

Malignant egomania or lack of Self boundaries?

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Abstract

Five years ago I visited an old friend with whom I used to play chess, and saw him so psychically deteriorated that I wrote many pages about him in my journal. I consider *intuitive psychology*, something not taught in universities, to be my forte. So in this essay I would like to talk about the psychopathology of this former friend.

Empathy is not the same as sympathy or even compassion. We can empathize even with a serial killer who wants to kill us, in the sense of picking up on his vibes, reading his mind (not telepathically) and being aware of him. However, some people are practically devoid of empathy: they lack Self boundaries. They treat us as 'egoic' objects in the sense that they cannot perceive us as entities with a different will of our own, but rather massively project their psyches onto us.

Someone who hasn't processed his grief with an abusive mother (i.e., a mother with no ego boundaries) is doomed to become mentally ill.

Malignant egomania ('narcissism' in popular parlance)

Given that the spirit of Europe in general and Germany in particular was crushed by the Anglo-Americans after the Second World War, and that because of them the Jews were empowered, it irritates me that the most lucid minds on the trauma model of mental disorders that I have come across are Jews.

For example, in my books I mention Swiss Alice Miller and the Italian-American Silvano Arieti, both ethnically Jews. If Hitler had won the war, the psychologists who would have made the findings that Arieti and Miller eventually did would have been Aryans. Both Arieti and Miller have passed away. Recently, I have been watching the channel of an Israeli émigré to Europe, Sam Vaknin, whose seminal work on narcissism is well known. I was surprised that what this Jew says is analogous to what I had written about my old friend in my diaries. Narcissism is a pattern of behaviour that is beginning to be analysed in social media, although in addition to his YouTube channel Vaknin wrote an academic book on the subject.

Despite being a Jew, for those interested in how a mother without 'psychological childbirth' can spoil her child insofar as she impedes the process of individuation, and the grown-up child now lacks Self boundaries, Vaknin's videos are worth watching. But I reiterate that I would have loved for the good guys to have won Hitler's war so that all these findings would have been popularised by Aryans. The findings of Arieti, Miller and now Vaknin are valid regardless of the ethnic group they belong to, just as the Jew John von Neumann was an outstanding scientist in another area, computer science. It was because of Neumann, by the way, that before computers played chess I learned that chess wasn't a 'game', but a special form of computation.

What is now fashionable to label *narcissism* on various YouTube channels I would rather call malignant egomania. But there are so many channels on the subject, in English and Spanish, that I have no choice but to use the popular expression. The flaw of all these channels is that they expose

the subject without concrete examples, and they rarely talk about parents suffering from malignant egomania: a condition that compels them to destroy the minds of their children.

The right way to approach this tragedy would be as it was done in ancient Greece: tragedies were family events even if they used fictitious characters. It is also possible to use real-life people. Those who have read Stefan Zweig's *The Struggle with the Daimon* about Hölderlin, Kleist and Nietzsche will know that it was a tragedy that Kleist burned his *History of My Mind* before committing suicide. That missing work would, it seems, have marked the beginning of an authentic depth psychology unlike the epistemological error that reigns in the universities (for example, the Jew Vaknin pays obeisance to the Jew Freud, whom I have debunked in Kevin MacDonald's *The Occidental Observer*).¹ True depth psychology, which I conjecture would have begun with Kleist, started with those who devised the trauma model of mental disorders. Before that, all we had about tormented souls was Zweig's approach—another Jew!—illustrating it with 19th-century Germans. More to the point would be to enter the world whose door Alice Miller opened in the second half of the 20th century: what I try to do in my autobiographical books.

Biography and history are two sides of the same coin. The ethnosuicidal psychosis from which virtually all Western Aryans currently suffer must be analysed. And to solve inexact problems (not mathematical, computational or chess problems), it is important to limit the scale of the problem to avoid confusing ourselves: what has happened to the pseudoscientific mental health professions. Only then can we hope to solve our inexact problem, or at least come closer to a theoretical solution. Therefore, in this article I will limit myself to analysing the scale of the problem with a single case.

The young neurotic Marco

Half a century ago, in 1975, I met Marco (real name) on the chess benches in Mexico City's Parque de las Arboledas, in Colonia Del Valle. Those were times when the teenager I was didn't want to stay in an abusive home and school, but undisturbed by them in a park. The first game we played was won by Marco with the black pieces and I seem to remember that, against my chess habits, I opened the game with the queen pawn, and if I remember correctly he replied with the so-called Dutch Defence. Apart from the fact that I lost that first game (in subsequent days I would beat him), the only thing I remember is his rather surly face, and we hardly exchanged words before or after playing. In fact, in the 1970s I didn't get on with him much more than I interacted with other players in the park, although I eventually discovered that Marco was a good reader of the great Russian writers.

Since we used to go to the park every day, in the first half of the 1980s I began to get along more with Marco. After playing chess or watching some of the other parkgoers play, he and I would walk around the perimeter of the park talking about philosophical issues. Sometimes, taking into account that he had a job and I didn't, he would invite me to lunchtime meals in the proletarian restaurants of Colonia Del Valle or Narvarte (Marco, a mestizo descended from Mazahua Indians of Michoacán, belonged to a much lower social class than mine), and we would continue our conversations there. Eventually I even asked my beloved grandmother, who lived near the park, to rent Marco the empty maid room on the roof of her house. I must say that among the other players in the park, Marco had a reputation for being pretty neurotic. He had a very self-serving temper and frequently offended the other chess players with biting comments.

