8. The Tomb Raiders of the Postmodern Right: Jünger's Anarch, the Neocon, and the Bogus Hermeneutics of Leo Strauss

In the face of these looming forces, the emerging State recasts the people in its *real* truth. Springing from this truth, power/ knowledge soars, genuinely —the power/knowledge that is at once duty/knowledge and will/knowledge. But to know this, signifies: to master thoroughly the essence of things, and by virtue of this, to be determined to achieve something […], In your name, I commit myself before the will and the work of our Führer, Adolf Hitler […], Heil Hitler!

Martin Heidegger, Academic allocution, November 25, 1933[1]

From the mid-Nineties through the presidency of George Bush Jr. ("W.," 2001-2008), there had been a great deal of talk about the phenomenon of "Neoconservatism." It is now semi-forgotten: not because it was a superficial vogue that played itself out in the game of the last generation but rather because this particular "modality" of discursive deceit (for that is all political rhetoric boils down to in the final analysis) came to

be absorbed into the vast stage-acting repertoire of the US government. Its "legacy" lives on in the communicative baggage of the (Democrat) administrations that have followed "W"'s ("dubya"'s). So-called "Neocons" were once on top of the world; the reason they are now a distant memory is not so much their "antiquity" as the fact the propagandistic might they once wielded, which seemed formidable at the time, is but a pale shade of the force presently emanating from the (refurbished, Leftist bastions hosting the) cult of (American-made) Political Correctness. All the fascist paraphernalia devised for inaugurating the era of 9/11 have been recycled in one form or another and successfully amalgamated within the apanage of the Democratic Party, which itself, with every passing day, seems to be physiologically straining to swallow the Republicans whole —the body politic signaling thereby the conative drive to reveal as singular what is, by way of camouflage, displayed as dual: we know it, America's Two-Party System fig-leaves by and large a monocratic single-Party rule.

This particular story matters in order to understand the various fibers that went into the postmodern weave coating the discourse of America's power structure since the late Seventies —the Right-wing variety thereof being a construct dating from the 9/11 singularity.

At the time, Neo-conservatism's critics portrayed this subcurrent of the Republican Party as some sort of revolutionary, unscrupulous populism. They suggested that the U.S. administration has been taken over by an ideologically compact phalanx of megalomaniacal

policymakers, who were then hijacking the pragmatic tradition of America and manipulated the situation to the advantage of certain Interests (oil, weapons, etc.), in particular by means of war and fear. In sum, the Neocons, as they came to be labeled, were accused of having contaminated tradition, engineering thereby "a clean [and malevolent] break" in the foreign and domestic policy of the United States. Allegedly, this change was characterized by the exasperation of plutocracy at home (via tax breaks and a myriad of pro-business concessions benefiting only the wealthiest) and the undeterred promotion of war abroad relying to a great extent on the raging devoutness of the country's Christian evangelicals.

This presumed hostile takeover of the Neocons had naturally been accompanied by a deafening blare of pronouncements, televised jeremiads, and torrents of social, political, and geopolitical "analysis," for the most part crafted by individuals, who, in one way or another, had been connected to the enigmatic figure of Leo Strauss.

Born in Germany in 1899, Strauss became an American citizen and taught as a professor of political theory at the University of Chicago during the Fifties and Sixties. He died in 1973, leaving behind a shadowy legacy and a peculiar exegesis of the classics, which several in the Liberal camp have lately fingered as the ciphered scroll that inspired the late political subversion of the Neocons.[2]

Entirely justified is the profound indignation of these critics at the mayhem in Iraq (2002-present) and the mendacity with which the present U.S. administration has handled the affair so

far. But to lay the blame of such disasters on the shadow of Strauss is to confuse the issue somewhat. The Neocon time in power represented no "clean break" whatsoever with the imperial aspirations of the United States. In those days (and ours as well), the blustery tirades of the Pentagon's and ministries' spokespersons are simply attuned to the specific orientation of the administration's geopolitical agenda. An agenda, which, since the British laid it out in the early 1900s, has not changed (though nowadays Orwellian theatrics drive the game for the most part).

