendered after the creation of the United States, and the French Revolution. To paraphrase a commenter on my website, the racial inclusivity of Christianity is due to the same reason for accepting homosexual or transexual people: everyone is considered to have a soul. The problem is that ‘souls’ have no body, while race and sex are properties of the body, not the soul. In the Christian and neochristian¹ worldview, only the latter is important.

The only way to cure ourselves of this Christian and ‘neochristian’ psychopathology is to see ourselves for what we really are: not souls but naked apes. Desmond Morris wrote:

¹ That is: secular, since the nutty Woke movement is secular.

The enlarged female breasts are usually thought of primarily as maternal rather than sexual developments, but there seems to be little evidence for this. Other species of primates provide an abundant milk supply for their offspring and yet they fail to develop clearly defined hemispherical breast swellings. The female of our species is unique amongst primates in this respect. The evolution of protruding breasts of a characteristic shape appears to be yet another example of sexual signalling. This would be made possible and encouraged by the evolution of the naked skin. Swollen breast-patches in a shaggy-coated female would be far less conspicuous as signalling devices, but once the hair has vanished they would stand out clearly. In addition to their own conspicuous shape, they also serve to concentrate visual attention on to the nipples and to make the nipple erection that accompanies sexual arousal more conspicuous. The pigmented area of skin around the nipple, that deepens in colour during sexual arousal, also helps in the same way...

Recent German research has revealed that certain species have started to mimic themselves. The most dramatic examples of this are the mandrill and the gelada baboon. The male mandrill has a bright red penis with blue scrotal patches on either side of it. This colour arrangement is repeated on its face, its nose being bright red and its swollen, naked cheeks an intense blue. It is as if the animal's face is mimicking its genital region by giving the same set of visual signals. When the male mandrill approaches another animal, its genital display tends to be concealed by its body posture, but it can still apparently transmit the vital messages by using its phallic face. The female gelada indulges in a similar self copying device. Around her genitals there is a bright red skin patch, bordered with white papillae. The lips of the vulva in the centre of this area are a deeper, richer red. This visual pattern is repeated on her chest region, where again there is a patch of naked red skin surrounded by the same kind of white papillae. In the centre of this chest patch the deep red nipples have come to lie so close together that they are strongly reminiscent of the lips of the vulva. (They are indeed so close to one another that the infant sucks from both teats at the same time.) Like the true genital patch, the chest patch varies in intensity of colour during the different stages of the monthly sexual cycle. The

inescapable conclusion is that the mandrill and the gelada have brought their genital signals forward to a frontal position for some reason. We know too little about the life of mandrills in the wild to be able to speculate as to the reasons for this strange occurrence in this particular species, but we do know that wild geladas spend a great deal more of their time in an upright sitting posture than most other similar monkey species. If this is a more typical posture for them, then it follows that by having signals on their chests they can more readily transmit these signals to other members of the group than if the markings only existed on their rear ends. Many species of primates have brightly coloured genitals, but these frontal mimics are rare.

Our own species has made a radical change in its typical body posture. Like geladas, we spend a great deal of time sitting up vertically. We also stand erect and face one another during social contacts. Could it be, then, that we, too, have indulged in something similar in the way of self-mimicry? Could our vertical posture have influenced our sexual signals?...

Given this situation, one might very well expect to find some sort of frontal self-mimicry of the type seen in the gelada baboon. Can we, if we look at the frontal regions of the females of our species, see any structures that might possibly be mimics of the ancient genital display of hemispherical buttocks and red labia? The answer stands out as dearly as the female bosom itself. The protuberant, hemispherical breasts of the female must surely be copies of the fleshy buttocks, and the sharply defined red lips around the mouth must be copies of the red labia. (You may recall that, during intense sexual arousal, both the lips of the mouth and the genital labia become swollen and deeper in colour, so that they not only look alike, but to change in the same way in sexual excitement.) If the male of our species was already primed to respond sexually to these signals when they emanated posteriorly from the genital region, then he would have a built-in susceptibility to them if they could be reproduced in that form on the front of the female's body. And this, it would seem, is precisely what has happened, with the females carrying a duplicate set of buttocks and labia on their chests and mouths respectively. The use of lipsticks and brassieres immediately springs to mind, but these must be left until later, when we are dealing with the special sexual techniques of modern civilisation...

With varying cultural conditions, the spread of the anti-sexual garments has varied, sometimes extending to other secondary sexual signals (breast coverings, lip-veils), sometimes not... The female covers her breasts, and then proceeds to redefine their shape with a brassiere. This sexual signalling device may be padded or inflatable, so that it not only reinstates the concealed shape, but also enlarges it, imitating in this way the breast-swelling that occurs during sexual arousal...

The act of suckling is more of a problem for females of our species than for other primates. The infant is so helpless that the mother has to take a much more active part in the process, holding the baby to the breast and guiding its actions. Some mothers have difficulty in persuading their offspring to suck efficiently. The usual cause of this trouble is that the nipple is not protruding far enough into the baby's mouth. It is not enough for the infant's lips to close on the nipple, it must be inserted deeper into its mouth, so that the front part of the nipple is in contact with the palate and the upper surface of the tongue. Only this stimulus will release the jaw, tongue and cheek action of intense sucking. To achieve this juxtaposition, the region of breast immediately behind the nipple must be pliable and yielding. It is the length of 'hold' that the baby can manage on this yielding tissue which is critical. It is essential that suckling should be fully operative within four or five days of birth, if the breast-feeding process is to be successfully developed. If repeated failure occurs during the first week, the infant will never give the full response. It will have become fixated on the more rewarding (bottle) alternative offered.

Another suckling difficulty is the so-called 'fighting at the breast' response of certain infants. This often gives the mother the impression that the baby does not want to suck, but in reality it means that, despite desperate attempts to do so, it is failing because it is being suffocated. A slightly maladjusted posture of the baby's head at the breast will block the nose and, with the mouth full, there is no way for it to breathe. It is fighting, not to avoid sucking, but for air. There are, of course, many such problems that face the new mother, but I have selected these two because they seem to add supporting evidence for the idea of the female breast as predominantly a sexual signalling device, rather than an expanded milk machine. It is the solid, rounded shape that causes both these problems. One has only to look at the design of the teats on babies'

bottles to see the kind of shape that works best. It is much longer and does not swell out into the great rounded hemisphere that causes so much difficulty for the baby's mouth and nose. It is much closer in design to the feeding apparatus of the female chimpanzee. She develops slightly swollen breasts, but even in full lactation she is flat-chested when compared with the average female of our own species. Her nipples, on the other hand, are much more elongated and protrusive and the infant has little or no difficulty in initiating the sucking activity.

Because our females have rather a heavy suckling burden and because the breasts are so obviously a part of the feeding apparatus, we have automatically assumed that their protruding, rounded shape must also be part and parcel of the same parental activity. But it now looks as though this assumption has been wrong and that, for our species, breast design is primarily sexual rather than maternal in function.

The West's Darkest Hour, December 1
2020, adapted for this book.

Feminism: The Great Destroyer

by William Pierce



Feminism is just another exercise in reality denial, which has become such a common pastime. There are too many people out there who seem to believe that if we pretend that men and women are the same, they really will be; that if we pretend there are no differences between Blacks and Whites except skin colour, the differences will disappear; that if we pretend that homosexuality is a normal, healthy condition, it will be.

When homosexuals come out of the closet and women go into politics, empires crumble. Or, to say that a way which more accurately reflects the cause-effect relationship, when empires begin to crumble, then the queers come out of the closet and women go into politics. Which is to say, that in a strong, healthy society, feminism isn't a problem. But when a society begins to decay—when the men lose their self-confidence—then feminism raises its head and accelerates the process of decay.

Feminism is a system of ideas with several distinguishing characteristics. First, it's a system in which gender is regarded as the primary identifying characteristic, more important even than race. Second, and paradoxically, it's a system in which men and women are regarded as innately identical in all intellectual and psychical traits, and in all physical traits except those most obviously dependent on the configuration of the genitalia. Third, it's a system in which filling a traditionally male role in society is valued above being a wife and mother, a system in which the traditional female

roles are denigrated. Finally, it's a system in which men and women are regarded as mutually hostile classes, with men traditionally in the role of oppressors of women; and in which it is regarded as every woman's primary duty to support the interests of her fellow women of all races against the male oppressors.

Feminism is destructive at several different levels. At the racial level it is destructive because it divides the race against itself, robbing us of racial solidarity and weakening us in the struggle for racial survival; and because it reduces the White birthrate, especially among educated women. It also undermines the family by taking women out of the home and leaving the raising of children to television and day-care centres.

At a personal or social level feminism does its damage by eroding the traditional relationship between men and women. That traditional relationship is not based on any assumption of equality or sameness. It's not a symmetrical relationship, but rather a complementary one. It's based on a sexual division of labour, with fundamentally different roles for men and women: men are the providers and the protectors, and women are the nurturers. Men bring home the bacon, and they guard the den; women nourish the children and tend the hearth.

Many people today sneer at this traditional relationship. They think that in the New World Order there is no need to protect the den or the condo or whatever, because these days we're all very civilised, and that all one needs to do to bring home the bacon is hop in the car and drive to the nearest shopping mall, and, of course, a woman can do that just as well as a man. Therefore, because the times have changed, roles should change. There's no longer any reason for a division of labour; now we can all be the same, claim the apologists for feminism.

Now, I have a couple of problems with that line of reasoning. First, I'm not as eager to toss million-year-old traditions in the ash-can as the New World Order enthusiasts are, because I'm not as confident in the ability of the government to provide protection for all of us as they are, nor am I as confident that there'll always be bacon at the neighbourhood shopping mall and we won't have to revert to earlier ways of getting it. Actually, I'm an optimist by nature, but I'm not so optimistic as to believe that I'll never be called on to use my strength or my fighting instincts to protect my family. In fact, every time I watch the evening news on

television, I become more convinced that there's a very good chance we're going to end up having to fight for our bacon within the next few years.

In the second place, Mother Nature made a very big investment in her way of doing things over the past few million years of primate evolution. It's not simply a matter of our deciding that we don't like Mother Nature's plan because it's not fashionable any longer, and so we'll change it. We are what we are. That is, we are what millions of years of evolution have made us. A man is a man in every cell of his body and his brain, not just in his genitalia, and a woman is a woman to the same degree. We were very thoroughly and precisely adapted to our different roles. We can't change reality by passing a civil rights law. When we deceive ourselves into thinking that we can, there's hell to pay. Which is to say that we end up with a lot of very confused, disappointed, and unhappy men and women. We also end up with a lot of very angry men and women.

It's true, of course, that some women might be perfectly happy as corporate raiders or professional knife fighters, just as some men have willingly adapted to the New World Order by becoming less aggressive and more 'sensitive'. But it doesn't work that way for normal men and women.

What the normal man really wants and needs is not just a business partner and roommate of the opposite sex, but a real woman whom he can protect and provide for. And what a normal woman really wants and needs with every fibre of her being, regardless of how much feminist propaganda she's soaked up, is a real man, who can love and protect her and provide for her and their children.

If she's watched too much television and has let herself be persuaded that what she wants instead of a strong, masculine man is a sensitive wimp who'll let her wear the trousers in the family half the time, she's headed for a severe collision with the reality of her own nature. She'll end up making herself very neurotic, driving a few men into male chauvinism, and becoming a social liability. Our society just can't afford any more of that sort of foolishness. If feminism were only making individuals unhappy, I wouldn't be very concerned about it. I've always believed that people were entitled to make themselves as unhappy as they wanted to. But unfortunately,

it's wrecking our society and weakening our race, and we must put a stop to it soon.

A society which forces women out of the home and into offices and factories is not a healthy society. I'd like for our society to be changed so that it's possible once again for mothers to stay at home with their children, the way they did back before the Second World War, back before the New World Order boys got their hands on our economy and launched their plan to bring the living standard of the average American wage earner down to the average Mexican level. I think many will want to stay home when it's possible to do so. And I am sure that if we provide the right role models for women, most will want to. If we regain control of our television industry, of our news and entertainment and advertising industries, we can hold up quite a different model of the ideal woman from the one being held up today.

Understanding really must come first. After understanding comes organisation. And I should add this: Whatever flies in the face of reality is inherently self-destructive. But we cannot wait for this disease to burn itself out. The toll will be too great. We have to stand up against it and oppose it now. We have to change people's attitudes about feminism being fashionable.

Abridged from a 1996 interview, 'Feminism: The Great Destroyer' with Kevin Alfred Strom. In both this essay and others, I have modified the American spelling for the British spelling to harmonise them with most of the texts in this collection.

A couple of comments

by Jamie & Stubbs

I still remember my uncle mentioning something like this when I asked him for advice once: 'If you are going to talk about serious matters, like killing someone or a *coup*, don't ever let the women know about it'.

And I realised he is dam right, and so are you César.

Women will go hysterical at such things as planning a murder or a *coup*. They will most likely betray you and warn the authorities or government, which they believe is the strongest (expect this behaviour from very feminised men and homosexuals as well).

Dr. William Pierce once mentioned in one of his *American Dissident Voices* broadcasts that women, as a whole, do not understand abstract concepts such as honour and self-denial. It is not in their nature to understand. Security and comfort are their priorities, and so submission their way of getting it.

And the older I get, the more I realise how true that is. The empowering of women is truly a weapon of mass destruction.

* * *

How many White Nationalists are willing to outright say that women, as a biological class, should not have the same legal powers as men? That homosexuals are mentally diseased and shouldn't be allowed to run rampant? That most people simply aren't intelligent enough to make important social or political decisions, and that society needs to restrict their behaviour unless it wants to become a consumerist MTV hellhole? That in many cases good people should be stopped from reproducing because they have bad genes? That industrial society will always cause genetic devolution unless a *comprehensive and mandatory* eugenic system is in place? That the world's resources are finite and bloody conflict over

them is an existential fact, unless one faction already has uncontested martial supremacy? That religion and culture can uplift or destroy a society, and cannot be left a ‘personal choice’ by a true revolutionary? That biologically and mentally superior groups of humans lived before us and will probably live after us, and we will never be their equals? That *The Beatles* mostly sucked?

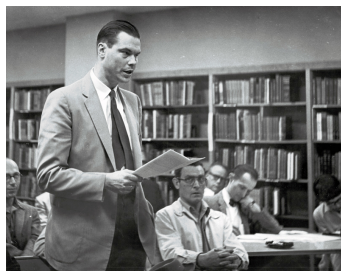
So it’s definitely an axiomatic thing. Modern Whites can’t accept that a human can be unequal to another—and thus superior or inferior—as an existential quality, and not as a result of some ‘choice’ or sin. This does indeed seem like a problem greatly inflamed by Christian metaphysics, where equal essential being (the soul) is assumed, and only ‘free will’ (faith or sin) distinguishes humans from one another in an ultimate sense.

‘Nordicism’ among White Nationalists is almost identical to the response to ‘racism’ in society at large. Thus, White Nationalists treat Mediterraneans like Republicans treat mestizos: they put emotional *non-sequiturs* up against biological facts, and they wind up trotting out ‘token Italians’ because accusations of an organisation being ‘Nordic’ in White Nationalism are taken like accusations of an organisation being ‘all white’ in the mainstream.

We’ve just fallen into the same mentality.

Posted as comments on *The West’s Darkest Hour*
on October 7, 2013 and November 19, 2021.

This Time the World
by George Lincoln Rockwell



Without anybody coming out and saying it, the mad scramble for ‘democracy’ has been extended to the sexes and the natural dominance of the male, and the passive submission of the female, which are basic to both natures and absolutely necessary to their happiness, have been scorned as evil carry-overs from our animal natures. A ‘modern’ girl cannot avoid the impression that it is somehow ‘inferior’ to be ‘just a woman’ or ‘just a housewife and mother’, and the corresponding idea, therefore, that she must try to ‘be somebody’ or ‘do something worthwhile’ by having a ‘career’. She receives all sorts of ‘education’, particularly in college, which is not only useless if she becomes a wife and mother, but which irritate and frustrate her natural capacities.

It is not a question of ‘superior’ or ‘inferior’, but a question of possibilities. A girl will grow up to be a woman, a female, no matter what education, ideals, ideas and training she may get. Perhaps it is ‘unfair’ that she was born a woman, physically weak, less able to reason, coldly burdened with the inexorable cyclic functioning of her reproductive system and blessed with the soft, warm, emotional, understanding and patient nature of the machinery designed by Nature for motherhood, above all things.

The effort of feminists and liberals to ‘correct’ what Nature has decreed, whether the effort is ‘good’ or ‘bad’, can lead only to

misery for those who attempt to fly in the face of a cold and merciless Nature, and a social agony for a world which is deprived of warm and submissive females and mothers.

It is a mark of insanity for an individual to ignore reality and act as if he were something which he is not. It is no less insane when women pretend that their female natures do not exist, that they are not only the 'equals' of men, but the same as men, except for a slight physiological difference. No matter how a few of them manage to succeed in the poses of engineers and steel-workers and fighter pilots and business executives; women today, as a group, are fundamentally acting in the manner of the insane: defying and ignoring reality.

The results are frightfully visible in our whole civilisation. The women are becoming masculinised, while the men are getting feminised. One has only to look at a crowd of our teenagers to see how things are going. They wear the same tight pants, the same jackets and the same hats—even the same duck-tailed hairdos. We are breeding and training up a generation of jazzed-up, negroidal, neutered queers.

Our whole approach to women today, as with most of our social attitudes, is that of the Soviets who have women in the army, working in the streets and even in firing-squads, just like men. God save us from such women!

Women are indeed the equal of men, as a group, only when they fulfil the task for which Nature equipped and made them—motherhood. Man was designed, even in the creative process itself, to supply the spark, the drive and the aggressive push of life, while woman is designed to supply the basic building material of new life; nourish, treasure, warm and guide it, until it can sustain its own life. There is no escape from this fate, even if it were bad, which it is not.

If a man is to be honoured for making cigars or building bridges or making beer, as our great businessmen are, then surely we ought to honour those who make our people! But the trouble is that our insane 'liberal' attitude toward motherhood and homemaking has given women an impossible inferiority complex and frustration about their possible and real achievements in life. We train our girls by the millions to be anything but successful wives and mothers, lead them to believe they are to be an 'equal' part of a 'man's world', when the truth is that it is only Nature's

world, and man's share in it is no greater or more glorious than that of a female-oriented woman who produces, brings up and gives to society a family of happy people.

If our girls were brought up from first consciousness to realise the absolute and total inevitability of their mission in life, but above all to be proud of that mission; train for and then fulfil it joyously, there would be no more talk of 'achieving' equality. They would find that Nature has already given them equality in generous measure, if only they will accept it. There can be no sense in discussing the superiority of negative or positive electricity in a battery; they are merely different forms of the same thing, but the difference is vital if there is to be any current. When the male and female potential or voltages are permitted to become 'equal', they must be strongly opposite or the current will stop...

It is not women who are at fault in the growing madness of our family and our sexual frustration, it is the men who have permitted it. The women are still born passive and submissive and if our fathers and grandfathers had not failed them as a group, as I failed my first wife as an individual, they would still, as a group, be enjoying their birthright and the honour owed them by society for being the most exalted manufacturers and executives in the world, the manufacturers of Our People!

Upon achieving power, one of our first tasks will be an all-out public relations drive to help our entire population—men and women—to see that 'motherhood' is not the silly, sloppy thing which is made of it today.

A passage from chapter 6 of *This Time the World* (1961).

The eternal feminine

by the Editor



Dante and Beatrice (1883) by Henry Holiday

How to approach a woman in the darkest hour for the white race? Since prehistoric times, male-female relations have never been in such a psychotic state as they are today in the West. Neophytes to the subject who haven't read anything could start with an academic reading (see e.g., Roger Devlin's paper in this book, pages 27-64), or a cruder reading (for example, my rephrasing of a vlogger's ideas that also comes in this book, on pages 93-111). Andrew Anglin, editor-in-chief of *The Daily Stormer*, supports the latter, the so-called incels. Responding to an article on *Occidental Dissent*, Nikola Bijeliti said in *Stormfront*:

I used to like *The Daily Stormer* and would read it every day. Andrew Anglin is obviously a very intelligent man who has deep insight into a lot of things. I have to say that I have learned a lot from reading his articles, particularly his articles about women. Let me give a couple of examples. Many here will disagree, but here are a couple of insightful things that he has said. I am paraphrasing, but it captures the spirit of it:

Moral convictions are a male thing. Women don't have moral convictions, so it is useless to try to convince them of anything. Women merely repeat the moral convictions of

the men who protect them. The second is a corollary of this: It is not necessary to recruit any women into the movement; it is only necessary to recruit men, because men's wives and girlfriends, if properly treated, will support the principles of their men.

Reading that was a revelation to me. None of the above is in any way anti-women; it is merely a recognition of the difference between male and female nature.

True, but a real Aryan would fight, as William Ventvogel proposed in 'The Future of White Women' (reprinted in *The West's Darkest Hour* under the title 'Lycanthropy') for a racial revolution to reclaim the white woman for the white man. But until the holy race revolutions arrive, what is to be done?

Visitors to my blog will be familiar with one of my guidelines for the Fourteen Word Priest: 'Speak only to Aryan males'. This doesn't mean that it is impossible to communicate with any woman. Visitors also know that this site regularly quotes Catherine Nixey's book on the destruction of the Greco-Roman world by Christians, not to mention Savitri Devi: the exception that proves the rule. A directive is only a directive, not an iron rule. But generally speaking, it is almost impossible to communicate the most serious issues with the bulk of the female population. Anglin is right: they come from Venus and we come from Mars, and their PC (pun intended) operating systems are not exactly compatible with our Macs. That doesn't mean we despise them. It means that *yin* is not *Yang*, but its complement. I will explain this through my philosophy.

As some visitors know, I have written two thick autobiographical volumes (and am writing a third). *Day of Wrath*, the English translation of selected chapters from those volumes, is partial in one respect. The translations are texts that appeal to the left hemisphere of our brains, texts that men are capable of understanding. But the autobiographical part of my trilogy is absent in *Day of Wrath* because it appeals to the right hemisphere. These are texts in which women understand me better (and this site is for Aryan men). No man I have given manuscripts of my *Letter to mom Medusa* (see page 3) has understood me. But I have received very good feedback from a couple of women. With men, I cannot communicate the problems of the heart for the simple reason that they haven't developed the feminine side of their psyches.

Years ago I mentioned the concept of the eternal feminine on this site but didn't explain it because it is a numinous rather than an intellectual concept. A male balanced in *yin* and *Yang* could decipher my books written in the language of Cervantes. But not everyone has developed his feminine side (among white nationalists, Tom Goodrich is the exception). *Anima* means soul in Latin. In Jung's analytical psychology, it alludes to the archetypal images of the eternal feminine in man's unconscious, which form a link between the consciousness of the self and the collective unconscious, potentially opening a path to the Self (to understand these concepts, see the illustrations on the *anima* in Jung and his disciples' very readable *Man and his Symbols*).

The reason why among men we cannot communicate in matters that most concern our feelings is simple. To communicate those matters we must sometimes cry, and the response of the listener to the tragedy must be on an emotional level, not through cold, intellectual reason. Women can communicate with each other by the simple fact that it is common for them to touch, comfort, cry a little and hug each other without a hint of lesbianism. But heterosexual men can't do that with another man (I, for example, dislike it when my cousins want to hug me in public). Men can talk about very abstract issues, but communicating with a male friend about intimate problems is not our forte.

In such parallel universes are men located in matters of the heart that, when a man in deep depression tries to talk to his best friend on the phone, the friend says such idiotic things that he is shocked when, a couple of hours later, he learns that the depressed friend has just committed suicide. It is a story I have heard more than once, and this also applies to those in the white nationalist movement who were severely abused as children or teenagers and have all their biographical pain buried and dissociated from their selves.

So the core content of my autobiographical books has not appeared on this site, nor will it appear. I know from experience that a tragedy becomes a non-tragedy in the ears of Neanderthal men because they have not sufficiently developed the soul that Goodrich speaks of. In short, because heterosexual men cannot touch and cry as women can, we cannot communicate our most serious existential problems to each other. That's why Schopenhauer was right to advise us to have a woman as a

confidant for such problems. Women's gift, Schopenhauer observed, is compassion, which, according to the philosopher, is the highest of human virtues. That is why, since the mid-1990s, I have had a female friend with whom I can communicate the *yin* content of my mind. It isn't advisable to get romantically involved with this confidant because it would transform the friendship.

Let us now turn to the opposite case. Even compassionate women, generally speaking, are incapable of understanding the cold reasons of the male intellect. Few have a developed *animus*. *Animus* means, in Latin, mind, intellectual powers or courage. In Jung's analytical psychology, it alludes to the archetypal images of the eternal masculine in the female unconscious, which form a link between the consciousness of the self and the collective unconscious, potentially opening a path to the Self (again, for an understanding of the concept of *animus* see *Man and his Symbols*). Since the bulk of women lack a developed *animus*, it is useless to bog them down with lots of Jared Taylor-type statistics on race realism. We have to tune in to their wavelength. Bear in mind that I have been communicating with the aforementioned woman for a couple of decades now, and I can say that Schopenhauer was right: I see things she cannot see, and she sees things in life that I cannot see.

All the intellectual content of white nationalist webzines is useless when talking to women, especially if they come from the left, that only perverts the natural compassion of white women. The priests of David Lane's sacred words should only try to communicate something that appeals to their vanity, say: *If I am in favour of the ethnostate it's simply because I don't want your beauty to disappear* (by miscegenation). For these words to carry some weight with the woman in question, there may be no romantic interest in the priest who utters them.

The italicised words above are the only thing that the priest of the fourteen words is advised to say to a spoiled woman. And regarding Jungian psychology, I could philosophise a little by saying that the 'Absolute' of Schelling and Hegel resonates with the Jungian 'Self' and, from the Faustian point of view, only the understanding of the eternal feminine will lead the white race to the Absolute.

18 February 2019

Sexual Utopia in Power

by F. Roger Devlin



It is well known to readers of this journal that white birthrates worldwide have suffered a catastrophic decline in recent decades. During this same period, ours has become assuredly the most sex-obsessed society in the history of the world. Two such massive, concurrent trends are hardly likely to be unrelated. Many well-meaning conservatives agree in deploring the present situation, but do not agree in describing that situation or how it arose. Correct diagnosis is the first precondition for effective strategy.

The well-worn phrase ‘sexual revolution’ ought, I believe, to be taken with more than customary seriousness. Like the French Revolution, the paradigmatic political revolution of modern times, it was an attempt to realise a utopia, but a sexual rather than political utopia. And like the French Revolution, it has gone through three phases: first, a libertarian or anarchic phase in which the utopia was supposed to occur spontaneously once old ways had been swept aside; second, a reign of terror, in which one faction seized power and attempted to realise its schemes dictatorially; and third, a ‘reaction’ in which human nature gradually reasserted itself. We shall follow this order in the present essay.

Two Utopias

Let us consider what a sexual utopia is, and let us begin with men, who are in every respect simpler.

Nature has played a trick on men: production of spermatozoa occurs at a rate several orders of magnitude greater than female ovulation (about 12 million per hour vs. 400 per lifetime). This is a natural, not a moral, fact. Among the lower animals also, the male is grossly oversupplied with something for which the female has only a limited demand. This means that the female has far greater control over mating. The universal law of nature is that males display and females choose. Male peacocks spread their tails, females choose. Male rams butt horns, females choose. Among humans, boys try to impress girls—and the girls choose. Nature dictates that in the mating dance, the male must wait to be chosen.

A man's sexual utopia is, accordingly, a world in which no such limit to female demand for him exists. It is not necessary to resort to pornography for examples. Consider only popular movies aimed at a male audience, such as the James Bond series. Women simply cannot resist James Bond. He does not have to propose marriage, or even request dates. He simply walks into the room and they swoon. The entertainment industry turns out endless unrealistic images such as this. Why, the male viewer eventually may ask, cannot life actually be so? To some, it is tempting to put the blame on the institution of marriage.

Marriage, after all, seems to restrict sex rather drastically. Certain men figure that if sex were permitted both inside and outside of marriage there would be twice as much of it as formerly. They imagined there existed a large, untapped reservoir of female desire hitherto repressed by monogamy. To release it, they sought, during the early postwar period, to replace the seventh commandment with an endorsement of all sexual activity between 'consenting adults'. Every man could have a harem. Sexual behaviour in general, and not merely family life, was henceforward to be regarded as a private matter. Traditionalists who disagreed were said to want to 'put a policeman in every bedroom'. This was the age of the Kinsey Report and the first appearance of *Playboy* magazine. Idle male daydreams had become a social movement.

This characteristically male sexual utopianism was a forerunner of the sexual revolution but not the revolution itself. Men are incapable of bringing about fundamental changes in heterosexual relations without the cooperation—the famed ‘consent’—of women. But the original male would-be revolutionaries did not understand the nature of the female sex instinct. That is why things have not gone according to their plan.

What is the special character of feminine sexual desire that distinguishes it from that of men?

It is sometimes said that men are polygamous and women monogamous. Such a belief is often implicit in the writings of male conservatives: Women only want good husbands, but heartless men use and abandon them. Some evidence does appear, *prima facie*, to support such a view. One 1994 survey found that ‘while men projected they would ideally like six sex partners over the next year, and eight over the next two years, women responded that their ideal would be to have only one partner over the next year. And over two years? The answer, for women, was still one’.² Is this not evidence that women are naturally monogamous?

No it is not. Women know their own sexual urges are unruly, but traditionally have had enough sense to keep quiet about it. A husband’s belief that his wife is naturally monogamous makes for his own peace of mind. It is not to a wife’s advantage, either, that her husband understand her too well: Knowledge is power. In short, we have here a kind of Platonic ‘noble lie’—a belief which is salutary, although false.

It would be more accurate to say that the female sexual instinct is *hypergamous*. Men may have a tendency to seek sexual variety, but women have simple tastes in the manner of Oscar Wilde: They are always satisfied with the best. By definition, only one man can be the best. These different male and female ‘sexual orientations’ are clearly seen among the lower primates, e.g., in a baboon pack. Females compete to mate at the top, males to get to the top.

Women, in fact, have a distinctive sexual utopia corresponding to their hypergamous instincts. In its purely utopian form, it has two parts: First, she mates with her incubus, the

² Wendy Shalit, *A Return to Modesty* (New York: The Free Press), 1997, 90–91.

imaginary perfect man; and second, he 'commits', or ceases mating with all other women. This is the formula of much pulp romance fiction. The fantasy is strictly utopian, partly because no perfect man exists, but partly also because even if he did, it is logically impossible for him to be the exclusive mate of all the women who desire him.

It is possible, however, to enable women to mate hypergamously, i.e., with the most sexually attractive (handsome or socially dominant) men. In the *Ecclesiazusae* of Aristophanes the women of Athens stage a coup d'état. They occupy the legislative assembly and barricade their husbands out. Then they proceed to enact a law by which the most attractive males of the city will be compelled to mate with each female in turn, beginning with the least attractive. That is the female sexual utopia in power. Aristophanes had a better understanding of the female mind than the average husband.

Hypergamy is not monogamy in the human sense. Although there may be only one 'alpha male' at the top of the pack at any given time, which one it is changes over time. In human terms, this means the female is fickle, infatuated with no more than one man at any given time, but not naturally loyal to a husband over the course of a lifetime. In bygone days, it was permitted to point out natural female inconstancy. Consult, for example, Ring Lardner's humorous story 'I Can't Breathe'—the private journal of an eighteen year old girl who wants to marry a different young man every week. If surveyed on her preferred number of 'sex partners', she would presumably respond one; this does not mean she has any idea who it is.³

An important aspect of hypergamy is that it implies the rejection of most males. Women are not so much naturally modest as naturally vain. They are inclined to believe that only the 'best' (most sexually attractive) man is worthy of them. This is another common theme of popular romance (the beautiful princess, surrounded by panting suitors, pined away hopelessly for a 'real' man—until, one day...etc.).

This cannot be objectively true, of course. An average man would seem to be good enough for the average woman by

³ In *Selected Stories*, New York: Penguin Books, 1997, and many other collections.

definition. If women were to mate with all the men 'worthy' of them they would have little time for anything else. To repeat, hypergamy is distinct from monogamy. It is an irrational instinct, and the female sexual utopia is a consequence of that instinct.

The sexual revolution in America was an attempt by women to realise their own utopia, not that of men. Female utopians came forward publicly with plans a few years after Kinsey and *Playboy*. Helen Gurley Brown's *Sex and the Single Girl* appeared in 1962, and she took over *Cosmopolitan* magazine three years later. Notoriously hostile to motherhood, she explicitly encouraged women to use men (including married men) for pleasure.

One revolution

The actual outbreak of the sexual revolution occurred when significant numbers of young women began acting on the new utopian plan. This seems to have occurred on many college campuses in the nineteen-sixties. Women who took birth-control pills and committed fornication with any man who caught their fancy claimed they were liberating themselves from the slavery of marriage. The men, urged by their youthful hormones, frequently went along with this, but were not as happy about it as they are sometimes represented. Columnist Paul Craig Roberts recalls:

I was a young professor when it all started and watched a campus turn into a brothel. The male students were perplexed, even the left-wing ones who had been taught to regard female chastity as oppression. I still remember the resident Marxist who, high on peyote, came to me to complain that 'nice girls are ruining themselves'.⁴

This should not be surprising. Most men prefer a virgin bride; this is a genuine aspect of male erotic desire favouring monogamy, and hence in constant tension with the impulse to seek sexual variety.

The young women, although hardly philosophers, did set forth arguments to justify their behaviour. Most were a variation on the theme that traditional morality involved an unwarranted double standard. It was said that women who had promiscuous sex had been condemned as 'sluts' while men who did the same were

⁴ 'Losing the Ties That Bind', July 9, 2002, <http://www.vdare.com>.

admired as 'studs'. It was pointed out that some men sought sex outside marriage and subsequently insisted on their brides being virgins. The common expression 'fallen woman', and the absence of a corresponding expression 'fallen man', was cited as further evidence of an unfair double standard. The inference the women drew was that they, too, should thenceforward seek sex outside of marriage. This, of course, does not logically follow. They might have determined instead to set wayward men a good example by practicing monogamy regardless of men's own actions.

But let us ignore that for the moment and consider the premise of their argument, the double standard. Like most influential falsehoods, it involves a distortion, rather than a mere negation, of an important truth. It is plausible, and hence dangerous, because it resembles that truth.

In fact, men have never been encouraged to go about seeking casual sex with multiple women. How could any sane society encourage such behaviour? The results are inevitable and obvious: abandoned women and fatherless children who are a financial burden on innocent third parties. Accordingly, promiscuous men have traditionally been regarded as dissolute, dangerous, and dishonourable. They have been called by names such as 'libertine' or 'rake'. The traditional rule of sexual conduct has been chastity outside of marriage, faithfulness within—for both sexes.

But in one sense there was undoubtedly a double standard: A sexual indiscretion, whether fornication or adultery, has usually been regarded as a more serious matter in a woman than in a man, and socially sanctioned punishments for it have often been greater. In other words, while both sexes were supposed to practice monogamy, it was considered especially important for women to do so. Why is this?

In the first place, they tend to be better at it. This is not due to any moral superiority of the female, as many men are pleased to believe, but to their lower levels of testosterone and their slower sexual cycle: ovulation at the rate of one gamete per month.

Second, if women are all monogamous, the men will perforce be monogamous anyway: It is arithmetically impossible for polygamy to be the norm for men throughout a society because of the human sex ratio at birth.

Third, the private nature of the sexual act and the nine month human gestation period mean that, while there is not normally doubt as to whom the mother of a particular baby is, there may well be doubt regarding the father. Female fidelity is necessary to assure the husband that his wife's children are also his.

Fourth, women are, next to children, the main beneficiaries of marriage. Most men work their lives away at jobs they do not much care for in order to support wife and family. For women, marriage coincides with economic rationality; for a man, going to a prostitute is a better deal. Accordingly, chastity before marriage and fidelity within it are the very least a woman owes her husband. Indeed, on the traditional view, she owes him a great deal more. She is to make a home for him, return gratitude and loyalty for his support of her, and accept his position as head of the family.

Traditional concern for fallen women does not imply there are no 'fallen men'. Fornication is usually a sin of weakness, and undoubtedly many men who fall into it feel ashamed. The real double standard here is that few bother to sympathize with those men. Both men and women are more inclined to pity women. Some of the greatest male novelists of the nineteenth century devoted their best labours to the sympathetic portrayal of adulteresses. Men, by contrast, are expected to take full responsibility for their actions, no questions asked. In other words, this double standard favours women. So do most traditional sex roles, such as exclusively male liability to military service. The female responsibility to be the primary enforcer of monogamy is something of an exception.

What, after all, is the alternative to the double standard? Is it practical to give sexually desperate young men exclusive responsibility to ensure no act of fornication ever takes place? Or should women be locked up to make it impossible? Logically, a woman must either have no mate, one mate, or more than one mate. The first two choices are socially accepted; the third is not. Such disapproval involves no coercion, however. Women who insist on mating with multiple men *may* do so. But they are responsible for that behaviour and its consequences.

Women's complaints about double standards refer only to the few which seem to favour men. They unhesitatingly take advantage of those which favour themselves. Wives in modern, two-income marriages, for example, typically assume that 'what I earn is mine; what he earns is ours'. Young women insist on their

‘independence’, but assume they are entitled to male protection should things get sticky.

But the ultimate expression of modern female hypocrisy is the assertion of a right to adultery for women only. This view is clearly implied in much contemporary self-help literature aimed at women. Titles like *Get Rid of Him* and *Ditch That Jerk* are found side-by-side *Men Who Can’t Love: How to Spot a Commitmentphobic Man*. In short, I demand loyalty from you, but you have no right to expect it of me. Many women seem sincerely unable to sense a contradiction here. Perhaps, as Schopenhauer thought, the female is not naturally provided with a sense of justice. Justice, is, after all, a virtue of leaders; it is of little use in nurturing children.

However that may be, the modern woman clearly wants the benefits of a traditional marriage, but is unwilling to pay the costs; she wants a man to marry her without her having to marry the man. It is the eternal dream of irresponsible freedom: In the feminist formulation, freedom for women, responsibility for men.

Men, by contrast, usually accept that their demand for faithfulness from their wives entails a reciprocal duty of faithfulness to their wives. In fact, I am inclined to believe most men lay too much stress on this. For a man, fidelity in marriage should be a matter of preserving his own honour and ensuring that he is able to be a proper father to all his children; his wife’s feelings are a secondary matter, as are his own. In any case, the marriage vow is carefully formulated to enunciate a reciprocity of obligations; both the man and woman pledge faithfulness for life. Given innate sex differences, it is not possible to eliminate the double standard any more than marriage already has.

Fallout of the revolution: ‘date rape’

A few years into the sexual revolution, shocking reports began to appear of vast numbers of young women—from one quarter to half—being victims of rape. Shock turned to bewilderment when the victims were brought forward to tell their stories. The ‘rapists’, it turns out, were never lying in wait for them in remote corners, were not armed, did not attack them. Instead, these ‘date rapes’ occur in private places, usually college dormitory rooms, and involve no threats or violence. In fact, they little resemble what most of us think of as rape.

What was going on here?

Take a girl too young to understand what erotic desire is and subject her to several years of propaganda to the effect that she has a right to have things any way she wants them in this domain—with no corresponding duties to God, her parents or anyone else. Do not give her any guidance as to what it might be good for her to want, how she might try to regulate her own conduct or what qualities she ought to look for in a young man. Teach her furthermore that the notion of natural differences between the sexes is a laughable superstition that our enlightened age is gradually overcoming—with the implication that men's sexual desires are no different from or more intense than her own. Meanwhile, as she matures physically, keep her protected in her parents' house, sheltered from responsibility.

Then, at age seventeen or eighteen, take her suddenly away from her family and all the people she has ever known. She can stay up as late as she wants! She can decide for herself when and how much to study! She's making new friends all the time, young women and men both. It's no big deal having them over or going to their rooms; everybody is perfectly casual about it. What difference does it make if it's a boy she met at a party? He seems like a nice fellow, like others she meets in class.

Now let us consider the young man she is alone with. He is neither a saint nor a criminal, but, like all normal young men of college years, he is intensely interested in sex. There are times he cannot study without getting distracted by the thought of some young woman's body. He has little experience with girls, and most of it unhappy. He has been rejected a few times without much ceremony, and it was more humiliating than he cares to admit. He has the impression that for other young men things are not as difficult: 'Everybody knows', after all, that since the nineteen-sixties men get all the sex they like, right? He is bombarded with talk about sex on television, in the words to popular songs, in rumors about friends who supposedly 'scored' with this or that girl. He begins to wonder if there isn't something wrong with him.

Furthermore, he has received the same education about sex as the girl he is now with. He has learned that people have the right to do anything they want. The only exception is rape. But that is hardly even relevant to him; he is obviously incapable of doing something like that.

He has also been taught that there are no important differences between the sexes. This means, of course, that girls want sex just as badly as he does, though they slyly pretend otherwise. And are not their real desires verified by all those *Cosmopolitan* magazine covers he sees constantly at the grocery store? If women are so eager to read such stuff, why should it be so damned difficult to find just one girl willing to go to bed with him?

But tonight, finally, something seemed to click. He met a girl at a party. They chatted, perhaps drank a bit: all smiles, quite unlike the girls who had been so quick about rejecting him in high school. She even let him come to her room afterwards (or came to his). It doesn't take a genius to figure out what she is thinking, he says to himself. This is a tremendously important moment for him; every ounce of his self-respect is at stake. He is confused and his heart is pounding, but he tries to act as if he knows what he is doing. She seems confused, too, and he meets no more than token resistance (or so it seems to him). He doesn't actually enjoy it, and isn't sure whether she does either. But that is beside the point; it only matters that he can finally consider himself a man. Later on they can talk about what terms they want to be on, whether she will be his regular girlfriend, etc. Matrimony is not exactly uppermost in his mind, but he might not rule it out—eventually. He asks her how she feels afterwards, and she mumbles that she is 'okay'. This sets his mind at rest. An awkward parting follows.

Later that night or the next morning our young woman is trying to figure out what in hell has happened to her. Why had he gotten so pushy all of a sudden? Didn't he even want to get to know her first? It was confusing, it all happened so quickly. Sex, she had always heard, was supposed to be something wonderful; but this she had not enjoyed at all. She felt somehow used.

Of course, at no point does it enter her mind to question her own right to have been intimate with the young man if she had wanted to. Moral rule number one, we all know, is that all sex between consenting adults is licit. She just isn't sure whether she had really wanted this. In fact, the more she thinks about it, the more certain she feels that she hadn't. But if she hadn't wanted it, then it was against her will, wasn't it? And if it was against her will, that means...she's been raped?

I sympathize with the young woman, in view of a miseducation which might have been consciously designed to leave

her unprepared for the situation she got herself into. But as to the question of whether she was raped, the answer must be a clear *no*.

