

## Gitone's magic

In *The Return of Quetzalcoatl*, the fourth section or “book” of *Hojas Susurrantes*, I refrained to reproduce this image for the simple reason that it would have meant retroprojection.



In the image we see women, presumably the mothers, trying to rescue their children from a propitiatory child sacrifice to Moloch Baal. But in real life the parents themselves handed over their crying children to the assistants of the priest, hence the inflammatory sentence with which I ended my *Quetzalcoatl*: “In the final section of this work I’ll go back to my autobiography, and we shall see if after such grim findings mankind has the right to exist” (this last section has not been translated to English).

In Hollywood retroprojections are ubiquitous in movies about the historical past. For instance, *Australia*, a pro-aboriginals film set before the Second World War, had an upset Nicole Kidman telling another white person, “No mother would leave her child!” when in real life, as recounted in my *Quetzalcoatl*, quite a few Australian *abbos* not only abandoned some of their babies but killed and ate them.

Westerners, and incredibly, child abuse researchers included, have not awakened to the fact that there have been very dissimilar “psychoclasses” or ways of childrearing in the world; and that this has had enormous implications for the mental health of a people, primitive or modern. For example, in my *Quetzalcoatl* I said that Rhea hid Zeus and presented a stone wrapped in strips, which Cronus took as a swaddled baby and ate it. Cronus represents the pre-Homeric Greeks, the archaic Hellas. After the breakdown of the bicameral, or schizoid mind, historical Greeks considered barbarous the practice of child sacrifice, symbolized in Zeus’ successful rebellion against his filicidal father. Though they still practiced the exposure of unwanted babies, the historical Greeks at least stopped ritually sacrificing them: a practice that their neighbors continued. Nonetheless, if films on both Homeric and post-Homeric Greeks were historically accurate, the exposure of babies would be visually depicted.

In recent years I saw two films that I had not watched for a long time. In the 1959 Hollywood interpretation of *Ben-Hur* starring Charlton Heston, Tiberius' Rome and Jerusalem are idealized far beyond what those cities looked like in the times of Jesus. Think of how, to impress the audience with the grandeur of the Roman circus in a Hollywoodesque Palestine, for the chariot race sequence the director made it look as large as Constantinople's circus. Conversely, in Federico Fellini's 1969 movie *Fellini-Satyricon*, freely based on Petronius' classic, the Roman Empire is oneirically caricaturized to the point that the film's extreme grotesqueries bear no visual relationship whatsoever to the empire of historical time. Both extreme idealization in Hollywood, and oneiric caricature, constitute artistic ways to understand the soul of Rome. One may think that an Aristotelian golden mean may lie somewhere between *Ben-Hur* and *Fellini-Satyricon*, but not even in HBO's *Rome*, a purportedly realistic TV series that claimed paying more attention to historical women, dared to show that such women abandoned their babies who died on the hills, roads and the next day were found under the frozen streets: a custom approved even by Plato and Aristotle.

Growing in a "late infanticidal" culture, to use Lloyd deMause's term, makes members of that psychoclass greatly different compared to our modern western psychoclass. (One could easily imagine what a shock for the modern mind would represent the spectacle of white babies dying on the streets of Vermont, Bonn or Florence with nobody bothering to rescue them.) So different that I believe that, once digested, the hostile takeover I did with deMause's psychohistory to deliver it to the dwellers of the future ethnostate has chances to influence the understanding of history in the future.

Another example of such differences is what André Gide called normal pederasty, the ancients' infatuation for adolescents. Gide did not condemn such customs. On the contrary, he considered his *Corydon*, published in 1924 and which received widespread condemnation, his most important work. But unlike the literary pundits I can only understand the *Geist* of a culture through the visual arts. It would help if readers of this article watch the YouTube scenes of the movie *Fellini-Satyricon* of Encolpius, who looks like in his middle twenties, and his boyfriend Gitone, who looks like a sixteen year-old leptosomatic lad.