This is to say that the Neocons were a mere propagandistic front agitating on behalf of the segment within the establishment that, in the game of power, eschews *temporary* composition with the other world players and pushes unrelentingly for the peremptory deployment of U.S. forces in all zones of strategic relevance. These are stewards acting in the interest of powers *that are in a rush.* Simply put, the Neocons represented a typology of "War Party," which is wont to appear under particular sets of conditions. And, of course, in times of war, the budget for military expenditure swells, and the fanatics are made to rave. This is the rule, rather than the exception.

> The Neocons were part of the ideological apparatus of the "military/industrial complex," a very important part to be sure; in many respects they are the main propagandists. This is a role they acquired quite late […]. We should not overdo their importance. Basically, the neo-cons are flaks.[3]

By demonizing the Neocons excessively, one may lose sight of the greater picture.

As we shall have occasion to reiterate later, the "Liberal" administration of Bush II's predecessor, Bill Clinton, had by the end of his *first* term (in 1996) already a million dead Iraqis on its conscience, *half of them children.* In comparison,

Bush Jr. could claim but a fraction of such a toll.

And yet, despite the obvious continuity of geopolitical pursuit between partisan administrations, there *has* been something different in the air since Bush Jr. came to power, and especially since 9/11, of course. If things were bad before, many seem to agree that they have become increasingly worse. When the belligerence is uttered with extraordinary violence, and sophisticated war games are fine-tuned to provoke among the masses fear of the most unreasoning kind —a clime of manifest oppression, doublespeak, erroneous thinking, and intolerance is surely bound to enthrone itself.

So, Strauss. It is an indisputable fact that since the beginning of the War on Terror (2001-2021), the vast majority of those scriveners appointed to fashion the bellicose discourse of the government have paid homage, more or less openly and competently, to the name of Leo Strauss. Again, this is not to imply that his writings might have given someone in the administration some nasty idea; likewise, neither Bataille nor Foucault inspired the multicultural politics of acrimony. It is rather when the times take a particular turn for the worse that we witness the unmistakable *adoption* and emergence of a language and of a thought structure that in some elaborate form preconize the worship of the Void and the brazen acquiescence in violence.

Therefore, just as the works of the French "anti-humanists"

have been imported and modified to fit a specific political exigency, the brand of propaganda, in stock, that happened to match the warmongering requirements of the Bush and successive (Democrat) administrations was the Straussian tradition. This might have been more than a contingency plan: it is the very affinity that is interesting and revealing. By studying what Strauss had advocated, we may presume to learn something about the nature and deeper intentions of the leadership that has fluently and speedily adapted his speech. The same goes for Bataille and his postmodern epigones.

And so, it appears that, within the realm of public discourse, the tandem Bataille/Foucault, on the Left, has been counterpoised on the Right by Straussian political philosophy. Nowadays, in fact, there isn't much choice left; the old formations having dissolved, the Leftists are somewhat hurried into the Foucauldian camp, whereas the patriots are urged to root for Strauss, or whatever the Neocon vicars interpret Strauss to mean. Because no one reads Strauss, who is, indeed, illegible. Which fact does not in the least complicate our argument, however, because Bataille, though essential, is still a stranger to the English-speaking world, and Foucault himself is becoming disposable. Presently, both in graduate and postgraduate postmodern/multicultural curricula an increasing number of certified instructors speak the Foucauldian tongue without having ever read or even heard of the originals —indoctrination is effected by an array of diluted vulgates.

And this is even more remarkably the case with Strauss and the literature of the Right, as we shall argue throughout this

chapter.

But what is of overarching importance in this whole affair is that all these perplexing thinkers from Bataille to Strauss, whose works were respectively processed by the establishment to fashion Left-wing and Right-wing invective, *did share a vision of the world and creation that was literally identical.* It is the merit of the pioneering monographs of Shadia Drury to have established this fundamental connection between the postmoderns of the Left and those of the Right by way of the Russian Hegelian Alexandre Kojève.[4] Kojève is a smoking gun of sorts: as we shall see, he taught in Paris a number of intellectuals, including Bataille himself, and remained throughout his life a very close friend and intellectual companion of Strauss. Like the one-time Nazi Martin Heidegger, whom he greatly admired, Kojève is a constant reference of the postmoderns, both on the Left and on the Right.

And thus, the circle is closed. This finding alone is sufficient proof that dissent is being methodically stamped out of America's academic and political planes by the active promotion of two seemingly opposed strains of thinking — one of Luciferian insubordination, the other of technicized zealotry, as it were.