In short, that was basically my relationship with Marco: a non-white friend from very humble origins but who had a great love for literature and with whom I could have meaningful conversations. I stopped seeing him when I went to work for a few years in California in 1985. That image, of a friend with whom I could talk about philosophical topics, was the image I had kept of him from those years.

¹ César Tort: 'Freud as Charlatan and Politician', *The Occidental Observer* (November 13, 2025).

By the time I returned from the United States in 1988 I had lost track of Marco. Since I grew up in Colonia Narvarte, in 2003 I went to live in a guesthouse very close to my childhood and early teenage home. I used to pass by Concepción Béistegui Street when Marco no longer lived on that street with his mother. In late 2004 I saw his 'Aunt Api' coming out of the house where Marco had lived and I asked her about him. She gave me his mobile phone, and I phoned him. Those were times when Marco worked in the neighbouring Mixcoac and we met once in that zone on one of his lunch breaks. Since for my autobiographical project I keep many documents, diaries and have classified some of my emails, I am able to report that from his work office, Marco answered my email on January 7, 2005, and we didn't see each other again for many years, although I already had his mobile phone number in my phone book.

Remembering the old friend, it wasn't until 2019 that it occurred to me to talk to him again and we arranged to meet outside the Palace of Bellas Artes, at the very heart of Mexico City.



We met there on May 27th and then went from the palace to one of those humble proletarian restaurants in the centre of the metropolis that Marco likes to eat at. After that we said goodbye. So far, nothing extraordinary had happened, and you can see that my diary entries about Marco were very laconic, in that there was nothing relevant to report. What began to obsess me about Marco's mind was due to what happened next.

Two years after our brief encounter in the palace I phoned him. I was interested in recovering two books of mine that I had given him decades before, including a splendid edition of poems of the Castilian language that my uncle Julio had given me, and a book of the chess champion Alekhine that my father had given me in 1973. So, without telling him that my real interest was in the books I wanted to get back, I told him on the phone that I wanted to see his house. With the help of a taxi driver, we arrived on May 30, 2021 (remember that I have diaries) at a very poor neighbourhood in the State of Mexico on the very edge of the big city.

On entering his house I was astonished at the level of Marco's neglect with the dusty cobwebs and thick layers of dust throughout his house. I had only seen old cobwebs dusting the door frames in vampire castle movies! I deduced that the old friend had been suffering from depression for years, if not decades...

A few minutes before, Marco had given the taxi driver and me, as a reference point to locate his house, the electricity pylon without realising that there was a row of pylons on that avenue; and that the real reference point to locate his house was a dumpster. It was his fault that the taxi driver and I struggled to find his house. The extremely rude manner in which he greeted me because we struggled to find his house without a street number, was such that I promised myself that this would be the first and last time I visited him. Nevertheless, I repressed my anger and handed him the two large illustrated books on the Aztecs and the Mayas that I planned to give him as a present. (By the

way, I didn't get my books back. Marco informed me that his ex-girlfriend, Mrs N., had thrown her entire library onto the roof of her house, where the rain had ruined all his books!) When I was dealing with him in the second half of the 1970s and the first half of the 1980s, Marco had never been so rude to me, but what happened afterwards was key to understanding him.

Although we didn't quarrel during my visit since I thought I wasn't going to visit him a second time, Marco, who surely remembered our philosophical conversations of yesteryear, kept calling me on the phone asking me to visit him again. My diary records phone calls to my mother's house on 7 and 28 July, 11 August and 18 December 2021; although he may have called at other times. These were times when she would answer the phone and then pass the message on to me. By 2022 Marco gave up phoning to my mother's place.

In 2023, on 22 May to be exact, remembering his love of literature I thought of calling Marco to give him, but not in his house to which I had promised not to return, a copy of my book *Hojas susurrantes* (*Whispering Leaves*). We made an appointment and Marco chose the large mall called Perinorte as our meeting point. It was a huge disappointment because we didn't see each other for reasons of his mental condition, which I will explain later. For the moment the important thing is what happened next.

Until that day I hadn't had any real problems with Marco. The problems started the next day after our failed meeting. I phoned him to ask him to give me a postal address so that I could send him my *Hojas susurrantes* by post, since I was unable to deliver the book to him personally at the mall. With that seemingly innocent phone call on 29 May began my morbid curiosity to try to decipher a Mr Hyde I hadn't known before.

The psychotic Marco, now an old man

In the phone call to get his postal address, Marco suddenly told me something that stunned me. He wanted to give me his second house! Moreover, he added that he had an account in the BBVA Bank whose funds he wanted to give me as soon as he unfroze them!

I was flabbergasted, as my friendship with Marco had been relatively superficial; we had never been really close buddies (I must confess that only someone who phenotypically resembled me, in an ethnic sense, could be a 'buddy'). A few months later I learned that he had made the same offer to his first cousin, Marco's only close human contact with the outside world since he secluded himself. To offer me money when I knew that Marco didn't have a penny was so preposterous that I wrote in my diary that it was a lie: a mousetrap cheese to get me to visit him.