Let me explain by means of an analogy with something less emotionally laden. Consider someone who purchases a lottery ticket which does not win the prize. Suppose he were to argue as follows: 'I put my money down because I wanted the prize. I wouldn't have paid if I had known I was going to lose; therefore I have been deprived of my money against my will; therefore I am the victim of theft'. No one would accept this argument as valid. Why shouldn't we?

For the very good reason that it denies the fundamental principle behind all personal responsibility. Those who want to make their own choices in life must be willing to accept the consequences of those choices. Consider the alternative: If every loser in a lottery were entitled to a refund there would be no money left for the prize, and so no lottery. For similar reasons, most civilised institutions depend upon people taking responsibility for their actions, keeping agreements and fulfilling obligations regardless of whether or not they happen to like the consequences.

The grandmother of the young woman in our story was unaware that she possessed a 'right' to sleep with any boy who took her fancy—or to invite him to her bedroom and expect nothing to happen. It was the male and female sexual utopians of the postwar period who said women should be allowed unlimited freedom to choose for themselves in such matters. Unfortunately, they did not lay much stress on the need to accept the consequences of poor choices. Instead, they treated the moral and social norms women in particular had traditionally used to guide themselves as wholly irrational barriers to pleasure. Under their influence, two generations of women have been led to believe that doing as they please should lead to happiness and involve no risk. Hence the moral sophistry of 'I didn't like it; ergo I didn't want it; ergo it was against my will'.

To anyone who believes that a society of free and responsible persons is preferable to one based on centralised control, the reasoning of the date-rape movement is ominous. The demand that law rather than moral principle and common prudence should protect women in situations such as I have described could only be met by literally 'putting a policeman in every bedroom'. However much we may sympathize with the misled young people

involved (and I mean the men as well as the women), we must insist that it is no part of our responsibility to create an absolutely safe environment for them, nor to shield them from the consequences of their own behaviour, nor to insure that sex will be their path to happiness. Because there are some things of greater importance than the pain they have suffered, and among these are the principle of responsibility upon which the freedom of all of us depends.

It was never the traditional view that a woman's erotic power over men was anything she possessed unconditional personal rights over. Instead, the use to which she put this natural power was understood to be freighted with extensive responsibilities—to God, her family, the man to whom she gave herself, the children produced by the union, and her own *long term* wellbeing. In order to fulfil her obligations as creature, daughter, wife and mother she required considerable powers of self-control. This cultivated and socially reinforced sexual self-control was known as modesty. It required chiefly the duty of chastity before marriage and fidelity within marriage; secondarily, it involved maintaining a certain demeanor toward men—polite but reserved.

Now, every duty does imply a right: If we have a duty to provide for our children or defend our country we necessarily possess the right to do so as well. Formerly, insofar as sexual rights were recognised, they were understood to have this character of resting upon duties. Thus, a woman did indeed have the right to refuse the sexual advances of any man not her husband. But this was only because she was not understood to have any moral right to *accept* a proposal of fornication or adultery (even in the absence of legal sanctions therefore).

The reason rape was regarded as a particularly odious form of assault is that it violated this superpersonal moral principle by which a woman subordinated her momentary private desires to the wellbeing of those closest to her. Modesty had to be respected, or else protected, if it was to perform its essential social function of guarding the integrity of families.

Under Roman law it was not considered a serious crime to rape a prostitute: A man could not violate the modesty of a woman who had none to violate. In later European law it was made criminal to rape even prostitutes. But this does not mean that the concept of rape had been divorced from that of feminine modesty;

it was rather that law came to recognize and protect the possibility of repentance for immodesty. (Christianity is relevant here.)

The sexual revolution asserted the right of each individual to sex on his or her own terms—in other words, a right of perfect selfishness in erotic matters. One effect of this change was to eliminate the moral dignity of feminine modesty. It was not to be forbidden, of course, but was henceforward to be understood as no more than a personal taste, like anchovies or homosexuality. When the initial excitement of abandoned restraint had died down it was noticed that the promised felicity had not arrived. And one reason, it was soon realised, was that the terms men wished to set for sexual conduct were not identical to those desired by women. This being so, the granting to men of a right to sex on their own terms necessarily involved the denial of such a right to women. The anarchy with which the sexual revolution began was, therefore, necessarily a passing phase.

From sexual anarchy to terror

It is a cliché of political philosophy that the less self-restraint citizens are able to exercise, the more they must be constrained from without. The practical necessity of such a trade-off can be seen in such extraordinary upheavals as the French and Russian Revolutions. First, old and habitual patterns and norms are thrown aside in the name of freedom. When the ensuing chaos becomes intolerable, some group with the requisite ambition, self-assurance and ruthlessness succeeds in forcibly imposing its own order on the weakened society. This is what gradually happened in the case of the sexual revolution also, with the role of Jacobins/Bolsheviks being assumed by the feminists.

Human beings cannot do without some social norms to guide them in their personal relations. Young women cannot be expected to work out a personal system of sexual ethics in the manner of Descartes reconstructing the universe in his own mind. If you cease to prepare them for marriage, they will seek guidance wherever they can find it. In the past thirty years they have found it in feminism, simply because the feminists have outshouted everyone else.

After helping to encourage sexual experimentation by young women, feminism found itself able to capitalize on the unhappiness

which resulted. Their program for rewriting the rules of human sexual behaviour is in one way a continuation of the liberationists' utopian program and in another way a reaction against it. The feminists approve the notion of a right to do as one pleases without responsibilities toward others; they merely insist that only women have this right.

Looking about them for some legal and moral basis for enforcing this novel claim, they hit upon the age-old prohibition against rape. Feminists understand rape, however, not as a violation of a woman's chastity or marital fidelity, but of her merely personal wishes. They are making use of the ancient law against rape to enforce not respect for feminine modesty but obedience to female whims. Their ideal is not the man whose self-control permits a woman to exercise her own, but the man who is subservient to a woman's good pleasure—the man who behaves, not like a gentleman, but like a dildo.

But mere disregard of a woman's personal wishes is manifestly not the reason men have been disgraced, imprisoned, in some societies even put to death for the crime of rape. On the new view, in which consent rather than the marriage bond is the issue, the same sexual act may be a crime on Monday or Wednesday and a right on Tuesday or Thursday, according to the shifts in a woman's mood. Feminists claim rape is not taken seriously enough; perhaps it would be better to ask how it could be taken seriously at all once we begin defining it as they do. If women want to be free to do as they please with men, after all, why should not men be free to do as they please with women?

Indeed, the date rape campaign owes its success only to the lingering effect of older views. Feminists themselves are not confused about this; they write openly of 'redefining rape'. Of course, for those of us who still speak traditional English, this amounts to an admission that they are falsely accusing men.

One might have more sympathy for the 'date rape victims' if they wanted the men to marry them, feared they were ruined for other suitors, and were prepared to assume their own obligations as wives and mothers. But this is simply not the case. The date rape campaigners, if not the confused young women themselves, are hostile to the very idea of matrimony, and never propose it as a solution. They want to jail men, not make responsible husbands of

them. This is far worse than shotgun marriage, which at least allowed the man to act as father to the child he had sired.

And what benefit do women derive from imprisoning men as date rapists apart from gratification of a desire for revenge? Seeing men punished may even confirm morally confused women in their mistaken sense of victimhood—resentment tends to feed upon itself, like an itch that worsens with scratching. Women are reinforced in the belief that it is their right for men's behaviour to be anything they would like it to be. They become less inclined to treat men with respect or to try to learn to understand or compromise with them. In a word, they learn to think and behave like spoiled children, expecting everything and willing to give nothing.

Men, meanwhile, respond to this in ways that are not difficult to predict. They may not (at first) decline sexual liaisons with such women, because the woman's moral shortcomings do not have too great an effect upon the sexual act itself. But, quite rationally, they will avoid any deeper involvement with them. So women experience fewer, shorter, and worse marriages and 'relationships' with men. But they do not blame themselves for the predicament they are in; they refuse to see any connection between their own behaviour and their loneliness and frustration. Thus we get ever more frequent characterisations of men as rapists and predators who mysteriously refuse to commit.

Indeed, the only people profiting from the imposition of the new standards are the feminists who invented them. The survival of their movement depends on a continuing supply of resentful women who believe their rights are being violated; one can only admit that the principles which buttress the date rape campaign are admirably designed to guarantee such a supply. Feminism is a movement that thrives on its own failures; hence, it is very difficult to reverse.

Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, eleventh edition, lists the first recorded use of the term date rape as 1975. Within a few years we find Thomas Fleming of *Chronicles*, for example, employing the expression as uncritically as any feminist zealot.⁵ A second instrument of the feminist reign of sexual terror, 'sexual

⁵ 'Beware of What You Pray For', February 11, 2005, <http://www.chronicles-magazine>.

harassment', similarly made its first appearance in 1975. In less than a generation this has become a national industry providing a comfortable living for many people. Yet again we find this revolutionary concept blithely accepted by many male traditionalists. They are content to accept without argument that there exists a widespread problem of men 'harassing' women, and that 'something must be done about it'. My first thought would be: What did the Romans do about it? What did the Christian Church do about it? How about the Chinese or the Aztecs? The obvious answer is that none of them did anything about it, because the concept has only recently developed within the context of the feminist movement. Is this not cause for suspicion? Why are men so quick to adopt the language of their declared enemies?

The thinking behind the sexual harassment movement is that women are entitled to 'an environment free from unwanted sexual advances'. What sort of advances are unwanted? In plain English, those made by unattractive men. Anyone who has been forced to endure a corporate antiharassment video can see that what is being condemned is merely traditional male courtship behaviour.

The introduction of harassment law was accompanied by a campaign to inform young women of the new entitlement. Colleges, for example, instituted harassment committees one of whose stated purposes was 'to encourage victims to come forward'. (I saw this happening up close.) The agitators *wanted* as many young women as possible accusing unsuccessful suitors of wrongdoing. And they had considerable success; many women unhesitatingly availed themselves of the new dispensation. Young men found they risked visits from the police for flirting or inviting women on dates.

This female bullying should be contrasted with traditional male chivalry. Men, at least within Western Civilisation, have been socialised into extreme reluctance to use force against women. This is not an absolute principle: few would deny that a man has a right of self-defense against a woman attempting to kill him. But many men will refuse to retaliate against a woman under almost any lesser threat. This attitude is far removed from the feminist principle of equality between the sexes. Indeed, it seems to imply a view of men as naturally dominant: It is a form of noblesse oblige. And it is not, so far as I can see, reducible to any long-term self-interest on the part of a man; in other words, it is a principle of honour. The code

of chivalry holds that a man has no moral right to use force against women simply because he *can* do so.

An obvious difficulty with such a code is that it is vulnerable to abuse by its beneficiaries. I had a classmate in grade school who had heard it said somewhere that 'boys are not supposed to hit girls'. Unfortunately, she interpreted this to mean that it was acceptable for girls to hit boys, which she then proceeded to do. She became genuinely indignant when she found that they usually hit back.

The special character of noblesse oblige is that it does not involve a corresponding entitlement on the part of the beneficiary. On the traditional view, a man should indeed be reluctant to use force against women, but women have no right to presume upon this. The reluctance is elicited by a recognition of women's weakness, not commanded as a recognition of their rights.

Perhaps because women are the weaker sex, they have never developed any similar inhibitions about using force against men. In a traditionally ordered society, this does not present difficulties, because a woman's obligations to her husband are clearly understood and socially enforced. But the situation changes when millions of spoiled, impressionable young women have been convinced men are 'harassing' them and that the proper response is to appeal to force of law and the police powers of the state. Men are being denied due process, ruined professionally, and threatened with particularly harsh punishments for any retaliation against the women accusing them of a newly invented and deliberately ill-defined crime. They may, for prudential reasons, outwardly conform to the new rules. But it is unlikely that the traditional reluctance *in foro interno* to use force against women can long survive the present pattern of female behaviour. Women would do well to ponder this.

Return of the primitive

Public discussion of the sexual revolution has tended to focus on date rape and 'hook-ups', that is, on what *is* taking place, rather than on the formation of stable families that is *not* taking place. This creates an impression that there really is 'more sex' for men today than before some misguided girls misbehaved

themselves forty years ago. People speak as if the male sexual utopia of a harem for every man has actually been realised.

It is child's play to show that this cannot be true. There is roughly the same number of male as female children (not quite: there are about 5 percent more live male births than female—there is not a girl for every boy.) What happens when female sexual desire is liberated is not an increase in the total amount of sex available to men, but a redistribution of the existing supply. Society becomes polygamous. A situation emerges in which most men are desperate for wives, but many women are just as desperately throwing themselves at a very few exceptionally attractive men. These men, who have always found it easy to get a mate, now get multiple mates.

A characteristic feature of decadent societies is the recrudescence of primitive, precivilised cultural forms. That is what is happening to us. Sexual liberation really means the Darwinian mating pattern of the baboon pack reappears among humans.

Once monogamy is abolished, no restriction is placed on a woman's choices. Hence, all women choose the same few men. If Casanova had 132 lovers it is because 132 different women chose him. Such men acquire harems, not because they are predators, but because they happen to be attractive. The problem is not so much male immorality as simple arithmetic; it is obviously impossible for every woman to have *exclusive* possession of the most attractive man. If women want to mate simply as their natural drives impel them, they must, rationally speaking, be willing to share their mate with others.

But, of course, women's attitude about this situation is not especially rational. They expect their alpha man to 'commit'. Woman's complaining about men's failure to commit, one suspects, means merely that they are unable to get a highly attractive man to commit *to them*; rather as if an ordinary man were to propose to Helen of Troy and complain of her refusal by saying 'women don't want to get married'.

Furthermore, many women are sexually attracted to promiscuous men because, not in spite, of their promiscuity. This can be explained with reference to the primate pack. The 'alpha male' can be identified by his mating with many females. This is probably where the sluts-and-studs double standard argument came from—not from any social approval of male promiscuity, but from

female fascination with it. Male ‘immorality’ (in traditional language) can be attractive to females. Thus, once polygamous mating begins, it tends to be self-reinforcing.

Students of animal behaviour have learned that the presence of a female decoy or two near a male makes real females more likely to mate with that particular male. Among human females also, nothing succeeds like success. I hear anecdotes about women refusing to date thirtyish bachelors because, ‘if he’s never been married, there must be something wrong with him’. In college I observed decent, clean-living men left alone while notorious adulterers had no difficulty going from one girlfriend to the next.

Commentators on contemporary mores rarely show awareness of this irrationality in female mate selection. I recall seeing an article some years ago in which a planned new college was touted as a boon to young women seeking ‘Christian husbands’, on the naive assumption that they must be doing so. There was no talk of helping young men find faithful wives, of course.

Modern chivalry

Both men and women find it easier to sympathize with young women than with young men. In the case of male observers a kind of rescue fantasy is probably at work. The literature and folklore of the world is replete with stories of heroes rescuing innocent maidens from the clutches of villains: too much for it to be an accident. The damsel-in-distress scenario appeals to something deeply rooted in men’s minds, and probably natural. Most likely it is merely a self-congratulatory interpretation of mate competition. Men project their unruly sexual instincts onto others, who are thus cast into the role of predators.

In the contemporary world, the male protective instinct often perversely expresses itself in support for feminist causes: for example, chiming in with the denunciation of harassers and date rapists. This is a form of gallantry singularly well-adapted to the sedentary habits of the modern male, involving neither risk nor sacrifice. Examples abound in the conservative press. College men are regularly spoken of as preying upon women—who are in fact quite old enough to be married and starting a family. Joseph Farah of *World Net Daily* commends a wife for murdering her unfaithful husband. There are calls for bringing back shotgun marriage and the

death penalty for rapists. If only sufficiently draconian punishments can be meted out to villainous males, the reasoning seems to go, everything will be alright again. The fundamental error in such thinking is its failure to recognize that the female largely controls the mating process.

Shrewd women have long known how to manipulate the male protective urge for their own ends. The feminist attack on heterosexuality and the family is directed against husbands and fathers for reasons of public relations. No one will sign up for a campaign against women or children, but many men can easily be made to condemn other men. The result is that young men today are in an impossible situation. If they seek a mate they are predators; if they find one they are date rapists; if they want to avoid the whole ordeal they are immature and irresponsible for not committing. We have gone from a situation where it seemed everything was permitted to one where nothing is permitted. Marriage as a binding legal contract has been done away with, and young men are still supposed to believe it is wrong for them to seek sex outside of marriage. It is not prudent to put this much strain on human nature.

Meanwhile, the illusion of there being ‘too much sex’ has led to proposals for ‘abstinence education’, provided by government schools and paid for with tax money. The geniuses of establishment conservatism may need a gentle reminder that the human race is not perpetuated through sexual abstinence. They might do better to ponder how many families have not formed and how many children have not been born due to overzealous attempts to protect young women from men who might have made good husbands and fathers.

The revolution destroys sex

So far we have focused on female promiscuity, and undoubtedly it is a serious problem. But there are two ways for women not to be monogamous: By having more than one mate and...by having less than one. Let us now consider the spinsters as well as the sluts.

Here again I would warn against a misconception common among male writers: The assumption that young women *not* having sexual relations with men must be paragons of chastity. In fact,

there are numerous reasons besides religious or moral principle which can keep a woman from taking a mate, and some of these now operate more strongly than before the sexual revolution. Consider the following passage from *A Return to Modesty* by Wendy Shalit:

‘Pfffffft!’ sexual modesty says to the world, ‘I think *I’m* worth waiting for.... So not you, not you, not you, and not *you* either’.

This is certainly not modest. As one 27-year-old Orthodox woman put it to me... ‘the daughters of Israel are not available for public use’. She was taking obvious, almost haughty, satisfaction in the fact that she wasn’t sleeping around with just *anyone*.⁶

This is pure illusion, a consequence of natural female hypergamy and not dependent on any actual merit in the woman. But it may be a socially useful illusion. If a woman believes she is ‘too good’ to sleep around, this may help keep her faithful to her husband. Marriage, in other words, is a way of channeling female hypergamy in a socially useful way. (We frequently hear of the need to channel the male sexual instinct into marriage and family, but not the female; this is a mistake.)

In any case, hypergamy, as above noted, implies rejection maximisation: if only the best is good enough, almost everyone is not good enough. Rather than cheapening herself, as observers tend to assume, modern woman may be pricing herself out of the market. It used to be commonly said that a woman who thinks she is too good for any man ‘may be right, but more often – is left’. Why might this be an especial danger for women today?

Formerly, most people lived parochial lives in a world where even photography did not exist. Their notions of sexual attractiveness were limited by their experience. Back in my own family tree, for example, there was a family with three daughters who grew up on a farm adjoining three others. As each girl came of age, she married a boy from one of the neighboring farms. They did not expect much in a husband. It is probable all three went through life without ever seeing a man who looked like Cary Grant.

⁶ Shalit, *A Return to Modesty*, 131–132.

But by the 1930s millions of women were watching Cary Grant two hours a week and silently comparing their husbands with him. For several decades since then the entertainment industry has continued to grow and coarsen. Finally the point has been reached that many women are simply not interested in meeting any man who does not look like a movie star. While it is not possible to make all men look like movie stars, it is possible to encourage women to throw themselves at *or hold out for* the few who do, i.e., to become sluts or spinsters, respectively. Helen Gurley Brown raked in millions doing precisely this. The brevity of a woman's youthful bloom, combined with a mind not yet fully formed at that stage of life, always renders her vulnerable to unrealistic expectations. The sexual revolution is in part a large-scale commercial exploitation of this vulnerability.

Yes, men are also, to their own detriment, continually surrounded with images of exceptionally attractive women. But this has less practical import, because—to say it once more—*women choose*. Even plain young women are often able to obtain sexual favours from good-looking or socially dominant men; they have the option to be promiscuous. Many women do not understand that ordinary young men do not have that option.

Traditionalists sometimes speak as if monogamy were a cartel whose purpose was to restrict the amount of sex available to men artificially so as to drive up the price for the benefit of women. (That is roughly what the male sexual utopians believed also.) But this would require that men be able to raise their bid, i.e., make themselves more attractive at will. Monogamy does not get women as a group more desirable mates than would otherwise be available to them. In sex as in other matters the buyers, not the sellers, ultimately determine the price. And the buyers, by and large, are merely average men.

Furthermore, many young women appear to believe that any man who attempts to meet them ipso facto wishes to take them as a mate. Partly this is youthful naïveté; partly a result of the disintegration of socially agreed upon courtship procedures; and partly due to the feminist campaign to label male courtship behaviour 'harassment'. So they angrily reject every advance they receive during their nubile years as if these were merely crude sexual propositioning. As they enter their late twenties, it gradually dawns on them that it might be prudent to accept at least a few requests.

They are then astonished to discover that the men usually take them out once or twice and stop calling. They claim the men are leading them on. They believe themselves entitled to a wedding ring in return for the great condescension of finally accepting a date. Just as some men think the world owes them a living, these women think the world owes them a husband.

When a man asks a woman out, he is only implying that he is willing to *consider* her as a mate: He might conceivably offer her a ring if she pleases him enough on further acquaintance. Most dates do not result in marriage proposals. There is no reason why they should. Rather than being blamed for not committing, such men should be commended for sexual self-control and the exercise of caution in mate-seeking. Many men have been only too happy to marry the first girl who is nice to them.

To summarise: the encouragement of rejection maximisation and unrealistic expectations is one reason (unrelated to modesty) that many women today do not reproduce. A second is what I call parasitic dating, a kind of economic predation upon the male by the female. Let me explain.

The decline of matrimony is often attributed to men now being able to 'get what they want' from women without marrying them. But what if a woman is able to get everything *she* wants from a man without marriage? Might she not also be less inclined to 'commit' under such circumstances? In truth, a significant number of women seek primarily attention and material goods from men. They are happy to date men they have no romantic interest in merely as a form of entertainment and a source of free meals and gifts. A man can waste a great deal of money and time on such a woman before he realises he is being used.

Family life involves sacrifice; a good mother *devotes herself* to her children. Parasitic daters are takers, not givers; they are not fit for marriage or motherhood. Their character is usually fixed by the time a man meets them. Since he cannot change them, the only rational course is to learn to identify and avoid them.

A third obstacle to female reproduction is date rape hysteria. The reader may consult the first couple of chapters of Katie Roiphe's *The Morning After*.⁷ At an age when women have

⁷ *The Morning After: Sex, Fear and Feminism*, n.p.: Back Bay Books, 1994.

traditionally actively sought mates, they now participate in 'take back the night' marches, 'rape awareness' campaign and self-defense classes involving kicking male dummies in the groin. These young women seem less afraid of anything men are actually doing than they are of male sexual desire itself. In the trenchant words of columnist Angela Fiori 'the campus date rape campaigns of the early 1990s weren't motivated by a genuine concern for the well-being of women. They were part of an ongoing attempt to delegitimize heterosexuality to young, impressionable women by demonizing men as rapists'.⁸ Self-defense training, for example, really serves to inculcate a defensive *mentality* toward men, making trust and intimacy impossible.

Part of the transition to womanhood has always been learning to relate to men. Attempts to pander to girls' irrational fears are now keeping many of them in a state of arrested development. There is little that individual men can do about this, nor is there any reason they should be expected to. Who would want to court a girl encased in an impenetrable psychic armor of suspicion?

Once again, well-meaning male traditionalists have not been free of fault in their reactions to this situation. Fathers encourage self-defense classes and date rape paranoia on the assumption that their daughters' safety overrides all other concerns. Eventually they may start wondering why they have no grandchildren.

Fourth, many women are without a mate for the simple reason that they have abandoned their men. Women formally initiate divorce about two thirds of the time. Most observers agree, however, that this understates matters: In many cases where the husband formally initiates, it is because his wife wants out of the marriage. Exact data are elusive, but close observers tend to estimate that women are responsible for about nine-tenths of the divorcing and breakingup: Men do not love them and leave them, but love them and *get left by* them. Many young women, indeed, believe they want marriage when all they really want is a wedding (think of bridal magazines). The common pattern is that women are the first to want into marriage and the first to want out. Of course,

⁸ 'Feminism's Third Wave', May 23, 2003, <http://www.lewrockwell.com>

it is easy enough to *get* married; the difficulty is living happily ever after.

Typically, the faithless wife does not intend to remain alone. But some men have scruples about involving themselves with divorcées; they wonder ‘Whose wife is this I’m dating?’ There are also merely prudential considerations; a woman with a track record of abandoning her husband is hardly likely to be more faithful the second time around. And few men are eager to support another man’s children financially. Women frequently express indignation at their inability to find a replacement for the husband they walked out on: I call them the angry adulteresses.

Vanity, parasitism, paranoia and infidelity are only a few of the unpleasant characteristics of contemporary Western womanhood; one more is rudeness. To an extent this is part of the general decline in civility over the past half century, in which both sexes have participated. But I believe some of it is a consequence of female sexual utopianism. Here is why.

One would get the idea looking at *Cosmopolitan* magazine covers that women were obsessed with giving men sexual pleasure. This would come as news to many men. Indeed, the contrast between what women read and their actual behaviour towards men has become almost surreal. The key to the mystery is that the man the Cosmo-girl is interested in pleasing is imaginary. He is the affluent fellow with moviestar looks who is going to fall for her after one more new makeover, after she loses five more pounds or finds the perfect hairdo. In the meantime, she is free to treat the flesh-and-blood men she runs into like dirt. Why make the effort of being civil to ordinary men as long as you are certain a perfect one is going to come along tomorrow? Men of the older generation are insufficiently aware how uncouth women have become. I came rather late to the realisation that the behaviour I was observing in women could not possibly be normal—that if women had behaved this way in times past, the human race would have died out.

The reader who suspects me of exaggerating is urged to spend a little time browsing women’s self-descriptions on Internet dating sites. They *never* mention children, but almost always manage to include the word ‘fun’. ‘I like to party and have fun! I like to drink, hang out with cool people and go shopping!’ The young women invite ‘hot guys’ to contact them. No doubt some will. But

would any sensible man, 'hot' or otherwise, want to start a family with such a creature?

A good wife does not simply happen. Girls were once brought up from childhood with the idea that they were going to be wives and mothers. They were taught the skills necessary to that end. A young suitor could expect a girl to know a few things about cooking and homemaking. Today, many women seem unaware that they are supposed to have something to offer a husband besides a warm body.

What happens when a contemporary woman, deluded into thinking she deserves a moviestar husband, fails not only to find her ideal mate, but any mate at all? She does not blame herself for being unreasonable or gullible, of course; she blames men. A whole literary genre has emerged to pander to female anger with the opposite sex. Here are a few titles, all currently available through Amazon.com: *Why Men Are Clueless*, *Let's Face It, Men Are @\$\$#%&c\$, How to Aggravate a Man Every Time*, *Things You Can Do with a Useless Man*, *101 Reasons Why a Cat Is Better Than a Man*, *101 Lies Men Tell Women*, *Men Who Hate Women and the Women Who Love Them*, *Kiss-off Letters to Men: Over 70 Zingers You Can Use to Send Him Packing*, or—for the woman who gets sent packing herself—*How to Heal the Hurt By Hating*.

For many women, hatred of men has clearly taken on psychotic dimensions. A large billboard in my hometown asks passing motorists: 'How many women have to die before domestic violence is considered a crime?' One is forced to wonder what is going on in the minds of those who sponsor such a message. Are they really unaware that it has always been a crime for a man to murder his wife? Are they just trying to stir up fear? Or are their own minds so clouded by hatred that they can no longer view the world realistically?

This is where we have arrived after just one generation of female sexual liberation. Many men are bewildered when they realise the extent and depth of feminine rage at them. What could be making the most affluent and pampered women in history so furious?

Internet scribe Henry Makow has put forward the most plausible diagnosis I have yet seen, in an essay entitled 'The Effect

of Sexual Deprivation on Women'.⁹ A propos of the recent rape hysteria, he suggests: 'Men are 'rapists' because they are not giving women the love they need'. In other words, what if the problem is that men, ahem, *aren't* preying upon women? All that we have just said supports the theory that Western Civilisation is now facing an epidemic of female sexual frustration. And once again, the typical conservative commentator is wholly unable to confront the problem correctly: He instinctively wants to step forward in shining armor and exclaim 'Never fear, tender maids, I shall prevent these vicious beasts from sullyng your virgin purity'. If women need love from men and aren't getting it, this is hardly going to help them.

The forgotten men

The attempt to realise a sexual utopia for women was doomed to failure before it began. Women's wishes aim at the impossible, conflict with one another, and change unpredictably. Hence, any program to force men (or 'society') to fulfil women's wishes must fail, even if all men were willing to submit to it. Pile entitlement upon entitlement for women, heap punishment after punishment onto men: It cannot work, because women's wishes will always outpace legislation and lead to new demands.

But while the revolution has not achieved its aims, it has certainly achieved *something*. It has destroyed monogamy and family stability. It has resulted in a polygamous mating pattern of immodest women aggressively pursuing a small number of men. It has decreased the number of children born, and insured that many who are born grow up without a father in their lives. And, least often mentioned, it has made it impossible for many decent men to find wives.

One occasionally hears of surveys reporting that men are happier with their 'sex lives' than women. It has always struck me as ludicrous that anyone would take this at face value. First, women are more apt than men to complain about *everything*. But second, many men (especially young men) experience a powerful *mauvaise honte* when they are unsuccessful with women. They rarely compare notes with other men, and still more rarely do so honestly. Everyone puts up a brave front, however lonely he may actually be.

⁹ July 7, 2003, <http://www.savethemales.ca>

Hence, men almost always imagine other men to have greater success with women than is actually the case. This situation has worsened since the nineteen-sixties, with the propagation of the illusion that there is 'more sex' available to men than formerly.

But if women are only mating with a few exceptionally attractive men, and if many women fail to mate at all, there *must* be a large number of men unable to get a woman. We might, in the spirit of William Graham Sumner, term them the forgotten men of the sexual revolution. I have reason to believe that a growing number are willing to come out of the closet (to use a currently popular expression) and admit that, whoever has been doing all the 'hooking up' one reads about, it hasn't been them. Simple prudence dictates that we give some consideration to the situation of these men. In societies where polygamy is openly practiced (e.g., in Africa and the Muslim world), young bachelors tend to form gangs which engage in antisocial behaviour: 'It is not good for man to be alone'.

In our society, a definite pattern has already emerged of 'singles' groups or events being composed of innocent, never-married men in their thirties and cynical, bitter, often divorced women. What have the bachelors been doing with themselves all these years? So far, in the West, they have not been forming criminal gangs. (They would probably be more attractive to women if they did: Everyone seems to have heard stories about men on death row being besieged with offers of marriage from bored, thrill-seeking females.)

I suggest that today's bachelors are hardly different from men who, before the sexual revolution, married young and raised families.

Natural instinct makes young men almost literally 'crazy' about girls. They have a far higher regard for young women than the facts warrant. The male sex drive that modern women complain about so much exists largely for their benefit. As Schopenhauer wrote:

Nature has provided [the girl] with superabundant beauty and charm for a few years so that during these years she may so capture the imagination of a man that he is carried away into undertaking to support her honourably in some form or another for the rest of her life, a step he would seem hardly likely to take for purely rational considerations. Thus

nature has equipped women, as it has all its creatures, with the tools and weapons she needs for securing her existence.¹⁰

I do not see any reason why young men should be less naïve about young women than they used to be.

Furthermore, many men assume women value honest, clean-living, responsible men (as opposed, e.g., to death-row criminals). So slowly, patiently, by dint of much hard work, amid uncertainty and self-doubt, our bachelor makes a decent life for himself. No woman is there to give him love, moral support, loyalty. If he did make any effort to get a wife, he may have found himself accused of harassment or stalking.

Kick a friendly dog often enough and eventually you have a mean dog on your hands.

What were our bachelor's female contemporaries doing all those years while he was an impoverished, lonely stripling who found them intensely desirable? Fornicating with dashing fellows who mysteriously declined to 'commit', marrying and walking out on their husbands, or holding out for perfection. Now, lo and behold, these women, with their youthful looks gone and rapidly approaching menopause, are willing to go out with him. If they are satisfied with the free meals and entertainment he provides, he may be permitted to fork over a wedding ring. Then they will graciously allow him to support them and the children they had by another man for the rest of his life. (I have seen a woman's personal ad stating her goal of 'achieving financial security for myself and my daughters'.) Why in heaven's name would any man sign up for this? As one man put it to me: 'If the kitten didn't want me, I don't want the cat'.

Western woman has become the new 'white man's burden', and the signs are that he is beginning to throw it off.

Sexual thermidor: the marriage strike

The term Thermidor originally designated the month of the French Revolutionary calendar in which the terror ended. By July 1794, twenty or thirty persons were being guillotined daily in Paris under a so-called Law of Suspects requiring no serious evidence

¹⁰ 'On Women', in *Arthur Schopenhauer: Essays and Aphorisms*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale, New York: Penguin Books, 1970.

against the accused. Addressing the Convention on July 26, Robespierre incautiously let slip that certain delegates were themselves under suspicion of being ‘traitors’, but declined to name them. His hearers realised their only hope of safety lay in destroying Robespierre before he could destroy them. They concerted their plans that night, and the following morning he was arrested. Within two days, he and eighty of his followers went to the guillotine. Over the next few weeks, the prisons emptied and life again assumed a semblance of normality.

Something analogous appears to be happening today in the case of feminism. Consider, for example, the sexual harassment movement. As it spreads, the number of men who have *not* been accused steadily diminishes. Eventually a point is reached where initially sympathetic men understand that they themselves are no longer safe, that their innocence does not protect them or their jobs. Anecdotal evidence suggests that this point is being reached in many workplaces. Men are developing a self-defensive code of avoiding all unnecessary words or contact with women. One hears stories about women entering breakrooms full of merrily chatting male coworkers who look up and instantly lapse into tense, stony silence. A ‘hostile work environment’ indeed.

A more serious development, however, is what has come to be known as the marriage strike. The first occurrence of this term appears to have been in a *Philadelphia Enquirer* editorial of 2002.¹¹ Two years later, a formal study gave substance to the idea: Fully 22 percent of American bachelors aged 25–34 have resolved never to marry. 53 percent more say they are not interested in marrying any time soon.¹² That leaves just 25 percent looking for wives. This may be a situation unprecedented in the history of the world.

Some men do cite the availability of sex outside marriage as a reason for not marrying. But this does not mean that the problem could be solved simply by getting them to take vows (e.g., by shotgun marriage). Men now realise they stand to lose their children at a moment’s notice through no fault of their own if the mother decides to cash out of the marriage or ‘relationship’ in Family

¹¹ Dianna Thompson and Glenn Sacks, ‘A ‘Marriage Strike’ Emerges As Men Decide Not to Risk Loss’, *Philadelphia Enquirer*, July 5, 2002.

¹² Barbara Defoe Whitehead and David Popenoe, *The Marrying Kind: Which Men Marry and Why*, 2004.

Court. For this reason, many are refusing to father children *with or without* benefit of clergy. In Germany, which faces an even lower birthrate than America, the talk is already of a *Zengungsstreik*, literally a 'procreation strike', rather than a mere marriage strike.¹³ Some women suffering from what has come to be known as 'babies-rabies' have resorted to lying to their men about using birth control. Of course, men are wising up to this as well. No woman is *owed* economic support, children, respect, or love. The woman who accepts and lives by correct principles thereby earns the right to make certain demands upon her husband; being female entitles her to nothing.

Western women have been biting the hand that feeds them for several decades now. It seems to me fair to say that the majority have willfully forfeited the privilege of marrying decent men. It is time for men to abandon the protector role and tell them they are going to be 'liberated' from us whether they wish it or not. They can hold down their own jobs, pay their own bills, live, grow old, and finally die by themselves. Every step which has brought them to this pass has involved an assertion of 'rights' for themselves and male concessions to them. Men would seem justified in saying to them, not without a certain *Schadenfreude*, 'you made your bed, now you can lie in it—alone'.

Unfortunately, the matter cannot simply be allowed to rest here. Without children, the race has no future, and without women men cannot have children.

One well-established trend is the search for foreign wives. Predictably, efforts are underway by feminists to outlaw, or at least discourage this, and one law has already gotten through Congress (the International Marriage Broker Regulation Act of 2005). The ostensible reason is to protect innocent foreign lasses from 'abuse;' the real reason to protect spoiled, feminist-indoctrinated American women from foreign competition. Most of the economic arguments about protective tariffs for domestic industry apply here.

Feminists think in terms of governmental coercion. The idea of *eliciting* desirable male behaviour does not occur to them. Some men are concerned that proposals for forced marriage may be in the offing.

¹³ Title of a book by journalist Meike Dinklage, *Der Zeugungsstreik: Warum die Kinderfrage Mannersache ist* (n.p.: Diana, 2005).

Meanwhile, men have begun to realise that any sexual intimacy with a woman can lead to date rape charges based upon things that go on in her mind afterwards, and over which he has no control. Women do frequently attempt to evade responsibility for their sexual conduct by ascribing it to the men involved. Without any social or legal enforcement of marriage, this leaves chastity as a man's only means of self-defense.

A male sex strike was probably beyond the imagination even of Aristophanes. But it may be a mistake to underestimate men. We, and not women, have been the builders, sustainers, and defenders of civilisation.

The latest word from college campuses is that women have begun to complain men are not asking them out. That's right: Men at their hormonal peak are going to class side by side with nubile young women who now outnumber them, and are simply ignoring or shunning them. Some report being repeatedly asked 'Are you gay?' by frustrated coeds. This is what happens when women complain for forty years about being used as sex objects: Eventually men stop using them as sex objects. Not long ago I spotted a feminist recruitment poster at a local college. Most of it consisted of the word **FALSE** in bold capitals, visible from a distance. Underneath was something to the effect: 'We're all man-hating maniacs', etc.; 'come join us and see'.

When the most inspiring slogan a movement can come up with amounts to 'We're not as bad as everyone says', you know it is in trouble.

What is to be done?

We have arrived at a rare historical moment when we men have the upper hand in the battle of the sexes. Much depends upon the use we make of it. The only thing still propping up the present feminist-bureaucratic regime is the continued willingness of many of the hated 'heterosexual white males' to live according to the old rules: not only to work, save, pay taxes, and obey the law, but also to sire and raise children. Once we stop doing these things, the whole system of patronage and parasitism collapses.

My greatest fear is that at the first female concessions, the male protective instinct will kick in once again and men will cheerfully shout 'All is forgiven' in a stampede to the altar. This

must not happen. Our first priority must be to put the divorce industry out of business. A man must insist on nothing less than a legally binding promise to love, honour, and obey him before 'consenting' to give a woman a baby.

One proposal for strengthening marriage is the recognition of personalised marriage contracts. These could be made to accord with various religious traditions. I see no reason they might not stipulate that the husband would vote on behalf of his family. Feminists who think political participation more important than family life could still live as they please, but they would be forced to make a clear choice. This would help erode the superstitious belief in a universal right to participate in politics, and political life itself would be less affected by the feminine tendencies to value security over freedom and to base public policies on sentiment. Property would also be more secure where the producers of wealth have greater political power.

Economic policy should be determined by the imperative to carry on our race and civilisation. There is something wrong when everyone can afford a high-definition plasma TV with three hundred channels but an honest man of average abilities with a willingness to work cannot afford to raise a family.

Female mate selection has always had an economic aspect. Hesiod warned his male listeners in the seventh century B.C. that 'hateful poverty they will not share, but only luxury'. This notorious facet of the female sexual instinct is the reason behind the words 'for richer or for poorer' in the Christian marriage ceremony. The man must know he has a solid bargain whether or not he is as successful a provider as his wife (or he himself) might like.

Within the family, the provider must control the allotment of his wealth. The traditional community of property in a marriage, i.e., the wife's claim to support from her husband, should again be made conditional on her *being* a wife to him. She may run off with the milkman if she wishes—leaving her children behind, of course (a woman willing to do this is perhaps an unfit mother in any case); but she may not evict her husband from his own house and *replace* him with the milkman, nor continue to extract resources from the husband she has abandoned. Until sensible reforms are instituted, men must refuse to leave themselves prey to a criminal regime which forces them to subsidize their own cuckolding and the abduction of their children.

The date rape issue can be solved overnight by restoring shotgun marriage—but with the shotgun at the woman's back. The 'victim' should be told to get into the kitchen and fix supper for her new lord and master. Not exactly a match made in heaven, but at least the baby will have both a father and a mother. Furthermore, after the birth of her child, the woman will have more important things to worry about than whether the act by which she conceived it accorded with some women's studies professor's newfangled notion of 'true consent'. Motherhood has always been the best remedy for female narcissism.

Harassment accusations should be a matter of public record. This would make it possible to maintain lists of women with a history of making such charges for the benefit of employers and, far more importantly, potential suitors. Women might eventually reacquaint themselves with the old-fashioned idea that they have a reputation to protect.

Universal coeducation should be abandoned. One problem in relations between the sexes today is overfamiliarity. Young men are wont to assume that being around girls all the time will increase their chances of getting one. But familiarity is often the enemy of intimacy. When a girl only gets to socialize with young men at a dance once a week, she values the company of young men more highly. It works to the man's advantage not to be constantly in their company. Men, also, are most likely to marry when they do not understand women too well.

It is necessary to act quickly. It took us half a century to get into our present mess, but we do not have that long to get out of it. A single-generation *Zengungsstreik* will destroy us. So we cannot wait for women to come to their senses; we must take charge and begin the painful process of unspoilng them.

How monogamy works

Traditionally, a man has been expected to marry. Bachelorhood was positively forbidden in some ancient European societies, including the early Roman Republic. Others offered higher social status for husbands and relative disgrace for bachelors. There seems to have been a fear that the sexual instinct alone was inadequate to insure a sufficient number of offspring. Another seldom mentioned motive for the expectation of marriage was

husbands' envy of bachelors: 'Why should that fellow be free and happy when I am stuck working my life away to support an ungrateful creature who nags me?'

Strange as it sounds to modern ears, the Christian endorsement of celibacy was a liberalisation of sexual morality; it recognised there could be legitimate motives for remaining unmarried. One social function of the celibate religious orders was to give that minority of men and women unsuited for or disinclined to marriage a socially acceptable way of avoiding it.

Obviously, an obligation of marrying implies the possibility of doing so. It was not difficult for an ordinary man to get a wife in times past. One reason is what I call the grandmother effect.

Civilisation has been defined as the partial victory of age over youth. After several decades of married life, a woman looks back and finds it inconceivable that she once considered a man's facial features an important factor in mate selection. She tries to talk some sense into her granddaughter before it is too late. 'Don't worry about what he looks like; don't worry about how he makes you feel; that isn't important'. If the girl had a not especially glamorous but otherwise unexceptionable suitor (the sort who would be charged with harassment today), she might take the young man's part: 'If you don't catch this fellow while you can, some smarter girl will'. So it went, generation after generation. This created a healthy sense of competition for decent, as opposed to merely sexually attractive, men. Husbands often never suspected the grandmother effect, living out their lives in the comforting delusion that their wives married them solely from recognition of their outstanding merits. But today grandma has been replaced by *Cosmopolitan*, we are living with the results.

Much confusion has been caused by attempting to get women to say what it is they want from men. Usually they bleat something about 'a sensitive man with a good sense of humor'. But this is continually belied by their behaviour. Any man who believes it is in for years of frustration and heartbreak. What they actually look for when left to their own devices (i.e., without any grandmother effect) is a handsome, socially dominant or wealthy man. Many prefer married men or philanderers; a few actively seek out criminals.