Antagonistic strains of behavior that are issued in truth from a common fount of disbelief and warmongering impatience, and which, together, work in strange ways to mute within peaceableness and the instinct for cooperation, while feeding the brute, firming its cynicism and animalistic egoism.

Turning to the specifics of America's Right-wing

postmodern literature, one may remark that it does not at all afford a specular image to that of the Left. Compared with the latter, it has clearly suffered from a very late start: it is thin, meager, and of exceedingly poor quality. Beyond the hackneyed parallels with World War II, Yankee bombast, Puritan righteousness, and armchair machismo, the Neocon production as a whole does not exhibit a single creative image or concept —even if corrupt. Samuel Huntington's *The Clash of Civilizations* is the best the Neocon house can offer. Deprived of the buttress of the post-9/11 rage, such propaganda would instantly turn into dust.

Strauss is a poor counterpart to Bataille, and there appears to be no equivalent of Foucault's prophethood on the Right. Contrasted to the muscular suppleness of the postmodern Left, this Neocon rhetoric, dependent as it is on the highly imaginative scenarios of the newscasts, shows thereby not to possess narrative powers of its own.

Still, throughout Bush II's reign, the Neocon enterprise managed to market a recognizable type of merchandise that for all intents and purposes enjoyed the official sponsorship of the most powerful executive on earth, and this reality still needs to be reckoned with.

In this chapter, I should like to reassess the entire experience of the postmodern Right by inviting to the table the "stone guest" of this movement; in other words, we I like to preface the discussion of the usual neoconservative suspects with a retrospective glance on the personage that in my view stands as the most authentic standard-bearer of uncompassionate elitism, Ernst Jünger.

By inscribing Jünger into the roster of postmodernism, several records may be set straight. First, due credit and attention would thus be given to one of the West's most phenomenal literary talents —one virtually unknown in the English-speaking world. Second, his presence would afford the condign counterimage to Bataille's sophistication, for which Strauss's production is no match. Third, Jünger's testimony, far from being some sort of aesthetic add-on, is here presented as the most refined expression of the very creed that underlies the message of the Straussians. In other terms, we contend that if Strauss, say, had chosen to speak explicitly and had known how to write, the form of his texts would have approached (asymptotically) the stylistic perfection of Jünger's compositions.

Fourth: what is more, this presumed convergence between Jünger and the postmodern conservatives is *not* a matter of spiritual *coincidence* —indeed, Jünger's social observations of the early Thirties were acknowledged by his acquaintance, Heidegger, as a decisive inspiration on his own political stance. Heidegger, in turn, exerted, as known, a profound influence on scores of postmodernists, including Foucault on the Left and Kojève and Strauss on the Right.

So, in the end, this polyphonic ensemble forms a (postmodern) regimented order of sorts, whose binding tenets may be stenographically listed thus: the embrace of violence and of the cult of war, the lust for power, the creed in the Void beyond death, the acquiescence in oligarchic and tyrannical domination, the belief in the scourge of overpopulation, the

necessary clash of peoples, and the fascination with the corrupted "Word."

The controversial aspect of the connection to Jünger —and Heidegger, as well— is that, though the Nazi tryst of the latter has been (curiously) forgiven, the record and credentials of the former have remained to this day disputed.

Yet we shall have ample room to prove that Jünger's opus embodies the highest, most elitist form of what may be termed "Nazi lore." If that is the case, what would this connection entail for this whole postmodern investment, considering how elegantly Jünger's collection of sketches and poetic odysseys presents itself to the reader as a perfect synthesis of all that is postmodern?

This chapter comprises five sections, each respectively devoted to: Ernst Jünger, Heidegger, Kojève, Strauss, and American Neoconservatism.

8.1 Jünger's Anarch

> I know Venus when she wallows in decay. And I know the black love-goddess, who, at Satan's masses, squirts the priest's revolting sacrifice over the body of the virgin […]. I know the vilest Venus —or shall I say, the purest? — the one which weds man to the flower.
>
> Hanns Heinz Ewers, *The White Maiden*[5]

8.1.1) Humanity as One Giant Sledgehammer

Some have said that in Germany's literary pantheon, Ernst Jünger (1895–1998) should stand to the right of father Goethe. Most likely, though, he wore an aura too somber and too

sinister to be seen in such "canonical" company. Jünger was something of a titan. A stylist and novelist of superhuman bravura, he lived to be 103 years of age. The scrolls of his collected visions form possibly the most comprehensive and fascinating fresco of the twentieth century.