Then, in that same phone call on 29 May, after those bizarre offers Marco spoke wonders of a train arriving near his house 'with a broken voice, almost in tears' says my diary, as if begging me to visit him. I told him that I didn't want to suffer the hours-long bus odyssey to visit him (Marco and I lived at opposite poles of the great Mexican capital). I didn't want to take my car to such a horrible area, and I wasn't going to pay for taxis anymore. So during the phone call, whose sole intention on my part was to obtain his postal address, Marco transformed it into a sermon. Seeing that I would still not go to visit him by public transport after his fantastic gambit (house and bank money), he scolded me that I was suffering from snobbishness, and that I should open up my mind to a more proletarian lifestyle. Needless to say, I didn't acquiesce to his demand to visit him again.

The following month, on 9 June, my autobiographical book reached Marco through the mailman. By 18 July he had read it. He phoned me and showered me with praise. It was the first time in my life that anyone had ever praised *Hojas susurrantes* so highly. Two days later, my mother died. On August 2 my second book analysing my family tragedy, *¿Me ayudarás?*, which I had also mailed to him, reached Marco and he sent me his condolences since I had inscribed a few words on the first blank page: that I was sending him the book on the very day of my mother's passing...

The altruist Mr F.

Marco's first cousin, Mr F., whose mother is the sister of Marco's late mother, contacted me and we talked on the phone for a while. Marco didn't give him my phone number. Apparently, Mr F. saw my information on a card inside the books I had given Marco about the pre-Hispanic world.

By September of 2023, the surreal situation with Marco was back. Those were the days when I had arranged with his cousin that I would invite Marco to clear up the bizarre offer that no less than I, whom Marco hadn't dealt with for decades, would inherit his second house; and Mr F. and I agreed that the three of us to meet in my place. On the 3rd of that month I decided to speak to Marco on the phone to arrange the invitation, but he was in a state of extreme paranoia regarding Mr F.

He believed that his cousin and his son, Marco's nephew, wanted to steal his second house. In a state of extreme fury, like that of a raving lunatic, he forbade me outright to speak to Mr F. again, and started saying very nasty things about my own siblings. But Marco doesn't know a single one of them. In fact, he never entered any of my family's houses (only my grandma's house when she rented Marco the maid room). My diary says that during that telephone call Marco spoke badly about my siblings in the context of his strong demand that I had to leave the house where I lived (my late mother's house) to move to his second house which, according to Mr F., was in *obra negra*.

Obra negra are Spanish words to describe a property that is in its initial structural phase—concrete foundations, pillars and bare brick or block walls—with no finishes or utilities completed. (When later I visited that property, to my absolute horror I saw that it didn't even have a roof over a huge area of the second floor!)

I must iterate: in that September call Marco was angrily demanding that I move out of my mother's elegant mansion into his uninhabited second property in *obra negra*. To give you an idea of my late mother's mansion, it had three pianos in different locations and a well-cultivated garden. It is located in an area of volcanic soil that prevents buildings from collapsing as happens in the centre of the capital during earthquakes (on the other hand, in the impoverished neighbourhood where Marco lives, floods are common during the rainy season). Why did Marco want to take me out of that comfortable mansion to move to a uninhabitable place in a dangerous neighbourhood? Marco's tone was like he was advising me wisely!

I was so alarmed by that crazy phone call that I kept insisting to Mr F. that he come to my house to meet me (even without Marco). In October, Mr F. and I finally met at my late mother's mansion and I opened the most expensive bottle of wine from the bar next to the dining room; wines that my sister and I had inherited after our mother's passing. Mr F. and I talked for hours and ate cheese, bread and good wine in the dining room.

Mr F., a year older than me, told me many things that I ignored about Marco. For example, Marco is seven years older than him. Also, when Marco was penniless Mr F. used to give him a monthly allowance. He would buy his groceries and even pay off the debts Marco had incurred with Mrs H., the manager of the small grocery store on the same block where Marco lives.

After his mother died, Marco had squandered all his pension money building his second house. His plan was to turn that second house into a restaurant, but he mismanaged his funds so badly that the house was left half-finished. Mr F. told me he didn't know how Marco managed to eat before Mr F., seven years his junior, became his sponsor.

Mr F. also told me how he dedicated an enormous amount of his time to getting his cousin a government card that provides a bimonthly stipend to senior citizens: enough for Marco to be able to eat modestly. Since Marco's birth certificate contained an error (he wasn't born at the end of August but in the middle of the month), the bureaucratic hurdles Mr F. had to navigate, even speaking with a high-ranking government official to correct the error, were labyrinthine and consumed many months

of his time. Marco, on the other hand, did absolutely nothing to fix his paperwork. As I have mentioned, he suffers from such a terminal depression that it's reflected in the state of his 'vampiric castle' so to speak, with cobwebs hanging from the ceiling like stalactites. Furthermore, Marco never changes his clothes and doesn't seem to bathe. 'He looks like a beggar', Mr F. told me.