Cinematic experiences aside, what are scholars saying about what I call pseudo-homosexuality: pederasty (which must not be confused with pedophilia)? In the introduction to *On Homosexuality: Lysis, Phaedrus, and Symposium*, Eugene O'Connor wrote (no ellipsis added):

The composition of [Plato's] *Symposium* owes much to the Greek tradition of "banquet literature," often a collection of informal discussions (in prose or verse) on various topics, including the power of love and the delights of young men and boys. Indeed, a whole body of homoerotic literature grew up around the themes of male beauty and how one ought to woo and win a boy.

The customary social pattern was this: a boy in his teens or, at any rate, a younger man (called an *eromenos*, or "beloved") was sought out by an older male (called an *erastes* or "lover"), who might be already married. Women in classical Athens were kept in virtual seclusion from everyone but their immediate families and their domestic activities were relegated to certain "female" parts of the house. As a consequence, boys and young men—partly by virtue of their being seen, whether in the gymnasium, in the streets, or at a sacrifice (as in the *Lysis*)—became natural love-objects.

Strict rules of conduct bound both parties: adult males could face prosecution for seducing free-born youths, while Athenian boys and young men could be censured for soliciting sexual favors for money. That would make them in effect equal to courtesans, who were hired companions and lacked citizen status.

This *erastes-eromenos* (lover-beloved) relationship, although it was sexual and in many ways comparable to typical, male-female relations, with the man assuming the dominant role, was meant ideally to be an educative one. The older man instilled in the younger—in essence, “made him pregnant with”—a respect for the requisite masculine virtues of courage and honor.

Socrates in the *Phaedrus* describes how the soul of the pederast (literally, “a lover of youths”) who is blessed with philosophy will grow wings after a certain cycle of reincarnations. In recent centuries, the word “pederast” has come to be viewed with opprobrium, fit only to describe child molesters. But in ancient Greece the word carried no such negative connotation, and was employed in a very different context.

Surrounded as he often was by the brightest young men of Athens, Socrates jokingly compared himself, in Xenophon’s *Symposium*, to a pander or procurer. These are witty, humorous characterizations of Socrates to be sure; yet, in the end, Socrates was the best erastes of all; the loving adult male teacher who sought to lead his aristocratic *eromenoi* (male beloveds) on the road to virtue.

I have read Xenophon’s *Symposium* and on chapter VIII it does look like Socrates and others had intense crushes with the eromenoi.

In his *Corydon* Gide shares the Platonic view that what he calls “normal pederasty” (to distinguish it from child molestation) is a propitious state of the mind to shed light on truth and beauty. In the last pages of his slim book Gide concludes: “I believe that such a lover will jealously watch over him, protect him, and himself exalted, purified by this love, will guide him toward those radiant heights which are not reached without love.” In the very final page Gide adds that “From thirteen to twenty-two (to take the age suggested by La Bruyere) is for the Greeks the age of loving friendship, of shared exaltation, of the noblest emulation,” and that only after this age the youth “wants to be a man”: to marry a woman.

But not only I need visuals to properly understand a culture: visuals that we still lack today in the cinematic and documentary industry. Narrative, which dramatically contrasts with cold academic treatises, is fundamental too as a way to get into the unfathomed depths of a bygone world. There is a tale recounted by an old poet, Eumolpus in the first long novel that Western literature knows, Petronius’ *Satyricon*, that merits reading. It starts with the words: “‘When I went to Asia,’ Eumolpus began, ‘as a paid officer in the Quaestor’s suite, I lodged with a family at Pergamus. I found my quarters very pleasant, first on account of the convenience and elegance of the apartments, and still more so because of the beauty of my host’s son.’”

Those pages of the real *Satyricon*, which contrasts with Fellini’s nightmare, merits reading as a window to the past. However, the erastes-eromenos relationship was not always as hilariously picaresque as Petronius depicts it. In the 1978 treatise *Greek Homosexuality*, K.J. Dover writes:

Ephoros, writing in the mid-fourth century, gives a remarkable account (F149) of ritualised homosexual rape in Crete. The erastes gave notice of his intention, and the family and friends of the eromenos did not attempt to hide the boy away, for that would have been admission that he was not worthy of the honour offered him by the erastes. If they believed that the erastes was unworthy, they prevented the rape by force; otherwise they put a good-humoured and half-hearted resistance, which ended with the erastes carrying off the eromenos to a hide-out for two months. At the end of that period the two of them returned to the city (the eromenos was known, during the relationship, as *parastatheis*, ‘posted beside...’ or ‘brought over to the side of...’) and the erastes gave the eromenos expensive presents, including clothing which would thereafter testify to the achievement of the eromenos in being chosen; he was *kleinos*, ‘celebrated’, thanks to his *philetor*, ‘lover’. [p. 189]