In a deeper sense, though, humans necessarily want happiness, as the philosopher says. During most of history no one

tried to figure out what young women wanted; they were simply told what they wanted, viz., a good husband. This was the correct approach. Sex is too important a matter to be left to the independent judgment of young women, because young women rarely possess good judgment. The overwhelming majority of women will be happier in the long run by marrying an ordinary man and having children than by seeking sexual thrills, ascending the corporate heights, or grinding out turgid tracts on gender theory. A woman develops an emotional bond with her mate through the sexual act itself; this is why arranged marriages (contrary to Western prejudice) are often reasonably happy. Romantic courtship has its charms, but is finally dispensable; marriage is not dispensable.

Finally, heterosexual monogamy is incompatible with equality of the sexes. A wife always has more influence on home life, if only because she spends more time there; a husband's leadership often amounts to little more than an occasional veto upon some of his wife's decisions. But such leadership is necessary to accommodate female hypergamy. Women want a man they can look up to; they leave or fall out of love with men they do not respect. Hence, men really have no choice in the matter.

Once more, we find nearly perfect agreement between feminist radicals and plenty of conservatives in failing to understand this, with men getting the blame from both sides. Feminists protest that 'power differentials' between the sexes—meaning, really, differences in status or authority—make genuine sexual consent impossible. In a similar vein, the stern editor of *Chronicles* laments that 'in the case of a college professor who sleeps with an 18-year-old student, disparity in age or rank should be grounds for regarding the professor as a rapist. But professors who prey upon girls are not sent to jail. They do not even lose their jobs'.¹⁴

In fact, this is just one more example of hypergamous female mate selection. In most marriages, the husband is at least slightly older than the wife. Normal women tend to be attracted precisely to men in positions of authority. Nurses do tend to choose doctors, secretaries their bosses, and the occasional female student will choose a professor; this does not mean the men are abusing any 'power' to force helpless creatures to mate with them.

¹⁴ 'Anarcho-Tyranny, Rockford Style', *Chronicles* (April 2005), 44–45.

I submit that a man's 'preying upon' a younger women of lower rank should be grounds for regarding him as a husband. Men are supposed to have authority over women; that is part of what a marriage is. Equality of the sexes makes men less attractive to women; it has probably contributed significantly to the decline in Western birthrates. It is time to put an end to it.

Conclusion

Marriage *is* an institution; it places artificial limits on women's choices. To repeat: Nature dictates that males display and females choose. Monogamy artificially strengthens the male's position by insisting that 1) each female must choose a different male; and 2) each female must stick to her choice. Monogamy entails that highly attractive men are removed from the mating pool early, usually by the most attractive women. The next women are compelled to choose a less attractive mate if they wish to mate at all. Even the last and least of the females can, however, find a mate: For every girl there *is* a boy. Abolishing marriage only strengthens the naturally stronger: It strengthens the female at the expense of the male and the attractive at the expense of the unattractive.

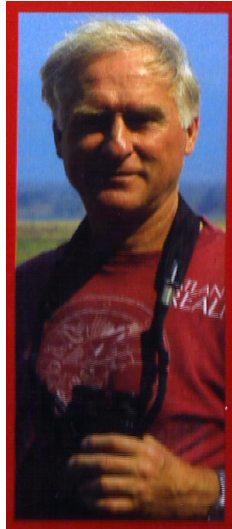
Marriage, like most useful things, was probably invented by men: Partly to keep the social peace, partly so they could be certain their wives' children were also their own. The consequences of marriage must have appeared soon after its institution: the efforts previously spent fighting over mates were replaced by strenuous exertions to provide for, rear, and defend offspring. No doubt surrounding tribes wondered why one of their neighbors had recently grown so much stronger. When they learned the reason, imitation must have seemed a matter of survival.

It was, and it still is. If the Occident does not restore marriage, we will be overwhelmed by those who continue to practice it.

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Battle of the sexes

by John Sparks



Every living creature has an overwhelming urge to breed. This is not simply a trivial expression of bestial lust, but a fundamental characteristic of life, the fulfilment of which determines whether an animal is a success or a failure. ‘Succeeding’, in evolutionary terms, means nothing more nor less than leaving offspring who will survive long enough to carry on the parents’ line. Anything less means the extinction of their own genetic heritage. Each individual therefore strives to populate the planet with its own descendants at the expense of those of its rivals. And in order to do so, each and every one of them attempts to attain reproductive supremacy by means of the sexual process.

The nature of sex is widely misunderstood, a matter of which this book will attempt to rectify. The human ideal of sex is that it is the romantic outcome of love and leads the participants into a long-term alliance, enabling them to produce and rear children—an arrangement that is all too often shattered in the divorce courts. And yet a wealth of observation on how animals

conduct their private lives shows that, in the wild, sexual skulduggery and infidelity are much more the norm than the exception. Sex does not and never did encourage sharing and caring.

On the contrary, as the story which unfolds in the next six chapters reveals, it compels the participants to engage in civil war at all stages of their lives. Although mates consent to donate eggs and sperm towards the creation of new life, on almost every other issue—the choice and number of partners, the size of the families and who is going to look after them—males and females are far from agreement. Even when the sexes appear to co-operate, powerful forces of self-interest are at work. The relationship between the genders is constantly rife with tension and mistrust. Why should this be so?

Ideally, every individual, whether male or female, would like to mix and match its genes with the best of its kind to create the healthiest and sturdiest offspring—a recipe for their survival. This aspiration involves females in a quest to find the perfect sexual partner—perhaps the most elegant dancer, the most accomplished hunter or simply the biggest and most belligerent male. Once she has found him, she may resort to various forms of subterfuge in order to keep him—and his genes—to herself. Males, on the other hand, generally try to give themselves the best chance in the reproductive stakes by mating with as many females as possible.

In addition to this basic conflict of interest, the problem is that someone else always seems to have the best mate. Of course, there is no such thing as a faultless female or an impeccable male; however, when animals are set on breeding, they frequently appear to behave as though they have settled for second-best while continuing to keep their options open—in other words they divorce, swap partners and have affairs. Throughout the animal kingdom, males have inherently roving eyes, are ever ready to cheat on their partners and are accordingly paranoid about being cuckolded themselves. Females are also open to offers from males more desirable than the ones with whom they have paired up, and they use infidelity as a weapon in the battle of the sexes. All this sexual skulduggery leads to discord, as animals of every kind strive to ensure the survival of as many of their genes as possible.

The very concept of sex also calls for explanations. Intercourse is mechanically cumbersome and does not necessarily

result in a net increase in numbers. Budding or cloning would seem, at first glance, to be much more effective ways of propagation. Without a doubt, sex in its various manifestations involves the expenditure of huge amounts of energy. For some animals, it shortens life expectancy; it is sometimes even lethal, usually for males but occasionally for females as well. So why do it? We shall look at some of the possible answers to these questions in Chapter 6. Sex and foraging are two fundamental characteristics of animal life, and are often the only ones which draw creatures out into the open. Sex especially demands very public behaviour among many species. Males and females need to find each other, repel rivals, court, make the sexual connection and provide for their young. However, in talking such a high profile, they face the danger of being haunted or sexually cheated.

Individual species have inevitably evolved their own strategies for dealing with these risks, and these strategies have fashioned the dazzling array of individual species who share our planet. For all of them, sex is a continuing battle.

Warriors and wimps

The recurring theme of this book is that the opportunities created by sex differ from males and females. The reason of this asymmetry lies in the nature of their respective sex cells—sperm and eggs. Sperm are minuscule, biologically ‘cheap’ to manufacture, and are produced by the testes in astronomical numbers. Eggs, on the other hand, are comparatively large—small humming-birds, for instance, make eggs equivalent to 25 per cent of their body weight and packed with nutrients. Being ‘expensive’ to make, they are produced in much smaller numbers than sperm.

The consequences for the two sexes are profound. With a more or less fixed output of eggs, females cannot usually generate more offspring by taking on extra mating partners. The best option is to be careful in their choice of who fathers the young. Males have quite a different agenda. With almost unlimited supply of sperm at their disposal, the best reproductive strategy is to mate with as many females as possible, each of which will provide them with offspring.

From a male’s perspective, there are never enough females to go around and so, motivated by lust and sheer greed, each of

them comes into serious competition with other philanderers. To be successful in the mating stakes, a male needs to win and win well. This rivalry manifests itself as raw aggression among the sturdy males of those species for which 'biggest is best'. To be triumphant in battle, a male has to look like a warrior, act like a warrior—and mean it! Competition for sex is the overriding evolutionary pressure responsible for fashioning the appearance of mature males, whether they be chest-thumping gorillas or heavily veiled fighting fish. This is because, in the struggle for supremacy, weapons and large body size have been overwhelmingly advantageous, enabling hefty, well-armed males to win more mates than feeble and less bold ones.



Over countless generations, macho males driven by their gonads have been willing to risk life and limb in order to rank among the most bountiful breeders of their kind. Such a valuable prize is always worth fighting for, and only the most pugilistic individuals stand a chance of winning—which is why the males of many species are larger and more irascible than their mates. To help them in their battle against rivals, warrior males throughout the animal kingdom have often become heavyweights, equipped with weapons enabling them to stab, ram, kick or wrestle. For those who compete for harems, the reward for being a successful male is proportionately high, and so the conflicts become that much more serious.

When a pair of bull elephant seals clash on the breeding beaches, no quarter is given. Each is a warrior fighting for the survival of his line. By far the largest of the seals, each bellowing bull is a quivering mound of flesh and blubber 6 metres (20 ft) long and weighting 3000 kilograms (6600 pounds)—five times the weight of a mature female... The combatants often tear their noses and gouge out chunks of their opponents' skin. There is a lot at stake, and well-matched rivals do not give up easily. But inevitably, one of them backs off and awaits a further opportunity to challenge the beachmaster...

The odds are heavily stacked against the males. Fewer than one in ten become successful warriors commandeering their own stretches of the beach favoured by the females; the rest will die without issue or resort to sneaking a furtive mating here and there. Competition between the lusty males is therefore intense, and success will favour only the heaviest and most belligerent of them...

Horns and antlers

The most spectacular horns and antlers adorn the heads of the hoofed mammals. They come in an amazing array of shapes and sizes, resembling corkscrews, rapiers, daggers and meat hooks; some are tightly spiralled, others extravagantly branched. In many cases, the females are hornless...

Ibex, big-horn sheep, goats and musk oxen perform serious battering contests in which the opponents gallop towards each other and meet head on; it is a wonder that any participant survives such head-shattering impacts. The secret of their survival lies in the construction of their skulls...

Males of all kind have become embroiled in an arms race favouring those which can grow and deploy bigger weapons. The extinct Irish elk was one such species: the older stags sported a might spread of antlers that would dwarf those of modern deer. Like those of today's warriors, such weapons are costly to grow—especially those of deer, which have to be regrown every year—and the individual has to be a very competent forager to find enough food to be able to 'afford' and replace them annually.

Stags sometimes sustain smashed antlers or broken legs, or are blinded in one eye. In one population, battles over rutting

supremacy accounted for 20 per cent of all adult male mortality and in Germany 5 per cent of stags are killed every year through fighting. Some 10 per cent of bull musk oxen die from fractured skulls, despite the reinforced nature of their foreheads, and no less than 60 per cent of narwhals sport broken tusks or have pieces or twisted ivory buried into their flesh—doubtless all wounds uncured through fighting.

Sneaky males

The problem for most males is that they must often wait on the side-lines, sometimes for years, until they are in a position to challenge the dominant breeders—and then most will fail. In the interim, they resort to sneaky tactics. In southern fur seals, the beachmaster are typical warriors and each stakes out a territory which it defends violently from other males, creating the most vicious fights in the animal world.

The bulls aim for the vulnerable soft skin around the fore flippers, ripping huge gashes in them with their teeth. The combatants sometimes end up with horrific injuries, such as torn muzzles, dislocated jaws, missing eyes and great chunks bitten out of their pelts. At this time, the bulls appear to be immune from pain; those which have commandeered prime positions on the beach rarely stand down and they valiantly stave off challenges from neighbouring males. Many pups are crushed in the resulting mayhem on the crowded rookeries...

Several major lakes nestle in Africa's Great Rift Valley. There are algal scrapers, leaf choppers, scale eaters, shell crushers, diggers, hunters and plankton filterers; there is even one species that survives by biting out the eyes of other fish. Many are colourful and have remarkable breeding arrangements; in Lake Tanganyika, fifteen kinds employ empty water-snail shells as receptacles for their eggs, although one, called *Lamprologus callipterus*, is especially interesting. This shell-brooding cichlid holds the record of proportionately the largest males in the animal kingdom. The fully grown ones are giants, up to thirty times the size of their mates; in human terms, this is equivalent to the difference between a 80 kilogram (180-pound) man and the average newborn baby. There is a good reason for this disparity between the sexes...

Gender jumpers

So the warriors and dandies of the natural world may gain mates through brute force or low cunning. But so relentless is the drive to carry on their genetic line that the males of some species have evolved other quite astonishing ploys to maximize their breeding potential. One surpassing technique is gender jumping...

Aggression plays a key role in the life of a gender-jumping wrasse. Each territory contains a tyrannical male which firmly dominates his harem of six or more mates. Only by continually demonstrating his command over them can he prevent one of them from changing sex and usurping his position of power. When young, the small wrasse join the harems as spawning females at the bottom of the packing order and, bearing the brunt of everyone's hostility, their masculine tendencies are suppressed. But as they grow, each has the potential to be a male. The chance to switch sex and status comes with the death of the despotic male. Within an hour or two of his disappearance, the largest and most dominant female becomes aggressive and starts to behave like the departed 'master', chivvying the rest of the females and defending the area against neighbouring males. Should one of them beat her into submission, her transformation will be halted. If not, within about ten days or so, 'she' will be irrevocably changed to a fully functioning 'he' and produce active sperm.



Big and brawny, that's the female anemone fish.
The wimpish male just supplies sperm. When
she dies, he grows, jumps gender, and lays eggs.

Small is sexy

In the vertebrates and the insects, extreme sexual dimorphism—huge differences between the two sexes—has come about because the males have evolved into weapon-bearing warriors designed for acquiring harems. However, in species in which males have opted for dedicated monogamy, the females are usually the larger sex; in some cases, the males are miniaturised. ‘Dwarf’ males are found in a variety of flatworms, nematodes, crustaceans and molluscs. In the oyster *Ostrea pulchra*, the large females host the small males on their shells and may even retard their growth through some chemical influence.

Charles Darwin was aware of degenerate males when he studied barnacles... Some barnacles are parasites, bearing little resemblance to crustaceans, and with separate sexes. The vanishingly small males enter their mates as free-swimming larvae and settle inside their partners’ tissues, resembling alien parasites themselves! In some species, once the tiny male has made contact with his mate, he bonds with her for life. His body merges with hers, even sharing her blood supply, because once the male is *in situ* he depends utterly upon his ogreish mate for nourishment. In the end, the male is reduced to a fleshy appendage, a blob of testis under the complete control of the gravid female.

Choosy females

Although females behave less dramatically than males, they have a very crucial hand to play in the mating game. They are not, as usually portrayed, passive recipients of male lust, but are naturally cautious and highly discriminating when deciding with which to copulate. From their point of view, all males are different and, as every female wants only the very best possible specimen to father her offspring, she plays for time while assessing the quality of what is on offer. Females therefore go shopping for sex and males must market themselves like animated billboards to attract a customer. Lavish ornamentation often means quality, because mediocre males cannot afford the luxury of ‘expensive’ displays. By weighing up the choice of mates and choosing only the chirpiest or flashiest partners, females act as wildly imaginative artists, capable of ‘creating’, through sexual selection, males which are as breathtakingly gorgeous as they are bizarre...

Among the amphibians, male frogs woo by trilling or croaking. Male anolid lizards erect brightly coloured dewlaps, while fish tend to flourish decorative fins. Most mammals have keen noses and accordingly use seductive odours to meet up with the opposite sex. Some insects stridulate—make a chirping or scraping sound, like grasshoppers—for sex, whereas others deploy potent scent to lure mates. Emperor moths can home in from 3 kilometres (2 miles) away by following a plume of perfume which acts as both an irresistible attractant and an aphrodisiac to members of the opposite sex; in web-building spiders, the males strum a tattoo on the silken threads which their partners perceive through their feet. Fireflies emit flashes of light, certain diurnal butterflies reflect patterns of ultra-violet and electric fish communicate with each other in the murky waters where they live by discharging pulses of electrical energy. In some species, the males advertise for sex in such extravagant manner as to defy imagination—and all because they must catch the eye of a discerning female.

The blue peafowl is the largest and most spectacular of the true pheasants. In full courtship mode the male is, without a doubt, one of the wonders of nature and an eloquent testament to the creative force of sexual selection. He is nothing less than an ostentatious sexual advertisement, proclaiming with strident voice and ornate plumage that he is the best source of sperm...

But sex is not the end of this affair. Peahens are remarkably possessive of the peacock with which they have mated and, although they need to be inseminated only once to have their eggs fertilised, each female tries to monopolise his attentions by being aggressive to other hens or by actively soliciting further copulations from the male if he starts to court another. By exhausting the male's supply of sperm, the peahen attempts to prevent him passing on his desirable characteristics to the offspring of other peahens, which will inevitable compete with her own.

Bridal bowers

Some of the most extraordinary birds to be seen in Australia and New Guinea are the dozen or so bowerbirds which rate as the landscape artists of the avian world. The fact that most native mammalian predators in Australasia are nocturnal makes it possible for the males to spend the days displaying on courts close to or on

the ground, which they meticulously prepare for the purpose of sex and seduction. As they eschew parental duties and the forest provides plenty of easily obtained food, the males are able to dedicate much of their year to building and decorating their bowers.

The hens behave like connoisseurs of art, awarding their sexual favours to the owners whose works impress the most. Depending upon the species, the male bowerbirds build structures ranging from the simple avenues of twigs—like the dazzling yellow and black regent bowerbird's—to more elaborate ones which the owners embellish with all manner of bright objects; the cock satin bowerbird even daubs the walls of his bower with 'paint' derived from strongly coloured berries crushed in his beak.



But there are as nothing compared to the achievements of three gardener bowerbirds—Macgregor's, the striped and the Vogelkop—which practise their art deep in the forests of New Guinea. These mostly brown birds, the size of a starling, are master builders, constructing out of interlocking twigs maypole-like towers up to 3 metres (10 feet) in height, and huts resembling tepees supported by internal columns with passageways connecting inner chambers. Furthermore, The birds landscape their buildings with carefully tended forecourts on which all kinds of eye-catching treasures are displayed. In the case of Macgregor's bowerbirds, and possibly the others, decorative fruit is brought into the bower and the cache doubles up as a snack bar, allowing the cock bird to spend more time on site advertising for hens.

Although they all construct amazing bowers, Vogelkop bowerbirds—from the mountains of the western tip of Irian Jaya—produce the most extravagant exhibitions of landscape art. The male's arena is 5-6 metres (16-20 feet) across, with his astonishing bower in the centre. This is constructed around a sapling and is completely covered in by a thatched roof which is supported internally by several pillars. In front of the entrance is the garden, on which is meticulously arranged a variety of pretty or conspicuous objects gathered from the surrounding forest—a number of faded yellow leaves laid out in a pattern, a heap of brightly coloured berries, the iridescent wing-cases of a certain kind of beetle and fresh flowers which are changed daily before they wilt. The industry involved in maintaining such an arena must be phenomenal and yet the investment will be well worth while if the hens are impressed and allow the male to father their next broods.

Dazzling duets

Scientists working in the sweltering forests of Costa Rica claim to have discovered that female long-tailed manakins may be the fussiest females in the animal kingdom. Cock long-tailed manakins are forced to be really high-pressure salesmen; they will be chosen to mate on the basis of how well they sing in tune, shine on the dance floor and excel themselves in an extraordinary test of stamina.

These sparrow-sized birds belong to a family of forty or so exotic species which are confined mostly to South America. Second only to the incomparable humming-birds, male manakins are dazzling feathered jewels, their plumage sparkling with sky blues, brilliant reds and yellows set against the deepest velvet black. Some of their wing and tail feathers are modified for producing a variety of instrumental sounds which supplement the curious vocalisations the male utters to draw the attention of the hens. The courtship displays are nothing short of virtuoso performances, choreographed into series of pivoting movements, mincing steps, jumps, somersaults and butterfly flights. Although the details vary from species to species, the acrobatic displays of the manakins rival those of any bird of paradise and are equally difficult to observe because they take place either in the forest canopy or in deep cover near ground level...

Once she has made her choice, the top male signals his junior partner to make himself scarce. He then performs a solo dance in front of his admirer and then, in a flash, mounts and inseminates her. The reward for the junior male may come later—he may inherit the stage when the more experienced bird dies or vanishes, but he may have a long time to wait, because long-tailed manakins live for about fifteen years. Almost all the hen manakins end up mating with but a handful of males. In one area with about eighty cocks, just five of them accounted for over 90 per cent of the matings over a course of ten years. So it pays to be a senior male manakins in a top performing team because such a bird is likely to be chosen by as many as fifty or sixty hens a year.

However, the cost of that achievement is considerable. It has been estimated that during his apprenticeship as a junior partner, a male will utter about 3 million ‘to-le-do’ calls and spend about 1000 hours perfecting his cartwheel routine before standing a chance of graduating to the status of a senior male.

The sexual connection

This chapter is about some of the obvious and some of the surprising ways in which females force sperms to prove their worth before reaching their goal, and how males bypass—or cheat their way past—any obstacles put in the way of their gametes. The quest for conception, which is fundamentally what the battle of the sexes is all about, has driven the evolution of bodily design, the greatest natural technology race on earth. As both sexes ‘strive’ to take control of the process of fertilisation, the females develop hurdles for sperm to overcome, and the sperm’s delivery systems—the males—counter with cunning copulatory devices and practices which raise the odds on ensuing their success. This aspect of sexual strife is universal, even among lowly creatures such as millipedes, whose intricate love life belies their simple nature...

Bedbugs once inhabited bat caves and the dens of large European mammals. Now they are better known as denizens of dirty doss houses and squalid accommodation, and emerge at night to crawl stealthily between the bedclothes to suck blood, leaving only an irritating blotch on the skin as a memento of their visit. The males avoid the natural genital route of inseminating their mates in favour of a rapid but uniquely barbarous method. They drive their

penis like a hypothermic syringe through the body wall of the female and inject sperm directly into the cavity occupied by the circulating blood (the haemocoel). The process is known, appropriately, as ‘traumatic insemination’!

Penis power

Land vertebrates are not quite so enterprising as insects in the way they make the sexual connection. Their generations have a much slower turnover, and the relatively smaller populations mean that the engine of evolution works more slowly because innovations are thrown up less often. And yet the same considerations prevail. In the paranoid quest for as many partners as possible, males attempt to scatter their seed in all directions, and females, in the search for the perfect male, ideally like to keep their options open by encouraging rivalry between sperm from different males. Whether aphid or elephant, ensuing paternity is an issue that exercises males, and females still seek the best fathers for their offspring...

The mammalian penis has a dual function, not only serving to pipe semen into the vagina, but also doubling up as a spout for directing urine away from the body. Fully grown African elephants have a mechanical difficulty during their rare bouts of pachydermous passion. Weighting up nearly 10 tones, they are rigidly constructed and incapable of gyrating their pelvis to dock their penis. The cows have evolved an unusual genital lay-out to assist intercourse—their vaginal opening has relocated from the usual position beneath the anus to a site under their baggy bellies where you would expect to find a navel. This saves the bull from having to attempt the impossible task of bringing his groin close up against his mate’s thighs in order to copulate. Although the cow elephant’s low-slung vulva is much easier to reach, the bull still has to mount her, putting great stress not only on her legs, but also on his own hind quarters. Young cows occasionally break a leg as a result of being chased and mounted by heavyweight males.

Once in position, much of the action is performed by the bull’s ‘motorised’ penis. It is a monster, weighting 25 kilograms (55 pounds) and extending nearly 2 metres (6 foot 6 inches) under the influence of a pounding heart. The jumbo penis is also a veritable power-pack, containing not only erectile tissue but its own engine

muscles, enabling it to trash around, searching for the vaginal opening. Shaped rather like a hook, it is well adapted for reaching a long way beneath the female's belly and probing upwards, penetrating deeply into her low-slung receptacle to make contact with the cervix. After performing a few piston-like thrusts, the bull ejaculates. Once mating is complete, competition from other males forces the bull to protect his paternity by guarding the cow for a while, preventing her from taking another partner whose sperm might usurp his own.

Chastity belts

By means of packages of various kinds of extendible organs, males deposit their all-important sperms as close to the eggs as possible. And yet females can be promiscuous in the search for quality males and there are always rivals ready to seize an opportunity to mate. To counteract the danger, the males of some species go to extreme lengths to guarantee their paternity. Male murcuri monkeys, which live in the Amazonian rain-forest, pump copious amounts of semen into the females and this coagulates into a conspicuous gelatinous plug. However, the females remain eager for sex and other males learn to winkle the plugs out before copulating. In the case of foxes and eastern grey squirrels in the USA, the females foil the males' attempts to enforce further chastity by removing the rubbery copulatory plugs themselves within thirty seconds of mating, clearly indicating that there is a conflict between their own sexual agenda and that of the males...

The evolution of the sphragis has been one of escalating moves and counter-moves between males and females, males each attempting to gain the advantage over the other. Following insemination, males of many butterflies secrete a viscous plug that hardens and more or less seals their partner's orifice. However, as the art of lock-picking flourished in medieval times when padlocks guarded the pudenda of love-lorn maidens, so the males of some butterflies are equipped with a pair of abdominal tweezers for extracting genital bungs, allowing them to supplant sperm from a previous partner.

The females of some species have also resisted the males' attempts to enforce celibacy because they derive nutrients from the semen, and so for them promiscuity pays dividends in the form of

bigger clutches of eggs. These females have responded to the males' plugs by developing 'externalised' genitalia, surrounded by very smooth and glossy plates with the properties of teflon. During copulation, the males could not make their sexual stoppers stick and so the stage was set for the evolution of the ultimate chastity belt—the full sphragis. That of an Australian swallowtail or an apollo is virtually moulded on to and completely girdles the rear of the female's abdomen, and can be removed only with the greatest of difficulty. Furthermore, they often bear long projections that trail beneath the body and act as a deterrent to other sexy males.

'Sperm wars' favour the males which indulge in protracted copulations, because these give their own gametes more time to reach the eggs. Some male crustaceans, such as crabs, keep their mates to themselves by the simple expedient of carrying them around... Mating moths and butterflies stay tied together for a day, while male locusts often stay mounted for two. This pales into insignificance when compared with male weevils belonging to the species *Rhytirhinus surcoufi*; they have been recorded as staying on the backs of their mates for a month without losing contact, thus imposing a kind of monogamy on the females.

Dirty tactics

Aedes aegypti is one of the most notorious mosquitoes in the world, because egg-bound females carry the malignant virus responsible for yellow fever throughout tropical Africa and America. Deadly though they may be, one aspect of their sex life is fascinating. Once the female *Aedes* has been impregnated, her drive to mate vanishes. The males are responsible for the sudden mood swing because their semen contains an hormone which is rapidly absorbed through the vaginal walls into the female's nervous circuitry and switches off her urge to mate. As a sexual sedative, the substance is exceptionally potent; a sample taken from one male is sufficient to make over sixty females utterly frigid.

Such are the reproductive rewards for males of being the first to impregnate females that those of a few species are genetically primed to have sex with barely mature partners...

As with the Heliconids, sex is taken into the pupal case in *Orygia splendida*, a moth related to the gypsy moth. The male is normal looking with a pair of pretty wings, but the female is dowdy.

In fact she never really grows up, because she becomes fertile as a grub, when still imprisoned in her cocoon. Without ever emerging into the light of day, she attracts a male to her by her irresistible smell. When a male alights, his exciting body odour stimulates her to claw a hole in her cocoon, which allows him to mate. Afterwards, he flies off to find another moth Lolita, while she lays her eggs and dies without setting foot outside.

Sex takes place in the nursery even in stoats. During the summer, males are combing the countryside not only for prey, but also for nests containing young virgin stoats. On finding one, the male forcibly insinuates her, even though she protests vigorously and may well be so young that her eyes are closed. Bizarre though such behaviour appears, it is but one of the outcomes of the fierce pressures that males are under to mate in a hurry to ensure their genes live on. The females themselves may benefit because their sons will indulge in the same behaviour and successfully propagate their genes.

Fruit-flies provide the ultimate expression of warfare between sexes—the males, in attempting to control their mates chemically, poison them while the females search frantically for antidotes. The discovery came to light when it was noticed that highly promiscuous female flies were short-lived. This was due not to the undoubted strain of egg production, but to a surfeit of sex. Further investigation revealed that the seminal fluid was the culprit leading the females to an early grave. Semen is not just a medium for transporting sperm; it is a cocktail of secretions, some of which affect the female's behaviour, usually to the male's benefit... Sex has become murder. Now, to enhance his chances of fathering offspring by advancing ovulation, the male fruit-fly produces seminal fluid so 'strong' that is toxic and prematurely poisons the female, but not before she has laid her eggs.

Suicidal sex

For the males of species in which the females are born killers, mating is a dangerous proposition. Having delivered their sperm, some males appear to make the supreme sacrifice—and end up as meals. And yet, such suicidal tactics make sense in the context of sperm wars, especially if the males are unlikely to have more than one stab at breeding. There is little point in a male escaping with his

life if his paternity is not assured. If, by committing suicide during sex, he keeps his savage partner occupied while his, and not someone else's, gametes seek hers, the sacrifice pays off. One in the best-known dangerous liaisons is forged by male praying mantises... The male's body is the ultimate nuptial gift, because by consuming her partner the female is able to produce significantly more eggs. She therefore benefits from her macabre habits, but so does he—he literally gives his all and, as a consequence, fathers offspring. Male spiders always face the risk of being devoured when they consummate their courtship, but male red-backs appear to be the only ones which positively commit suicide during sex...

Other remarkable strategies have evolved which illustrate the extremes to which males will go to give their own sperm the best chance of reaching the eggs first.

Australia, male red-tailed phascogales—small, squirrel-like carnivores—burn themselves out in an all-or-nothing quest for fatherhood. These endearing little marsupials have a short but exhausting mating season during the southern spring, which leaves the males wrecked. They are intensely territorial and supremely competitive, chasing up and down trees and racing in and out of hollows searching for females. The female phascogales are extremely shy and make the males court them energetically before submitting to prolonged and vigorous sex.



So intent are the males on finding as many targets as possible for their precious sperm that they have no time to feed during their week of frenzied sexual activity. While the freshly impregnated females retire to their nests, the knackered males rapidly succumb to a combination of infections, failed livers, gut ulcers, extensive haemorrhages and extreme weight loss. These

symptoms accompany the level of their blood cortico-steroids and a catastrophic suppression of their immunological system—characteristics of severe stress. Not one adult male survives. But 50 per cent of the females' babies will be males and by the following spring they will be mature enough to enter the lethal sexual arena.

One battle over, another looms

The egg is now fertilised—in a split second, a new life has been initiated. This has been achieved against astronomical odds. Both the sperm and its slave, the male body which produced it and propelled it into the female's tract, have had to be supreme players in the most rigorous and demanding contest on earth: survival. The male has relied on countless brawling ancestors, themselves winners endowed with the skills needed to overcome both physical dangers and cut-throat competition from rivals. His sperm has passed the female's demanding tests for quality control. Of the billions that started the race, many were deformed, most simply got lost or died of exhaustion. Of the few the lashed their way to the egg, one was victorious.

On arriving at its destination, it began a complex sequence of chemical code-breaking whereby enzymes—special proteins—in the tip of its head unlocked the egg's surface and allowed the sperm to enter its protoplasm. In a fraction of a second, a miraculous transformation took place in the composition of the cell, enabling the egg to shut out other sperms which subsequently attempted to pierce it. Once safely inside, the sperm cast off its tail, leaving only the head, packed with the male's genes, his sole contribution to the new offspring.

The sheer complexity of what follows defies imagination. If there be miracles, then the defining moment of one was when the hereditary instructions of both male and female were collected in the fusion egg and sperm nuclei and a new life was conceived in a flurry of membranes and rapidly dividing cells. Although it takes place on a microscopic scale, this is the key event over which the sexes have been striving to exert control. However, the share each parent has in this new individual is already unequal—the sperm donates only its genes to the relatively massive egg. For the time being, it seems, the male has got away with the smaller down payment. But now a fresh conflict looms—over the question of

parental care. The mother would prefer to go on and produce more eggs, and the father to spread his sperm around more females. Nevertheless, conception does not end the 'costs' of reproduction for all creatures. For many, a great deal of effort will have to be explained on caring for their offspring. And who does that is very much decided by yet another dispute between the sexes.

The parental dilemma

There is a fascinating aspect of avian parenting. Birds perhaps more than any other group of animals show how the environment plays a key role in driving the separate interests of males and females.

Jacanas inhabit tropical pools and lakes and can pick their way across floating vegetation, spreading their weight on their very long toes—hence the alternative name of 'lily-trotters'. Bearing a vermilion shield of their foreheads, American jacanas have reddish-brown plumage with brilliant golden-green pinions which are conspicuous in flight. But it is their breeding arrangements that make these birds especially interesting: the females practice a particularly extreme form of polyandry, with the males undertaking all the duties normally performed by their partners.

A female jacana enjoys the services of several males, which do all the work of building the floating nests, incubating the eggs for nearly a month until they hatch and then caring for the chicks for a further two months. They make devoted fathers and when danger threatens any of the brood, the chicks either shelter beneath his wings or, on a call from him, sink under the water with only the tip of their bill showing so that they can breath.

The females are 75 per cent larger than their mates, do all the courting and scrap among themselves for territories. The most successful fighters are the heaviest with the biggest, reddest wattles. The shields display a record of their owner's fighting history, as the scars of old injuries are yellow. Such fierce females may manage to defend a territory with as many as six males. Within her area, each male has his own nest located in his own patch of vegetation, but as he is relatively puny, he is unable to drive off the trespassing females. When there is a female intruder, he screams for his own mate to defend his share of her freehold. In the event of a new hen taking over, the males make a feeble attempt to expel her, but

within a few hours they have accepted the inevitable and mate with her. Such takeovers are bad news for the vanquished females, because the victor will set about destroying the eggs and methodically hunting down the chicks of her predecessor so that she can immediately employ the males to look after her own eggs.

In effect, a female jacana acts like a fierce egg factory with no constraint on her production line, completing a clutch of four every ten days or so. By contrast, the reproductive potential of each of her partners is severely limited because, once he has received a clutch of eggs, the male is tied up with parental responsibilities for the best part of three months. The female's sexual potential is limited only by the number of males she can exploit and retain in the face of serious competition from other hens. Apart from laying eggs, hen jacanas behave just like the strutting cocks of other species—they are big, aggressive, passionate and less choosy than most females about their sexual partners. On the other hand, their mates act like traditional hens—the caring, gentler sex. This is such a reversal of the normal situation that it raises the question, what are the special circumstances which favour the evolution of polyandry on such a scale?

The answer may be found in the rich environment which jacanas inhabit. With no shortage of moisture and heated by the tropical sun, the swamps are among the most productive places on the planet. Such is their immense fertility that it has been estimated that the calorific value of the food available on 1 square metre (10 square feet) of ground is equivalent to two dozen chocolate bars. In fact, for the jacanas, these places are like open bird tables groaning with goodies. So easy are the pickings that, unlike most female birds, hen jacanas have evolved into 'battery hens', churning out egg after egg with little physiological stress. They have therefore seized the reproductive initiative, pursuing a strategy of continuous egg production while coercing a coterie of males into incubating the eggs and guarding the chicks...

Jacanas are not the only birds to indulge in polyandry. Several kinds of shore birds practice it on the Arctic or sub-Arctic breeding grounds.

Single mothers

Examples of polyandry are few and far between for the simple reason that the environment rarely gives females such an easy ride as it does the jacanas and Arctic wading birds. For most birds, finding enough extra food to manufacture eggs packed with nutrients is an arduous business. World wide, hen birds are constrained in the number of eggs they can lay in a season and so they, as the limited resources, are fought over as the males—which are free to copulate with as many partners as they can secure. In most wading birds, wildfowl and members of the pheasant and goose family, all parental duties are sifted firmly on the females. Their mates play no part in incubation or protecting their vulnerable chicks after they have emerged from the eggs.

In all of these cases, the young are hatched in a relatively advanced state and can run around and forage for themselves. The parent which defects—whether it is the cock or the hen in the polygamous species—is therefore not needed as provider of food, which makes his or her desertion that much easier. But there can be intense rivalry between single mothers and lone fathers. Barrow's golden eye, for example, is a tough little diving duck and one population breeds on Lake Myvatn in Iceland. The females nest alongside fast flowing rivers leading out of the lake, and when the ducklings hatch the mother leads them on a perilous journey upstream to the best feeding areas. The journey is dangerous because they literally risk their lives getting there.

If they pass a male whose female is late hatching and still sitting on eggs, he mercilessly beats them to death, because he doesn't want any ducklings competing with his own offspring. If they survive the hurdle and reach the feeding area, other females already there will also attack and kill newcomers to protect the best sources of food for their own broods. In July each year, the upper reaches of Lake Myvatn can be a scene of carnage, with hundreds of dead ducklings—the result of mothers furiously fighting for the interests of their own broods at the expense of others.

Mammals: natural-born mothers

In just over 90 per cent of birds, monogamy prevails. This reflects the near impossibility of females producing an unlimited

supply of eggs in most habitats, and the fact that male birds are able to make a significant contribution to the survival of the chicks. But there is one major group of creatures in which this is not so—the mammals. Among these equally hot-blooded, very active animals, monogamy is confined to a mere 5 per cent; in the rest the males have completely opted out of parenting...



Dwarf antelopes—such as the klipspringers and dik-diks of southern and eastern Africa—are unusual among hoofed animals in that they go around in pairs. They frequent clustered bush and thickly vegetated forest where nourishing herbage of the kind that they like is widely scattered. It therefore pays these animals to be territorial so that they can acquire an intimate knowledge of the places where their food occurs.

The buck, which is often slightly smaller than his mate, ensures success in the paternity stakes by commandeering an area of desirable bush and then behaving as a constant consort to his female, never moving more than a few paces from her aside for fear of losing sight of her in the dense vegetation—and possibly losing his sexual monopoly of her as well. It has been recorded that a pair of klipspringers spend their entire adult lives literally within 5 metres (16 feet) of each other. When the fawns arrive, the female cares for them, though the father is always nearby, preoccupied with guarding the mother. Such long bonds lessen the competition between males and so preclude the need for large, aggressive bucks of the kind found in deer and some larger antelopes.

A similar situation prevails in gibbons. These singing apes from South-East Asia appear to live like happily married couples together with their immature children. However, on close

inspection, it can be seen that a male gibbon is not so much a caring father as the guardian of the adult female with whom he has chosen to breed. He is also a valiant defender of the swathe of jungle through which she and their joint offspring need to forage for tender leaves and ripe fruit. For a male gibbon, monogamy pays reproductive dividends; by keeping a close track of his 'wife' in the complex, cluttered canopy of the rain-forest, he can be sure of fathering her offspring. Unlikely among apes, male gibbons are virtually indistinguishable from their mates—a characteristic that reflects the low level of competition for females.

Only the male siamang—the largest of the gibbons, from the Malay Peninsula of Sumatra—shows a high level of paternal interest, taking over the daily care of his infant when it is about a year old and continuing to look after it closely for the next two years.

Family affairs



Female gelada baboons indicate their sexual readiness by red patches on their breasts which mimic their bottoms and glow brightly when they are receptive. The male has a similar patch.

Sex is divisive, disruptive and often destructive. The urge to reproduce frequently manifests itself in aggression, shattering social groups and driving animals to lead independent lives. Males are especially violent, battling over territories, jealously fighting for what they regard as their own and making as many sexual conquests as possible. Females, too, are capable of spinning their own webs of intrigue. As each mother is rooting only for her own offspring, she

may attempt to spoil a rival female's chances of breeding, or even surreptitiously maltreat or murder another mother's infants to enhance the prospects of her own. Such activities are hardly conducive to smoothly running societies.

And yet a whole range of creatures manage to live in communities of one kind or another. The question arises as to how sex as a major source of tension is kept under control in species which, perhaps for environmental reasons, need to live in highly organised communities? The lifestyles of the gelada baboon illustrates how the uneasy relationship between oppressive males and fearful females works out in this very social primate...

No member of the troop is immune from the male's temper. His most violent attacks are likely to be saved for the confident young bachelors which dare to challenge him for the harem, but even his 'wives' are wary of his anger and may be beaten without mercy, especially if they refuse to submit when he tries to force them into copulating... Of course, the mother of all fights for the despot is his final-show down when, after perhaps two years in power, he is toppled by whichever of the bachelors feels confident and strong enough to mount a challenge for the females... The takeover generally heralds a period of instability for the harem. The victorious male is inevitably inexperienced at disciplining a group of females, so they tend to wander apart and become prey to the attentions of other overlords and feisty bachelors.

Despite all the violence and apparent chaos in gelada groups, these animals still live together in troops up to 600 strong—bigger than the societies of any other primate, barring our own. So why do animals live in such super-families if this means exposing themselves to daily lives fraught with tension?

Machiavellian males

In Renaissance Italy, the statesman and author Niccolo Machiavelli realised the virtues of oppressive rulers with no moral scruples in uniting human societies, and pondered the relative merits of being loved or feared. Love, he reasoned, is maintained by obligations which can easily be broken when it is advantageous to do so. Fear, on the other hand, never fails to command respect because of the dread of punishment. So it is with many of our closest relatives; in a number of primate species, tyrannical males

constantly chastise insubordinate members of their troops and coerce reluctant females to mate with them.

Monkeys and baboons are among the cleverest and craftiest of all animals. Living in troops, they are big-brained, bright creatures, capable of playing politics, all attempting to influence those around them for their own selfish ends. Indeed, it is thought that the need for complex interactions led to the evolution of intelligence in the first place, rather than vice versa. While feeding or mutually grooming, these animals appear peaceful, but they are keenly aware of each other's rank, who is friends with whom and who must be treated with kid gloves. Such considerations create tensions that are liable to surface without much warning into bouts of bickering, or worse.

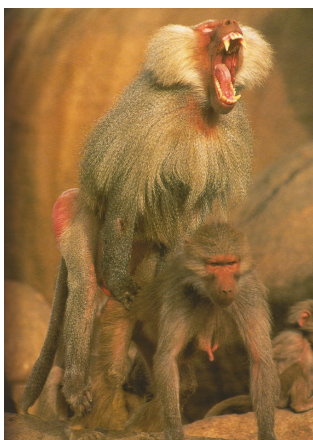
Sexuality is a major cause of strife. The ever-willing mature males are constantly exposed to the females within their troops and, when the latter come into full oestrus, the highest-ranking male—or 'clique' of males in some baboons and macaques—dictates which mates with them; this means either the top male or those which have curried favour with him. Less fortunate rivals which try to get in on the action are beaten up.