From the day Marco exploded with paranoia, believing that Mr F. and his nephew wanted to steal the house in *obra negra*, Marco and I hadn't spoken on the phone. But on 8 December he phoned me. Unlike the furious paranoid of the September call, he began his remarks in a very cordial manner, albeit in an omniscient tone. Yours truly was the object of his wisdom in the form of unsolicited advice. The fatherly advice was so grotesque that it explains why I became obsessed in my diaries with psychoanalysing Marco. Without arguing with him, because by then I knew he was in a psychotic state, I wrote down Marco's exact words over the phone:

"Te quería proponer que hicieras un receso... un año sabático... Ya deja de escribir... Hazme caso. La casa que vas a ocupar..." [I wanted to suggest you take a break... a sabbatical... Stop writing already... Take my advice. The house you're going to move into...]

Marco never registered the fact that I had told him that I wasn't going to move there. To add insult to injury, in his mind I had to stop being a writer! During that phone call I rebelled against his advices but at one point in the discussion he said emphatically "*¡Me sales con tonterías!*" ('You're giving me a lot of crap!'). It was so insulting that I was going to move to a shithole that I let him speak just to record verbatim what the madman said....

Marco thus ceased to be a friend and became 'a character who must be psychoanalysed'. I confess that, in my vindictive trilogy, several morally reprehensible individuals I knew have ceased to be 'people' and became 'characters' (I even mention their first and last names). However, to avoid problems with Marco, I won't mention his last name while he's alive. At any event, to put a little context into Marco's advice, when Carlos Salinas was president of Mexico, my mother didn't go to Los Pinos to give his children piano lessons. The president's drivers took his three children, including his daughter Ceci Salinas, to my mother's mansion in Tlalpan:



Above, the daughter of the president of Mexico acknowledging the applause at my home after playing my mother's grand piano during a meeting of my mother's students in December 1990 (incidentally, the student seated was an English girl I fell in love with, but my feelings weren't reciprocated). In the next century, Mr F. would talk with me in this living room, with the same

furniture. The blue painting on the wall depicting the apostle Peter was painted by my father, a copy of an original.

When I met Marco in the mid-70s, he had a neurotic character but he wasn't in a psychotic state. Now, at his seventies (and perhaps since his sixties) he has stepped out of reality. Marco has also wanted his nephews, Mr F.'s children, to turn his *obra negra* into the restaurant that Marco couldn't set up because he squandered his money. But even when Mr F. or his nephews tell him that they won't move to such a remote neighbourhood, Marco doesn't come back to his senses. He is under the impression that, sooner or later, someone—for example your truly!—will follow his wise advice.

It's impossible to convey how perplexed I was when, decades after dealing with him, I came across a new person. It was only from the videos I saw on YouTube that I realised that it is fashionable to analyse this sort of symptoms under the tag of 'narcissism': folk with no empathy. However, those videos from countless English and Spanish channels refer to narcissists in a neurotic state (e.g., the young Marco that wasn't a character for my literary project but a friend in the 1980s). The symptoms those youtubers mention don't yet reach the level of psychotic narcissism. Richard Grannon is the exception. Furthermore, those youtubers relate cases when they were romantically involved with neurotic narcissists. They hardly mention cases of narcissistic acquaintances.

The flaw I see in the videos on malignant narcissism is that it isn't the same thing to practice 'zero contact'—their advice—with narcissist partners as it is for a child to leave his mother (or father) whose narcissistic personality is undermining his mental health. They are entirely different family dynamics. As adults, we have the power to make a clean break with the abusive partner but a child has no power to walk away from the toxic parent. Moreover, unlike Silvano Arieti's treatise which helped me so much to understand serious mental disorders like 'schizophrenia', these youtubers don't illustrate their knowledge with specific cases. Perhaps they do so out of cowardice, as there are quite a few people like Marco in the world. The youtubers don't even have to use real names but pseudonyms, so why they don't use anecdotes to illustrate their theories is a mystery. They only speak in general terms about Narcissistic Personality Disorder (NPD): the opposite of what I do in my trilogy, where I tell lots of anecdotes about people who have misbehaved.

Quite independently of such obvious flaws, I was impressed that these youtubers say that the malignant narcissist can be distinguished by his or her lack of empathy. As we saw above, Marco showed me off his cobwebbed house without noticing that I was horrified. In fact, I had to turn over one of the cushions of one of his armchairs so that I could sit in his living room and not get a considerable amount of dust on my trousers. To show off his house to me without realising that I was genuinely horrified, is to lack the most basic empathy. I guess this new Marco, a Mr Hyde with no ego boundaries thought I was admiring his house! Remember that at that time I lived in the house pictured above, whose dining room and living room floors are inlaid with tiles and wood; the living room walls have overlapping wood panels, the ceiling has a textured finish with handcrafted lamps, some of them quite expensive, some walls display decorative wrought iron figures, and there are even a couple of stained-glass windows with figures, including one in the studio where I worked with a view of the garden.

Youtubers also talk about the gratuitous rage of narcissists, who explode at the drop of a hat. As we saw, Marco exploded in anger when the taxi driver and I couldn't easily find his house without a street number in one of the poorest neighbourhoods of the metropolitan area. These youtubers also talk about paranoia, which I witnessed in that September call with Marco's claim that his closest relatives were conspiring to steal his house (Marco has no wife or children). Later, Marco told me that they belonged to a real estate cartel. Another thing the youtubers say that portrays Marco is that those who suffer from malignant narcissism have fluid contours of their selves, so they treat people as

This is so surreal that I must illustrate it with an anecdote regarding why we didn't meet in the Perinorte mall.