John Boswell, a homosexual professor at Yale University who died at forty-seven of complications from AIDS, specialized in the relationship between homosexuality and Christianity. Boswell abstains to mention the word “rape” which Dover unabashedly used in his treatise published by Harvard University. But in *Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe* Boswell describes in less academic, and more colorful, language the legal arrangements regarding such abductions:

Apart from the abduction aspect, this practice has all the elements of European marriage tradition: witness, gifts, religious sacrifice, a public banquet, a chalice, a ritual change of clothing for one partner, a change of status for both, even a honeymoon.

The abduction is less remarkable, by the standards of the times, that it seems. The ruler of the gods, Zeus, mandated a permanent relationship with a beautiful Trojan prince, Ganymede, after abducting him and carrying him off to heaven; they were the most famous same-sex couple of the ancient world, familiar to all its educated residents. Zeus even gave Ganymede’s father a gift—the equivalent of a dowry or “morning gift.” The inhabitants of Chalcis honored what they believed to be the very spot of Ganymede’s abduction, called Harpagon (“Place of Abduction”).



Moreover, as late as Boccaccio (*Decameron*, Day 5, Tale 1) an abduction marriage that takes place seems to find its most natural home in Crete.

*Hetero*-sexual [my emphasis] abduction marriage was also extremely common in the ancient world—especially in the neighboring state of Sparta, with which Crete shared its constitution and much of its social organization, where it was the normal mode of heterosexual marriage. It remained frequent well into modern times, and even under Christian influence men who abducted women were often only constrained to marry them, and not punished in any other way. In a society where women were regarded as property and their sexuality their major asset, by the time an abducted woman was returned most of her value was gone, and the more public attention was focused on the matter the less likely it was she would ever find a husband. And in a moral universe where the abduction of Helen (and of the Sabine women) provided the foundation myths of the greatest

contemporary political entities, such an act was as likely to seem heroic as disreputable. *The Erotic Discourses* attributed to Plutarch begin with stories of abduction for love, both heterosexual and homosexual. [pp. 91-93]

This last sentence about the foundation myths of both the ancient Hellas and Rome is absolutely central to understand their moral universe. However, Boswell omits to say that Zeus would be considered a bisexual god with strong heterosexual preferences—Hera and many other consorts—according to current standards, in no way an homosexual god.

Furthermore, unlike the same-sex unions of today, the erastes-eromenos relationship wasn't meant to be permanent. The continuance of an erotic relationship was disapproved. In dramatic contrast to contemporary "gay marriages," romantic relationships between adult coevals were disrespected. In fact, the former eromenos might well become an erastes himself with a younger youth when he got older. Boswell, who strove to use classic scholarship to support the so-called "gay marriage" of our times, overstates his case in other passages of *Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe*. What struck me the most of his study was that on page 66 he misled the readers by claiming that the *Satyricon* protagonists, Encolpius and Gitone, are simply a same-sex couple. I have read a couple of translations of the *Satyricon* and it is clear that Boswell omitted a fundamental fact: Gitone's age, an underage teen for today's standards.

Classic pederasty did not resemble at all what in Newspeak is called the "gay movement." The causes of pederasty are to be found not only in what O'Connor said above: women being kept in seclusion and men transferring their affections to younger boys. More serious was something that neither O'Connor nor Dover or Boswell dared to say. Infanticidal Greece and Rome produced a slight surplus of males as a result of the exposure of babies, especially baby girls. As I said in my *Quetzalcoatl*, it was not until 374 C.E. that the emperor Valentinian I, a Christian, mandated to rear all children. Again, what homosexual apologists like Boswell fail to understand is that that was a psychoclass distinct from our own, since for modern westerners it is unthinkable to expose baby girls. This said, in my own version of psychohistory, my educated guess is that the Athenians should have treated the children well enough to allow the explosion of arts, philosophies and policies that we have inherited.