Not yet out of high school in August 1914, Jünger volunteered in the District of Hanover to serve in the Great War. He would fight four full years in the Flanders.

He proved to be a prodigious warrior.

Wounded fourteen times, his men soon swore he was gifted with invulnerability. Pluri-decorated, he finished the war as a commander of the shock troops with the rank of lieutenant, and the Reich came to confer upon him the highest honor, the *Ordre pour le mérite.* He was 23, the youngest individual thus honored during the Great War.

> I noticed at once a British soldier who, behind the third enemy line, was walking above cover, drawing a neat silhouette on the horizon, with his khaki uniform. I tore the rifle away from the nearest sentry, set the sight at six hundred meters, aimed at the man slightly to the side of his head and pulled the trigger. He took three more steps, then fell on his back, as if the legs had been swept from under his body; he waved his arms and rolled into the crater of a grenade. For a long time thereafter, we saw through the binoculars the shining brown sleeve protruding from the brim.[6]

He had not hated the war. He had breathed it in; he had accepted it, like the seasons, like the portal to a world of discovery. He had kept a precise impression of the war's body language —of the pace and speed of death, and of the ritual of massacre, with its cadence of silence, shock, and camaraderie,

its dance around the foe, and that instant covered by the sigh of the moribund mate. The load of all this had invested Jünger decisively. War presumably had given him, and others, a new conscience. He had "ripened in the storms."[7] And from such a mutation there seemed to be no return.

Jünger had squeezed the incisive accounts of his experience at the front in a series of notebooks. His father recognized the importance of such documents and helped to see them published. They appeared in 1920 in a book titled *In the Storms of Steel.* To date, this is still Jünger's most notorious work. A classic still in print, *In the Storms of Steel* was instantly hailed a masterpiece, which earned the young writer not only the admiration and respect of Germany's war veterans and conservative elite, but also the accolade of Europe's intellectuals and literati, who unanimously praised the book's honesty, virtuoso powers of description, and a narrative leanness that afforded the telling of war a relief never seen before.

Another, then unknown, decorated veteran of the Reich, named Adolf Hitler, revered the book as well.

Then, finding himself in possession of this newly found and recognized talent, Jünger began to sublimate the experience of war; he began to treat it no longer like a veteran-chronicler, but like a "poet."

War, he wrote, is "the genitor of all things"; "to live is to kill." War awakes the "beast" in us, sharpens our "blood thirst" and the primal yearning to "annihilate the enemy."[8] But war, more than anything, is for man the occasion to grasp one of the existential truths that make his species unique: and that is

the power "to master oneself in death." Man alone is called to such a deed, and he is not capable of anything higher. Something for which, indeed, even the immortal gods envy him.[9]

The hell of war is an inhabited cosmos:

> All the mysteries of the grave lay in such atrocious bareness that the most infernal dreams paled before them. Tufts of hair fell from the skulls like pale foliage from autumnal trees. Putrefied bodies melted into the greenish flesh of fish, which glowed at night through the shredded uniforms. If one stepped on them, the foot would leave behind fluorescent prints. Some desiccated into chalky mummies, which slowly frittered away. On others, the flesh peeled off the bones like maroon jelly. During humid nights, jets of gas that shot through the wounds hissing and fizzing, made these swollen cadavers rise to spectral life. But most horrifying was the bubbling swarm that streamed out of those whose bodies were but a lump of innumerable worms.[10]

These glimpses were published in 1922 in a compendium, of an intimate sort, devised to complement *In the Storms of Steel,* which Jünger entitled *The Battle as an Inner Experience.* In France, this memoir appeared in 1934 as *La Guerre, notre mère* ("Our Mother, War"). The front cover of the French edition might not have mentioned "an inner experience," but the book was captured all the same by the watch of Bataille, who wrote an ecstatic commentary of the excerpt just cited.

"This," Bataille wrote, "is the language of mysticism. This great preoccupation with horror is neither vice nor gloom. It is the threshold of a church."