By phone Marco had told me he would meet me outside the Sanborns restaurant. However, given the unpunctuality of Mexicans, I have been in the habit of meeting them inside a restaurant on my appointments. This allows me to bring a book and entertain myself if the guy in question is unpunctual (something I actually did: I brought along a book by a Spanish historian about the Roman emperor Caligula: a book I reviewed in *The West's Darkest Hour*). So I told Marco a couple of times that I would wait for him inside the restaurant. In a Sam Vaknin video, he said that the narcissist only registers what you say if it goes along with the narcissist's narrative. It seems incredible, but even in something as prosaic as the location during an appointment Marco didn't hear what I said more than once: he heard *his* original voice that he would look for me *outside* the restaurant!

The result was that we didn't meet (Perinorte, the mall referred to, is very notorious because the cell phone signal there is very poor, so we couldn't communicate when we were in and out of the restaurant). It was very frustrating in that, although Mexico City is as large as Houston, with almost twenty million more people and far fewer freeways it is very difficult to get around. I chose a Sunday for the appointment at the mall far north of the city because there is not much traffic on Sundays and the taxi driver only made an hour's drive along the freeway from my house to the mall. Marco had arrived by public transport, so it took him an hour and a half to get to the mall. Counting the return trip for both of us it was five hours of wasted transport, plus the hour and a half wasted in the mall erroneously thinking we had both been stood up. All because Marco didn't want to register in his little head what I told him: that I would wait for him sitting down, inside the restaurant.

A trivial anecdote you might say, but perfect to explain what it means to treat others as *egoic objects*: the will of the other person becomes invisible, and one only deals internally with one's own will projected onto the Other, despite the calamity that Marco had to suffer (he had gotten up very early in the morning to arrive at the appointment on time).

What causes such egomania that it prevents even conveying an idea as simple as waiting for a friend inside a restaurant? Thanks to the visits of Mr F. to my house, who had known his cousin Marco since Mr F. was a small child, I tied up some loose ends. I already knew that Marco had been raised by a slightly mentally retarded mother, who apparently had been raped by Marco's absent father. What I didn't know, and only learned from what Mr F. told me, was that Marco had been raised exclusively by his mother, Mrs Ch. Before Mr F.'s visit I was under the impression that an aunt and grandmother, in addition to his mother, had been Marco's guardian figures in El Oro de Hidalgo, a Mexican town. I didn't know that, from an early age, Mrs Ch.—whom I saw two or three times at my grandmother's house—had migrated from the Indian town to the capital, where Marco grew up.

Now that single mothers are in vogue in the West, it is becoming clear what havoc some of them wreak on their offspring, especially boys, who never had a father figure to attach themselves to. According to Mr F., Marco suffered an absolute mental breakdown the day Mrs Ch. died a few decades ago, to the extent that Mr F. had to make all the arrangements for her funeral and burial while Marco was mentally blocked. I conjecture that this is when Marco's depression began, as there was no longer the original source where Marco could settle accounts.

Sam Vaknin

The word 'schizophrenogenic', which I abbreviate to 'schizogenic', never appears in the videos of the youtubers who talk about malignant narcissism. The word also doesn't appear in Richard Grannon's videos that address the topic of abusive parents and psychotic offspring with NPD. It doesn't even appear in Vaknin's videos when he openly blames those mothers who undermine the individuation process of their children. I sometimes use the term schizogenic because it contradicts

the POV of biological psychiatrists in favour of the trauma model of mental disorders (cf. what I have written about psychiatry in my book *How to Murder Your Child's Soul*).²

Once we reject biological psychiatry and recognise it for what it is, a pseudo-science, it is easier to see that Vaknin fails by using so many diagnostic categories. I reject not only biological psychiatry, but also the hundreds of diagnostic categories of psychiatrists and even clinical psychologists. The reason for this is simple. Even in the videos of Vaknin, who uses a plethora of diagnostic categories, it is clear that sometimes a subject deteriorates from a basically neurotic narcissism into a psychotic one where Vaknin already uses terms like ‘mood disorder’ and even ‘schizoid’.

In somatic diseases a heart condition doesn't degenerate into a condition of, say, the thighs. In mental disorders, on the other hand, everything is fluid: they call it comorbidity. Contrary to psychiatric claims, common neuroses, which normal people generally suffer from, can degenerate into serious psychoses—precisely what happened to Marco. What Vaknin does get right in his videos is to inform us that the infant internalises the gaze of his mother. When the infant is mistreated by his mother, he cannot say that the mother is bad but blames himself because of a sort of Stockholm syndrome. The schizogenic mother, from her fluid contours of her ego, sends her infant an unconscious message: *I cannot love you as you are. I only love you when you suppress your individuality, your desires, your will that doesn't agree with mine and your independence and separation from me. I love you not as a separate entity but as part of me forever, symbiosis, womb: mother and child forever united...*

With such engulfing behaviour the toddler's moral compass begins to turn towards self-denial. The infant seems to internalise a message: *To function not only in the family, but in society at large, I mustn't be myself.* Thus the future narcissist begins to be engendered. *If mother rejects me, it is because I am a bad, spoiled, stupid, ugly child.* Some psychologists call this a ‘bad object’ and this object, because it is so bad, has to be expelled. Thus the child projects this bad object, externalises it and turns himself into its antithesis, what some call ‘split’. By projecting the bad object outwards, the child (or adult child) purges it from himself, cleanses himself; but at the cost of projecting it onto others: what Marco did with his poor cousin.