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*Hojas Susurrantes* introduces a category that potentially could revolutionize our understanding of ourselves. There exist hells at home where, psychically, children suffer far more than the adult experience in concentration camps: experiences far more destructive for the mind and the soul than what the common prisoner suffers. However, without assimilating that central message what I am about to say will neither be appreciated nor understood.

There must be legitimate cases of pederasty: those that help the abused teenager escape the homes of schizophrenogenic parents: something that totally and absolutely escaped deMause's approach to psychohistory.

Some clinicians say that abused adolescents often dream a window of escape from their homes. For a long time, but this is the first time that I commit myself to writing it down, I harbored the idea that, thanks to that window of escape, mental health grew exponentially in Ancient Greece. After all, Greek pederasty was the exact opposite of the Christian incarnation of it as performed in secrecy by the priests and, until recent times, without any warning provided to the unsuspecting kid. Conversely, in the Greek and Latin world the "lovers of youths" were out in the open, in the Palestra, Gymnasium or even in homely tutorship with parents, friends and acquaintances warning the budding boy about the satyrs, or older males of dubious reputation—something that never happened in Christendom with the altar boys.

I have said that without grasping the concept of schizophrenogenic parents the point I am trying to make will be incomprehensible. To complicate things further, in our culture blaming parents for the mental disorders of their children is such a heresy that a whole profession, biological psychiatry, has been created to conceal the work of what causes neuroses and psychoses (see the previous pages). But apparently it was not such a taboo in Pericles' Athens. Think of Euripides' plays *Iphigenia* and *Electra*, the former taken to the silver screen by Greek director Michael Cacoyannis and the latter a play I watched translated in a theatrical representation. Succinctly, Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia and his wife Clytemnestra drove another of her daughters, Electra, mad: perfect examples of what I call soul-murderers or infanticidal psychoclass. If the modern mind could break the taboo that the ancient tragedians started to break before their suicidal Peloponnesian War, under this new perspective of the human mind could we use Gide's phrase "defense of pederasty" in a sense that Gide never imagined? More importantly, could it be possible that, centuries later, the abolition of the erastes-eromenos institution by Christian emperors resulted in a psychogenic regression at the beginning of the Dark Ages? At present, the trauma model of mental disorders is not accepted either by the academia or the general culture. But given the basics of developmental psychology and attachment theory, perhaps only those who followed Gide's words—"such a lover will jealously watch over him, protect him"—would be able to open an escaping window, conferring the victim the ability to flee the schizophrenogenic home.

But could it be possible that in real life sustaining an abused teenager until he reaches maturity could only happen in a world where poetry and sculpture manifested a predilection for adolescent bodies? Gide claims that bucolic poetry started to sound phony when the poet loved the pastor no more. Even Nietzsche, who abhorred Plato, wrote in *Twilight of the Idols* that Plato "says with an innocence possible only for a Greek, not a Christian, that there would be no Platonic philosophy at all if there were not such beautiful youths in Athens: it is only their sight that transposes the philosopher's soul into an erotic trance, leaving it no peace until it lowers the seed of all exalted things into such beautiful soil."

I hasten to add that it is not possible to turn the clock back to the sexual mores of the Greco-Roman world. The simple fact is that the custom of secluding women at home does not exist in the West anymore, and hence there is no actual lack of women for a legitimate transference of Eros towards the creatures that resemble the fair sex the most: the underage epebes. In other words, what homosexual apologists like Boswell try to do, using classical scholarship to support the LGBT movement, is nonsense. It reminds me those silly Mexicans who, after centuries that the sacrificial institution was abolished, try to imitate the Aztec custom by means of using sugar skulls instead of the real decapitated skulls used as trophies in pre-Columbian Mesoamerica, believing that they are "rescuing a tradition." We should never forget that facts of importance in history occur twice: the first time as tragedy and the second as farce. This may be applied to both the incorrigible *indigenistas* and the apologists of homosexuality.