This monopoly of copulation in groups where there are several mature but subordinate males is bound to lead to frustration; this in turn can explode into jealous rages in which animals may be hurt. If dominant males do not get their own way, they are likely to punish whoever they see as the culprit. Even females are frequently bullied because they are not willing to mate as often as the males would like them to—a situation which can lead to rape. In one study, almost half of all copulations in a group of wild orangutans happened after fierce resistance by the females had been overcome by the males.

In many primates, sexual aggravation is rather subtle, but in hamadryas baboons—the sacred baboon revered by the ancient Egyptians—the harassment is often gratuitously handed out by males and easy to observe. Hamadryas are swarthy animals with rather stocky legs admirably suited to scrambling around the steep gorges in the Middle East and the adjacent part of Africa where they live. The sexes are quite different from each other. Although the females look like regular brown baboons, their overlords are dressed to impress, with dog-like faces and bare buttocks in matching pink. Their drove-grey fur is fashioned in 'poodle cut',

with tufts on the head and a long cape flowing from the shoulders to the hips, making them appear as large and as formidable as possible.

These Machiavellian tyrants are dedicated polygamists, each shepherding as many as ten females to form his own personal harem, which he maintains during his prime years. Each keeps his females close by to satisfy his smouldering sexual demands. They in turn keep him company for fear of being trashed or bitten should they wander too afar from his side. Their fear is well founded, because the males are aggressive disciplinarians and frequently threaten violence by eyebrow-raising, thumping the ground, 'yawning' and whetting their upper canines against the teeth of their lower jaws. Any breach of etiquette incurs the male's wrath, often resulting in a humiliating neck bite for the offending female or a trashing for an immature male.



A Machiavellian male. The dominant male hamadryas baboon is a bully, but has complete access to all the females of his harem. Females depend upon him to protect them.

The females exploit the male's permanent interest in sex. They are able to vie with him for food and escape punishment simply by proffering their pink hind quarters. Presented with such an erotic appeasement gesture, the male is more likely to mount than to lash out. However, a female hamadryas which refuses to copulate with her male when he wants her to does so at her peril. Even so, many mating encounters look more like acts of aggression.

But why do females and low-ranking males stand for such oppressive treatment? As explained at the end of the last chapter, fierce males have their uses.

The battle continues

By nature, the negotiation between the sexes is a dynamic process. The tension between males and females continues and, accordingly, the compromises struck between them in their quest for genetic supremacy are ever changing.

The seeds of change can be detected on the rocky beaches of Rona on which grey seals breed. Rona is a small island well to the west of the Orkney Islands off the north coast of Scotland. At the best of times it is a wild and windy place, bearing the brunt of the Atlantic swell. In October, when the seals give birth and then immediately mate again, it is frequently lashed by gales; the exposed cliffs and gullies shudder under the pounding waves. But the appalling conditions are apparently of no consequence. Rona hosts the densest population of grey seals in the North Atlantic—about 600 breeding females.



Greyseal mating

The grey seal is a classical polygamous species with a very marked size difference between the sexes. Whereas every cow can expect to breed, the bulls are not so fortunate. Each one lives in the hope that one day he will be big enough and sufficiently good fighter to win his own harem of cows. Sexual selection among bull grey has therefore favoured the most powerful pugilists, and the biggest warriors get their chance to mate with perhaps a dozen females each season. However, a few of the lesser bulls, which stand no chance of succeeding in combat, turn luckily—and it is all

down to the cows. Although most happily fall for the victorious bulls, a minority of females take a fancy to the males of a more gentle disposition which lounge on the sidelines. Luckily grey seals can be recognised by their individual markings. It has therefore been possible to discover that these cows tend to return in successive years to the same males, and they appear to strike monogamous 'marriages'.

Clearly two separate mating strategies are underway, but perhaps the female grey seals are beginning to exercise a preference for less disruptive and less heavy bulls to father their pups. If so, their choice is nudging evolution towards establishing monogamy in place of the current strongly polygamous arrangement. We know that the nature of habitats favours some breeding systems over others. Perhaps this is the case with these seals, which probably bred on sea ice during the last Ice Age. Now that the climate has improved and the ice retreated, grey seals may still be in the process of adapting to the change—and this includes establishing a new relationship between the sexes.

These passages are taken from a book published to accompany the television series *Battle of the Sexes in the Animal World*, which was produced by BBC in 1999.

Our lycanthropic lust
Turd Flinging Monkey's views
Quoted & paraphrased by Editor

My excerpts from John Sparks' *Battle of the Sexes* can provide the reader with a basic introduction to animal sexuality. I ordered Sparks' book when I was living in England and found this area of observation of Nature fascinating: it contains the basics for deciphering human sexuality.

A 'vlogger' is a publisher of video blogs. I will now quote and paraphrase the vlogger Turd Flinging Monkey, a frustrated man who says his ridiculous nickname is perfect. Just as a caged monkey can do nothing but fling his faeces at curious humans in a zoo, in our feminist society the oppressed male can only 'fling' his videos at the audience. The most striking difference between this frustrated man and academics like Sparks and Roger Devlin is the blunt language he uses. He is also a consummate nihilist and, unlike Devlin, an anti-racist. Keep in mind what Starks said in the previous section. In one of his videos/audios Turd Flinging Monkey, whom I will refer to simply as 'the vlogger', said:

- Humans are animals too
- Our primitive brain naturally overrides our rationality
- We are controlled by our primitive biological drives (e.g., sacrificing ourselves in pursuit of reproduction).
- The enemy that would betray us is our biology.
- Men are programmed to acquire resources, compete with other men and sacrifice themselves to attract a mate.

In the video in which the vlogger stated the above, he used an example of male birds trying to impress females quite similar to what Sparks wrote. In another of his videos, the vlogger said something that I will paraphrase from the point of view of racial preservation. If the overwhelming majority of white men died

tomorrow, that would not threaten the white race. But if the overwhelming majority of white women were to die tomorrow, it would be a catastrophe for the race. That's why women are allowed to leave sinking ships or burning buildings first. This is not mere chivalry: it is an unconscious impulse to protect them, especially the young and beautiful. Attractive women trigger something in our primitive brain: we unconsciously want to make love to them even if we don't experience any overt sexual desire at a given moment.

Women are also programmed: but programmed to find a man who will protect them and satisfy their needs. In the animal kingdom, female mammals are vulnerable and need food and protection. They will look after an alpha male.

Men and women have different biological drives: they experience love differently. We are attracted to youth and beauty: a sign of good genes and health. When a man loves a woman, he loves her directly. This is not the case with women. They are attracted to the resources a man can bring to the table. In one of his first videos, the vlogger reproduced a picture of a silverback gorilla and commented that if the alpha male disappears, females don't care much and will simply go for the next alpha. Among women, the saying 'I need a man to take care of me' is a euphemism for being long-term whores. If the provider gets sick, loses his job or becomes disabled, love disappears. For the vlogger, women understand marriage as a business relationship. In her video 'Women's Suffrage Caused the Welfare State' he cites academic articles that support the claim, and in another video, the vlogger uses pie charts showing where welfare money goes. He concludes that the government takes our money to give it to women, especially single mothers.

But as I said, this vlogger is anti-racist. See, for example, his video 'Why Racism is Retarded'. He claims to be anti-egalitarian, but he is sleeping like most westerners, and he is not alone in the manosphere. The vlogger and his fellows think they are awake and ubiquitously use the first *Matrix* film to advance the red pill metaphor, but they need to wake up on race.

Market value for men and women

Successful career women overvalue their sexual market because they don't perceive that they are no longer attractive. Men

make an analogous mistake: even when we are young and handsome we have no idea what women are looking for in us. Boomers will remember the 1964 American musical film *My Fair Lady*, which won several Academy Awards. *My Fair Lady* is about a poor flower seller named Eliza, rescued by old Professor Higgins. Although Freddy is a handsome young man who sings about his love for Eliza, he isn't rich. Eventually, she returns to the richer Professor Higgins' house in the last scene of the film. On the other hand, male desirability for a woman collapses after the age of thirty. That's why women spend so much time and money on cosmetics. According to the vlogger, second to beauty is youth, and he adds that women are attracted to resources, physique, alpha traits and personality. If men value a woman for her youthful beauty on a scale of one to ten, women value men for their assets.

In *Pride and Prejudice*, Elizabeth and Jane were impressed by the fortunes of Mr Darcy and Mr Bingley. In Elizabeth's particular case, she changed her mind about a seemingly conceited Mr Darcy only after seeing his impressive mansion. It is fiction, but it is a good paradigm of how both women and men were valued as 10 in youthful beauty and resources respectively. A woman's market value always spirals downwards, says the vlogger. He doesn't talk about *Pride and Prejudice* but we can recall the scene in which twenty-seven-year-old Charlotte engages with the ridiculous Mr Collins for elementary survival. As in Jane Austen's world, in the ethnostate women mustn't be allowed to have careers or inherit property, even that of their deceased parents, to force them to marry and fulfil the fourteen words. Back to the vlogger's philosophy. He says that even if a woman is well married, her value in the marketplace diminishes because she has lost her virtue as she is now sexually active. In contrast, men don't fall into a downward spiral with age. Even wealthy men over fifty can find a much younger wife.

Raw facts

In his video 'Unified Theory of Human Interaction' the vlogger says that animals are stupid and that, as humans are animals, so are we; the females of our species more stupid than we are. He reproduced a well-known brain diagram (reptilian brain, limbic system and cortex) and said that the more primitive parts of our brain can easily control the more developed parts. When a man

allows himself to be controlled 'by his cock' he is being controlled by the most primitive part of the nervous system.

Like many animals, humans are a dimorphic species. Males are several times stronger than females. When I was a boy I played rough games with my sisters. I could easily put either of them on the floor on their backs, with my hand holding both their arms extended above their head in a lock; they couldn't free themselves even when one of my hands was in the air. I once tried the same trick with a skinny teen and was surprised that I couldn't get my usual lock on him even using both my hands and the force of gravity on him. Although those were non-sexual games it seems that women have been built to be *rapeable* creatures (remember Sparks on 'Machiavellian males'), with only other males being able to prevent rape in our society. So dimorphic is our species that in Nature an abandoned woman will die. There can be no such thing as a Robinsona Crusoe. Women must attach themselves to male society if they are to survive. Even in our feminist society, the vlogger points out, women depend on one hundred per cent on the protection that only men can provide.

Computer game designers portray female warriors as faster than robust men. The same is true of Hollywood. In one of the films of the *Matrix* trilogy, the black actress who plays Niobe is the best pilot of a Zion hovercraft. In reality, women are slower. Men aren't only stronger but faster, including reflexes.

The same goes for intelligence. Even those child prodigies in China who train to be chess masters are no match for male grandmasters. And the same goes for physics, mathematics, engineering and computer science. Men perform much better. The system's solution? The vlogger doesn't mention race, but the propaganda for the weaker sex is exactly the same as the propaganda for blacks: lowering the maths standards for women and people of colour. This is the official policy in universities. Once again, Hollywood brainwashes us with movies like *Starship Troopers* where the main characters, Johnny Rico and his girlfriend Carmen Ibáñez, travel in a spaceship to conquer a planet of bugs. Johnny had obtained low grades in maths and had to work as a simple infantryman while the more intelligent Carmen got high grades in maths and got a job to pilot a spaceship, just like *The Queen's Gambit*: a shameful inversion of reality.

In a later video, 'Men are Smarter than Women', the vlogger adds that adult men have a ten per cent larger brain than women and five more IQ points. In the case of humans who reach the Himalayas of IQ, say 140 to 160, they are all white males. 'In conclusion, men are smarter than women, period'. In another follow-up video, 'False Stereotypes', the vlogger says that in the comments sections of his channel he was accused of unbelievable claims: that he was probably gay; an ugly guy incapable of getting laid; an unredeemed misogynist who lived in his mother's basement, and so on. All false and *ad hoc* stereotypes from those who can't stand hard facts. In another follow-up, 'Men are Smarter than Women 2', the vlogger responds to another tactic of dismayed viewers: the denial of the validity of the science of sexual dimorphism. The vlogger is responding to a woman with a career in so-called gender studies. She claimed that men have larger brains because their brains are proportional to their larger overall body size. Like the staunch anti-racist that he is, the vlogger didn't make the perfect argument. Even tall, stocky, muscular blacks have smaller brains than thin Caucasians (see, for example, the books published by Jared Taylor). So much for the proportional argument used by the feminist.

According to the vlogger, the manosphere can be divided into (1) anti-feminists, (2) men's rights activists, and (3) men who go their way, or MGTOWs. The vlogger believes that anti-feminists and men's rights activists are halfway between MGTOWs. In the video 'MGTOW for dummies' he says that 'female nature is detrimental to men'. The only way society could function is 'if men control women—I mean physically control women with strict patriarchy'. But since laws prevent us from doing so in today's Western world, 'there is no reason to associate with women' because 'her nature will destroy us'. He adds that it is not women's fault: they are hypergamous by nature and men cannot impose a patriarchal system on a gynocentric society. In other videos he explains these terms:

Hypergamy. The instinct that moves females of many species to choose males for their ability to obtain resources; thus, potentially, the human female can change partners at any time. Hypergamy is materialism plus opportunism plus selfishness. In the case of our species, females want to marry into a higher caste system or social group.

Gynocentrism. A society centred or concerned exclusively with women; adopts a feminine, or more specifically feminist, point of view. More broadly, gynocentrism is male disposability. Women are to be protected while men are disposable.

Feminism. Women use the government to obtain men's resources by proxy. The welfare state replaces the male provider in the traditional family, and laws favour women over men. In 'Let's Talk About Solutions' the vlogger proposes that, to fix the problem, our women shouldn't be able to vote, own property, work without their husbands' permission or file for divorce; and in divorces, the children would go to the father.

The traditionalism cycle

To understand society, one must understand reproduction and sexual dimorphism. In both animals and humans, patriarchy is a system in which males have power, not females. Power here means which gender controls reproduction and the resources of the species. We have seen in Sparks' excerpts something we may call *Tournament mating*. In tournament species, the skull of the male is larger, males are bigger and stronger, but have a shorter life span than females; males compete for or select females (hence the word 'tournament') and after mating, they usually leave the family. On the other hand, in *Pair-bonding* species, the skulls are the same size and shape, as are the bodies of the two genders. They have approximately the same lifespan and the females select the male; sometimes the female leaves the family. In both forms of mating, says the vlogger, 'we are addicted to pussy because that's how reproduction works. Without that pussy addiction, humanity would have died a long time ago'. To one of his favourite topics he dedicated five videos, the first under the title 'The Traditionalism Cycle', summarised below.

Brutal patriarchy. Very hard on women. In the most primitive or barbaric stage of human prehistory, women are only the property of men. They can be raped or even killed. There is little child survival and early sexual maturity. Both men and resources are scarce and reproduction is prioritised. Endless tribal wars to grab young females and resources. The male-female relationship is master-slave. Polygamy reigns and the way males gain access to females is through tournament mating (see e.g., Sparks' unabridged

chapter 'Warriors and Wimps' in his book, which includes photos of antlered deer and male sea lions fighting bloodily for females).

Humane patriarchy. This is the point at which civilisation began thousands of years ago. Men stop killing each other in tribal wars and women already have some rights. Read about women's rights in Spartan society in *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour* (see the list on page 3 of this book). Survival is prioritised and there is more male stability. Polygamy begins to be abandoned. Soft patriarchy also marks the beginning of monogamy and the partnership of couples. The master-slave relationship is replaced by an adult-child relationship, in which men are the adults and treat women as grown-up children. In this society, civilisation begins to flourish. The tribal economy grows and the population develops patterns of working around the environment. There is still a high fertility rate but late sexual maturity. Resource stability increases. Although laws explicitly favour men over women, an embryonic form of feminism begins. Today's feminists claim they were oppressed during humane or soft patriarchy. 'They weren't', says the vlogger. 'It was a very balanced society if you think about it'. Again, note the essay on Sparta reproduced in *The Fair Race*.

Feminism. High child survival. Low fertility and late sexual maturity. Resource stability increases, but the welfare state begins to replace the male provider. Women are relieved of their former responsibilities—marriage, motherhood, submission—but men remain obliged to provide resources even after their wives have filed for divorce. Women gain authority that was traditionally the privilege of men, but so-called liberated women cannot be drafted. Again, they enjoy authority without responsibilities while men are expected to have the same responsibilities as they had in a patriarchal society. Laws favour women and more laws are made at the expense of men. The welfare state cannot be reformed because of universal suffrage, and women make up 51-52 per cent of the electorate. 'Once women can vote, the slow death begins and cannot be stopped democratically'.

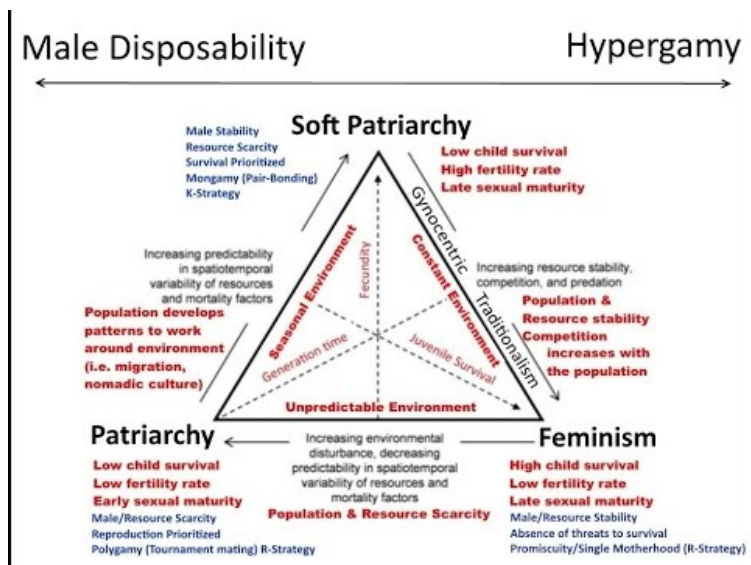
Feminism runs amok. Hard on the men. Women have completely betrayed men by claiming that they no longer need them. Since egalitarianism cannot be enforced by draconian laws in a dimorphic species like humans, it devolves into open misandry: an anti-male society or, more precisely, an anti-white-male society. We are in this terminal phase. The horror stories of the divorce courts

we hear in the men's rights movement describe this final stage. If the Germany of the Third Reich was destined to become an Empire of Yang, what we call the Empire of yin reigns throughout the West. According to the vlogger, this is our paradox: 'The more peaceful or successful a [post-World War II] society becomes, the closer it is to collapse'. There are no matriarchal civilisations in recorded human history because it is men who carry civilisation on their shoulders.

Economic collapse. Marriage is abandoned. The welfare state becomes overburdened and eventually collapses. The demographic winter of whites ends in the collapse of society. Once civilisation collapses, 'the whole system reverts back to traditionalism'. As I said, the vlogger devoted five videos to explaining the cycle. In one of his videos, he used the paradigm of Ancient Rome when the father was the judge, jury and executioner of the family (*pater familias*). Roman history doesn't even record how many apprentice feminists were executed by their husbands or fathers, as women are still executed today by husbands and fathers in the Muslim world.

In Rome, the problem began just after the Second Punic War, when a vital law was abolished. The *Lex Oppia* restricted women's wealth. It forbade any woman to own more than half an ounce of gold. Unsuccessfully, Cato the Elder opposed the repeal of this law and Roman feminists won further victories, including in the Senate, and the trend continued into the Christian era. By the time of the Byzantine Empire, even brown women could inherit property. The Roman Empire disintegrated, but the Middle Ages rectified the error by returning to patriarchy. After the Enlightenment, the cycle that Cato opposed began again, with women 'reclaiming their rights' and writing pamphlets. The 18th century influenced the 19th century. In the United States, the turning point came when women won the right to vote in 1920, although the women's movement had begun in 1848. The welfare state began in 1935 with Social Security and was expanded in 1965 to include Medicare. 'No-fault divorce' was another escalation of feminism, in addition to the 1967 affirmative action initiative for women. From the 1990s onwards feminism became feminism run amok. In 2010 the welfare state was expanded again to include Obamacare. The beneficiaries of this state are women, especially single mothers, not men. Marginalising the engine of society, white

men, will end in economic collapse. The vlogger illustrates the cycle in an elaborate diagram:



After the collapse. In his video ‘The Magic of Male Scarcity’ the vlogger says that after wars in which most males are killed the shortage of men produces patriarchy, as women cannot do hard work or train for the next war. In this post-war scenario, a man can have three or four women at his disposal; he might even get rid of three of them. A mere ten per cent of the men could control ninety per cent of the women. A woman’s punches are scratches, while a single punch from one of us knocks her out, the vlogger points out.

A generation or two after the collapse, the numerical balance between males and females is restored. But gynocentrism isn’t necessarily restored. The vlogger repeats what he has said in other videos: gynocentrism is not an instinct but a cultural choice. He speculates that women in the 1950s were under control because of the deaths of the Second World War, although the soft patriarchy of the 1950s lasted only a decade. Then came the baby boom generation and the second feminist wave. If a third world war comes ‘all those feminists will be sucking our dicks just to get a taste of it’. That’s the magic of male scarcity: without us they perish. Conversely, a society with fifty per cent of each sex is incredibly gynocentric, as men compete for women and women become choosy with the highest bidder (our species is a mix of tournament

species and pair-bonding species). On the other hand, in a society with few males, women have to compete with other women over who among them will be taken under the protective wings of the brute: their market value has been cheapened by the scarcity of males. 'Feminism itself is a luxury', says the vlogger. It doesn't exist in very poor countries, for one reason. Every so-called feminist wave lasts until the next war making the male population scarce. Male scarcity is the key, and it is inevitable in the sense that a collapse is looming throughout the West (see the predictions of Austrian economists and neo-Malthusians of peak oil).

Back to the present. In 'A Guide to Feminism', the vlogger informs us that the first wave of feminism was women's suffrage, the second was equal pay, and the third was hatred of patriarchy. The vlogger reminds us that once women were 'liberated' in these three waves, they never accepted responsibilities such as going to war: they simply demanded more 'rights'. This is a Newspeak term that in Oldspeak means the exact opposite: privileges. In his latest videos, the vlogger adds a fourth wave, the one we are already living through, in which women hate men and some have, literally, castrated their children with the excuse that they are trans children.

Solutions

The vlogger defines feminism as a hypocritical ideology for mentally retarded children with penis envy who resent their biological inferiority and who will never be satisfied no matter how much legal, political, social and economic superiority they are granted over men. The extreme feminist embodies the Orwellian phrase that all are equal but some are more equal than others. Positive discrimination ('affirmative action') hasn't been enough for her: like the coloureds, she now wants equal income and equal opportunities. They are asking for the impossible. Imagine for a moment forcing gender quotas on a football team, or in one of those international chess tournaments made up of four boards per nation. These hypothetical teams would lose big in the real world by forcing women on men, whether they compete on physical or intellectual ability. The vlogger concludes: 'Women are biologically inferior to men, and they know it even though they deny it'.

In his fourth video in a series on solutions, the vlogger says that the current feminist stage simply cannot go back to the stage of humane patriarchy, which he calls soft patriarchy. The pendulum

has swung so far to the left that it will swing violently to the extreme right, to brutal patriarchy. The reader can see this visually by paying attention to the arrow at the bottom of the triangle reproduced in the previous diagram. But brutal patriarchy is not the solution. It is a harsh scenario not only for women but for most men. In polygamous societies, women are monopolised by a few alpha males, as Roger Devlin saw in his essay. It is the Aristotelian golden mean to which whites must aspire. It may still be a gynocentric society in the sense that men fight to protect women and children, even in ancient Sparta, but the males are in charge. In his video, the vlogger says that marriage must exist in this society because this institution prevents alpha tournament mating. Soft patriarchy is a pair-bonding society, the lesser of the three evils of the cycle, as illustrated in the triangle. Women obey. The vlogger disagrees with the vindictive fantasies of the manosphere of remaining in the brutal stage so that women are ‘sold like cattle’. This is a passage from the poem *Goetterdaemmerung*:

*For England or Iceland
Byzantium, Vinland
Far land or ancient
And ripe for the plunder
The burning of roof-trees
The seizing of women
The tooting of treasure
The flowing of red blood
And wine for the victors.*

Today, in our Empire of yin, customs are the exact opposite of those times when women were sold. The problem is not the unchanging female nature, but the government, the laws and the liberal zeitgeist.



We could add the influence of Jews on the film industry (see the essay on *Game of Thrones* in this book). In the Aryan ethnostate, women won't be treated as slaves but as a father treats his child. Children should never be empowered to the point of enacting laws against toothbrushes or having free candy. Feminism at its core, says the vlogger is exactly the same as having a spoiled child. Every time the child throws a tantrum we buy him a toy. 'And the kid turns into a spoiled brat. That is what feminism is. Society has given women everything they wanted, and now they're spoiled old brats'. The vlogger comments that he has seen videos in the manosphere claiming that women are bad. He responds that this is only true if we consider spoiled children to be bad. When women are under our control they behave reasonably well. Empowering them makes them naughty, but neither they nor children are inherently bad: they simply need to be controlled. It is only when women are left to their whims that they become really bad. Nowadays, women aren't only out of control, but many are evil. Remember those photos of European women picketing Arab immigrants saying, 'Better rapists than racists!'

However, the vlogger worries that a soft form of patriarchy may only last a hundred years. He fears that even with protection and education feminism will return (again, see the arrows in his triangle). The new generations may fall back into the original sin, *superbia*. They will think they know better and throw all their accumulated wisdom out of the window, as has happened before. The vlogger says that when this is about to happen we should convey a very emphatic 'No!' to our spouses as if they were throwing a tantrum. 'Children and women are just incapable of understanding these abstract concepts, they don't know what is good for them in the long run'. I would add that the key to a functional ethnostate is to keep authority out of the hands not only of Jews but also of non-whites and white women.

The biological origins of patriarchy and feminism

In 'A Guide to Human Society and Egalitarianism' the vlogger reproduces the illustration of a huge male gorilla and says that they fight each other to see which of the two will have access to all the females (tournament mating). As we have seen, in this social system the females are practically the property of the males.

In a patriarchal society, women are expected to be obedient and submissive at all times. The vlogger makes another observation about female hyenas: the polar opposite of some apes. Even the lower-ranking female hyena dominates the higher-ranking male.

Between these extremes of matriarchy and patriarchy, there is a third group of animals with almost no sexual dimorphism: the beautiful swans, for example. Humans are an intermediate species between tournament species and pair-bonding species.

In sexually reproducing species, the reproductive success of males is limited by access to females, while that of females is limited by access to resources. Resources usually include nesting sites, food and protection. In some cases, males provide all of these. Females inhabit the territories of the chosen males through competition with each other. In his video 'The Biological Origins of Patriarchy and Feminism' the vlogger introduces the paradigm of our closest ape cousins to illustrate his point: bonobos and chimpanzees. Chimpanzees wage war and are violent towards females. Bonobos, on the other hand, are pacifists. Like hippies, they make love, not war. The study of the species closest to us is very, very enlightening. The liberal Briton Richard Wrangham, who studies chimpanzees *in situ*, says: 'Chimpanzee society is horribly patriarchal, horribly brutal in many ways from the point of view of the females'. For an adolescent chimp to ascend to adult status, he has to subdue all the females. 'They get beaten down in horrid ways'. In another geographical location seen in the vlogger's video, a zoologist observes the behaviour of bonobos. She says that bonobo society is a sex paradise. They do it in every conceivable way, including homosexuality and even paedophilia. What has happened to bring about such a peaceful relationship between the sexes?

Chimpanzees have a more pronounced physical dimorphism than bonobos, even though both have a common ancestor. The key to understanding bonobos is the abundance of resources and the lack of environmental threats. There is little sexual dimorphism in birds because they can easily escape predators. The fact that they can fly also means that it is relatively easier to obtain fruits or insects while other animals have to work harder to get them. Chimpanzees, unlike bonobos, share the forest with gorillas. Gorillas control all the food on the ground, forcing chimps to gather in the trees. Chimpanzees avoid gorillas as much

as possible. This competition for limited resources in a hostile environment has driven chimpanzee society towards patriarchy.

In bonobo society, such competition doesn't exist. Bonobos are egalitarian and gynocentric. What the female zoologist said above is false because among bonobos violence comes from females. They unite and attack the male by biting his fingers and even his penis. Chimpanzees may beat and rape females, but they don't dismember them. In bonobo society, females even mate with weaker males because they are easier to control and bite those who resist their *Diktat*. Because of this sexual selection, male bonobos eventually shrunk anatomically over the generations. The vlogger says that if chimpanzees were confronted with male bonobos, the former would kill them all, and the females' trick of trying to bite wouldn't work. He adds a picture showing how the male chimp is anatomically more robust than the male bonobo.



Male chimp on the left, male bonobo on the right.

With the bonobo paradigm in mind, the vlogger says: '*That*, my friends, is the central flaw of egalitarianism and gynocentrism. It literally and consciously breeds weakness'. In other words, if chimpanzees didn't behave as they do, they would face extinction. He adds that egalitarianism is essentially gynocentric. Women are the limiting factor in reproduction. If a man wants to reproduce, he has to get women one way or another. He can beat and rape a woman into submission or engage in courtship as bonobos do. In our species, inequality in sexual reproduction makes true gender equality impossible. And again: 'Whether you call it feminism, egalitarianism or gynocentrism, it is unsustainable and will ultimately destroy society'.

To understand the West's darkest hour, we must bear in mind that a feminist society requires two things: an abundance of resources and an absence of external threats. I believe that, after the American interregnum (1945 to the 2020s), both will be reversed in the aftermath of a hyper-inflated dollar and the consequent misbehaviour of blacks in America's big cities. The lie of the anti-white establishment is that the welfare state has produced an environment of false abundance. After the end of the world wars and the Cold War, 'with all threats neutralised, the West could safely purge itself from masculinity', the vlogger said, just as in the film *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* or in bonobo society. The flaw in trying to 'bonoboise' humans is that this leads the West towards weakness: gynocentrism undermines a society's defences, something that guarantees its collapse. Unlike the bonobo paradise in the Congo, the Western economy is based on a bubble that will soon burst. The vlogger again: 'When you purge and attack the masculinity of a culture you can eliminate the rapists and the violent murderers, but you also eliminate the leaders, the inventors, the geniuses'. Chimpanzees can create new tools, but bonobos cannot. The vlogger also says that gynocentric societies are more primitive than patriarchal ones: there is no invention. There are only 100,000 bonobos in the world and, in the wild, only in one particular area of the Congo. There are 300 per cent more chimpanzees than bonobos, and they live in five African countries. They evolved because they can succeed in hostile environments. In their garden of Eden, bonobos have survived by sheer luck.

Back to the West. There are two ways for a feminist society to collapse. The good way is to re-establish the patriarchal state. The bad way is to be conquered by more masculine culture. In *The Lessons of History*, the American historian Will Durant wrote:

The third biological lesson of history is that life must breed. Nature has no use of organisms, variations, or groups that cannot reproduce abundantly. She has a passion for quantity as prerequisite to selection of quality. She does not care that a high rate has usually accompanied a culturally low civilisation, and a low birth rate a civilisation culturally high and she sees that a nation with low birth rate shall be periodically chastened by some more virile and fertile group.

Writing about a culturally low civilisation—Islam—and our culturally high civilisation, Durant added that there is no humourist like history. Decades after Durant wrote his book, Muslims are outnumbering whites in a Europe that may become Eurabia this century. Understanding bonobo and chimpanzee societies are fundamental to understanding our species. Knowledge of our closest cousins and the broader study of animal sexuality answers the question: Why does the system of gynocentrism or egalitarianism inevitably fail in humans, but work in other species? The answer is that our species, like chimpanzees—and unlike bonobos—is a dimorphic species.

The enemies of men

Once we understand the fundamentals of animal sexuality and *Homo sapiens* it is easy to see why patriarchy is the only viable model for human society. In his video ‘The Coalition of Egalitarianism’ the vlogger says that, on MGTOW, discussions tend to focus on female nature, hypergamy and gynocentrism. However, women are relatively harmless on their own. Their strength comes from their ability to cooperate and manipulate. Beta males play a key role in this cooperation because they also don’t want to live in a patriarchal society run by alpha males. Consider the first stage of civilisation: brutal patriarchy. In sexualised animals, including humans, there are only two mating strategies: the patriarchal tournament mating and the gynocentric pair-bonding mating. Bettas do not want brutal patriarchy under any circumstances. They have chosen the second option. They will be exploited by women but they prefer it to be dominated by alphas.

Our nature is the subject of a series of videos that the vlogger entitled ‘The Enemies of Men’. There is no chivalry in the animal kingdom. We can imagine what would happen if a lioness attacked a full-grown lion in the wild. Only beta humans behave with deference towards physically abusive females, even when they are stronger. A common cognitive error in our gynocentric society is the belief that women are masters of manipulation. ‘No, they are not’, the vlogger responds. They didn’t plan the current status quo. Our gynocentric society is the result of men oppressing other men in order to please women for themselves. We are our own worst enemy. If women can vote it is because men competed with each

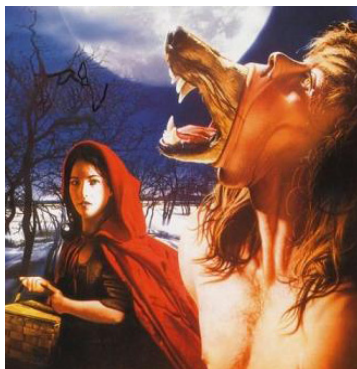
other and made an unholy alliance with the weaker sex. Even after taking the red pill, the vlogger reminds us, we are still slaves to our biology. (Remember Sparks' phrase which explains it all: 'the sperm and its slave, the male body that produced it'). He illustrates his point by explaining the aspects of male nature that make us our enemies. In the last video of his series 'The Enemies of Man', he talks about the male sex drive. It is precisely our sexual drive that is the most dangerous factor within us. This revelation, rare even in the manosphere, moved me to reproduce the vlogger's ideas in this book.

Before puberty we didn't think obsessively about women; we had other interests. After puberty, the sex drive overwhelms our psyche with lycanthropic thoughts. Mother nature plays tricks on us: the most primitive layer of our brain starts sending us signals to feel a tremendous hunger for little reds riding hoods. The vlogger mentions fascinating scientific studies that show that human males have a sex drive about ten times stronger than human females. During adolescence, we begin to take seriously the validation offered to us by the opposite sex. We are programmed to be nice to pretty girls, even when we aren't thinking about sex. The dominance of other males and the hunger for the little red ones are all about survival and reproduction. But that tremendous drive, triggered by their cute tits and appetizing buttocks, has a dark side.

Pandering to women, in search of sex, created the climate for universal suffrage. The madness began in Wyoming in 1869. It was the first state to grant women the right to vote. There were six thousand men and only one thousand women. The single men no longer wanted to masturbate, and to attract the fair sex from other states they offered them the right to vote. For the vlogger, women's suffrage in 19th century America was the equivalent of Jewish emancipation in Napoleonic France for white nationalists: the source of the tragedy. It began when sex-starved white men wanted to get laid. Our lycanthropic lust has destroyed civilisation.

The vlogger, who is apparently in his thirties, invites us to recall the string of imbecilities we have committed when the sex drive was at the wheel in our respective biographies. He calculates that we are only about 30 percent a pair-bonding species and 70 percent tournament species, and reminds us how in the past we went to war to kill the males and rape any little red riding hood we fancied. That was part of the 'tournament' in the real medieval

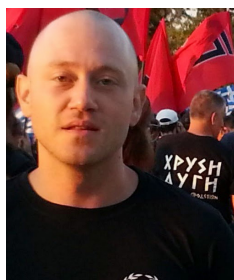
game of thrones. Men were the primary victims of these wars, as girls were too precious creatures for the wolves' needs.



Nature made men inherently more disposable than women because of the dynamics of sexual reproduction. But it also made men, *because of* their disposable character, bigger, stronger, smarter, and so on. This is seen in sexually dimorphic species like the peacock. Male peacocks are so beautiful not only to attract the female but to divert the attention of predators away from the rather invisible female. Peacock feathers are like our superiority. Think of the incredible constellation of male performers the white race has produced. So, says the vlogger, when we embrace egalitarianism we are breaking the balance, as almost all dimorphic species are patriarchal. This latest video soon got 120,000 views, 'by far the most viewed video of all time', said the vlogger, although due to censorship his videos originally posted on YouTube were reposted to Bitchute. The video ends with the plea that we shouldn't let our impulses ruin our lives. We must be aware of our baser instincts and what happens to us on a full moon.

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White Sharia
by Andrew Anglin



Abridged from the article ‘Reestablishing Masculinity: The Prequel’, *The Daily Stormer*, March 30, 2015:

Okay, so there are three separate main issues involved with Feminist Podgate 2015 that need to be cleared up for those who aren’t clear on them so far. These are:

- a) The idea of women being involved in political movements
- b) This site maintaining a male-centric character, and
- c) My exact position on the nature of women and the role of women in society

These issues are linked closely, but they are not the exact same thing. Let’s talk about all of them at the same time. Firstly, the issue of women being involved in the site has never really come up until now. I have published news articles by women, and never really thought much of it. We have also posted radio shows with women. We have a few female commenters, and surely quite a few female readers.

That said, this site has never held the view that it was appropriate for women to play a role in politics or public life in general, as the concept has always struck me as bizarre. There is no historical basis at all for women having a role in politics, it is a

completely Jewish concept [*Editor's interpolated note: 'Patriarchy for me but feminism for thee, gentiles!'*]. Of course, you can dig up some historical individual women who did whichever political thing, but the mere fact that you have to bring up the names of individuals proves my point: there was no time in history when this was an accepted norm.

Currently, because of the Jew-altered social norms, there are women in right-wing political parties, sometimes playing prominent roles. On the political scene, I will support these women because of their views, for purely practical reasons, but as an ideological concept, I am entirely opposed to women being involved in politics.

To be honest, I had otherwise thought little about the involvement of women on the site, as I assumed that female readers understand this position—which I state often—and still continue to read. Then this show happened and I realised that a new policy was necessary, as I was very uncomfortable with the idea of a woman giving her views about how men should be behaving, and was also very uncomfortable with the idea of a woman being a ‘voice’ on the site, as I believe that is unprofessional and ridiculous. I am not commenting on the particular woman involved at all here, as I believe she is a very fine lady. I am speaking of the concept.

And though this view is apparently shocking to a large portion of the White Nationalist community, by any historical gauge, those who disagreed with me would not only be shocking to the people, but appear to be completely insane. This website is a public speaking platform. The internet has only existed for a very short time, but we have a very long history of public forums, going all the way back to ancient Greece. Women were never allowed to speak in these. Depending on the era, locale and the specifics of the situation, sometimes they were allowed to hang out and listen to men speak, sometimes they were not.

For instance, the Roman Forum—Roman civilisation lasted for twelve centuries, and always had a forum. There is a feminist website, called *Women in World History*, which in discussing the forum brings up two instances where women got involved:

During the years of the Roman Republic, women had no political rights. They were not allowed to vote, directly address the Senate, nor mill about in the forum. Respectable women who spent time in public places were frowned upon.

Nonetheless, there were times when women used the power of public protest to get what they wanted. One was the demonstration of women against the Oppian Law. Another was Hortensia's speech to the forum.

I am sure there were more such instances, but I'm also sure that in every such instance, the entire population—women included—were either like 'hmmm, this is weird' or they got really angry. You could clearly go through the entire history of White civilisation and see the exact same pattern: women were not involved with public life, at all. Is there really a need for specific examples though? Is there anyone actually making the argument that women traditionally played a public role in society? The feminists themselves are constantly on about how they have these thousands of years of oppression.

I do not see that there is a debate here on the traditional role of women in Western (or any other) society. We can probably all agree about that. So then, comrades: my position is the default position, historically and traditionally—objectively. That means that those who disagree with my position are not arguing for something traditional, they are arguing for a form of social progressivism. The argument is: 'I'm not a feminist, but...'

'...but the Jews did have a few good points'. I mean, right?

No, that's not fair, and I wouldn't make that argument. I am open to discussing the idea that some form of social progressivism is good. I don't think there will ever be any point at which I agree with it, but I am open to discussing it. However, this is not what I am seeing from many of those responding to this drama. They are not openly admitting that they are advocating for some degree of social progressivism—however limited that advocacy may or may not be—and are instead accusing me of whichever thing: 'alienating women', 'excluding women', 'attacking women', 'being afraid of women', 'creating a male version of feminism', 'must be gay', 'small penis', and on and on.

What it is is a reaction to the programming you've undergone in a Jew-controlled system being questioned. Your entire education and the whole media apparatus have pounded it into your head that women are equal, and so if someone questions that, there must be something wrong with him. Because there can't possibly be anything wrong with female involvement in public life.

I am arguing for the exact type of social norms which existed all throughout history before the last hundred years. In order to condemn my position as objectively wrong, you would also have to condemn the entire history White civilisation as wrong, which makes very little sense to me. I am definitely not saying something unique or ground-breaking here. It only comes across that way to you because you've been brainwashed by modern society to oppose the basic order of nature. Either that, or I've communicated my positions poorly, and I am willing to just assume it was the latter, which is why I'm writing this piece to try and clear everything up.

So, misconceptions

Hunter Wallace—who I like, I am not bringing this up for drama purposes, but simply because he articulated well some ideas others stated—made this comment on the show I did yesterday with Sven:

The 'men's rights' movement. It's a reaction to contemporary feminism. It is heavily influenced by feminism and the gay rights movement. You could say that the two exist in symbiosis. There's nothing 'traditional' at all about PUA¹⁵ or male identity politics. Traditional societies interpret gender roles in terms of a greater whole.

Gentlemen's clubs and fraternities, for example, existed in the Old South. That's not the same thing though as group therapy sessions for aggrieved and victimised men who are embittered and hostile toward all women for ideological reasons. Elliot Rodger isn't the solution to contemporary feminism. Insofar as men begin to sound like Elliot Rodger, it just makes a bad situation even worse. I don't think more Americanism is the answer to the extremes of Americanism.

To which I responded: Firstly, bringing up Elliot Rodger is unfair. He was just a mentally ill Eurasian who realised he was never going to get laid. The reason that 'male identity politics' were never a thing is that all political identity was always male. It is the same reason there were no White identity politics before non-Whites

¹⁵ Pickup artists (PUA) is a movement of men whose goal is seduction and sexual success with women. The rise of seduction strategies or 'game' has been attributed to modern forms of dating.

entered the equation. You wouldn't say 'there is nothing traditional about opposing NAMBLA' simply because no anti-NAMBLA sentiment existed before the creation of NAMBLA [*a pedophilia advocacy organisation in the US*]. Same thing for anti-abortion movements, anti-homosexuality movements, gun rights movements and on and on. By definition, a reactionary movement has to have something to react to. So it isn't really a valid point to say that it is not traditional, as ideally it is a modern movement to re-establish tradition, which would not have been necessary before the destruction of tradition.