Mr F. cried when, suffering from the accusation that he and his son wanted to steal Marco's second house, an enraged Marco ran him out of his main house. In fact, he chased his cousin away on two separate occasions (I can still hear the audio messages on my WhatsApp where Mr F. was bitterly complaining about the rude things Marco had just done to him; he was deeply hurt!) The second time, Marco's screams were so loud that an alarmed neighbour went into his house to see what was happening.

What Mr F. ignores is that Marco has internalised the bad object instilled in him by Mr F.'s aunt—Marco's mother—and Marco now wants to expel it symbolically, by projecting it onto others. What many youtubers call ‘narcissistic abuse’ is nothing more than the unravelling of this long-standing, unresolved dynamic with the biological mother. (When recently discussing the Marco case with Rafael Martínez, a very fair-skinned chess player who also met Marco in the park long ago, I alluded to Hitchcock's film *Psycho* to illustrate Marco's relationship with his late mother.)

According to Vaknin, when a narcissist is confronted with a relative who really loves him or her, like Mr F., the narcissist doesn't know how to cope. Paradoxically, he perceives this love, now genuine brotherly love—not like the manipulative love of his mother—as manipulation and mistreatment. This sibling love is perceived as dangerous, and the narcissist falls apart and resorts to so-called narcissistic abuse: treating Mr F. precisely as he couldn't treat his mother because, as an infant, Marco was absolutely at the mercy of Mrs Ch. (remember that there were no other adult figures in Marco's life when Mrs Ch. migrated to the big city in search of maid work).

² <https://westsdarkesthour.com/my-books/>

But why such a twisted dynamic, in which the grown-up narcissist tries to act out theatrically with other adults? Vaknin believes that the infant had been conditioned to associate love with betrayal. When the infant, who will become a narcissist, is confronted day by day with this mixture of love and all the negative emotions of the devouring mother—shame, fear, guilt, anger, frustration—he learns to associate love with these negative emotions. The abused infant seems to internalise the following: *Love is bad, it means that I will be betrayed*. Even an eighteen-month-old infant who is treated with this Jekyll-Hyde dynamics already feels anger about it. But given the absolute power the mother has over him, he internalises that it is illegitimate to be angry. *Acting out with mom can be dangerous...!* So getting angry with the mother must be buried.

But what happens to the infant who buries his emotions? The anger is internalised. The child redirects it to himself. But anger redirected to the internal Self, rather than to the original source, spawns what NPD pundits call the ‘false self’. In Vaknin’s videos he mentions Margaret Mahler’s work with children, who said that interpersonal relationships with the mother become internalised within the ego. Mahler also said that what we call the ego or the self is simply a reflection of our relationships with our parents or caregivers, and that all mental illnesses are related to interpersonal problems.

Vaknin uploaded that video twice with different titles.

Even notable philosophers are slaves of parental introjects

Like all other cultures, the West is in a very primitive state as far as self-knowledge is concerned. If we take ancient Delphi as a paragon of Aryan wisdom, even the most prominent Western thinkers and philosophers of the Christian Era have been slaves of what I have called ‘Semitic malware’: the introjects of their Judeo-Christian parents and educators. The most persistent element of this malware is the Fourth Commandment, ‘Honour your parents’, which has permeated the very core of the so-called mental health professions. (Unlike Hollywood’s movies, in the real world these professions are prohibited from blaming parents for their children’s mental disorders.)

I only discovered what a parental introject is, something that merges deeply with your soul when, well into my sixties, I was writing a passage of my third autobiographical book. I was astonished to discover that my mind had, literally, been programmed with Christian introjects from my father. I am referring specifically to the so-called Shroud of Turin. The details I explain there but suffice it to say that, before that passage in my last book, I was under the impression that I had been a relatively free and moral agent—precisely the Christian belief in free will—, and that my father’s influence wasn’t as absolute as, now, I am astonished to recognise. Even the most notable philosophers ignore this.

Francis Bacon regarded metaphysical philosophers as spider weavers of cobwebs. Immanuel Kant’s biography exemplifies it.

Kant was born in 1724 in Königsberg, which was East Prussia: territories Germany lost after Hitler lost the war. If the so-called philosophers were genuine lovers of wisdom, as the etymology of the word *philosophy* says, Prussia would still be part of a German Reich. We can already imagine a world where, instead of getting tangled in metaphysical cobwebs that remind me of Marco’s house, the great philosophers of German idealism—starting with Kant—would have devoted themselves to what Gobineau (1816-1882) would eventually devote himself to: the study of the races.

Kant was educated in the stern spirit of Protestant pietism: first by his mother, a pious woman, and then at the Collegium Fridericianum, famous as a pietistic school. During 1740-1746 the lad Kant continued to be brainwashed with theology at the University of Königsberg, where he was greatly influenced by Christian Wolff. If we keep in mind what was said about the role played by the mother, it becomes clear that from an early age the introjects are a kind of building blocks that form a psychic edifice: the structure of a mind in the making.