In our times the erastes-eromenos institution could only be restored as a substitute of the abusive parent, but not for the healthier families. Psychoclasses have evolved: with the exposure of babies abandoned in Europe, eighteenth-century England was more integrated than, say, Roman Britannia. But let me respond in advance a few issues that the readers of this article may take with these novel ideas:

*Tough Question #1: If you claim that heterosexuality is healthier than homosexuality and at the same time promote a YouTube clip of this cute adolescent, Gitone, how would you deal with a "leptosomatic" son of yours?*

In the coming ethnostate, citizenship will be gradated. If my “Gitonesque” son had homosexual preferences I would not reprimand him severely in his teens or even early twenties. But by his middle and late twenties the laws of the Republic would gradually make a dent in his mind. By his thirties, he had to be faithfully married to a woman of breeding age for the couple obtaining an A- or B-class citizenship. Deterrents such as laws that permit no claiming any inheritance in cases of permanent homosexual behavior, but getting a D-class citizenship instead, would be more than enough. I disagree with Harold Covington’s idea of using psychiatry to repress overt homosexual behavior in the coming Republic (as shown in the previous chapter, psychiatry is a fraudulent profession).

And speaking of the coming ethno-state, if the demographic winter caused by feminism gets really nasty—and I mean finding us in the necessity of raiding the enemy country, Amerikwa, to abduct Sabine women in order to found families—, as a desperate measure we will have to resort to the massive cloning of the reluctant nymphets. On the other hand, the cloning of feminine leptosomatics like Gitone on an industrial scale makes me extremely nervous, as I will try to explain in the following paragraphs.

It is true that in Arthur C. Clarke’s first novella, *Against the Fall of Night*—my favorite among Clarke’s novels—, in seemingly two ageless cities shielded from the worldwide desert, Lys and Diaspar in the year 10 billion C.E., the impression the reader gets is that in those isolated oasis only whites existed: beautiful females and androgynous males. Non-whites and almost all of today’s species, plant and animal, had become extinct. Like Diaspar, in Maxfield Parrish’s 1913 murals of *The Florentine Fete*, “The Garden of Opportunity,” with handsome youths walking in an Arcadian location for heterosexual courtship, males are depicted almost as feminine as the young women. (Only a detail of the full painting appears on the cover of this book.)

I am curious about what happened to Max Born, the actor who played Gitone in the Fellini film. (I do confess that, when I saw the movie at seventeen, I found his looks rather stunning.) If Born is still with us he is now in his sixties. I wouldn’t mind having his genes for ages frozen for the creation of a couple of ephebes in a Lys-like Utopia. However, as I see it, it is the distant future what we also see in *The Garden of Opportunity*: a time when, after a more than a thousand-year imperial Reich, the problem of competition between the ethnic groups had been resolved in favor of the only race that inherited the Earth. Only then could it be permissible, according to my standards, to clone ephebes.

Back to the real world. With millions of non-whites with high IQs, like Jews and the Chinese, in no way can we afford ultimate dolls like an adolescent Born massively cloned. That would not only be historically premature but hedonistically suicidal. What we need are ruthless soldiers imbued with Roman severitas and, above all, hypermorality.

### *Entering an autobiographical tunnel*

What motivated me to write this article was not only the acceptance of adult homosexuality among some quarters of the white nationalist community, but also the degenerate music and Hollywood addiction in the broader movement. I must confess that my forte is not writing but a peculiar understanding of visual arts and music. So much so that, as to the seventh art is concerned, I consider myself as talented as Alfonso Cuarón, who also was born in Mexico City and studied in the same Madrid School I studied in Mexico.

In *Hojas Susurrantes* I recount an unimaginable tragedy that befell on my family that cannot be conveyed in few words. In my blog I confessed just the tip of the iceberg of the tragedy. At seventeen I constantly had themes from Mozart’s *Requiem* stuck in my head in an

abusive, Catholic school after I was expelled from The Madrid. This was an *earworm* synchronized with the religious metamorphosis that was taking place in my mind, the change from the stage of perceiving God as the loving dad of my St. Francis to the vindictive God of the *Requiem's* Day of Wrath: my abusive, introjected Father. Once my religious agonies were over, I could listen Requiems no more and not even other sacred music. (Only in this sense I can empathize with those who turned over to the dark side of pop, frivolous or hedonistic music.) But now that the fear of eternal damnation as an internal persecutor is almost gone, which psychological trick can I use to like sacred music again?