That having been said, I basically agree with you about current 'Men's Rights' movements being similar to feminism or gay activism, though possibly for different reasons. I used the word 'ideally' above, because in practice, these movements are not geared toward re-establishing tradition, but simply going issue by issue, advocating for men to have some of their basic rights restored. They use the term 'real equality'. In contrast, I am unapologetically arguing for a full-on return to Medieval gender norms—quite literally. 'How dare you interrupt while men are speaking?' type stuff. There is some commonality between my position and the various positions of the Men's Rights movement, because the issues they bring up are symptoms of the core issue, which is that women should not have any 'rights' [*Editor's note: 'rights' is Nemspeak for 'privileges'*] at all. And this is the default position, all throughout history, so there is no way to claim that this position is not 'traditional'.

Modern Nationalist movements appear to pick and choose on issues of tradition, and it often appears that they are choosing based on what they perceive to be the most 'inclusive' positions. I approach feminism in the same way that I approach Nazism and the Holocaust, which is without any attempt to soften the reality of the situation. And it should be noted that I do so not solely for ideological reasons, but also—and most importantly—because I don't think anything else can possibly work. I explained my reasoning behind embracing Nazi imagery and holocaust denial in some detail during the assault on my base by Colin Liddell and others. Perhaps it would be prudent to do something similar on the issue of feminism. So, my position is not 'men's rights' advocacy or a form of feminism for men. It also has nothing to do with pick-up artistry, which I find faggy and weird.

There is also some confusion with this idea that I ‘don’t want women in the movement’. This is more difficult to respond to, as it is so broad and vague. As I have said, I don’t want women in political positions and I don’t want women playing a role of a political voice on my website. That doesn’t mean I don’t want women to come to rallies in support of nationalist causes if they feel like they need to or (much more likely) are dragged along by their boyfriends or husbands. They could have some special area to get together and talk about whatever it is women talk about with each other.

It is the nature of a woman, if she is not being influenced by a man with fringe beliefs, to return to the belief system which represents the status quo. This is a rule to which there are of course exceptions, but the fact that it is a rule is the point here. Women are naturally attracted to power, and if they are not being swayed by the individual power of an individual man, they will return to the power of the system itself. To me, when I see nationalists talking about how they’re going to ‘get women involved in the movement’, as in market a political ideology to a woman, it just sounds kooky. Besides the fact that it’s not really possible, what could possibly be the point? And what are we talking about, exactly? I mean, are we talking about single women? So that nationalist websites, demonstrations and other events can turn into singles meet-ups? What sort of idiot childishness is this?

But ah—we do need ‘women in the movement’! What we need is nationalist men to have girlfriends and wives. Because if a man has a nationalist perspective, so too then does his female counterpart (unless he is some faggy failure at life being leeches off of by a parasite). The natural desire for a woman is to hold the political views of the male figure in her life. And if we are going to have healthy men in healthy relationships with women, we are going to have to do away with feminism, not embrace it by saying ‘yeah let’s convince women to join our movement so they can tell us what we should be doing’. Because it is an eternal law of the universe that if you do what a woman tells you to do, she doesn’t have respect for you, and thus she won’t follow you. And there is no way to sway women by trying to convince them of things. You must demonstrate power, because whether you guys like it or not, that is the only thing a woman’s essence is naturally capable of responding to. It is basic and obvious evolutionary biology, because within

nature, a woman did not have the ability to defend and provide for herself and her children.

Status = Power, Muscles = Power, Money = Power. Power is to a woman what physical beauty is to a man. Period. You might like things about her besides her looks, but the bottom line is always going to be her looks, and unless you are some fagged-out beta wimp, you can admit that to yourself. There's no shame in it. Yes, you're superficial for looking at her ass and she's superficial for looking at your wallet, but it's just basic human nature.

We didn't ever advance. We're still the same animal we were before the invention of the steam engine. It's hard to accept, I know, but it just is what it is. I'm not the bad guy for telling you. This applies to both individuals and groups or institutions. Once more: Women are attracted, magnetically, to all forms of power, because in the natural order from which we emerged, they needed to be attached to that power in order that they and their children would survive. So, I simply don't believe that this 'okay let's half way embrace feminism but just claim we aren't actually doing that because maybe women will like it for some reason and then help us somehow' method is ever going to work out very well at all.

The absolute importance of this issue

Some people are taking the position of 'well, sure this is important, but right now we have to focus on these Jews and their Brown hordes'. And obviously, the invasion is the most important issue, as it is the only one which can never be fixed. However, *feminism was the basis for the destabilization of society [emphasis by Ed.]*. The importance of the Eden myth cannot be overestimated. The root cause of all of these other problems is the feminisation of our society—the feminisation of men through the introduction of women as social and intellectual equals.

The only way we are going to be able to stand together and fight this thing as men is if we are men. And in order to reclaim our masculinity, we must understand what we have lost, psychologically, emotionally and physically through the Jewish process of distorting gender norms. No man is going to be capable of fighting a foreign enemy while he remains a slave to women.

Beyond that, by putting a focus on male issues, our movement is offering something to young men who are looking at

their world. Whereas race can be an obscure concept for young Whites who haven't been forced to deal with other races directly, and the Jewish problem can be downright esoteric, the problem of being forced into subservience to women, having your basic dignity taken from you as you are subjected to a level of degradation no man in history has ever been subjected to, is something we have all experienced as young men raised in a feminist society.

As such, the offer of 'we can free you from women and give you back your masculinity and your power, as well as your tribal male-bonding patterns' means a whole lot more in real terms to young men—who currently have the option of living comfortably and playing video games, rather than fight for anything at all—than 'we have to stop these Jews for the sake of future generations'. On an instinctual level, I think most young men who grew up in this system will perceive a movement which allows women power is simply more of the same.

So, the direction of this site

I have been talking for a while about making this site more focused on male issues, and I want to work to do that. What that will mean is that I will necessarily have to say things that will offend at least most and probably all women, because there is no way around that. I have held back, to some extent, and that just has to stop, regardless of feelings. I know for a fact there are women flipping out right now about what I've just said here about their sexual fixation with power. Because in the same way a man will tell a woman he's interested in her personality and a relationship in order to get laid, women constantly put on that they are interested in men's kindness in order to manipulate them and drain emotional or physical resources (generally without providing them with sex). They will do the same thing to political movements, pretending they understand or care about the ideology on some intellectual level, when in actual fact they are only judging its ability to provide them with resources.

Note that many of the resources women seek are emotional, so modern women often get involved in male spaces in order to cause chaos and direct male emotional energy towards themselves in order to boost their self-esteem, while simultaneously attempting to see if there is a man in the group willing to stop them from doing

this and thus prove his worth to her. Women very often react with rage when they hear someone say these things plainly, as they are now holding it as some sort of a secret, collectively (it's obviously a bit more complicated than that, but we'll get into that at a later date). I had somewhat assumed that readers were up on these issues relating to the behaviour patterns of women as individuals and as a collective. While some readers obviously are, I have no good reason for having assumed it was a majority, and recent comments sections have shown that this is definitely not the case. I regularly mention these issues on the site, but have never really gone into the necessary detail, and I am going to try and do that more. Can't promise a regular schedule or anything, but I'll be both writing and talking on the radio about these issues, and this will be a permanent feature of the site.



Also, just to be a hundred percent clear here: yes, this is now officially a boys club. Male space is needed and this needs to be a male space. There will not be any articles or radio shows from women, at all. Feminism is a war against both women and men. And it has hurt all of us, deeply. But the only possible way of fixing this situation is to return to the traditional norm, and in order for the traditional norm to be restored, men are going to have to come to terms with some very uncomfortable truths about the nature of the sexes.

**Abridged from ‘White Sharia: why we don’t have any choice’,
The Daily Stormer, May 16, 2017:**

What I am ‘claiming’—which is in fact simply explaining an objective reality, based on accepted science—is that women have no concept of ‘race’, as it is too abstract for their simple brains. What they have a concept of is getting impregnated by the dominant male.

Believing in ‘racially aware women’ is a furry-tier sexual perversion. A woman is hardwired to breed with whoever she perceives as dominant in the society, as she wishes to give birth to dominant children. That is simple, mainstream, accepted evolutionary biology—not to mention painfully fucking obvious.

In a natural society, all women wanted to fuck the dominant warlord tribal chief. Because that would produce for them dominant, warlord children, who would protect them, feed them, house them and clothe them when they were too old and unattractive to have a male protect them for sexual reasons. This is the biological instinct of women to produce the most dominant male offspring—that instinct does not recognise race.

And we now have a society that has elevated the brown man to the status of dominant male. *So the increasing female desire is to fuck the brown man.* This is not complicated and it is not controversial.

The female sex drive is primitive and obsolete. Having been sexually liberated, they are leading our race to oblivion... Primitive, obsolete female sex drive needs to be controlled with brutality.

I wish there was another way.

But there isn’t.

**Abridged from ‘Boomsplainer: How MGTOW has ruined DS,
Message to the younger crowd’, The Daily Stormer, May 25, 2017:**

This website is going to continue to focus on male issues. I believe that male issues are the single biggest way to bring new people into our movement. We have to be offering them something.

Most men are not intellectual. Pussy is not an intellectual issue, and it is something that all men are concerned about. The articles about male issues on this site get approximately 500 percent more views than articles about Jews. The other reason it is

important to me to talk about male issues, a much less practical or strategic reason, is that I genuinely care about other men, and I want to be there for them in whatever capacity I am able to be. Running a popular website gives me an opportunity to speak directly to millions of people. And I want to use that power to help others. Men deserve to know that they are not alone. They deserve to know that this is not their fault. And they deserve to know that there is a group of people who are planning on fixing this problem.

If you do not like that articles relating to traditional sex roles and male issues will be featured on this website regularly alongside articles about Jews, blacks, Moslems, homosexuals and other perverts, geopolitics, etc., then please, simply stop coming to this website. Do not bother to post on the forum about it, do not bother to write me an email about it, just stop coming to this site, and your problem will be solved.

Abridged from ‘Revealing the esoteric nature of the White Sharia meme’ *The Daily Stormer*, May 24, 2017:

To my dismay, it has come to my attention that some people are confused by the White Sharia meme, and thus I am compelled do the unthinkable, and explain a meme. The meme is overwhelmingly popular, and that is directly correlated to the fact that so many people are butthurt by it. Things that evoke strong emotion one way are also going to evoke strong emotion the other way. Firstly, let me state that there are three groups of people who appear to be taking issue: women and male feminists; autistic people, and people who just don’t think the meme is funny. I will address each of these groups individually.

Feminists

The first group can simply be dismissed off-handedly. I do not give a shit about what women or male feminists think, and I’m not going to start giving any shits any time soon.

Some of these people will claim that they aren’t feminists, because they believe in motherhood or... whatever. However, they just don’t know what feminism is. Feminism is anything that deviates from the cultural norms relating to gender roles before the mid 19th century. And yes, that included physical discipline of women. ‘Wife beating’ and ‘domestic violence’ are Jewish terms

[*Editor's note: Again, for gentile consumption, not for Orthodox Jews*]. Calling physical discipline of one's wife or daughter 'domestic violence' is akin to calling a man sticking his penis into another man's anus 'love'. No one anywhere supports 'beating' women in the sense of beating them bloody with broken bones, but sometimes they do need smacked around—that is a fact of life, which was accepted and normal up through the 1960s.

Watch any black and white movie, and you're going to see some woman getting slapped around. James Bond did it constantly, because even as alpha as he was, bitches still wouldn't listen. And Sean Connery himself, when asked, said that there are times when a woman does need slapped. If this offends you, understand that you have been socialised by Jews to be offended by this. Put the emotion aside for a second (if you have normal testosterone levels, you should be able to do that), and realise the emotion was programmed into you. Saying 'We're not like those savage Moslems, we don't slap our womenfolk' is no different than saying:

We're not like those savage Moslems, we don't ban homosexuality.

We're not like those savage Moslems, we don't ban usury.

We're not like those savage Moslems, we don't ban addictive drugs.

We're not like those savage Moslems, we don't wear beards.

And so on. 'Moslems do something so that means we should do the opposite of that thing' is not an argument, nor does it even pretend to be. When you say that physical discipline of women is 'barbaric sandnigger shit' you are calling all of your ancestors, up until a very short time ago (most likely your grandpa slapped your grandma once or twice or several times more than that) 'barbaric sandniggers'. So don't give me this 'true honourable white man' horseshit. It's cowardly nonsense, coming from men who are afraid of taking on actual masculine responsibilities, one of the most important of which is taking care of your wife, which does, inevitably, involve physical discipline.

Autists

The second group—autists—are a more complicated group.

Firstly, though the AQ [*Editor's note: Autist Question*] needs much elaboration on, as they have become such a big part of the internet WN movement (or rather, such an influential part, due to their extreme rate of posting—the average autist makes between 20 and 40 times more posts than the average non-autist, by my

estimate, and that is not an exaggeration), I want to state clearly that I am not ‘against’ autists. But that said, many of them do create problems, and do tend to organise in groups with one another and form e-mobs based on things that non-autistic people don’t and can’t understand.

Autism is marked by—among other things—an inability to understand certain forms of humour, including satire and sarcasm. They also cannot understand metaphors. Autists have a situation where they take things absolutely literally, and even when it is explained to them that something is not to be taken literally, they can revert to taking it literally if baited into doing so. I am in fact the publisher of the only major site that calls for bio-engineered viruses to exterminate Moslems. But with autists, there is a tendency that everything has to fit into a place. When you combine that with the inability to process humour, and their tendency to form mobs with other autists, you have a serious disruption. But here’s the thing though: I’m not going to cater this site to people with autism, nor am I going to be bullied by a mob of autists.

It is fair enough if you just don’t think the meme is funny. There’s nothing really I can say about that. Different people have different senses of humour. If you don’t like the reference to Islam, I can also understand that. But, as Islam is now a part of popular culture, it is a valid word to use in a meme. It is no different than ironically appropriating niggerspeak (*thot, u mad tho, fam, af, dat boi, dat ass, salty*, etc.) It’s just fun. Note that autists will also attack people for ironically using niggerspeak, incapable of grasping the irony, therefore asserting ‘the Alt-Right is turning into a bunch of niggers’. The purpose of memes, after all, is to communicate larger ideas in simplified bytes, often through reference to popular culture.

Why I believe this is a powerful meme

What the meme represents—the symbol behind it—is simply restoring the patriarchal system that all European societies had up until the middle of the 19th century. The nature of a meme is that it has to evoke powerful imagery. And while Greece, Rome, Medieval Europe, the Third Reich or early America had gender roles the same as those we are trying to bring about, none of these things are as immediate in their imagery as ISIS.

My original thought for the meme was White ISIS, but passed on that, and settled on White Sharia. What this meme does is instantly allow men to picture what it would be like if White men were allowed to have their own thing, like the Moslems are presently allowed to have. It gets the wheels in their heads turning, immediately. If we were let loose, in the way the Moslems have been let loose, what would we create? So, to reiterate: the first strength of the meme is that it allows White men to imagine what it would be like if we had our own version of what the Moslems have. This has nothing to do with becoming Moslems or stealing Moslem ideas, it is simply a thought experiment: what would happen if we were unleashed? Along with the fact that everyone hearing the term 'White Sharia' immediately gets this imagery (excluding the mentioned autists, the feminists actually do get it and just hate it because they are feminists), one of the reasons that this is important is that it is the only option I can think of for extreme language. And our language must be extreme, because right now, language is our only weapon [*remember why Turd Flinging Monkey chose that ridiculous penname*].

If we simply say 'bring back the patriarchy' there is no imagery that is meaningful. People picture the 1950s. There is also the fact that according to the mainstream, 'White Patriarchy' is what we have right now, which makes it a less than moving term. Moreover, there is the problem that the 1950s were simply two steps less degenerate than what we have right now. Please watch a video of Elvis performing and shaking his hips in 1956, and the thousands of teenage girls screaming for his dick. Sure, it is quaint and nostalgic to imagine going back to the 1950s, but that was always going to lead to Katy Perry making sexual cannibalism videos with Negroes. When you accept the commercialisation of sex, you have just boarded the slippery slope.

'Medievalism' makes more sense, as that is what we are literally trying to reestablish in terms of social norms, but most people have zero conception of what the Medieval period was like, and so as a meme, it is worthless. As a thought experiment, create a mental picture of ISIS, then create a mental picture of Medieval Europe. One of them is going to be a lot clearer than the other. And no, that doesn't mean 'we should act like sandniggers'. It means that *mentally picturing* what it would be like if we were running around with rocket launchers in the back of humvees taking over

towns and cities and forcing our will on the inhabitants. Rounding up all the homos and throwing them off roofs. Forcing women to dress modestly, stoning them for unfaithfulness to their husbands, building a united front of white rebellion across the plant. This meme provokes a mental exercise.



The second point, which is almost as good as the first, is that this is now getting huge, and the media is going to be forced to respond to it. And they have no response. *[Editor's note: This happened with the following meme: 'Islam is right about women'.]* By even mentioning it, they admit a racial double standard. They support Sharia for brown people. But if we demand the exact same thing—and even use the exact same word—we are evil. This is going to be a huge wakeup call for a lot of people. So, the culture jamming element of this is brilliant. I don't even think any of the detractors can argue that point.

Whether you like the meme or not, it is serving its purpose, and the rage surrounding it only proves how good it is. A lot more people support it than don't. It's a meme and it won't last forever. It's not a political policy. This is a meme website. We use memes to change the way people think, as part of a strategy of social revolution. That's just what it is.

Romance and reality
by Kenneth Clark



St Modeste, North porch,
Chartres Cathedral.

I am in the Gothic world, the world of chivalry, courtesy and romance; a world in which serious things were done with a sense of play—where even war and theology could become a sort of game; and when architecture reached a point of extravagance unequalled in history. After all the great unifying convictions of the twelfth century, High Gothic art can look fantastic and luxurious—what Marxists call conspicuous waste. And yet these centuries produced some of the greatest spirits in the human history of man, amongst them St Francis and Dante.

Several of the stories depicted in the arches concern Old Testament heroines; and at the corner of the portico is one of the first consciously graceful women in western art. Only a very few years before, women were thought of as the squat, bad-tempered

viragos that we see on the front of Winchester Cathedral: these were the women who accompanied the Norsemen to Iceland. Now look at this embodiment of chastity, lifting her mantle, raising her hand, turning her head with a movement of self-conscious refinement that was to become mannered but here is genuinely modest. She might be Dante's Beatrice. In fact she represents a saint called St Modeste. There, for almost the first time in visual art, one gets a sense of human rapport between man and woman...

A 'love match' is almost an invention of the late eighteenth century. Medieval marriages were entirely a matter of property, and, as everybody knows, marriage without love means love without marriage. Then I suppose one must admit that the cult of the Virgin had something to do with it. In this context it sounds rather blasphemous, but the fact remains that one often hardly knows if a medieval love lyric is addressed to the poet's mistress or to the Virgin Mary. For all these reasons I think it is permissible to associate the cult of ideal love with the ravishing beauty and delicacy that one finds in the madonnas of the thirteenth century. Were there ever more delicate creatures than the ladies on Gothic ivories? How gross, compared to them, are the great beauties of other woman-worshipping epochs...

So it is all the more surprising to learn that these exquisite creatures got terribly knocked about. It must be true, because there is a manual of how to treat women—actually how to bring up daughters—by a character called the Knight of the Tower of Landry, written in 1370 and so successful that it went on being read as a sort of textbook right up to the sixteenth century. In fact an edition was published with illustrations by Dürer. In it the knight, who is known to have been an exceptionally kind man, describes how disobedient women must be beaten and starved and dragged around by the hair of the head.

Abridged from Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation: A Personal View*. NY: Harper & Row, pages 62-68.

Pride & Prejudice

by the Editor

There is no need to stay in the medieval, brutal patriarchy. Jane Austen's world, the soft patriarchy, is the golden mean we should strive for.

The 2005 film adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice* is a good start to approach what I have said about Jane Austen's world, even if the 1995 television series more faithfully depicts early 19th century England. The music of the 2005 adaptation, composed by Dario Marianelli mostly for piano and very little for orchestra, proves that it is a lie that sublime music cannot be composed by white people after the century of Mozart and Beethoven. Watch the film...



What can I say to nationalists who want a truly traditional ethnostate? That the latest film adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice* reflects a possible future. I was surprised that Friedrich Nietzsche wrote in 1888 that Europe was beginning to abandon the institution of marriage in favour of more hedonistic sentiments. And I was also surprised that Francis Parker Yockey wrote that already in the 1940s Hollywood had begun to promote mere romantic

relationships without connection to biological reproduction, or the perpetuation of the white race.

The womb of the white nations must be reopened.

The West's Darkest Hour, abridged from the
February 20, 2013 post with the same title.

Feminist *Game of Thrones*

by the Editor

Game of Thrones is a fantasy and medieval drama television series developed by the Jews David Benioff and D. B. Weiss (known to fans as D&D) and produced by HBO. The plot is inspired by the *A Song of Ice and Fire* series of novels, written by the non-Jew George R.R. Martin (hereafter Martin), and follows a group of characters from different noble houses on the fictional continent of Westeros as they strive to gain control of the Iron Throne and rule the seven kingdoms. It is one of the most expensive series in the history of television, with filming involving up to four parallel filming units and the production of visual effects requiring the simultaneous participation of up to fourteen studios in different countries.

The first episode premiered in April 2011 in the United States and Canada, and since 2015 the episodes have been broadcasted simultaneously in more than a hundred countries. The series is among HBO's most popular on-demand TV shows. Media outlets such as *The Washington Post*, *Time*, *The Hollywood Reporter* and *Rolling Stone* have ranked it as one of the best series on television, and critics have praised aspects such as its performances, scripts, special effects, battle sequences and music, the latter by composer Ramin Djawadi. However, it has also received unfavourable reviews for its scenes of violence, sex and nudity. Among its many awards, it has won the most Emmy awards in the history of the ceremony. Its success has led to the production of a wide variety of products, including toys, video games, books, replica weapons and armour, making it one of the most popular brands in the industry. HBO is currently filming a prequel (*House of the Dragon*).

In this final essay for this anthology, I will review each of the seventy-three episodes. Titles in italics refer to the titles of the

individual episodes. Note that these reviews were originally seventy-three entries on my website that appeared from February to May 2021, adapted for this book.

Winter is coming

‘Winter is Coming’ is the premiere of *Game of Thrones*. In years past I noticed that one of the topics that didn’t attract attention on my website was my entries about this TV show. But it must be understood that in my childhood, after seeing Kubrick’s best film, I wanted to become a film director. That was a few years before a family tragedy that would destroy several lives (see *Letter to mom Medusa* listed on page 3 of this book). In my autobiographical books I say that when I was a child Warner Bros offered my father a job so he could go to work in the United States. My father declined the offer and sentenced me to live in a third-world country. But I was left with the desire to have been a director and the only thing I can do now is film criticism. Of course, as a director I would have handled Martin’s novels in a very different way compared to what D&D did. For example, Martin’s feminism was exacerbated by them while I would have decreased it as much as possible. But I am more critical of the toxic fandom made up of whites than the script that D&D developed.

Among YouTube normies, Yezenirl was the best critic of the series. He said that Arya Stark was the most mishandled character of all *Game of Thrones* seasons. I would add that this speaks very badly of the fandom of whites who complained a lot about the last season but never about D&D’s feminist agenda. Only in the first episode does Arya appear as she must have appeared throughout both Martin’s novels and the television series: a girl being educated in embroidery and weaving and confined to the home of a feudal lord. Not only the normies don’t want this transvaluation of values as suggested by Andrew Anglin. Even many white nationalists don’t reject feminism with the vehemence that every Aryan male should. In that same opening episode, shortly after showing Arya in her embroidery and knitting classes with other girls, we see her little brother Bran Stark trying to get a good shot at target shooting. Bran does it very badly and, from behind, little Arya, who is even younger than him, hits the target with her bow and arrow, humiliating her little brother.

That is the first bad message of *Game of Thrones*. As we have already said, Hollywood is portraying female warriors as faster than men. The reality is that women are slower and generally inferior to us in both physical and intellectual sports. It is very important to criticise the white fans of the series for not being outraged by such reversals of reality, from the very first episode. White nationalism limits itself to blaming Hollywood Jews as if whites, in this case the fans, weren't equally guilty of greedily consuming those audio-visual products without criticising them.

When the king of the seven kingdoms, Robert Baratheon and his royal court, arrive in Winterfell and the Starks receive them, Arya contemplates them with a helmet (in its place that little girl would have had to wear a hood). When Arya arrives with her reunited family about to receive the king, Ned, her father, immediately removes her helmet. In the historical medieval world, not in these films that demoralise the Aryan man, little girls didn't want to become soldiers throwing away their femininity, much less a blue-blooded girl like Arya Stark. In sharp contrast, the dialogue between King Robert and Ned Stark in the crypts is very realistic and masculine. Voices like this are no longer heard in the West, not even among its defenders. This is how we men used to speak: as Robert Baratheon spoke in the crypt when paying his respects to Ned's late sister Lyanna Stark, with whom he had been in love.

Across the narrow sea in Essos the blond prince Viserys Targaryen forces his sister, Daenerys, to marry a Dothraki warlord, the non-white Drogo (Daenerys Targaryen will be henceforth referred to as 'Dany', as his brother used to call her). Viserys thus fantasises about conquering Westeros and claiming the Iron Throne for the Targaryen House that Robert had destroyed. (In Martin's universe the Targaryens were known for their incredible hyper-Nordic beauty, and I think the producers of the show should have chosen more beautiful actors to play the roles of Viserys and Dany.) Viserys says something horrible to his blonde sister: that in his quest to regain the throne for his house he would even allow the forty thousand horses of the swarthy Dothraki to mount her. Later we see an uninhibited King Robert dancing, kissing and groping a fat commoner during the evening feast in the great hall of Winterfell in front of Cersei Lannister, his wife and queen. But that's nothing compared to the wedding between the blonde Dany and the swarthy warlord on the other side of the narrow sea. If the

white fans of *Game of Thrones* were good people they would have rebelled from the first episode.



This said, the superiority of the white race cannot be hidden visually, not even with Jewish directors. There is, in this premiere, a short scene that puts Dany side by side with black and mulatto women before she was deflowered by Drogo. I mean Dany's walk in the direction of her white mare that Drogo gave her as a gift on their wedding day. The seventh art perfectly portrays the infinite superiority of a white woman over dark people. The brief scene reminded me of a tale by Nicaraguan poet Rubén Darío (1867-1916), who contrasted a white girl eating grapes with the swarthy people who surrounded her in Latin America: *Y sobre aquel fondo de hollín y carbón, sus hombros delicados y tersos que estaban desnudos, hacían resaltar su bello colour de lis, con un casi impenetrable tono dorado* ('And against that background of soot and coal, was the beautiful lily colour, with an almost impenetrable golden hue of her naked and delicate smooth shoulders').

The Kingsroad

We see the first bad message of the second episode when Jon Snow says goodbye and gives a real rapier to his stepsister Arya, while she packs her clothes on the eve of the Starks' fateful trip to King's Landing. Thus we see the ongoing masculinisation of a little girl promoted by one of the central characters, perhaps the most beloved of all seasons: Jon Snow, the bastard of Winterfell. If those who caused the darkest hour in the West—the United States, the United Kingdom, and the Soviet Union—had lost the war, our

world wouldn't be turned upside down. A scene like this would never have been filmed. Since this rapier is very light, so light that a little girl can wield it, in the real world she would never have had a chance to compete, in real combat, with the heavy swords wielded by men. Not only is Arya, as we have said, the most mishandled character of all seasons: white fans who didn't rebel against these insults to good judgment are complicit with the Hollywood Jews.

Hugging Jon Snow in goodbye, and with her little legs dangling in the air due to her stature, right at this moment—hugging her half-brother—Arya names her small rapier Needle, as knights used to baptise their swords. Instead of needles for her embroidery and knitting classes the girl prefers a big needle that will kill the bad guys in future seasons. Interestingly, in this 2011 episode Jon Snow kisses Bran when the latter is in a coma. Jamie Lannister had pushed him out of the Winterfell tower when Bran caught Jaime committing incest with his sister Cersei, the queen. (Jon won't see Bran again until the last season, in 2019, and also greets him with a kiss on the forehead; although by that season Bran will have undergone a psychic transformation to become the wisest man of Westeros.) The farewell of Robb Stark and Jon Snow is very manly: very dry but affectionate. If the white man suffered enough during the coming convergence of catastrophes, in a century he would develop once again the gravitas of the Middle Ages.



One of my favourite scenes from the show is seen in this episode, when King Robert Baratheon and Ned Stark eat lunch on a placid afternoon during the long journey from Winterfell to

King's Landing. They both speak frankly, as real men spoke. The visuals of that scene, with a variety of fruits on an outdoor table in the beautiful countryside, are quite good. If it bothers me to see masculinised women, the sight of feminised men is even more bothersome. That's why a contemporary series that at least sometimes shows real men set in a fantastic medieval period is worth watching.

The final scenes gave the episode the title. Away from the gaze of adults, the teenage prince Geoffrey, who will inherit the Iron Throne, grossly abuses his power. He falsely accuses Arya and her pet, one of the young wolves of the Starks, and the son of a blacksmith. Nevertheless, as repulsive as the future king Geoffrey is in four seasons of this series of eight seasons, democracy is infinitely worse. As Harold Covington used to say, democracy is a system designed not to change. Let's imagine for a moment that monarchy persisted in our days. Imagine that, in the West, it occurred to one of the many kings of the western nations to reverse the migration of non-whites with the absolute powers that the monarchical system grants him—the opposite of how the Deep State ruled during Trump's presidency. This hypothetical king, although as repulsive in his personal life as Geoffrey, could potentially produce a chain reaction among other kings to expel non-white immigrants from formerly white nations.

And here we come to why I am so disgusted by white nationalism, which unlike the late Covington lacks a revolutionary ideology. None of the leading figures that I know of put democracy on the dock. Who among these Americans rejects democracy? In the last two elections many of them even voted or advised their visitors on who to vote for. In one of his old podcasts William Pierce hit the nail on the head by inquiring why Jews like democracy so much: because they can control the electorate if they control the media. But the leading figures of white nationalism are unwilling to see something so obvious. Worst of all is that these nationalists, by validating democracy, indirectly validate Jewry behind the media.

Lord Snow

The bad messages of this episode begin when Ned Stark discovers, already settled in King's Landing, that his little daughter Arya has a real weapon.

Ned: *'This is not a toy. Little ladies shouldn't play with swords'.*

Arya: *'I wasn't playing. And I don't want to be a lady'.*

Keeping in mind the medieval literature of my mother tongue, there was nothing like it in Spain despite the fact that its medieval literature flourished with stories of medieval warriors. This dialogue is a pure invention of our time. (I have said elsewhere that the film that started this reversal of roles, that a saving warrior could be a woman, was the 1979 *Alien*.) Very kindly Ned tries to reason with his daughter in her room, asking Arya if she remembers the House Stark motto, 'Winter is coming'. He makes Arya see that she was born in the middle of a long summer. In Martin's universe summers can last for years, and dreaded winters too. Ned wants to show his daughter that she hasn't yet known the harshness of life.

Contemporary Americans are like Arya in the sense that they haven't suffered those long winters: the thirty to one hundred years that, according to Revilo Oliver, they must endure to bring about a true psychogenic change. This could even be said of all contemporary westerners who require a long winter to generate the gravitas to form a new nation.

Fortunately, what the Europeans have suffered will happen too on this side of the Atlantic. On page 131 of *Toward the White Republic* the American Michael O'Meara said: 'Qualitatively more persuasive, though, is Orlov's claim that the Soviet Union was better situated than the United States to endure and recover from a political-economic breakdown. In his view, Americans see their "spendthrift debtor nation" as a "land of free ice cream and perpetual sunshine". Never having experienced invasion, world war, famine, or bloody dictatorship, it's hard for them to imagine a future unlike their past. More than Russians, Americans have been severed from their past and redesigned as gratification-oriented consumers whose defining character is materialist rather than ethnic, historical, or cultural. They also lack the psychology of resilience "bred" into the long-suffering Russians. Finally, they are more ideologically deluded by the system's pretences, just as they are more integrated into its increasingly dysfunctional institutions'. Thanks, Michael O'Meara (on the copy where I took this sentence Michael inscribed a few words in his own handwriting). In Winterfell, where unlike the US we can breathe a hard ethos, the boy Bran has awakened from his coma. In the novel this is due to the telepathic intervention of Bloodraven, a man fused to a

weirwood tree who had appeared to the comatose Bran in a dream as a three-eyed raven, thanks to ancient magic on the other side of the Wall.



Old Nan, the caretaker of the now crippled Bran, for the first time in the series talks about the legends about what long time ago had been a winter that lasted a whole generation. The actress who played Old Nan died before ‘Lord Snow’ was released. The episode is dedicated to her memory in the end credits. Old Nan speaks to Bran about the white walkers who had been a scourge to mankind during the long winter, so the Wall was built millennia ago in order to keep them at bay.

On the other side of the kingdom, King Robert Baratheon remembers with the members of his Kingsguard their first killings. The masculine dialogue reminds me, once again, of today’s feminised western men. Who among them has killed someone? If there is something that distinguishes us from women it is our passion to kill the enemy, and without manhood there is neither war nor white republic. (This said, I recognise it is impossible to kill since the Second World War as our governments are anti-white and there are no good wars to fight.) King Robert recounts that during a war he fell from his horse and a young soldier charged at him, receiving him with a hammer blow that broke all of his ribs. Jaime Lannister and another member of the Kingsguard tell the king who their first victims were.

Having won the Allies we can no longer have this kind of dialogue. To boot, the System has even taken women away from us through feminism: a sign of the mental state of the white man. Only

if Hitler had won would we be telling ourselves who our first victims were. And speaking of feminism and would-be warriors, the episode closes precisely with the reversal of sexual roles. Upon learning that Arya doesn't want to become a lady but rather wants to be a swordsman, Ned hires Syrio Forel to teach her the art of handling her Needle. In the first lesson Forel tells the girl Arya:

'You are late, boy'.

That, my dear readers, and not the last season that angered the fandom so much, should have triggered the rage of viewers. But whites have become body-snatched pods. When a man accepts these inversions he is accepting masturbation as a substitute for those women who—like Arya—aren't going to marry. The betrayal doesn't come from the woman but from the Aryan male. As Anglin says, women only follow the strong, and the strong one today is the anti-white System. Fans of *Game of Thrones* have praised Maisie Williams for her portrayal of Arya Stark and her sword lesson scenes. The whites among them represent the worst scum Western history has ever produced. To use Martin's metaphor, the havoc that the long winter ahead will cause will also wipe out all degeneracy of America's summer (actually, historically it's already autumn). The episode ends with Arya training with Forel and Ned Stark watching them. The scene is paradigmatic of the bad messages of the show as Ned was the character considered as the most honourable man of the 2011-2019 series.

Cripples, bastards and broken things

The title comes from the original book, spoken by Tyrion after he provides Bran Stark with a saddle design that will allow him to ride despite his paraplegia: 'I have a tender spot in my heart for cripples and bastards and broken things'.

Although I rarely read articles on white nationalist sites, I receive emails about the latest articles from *The Occidental Observer*. Today I received the notice of the latest academic article published in Kevin MacDonald's webzine, 'Can Feudalism Save the Western World?' The title got me thinking about what I recently said: that, from the viewpoint of the fourteen words, monarchy was infinitely superior to democracy. But German National Socialism was infinitely superior to monarchy, and the fact that MacDonald doesn't publish scholarly articles promoting the latter shows what

we have been saying on this site: Like other whites, so-called white nationalists have been corrupted by the zeitgeist. In these eschatological times for the white race the feminisation of the Aryan man goes hand in hand with the masculinisation of Aryan women, which includes how girls are being educated in our century. In this fourth episode we see a conversation between Arya and Ned Stark, the Hand of the King.¹⁶

Arya: 'Can I be lord of a holdfast?'

Ned Stark chuckles and kisses his little daughter: 'You will marry a high lord and rule his castle. And your sons shall be knights and princesses and lords. Hmmm?'

Arya: 'No. That's not me'.

Arya gets up and continues to do her training exercises to become a swordswoman (in the final season we will see that the already grown Arya definitively renounces motherhood). Another bad message from the episode is to continue depicting the exiled prince Viserys as incredibly stupid. It reminds me that later seasons also cast Lord Mace Tyrell as stupid: the lord of Highgarden and head of House Tyrell. Just like Viserys and Dany, the series will put Mace's daughter Margaery and his mother Olenna as very smart compared to him. However, the final scene of this episode shows us the blunder that Ned Stark's wife, Catelyn Stark, committed in the North by publicly arresting Tyrion Lannister solely on Petyr Baelish's accusation. (As we shall see in the seventh season, Petyr 'Littlefinger' Baelish had lied to Catelyn and Ned about Tyrion.) This woman's blunder at the end of the episode was so huge that it sparked a war between two feudal houses: House Stark and House Lannister. Catelyn had simply been carried away by her feminine 'intuitions' rather than having concrete proof of Tyrion's guilt in a frustrated assassination attempt on the crippled Bran.

¹⁶ The Hand of the King is the most powerful appointed position in the Seven Kingdoms, second only to the King in authority and responsibility. The Hand is the King's closest advisor, appointed and authorised to make decisions in the King's name.

The wolf and the lion

The episode opens with beautiful shots of King's Landing and a manly conversation between Ned Stark and a prominent member of the royal guard. Inside the castle Ned's studio, the studio of the Hand of the King, is so beautiful and Aryan that just for those shots the season is worth watching.



But the scene I want to focus on takes place on another side of the castle, in the room of the Small Council: a body that advises the King of the Seven Kingdoms and institutes politics under his command. It is the internal council, therefore, 'small', of the King that forms his cabinet. The members are appointed by him. Specifically, the scene I am referring to is a heated discussion about Dany between King Robert and Ned Stark, of which the following words stand out:

King Robert: 'The whore is pregnant!'

Ned Stark: 'You are speaking of murdering a child...'

King Robert: 'I want'em dead, mother and child both! And the fool Viserys as well. Is that plain enough for you? I want them dead!'

Ned Stark: 'You will dishonour yourself forever for this.'

King Robert: 'Honour? I've got seven kingdoms to rule! One king, seven kingdoms. Do you think honour keeps them in line? Do you think it's honour that's keeping the peace? It's fear—fear and blood.'

Ned Stark: 'Then we're no better than the Mad King.'

King Robert: 'Careful Ned. Careful now.'

Ned Stark: 'You want to assassinate a girl [Dany] because the spider [Lord Varys' nickname] heard a rumour?'

Varys serves as the Master of Whispers, a sort of a medieval intelligence department in service of the king. The eunuch Varys is famous for possessing what he calls 'Little Birds': informants from all corners of the Seven Kingdoms and even beyond the Narrow Sea. His spy Jorah Mormont found out that Dany was pregnant.

King Robert: 'A Targaryen at the head of a Dothraki army. What then...?'

Ned Stark: 'The Narrow Sea still lies between us. I'll fear the Dothraki the day they teach their horses to run on water.'

King Robert: 'Do nothing? That's your advice? Do nothing till our enemies are on our shores? You're my council. Counsel! Speak sense to this honourable fool.'

The Small Council—Robert's brother Renly, Lord Varys, Littlefinger, and Grand Maester Pycelle—try to reason with Ned. Everyone agrees that the last of the Targaryens should be killed, especially Dany, who carries in her womb the child of non-white warlord Drogo.

King Robert: 'She dies!'

Ned Stark: 'I will have no part in it.'

Ned's blunder in his heated argument with the king was even more colossal than the one his wife committed in the previous episode: so great in fact that here the series already makes me angry.

If there is something that attracts the fandom toward *Game of Thrones* is that it portrays a medieval universe without Christianity, something similar to what would have happened in Europe if Christianity hadn't conquered Rome. But Ned's attitude is evangelical. His quixotic standards of morality can only lead to the catastrophe of House Stark, which is exactly what happened in subsequent episodes. If Martin had been consistent in devising a medieval universe without a single character whose behaviour mimics Christian ethics, he wouldn't have written such a scene. It reminds me of an old discussion between Hunter Wallace and Alex Linder on Radio Free Mississippi, where Wallace tried to corner Linder by asking him what Linder would do if he was left alone with a seven-year-old Jewish girl in a room. For the Lutheran Wallace any exterminationist ideation had to be admonished, as

Ned did with Robert in the above quote regarding wiping out the Targaryen House for good.

King Aerys II Targaryen, commonly called ‘the Mad King’, had been a member of House Targaryen in ruling from the Iron Throne. Although his rule began benevolently, he succumbed to the insanity caused by his incestuous lineage and was ultimately deposed by Lord Robert Baratheon in a civil war. The Mad King was the father of both Viserys Targaryen and Dany. Years before what we see in the episode, the Mad King had Ned Stark’s father burned alive! This had happened not far from where Ned’s heated argument with King Robert takes place. Despite their hyper-Nordish beauty the Targaryens had a reputation for being prone to psychotic outbursts. In the real world, as I have already said elsewhere, I don’t believe that white people are prone to psychosis due to genetic factors. It’s not the hardware but software issues that are driving them mad (Christian and neo-Christian ethics). The discussion between Ned and Robert makes me say that there should be no Christians in the Small Council of the new government once the racists take power. There should be no one like Hunter Wallace or Matt Parrott who, in a sensitive moment, behave like Ned Stark. What we must do is the complete opposite of what Harold Covington wrote in his novels about the formation of a white republic in the US: that eventually the ‘pagans’ (Covington’s term) and Christians would compromise.

Why such an uncompromising attitude? As we will see in episode #72, Dany, the Targaryen girl that Ned felt so sorry for, would finally arrive at King’s Landing with her non-white Dothraki army and burn the capital (think of what happened in Dresden). King Robert Baratheon was right! This also reminds me of what the Greg Johnson wrote about *The Turner Diaries*: that Pierce’s novel disgusted him. Axiologically, a non-Christian like Johnson has been identical to Hunter Wallace and Ned Stark. So let us iterate it again: No Christian or pseudo-apostate of Christianity shall be in our Small Council.

Ned removes his badge of office of Hand of the King at Robert’s table. Later he was about to lose his life not because of the king’s rage: but because of an attack by Jaime Lannister’s guard after Jaime learnt about what Ned’s imbecile wife did with Tyrion Lannister on the other side of the kingdom. But what I want to get to is that white nationalists, children of Christian parents after all,

are like Don Quixote Ned. They imagine it is possible to reclaim their lands without violating Jesus' commandments, even the so-called secular nationalists. Stop reading their websites! The question that the new visitor to those sites should ask himself is: Has the admin of this site abandoned the ethical code that the Jew who wrote the Gospel left us? But what I loved about the episode was the tone in which King Robert spoke: just the outrageous tone in which I speak in my mother tongue.