In his late thirties Kant wrote *Der einzig mögliche Beweisgrund zu einer Demonstration des Daseins Gottes* (The Only Possible Argument in Support of a Demonstration of the Existence of God). Since the young philosopher lived during the Age of Enlightenment, although he never wanted to destroy metaphysics he did want to put it on new critical foundations. This reminds me that a well-known proponent of the American racial right once called himself a ‘neo-normie’. Kant’s metaphysics was actually a ‘neo-theology’, as we are about to see.

Kant worked for many years on his major work, *Critique of Pure Reason*, published in 1781 (he died in his hometown in 1804). But what is ‘metaphysics’ according to Kant? The philosopher—i.e., a neo-theologian—simply starts from the conceptions of his time, when philosophy had been trying to become independent of theology as an infant tries to individuate himself before a schizogenic mother. This is so true that Kant himself declares that the contents of metaphysics are no more and no less than the contents of Christian theology. He writes that the ‘inevitable tasks of pure reason are God, freedom and immortality’ (B7). And later he reiterates: ‘Metaphysics has as the specific aim of its investigation only three ideas: God, freedom and immortality’ (B 395).

It couldn’t be clearer: due to the introjects of his early age, the mature philosopher remains the servant of the Christian theologian. (A philosopher of a true age of enlightenment would use the plural to refer to providence, as he would be a man who has already transvalued the monotheistic values of Judeo-Christianity to the Gods of the Delphic inscription.) It doesn’t matter that in his first *Critique* Kant concludes that metaphysics, as a science, is not possible. The fact that he even returns to the same triad—God, the immortality of the human soul and freedom—when he wrote the second *Critique* speaks for itself. Kant even states: ‘I had therefore to do away with knowledge to make room for faith’ (B XXX).

Kant’s prose is abominable. This major spider was a creature who never successfully rebelled against maternal and scholastic introjects. Even his so-called pure, *a priori* knowledge was a conception of metaphysics rooted in the Cartesian approach and Leibniz’s analytical judgements: a type of metaphysics already removed from the Aristotelian tradition (let us not forget that, among Christian Wolff’s disciples, there were several 18th-century philosophers, besides Kant).

Quite apart from the fact that the obscurantist prose of the exponents of German idealism is intolerable to any sane reader, my point is obvious: the human mind is a structure. Our parents and guardians lay the bricks of the structure that will become our egos, against which it’s very difficult to rebel. In analysing the psychology of toddlers, Margaret Mahler discovered that interpersonal relationships are internalised within the ego or what we call the *Self*. Once internalised, we are slaves to what we have been calling ‘parental introjects’, even the so-called great philosophers—children really, although not as psychotic as Marco. If Kant, the greatest German philosopher of the so-called Age of Reason, was ultimately a creature of mom’s introjects, what could a low-IQ semi-Indian do in the face of the introjects of an even more engulfing mother?

Marco’s fatherly advice

Mr F. was well treated by both of his parents in San Juan Tlalpujahuilla, a humble town of Michoacán: a method of upbringing diametrically opposed to that suffered by Marco in the capital, being raised by a mother who wasn’t in her right mind.

On February 28, 2024, I invited Mr F. to my house again. The time had come to talk about Marco’s offer of his second house. As I’ve already explained, what shocked me the first time I heard such a bizarre thing, during a phone call the day after our failed mall meeting, was that I hadn’t dealt with Marco for decades and suddenly he came out with it. Mr F. revealed to me the names of one of his brothers Mr G., a daughter of Mr F. and a niece who had also been suggested by Marco to move into his second house.

I have mentioned Silvano Arieti's treatise on schizophrenia. The cases Arieti mentions, and especially the depth psychology he uses to unravel them, are fascinating even if the reader is unprepared to enter that conceptual world. Thanks to the biographical information provided by Mr F. what I do with Marco is not only similar to Arieti's clinical cases. It also resembles what Martin Gardner (1914-2010) did in his *Skeptical Inquirer* column. Gardner analysed cases of cranks in the paranormal underworld, and in such a jocular way that his column was a real treat. Thanks to him and other *Skeptical Inquirer* writers I realised that Turin Shroud studies were pseudoscientific,³ and I remember a line of Gardner's that is worth picking up on: 'Cranks are fascinating creatures'.

Marco's mind is fascinating! What he does with these house offers is nothing more than what cult gurus do: they bombard you with love to lure you into their cult. This has been observed by those who study destructive cults. But what shocked me to the extent that it motivated me to write so much in my diaries, is that Marco wasn't like this in the past. He now suffers from a psychosis, yes, but I can't pinpoint an exact date of his breakdown as I stopped seeing him for a long time. Even Mr F. lacks detailed information about Marco's biography (Marco is now seventy-five years old), and I advised Mr F. to contact Mrs N.—Marco's former girlfriend—so that through her anecdotes we could gather more pieces of the puzzle we want to put together.

Unlike the gurus, who aren't exactly psychotic, narcissists become increasingly isolated because those close to them begin to perceive that their incredible promises and demands are not only irrational, but also injurious to those close to the narcissist. (When I suggested to Marco this year that we go to the notary to formalise that his second home was legally mine, he became furious.) Only a son of a street sweeper, and we can imagine the social stratum of that fellow, consented to go to Marco's second home for a while until Mr F., the only relative who used to look after Marco's interests, kicked him out.