I have discovered a way. To convey the idea I'll have to indulge a little in a thought experiment.

Let's imagine for a moment that I was never abused at home and that presently I am a famed film director. Being as fairly well off as Cuarón, after Jared Taylor's conferences were sabotaged in the previous years I would invite Taylor and all conference participants, both speakers and non-speakers, to my large mansion somewhere in the Northwest coast of the United States to celebrate the yearly conference.

When entering the property, way before the conference reserved for the ballroom, I prepared the participants a little surprise. The incomers are now seeing in an outdoor, circular place slightly above the ground meant to accommodate leisure activities, two singers, a male soprano and a male contralto interpreting Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*.



Visualize the background with a string orchestra. Every time that the adolescent soprano reaches the highest notes he lifts his eyes toward the heavens. His song is full of mannerisms typical of those actors in intimate contact with God, but in the middle of a purely pagan environment with the color of his eyes of a more intense blue than the sky-blue above him and the line of the sea behind both singers, in sharp contrast to the lad's dark hair and nude feet touching directly the solid flagstone at the middle of the mansion's garden.

*That would be Gitone's magic.* The thought experiment inspired me to revisit sacred music after the soul-murdering tragedy that destroyed my family, which occurred when I had exactly his age. We are leaving now the autobiographical tunnel and back to my thought experiment.

Forget the academic content of the conferences that are now taking place indoors, in the ballroom. During the 37 minutes that last the twelve sections of the *Stabat*, still at the mansion's outdoors even the most conservative attendants, after gluing their gaze onto the soprano for more than half an hour, start harboring truly unchristian, Dionysian thoughts. Eros is the universe's dialectic force, and the visual experience to the sound of religious music

moves them all, to rediscover an elemental *thumos* to fight for a race so pristinely white as the alabastrine skin of the ephebe. But then, a nationalist liberal could ask me the—:

*Tough Question #2: César: Aren't you ashamed that beside this subliminal fantasy of yours in one of your recent threads you homophobicly ranted about "genocidal rage" against homos like you?*

I am not a homo for the simple reason that I'd find repugnant any contact with a masculine face, and its body. And no: I am not ashamed for what I said in that thread at all.

Precisely because they try to imitate them, queers represent a blasphemous insult to the nymphs and the underage ephebes. Faggots are like massive bears with the heart of a butterfly. Comparing Gitone with any of them is like comparing a vulgar, Felliniesque fat harlot with the *Florentine Fete* girls that appear on the cover of this book.

The so-called gay movement is like an *Australopithecus africanus*, after touching the black monolith of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, has a glimpse of the *mysterium tremendum* of the universe. Alas, unlike the film this ape immediately fancies himself the astronaut Dave Bowman ready for the second leap forward in the path to Overman. Or even worse: he believes that he now wears a white miniskirt like the one that Ascytlus threw over Gitone in the Fellini film, and he further believes that the other apes will now consider this still primitive, apeish missing link as if he was a consecrated soprano of the future worth to listen and contemplate. Nowadays, it does not occur to these Australopithecuses that a huge, four-and-a-half million leap forward is necessary for that specific dream to become true, or that presently only the androgynous ephebes, premature embryos of a yet not verified future, have the right of homosexuality—and only during his tender teens. But perhaps it would be the most conservative nationalist the one who asks me the filthiest question of all?

*Tough Question #3: Why are you promoting this sort of homoerotism with that Fellini clip and photo of a boy, you pervert?*

With this sort of question you are projecting onto me your own perversions: what I call the Sin against the Holy Ghost—an unforgivable sin that, a few years ago, moved me to completely severe ties with my former colleagues on child abuse studies. Contrary to your projections, my point of view about “homosexuality,” if it may be called so (I don't have homo friends but I doubt that they fancy Gitone), is innocuous. It has nothing to do with either a traditionalist condemnation of the behavior and much less with the so-called LGTB movement. I am located light years apart from both.