A golden crown

In this episode Dany eats a raw heart: a visual outrage for me, who would like blondes like her to inhabit a Parrishesque world. Instead, Dany has to live in the world of the non-white Dothraki. But today even in white lands, like the UK, I have seen everywhere images degrading the English roses with apes. In the episode, the ritual of eating a raw heart is a celebration that Dany has been impregnated by her husband, Drogo. The scene sharply contrasts with the poetic prose of Darío that I cited in the first instalment of this series.

In the castle of King's Landing, Sansa continues her embroidery lessons while her little sister Arya continues with that fantasy of our times, which didn't happen in the Middle Ages, of training to become a swordsman. It reminds me of the madness of another novelist, Covington, who depicted his new white republic with women having eight children side by side with butch women (as reported in my article 'Freedom's Daughters' in *Daybreak*). Here we see once again that white nationalists aren't really giving up the feminist narrative that's killing the West. Ned Stark appears once more in his cosy study, although this time at night and with candles. I work at a long wooden table like Ned's, but sometimes I wonder how many white nationalists have the pleasure of having such a cosy studio as Ned Stark's? The Aryan aesthetic includes the interior furnishings and ornaments of a room. They are a fundamental part of recovering the West, starting with our clothing. Why not dress as Ned does in this episode? It is perfectly possible to pay a tailor to make us similar clothing, and only our poverty justifies our wearing American-inspired T-shirts.

The final scene of this episode is grotesque. Viserys virtually commits suicide by doing a scene in front of Drogo: the first death

of an incredibly stupid male in the series. Now there is only one young Targaryen left in the world: Dany.

You win or you die

The implausible blunders on the part of the most honourable people surrounding the death of King Robert are outrageous to watch even if it is only fiction: for example, a document without witnesses about the succession signed by the sick king on his bed. Worst of all, Ned doesn't know that the Lannisters will make sure that Joffrey, Robert's supposed son, will sit on the Iron Throne independently of the king's will. There is some truth to this whole story of the Starks from the north, who fare badly when they travel south. The Northmen don't smell the tricks of the Southerners, just as the pure Aryans don't smell the Mediterranean ways, especially of the Semites. As night fell Ned was warned by Renly, the dying king's brother, that Cersei Lannister would not care about King Robert's last written will. Ned responds that he isn't going to pre-empt an alleged Lannister coup by dragging frightened children from their beds, referring to Joffrey: the future teenage king who, in a couple more episodes, would have Ned Stark beheaded! This ninth-episode spoiler is worth mentioning now because that's how whites, with their honour codes, act: and I mean in the real world.

Ned had a second chance when Littlefinger also proposed a pre-emptive strike to the coup that the Lannisters may be forging. But blind to his honourable Northman code Ned is unable to see what's happening before his nose, and that he may be betrayed at any time by those who he trusts when the succession to the Iron Throne is in suspense. I don't want to tell about the pathetic way this episode ends for Ned and the welfare of the Seven Kingdoms because I prefer to focus on something more important from the point of view of genuine spirituality.

I mean the vows that Jon Snow and Sam Tarly take on the other side of the Wall. In the novel there is a more numinous environment than what we see in this seventh episode. Martin's prose reveals nine weirwood trees, all with carved faces, that is, *heart trees*. A heart tree is a weirwood tree that has a face carved into the wood of the trunk. Heart trees are sacred in the religion of the Old Gods of the Forest, the closest thing to a shrine that the old, dying

religion still possesses. In the novel, Jon is astonished to see the spectacle of these nine trees as he has never seen so many weirwoods together south of the Wall, let alone heart trees. It's the first time in his life that he has crossed the Wall. We are now in the lands on the north side of the Wall where, long before, magic flourished before the arrival of the bearers of a new religion. The heart tree is the symbol of my website, and instead of quoting what Jon and Sam said in the episode when kneeling before one of them, and reciting the oath that makes them members of the Night's Watch (a military order which holds and guards the Wall to keep the wildlings from crossing into the Seven Kingdoms), I prefer to quote some lines that do not come from Martin's pen:

*Nicht in kalten Marmorsteinen,
Nicht in Tempeln, dumpf und tot:
In den frischen Eichenbainen
Webt und rauscht der deutsche Gott.*



Not in cold marble stones,
Not in temples dull and dead:
In the fresh oak groves
Weaves and rustles the German God.

The pointy end

On June 27, 2019 I wrote:

This episode premiered when I didn't even know that *Game of Thrones* existed. Bran the Broken, still a boy, prays by the heart tree when he is approached by Osha, a woman of the Free Folk or 'wildlings'. Osha tells Bran about hearing the Old Gods of the Forest and that the wildlings also worship the Old Gods. She laments that the South has lost touch with the past, and that the southern weirwood trees were cut down long ago and, therefore, the Southerners have no idea about what's awakening in the north.

I have just re-watched the scene in 'The Pointy End' and must add something to what I said four days ago in the article 'New subtitle'. In the scene, a couple of times Osha calls the attention of Bran about the hidden message that could be heard from the gods by listening to the whispering leaves of the heart tree. When four days ago I wrote 'I will leave the image of Bran in the sticky post unless I can think of a better one that symbolises this site' I hadn't re-watched the scene with due attention. Now I see that it resonates not only with my editorial note, but with the heart of my own life (cf. my book *Whispering Leaves*). This day I make official the tree as the 'logo' of this site.

As some readers may have observed I have been using *Game of Thrones* not as fans see it, but as a sort of Rorschach test to project things that I have in mind. From when I saw *2001: A Space Odyssey* as a child I projected my most cherished ideals on that film. Decades later I realised that there was a problem: the transformations of this 1968 film involve extraterrestrial agency, without which the transformation of the Australopithecus Moonwatcher, and his descendant Dave Bowman wouldn't have been possible at the end of the film. But something tells me that there is no intelligent life in the Milky Way, and instead of an 'eschatology from above' I began to forge an 'eschatology from below', in the sense that some of us have to transform ourselves into mutants if we are to save the planet from the most primitive version of humans that currently swarms it.

As there is something very specific that I project onto *Game of Thrones* I won't talk about what happened in this episode in the

Mountains, the Eyrie, the Riverlands, at the Wall, the non-white lands of Lhazar, and King's Landing. The only thing that has interested me in the episode is how the arc of the boy Bran Stark unfolds, specifically this scene, as only he will undergo a psychic metamorphosis in subsequent seasons. The difference between David Bowman and Bran Stark is, as I already implied, that the latter doesn't require extraterrestrial agency to metamorphose into a new man. If there is something to save us from Neanderthalism it won't be a personal god (let alone a Semitic god!) or benevolent aliens. That's human fantasy 'from above'. On the contrary: the symbols of the forest and the sacred trees of the ancient religion behind the Wall are exclusively terrestrial. By 'eschatology from below' I mean that only with the resources that we already have on Earth, and with the mind that Nature has provided us, we, a kind of feathered serpents, aspire to the wings of the caduceus.

If Martin were to publish his next novel in the saga soon I would only read Bran's arc to see how it differs from the HBO series. If, like Bran's mentor, one lives in a cave entangled in the roots of a weirwood, he won't devote himself to talking about the inane events of the immediate present as is done in the pro-white forums. Rather he will ponder the past and the archetypes that have taken over the white man's psyche trying to figure out the deeper roots of Westeros' darkest hour.

Baelor

As I did in the last entry, I won't be reviewing everything that happens in it but I use the episodes to express my philosophy: in this post, what I think about the psychosis suffered by the white race, including those who claim to defend it. Thus, I will focus on a single scene in 'Baelor'. Lady Catelyn appears before the feudal lord Walder Frey, the head of House Frey and Lord of The Twins to negotiate the crossing of the troops of his son in their war against the Lannisters, who are about to execute Ned Stark. Although Lord Frey is an old man (the actor who played his role was known for playing Argus Filch in *Harry Potter*), he still maintains a very active role in managing his household.

After the West collapses, the white man will find himself at a crossroads. Both paths will lead to the return of patriarchy because feminism is but a massive psychotic breakdown that cannot be sustained for more than a century. The ethnic group that suffers

from it is extinguished as their women cease to breed. The Jew Lawrence Auster was right in saying that liberalism, in the sense of the principle of non-discrimination that includes antiracism, feminism and sexual orientation, is the most destructive ideology of all times. (Remember the first epigraph of this book: ‘A time is coming when men will go mad, and when they see someone who is not mad they will attack him saying, ‘You are mad, you are not like us’). Well then: before the crossroads of the two roads that lead to the return of patriarchy, the white man will have to decide what form of patriarchy is about to return: if his white women will belong to the Muslims of Europe and the blacks of America, or if the Aryan finally regains his sanity and reclaims them. In the episode Lord Walder Frey grabs his teenage wife’s buttocks and then spansks her when he goes to negotiate privately with Lady Catelyn. After clearing a room full of his descendants, Lord Frey addresses the surprised Catelyn with these words:

‘You see that? Fifteen, she is. A little flower [licking his lips in lust]. And her honey’s all mine [chuckles]’.

In my soliloquies I call that delicious honey a ‘Caperucita’ (in Spanish we have a single word for a little red riding hood), and it is a shame that the supposed defenders of her race don’t see the naked truth of what Catelyn replied:

‘I’m sure she will give you many sons’.

A decade ago, when I still subscribed to white nationalism, I didn’t understand why some of their articles left me depressed. It didn’t take me long to realise that many nationalists had betrayed their principles by subscribing to at least some form of feminism. Ten years ago I reproduced the response of a critic of Alex Kurtagic since the latter dared to label ‘defectives’ those from the racial right who didn’t subscribe feminism. Looking back, it seems clear to me that the only defective was Kurtagic himself, who like me was raised in Latin America. Now I can say that except for Andrew Anglin white nationalists continue to blind themselves as to how we should treat women.

If the white man chooses the right path when he reaches the crossroads, he won’t behave like the men of Murka II in Covington’s fiction. If whites wake up, the warlords, the new Walder Freys, won’t be the exception but the rule. And even if the white man chooses the wrong path women will still be subdued, but

this time like the Muslim women I saw the year I lived in Manchester.

Part of the feminisation of the white man lies in not wanting to even fix his own bedroom. Before killing the enemy he must control his women, at least through an internal transvaluation of values as the police would stop any actual transvaluation. He who doesn't fuck won't fight; and many white nationalists don't do it because, as good neochristians they are, they believe they should ask permission. Sex is to be taken as the feudal lord Frey took it, at least in the most primitive stage of civilisation: what looms again after the collapse. There is already this situation with the massive rapes of Caperucitas in the UK, but the System only allows non-white wolfies to eat them. Much of the revulsion I feel for white nationalism lies in that they tolerate this reversal of values. The critic of feminism, Roger Devlin, speaks like a conservative, not like the MGTOW's flinging monkeys do and much less as I speak. An aged man who in one of the forums in which Devlin lectures would talk like Walder Frey, licking his lips while imaginarily savouring a Caperucita, would be annihilated by the thousands of Kutragics that swarm today's racialism, and they would not answer any of the most elementary realities about the subject of feminism that we have discussed in this book.

That's why I will continue to say that white nationalism is a fraud, and that to recover our lands we must first wage a great internal jihad that allows us to think medieval: as Martin's prose about the lands of Riverrun.

Fire and blood

For the second time in the first season Dany is shown naked without showing her pubic hair. I think that not having shown her in her full-frontal glory was a serious mistake, as well as another scene from 'Fire and Blood' that shows naked Cersei Lannister's new lover, her cousin Lancel, who had been the squire of the now-deceased King Robert. Both Dany and Lancel should have appeared frontally naked. It is important to say this if we remember some quoted words on *Daybreak*: 'We need a regime that bans pornography and erects statues of gorgeous naked nymphs and athletes in every public square and crossroads'.

If there is something that the Aryan should promote it is the human nude that doesn't awaken our appetites but merely exalts the beauty of the Aryan body. As the Greeks and Romans understood it before the envious Judeo-Christians destroyed almost all their statues, the Aryan nude shouldn't be hidden. But what can we expect if our seventh art has been taken over by Jews and neochristian gentiles? We get the crap we saw in this season: a lesbian act between a northern white woman and a brunette in Littlefinger's brothel. So aberrant was that prolonged scene that even the normies disliked it. And this northern prostitute appeared even in the first episode on a bed with the Lannister dwarf, and in another episode she shows her pubic hair to Theon when she moves south in a carriage. Unlike the art I have in mind, these shots only degrade the Aryan.

There is not much to say about the final episode of the first season but I will still say something about the opening scene. The mob that Voltaire spoke of ('There's another scoundrel to whom we sacrifice everything, and that scoundrel is the people'), the commoners, have been idealised by reactionary racialists who limit themselves to criticising the elites. In reality the people are as despicable as the elites. They're like King Joffrey who had Ned Stark beheaded only because Ned was faithful to Joffrey's father's will. The King's Landing mob not only yells the 'traitor' slander when poor Ned is led to the scaffold, but cheers when his blood-dripping head is flaunted in the public square.



King Joffrey Baratheon

In the same way as Westeros, the contemptible mob that is the people of the West consume everything the elites tell them about Hitler. And the experience I have had with friends whom I have broken off with is that they don't give a damn about well-known sources, like Solzhenitsyn's non-fiction books, when I try to convey that the Allied narrative is a myth. People in general follow and believe what the Joffreys of today tell them to believe and feel. Even cultured people rant in the 'two minutes hate' imposed by the System. As Andrew Hamilton put it in one of his *Counter-Currents* articles, even the so-called intellectuals of the West are mass-man.

The North remembers

'The North Remembers' is the second season premiere and twentieth overall, first aired on April 1, 2012. Since I'm using the series as Rorschach images to project ideas of my own now that I see the series again, I confess that nothing new has come to mind except to reiterate what I've said. The teenage King Joffrey begins to emerge as the villain of the first few seasons. Acting under his orders the Guard, led by Commander Janos Slynt, tracks down and murders several of the late King Robert Baratheon's bastard children, including babies under the screams of their mothers. Let's say it again: if we assume a return to the monarchy in the 21st century, even a scoundrel like Joffrey could be infinitely better than any current western government. Without checks and balances but under the motto *L'État c'est moi* a single king could expel the millions of non-whites from his lands. Under democracy no current president could do something similar, even if he wanted. Why can't so-called white nationalists say something so obvious? As commenter Maurice said, because they still love Murka.

The night lands

We see the first bad message of the episode when Theon Greyjoy sees his sister Yara after years of not seeing her. The films of our century invert human reality most blatantly. (For example, the actress who played Yara in *Game of Thrones* dresses in a feminine way in real life, although in the series she appears as a tomboy.) When Theon sees his father, lord of a castle and Iron Islands, again after years of not seeing him, he yells at him that Yara cannot lead an attack against the Lannisters 'because she is a woman'. The

father replies, 'And why not?' Yara tells him that it is he, Theon, the one who wears a skirt, mocking medieval clothes that aren't really skirts.

There is another terrible message from this episode that has nothing to do with real medieval times. Davos Seaworth and his son Matthos recruit a black man, the pirate Salladhor Saan and his fleet, to join them in the war they want to wage so that Stannis Baratheon, King Robert's brother, sits on the Iron Throne. In the Middle Ages, and even in later centuries, there were never powerful blacks in Europe, and here they virtually put Salladhor Saan almost like a Francis Drake. This is another grotesque invention that the media puts before our eyes: a parallel world where the current psychosis is projected back to a fantastic medieval era with empowered blacks. Davos, a character whose personality is very attractive, tells the black man that he will be the richest man in Westeros if he joins Stannis' war. The black replied: 'And if we don't drown at the bottom of Blackwater Bay, I will fuck this blonde queen [Cersei Lannister] and I'll fuck her well'.

What is dead may never die

We see the first bad message in this episode when the warrior Brienne of Tarth wins a tournament against Loras Tyrell. Transgender guys who are now allowed to compete in women's tournaments are destroying those sports because they easily beat the weaker sex. But the scene between Brienne and Loras sends the opposite message to us, and I find it amazing that westerners are consuming this reversal of reality. The tournament was held at the camp of the self-crowned King Renly Baratheon. Tournament warriors compete in full armour, and when the big warrior no one has seen yet beats Loras, Renly asks:

Rise. Remove your helmet'.

The warrior does it and murmurs are heard among the spectators when they realise that the imposing blonde warrior was not a man but a woman. Renly continues:

I've seen Ser Loras bested once or twice, but never quite in that fashion'.

The implication is that warrior women can be as capable as warrior men. While writing this article I opened the Wikipedia article on this episode. I came across a pop-up that informed me

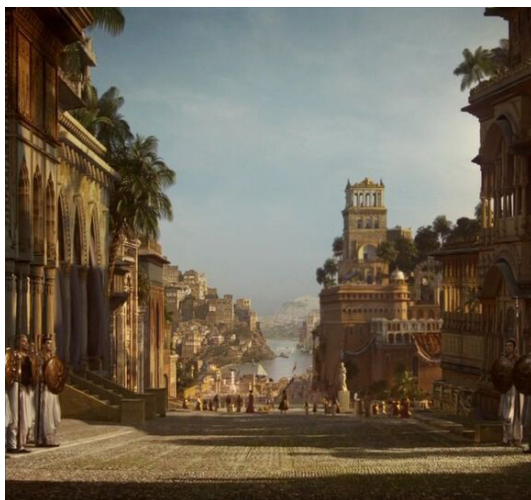
that we should celebrate the Wikipedia initiative to close the gender gap in favour of women. Scenes like this one, in which a woman defeats Ser Loras, the heir to the immensely wealthy House Tyrell, support that cause. That same episode shows us a second homoerotic encounter between Loras and Renly (the first we had seen in the first season). This second scene had disappeared from my memory since the first time I saw the series. It is very bad taste to put these things on the screen, but whites have become so degenerate that they can reject what we have been saying about the finale and not be disgusted by these homosexual scenes.

Garden of bones

Almost at the beginning of the episode Robb encounters field nurse Talisa, who cuts off a survivor's leg after the battle to keep it from gangrene. When I was a kid I watched movies on the big screen like *Gone with the Wind* where the doctors who cut off legs after violent battles were men, and women didn't have the stomach for it. That woman, Talisa, would seal Robb's fate in the penultimate episode of the next season because he would marry her, breaking the pact he had with Lord Walder Frey to marry his beautiful daughter, who unlike non-Aryan Talisa is white. It doesn't matter to spoil forward to the end of the next season, where you can see where Robb's stupidity of messing with a non-Aryan commoner led him. What matters is to denounce the feminist bombardment with which *Game of Thrones* overwhelms us.

I could even mention one of my ancestors. As I tell in *Whispering Leaves*, in his capacity as a surgeon in the royalist army my Catalan ancestor came to New Spain to join forces that fought against the Mexican insurgents, made up mostly of non-whites. That's true history: a male—not a Talisa—serving as a field surgeon for real-history battles. Worst of all in the HBO episode is that with the dead still on the battlefield Talisa lectures Robb, the King of the North, because this little woman dislikes war. Total surrealism. This sort of thing—a commoner scolding a king right after a bloody battle—never happened in the Middle Ages or in later times. In the episode Talisa continues to argue with the King of the North in a derogatory way, and Robb is not offended. I don't want to read how those passages appear in Martin's novel because Martin is also a feminist, although as I have said the pair of Jews who produced

the episode exacerbated Martin's feminism on the television version. Never did women speak like this, especially after a bloody war with streams of blood from the dead still running in the field. Why white men haven't rebelled with anti-feminist reviews after scenes like this? In the last bad message of the episode a tall Negro is shown as a powerful guy, this time in Qarth, 'the Greatest City that Ever Was or Will Be' located in the brutal desert called Garden of Bones. This black guy opens the gates of Qarth to the wandering Dany and her followers, who would have died in the desert had it not been for this Negro.



The ghost of Harrenhal

In the first bad message of the episode we see Theon with only one ship assigned for a sort of Viking raid that they plan while his sister obtains thirty ships for a similar campaign. We can already imagine the Vikings in real history doing something similar!

When the female warrior Brienne of Tarth takes her loyalty oath with Catelyn Stark she utters these words: 'I swear it by the Old Gods and the New'. As Martin was inspired by the history of the West, this would be equivalent to saying in a medieval parallel world: 'I swear by Zeus and the Olympian Gods and by Yahweh and the new Christian saints', which never happened. Yahweh didn't tolerate any other god. Remember the second commandment of the Hebrew Decalogue that silly Christians still follow. And the saddest thing is that white nationalists, supposedly awake to the

Jewish question, continue to obey that command. It wouldn't even occur to them to put old Zeus together with the new Jesus in their prayers. They lean one hundred percent towards the Semitic cult, and then these idiots don't understand why the Jews have so much power in the West!

One of the reasons why, despite its crazy feminism, it is perhaps a good thing that many normies have seen *Game of Thrones* is because it is a parable of the West ('Westeros' in Martin's prose). And since the common normies are never going to be educated about Aryan religions, and I mean pre-Christian religions, this fantastic tale can be an introduction to their past (always keep in mind what the Weirwood tree symbolises). The common normie is familiar with what we used to hear in the churches about Paul's epistles. Many of us remember that passage from the first letter to the Corinthians that says 'While I was a child I spoke like a child, felt like a child, reasoned like a child; but when I became a man I put aside the childish things'. The problem begins when normies refuse to put aside childish things, let's say what we have seen on TV, and begin to become familiar with their true Aryan roots. I refer specifically to what the Christian invaders did with the sacred trees of the Saxons in the time of Charlemagne.

We see another bad message from the episode when the tall Negro from Qarth proposes to Dany, and even wants to have coffee-and-milk princes and princesses with the blonde. A bit of hindsight: Jorah Mormont comes from House Mormont, the Lords of Bear Island. Jorah had a distinguished early career and participated in the Siege of Pyke during the Greyjoy Rebellion, for which he was knighted. Now, in Qarth, where the Negro wants to marry the blonde, the dialogue between Jorah and Dany is incredibly feminist: 'There are times when I look at you and I still can't believe you're real'. This absolute idealisation of a capricious woman is unworthy of a medieval knight. Anyone who has read chivalric literature knows that women were indeed idealised, but as women: not as generals who should lead armies and conquer iron thrones. Jorah is painted by the series more like a loyal dog than a legit son of Jeor Mormont.

The old gods and the new

The Spice King, one of Qarth's ruling Thirteen, tells Dany a

great truth: 'The silver hair of a Targaryen', addressing the Negro who wants to marry her, another member of the Thirteen, 'she is far too lovely for a glorified dockworker like yourself'. But the feminist messages continue in this episode. Feminism isn't only what we have been seeing, putting women as capable as men in physical and intellectual matters, but hiding some historical facts. For example, in the gloomy castle Harrenhal feudal lord Tywin Lannister chooses the adolescent Arya, a prisoner, as his cup maid (or cup server): a poetic euphemism since Homer for acquiring a cute ephebe (Zeus with Ganymede) or a girl as a sexual servant (a Caperucita). But despite the soft porn that we have seen in the first seasons, so often of very bad taste, like Littlefinger's brothel or the homo scenes, in a situation that lent itself to sexually use the 'cup server of my study' the feudal lord doesn't do it. And he fails to do it because of the plot armour for Arya not only in the following seasons when blood runs, but because the feminist figure *par excellence* of the series, the one destined to kill the Night King in the last season, cannot be erotically touched without her consent. Many fans believe that the series is realistic because of the deaths of three of its main characters: Ned Stark, his wife, and their son in the Red Wedding, but nothing is further from the truth.

Robb Stark returns to see Lady Talisa in the military camp, in Westerlands. From here a relationship starts between them. That means that all the scenes in this and subsequent episodes with Robb and Talisa piss off the sane viewer. If Robb had kept his word to marry the white girl from House Frey, he wouldn't have lost the war as he lost it by the end of the next season.

A man without honour

Another feminist line began, already from the previous episode, with the relationship between Jon Snow and the captive wildling Ygritte, who in real life became married to the actor while filming *Game of Thrones*. (Incidentally, Kit Harington, who played the role of Jon, fell into depression after he finished filming the last season. Would he have fallen into such abysmal sadness in a non-feminist world?) Being held captive by Jon in a desolate landscape across from the Wall, Ygritte tells Jon: 'I'm a free woman'.

Wildlings are enemies of the members of the Night's Watch, which Jon belongs to, and Ygritte speaks insolently although

Jon could kill her at any moment. In fact, killing Ygritte had been the order that Jon's superior entrusted to him before Jon parted ways with his group seeking wildlings. After some scenes south of the Wall Ygritte continues lecturing her captor even though she is tied to a rope. These scenes are completely unreal but they sell us the image of a liberated woman retro-projected even north of the Wall, where human societies were more primitive and nomadic than those of the south. The last straw is that Ygritte tells Jon, still held captive by the rope, that she can initiate him sexually as apparently Jon is a virgin. All of this contrasts with the scenes from *Beowulf and Grendel*, a 2005 fantasy adventure film directed by the Icelandic Sturla Gunnarsson (loosely based on the Anglo-Saxon epic poem *Beowulf*) where Beowulf also ties Selma with a rope. But in *Beowulf and Grendel* the alpha male controls the beautiful redhead. In *Game of Thrones* the redhead Ygritte continues to openly mock the one who's holding her captive, even making sexual allusions between the two.

South of the Wall, in the military camp, the prisoner of the Starks, Jaime Lannister, escaped. When they catch him Rickard Karstark, an important northern lord whose ancestors were also Stark, says something about King Robb that is worth picking up: 'He brought that foreign bitch [Talisa] with him!' Terrible blunders are being committed in various parts of the world—in the icy north with Jon and Ygritte, in the city at the middle of the desert (Qarth), and at the green military camp because of the lycanthropic lust we feel towards women: Jorah swearing to the mysterious Quaithe that he will never betray again the blonde Dany, with whom he is in love; Jon letting his female prisoner escape with whom he had spent a night out in the open, and Robb was about to lose his precious prisoner, Jaime Lannister, by following another woman's non-white buttocks, away from the military duties of his camp. But all of this is never overtly suggested in the episode. I am drawing my own conclusions. The episode simply continues to push feminist propaganda.

The prince of Winterfell

Feminist messages continue in the opening scene of this episode. Yara humiliates her brother Theon in Winterfell. This pseudo-Viking is the commander of the garrison of men who, in the absence of Robb Stark due to war, took the main castle of the

North. At this point it is clear that feminism is the Leitmotif of *Game of Thrones*. As if that weren't enough, in Theon's prolonged discussion with Yara the scriptwriters put the man as stupid and the woman as the smartest. The following image appears a few seconds before Cersei said some words to her brother Tyrion: 'You, on the other hand, are as big a fool as every other man...'



'That little worm between your legs does half of your thinking'. These words resonate with what I said above about the blunders that three horny males commit in various parts of the world. Then we see an argument with a vengeful Cersei, as women are, but behind that ugly argument we see that the thing about the male was true, as the stupid Tyrion has fallen in love with a whore: a woman who, as we shall see in a later season, is worse than Cersei. 'You're beautiful' says the poor devil Tyrion to the whore. He ignores what's coming in the future. Cersei was right: Our weakness lies in letting what hangs between our legs do fifty percent of our thinking. After that scene and a few words from Tyrion we see that he's truly in love. 'I would kill for you. Do you know that?' Tyrion said that to Shae, the whore who in Season Four will deliver the biggest blow against him during a trial that would condemn Tyrion to death. All these scenes are disgusting in that they put men as idiots, although not all of us are like that.

Another absolutely stupid behaviour in this episode: King Robb and Lord Roose Bolton, the head of House Bolton of the north, discuss very serious matters of state when Talisa enters Robb's military tent. Letting this woman freely enter the king's tent in times of war wasn't enough. Stannis Baratheon is about to invade King's Landing and in these moments when Robb argues with

Roose, the latter immediately leaves the camp tent to let Talisa enter with the words 'My lady' so that she and Robb may speak in private. Naturally, Robb won't discuss tactics or strategy with Talisa. Hardly in the Middle Ages a king wasted his time chatting with a woman alien to his race, putting aside all military plans. Robb and Talisa talk about the biographical past of 'non-white buttocks', as I'll call Talisa from this line on. But worst of all is that, after that, King Robb declares himself to her telling her, in the tent, that he no longer wants to marry the white girl from House Frey. Then we see a ridiculous erotic scene between the two and even there you can see the scriptwriters' feminism as, already naked, we see the female on top of the king.

In Qarth the black man and the warlock stage a coup to the Thirteen (or rather the Eleven): the group of merchant princes within Qarth, and remain as sole governors of the city. Dany wants to stay in the city to get her dragons back but Jorah tells her it's dangerous to search for her dragons in the warlock's tower, to which he adds: 'You know I would die for you. I will never abandon you', which is true as in the last season Jorah will die protecting the one who, in that same season, will be revealed as the worst tyrant of the entire series.

Blackwater

In this episode the Blu-ray edition of the complete seasons contains the option to listen to the commentary of Martin himself, who recounts the differences between the television interpretation and his novel. Martin really liked the way the directors adapted his text for this battle. Those who don't want to see the entire series or even a season, can watch this particular episode in isolation to appreciate it from a strictly cinematic point of view. It's the first time that the series shows us, in detail, a battle.

From the battle at Blackwater Bay I would just like to collect a couple of dialogues. The first one, some words from Cersei who has been drinking wine, addressed to Sansa Stark. Both were in what the very voice of Martin calls 'a fortress inside the castle', Maegor's Holdfast. The noble ladies are interned there under the supervision of Ser Ilyn. His orders: kill the ladies of the fortress inside the castle if the city falls to prevent them from being raped. His orders may seem barbaric but invader Stannis has fallen under

the spell of what Ser Davos calls ‘the red woman’, a witch whose religion prompts her to burn her enemies or infidels alive. When Sansa hears the following words from Cersei she’s scared:

Do you have any notion of what happens when a city is sacked? No, you wouldn’t, would you? If the city falls, these fine women should be in for a bit of rape. Half of them will have bastards in their bellies come the morning. You’ll be glad of your red flower then... When a man’s blood is up, anything with tits looks good. A precious thing like you will look very, very good. A slice of cake just waiting to be eaten...’

As we said in another essay within this book, lycanthropes chasing little reds. Sansa flees into her room to prevent Ser Ilyn from killing her if the city falls. Unaware of Tywin’s reinforcements coming, Sandor Clegane, popularly known as the Hound, has also fled the battle in which King Joffrey’s defensive forces are badly outnumbered by Stannis’ attacking forces. Sansa finds him in her bedroom and the Hound proposes to put her to safety:

The Hound: I can take you with me. Take you to Winterfell. I’ll keep you safe. Do you want to go home?’

Sansa: I’ll be safe here. Stannis won’t hurt me’.

The Hound: Look at me! Stannis is a killer! The Lannisters are killers! Your father was a killer! Your brother [Robb, recently called the King of the North] is a killer! Your sons will be killers someday! The world is built by killers’.

Nothing truer. But unlike all their ancestors, white nationalists who ‘want’ to create a white nation don’t talk about killing the enemy. They are like the ladies sheltered in Holdfast praying to the old and new gods that the city doesn’t fall. And I don’t mean that they must fight right away. But they haven’t even begun to devise a revolutionary ideology to encourage civil war in the future.

Valar Morghulis

The episode’s title is a code phrase spoken by Jaqen H’ghar to Arya Stark during the episode, but its meaning (‘All men must die’) is not explained until the next season. It’s in this episode when Robb marries non-white buttocks, and let’s talk no more about it.

Valar Dohaeris

‘Valar Dohaeris’ is the third season premiere episode. It aired on March 31, 2013. The first scenes show us some adventures behind the Wall, some filmed in Iceland. It is worth saying that in Martin’s novels the lands North of the Wall aren’t as arctic as they appear in the HBO series, without any vegetation. If I had been the director I would have filmed those lands as they appear in novels.

More serious is that both in this episode and in subsequent episodes in which Ygritte appears, she is represented as one more warrior among the wildlings north of the Wall. In real life, and even more so in semi-nomadic societies, young and beautiful women like Ygritte would always be pregnant since infant mortality rate was so high (remember the vlogger’s diagram in this book). It’s a great assault on reason to invent characters like Ygritte for mass consumption, and they did something similar in the *Vikings* TV series. All the scenes in which Ygritte appears in various seasons annoy the male whose judgment hasn’t been impaired by the System. However, in this episode we see one of my favourites shots: a beautiful bay that looks like a combination between paintings by Claude Le Lorrain and Maxfield Parrish.



In Martin’s prose Lady Melisandre, often referred to as the Red Woman or the Red Witch, is a Red Priestess in the religion of R’hllor and a close counsellor to King Stannis Baratheon in his

campaign to take the Iron Throne. There is something that Davos tells Stannis that seems very true to me: that Melisandre is an evil woman who will destroy all who follow her, which happened in a later season. By following the advice of the witch the House of Stannis will be annihilated in the fifth season. In this episode, instead of listening to what his loyal advisor says about the witch, Stannis sends Davos to the dungeon. But more than just blaming women as is sometimes done in MGTOW, I would say that the morons are us when we allow ourselves to be hypnotised by their feminine charms. For example, in the final scenes of the episode, Dany, who as we have seen already has Ser Jorah Mormont as a loyal dog, gets another dog: the legendary Ser Barristan Selmy who had belonged to the Royal Guard and in the episode swears loyalty to this woman. Dany wants to recruit an army of mulatto warriors for sale to the highest bidder to conquer the predominantly white lands of Westeros. You heard it right: mulattoes to conquer white lands. But it is Aryan men like Jorah and Barristan who empower the capricious blonde.

Dark wings, dark words

In King's Landing the messages that put men as silly continue. In the castle gardens we hear this conversation:

Olenna Tyrell: 'Do you know my son, the Lord of Highgarden?'

Sansa: 'I haven't had the pleasure'.

Olenna laughs: 'No great pleasure, believe me: a ponderous oaf. His father was an oaf as well, my husband, the late Lord Luthor'.

In the Riverlands, Rickard Karstark tells King Robb a great truth: 'I think you lost the war the day you married her' referring to non-white buttocks. In the North, while heading to the Wall, Bran Stark has a dream where he tries to kill a three-eyed raven, but a boy tells him that this is impossible because the raven is Bran himself. When he wakes up and they continue with the march, Osha suspects that someone is following them and goes out to investigate. At this moment the boy from Bran's dream arrives and reveals that his name is Jojen Reed. Another message in which the male-female roles are reversed is seen when Jojen, who is accompanied by his sister Meera, tells Bran's caregiver Osha: 'I'm unarmed. My sister carries the weapons'.

But the writers were still unsatisfied with those two scenes and included one more scene that reverses the male-female roles. Travelling North, Arya, Gendry, and a fat boy nicknamed Hot Pie are discovered by a small group called The Brotherhood Without Banners led by Thoros of Myr, who suspect the three of them have escaped from Harrenhall. Arya draws her sword to face alone the group that has found them while her two friends, Gendry and Hot Pie, hide behind the rocks. We can already imagine in the real medieval period a girl doing that, in the context of crossing a dangerous forest where there could be highway robbers. Back at King's Landing, the erotic scene between the dwarf Tyrion and Shae is disgusting. Those scenes, and many other erotic scenes of *Game of Thrones* would never have been shot in a healthy West.

En route to the Wall, Bran receives from Jojen the first revelation about what has been happening to him since Jaime threw him from the tower. Jojen says that, like Bran, he is also a greenseer: as those gifted with clairvoyant powers (out-of-body experiences, also known as astral projection) were called in the ancient religion. The extremely rare greenseers also have retrocognitive powers (seeing the past paranormally) and precognitive powers (glimpses of the future). Jojen explains that the three-eyed raven that appears in Bran's dreams means someone who 'brings the sight'. Bran still ignores it but the old man in a hiding cave under a huge weirwood tree on the other side of the Wall, who has been sending him those dreams under the image of the raven, is the most powerful man even though he can no longer move (in Martin's novels Bloodraven's power in Westeros affairs is more conspicuous than in the HBO series). Jojen, another psychic who tries to guide Bran, tells him that he too has had the same dream and that he has followed Bran believing that the boy will play an important role in the future. But even during that conversation between two gifted thanks to the old religion, the reversals of roles arise between the women who follow Hodor, Bran and Jojen from behind:

Osha: Isn't he ashamed, your brother, needing you to protect him?

Meera: Where's the shame in that?

Osha: Any boy his age who needs his sister to protect him is gonna find himself needing lots of protection.

Walk of punishment

‘I want you’, poor Stannis said to the witch Melisandre on the beach, almost begging her to stay with him instead of going on a boat in search of someone to sacrifice ritually. One might think that women cast a spell on us. But as the vlogger noted that isn’t the case: it is our desire to possess them that makes us annul ourselves at their whim when we are in heat. Of course, this wouldn’t happen if we had patriarchy like Republican Rome, when women were treated as property. And even in humane patriarchy, like what we read in Austen’s novels, no stupid laws had been enacted regarding marital rape. We only make a fool of ourselves when we empower them forfeiting the power that Nature endowed us. In the episode, Melisandre sees with open contempt the lust of poor Stannis. Declarations of love don’t work because we give them the power to say ‘no’. A king like Stannis Baratheon who can’t control the woman who was always by his side—compare him with the way his brother Robert Baratheon treated Cersei—is not a true king. In Astapor, on the other side of the world, we heard a dialogue between Jorah and Dany about war. The theme of the sword always reminds me of how feminised whites have become:

Jorah: You know what I saw? Butchery. Babies, children, old men. More women raped than what you can count. There’s a beast in every man, and it stirs when you put a sword in his hand.

Dany then scolds her two loyal advisors, Jorah and Barristan, when they advise her not to sell one of her dragons in exchange for an army of mulattoes. The scene sends a very bad message to the white viewer. And the irony is that Emilia Clarke, the actress who has played the role of Dany in every season, is a very feminine character in real life, so much so that she had difficulty filming the scenes in which she appears as a dragon-woman in full command of a leader’s personality. But that is the whole point of *Game of Thrones*: to reverse the male-female roles in the perennial media, government and university campaign to brainwash the white male. Dany’s dialogue with the mulatto Missandei, the translator she has just acquired in Astapor while trying to sell one of her dragons, epitomises the feminist message:

Dany: And what about you? You know that I’m taking you to war. You may go hungry. You may fall sick. You may be killed.

Missandei: Valar Morghulis.

Dany: Yes, all men must die. But we are not men.

Missandei smiles (in the penultimate episode of the series, during the war of the bitches Dany and Cersei, the latter orders Missandei be beheaded in front of Dany).

In the scene at Littlefinger's brothel the Jewish director manages to keep the viewer very far from craving any of his white whores. I can imagine if the Germans were in charge of the cinema instead of the Jews. What would whites be watching now on the small screen? The degenerate music of the end credits is the final insult, after Locke cut off Jaime Lannister's hand (Locke is a cruel man sworn to House Bolton, considered by Roose Bolton as his best hunter). Again, if the Germans had won the war what music would we hear in the end credits of films today?

And now his watch is ended

A recurring mistake in this show, and I mean a cinematic mistake, is putting a cruel scene and then putting a similar one immediately afterwards. Thus begins the episode, with the continuous torment of Jaime Lannister with his amputated hand, and then Lord Varys shows to Tyron the witcher who, in a magic ritual, had castrated Varys as a child (Varys has the witcher locked in a wooden box apparently with his lips sewn so that he can't speak). A good director doesn't put the two cruel scenes together. If you have to film them, separate them so as not to overwhelm the viewer. But in these degenerate times TV viewers have already lost their taste for good cinema.



Above we see Lord Tywin in his study with his daughter during the episode. The lion is the symbol of the Lannisters, the wealthiest House in Westeros. After a few more scenes in various places we see the third scene of cruelty. This time Ramsay Bolton, the most sadistic character in the series, returns Theon to the torture chamber to torment him again. Three cruel scenes in the same episode... Afterwards we hear a dialogue between Jaime and Brienne, from which it is worth quoting what Brienne told him in one night, in front of a campfire, both being prisoners of the Boltons:

'You had a taste of the real world where people have important things [Jaime's sword hand] taken from them'.

Much very true. In real life I have come across many people who are absolutely incapable of generating the slightest empathy in the face of some human tragedies simply because, like Jaime Lannister before he lost his hand, they have had a comfortable life. It is precisely for this reason that I speak so badly of the bourgeoisie and of those who in the US are called conservatives (a word that means something entirely different in Europe). In fact, after the above words, Brienne tells Jaime that because of his defeatist attitude he now looks like a woman. Similarly, unlike the Nazis the attitude of nationalists today is defeatist (who among them speaks now of taking power, as Hitler and his own did?). But even in this episode the scriptwriters cannot control themselves and launch their typical feminist message. The Brotherhood Without Banners kidnaps the Hound and Arya and takes them to a secret lair, a cave. In a discussion with all the members of the Brotherhood and the Hound, the leader, Lord Beric Dondarrion says that perhaps the girl Arya is the bravest among all those gathered!

But that's nothing compared to the scene that follows, in which Dany takes over an entire army by burning the slavers of Astapor with the fire of her recovered dragon, implanting for the first time in the series her *Diktat* as a social justice warrior. Then she delivers a liberation speech to her army of mulattoes: 'Will you fight for me as free men?' They accept of course. The triumphant music played for Dany ends the crude episode.

Kissed by fire

The title refers to the red-haired wildlings, like Ygritte, who

are said to be 'kissed by fire'. The first stupid scene of the episode is the love scene in a cave between Jon and Ygritte. In real life, a foreigner could never have sex with a beautiful woman from a tribe, as the wildlings apparently allowed Jon north of the Wall. However, unlike the crap they filmed in Littlefinger's brothel in other episodes, the director failed once again in not showing the redhead's pubic hair, just her breasts and then her buttocks. A pubic hair of the colour of her hair would have lived up to the episode's title as it's implied that Jon kisses the redhead there. But even after making love you can see the feminist follies of the screenwriters. Jon was a virgin and has just popped his cherry. Ygritte, on the other hand, tells him a couple of anecdotes of her sexual adventures from which she apparently didn't get pregnant (remember that a semi-wild tribe doesn't practice birth control). Here we see once again the reversal of the sexual roles, especially since in the intimate chat after the kiss of fire Ygritte is over Jon in front of the cameras, both talking lying down.

South of the Wall, before Robb sentenced Lord Karstark to death for having killed two Lannister captives without his approval, Karstark tells a great truth to he who had married non-white buttocks: 'the King who lost the North'. Because Robb publicly beheaded him, Karstark's soldiers abandon Robb, which means that the boy lost almost half his army. What can be gathered from this story, although it is fictitious, is that a lad-king commits blunders (in Martin's novel Robb is younger than the actor we see in the HBO interpretation). In *A Song of Ice and Fire* Martin seems to philosophise around the idea of who should rule, although the moral he arrives at doesn't appear until the finale that would premiere on television six years after this episode.

Away from the green and rainy Riverrun, in the desert Slaver's Bay the two seasoned knights who serve as Dany's advisers have a conversation. Barristan asks: 'Do you believe in her?' To which Jorah replies: 'With all my heart'. Curiously, this scene follows a very interesting dialogue between Jaime and Brienne, both of whom are naked. The scene isn't erotic, as they were cleaning their mud at the baths after Roose Bolton freed them from Locke's captivity. Jaime confesses to the naked Valkyrie that King Aerys Targaryen, Dany's father, had wanted to incinerate King's Landing in a fit of madness and that Jaime prevented it by killing him. In the previous episode to the finale we'll see that Dany did in King's

Landing what her father only wished. But Dany's naïve watchdogs trust the last Targaryen with all their heart.