I spent hours talking to Mr F., but those who haven't had a misadventure with a narcissist won't understand why it becomes almost an obsession to psychoanalyse an acquaintance, friend, partner or relative who suffers from this condition. True, the already psychotic forms of narcissism are no more bizarre than the schizophrenias. The big difference is that, unlike schizophrenics, malignant narcissists vehemently want to drag us into their maelstrom!

In giving my *Hojas susurrantes* to Marco, I had the faint hope that he would settle the score with his late mother, in the form of writing his memoirs, especially the painful ones. While it is true that Marco was full of praise when he read the voluminous book, he didn't get the point. Why?

Severe cases of mental illness are directly proportional to the repression of what happened to us with our parents. In *¿Me ayudarás?* for example, the second book I gave to Marco, I mention that, although my late sister had delusions from time to time, she never became schizophrenic because, even when she had temporary delusions, the image of our mother was faintly present during such crises. Once, for example, my sister told me that the manager of the apartment building where she lived, a certain Silvia—our mother's name!—was plotting to make her life miserable. I knew this Silvia, and I got to talk to her in her flat. She told me that at one point my sister's paranoia had been such that she had called the police because of her conspiracy theories. But despite these occasional crises my sister didn't deteriorate (true schizophrenics hear voices, speak in word salad and, in the most severe cases, suffer from catatonia). And if she didn't deteriorate it was because, at least metaphorically, 'Silvia', our mother, was faintly present even during her paranoid crises.

In cases of true schizophrenia, Arieti reports, the conspiring agents are no longer obvious symbols of the abusive parents. For example, the patient speaks of the FBI or CIA persecuting her. In a case of psychosis suffered by a white nationalist, Jonathan Bowden (1962-2012), he saw the

³ See my page *The medieval Turin Shroud*: <https://eliminatedleaves.wordpress.com>

Mossad as his persecutors. This, according to Arieti, is even more serious than cases of simple delusions where the parent is faintly present as the parental figure is, now, totally absent.

In other words, for those of us who had mothers with no Self boundaries—those immature women incapable of a healthy ‘psychological childbirth’ with their growing offspring—, the more our memories of their mistreatment are present in our minds, the greater our chances of mental health will be. On the other hand, the more repressed they are, the more prone they are to neuroses and even psychoses. My sister talked a lot about our extremely abusive mother, even complaining to our relatives about the horrible things she did to her. So her disorder was comparatively mild and occasional.

This is not the case for Marco. Having been mistreated as a toddler—my sister and I were abused as teenagers—the poor thing doesn’t even have any memories of what his mother did to him! When Marco paternalistically advises that I move to his nefarious neighbourhood, he is treating me as his mother treated him in the 1950s: an egoic object. The poor bastard has no psychological walls. Since he doesn’t mind living in such a shithole, this narcissist axiomatically assumes that my mind is identical to his!



But what has Marco’s madness got to do with the West’s dark hour? In short, with their neochristian religion of equality of race, gender and sexual identity, the Aryan man in general is as mentally deranged as Marco. In my diary entry of 10 December 2023, I wrote:

The video I remember best is the interview with Colonel Macgregor. It’s a pity I can’t locate it. Antony Blinken said that Ukraine will regain the lost territories, and that they will kick Russia out.

This is pure Marco when he grotesquely deceives himself by telling me ‘the house you are going to occupy’ not giving a rat’s tail about everything I had told him! Marco’s pathology is as undetected by Marco as Anthony’s pathology by Anthony. What Marco does is common even in the highest echelons of power. There is no difference between the extent of Marco’s psychosis and the extent of the Secretary of State’s psychosis. It is the same thing.

Macgregor mocked Blinken after Judge Napolitano played him a clip. The colonel sarcastically said that, of the points Blinken made, he failed to add that another step is that the Ukrainians will soon develop technology to reach the moon! So, on a par with Marco’s delusions, is the Secretary of State. And so is Biden. In other interviews, Judge Napolitano has played several clips of Biden saying things pretty similar to what Blinken has just said.

If there is one thing I have noticed in my writings about the mental disorders of people I know, it is that they are far less serious than the disorders of those in Western governments, universities and the media. Narcissist Marco only harms himself (after having a falling out with Mr F.,

he now lives in complete solitude). Narcissist elites, Jews like Antony Blinken or Gentiles like Joe Biden or Donald Trump, harm the entire white race.

The current US president, as many know, suffers from NPD.

I would like to end this psychobiography with another curious anecdote. After reading my autobiographical books Marco advised me, both by phone and at his house, to forget the past and stop writing. The day he gave me that fatherly advice I saw that Marco has an altar to Christ in his house. Mrs H., the woman who runs the grocery store informed me that Marco wants to buy the entire box of votive candles—for his altar, I deduced.

By advising me as he did, the pious Marco is simply following the accepted Christian wisdom: *forgive and forget*. But since the unconscious can't be fooled, look at how my old buddy ended up: mad as a hatter! The opposite of forgiveness and forgetting is what heals the wounded soul: writing down in bold what our parents did to us.

Once Marco dies, I will upload to this site an appendix that includes photographs of him when he was just a young neurotic mestizo, and when he was an old man in a state of perpetual psychosis.

Mexico City
April 2026