To find an ephebe is like searching a needle in dozens of haystacks. According to my own definition, an ephebe is a leptosomatic (see Gitone's chest in the above pic) adolescent of such androgynous beauty as to make him undistinguishable from a nymph: a beauty that evaporates when he reaches manhood (either in Plato or Xenophon I read how a Greek mocked another who was still attached to a young lad who already grew beards). This esthetic bar is, purposely, unrealistically high. So high actually that Italian filmmakers—androgynous beauty seems to be an alien concept for American directors—have had enormous difficulties in the casting process to find genuine ephebes.

Luchino Visconti's search of Tazio for his *Death in Venice* was so agonizing that he had to travel out of his native Italy through several countries until he found Bjorn Andersen in Sweden. Similarly, by pure chance an assistant of Fellini discovered Max Born, who eventually played the character of Gitone in the mentioned *Fellini-Satyricon*, in London's Chelsea living as a local hippy. My concept of “ephebe” is such an obvious veiled homage to women that in the 1979 film *Ernesto*, where a handsome adolescent male is seduced by an androgynous ephebe, the director Salvatore Samperi did not even bother to do any agonizing casting outside Italy. He simply chose a girl, Lara Wendel, to play both the roles of the ephebe Ilio and his twin

sister Rachele (I was very much surprised to discover this after reading the reviews on the film).

But my hypothetical, nasty interlocutor would interrupt me to rudely ask again: *Don't go off in tangents. Stick to the point: Why are you promoting this homoerotism with images of underagers and your little "Gedankenexperiment"?*

Mark my words, punk: Because I want to destroy the self-christened "gay movement" with the same vehemence that I want to destroy the "feminist movement"—and the degenerate music and film industry that has been, spiritually, interwoven in the creation of both.

Have you heard the Hegelian word *Aufheben* my bigoted friend? The street man moves in comfort category zones such as the hetero thesis and its homo antithesis. That's naïve. The verb *Aufheben* translated to English means to sublimate: the suppression and assimilation of both, the previous thesis and antithesis. This is the apparently contradictory implication of preserving and changing an ethos. While Hegel used that verb in his philosophy of history, this is my proposed myth:

Mature, *aufhebenized* hetero nationalists may try to destroy the homo antithesis not by combating it directly, but by assimilating its luminous side and by turning homosexuality into almost heterosexuality through the contemplation of beauty among those rarest specimens that look like a mixture between humans, and angels.



This is exactly what I pretended to do with my *Quetzalcoatl*, a prolegomena for a futural psychohistory that will only be fully developed in the ethnostate: destroying Christianity by means of *aufhebenizing* it, by assimilating its message (infanticide and abortion are wrong) and transforming it into a secular science.

Michael O'Meara said that only a myth would galvanize the white race. But I believe he is wrong in believing that Christianity, now a Red Giant star soon to become a white dwarf, will play a role in its creation. In *The Philosophy of Beauty* Roger Scruton states that beauty can be another name for religion. Only the divine physiognomies that we, the mortals, cannot reach may drag the human soul into the asymptotic axis of spirituality without actually never reaching the infinite. "Ultimate aesthetic catharsis must be sought in the inner assimilation of the distant figure of Beatrice." The same can be said of a consecrated director seeking for

Tadzio in several countries in order to capture his beauty for eternity, but not for sleeping with him. That would not only have meant the corruption of the fourteen year-old archangel, but making a fool of oneself like the German professor gazing at Tadzio from afar with black drops of hair-ink mixed with sweat running through a ridiculous made-up face under the painful sun of a Venetian beach. For unfathomable laws of the universe, unlike Zeus we cannot possess Ganymede and have a happy life after that. Even if we were as young and handsome as Encolpius, Xenophon warns us that such level of passion would drive us totally mad. And let's not forget the *Phaedrus*<sup>3</sup> comparing the fondness of an erastes for his eromenos to the fondness of wolves for lambs. Moreover, according to my own definition, with only a handful of ephebes in the world, when our object of forbidden love leaves the beloved for the arms of another erastes, even the blond Encolpius ends up contemplating the knife...

I imagine modifying the Northwest Republic tricolor flag by means of placing the colors horizontally and adding the full image of the *Garden of Opportunity* in its middle. Not because in our search for the inexplicable superiority of the Venusinian we males should try to imitate Gitone or Tadzio, which is impossible. But because only the unreachable archetype of the eternal feminine will lead the white race to the Absolute.