Although the last two novels of *A Song of Ice and Fire* are yet to be published, inadvertently to viewers Martin is gradually weaving a platonic fabric, although unlike *The Republic* he does so in novel format. YouTube fans, even those with exclusive channels on *Game of Thrones*, never smelled a deeper message than the superficial one of castles and a social justice warrior Targaryen who wants to regain the throne for her House, or the right to the throne of Jon Snow that we shall see a few seasons later. Normies see this series as they see other TV series.

The climb

The episode's title comes from climbing of the Wall by Jon Snow and Ygritte, and also refers to a memorable dialogue between Littlefinger and Lord Varys. Almost at the beginning of the episode, when they are about to climb over the Wall to pass to the other side, Ygritte tells Jon that she is just one more soldier in Mance Rayder's army. Again, this is a bad message for the fair-skinned audience. In normal societies it is about protecting the woman (and her children): not sending them to the front on the battlefield. We can already imagine a cute Spartan girl fighting side by side with the most fearsome Aryan warriors that Europe has ever seen. The Spartan girl stayed in the city either taking care of her children or educating herself for future motherhood. All *Game of Thrones* feminism is pure fantasy: that members of the two sexes are interchangeable even in the severest task of all, war. Any culture that treats its women this way is extinguished by necessity. Not only because she abandons motherhood, but because the woman is in danger of dying on the battlefield (as Ygritte herself died in a subsequent season).

The scene that follows continues with the same message but this time south of the Wall, in Riverlands: where a Brotherhood archer trains Arya how to use the bow. It's funny that the episode presents her sister Sansa, who is still in King's Landing, as ultra-feminine. If someone saw the isolated scene between Sansa and Loras in the castle gardens, her fiancé until this scene, he might think it was filmed in a parallel world where Germany won the war. The actress who played Sansa has perfect features and her blue-gray eyes remind me of what Evropa Soberana wrote about the Nordid

type (cf. *The Fair Race*). It hurt me to learn that this actress has married a non-white.

The bear and the maiden fair

The episode was written by Martin and directed by a woman, Michelle MacLaren. The group of wildlings just crossed the Wall that we see in the background in the following still frame, and we heard the first bad message from Ygritte's mouth: 'You know nothing, Jon Snow'. Unlike others on the expedition, Ygritte just crossed the Wall for the first time in her life. It's she who hasn't seen the world, not even a single stone building, since north of the Wall there are only huts.



A moment before Ygritte didn't understand why the southern armies need drums and those who fly the banners. But although she is ignorant her mocking gestures suggest that Jon, who was raised in a castle south of the Wall, is the ignorant one. Then we see, in the Riverlands, a love scene between Robb and non-white buttocks. The female director dared to show off Robb's wife's buttocks in a presumably aesthetic shot in King Robb's candle-lit military tent. The camera changes places and we see a shot from above of the naked woman, who is face down, once more showing us her buttocks.

Rob: (Sigh) 'If you don't put some clothes on, I can't promise I won't attack you [sexually] again'.

These scenes make me want to see what will happen to the bicolour couple in episode #29, where the accounts are settled. But for the moment the director shows us a long scene and then Robb says, looking at the map of his military strategy although distracted

by the exposed buttocks of his wife: 'How am I supposed to sit here planning a war when you're over there, looking like that [naked face down]?' The woman seems unconcerned about the war. She writes a letter to her mom and asks the king when he will take her to her hometown. But as always: the failure doesn't come from women like this director, but from writers like Martin and the culture that allowed Jews and women to come to Hollywood. Then non-white buttocks tells Robb that she is pregnant and he is surprised. 'You're my queen' says the idiot (in later seasons we'll see that Jon uses the exact same phrase with Dany). It is embarrassing to quote the dialogues between non-white buttocks and her husband. Instead of preparing for battle, Robb finds himself in the middle of a long honeymoon with his foreign wife. The mere fact of taking her to the military camp is insanity, and it isn't surprising in a later episode that Roose Bolton confessed that Robb's ignoring him when Roose was his military adviser contributed to betraying king Robb to the Lannisters. One more shot from the ceiling filmed by the female director shows this woman's buttocks again before Robb, already dressed, pounces on her again.

We then see a surreal dialogue between Ygritte and the warg Orell, probably the most important element of the wildling expedition south of the Wall due to his out-of-body abilities. (However, the psychic powers of a 'warg' are minuscule compared to the powers of a greenseer north of the Wall.) The surreal thing is that, as I have already said, in the real world an outsider like Jon would never have access to the buttocks of a cute chick from a tribe. But except Orell the 'tribe' is behaving with Jon's relationship with Ygritte as if tribal mores were those of Murka: an astronomical projection of feminism to a fantastic world that never existed. So here we have a double bad message in a script written by Martin himself and directed by a liberated woman: a redhead going to war as if she were a common soldier and with all the sexual freedoms of a contemporary western gal, including freedom of choosing an outsider instead of a member of her tribe, like Orell. The stupidity of *Game of Thrones* fans not to report this is limitless. But in the darkest hour of the West these things are the bread and butter.

Another bad message is that Murka's central values—like social justice warring—are projected to this world. Dany arrives with her mulatto army and her two white guardians outside Yunkai, where there are 200,000 slaves. Jorah advises her not to invade the

walled city as that campaign won't bring her closer to the Iron Throne which is where Dany wants to go. The girl responds to her counsellor that she has 200,000 reasons to take it. Naturally, in medieval times no one fought wars in which a king could lose half his army just to free the slaves of a distant and exotic culture. But here we got a SJW queen. I have barely read *A Song of Ice and Fire* but the fact that these novels have become bestsellers speaks ill of the readers.

But the bad messages don't end there. In King's Landing we see an absurd discussion between Tyrion and his whore, which would be sad even to cite because in this show men are infinitely more stupid than they have been in the historical past (although not in the present). All I can say is that if I were Tyrion I would have already sent Shae to Volantis: her hometown where, by the way, Robb's wife also comes from. Yes, non-white buttocks and Shae have something else in common besides their hometown: they're light-brown-skinned. As if those bad messages weren't enough, in the Riverlands Arya escapes from the cave in front of the entire Brotherhood, and although they run after her they don't reach her, which suggests that the girl runs faster than the soldiers. Then we see another anti-male scene, although here the message is more than direct. Before castrating Theon (remember that Ramsay has him in a torture chamber) he puts two stunning young women in the chamber, both telling him that they want to see his penis. Then the attractive women get naked and things happen before the castration.

Another feminist scene: Jon tells Ygritte that a deer she wants to hunt with her bow is too far away but Ygritte hunts it. (The scene is somewhat reminiscent of that scene from the first episode of the first season, in which Arya hits a perfect target with her bow after her older brother, Bran, terribly missed the target—reality reversals are ubiquitous in this series.) Then Ygritte continues to taunt Jon, even though she confessed to Orell that she loved Jon. An absurd love: as absurd as Robb's with Talisa and Tyrion with Shae. Seeing these romantic scenes filmed by a woman, produced by Jews and written by a traitorous white man only humiliates the male viewer. But these idiots play romantic music when Ygritte kisses Jon on his mouth.

'The Bear and the Maiden Fair' ends with another unreal scene between a man and a woman. Jaime Lannister throws himself

into the ring where Locke had planned to kill Brienne with a huge bear, as if in real life the heir to Casterly Rock, the ancient stronghold of House Lannister, could dare to risk his life to save a woman. The whole scene exudes unreality, and it was this scene that gave the episode its title.

Second sons

An obvious mistake of the series was to change some actors although the actors who originally played a role hadn't died. In this episode we see the actor who originally played the role of Daario Naharis. Then, in another season, they inexplicably changed him: something that confuses the viewer. And they did the same with other actors, including the actor who interpreted Gregor Clegane, nicknamed 'The Mountain', and even the Three-Eyed Raven himself, originally played by British actor Struan Rodger. The confusion was great with Gregor Clegane and Daario Naharis.

In this episode the witch Melisandre prepares to sacrifice Gendry, the bastard son of King Robert to ask her god for a favour. As I have written about ritual human sacrifice, it makes me nervous to see fiction where magic is presented as real and where human sacrifices aren't done in vain. In the real world, of course, magic has no power except the power of suggestion which only affects the credulous. The last article I posted on the subject is about human sacrifices carried out in the American continent 3,600 years ago. The Indians who conquered the continent before the arrival of the white man sacrificed their own from time immemorial until the last of the Mesoamerican civilisations, the Aztec civilisation, when the Europeans arrived. But fiction places us in a fabulous milieu where, unlike the real world, human sacrifice pays off. In Stannis' dialogue with Melisandre it is implied that this is not the first time that she has performed a sacrifice. Melisandre then seduces Gendry who looks like a lamb being taken to the slaughterhouse, the witch's bed. As is typical in this series, the woman mounts the man in the sexual act, although what Melisandre wants is to suck a little of his blood with leeches to do witchcraft with royal blood taken from him involuntarily.

But there is another scene in this episode where a man literally kneels before a woman. Daario becomes Dany's third watchdog, swearing loyalty to her. The tough assassin Daario lasts a

good few seconds kneeling before the woman with the appropriate music. Then Tyrion, the day after his wedding night with poor Sansa, continues to let himself be mistreated by Shae instead of, now that he is already married, send her back to her native town.

The Rains of Castamere

The episode centres on the wedding of Edmure Tully (Catelyn's brother) and Roslin Frey: one of the most memorable events in the book series, commonly called 'The Red Wedding' during which Robb Stark and his banners are massacred. The title of the episode is a song belonging to the Lannister family, the lyrics that herald the Red Wedding and which the band plays at the wedding just before the slaughter begins.

The first scene of the episode provides the viewer with a bad message. King Robb asks his mother Catelyn for advice, who should have stayed safe at the castle of her uncle Ser Brynden Tully, popularly called 'Blackfish', whom she just visited. But the mother is in the tent of the King of the North in a military campaign against the Lannisters. Robb seeks advice from precisely the stupid woman who started the war by arresting Tyrion for a crime he didn't commit. So not only is Robb going on a honeymoon at the most serious time of his life; he asks his mom for advice early in the episode. During the wedding Walder Frey beckons Robb of what he missed—a true nymph by marrying non-white buttocks—while Edmure Tully is the one now marrying Roslin Frey. *Father, Smith, Warrior, Mother, Maiden, Crone, Stranger...* Immediately following this, still speaking simultaneously, Edmure and Roslin recite their vows. The groom says *I am hers and she is mine. From this day, until the end of my days* while the bride at the same time says *I am his and he is mine. From this day, until the end of my days*. Secular whites today should know that even for pagans marriage was the most sacred institution.

At Yunkai, Dany's watchdogs open the city gates for her SJW whims and come back in blood, Daario bowing once more to Dany and saying 'The city is yours, my queen'. But let's go back to The Twins, sometimes known as the Crossing, the castle and the seat of House Frey. Before the climax of not only the episode but the season, Robb kisses his wife even though, standing in front of Lord Frey, that is an insult as Robb broke his promise to marry a

Frey girl. But Lord Frey had it all planned out, and Robb and his banners didn't realise that the wedding between Roslin and Edmure was a trap. If white fans of TV shows weren't the worst dung since prehistoric times they would celebrate the stabbing of non-white buttocks, Walder Frey's little wedding gift to the couple, just as the Visigoths celebrated the murder of a mixed couple. But contemporary whites are the worst dung. Their values have been inverted in pursuit of the land of free ice cream and perpetual sunshine. Feudal Lord Frey, on the other hand, enjoys the reckoning. Catelyn and Robb have already been wounded by crossbow arrows and non-white buttocks lies lifeless on the ground, stabbed right into her pregnant belly by a Frey man. Stunned like an imbecile, Robb stares at the corpse while his wounded mother, who appears to be the one with the guts, tries to negotiate with Frey for her son's life. If Prussian values hadn't been inverted by America, Walder Frey would be considered one of the heroes of the series. (Interestingly, among the actor interviews only David Bradley, the English actor who played the role of Walder Frey, seemed to enjoy the bloodbath because Robb broke his word.) Afterwards, both Robb and Catelyn are finished off by Frey men and die. Immediately afterwards the credits appear: the only episode I remember they don't play any music.

Mhysa

Although I don't love the character due to the sadistic feudal house he presides over, I always liked Roose Bolton's gravitas. In this episode we see him the day after the Red Wedding while the servants clean up the pools of blood in front of Lord Frey. But I was disgusted by the scenes of psychological torture of his bastard son Ramsay in another place. Those scenes are an excess, completely unnecessary, although the Jews who film them love to throw that on us. Even after the physical and mental torture of Theon, the anti-male messages continue. In the next scene Ramsay sends his penis to Theon's father, the king of the Iron Islands, and warns him that he will send more pieces of Theon unless he takes his men out of the north. In private the father tells his daughter 'The boy [Theon] is a fool' and let's remember how smart Yara is. But the inversion doesn't end there. Yara takes the fastest ship in his father's fleet and fifty of the best assassins on the Iron Islands to try to rescue what remains of Theon. The cinematic

shots of Yara make the viewer see the masculinity of this brave woman when she sets sail.

In King's Landing Shae is one of the most repulsive women in the series. But only until this episode did we find out why. And here the fiction of Martin or the scriptwriters isn't bad. They are certainly bad at describing King Joffrey as the king's cruelty is inexplicable. But what happened to Shae is perfectly explainable from the trauma model of mental disorders, about which I have written several books. Ever since Tyrion met Shae it struck me that she said that if Tyrion asked again about her parents she would take his eyes off. But only up to this episode the why is revealed.

Varys: 'When did you come to this strange country?'

Shae: 'When I was thirteen'.

Varys: 'You were only a child'.

Shae: 'I stopped being a child when I was nine. My mother made sure of that'.

Since Shae's trade is prostitution it seems that her mother prostituted her from such an early age. (Anyone who wants to know how abusive parents are behind mental illnesses should read my *Day of Wrath*.) Another unreal scene is Arya's first killing in the series. The problem with these scenes is that even if Arya were a teenage boy the scene would be just as unreal: pure Hollywood. I don't even want to describe the details, or who she killed. The subsequent love-hate scene between Ygritte and Jon is also unreal: once again, pure Hollywood. Nor is it worth describing.

Although the Shae case is clarified from the realistic point of view of human psychology, the wickedness of the witch Melisandre is never clarified, who in this episode insists on sacrificing Gendry. In the real world we can guess the psychological motivation of human sacrifice rituals, as I explain in my aforementioned book. But here we are with Martin's fiction, where Davos helped Gendry escape. The scene that ends the series, Dany as a goddess among a huge crowd of non-whites, enthused the audience and even some white nationalists. But in reality those are bones that Jews drop at us from time to time to make us believe that there is some pro-white message in the series. Unlike these nationalists I didn't like that final scene of the season, least of all the cheesy music they played.

Two swords

‘Two Swords’ is the fourth season premiere episode, and the 31st overall. It premiered on April 6, 2014. The season begins by introducing new characters. Prince Oberyn Martell, who comes from the kingdom of Dorne, arrives at King’s Landing for King Joffrey’s wedding. However, Oberyn’s real plans are to inquire about the death of his sister, and take revenge on the Lannisters for the brutal murder of her and her children during the war. Oberyn, whom we see to the left of the photo, is travelling with his lover Ellaria Sand, another non-white, who appears on her back and lying on the bed:



The fourth season is just beginning and the showrunners send us a bad message. After this stunning nude specimen of Aryan beauty in Littlefinger’s brothel, Oberyn and Ellaria have homoerotic approaches with *other* prostitutes of the brothel. Since the culture of Dorne is inspired by Islam, this homoeroticism is gratuitous excess: a projection of the current degeneration of the West on the characters of an exotic culture. The people of Dorne even resemble the Arabs under Islam. Ellaria chooses one of the prostitutes in the photo, not the naked one because she is shy, and Oberyn picks the guy who appears in the shadows, barely visible at the extreme right of the photo. From my point of view, it was an outrage to have rejected a sculptural woman like the one we see naked above (I would kill to have such a woman in my house, as property).

Tyrion’s scenes with Shae are tiresome, not worth describing until in subsequent episodes we see how she betrays him. But the argument between Cersei and Jaime—and let’s remember

that they hadn't argued since Jaime left King's Landing and after that Locke cut off Jaime's sword hand—, reminds me of how we enslave ourselves before a woman. Gradually I see it more and more clearly: Women have no powers to 'get into men's heads', Davos' words about the witch Melisandre in the previous season. It is us, our impulses—think about what I said in parentheses above—that enslave us.

The lion and the rose

The episode was written by Martin and directed by Alex Graves. It focuses on the long-awaited royal wedding between Joffrey Baratheon and Margaery Tyrell and ends with Joffrey's death after drinking poisoned wine, abruptly killing one of the show's villains.

Queen Selyse Baratheon, née Florent, is the wife of Stannis Baratheon, the Lord of Dragonstone and claimant to the Iron Throne. Selyse was born into House Florent of Brightwater Keep, a noble house of the Reach and bannermen of House Tyrell. The imbecile King Stannis, who obeys everything the witch Melisandre tells him, orders several men to be burned at the stake, including Selyse's brother, Ser Axell Florent, even though they had served him well. Their sin? They secretly had continued to worship the old gods, who had also been the gods of Stannis before the witch from abroad came with a new religion. Melisandre calls 'pagans' anyone who doesn't worship the new god. Worst of all, Selyse is so fanatical of the new religion that she witnesses the burning of her brother at the stake with great approval, and saying that at last the sins of all those killed at the stake have finally been burned away. Incredibly, something similar happened throughout the Roman Empire since Constantine came to power, a story told in both *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour* and *Christianity's Criminal History*. This is history that white nationalists who sympathise with Christianity dare not read (for example, what was published by Kevin MacDonald in the second book of his trilogy).

'You are my sister', Ser Axell Florent uselessly begs since Selyse is completely under the spell of the new religion. Accounts of the destruction of white culture from the 4th century agree that women were the most fanatical in empowering the Semites and outcasts of the Roman Empire, something similar to what happens

today with woke women. If we fail to impregnate these brats and literally own them at home, they go bananas and begin to transfer all their maternal instincts to the dispossessed, including the Semites who in ancient times pushed the gospel to the Aryan world. But Melisandre or Selyse would have no power were it not for a king, Stannis in this case. Then Melisandre enters the bedroom of Shireen, the little daughter of Stannis and Selyse, whom she had never seen. Melisandre explains to Shireen that the stories of the old gods are lies and fables. In a subsequent season Melisandre would go so far as to convince Stannis to burn Shireen alive at the stake.

Breaker of chains

A scene from the episode we see after Tywin counsels his grandson Tommen caused hysteria among the fandom. Jaime almost rapes Cersei: the gravest sin for feminists, although the real sin of the siblings Jaime and Cersei had been to engender, incestuously, former king Joffrey and the future king Tommen (something that Tywin ignores). Even more serious is what Cersei said before the lustful Jaime jumped on her. Without any proof, this woman said that Tyrion had been the one who poured poison into Joffrey's cup (in fact, it was Littlefinger in collusion with Olenna). But that unfounded accusation didn't scandalise the cretinous fandom.

I don't want to focus on the fandom's hysteria that caused the purported rape scene in this episode, but on the dialogue between grandfather and grandson. I have said that the philosophical problem of who should govern arose from the times of Plato's *The Republic*, and that in popular culture only Martin apparently has dealt with the idea of the philosopher-king as we can watch in this episode, transcribed below:

Tywin: 'Your brother is dead. Do you know what that means?'

Tommen: 'It means I'll become King'.

Tywin: 'Yes, you will become King. What kind of King do you think you'll be?'

Tommen: 'A good King?'

Tywin: 'Huh. I think so as well. You've got the right temperament for it. But what makes a good king, hmm? What is a good King's single most important quality?'

Tommen: Holiness?

Tywin: Hmmm... Baelor the Blessed was holy. And pious. He built this Sept [*the cathedral in Martin's universe where they're talking*]. He also named a six-year-old boy High Septon [*a kind of Pope in Martin's world*] because he thought the boy could work miracles. He ended up fasting himself into an early grave because food was of this world and this world was sinful.

Tommen: Justice.

Tywin: Huh. A good king must be just. Orys the First was just. Everyone applauded his reforms. Nobles and commoners alike. But he wasn't just for long. He was murdered in his sleep after less than a year by his own brother. Was that truly just of him? To abandon his subjects to an evil that he was too gullible to recognise?

Tommen: What about strength?

Tywin: Hmmm... strength. King Robert was strong. He won the rebellion and crushed the Targaryen dynasty. And he attended [only] three small council meetings in seventeen years. He spent his time whoring and hunting and drinking until the last two killed him.

So, we have a man who starves himself to death; a man who lets his own brother murder him, and a man who thinks that winning and ruling are the same thing. What do they all lack...?

Tommen: Wisdom.

Tywin: Yes! But what is wisdom, Hm?

Below I quote from Yezenirl's video 'Why Bran Stark will be King', which was uploaded twenty days before the grand finale. Note that Yezenirl's words were uttered during the show's eighth and final season, and that he was the only fan among a legion of internet fans who correctly predicted who would become king at the end of the series:

On a fundamental level, *Game of Thrones* is an exploration of power, and different characters coming to power convey different messages about what it takes to rise up in the world. The rise of Daenerys emphasises strength and justice and ambition. Jon champions honour and righteousness. Someone like Littlefinger, deception and opportunism, while Cersei emphasises ruthlessness and vanity. Meanwhile, King Brandon would convey a more mysterious meaning that, although strength, lineage, deception and ruthlessness each play a part, all of them are bound up by fate. This ending would serve as a strange marriage of idealism and

cynicism. In many ways, Bran begins the story as the most powerless character, lacking even basic bodily autonomy. And as fate would have it, Bran ends up the most powerful. Yet that power comes at the cost of isolating Bran from his own humanity, and never gives him the thing that he really wanted [*walk again after Jaime threw him from the tower*]. And look, I know you probably still don't buy it, or you still think it's gonna be Jon [*crowned king in the finale*], and you really might be right about that, but hear me out just a little longer, because there is a glimmer of idealism to this ending.

Though many will die, and the wheel [*Dany's metaphor for the feudal system*] might not break, Bran just might make a good king after all. Despite having lost so much of himself to the Three-eyed Raven [*his mentor*], Bran, perhaps more than any other character, has grasped one of the most essential lessons of the story, which is the importance of empathy. Despite their history, Bran is able to look at Jaime Lannister, the man who once shattered his life, and to see good in him, to see Jaime as a man who was protecting the people he loved. And to not only forgive him, but to protect him. This simple act of understanding demonstrates what the war-torn kingdoms of Westeros have been so lacking: not strength, or cunning, or even honour, but real wisdom.

For a world that's been so damaged by people's inability to see from one another's perspective, maybe a broken boy is the right ruler to heal a broken kingdom. Maybe not the one you want, certainly not the one we'd expect, but the one the ending needs.

While Martin did tell the producers how his *A Song of Ice and Fire* saga will end, it would still be better to have Martin's complete set of books if he manages to finish them. This—a contemporary Platonic view about power—is the topic I like about *Game of Thrones*, not what the cretinous fandom cares about: whether or not Jaime raped Cersei in this episode.

Oathkeeper

After what I said above I don't want to continue describing the nonsense of this show (such as the triumphant entrance of Dany, the chain-breaker, to Meereen while the freed swarthy masses acclaim her). But since I'm focusing on the feminist messages of the

series, I must say that the dialogue between Olenna and Margaery, in their precious private corner at the garden of King's Landing, represents yet another inversion of human sexuality. Olenna tells her granddaughter that to marry a powerful nobleman, she gave him a tremendous sexual session one night when she sneaked into his bedroom. It doesn't take much experience in sexual matters to realise that this story smells of ink, not of real sexuality in the Middle Ages. But let's remember that in *Game of Thrones* this is a fantastic medieval period in which it is the females who ride the males on the bed.

First of his name

Here we see Bran Stark north of the Wall. In the following seasons the stupid directors cut off his hair very short, robbing him of virtually all of his jovial charm.



The first scene that I disliked from the episode was watching Arya practicing one morning with her small rapier. As Roger Devlin acknowledged in the preface of this book, many pro-white advocates have not realised the damage that feminism is causing to their race.

The laws of gods and men

The repulsive thing of this episode is that in the spas of Braavos the director of the episode, Alik Sakharov, filmed naked blacks, mulattos and swarthy men with very white women, also naked. If in a previous post I said that *Game of Thrones* fans were the

worst dung since prehistory, it's precisely due to their lack of outrage before scenes like this. If white males don't rebel against the ongoing miscegenation, even what we openly see on the street (such as what I saw a few years ago in London), the race is lost. Some feminist scenes follow with Yara wanting to rescue her brother. But the single scene described above is enough to make me disgusted and reluctant to comment on anything about the rest of the episode.

Maybe it's time to say something important. If there is something that irritates me greatly when watching the videos of the fans on YouTube, it is that some among them seem to know by heart each page that Martin has written with all the subplots, stories that precedes what we saw in *Game of Thrones* (as we also see in the *LOTR* appendix from the pen of J.R.R. Tolkien), names, geographic locations and much more. If the worst generation wasn't the worst, they would know in detail the history of the West, and especially what really happened in the Second World War (see what I say about the show's finale). Fiction has the magic of captivating us. In contrast, the harsh and heartless facts of life, say what can be read in *The Gulag Archipelago*, are so disturbing that we tend not to go beyond the first pages. That's why I keep advertising *Hellstorm* as the first of my required readings. In the real world the bad guys win, as opposed to fiction for the masses. Next time I'm willing to spend a couple of bucks, instead of something like *Game of Thrones* I'll buy David Irving's books, or Wagner's operas with English subtitles. But at least there's something good that came out of this purchase: it forced me to criticise every episode.

Mockingbird

The episode opens with words that portray the way we sometimes see women. Tyrion, after Shae's lies at his trial unhinged him, talks to his brother in the dungeon:

Jaime: 'You fell in love with a whore!'

Tyrion: Yes. I fell in love with a whore. And I was stupid enough to think that she had fallen in love with me'.

It is precisely because we are so hard-wired to desire the woman's body that we frequently enter a state of genuine psychosis while trying to possess her. The only way I can think of to remedy such a great asymmetry of instinct, insofar as they see us as

providers, is to return to the humane patriarchy. Only in this way could the hypnotic magnetism that women apparently wield—a biological program of our brains, actually—could be offset by social norms.

Away from King's Landing, in the Riverlands, we see a feminist scene: the girl Arya kills another man with her rapier, a man who had told her obscenities in a previous episode. But I wanted to focus on another aspect of what happened at the Riverlands: the Hound's confession to Arya about his past. Just as the story Shae told Varys—her mother's betrayal—helps us understand how she turned into an evil woman, in this episode we hear another story that explains the Hound's perennial angry mood: his brother and father also betrayed him horribly. I don't want to tell the details but from my own experience I know that this is a story that makes sense.

The mountain and the viper



As I have already said, Sansa is the only main character who at least until this season assumes a feminine role, as medieval women really were. Here we see her in her room at the Vale. The episode begins when Mole's Town is sacked by the wildlings near the Wall. Among the wildlings is the beautiful redhead Ygritte. Because of her leptosomatic muscles all the scenes in which they put her as one more murderer among the male raiders are unreal. Ygritte doesn't even have the body of a Valkyrie like Brienne: she's a slender woman in the prime of her age for childbearing.

The watchers on the Wall

The episode begins with one of those typical reversals of sexual reality. Conversing on a cold night between bonfires very close to the Wall, Ygritte tells a man of the band of wildlings that she had killed more people in Mole's Town than him: a tough warrior who is even a cannibal. And just as male warriors fight verbally in camps, after the cannibal says unkind things to Ygritte, she gets up and confronts him even though the sturdy cannibal is much taller than the very slim woman.

We then see a conversation about love and women in the Castle Black library between Sam and Aemon. Aemon is the Maester at Castle Black and the most important advisor in the Night's Watch. (The actor who played Aemon's character died at ninety-three in December 2016, which means that he didn't get to see the last seasons.) He was born Aemon Targaryen and was the last known Targaryen in Westeros. Also, he is the great-uncle of Dany and, unbeknownst to him, the great-great-uncle of Jon Snow. Aemon's origins have long been forgotten by most, as he remained dedicated to his vows as a Maester and a brother of the Night's Watch for many decades. I liked this Stoic character. The rest of the episode lacks scenes for my critique of feminism, although they had to film the moment when Ygritte died in the arms of Jon Snow during their failed assault on Castle Black. What old Aemon could have told Sam about love and women would have been far more interesting than this typical cheesy Hollywood scene.

The Children

The first surreal scene of the episode opens with an argument between Tywin and his daughter Cersei, who told her father the truth about her incestuous relationship with Jaime. Then she goes to Jaime and confesses that she has just confessed the truth to their father. The drama was caused because Cersei didn't want to separate from her son, thus prioritising her maternal instincts over her obligation to remarry.

The unreal thing about the plot is that there is no record of highborn women throwing these tantrums, not marrying an immensely wealthy man joining the richest Houses of Westeros, and disobeying her father. Since Cersei got her ways, the feminist message is obvious. And the worst thing is that stupid Jaime plays

along with her sister-lover, allowing himself to be seduced instead of hating her when she has just instigated the court to execute their brother Tyrion, of whom Tywin says that he would be executed the next day. All those feminist scenes should make the white man nauseous. But Jaime even fucks her in front of the cameras.



Finally, Bran and those who help him reach their destination far north of the Wall. In the labyrinthine cave under the weirwood tree they would meet the Children of the Forest and Bloodraven (called the Three-eyed Raven in the TV show). It is a pity that the writers and the director have spoiled the next scene with absurd violence emerging from the snow that had nothing to do with the spirit of that arrival at the most mysterious place in Martin's novels.

On the other side of the Wall we see another feminist scene. Following her knight-errant duties, Brienne finds Arya in the Vale and tells her that her father taught her to use the sword. A conversation ensues in which they tell each other that neither of their respective fathers originally wanted to train them in the martial arts, but they yielded after the brats' insistence. We then see the scene where Brienne defeats the much-feared Hound in single combat. The viewers swallowed the whole scene without questioning its historical accuracy, as this type of sexual inversion against the best fighters of a kingdom didn't occur in the Middle Ages (or in our times). The final scene of the season, after Tyrion killed Tywin, becomes unreal again. Arya, now freed from the Hound, gets a free raid to Braavos through the sea in search of adventure. We can already imagine what would sexually happen in the Middle Ages to a pretty teenage girl who tried to travel half the world without company.

The wars to come

'The Wars to Come' is the fifth season premiere episode, and the 41st overall. It aired on April 12, 2015 and was in very bad taste in this premiere to film another homoerotic scene of Ser Loras. It seems as if the creators of the series did this on purpose to annoy us. Outside of that scene there's nothing to tell about this episode.

The House of Black and White

We see the first absurdly feminist scene of the episode when Brienne, with the meagre help of her male squire, defeats several Littlefinger soldiers after speaking with Sansa in a tavern in the Vale. The second feminist scene is even worse, and reminds me of my father's abject codependency before my mother. Cersei manifests a vehement desire and Jaime will risk his life to fulfil it. The dynamic is typical: the female demands something and the male feels obliged to comply. Cersei ranks higher than her brother-lover Jaime at King's Landing castle, as she is the mother of the king (and the people mustn't know that Jaime is the real father of the king). So do men obey women that even in the city of Braavos, a sort of Venice in Martin's world, Ternesio Terys takes Arya to the gates of the House of Black and White, the headquarters of the Faceless Men: where the young girl will be trained as a professional assassin.



Another toxic scene for the Aryan spirit is the blonde daughter of Cersei and Jaime strolling through the water gardens of Dorne with her fiancé: the swarthy Trystane Martell. Recall that in Martin's world Dorne seems to have been inspired by Islamic

culture. The feminist scenes continue in Dorne. Ellaria Sand tells Prince Doran Martell that she and her daughters will avenge the death of Oberyn (killed in the previous season). Thus, it is women who have the initiative to start wars, or rescues like what Jaime will try in Dorne. Ellaria, who is not a woman of noble birth, even threatens Prince Doran by asking him, extremely upset, the rhetorical question of how long will he reign. Just imagine a Muslim woman speaking like that to the Caliph of Baghdad!

High Sparrow

Once the interior of the House of Black and White is revealed in this episode, we see that what they do there is similar to what they did in the Home we saw in the 1973 film *Soylent Green*: to euthanize people who could no longer endure life. The difference is that the Home was an easy place to understand and without any mystery, while the House of Black and White, which is the size of a cathedral, is not only dark on the inside—it has no windows—but represents a dark religion, the cult of death. There is not much to tell about what happens there, neither in this nor in subsequent episodes. I don't know what Martin's prose about the House of Black and White is like, but what we see on HBO doesn't seem to have greater depth than the typical Hollywood movie, although those who haven't seen the complete series are captivated by the mystery that surrounds that massive building.

Very far from Braavos another thing that bothers me about the series is the excessive cruelty of Ramsay, who with his father Roose Bolton rules the north. I've criticised Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* but Ramsay is a lot worse than Alex. I don't even want to recount Ramsay's extremely sadistic sins in this or future episodes. They are visual and narrative excesses, unworthy of a healthy audience. On the other hand, the story of the High Sparrow begins in this episode, in another part of Westeros. I have always been fascinated by the figure because it reminds me of the 14th-century Fraticelli. The resemblance of them to the Woke religion of our day is astonishing, with the exception that today the metaphysical aspect has been left behind and we are left only with the axiological aspect of religion (that's why we call it 'secular Christianity' or 'neochristianity'). I think it's impossible to understand the secular religion that currently covers the West without understanding the

figure of St. Francis of Assisi (1181-1226) and his late followers of the next century, especially the Dulcinians. For the common normie, a good way to get into the subject would be to watch the scenes of the Sparrows whose fanaticism begins in this episode. The arc of their leader, the High Sparrow who will die in the following season, is illustrative to understand our point of view: how the ethics of the gospel was transmuted into the suicidal search for equality (in today's Newspeak, 'equity').

Sons of the Harpy

For personal and selfish purposes that have nothing to do with religion, Cersei empowers an army of religious fanatics. After two centuries of inactivity she revives the Faith Militant: the military section of the Faith of the Seven, now led by the High Sparrow (today these militants would be like the Antifa). Just as Jesus drove merchants out of the temple, after Cersei's empowerment the Faith Militant drives out merchants from King's Landing who sold liquor and other profane things, and break into Littlefinger's brothel where they castrate a sinner. They differ from the Antifa in that they are very puritanical, but the fanaticism is of the same intensity as what we see today.



In another story that runs parallel, this one in the cold north, the writers don't refrain from degrading the male before the female. After Melisandre tries to seduce Jon Snow in Castle Black, she tells him exactly the words that the now-deceased Ygritte used to tell him: that he knows nothing about life. But it is in Dorne where we see one of the most offensive feminist scenes in the entire series. Ellaria Sand reunites with her daughters and together

conspire to do something that sparks a war between Dorne and the most powerful kingdom in Westeros. The episode shows them as extremely masculinised female warriors, true Amazons although located in an environment similar to the Islamic. The plot is so incredibly stupid that sometimes I think the only thing worth watching are certain shots, like the one where we see Dany from the top of the pyramid of Meereen (see previous image).

Kill the boy

A healthy world in which the good guys won the war of the previous century wouldn't present us with a romance between two mulattoes like the one we see in this episode. Worse still, in her efforts to pacify the civil war in Meereen, the blonde Dany proposes to a high-born mulatto from that city. (Recall in *The Fair Race* that Egypt declined when its rulers interbred with the Numbians.)

Regardless of those toxic messages for the mental health of the Aryans, there are strong cinematographic flaws in the episode. I have mentioned the silly scenes of violence when Bran and company reached their destination. Something similar happens in this episode, and precisely in another mysterious area that required calm and tranquillity, like the movies of yesteryear. I mean the scene that immediately follows when Tyrion spots Drogon in the sky, in awe. The scriptwriters spoiled the entire magical setting with an attack by some kind of lepers: a scene that completely broke the rhythm of the film, just as they broke it when Bran reached the magical outskirts of Bloodraven's cave. This is a problem with modern cinema, so ready to abuse special effects at the cost of the plot. When I was a child at least some films made us reflect, occasionally with artistic masterpieces. Nowadays the multi-million dollar productions can be summed up in my formula 'All for the eye, nothing for the mind'. That is why, when Martin apparently advised something 'for the mind' in the finale, the fans didn't get it. But let us go back to the episode. In the scene that precedes the silly scene of the 'lepers', Tyrion deduces that Jorah is taking a shortcut through Valyria. The shots when they enter the smoky sea are well thought out and set us in a mysterious place. Valyria, also called Old Valyria, was a city in Essos and the former capital of the Valyrian Freehold. In times of the internal chronology of Martin's

novels, what we now see on the screen is in ruins, consumed by time. It had been destroyed along with the entire empire by a cataclysm known as the Doom of Valyria, centuries before.

Unbowed, unbent, unbroken



King's Landing. We can see the Castle and also the Great Sept of Baelor: a kind of Vatican within Rome.

It isn't my intention to summarise the plots of each adventure thread in various parts of Westeros, but to record the bad messages of the series. The plots are mostly empty and fantastic, although I admit that Martin has a great command of the language. For example, when in Braavos Arya enters the sanctum sanctorum of the House of Black and White after some time working as a servant and sees the columns with thousands of inlaid faces, there is nothing profound in that idea. It is pure imagery of a writer who, in interviews, has shown himself to be a traitor to his race and who writes for an audience that all it wants is cheap bread and circuses. The only mystery in those scenes that initiate Arya into the mystery cult is that the viewer is eager to find out what exactly the Faceless Men's religion is about. Believing that he is going to find out just by watching all the seasons, he forgets that it's all cheap fantasy. It's far more difficult to try to decipher the religions of the real world. (See for example the efforts we made in *Day of Wrath* in trying to figure out why, in the past, parents led their children to the sacrificial stone.) And precisely because it is infinitely more difficult to understand the religions of the real world, the typical westerner attends television circuses even if they lack the least depth.

In the episode we see the first bad message on the Valyrian peninsula: a black slave trader hits the Aryan Jorah twice in the face. Far from there, in the warm King's Landing there is a phrase by Lancel Lannister, now called simply Brother Lancel, a kind of monk of those who destroyed the Western world in the 4th century, that deserves to be quoted: 'The city has changed since you were here last. We flooded the gutters with wine, smashed the false idols, and set the godless on the run'. Far from there, in the cold Winterfell, in the novels Ramsay doesn't rape Sansa in front of Theon after their wedding, as we see at the end of the episode. But as we know, those who produced the series are worse than Martin.

The Gift

The beginning of this episode is one of the darkest in the series, but since I promised not to tell the details of Ramsay's sadism I won't do it now. I'll tell another terrible thing from the beginning of this episode. A snowfall falls that is about to spoil Stannis' plans to invade Winterfell. The witch suggests that he should sacrifice his only daughter, who loves her father so much, so that her god will grant a victory. Stannis asks her 'Have you lost your mind?' but in a subsequent episode we'll see that he ends up obeying her. In my previous post I said that normies prefer fiction to the incomprehensible facts of the real world, and this example illustrates it.

In the real world my father, originally sane, ended up obeying the witch of the house to the point of destroying my teenage life. Sometime later I would find out that exactly the same happened in other families. What distinguishes me most not only from white nationalists but from people in general is that, when some of them suffer similar tragedies, they fail to report them in autobiographies. They are able to sublimate their own tragedy by consuming episodes like this one when a father betrays his little daughter, but they never talk about their own family with real names, as I do. It's good to see that scene, Melisandre poisoning Stannis' soul to sacrifice his daughter, because in today's West the practice continues. While the sacrifice of the child's body is now a crime, parents are allowed to sacrifice his or her mind. When a normie hears that someone has been (pseudoscientifically) diagnosed with schizophrenia, if we decipher the psychiatric

Newspeak it means that her parents murdered her soul. But who among the visitors to my website has thoughtfully weighed what I say in *Day of Wrath*?

But even in this episode with such a dark beginning they managed to film, later, several feminist scenes in Dorne: the absurd argument between Jaime and his teenage daughter and, in the cells, how the very masculinised Tyene mocks Bronn by exposing her breasts. These women can range from seduction to fearsome warriors whenever they feel like it: pure screenwriter shit. However, from a strictly cinematic point of view, the episode shows us a master scene at the end. I have said that to understand Antifa one must understand the movements that preceded it. And I'm not just referring to the Antifa that Hitler and his gang had to deal with before coming to power. I mean what we have been saying about the 4th and 5th centuries of our era, the destroying monks of the classical world, and a thousand years later: the most fanatical monks among the Fraticelli. In *Game of Thrones* the figure of the High Sparrow embodies something of the spirit of at least one of those times. The scene when the High Sparrow shows Cersei the oldest altar of the Faith of the Seven in King's Landing must be seen, even in isolation. Actor Jonathan Pryce played this fanatic monk of very mild manners extraordinarily. I mean the dialogue immediately preceding the moment he accuses Cersei because of Lancel's testimony. This is where the title 'The Gift' came from.

Hardhome

Now that I see some passages of these episodes on Blu-ray, I have the option to change languages including the voices in Latin American Spanish for the voices of the Spanish language as used in the Iberian Peninsula. Hearing Dany how the Spaniards speak, she reminded me of the television series *Isabel* about which I have written a very critical review. In this episode Dany looks somewhat like what I saw years ago in the Spanish series. The trick of both series, *Isabel* and *Game of Thrones* is to put these little women as if they were mature statesmen perfectly capable of their work. But if you want to see how women reign when empowered just look at what happens around the West, for example in Sweden or in Angela Merkel's Germany.



Jorah, the poor knight in love with Dany, expelled from the city for the second time by the woman he loves.

In this episode Dany is still in the semi-desert region of Meereen. But feminism continues even in the Arctic world, on the other side of the Wall, in the town of Hardhome. When Jon Snow meets with the announced elders of that primitive town, the one who stands out from that group of ‘elders’ is a young woman!

The dance of dragons

In this episode Stannis takes his little daughter Shireen to the stake despite the girl’s horrifying screams when she’s burned alive. I couldn’t resist seeing the scene again since it was released and I better hit fast forward on my remote control. However, it’s good to know that these things happened for thousands of years. Let us remember that the Bible itself speaks of some parents ‘passing their children through the fire’ in the context of human sacrifice. But even here there is anti-white propaganda in this HBO series, as in Martin’s novel Shireen remains alive and well at the end of the novel *A Dance with Dragons*. Furthermore, in real history it was the Semitic peoples, including the Hebrews, who passed their sons through the fire, not the Aryans. Here they put a white man, Stannis, influenced by a white woman, Melisandre, as the ones who commit the unforgivable atrocity.

Mother’s mercy

In the episode we see how Tryion stays to rule Meereen with the mulatto couple after their queen Dany fled the city on her dragon. I have said that I don’t want to go into detail about

Ramsay's sadism. But at least the directors had the decorum not to put the camera in when he skinned his victims alive. In this episode, however, they did put the camera in a room where Arya empties Trant's eyes in a brothel, before killing him. Of course, the Jewish directors frame the scene as legitimate revenge for Arya's teacher being killed by Trent, that swordsman we saw in the first season (plus Trent was beating up some young prostitutes). But it is a scene that offends the viewer whose soul hasn't been damaged by TV.

What is most outrageous is that a lot of gentile fans loved the scene. This is verified simply by watching their reactions on YouTube when the episode premiered. And this scene appears in the season's finale! Remember that the finales of each season were always the most anticipated since the producers would take a year to launch the next season. It's so disturbing that the perverted fandom of this series hadn't repudiated it at this stage, that it's not worth commenting further on the episode.

The Red Woman

'The Red Woman' is the sixth season premiere episode, and the 51st overall. It premiered on April 24, 2016. From a cinematic point of view the first shot, and indeed the opening scenes of this season, are a masterpiece. The camera zooms in on the Wall on a night in Castle Black as Jon Snow's direwolf Ghost begins to howl, though we haven't seen it yet. The next scene keeps the mystery, when we finally see Ghost and later Ser Davos until the close-up towards Jon's corpse.

Far from there and already in the daytime, on the sea crossing from Dorne to King's Landing we see that the blonde Myrcella, Jaime and Cersei's daughter, has been fatally poisoned. (A priest of the fourteen words would think that that was better than Myrcella marrying her non-white fiancée and fathered a *café-au-lait* prince to unite Houses Lannister and Martel.) Then we see the most grotesque scenes of the episode. Ellaria Sand and her daughters carry out a coup, killing Doran and his son. We can already imagine four Muslim women staging a successful coup by killing the caliph and the young prince, taking over the caliphate! But let's remember that we are facing the most serious disinformation campaign in Western history regarding the roles of men and women. And the most serious thing of all is not what these Hollywood Jews do, but

that white people consume their poison as Myrcella consumed hers, with their eyes closed.



The last scene, which gave the episode its title, is as well done as the first scenes but once again: from a strictly cinematic point of view. We see that the witch Melisandre is actually much older than she appears, thanks to her dark magic.

Home

By now, it should be clear that the show is just a series that stands out from other television series simply because Martin writes well. But it is feminist propaganda of the worst kind: the retro-projective kind. For example, the day after Euron kills his older brother, King Balon Geyjoy, in the rainy passage of the castle of the Iron Islands, the Drowned Priest Aeron tells Yara: ‘Perhaps you’ll be the first woman in history to rule the iron born’ which will become true, as we will see in the eighth season, after Euron’s death. The form of Martin’s prose, as well as the visual artistry in some of the directors’ shots, places this series above the others. But I use it to criticise the madness of the West. For example it is worth watching the final eight minutes of the episode, from when Davos talks to Melisandre until Jon Snow is resurrected.

White nationalists are, on the subject of New Testament exegesis, much more primitive than liberal Christians insofar as the latter at least acknowledge that the gospels are full of problems. Read Albert Schweitzer’s old classic *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* or, for someone completely unfamiliar with the subject, the didactic book of another Christian, Ian Wilson’s *Jesus: The Evidence*. But once we abandon liberal exegesis from the pen of Christians and read the

exegesis of an atheist, we are faced with a completely different approach to the New Testament, insofar as there is no evidence that Jesus even existed, let alone risen from the dead. The most important book I've read about the gospels is Richard Carrier's *On the Historicity of Jesus*. The resurrection of Jon Snow at the end of this episode is no more fictitious than the resurrection of Jesus at the end of the Gospel of Mark (a text that would later be used by Matthew and Luke to add more fictitious narratives). If it were possible to make white nationalists understand that what they believe is no more historical than the ritual that the witch Melisandre practices when reviving Jon, they would find themselves halfway into the psychological Rubicon and not just three steps away from Normieland, although with their feet already wet. The only historical difference between the resurrection of Jon Snow and that of Jesus is that millions of whites have believed the story that some Jews wrote two thousand years ago.

Oathbreaker

Sometimes the only thing of value in an episode is a single dialogue. In both the previous season and Martin's previous book, silence reigns over what happened in Bloodraven's cave below the great weirwood tree. But in this season we finally learn that Bran, now an adolescent, is receiving retrocognitive lessons about Westeros' past. 'Retrocognition', a term coined by parapsychologist Frederic W.H. Myers, describes 'the knowledge of a past event that could not have been learned or inferred by normal means'. After one of those lessons, in which Bran sees his father as a young man fighting with the best swordsman of the kingdom, Bran's mentor interrupts the vision and after a brief exchange he says:

Three-eyed raven: The past is already written, the ink is dry.

Bran: What's in that tower? I want to go back there.

Three-eyed raven: I have told you many times: Stay too long where you don't belong and you will never return.

Bran: Why do I want to return? So I can be a cripple again? So I can talk to an old man in a tree?

Three-eyed raven: You think I wanted to sit here for a thousand years watching the world from a distance as the roots grew through me?

Bran: So why did you?

Three-eyed raven: I was waiting for you.

Bran: I don't want to be you.

Three-eyed raven: (chuckles) I don't blame you. You won't be here forever. You won't be an old man in a tree. But before you leave you must learn!

If white nationalists followed the advice of the old man, they wouldn't only learn what really happened in the first century of the Christian era, but what the Christians did in the following centuries. (When I finish putting this book together I'll continue with the translation of Karlheinz Deschner's criminal history of Christianity.)

Book of the Stranger

From this episode Sansa loses her femininity and begins to speak like a man. I have seen a video about ultra-Orthodox Jews in Jerusalem. The customs of these Jews allow them to have families of a dozen children, just what the Aryans need for the Master Plan of conquering the world.

If white nationalism were not fake, the first thing they would do would be to reclaim their women. And that can only be done through a transvaluation of current values to common patriarchal values in the West until not long ago. Such transvaluation would explode the Aryan population to world-conquering levels, the healthiest thing we could imagine. If Jews have power it is because they respect male-female bipolarity. If the Aryans are dying out it is because they believe that a beautiful nymph like Sansa can suddenly begin to think like a general, advising Jon Snow how to get Winterfell back from the Boltons. All messages from Hollywood, the media and the universities are extremely toxic to whites. But if whites weren't crazy, they would write reviews exposing every feminist message of the most famous television series.

It's not just Jon, at the Wall, who is reluctant to wage war on the Boltons. At King's Landing the High Sparrow allows Margaery to visit her brother Loras, both prisoners in the dungeons of the Faith Militant because of their sins. And just as Sansa harangues Jon to fight, Margaery harangues Loras not to give up, as psychologically he seems a broken man. Margaery, on the other hand, is presented as the strong one who resists the pressure of religious fanatics. But Loras replies that he can't be strong, even

though Margaery wants to encourage him. As if that wasn't enough, after escaping from Ramsay, in the Iron Islands Theon talks to his sister Yara. Once again the male-female roles are reversed to the point of rendering Yara as incredibly manly and Theon as another broken male. Those games in kindergartens where boys and girls exchange clothes are even unnecessary in this brave new world if we see it even in hours of television entertainment. Theon tells Yara that it is she, now that their father has died, who must rule the Iron Islands (remember that no woman has ever been the queen of that wild kingdom of fishermen that assaults their neighbours as the Vikings did).



Tyrion, Varys, and the mulatto couple outside Meereen are barely seen in this still frame.

Then Sansa convinces Jon to declare war on Ramsay, but the role-reversal scenes don't end there. In Vaes Dothrak, Dany provokes the gathered khals and kills them by setting fire to the Temple of the Dosh Khaleen (she is miraculously unburned). Martin seems to have been inspired by the Mongols to describe the Dothraki, who are even more primitive than the most barbarous in Westeros. To make matters more ridiculous, after cremating alive the great khals Dany is left with the armies of these 'Mongols' for her own social justice warring purposes. End of episode.

The Door

The first bad message of the episode is seen in the gloomy House of Black and White: two teenagers, Waif and Arya, fight in a training exercise. No healthy society trains cute teenagers to become ruthless assassins (keep in mind that what Arya did in a previous episode is worthy of a sadistic scene filmed by a madman like

Tarantino). Jaqen H'ghar, who presides over the temple, has no male apprentices: only those two girls and some silent servants. He doesn't even have a sexual interest in the girls. The way these shots, while fictional, put pressure on the collective white psyche should never be underestimated. Much of today's psychosis in the West is due to whites wanting to imitate what they see on TV.

The second bad message of the episode is seen when Theon, at the Kingsmoot gathering, supports Yara's claim to the throne before Euron arrives. Far away, in Vaes Dothrak, Jorah makes a fool of himself by telling Dany, in front of Daario, that he loves her—even though he knows that Daario, not him, has been banging Dany. Typical of an emasculated man in front of the woman's figure. Feminism also reigns in the great pyramid of Meereen even with Dany absent. Kinvara, the 'High Priestess of the Red Temple of Volantis, the Flame of Truth, the Light of Wisdom, and First Servant of the Lord of Light' speaks to Tyrion and Varys with such amazing clairvoyant powers that she leaves this pair dumbfounded, presumably the smartest pair of males in Westeros. Never in the series had Varys been psychologically beaten like that.

Blood of my blood

The first female-male role reversal occurs when stupidly Mace Tyrell asks his mother Olenna 'What's happening?' He cannot see something so obvious. His mother angrily replies: 'He's beaten us. That's what's happening' referring to the High Sparrow. The writers always put Olenna as a very clever woman and her son, the head of House Tyrell, like a goofball. (By the way, those in charge of the casting made a big mistake when choosing the actor who represented Mace. Because of his age, more than his son he seems like Olenna's husband.)

The second inverted message belongs to another order of magnitude. In the huge semi-desertic area known as the Dothraki Sea, there is a dialogue between Daario and Dany that perfectly portrays Dany's figure. Daario tells her that she is not made to sit on a throne, but that she is a born conqueror. With a horde of Dothraki following them faithfully I couldn't help but think of the figure of Alexander the Great in the wake of a successful campaign of conquests by Dany in several seasons: Astapor, Yunkai and Meereen (in the eighth season she would also conquer King's

Landing, Westeros' capital). Then Dany, mounted on her dragon of course, gives a conquering harangue to this horde of 'Mongols' so that these savages invade Westeros on the other side of the sea, kill their white enemies 'in their iron suits and tear down their stone houses' (these primitives don't even have stone buildings). As expected, with a roar of Dany's dragon the stupid episode ends.

The broken man

Here the series exacerbates its previous feminism to surreal levels. It is not enough that the show introduces a woman as the feudal lady of a beautiful medieval castle. She is a ten-year-old girl and the fans loved this new character! Some Americans have wondered how the judicial system gave in to the BLM threat by condemning a white cop in the case of the black man who died on the asphalt. One clue to how the West got to this point is simply to notice what TV fans like: a world upside down. In the episode this brat, Lady Mormont, speaks authoritatively as a feudal lord, and initially disparages Jon Snow and Sansa Stark who ask for help in their campaign against the Boltons.



In Volantis we see Yara and another woman making out publicly. But Yara is not a lesbian in Martin's novel. This is another excess of the scriptwriters to demoralise the sane viewer. Yara also harangues her 'little brother', the phrase she uses, so that he stops being a broken man. The penultimate scene is even more surreal than that of the ten-year-old feudal lady. Arya, seen in the still frame in Braavos with the background of a kind of Colossus of Rhodes, is stabbed several times in the stomach by the Waif and she survives the attack! There are quite a few beautiful images in this episode, including Blackfish's Castle and Jaime Lannister on the bridge. The

trick used by the creators of *Game of Thrones* is to mix the beauty of Aryan architecture with poisonous messages for the white soul. It reminds me of Kubrick's virtuosity in filming *2001: A Space Odyssey* so that his next movie, *A Clockwork Orange*, was so poisonous that it was banned in England for several decades.

No One

The episode begins with a street play that not only distorts, but reverses, what really happened during the assassination of King Joffrey. For those who have followed the series and know the plot, we could say that that theatrical scene in the streets of Braavos is perfect to portray the narrative believed by the masses about the Second World War.

I have observed that the commenters of my website don't like fiction, not even what I had been quoting about a historical novel, *Julian*. The fiction genre can indeed seem idle to us as long as the media lie about what happened in the 1940s. But if people flee from reality to the fiction genre it's because reality is immeasurable. Sometimes we can't even know what happened as the literature for and against a claim, for example if the Soviets were going to attack Germany, is very confusing. Much less confusing it is to speak about the Hellstorm Holocaust, as the sources here do not refute Tom Goodrich's thesis: normie historians simply ignore the voice of the vanquished. However, it would never occur to a common fan that this opening scene is a perfect metaphor for what happened in the last century and its extremely misleading 'theatrical performance' of the present. One of the reasons that led me to despise the genre of the novel is that all that ink must have been used to expose the events of 1944 to 1947, which according to the Kyle Hunt documentary is the most notorious coverup of our time.

I have referred to what came to mind at the beginning of the episode. Let's jump to the penultimate scene, when Sandor tracks down the men who had raided his community and comes across Beric Dondarrion and Thoros of Myr preparing to hang these bandits. The scene is very well staged and it also lacks bad messages. But the final scene is grotesque. The convalescent Arya is capable of running away from the Waif through the streets of Braavos to the degree of taking a phenomenal jump, and let's not talk about her final dialogue with Jaen. Pure rubbish.

Battle of the bastards



This episode is emblematic of the series. It starts with a very easy victory for Dany, much easier than Caesar's *Veni, Vidi, Vici* after the Masters invade Meereen with their fleet. Later we see the Battle of the North: the best melee battle I've ever seen from a cinematic point of view. Unlike Dany and the fire of her dragons that burn the invading fleet, in the Battle of the Bastards you can see the ruthless rawness of what war really is, which is reflected in this image of the poor men under the command of the bastard Jon that are about to fight in numerical disadvantage against the army of the bastard Ramsay. Dany, on the other side of the world in Martin's fiction, is so powerful that she's even capable of thinking in exterminationist terms. At the pyramid, which is being bombarded from the ships in the bay, she says to Tyrion: 'I will crucify the Masters. I will get their fleets afire, kill every last one of their soldiers and return their cities to the dirt. *That* is my plan'. The contrast between the Battle of Meereen Bay and the Battle of the Bastards couldn't be greater. While the men on Jon's side struggle to remain alive in a very realistic battle thanks to special effects (it is difficult to film a great carnage of horses during direct combat), the SJW Dany is granted everything thanks to the fire of her dragons. It was a blunder to put both battles in the same episode because it shows how grotesque all this feminism is where the conquering woman appears as ultra-privileged with her weapons of mass destruction while the men have to fight every inch of the ground with blood and iron, as two armies fought in the open fields of yesteryear.

In the discussion with Tyrone, her advisor, Dany, before riding her dragon, tells him that she's completely different from her

father, who wanted to burn King's Landing including men, women and children, even those loyal to the mad king. Tyrion replies: 'You're talking about destroying entire cities. It's not entirely different'. Another infuriating thing about many episodes, including this one, is the stupid little music they play when Dany rides her dragon and everything comes out smooth and easy—really irritating, especially compared to the eerie music they play right before the Battle of the Bastards. In addition, we must remember that all this war of Dany against the Masters is due to the latter refusing to abandon the slave system. We can already imagine what fantastic cinema would be like today if the Confederates had won the American Civil War.

Just as in the pyramid of Meereen Dany wants to become genocidal and Tyrone begs her for restraint, in the gloomy north we see something analogous after the members of the war council leave Jon's tent before the battle starts. During an argument between Sansa and Jon she says such obvious things about strategy that it is sad to see the man's naivety. Sansa also alerts Jon about the psyops Ramsay will use on the battlefield. As we'll see later, Jon fell flat on one of those tricks, and had it not been for the unexpected intervention of the Knights of Vale at the last minute he would have lost the Battle of the Bastards. The script is pure rubbish although the battle, as I said, is worth watching. But before it the scriptwriters inserted a scene that reminds me of what I said in 'On Beth's cute tits', although now I'm not referring to breasts but the buttocks of a woman.

Theon and Yara arrive in Meereen and ally with Dany, offering their fleet in exchange for help in overthrowing Euron and acknowledging Yara's claim on the Iron Islands. This happens after Dany won the battle in the bay thanks to her dragons. There is a memorable phrase in the dialogue between these two women. Yara said to Dany: 'We'd like you to help us murder an uncle [Euron] or two who don't think a woman's fit to rule'.

Sometimes it is necessary to introduce our most intimate insights to make a point. When the episode aired on June 19, 2016 I thought how incongruous it was. In the above scene those who have power are women: Tyrion, the queen's adviser, is a dwarf and Theon was castrated by Ramsay. When I saw the scene in 2016 I thought that we were getting the spectacle of the buttocks of the

hyper-masculinised Yara, who negotiates with Dany, but they show us her clothed buttocks in a phallic way.

A few years ago I visited the Tower of London and saw Henry VIII's armour. I was surprised by the large metallic bulge in the genital area of the armour. Whoever was directing the tour spoke of it as a psychological weapon or psyop. But here, and I'm following my soliloquy from years ago when the episode premiered, it is Yara's buttocks that we see, who is not only a dyke but wants to be the first queen of the Iron Islands after killing Euron. The emasculated Theon who has the right to rule the islands once again supports, now in front of Dany, Yara's claim and in the end these two women reach an agreement right there, in the enclosure of the pyramid. Anyone who understood my Beth essay will see that a creature whose buttocks seduce us cannot be a great warrior that beats us too (or a world chess champion, in Beth's case). This topic is so important that that essay gave the title to this book. What I noticed when I saw the episode for the first time is how the language of the images seduces us: how they put Yara in tight pants so that her buttocks are drawn next to the humble Theon, the broken man.

Women have bigger buttocks than us. Years before I had already noticed this trick and also by another pair of Jewish directors, the Wachowski brothers. I'll never forget how in *The Matrix* we see very well drawn the buttocks under the pants of another woman, Trinity, when she is about to board a helicopter immediately after receiving a brief course to pilot it. In cinematic language, they used a low shot by showing us this brave female warrior from behind. But this time the psyop was not the armour protrusion for Henry VIII's balls, but Trinity's elegant buttocks in a non-erotic scene.

The winds of winter

The episode opens with artistic scenes in the Great Sept of Baelor that are worth watching even if you don't see the rest of this season finale. Martin was obviously inspired by the medieval church.

High Sparrow: 'Will you fight to defend your faith against heretics and apostates?'

Brother Loras: 'I will'.

But even in the Great Sept the directors filmed a feminist scene. Addressing the High Sparrow Margaery blasphemes ('Forget about the Bloody Gods and listen to what I'm telling you!') in front of the Faith Militant, a sort of inquisitors, and all the nobles gathered at the trial of Loras and Cersei. This is something as inconceivable as a woman shouting something similar to the pope of other times in St. Peter's Basilica with the Holy Inquisition present! The scene is ultra-feminist because Margaery not only curses in a holy place. She's so clever that she senses that somehow the Great Sept is going to be attacked—something unbelievable within the plot itself. After the Night King killed the Three-eyed Raven only his disciple, the broken Bran, has the power to know these things clairvoyantly (wildfire cache is about to explode under the Great Sept of Baelor).



Even worse, much worse, is what happens after the Great Sept explodes killing everyone, religious and nobles included. This level of feminism is so repulsive that I will tell it very briefly. The girl Arya, who should be dead from the stab wounds she received in a previous episode, single-handedly murders the feudal lord of House Frey and his sons. (Before that scene, Tyrion, supposedly the most intelligent man in Westeros, tells Dany 'I believe in you' and Dany turns him into Hand of the Queen with all the ritual of kneeling before the queen, etc.) But the ridiculous feminist messages don't end there. In Winterfell, after a few words from Jon Snow now that the Boltons were defeated for good, the prepubescent Mormont girl lectures three mature feudal lords! And

it is this girl who, speaking to all the assembled lords of the north, proposes, now that there is no longer a guardian of the north, Jon Snow as the king and all acclaim him.

I have said it elsewhere and it bears repeating. To understand the darkest hour of the West what is needed is to understand the greatest hits of mass culture, as it was in the 19th century *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (remember that Lincoln told its author: 'So you're the little woman who wrote the book that made this great war!') and *Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ*, which also became a tremendous bestseller in the United States. In the 20th century the film based on it would win eleven Academy Awards, and in the 21st century BLM would inherit the message from the little woman Lincoln spoke to. It is there, the hits, where we can calibrate the pulse of the white man's collective unconscious. In other words, to understand the dark hour it's better to understand *Game of Thrones* than the boring texts of the Frankfurt School. It's pop culture that drives the silly masses, not so much what Kevin MacDonald discusses in *The Culture of Critique*.

To culminate the end of the sixth season, after the suicide of King Tommen there are no longer any men sitting on the Iron Throne. Now it's a woman's turn: Qyburn says: 'I now proclaim Cersei of the House Lannister, First of Her Name, Queen of the Andals and the First Men, Protector of the Seven Kingdoms. Long may she reign!' But Cersei is not the only queen. In the final scene of the season we see Dany with a massive armada, with her dragons flying above, crossing the sea to conquer Westeros.

The Battle of the Bitches lies ahead...

Dragonstone

'Dragonstone' is the seventh season premiere, and the 61st overall. Almost all episodes begin with a minute and a half opening credits in which we listen to the musical theme of the series that became so popular. Here, instead, D&D kicked off the season with a 'girl power' scene.

I have said that the girl Arya had killed the lord of House Frey. But this girl is so powerful, and let's remember that we are in the scene before the opening credits, that she manages to kill the rest of House Frey—dozens of them, all males, and in the end she walks over the corpses. For me, the fact that millions of fans didn't

mind that a single girl was capable of killing all the males in their own feudal castle shows that the Aryan problem encompasses the Jewish problem. Not wanting to see that the masses are surreally brutalised is part of the blindness of white nationalists, who don't quite understand what's happening.



Queen Dany arriving with her armada at Dragonstone.

But the opening scene is only the overture of what comes next. In Winterfell, the Mormont girl returns to her practice of lecturing a feudal lord, and Jon Snow allows Sansa to confront him before the lords and ladies of the north. In the real, historical feudal world, Sansa had to be completely subordinate to the will of her stepbrother; she wouldn't even have a voice on the war council.

Stormborn

We see the first feminist message in Dany's war council that used to be Stannis' headquarters. Dany invited three powerful women, Olenna Tyrell, Yara Greyjoy, and Ellaria Sand as allies to overthrow Cersei. Olenna, Yara, and Ellaria are hawks while Tyrion recommends restraint to avoid unnecessary genocide. The warriors with balls are women and the doves are men (Varys is also in the Dragonstone war council as Dany's counsel). That eagerness to behave like a hawk is even more noticeable when Olenna is left alone talking to Dany, haranguing her to honour her Targaryen surname, that she should behave like a true dragon. We see the second feminist message of the episode when Sansa, once again in the war council of Winterfell with the lords of the north again contradicts, and resoundingly, the decisions of the king of the north, Jon. In the Middle Ages an insolent woman who had done a

scene as the one Sansa had done in the previous episode wouldn't have entered the war council room again. But here the male kings tolerate these mouthy little women, even the Mormont girl who opens her little Mormont mouth again at Jon's war council to show her disagreements. When Jon Snow accepts the invitation to visit Dany in Dragonstone, he leaves Sansa as Guardian of the North in Winterfell. So now three women rule Westeros: Cersei in King's Landing, Dany the invader (who has allied with Olenna, Yara and Ellaria), and Sansa as guardian of the north while Jon Snow returns from his diplomatic mission.

The queen's justice



A thoughtful Jon Snow at Dragonstone.

The first feminist message of the episode is the meeting between Dany and Jon at Dragonstone. I've been mentioning the nickname 'Dany' that Jon would give the queen when, in later episodes, they became lovers. But the official title of this feminist icon is just the way Missandei introduced her queen to Jon: 'You stand in the presence of Daenerys Stormborn of the House Targaryen: Rightful Queen of the Andals and the First Men, protector of the Seven Kingdoms, the Mother of Dragons, the Khalessi of the Great Grass Sea, the Unburnt [fire doesn't burn her] and the Breaker of Chains [i.e., a social justice warrior]'. Regarding the other queen who also claims to be the protector of the Seven Kingdoms, Tycho Nestoris of the Iron Bank tells Cersei that she is

the first queen in the history of Westeros. In other words, there had been no women in power prior to the show's internal timeline. It's becoming increasingly clear that the show is, as we have been saying, a projection of the current lifestyles of a dying race to a medieval world that never existed. Later the episode shows us another kind of bad message: Grey Worm's mulatto army infiltrates Casterly Rock and captures the castle of the Aryan Lannisters. Then we see how after Jaime, Randyll and their armies take Highgarden, Jaime speaks one last time with Olenna before she drinks a poisoned cup.

The spoils of war

The first feminist scene takes place in Dragonstone Cave, where Jon shows Dany some ancient cave paintings. Given that Dany and Cersei are the queens who are fighting to see who will sit on the Iron Throne, one might think that Dany could at least tolerate a single king, Jon, in the far north. But no: she tells Jon that she will only help him defeat the Night King if he bends the knee and accepts Dany as the queen of the Seven Kingdoms. If Jon accepts Dany's proposal all of Westeros will be ruled by one woman when the powerful Dany defeats Cersei. This episode also shows the Stark siblings reunited for the first time after they parted ways in the first season. All the scenes in the series and the novels where a heart tree appears have a very special charm.



Another ultra-feminist message occurs when Brienne tells her male squire, 'Move aside, Podrick!', who had fallen to the ground several times training with Brienne. She says those words to

him because Arya requests a training exercise from her. Now these two women are the best swordsmen in Winterfell! It is useless to reiterate that this is an absolute reversal of sexual roles and historical reality in a medieval castle. We already saw that Dany's mulatto army defeats the Aryan Lannisters in another castle, Casterly Rock. At the end of this episode Dany's other coloured army, which as I have said Martin seems to have been inspired by the Mongols, defeated the Lannisters on the Roseroad, although this time aided by Dany's dragons.

Eastwatch

We see the bad message of this episode, in the sense of demoralising the Aryan male, when Jaime Lannister returns from the battle on the Roseroad, still full of mud combat. He tells Cersei that the Dothraki (who ride horses like the Mongols) would defeat any army. The reality is that if the dragon that helped the Dothraki were a metaphor for weapons of mass destruction, it would be the Aryan Lannisters who would have it, not the other side. If in real history a Jewish sect hadn't seized the soul of the Greco-Romans, technology and military science wouldn't have been interrupted. A horde of Mongols would have had no chance against a Roman Empire that hadn't declined. The West wouldn't have been easy prey to invasions by non-whites as it was in the history we know. If I were a film director I would make films about this parallel world that didn't exist: a Roman Empire without Christianity where eventually the scientific method that the Greeks were very close to discover would be discovered, and how without Christian ethics and with the technology they wouldn't have only pulverised the Huns and Mongols, but the nascent Islam.

Beyond the Wall

From this episode until the grand finale we begin to see problems of another kind. Since Martin didn't finish the last two novels of his epic when they were filming the last two seasons, the producers rushed the story to levels that spoiled the rhythm of the series. Many fans of the novels are upset with Martin because even today he has not even finished *The Winds of Winter*. I feel a little more empathy for the writer. Writing is a thankless task that is done in solitude, in the writer's home. Most writers can't even make a

decent living from their craft. When the miracle happens, as it happened to Martin when HBO decided to bring his most ambitious work to the screen, it is natural that with the river of money flowing towards the artist he changes his lifestyle, doing the writing in the bedroom more difficult, especially due to Martin's advanced age. But the mistake of this episode and others of the following season is that Martin was right in asking D&D that the series should run for about fourteen seasons. That would mean that filming would be roughly halfway through by now. If we assume one season per year, the eighth season should have been released in 2018; the ninth in 2019, the tenth in 2020 and this month that I write the fans would be watching the eleventh. The creators of the HBO series went their own way by taking a shortcut, narrowing down the remaining seven seasons in episodes 66 to 73. And unlike previous seasons that had ten episodes each, the seventh season only has seven. The following season, the eighth and last, only six episodes. That's far from the adequate pace, although it was only until the middle of the eighth season that fans became furious by this rush.

But still, in this rushed episode, we see two conversations between the Stark sisters in which Arya tells Sansa that since she was a child she wanted to become a knight, though there are still no female knights in Westeros, and that she wanted to break the rules. Worse still, the writers recast this Arya girl with psychopathic traits as we see when she talks to Sansa. But feminism doesn't end there. Near the end of the episode the King of the North, Jon, promises Dany that he will bend the knee before her.

The dragon and the wolf

It was written by D&D and directed by Jeremy Podeswa. In this episode the two bitches meet for the first time and agree to a truce while the Night King is defeated. Note that when the series began, King Robert Baratheon ruled the Seven Kingdoms that these two queens now dispute, although the threat north of the Wall has become a distraction that will be resolved in the following season. We see the climactic scene of this episode when Littlefinger is executed: the man who, with his lies, had started the war between the Starks and the Lannisters although the director deleted a crucial

scene showing that the real hero in uncovering Littlefinger's wiles had been Brandon Stark, as can be seen from what a fan wrote:

Bran Stark actor Isaac Hempstead Wright revealed in a past interview with *Variety* that he and his *Game of Thrones* co-star Sophie Turner, who plays Sansa, shot a sequence in which Sansa consults him ahead of Littlefinger's trial.



You see, Sansa was first convinced that her own sister, Arya, was out to murder her in attempts to become the Lady of Winterfell. Arya felt certain of the same—and it was all thanks to the master manipulator Littlefinger. Viewers were sweating buckets watching the season 7 finale, believing that one of the Stark girls would turn on the other and commit fratricide within the halls of their House's ancestral seat. Sansa and Arya flipping the script and sentencing Littlefinger to death was a massive twist—and seemed to leave a wide plot hole that went completely unpatched. The deleted scene Hempstead Wright discussed with *Variety* would have stitched up the gap and detailed exactly how the Stark sisters knew what Littlefinger was up to and how they arrived at their plan to execute the former Master of Coin.

In the scene, Sansa consults Bran about what to do regarding the whole 'I think our sister is going to kill me' dilemma. Using his newfound abilities as the Three-Eyed Raven, Bran peers into Littlefinger's past and unearths every underhanded thing he's done to secure power.

As Hempstead Wright describes it, 'We actually did a scene that clearly got cut, a short scene with Sansa where she knocks on Bran's door and says, 'I need your help', or something along those lines. So basically, as far as I know, the

story was that it suddenly occurred to Sansa that she had a huge CCTV [closed-circuit television] department at her discretion and it might be a good idea to check with him first before she guts her own sister. So she goes to Bran, and Bran tells her everything she needs to know, and she's like, Oh, shit.

Though audiences can fill in the blanks without this scene, it makes Bran's powers all the more real, and, frankly, terrifying. Nothing can be kept from him, and as a result, nothing can be kept from his family. There is no secret Bran cannot uncover—and the biggest skeleton he drew out of the proverbial closet was the truth behind Jon Snow's birth. Bran knew of his brother-cousin Jon's true parentage and real identity as Aegon Targaryen, the son of Rhaegar Targaryen and Lyanna Stark, and his rightful claim to the Iron Throne over the wannabe queen Daenerys Targaryen before others did. His knowledge spread to Samwell Tarly, then to Jon himself, and (spoiler alert) quickly made its way to Sansa and Arya themselves.

Not all the audience filled the gap. Censoring that scene made some believe, at Littlefinger's trial, that Sansa had understood for herself the betrayal of the master of intrigues. The confusion was such that some fans commented that Sansa would never have been able to outwit Littlefinger. Sometimes I wonder if D&D abandoned the already filmed scene because of their feminist agenda, since Bran's role was diminished in this final episode of the season.

Winterfell

'Winterfell' is the eighth season premiere episode, and the 68th overall. It aired in 2019 and the previous season in 2017. What happened in 2018? I have said several times that the slogan of contemporary cinema seems to be 'everything for the eye, nothing for the mind'. Well, the show's technicians spent all of 2018 doing the complicated CGI effects on the dragons for the final season. It was such a laborious task that they skipped an entire year leaving the eager audience in a long two-year wait! Unsurprisingly this practice, and in just six episodes for what should have been six more seasons, ruined the series from the point of view of a plausible narrative. However, from our point of view the series was

already ruined from the first episode of the first season due to its bad messages.

If there is something for the mind that the show left us, it is feminism. True, from a cinematic point of view, the opening scene of the eighth season is superb: from when we see a boy running in the first seconds until Jon kisses Bran on the forehead (Jon had not seen Bran since he left him comatose and his life hanging by a thread in the first season). George Lucas visited the set where the opening scene was filmed, in which Dany and Jon arrive at Winterfell with an impressive army. But already in the great hall with the gathered lords we see the first ultra-feminist scene when the Mormont girl, who still doesn't menstruate because of how young she is, reprimands Jon in front of everyone. At the time of the reprimand Jon is sitting in the hall flanked by two other women: Sansa and Dany. With these TV messages should we be surprised that teenage brats have become so insolent?

As is typical of the show we then see Bronn sexually ridden by a woman (a prostitute), flanked by two other naked women. Politically correct directors seem to be reluctant to film a man riding a woman: their mission is to reverse reality even in bed. Then we see a third feminist scene when Theon rescues Yara from Euron's ship and, instead of thanking him, Yara headbutts her brother (was it because he didn't help her at the exact moment when Euron kidnapped her)? Already setting sail, Theon tells Yara that she is his queen and that he will do what she orders, before a goodbye hug. This is what fans waited patiently, for two years, to finally see...

A knight of the seven kingdoms

The first feminist message of the episode is seen in the Winterfell smithy, during the dialogue between Gendry and Arya. I don't even want to detail it because, later, what happens between them is worse. As always, the woman is on top of the man in the sexual act, and in this case Arya was losing her virginity! By getting on top of him she plays the role of the macho. Later, speaking alone with Sansa, Dany tells her: 'We have other things in common. We've both known what it means to lead people who aren't inclined to accept a woman's rule. And we've both done a damn good job of it, from what I can tell'. But that's nothing. The most offensive scene of the episode comes later, when Davos gives hot food to

every commoner in Winterfell, outside the castle walls, in the winter. An adult male gets the soup telling Davos these words: ‘My lord, we’re no soldiers’. The men from the north are preparing to fight the Night King’s army of wights, which has already crossed the Wall and is heading to Winterfell.¹⁷ Davos replies: ‘You are now’ and the man is stunned. Davos has to reassure him with personal anecdotes, as Davos isn’t a warrior either (although he has participated in important battles). The next person who reaches out to Davos with an empty plate to receive the soup is a little girl, about ten years old, and she says to Davos with the accent of a little English girl: ‘All the children will be going below [of the castle] when the time comes. But... I want to fight’.

There can be no clearer message.

In the next scene, Jorah Mormont asks his cousin Lyanna Mormont—the girl who, as we have seen, has admonished Jon several times in front of the lords—to stay in the crypt under the castle during the battle, along with the women and children. Lady Mormont replies that she will fight alongside her soldiers (in the next episode we will see that she dies heroically when the Night King’s army of the dead infiltrates the castle). Perhaps what was most worth hearing from the episode was the song Podrick sings on the eve of the enemy army arriving at Winterfell. Many of those in the castle will die in a few hours. The song conveys a state of unusual relaxation before facing destiny.

The long night

I have said that Martin didn’t finish the last two novels of his epic when D&D were filming the series. If I had been the director, instead of what the D&D Jews did—trying to compact what Martin had confessed to them in a few episodes—I would have devised the script differently so as not to spoil the plot, as D&D spoiled it. I simply would have forgotten about the game of thrones, or the war between the two bitches, and focused solely on the threat that the army of the dead posed to Westeros once the

¹⁷ In *Game of Thrones*’ fiction, a *night* is a reanimated corpse, either human or animal, raised from death by the White Walkers using necromancy to act as their minions. Wights are often referred to collectively as the Army of the Dead, or simply as the dead.

Night King's dragon brought down the Wall. From that angle, the long night in the sense of the long battle that was fought at Winterfell would have appeared at the end of the last season.



Above, the most beautiful moment of the episode according to Yezenirl, including the music I would add, in his video 'Why Theon should have killed the Night King'.

And instead of the ultra-feminist scene that D&D came up with—the girl Arya kills the Night King in this episode—I would have chosen Theon to be the hero of Winterfell. That way we wouldn't have seen packed together, in just six episodes, a complex plot—or rather plots—that should have been filmed over several seasons.

It's no excuse that the directors have run out of Martin's latest novels. If they had been good artists they would have simplified the plot, guillotining any war between Dany and Cersei from the script—that is, the game of thrones—so that the show would look more like a song of ice and fire. The Night King, the white walkers and the army of the dead live on ice on the north side of the Wall and fire is represented by the most loved character by fans, Jon, who lives on the south side of the Wall. In previous episodes it's revealed that Jon is Aegon Targaryen, and in Martin's universe the Targaryens represent fire. Without Martin's latest novels, that would have been the compromise a good screenwriter would have made.

In many respects, 'The Long Night' is the culmination of the entire series. The following episodes represent a huge anticlimax that disappointed the fandom big time. And while the battle against the army of the dead in this episode is the most exciting of all

seasons, I suspect that the feminist agenda finally stretched the show's credibility to breaking point. As we said above Theon, not a girl that sometimes looked like a character of Tarantino's deranged art, should have killed the Night King.

The last of the Starks

A prolonged anticlimax—i.e., three more episodes—is unwatchable. If I had directed the show in addition to removing feminism from it, the soft-porn scenes, Arya's psycho traits and putting Theon as the late hero instead of a living heroine, I would have ended the series by filming, in this episode, Bran's coronation after Jon led a mass cremation funeral for the dead (the latter we do see in the HBO series). In that way the series wouldn't have ended in the eighth season but in the seventh, in 2017: this eleventh episode being the anticlimax, something common in masterpieces of literature. If you look at the popularity statistics for *Game of Thrones*, after Arya killed the monarch of the white walkers and the wights, the Night King, the fan acceptance plummeted. On the one hand I am pleased, although anti-feminism wasn't the cause of the repudiation of this season but the blunder of squeezing all the complex plots pending in a couple of episodes. The feminist messages that continue in this episode are not worth describing further, except that while watching it I counted a couple of them.

The Bells

Written by D&D this episode features the final battle for control of the Iron Throne, with Dany's forces commencing their assault on Cersei's forces at King's Landing. Quite apart from D&D's big mistake of compacting the rather complex plots that were left unfinished in a couple of episodes, fans also erred by misjudging the last two episodes of the show. Although it would have required more seasons for proper execution, it makes sense for Dany to burn King's Landing in this penultimate episode. See Yezenirl's video 'Foreshadowing is not Character Development: The Rationalization of Tyranny'. But instead of commenting on the bad messages from 'The Bells' or why the fans failed to get the moral of Dany's arc, I prefer to talk about one of the bad messages from the next episode. Even at the show's most interesting

moment, Tyrion's speech, the writers managed to insert a feminist message: Sansa's little sermon that left her as Queen of the North!



As Yezenirl observed in an interview, that is cheating on the profound message of that moment. And to top it all, in the Blu-ray edition of the complete series there is an option where we can see it with three voices commenting: D&D and Emilia Clarke, who played Dany. Obviously, the level of the discussion with a little woman present was as frivolous as we can imagine. But let's talk now about serious matters.

The Iron Throne

'The Iron Throne' is the series finale of *Game of Thrones*. Written and directed by D&D, it aired on HBO on May 19, 2019. The wisest words of all the *Game of Thrones* seasons were uttered by Tyrion: words that fans have yet to understand:

*What unites people? Armies? Gold? Flags?
Stories.*

There's nothing in the world more powerful than a good story. Nothing can stop it. No enemy can defeat it.

Although D&D were advised by the author about the finale, Martin wasn't the first to notice this. Ivan Illich (1926-2002), a critic of the school system, had said: 'Neither revolution nor reformation can ultimately change a society, rather you must tell a new powerful tale, one so persuasive that it sweeps away the old myths and becomes the preferred story, one so inclusive that it gathers all the bits of our past and our present into a coherent whole, one that even shines some light into the future so that we

can take the next step... If you want to change a society, then you have to tell an alternative story’.

Alas, the current story that whites are telling themselves is astronomically toxic for their mental health.¹⁸ The System has lied to us over the decades about what happened in the Second World War. The great lie of our times can be summed up in these words by Irmin Vinson about the Second World War:

In almost any war one side can be dishonestly demonised even by a truthful enumeration of its crimes, if the crimes of its adversaries are suppressed.

Thomas Goodrich’s *Hellstorm* opened my eyes by collecting testimonies from the 1940s about some horrible tortures and the genocide committed on the German people during and after the war. This is the story we must be telling ourselves: the events dating from 1944 to 1947 in what was left of Germany, and up to 1956 in the Soviet Union’s death and forced labour camps where countless Germans had been deported. Of the story of the genocide of millions of defenceless Germans we don’t see any museum, memorial, film or documentary in the media, newspaper articles or magazines. Nor is it talked about in history departments or even routinely in the major racist forums. Why?

Because what we call a nation’s history is actually a struggle over who controls the social narrative, the official ‘story’. Such control unleashes great intellectual passions: it is practically an act of war.

In this light we might dare to say that, although there has been no more fighting since 1945, the war against the Aryan continues insofar as the story of the fallen continues to be suppressed today—suppressed in the most crushing way imaginable. In the case of Germany there is no such thing as ‘the vision of the vanquished’. We live in a totalitarian West where the most relevant stories about the Second World War have not reached the masses, not even at the cafes where we hang out with our friends to speak out privately. Those who win the war write history, and it shouldn’t surprise us that only and exclusively the crimes attributed to the losing side have been aired from the rooftops twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. On the other hand, the masses know nothing about the crimes committed by the

¹⁸ See ‘Foundation myth’ in *On Exterminationism*.

winners. Only those who know the harshest literature of the last decades intuit what really happened.

The Gulag Archipelago was published when I was a teenager. One reviewer wrote: ‘To live now and not to know this work is to be a kind of historical fool’. We could say the same of those who ignore books like *Hellstorm*, published in 2010 and other books like it. Currently the story of the Jewish holocaust is taught on a religious level in the West. But the planned murder of millions of defenceless German men, women, and children has been kept from us despite that

What the Allies did in peacetime (after May 1945 to 1947) was incomparably more monstrous than the crimes attributed to the Germans in wartime—precisely because it was done in peacetime.

Before the apocryphal story about the Second World War, the Bible was the story that whites had been telling themselves. But if the story that the Old Testament preaches to the Jews is ethnocentrism as their evolutionary survival strategy, and the story that the New Testament preaches to the gentiles is guilt and universalist love, it shouldn’t surprise us if both stories culminate today as a self-fulfilling prophecy: the apocalypse that whites are currently suffering. But there is a last-minute solution. Start telling yourselves a new story that replaces the old one through William Pierce’s history of the West and Evropa Soberana’s essay on Judea against Rome.¹⁹

¹⁹ Both of these essays appear in *The Fair Race’s Darkest Hour*.

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