Bataille was arguing that war, ritual sacrifice, and mystical life were bound by a relation of equivalence, and Jünger's

testimony seemed to prove his assumption.[11]

Wearing comfortably the laurels of the poet-warrior of anti-Republican Germany, Jünger spent the rest of the twenties writing mostly about the "*naked* experience" of war —or rather, about the destiny of the warrior in modern times against a backdrop of irremediable, and perennial, *defeat.*[12] He was solidly in the conservative camp. A knight of the rueful countenance, lamenting the sunset of aristocratic chivalry, he stood pondering on high over the teeming unrest of that threatening nebula, known as Germany's Conservative Revolution, which was moving to destroy the Weimar Republic from the very moment the Allies had foisted it upon the defeated Fatherland.

Beginning in 1929 and throughout the first half of the Thirties, however, eager to extend the radius of his literary ambition, Jünger set out to map the spiritual landscapes of his times. He had perfected his studies, adding a refined scholarship to the sword, and felt he could now continue to fight by projecting the struggle onto a different plane.

And so, he wondered: Why couldn't Germany win the war? Or better, why did America win it more efficiently than all the other powers? Because America, untrammeled by the Reich's feudal privileges and limited suffrage, had been capable of effecting a *total mobilization* —a swift, victorious and total mobilization of her *credit* and *human* endowments. Germany had eventually attempted to catch up with the American commonwealth, succeeding in part but too late, and with the progressive elimination of aristocratic privileges in the structure of the administration had also vanished "the concept

of the warrior caste."

The "total mobilization" (*die totale Mobilmachung*) wasn't simply another characterization of the West's second industrial divide; the change was epochal, or rather, "cosmic." For Jünger, this shift signified the supersession of the bourgeois revolution by a novel form of collective organization, which approached ever more closely *the realm of insect life.*[13] "In no case," Jünger wrote in 1932 with postmodern foresight, "does *man* represent a definite notion."[14]

With the industrial carnage of World War I and the experience of "world revolution," the West had entered the "cultual" era of "*work,*" of technicized toil (*der Arbeit, die Technik*). Jünger saw men as "workers" (*Arbeiter*), not in the Marxist acceptation of the word, but as units of a collective engine, fueled by a will to power. From the "unbounded space of *power*" (*Macht*), humanity, *en masse*, had come to claim its right to "domination" (*Herrschaft*). These new men, who marched through a sweep of "fire and ice," were the intersection "of passion and mathematics." Therefore, this was bound to be a time marked by "a love, more fiery, and by a more terrible and merciless cruelty." Jünger was not describing a variation in economic structure, but rather detailing *the rise of another spiritual mode.* Yesterday, he said, the masses were led by "lawyers"; today, instead, the workers are fronted by "*condottieri,*"* avid chieftains preoccupied with the dynamics of prepotence.[15]

The times had changed, yet again.[16]

* The warring lords of the Renaissance.

Gone was also our human right to *pain* (*der Schmerz*), thought Jünger —swallowed by the modern conceit that suffering is but a "prejudice," which reason alone may strike dead at any time. This rationalist intoxication had, since the Enlightenment, "produced a long series of practical measures": for instance, "*the abolition of torture* and of slavery, the invention of the lightning-rod, vaccines, anesthesia, [and] insurance."[17] When it came to torture, fascinatingly, an image that appears most obsessively in Jünger's meditations is the torment of the regicide Damiens, a voyeuristic description of which happens to open Foucault's *Discipline and Punish:*

> When the executioners had exhausted their arts on Damiens, one could hear him laugh. It is here that the boundary of tyrannical power is drawn.[18]

The bourgeois had striven to fence up "*danger*" by means of "*security*" systems and "probability calculus."[19] And the more the drive to mechanize life attempted to push back the siren-call to suffer, the more violently pain would cascade upon society to "claim its arrears" "with implacable logic," thus reestablishing an existential balance that appears to be governed by rigorous laws.[20]

Modern society in the Thirties must have appeared to Jünger as a conglomerate of mechanized termitaries, of clockwork beehives, animated by swarms of automaton employees —the armies of *Arbeit*— shedding skin and passing life in the plasticized cocoons of their sanitized space. At the periphery, and in the "*side-streets*" of this new complex of power, however, there breeds the subproletariat (*das Lumpenproletariat*) —an altogether different species, which

lives by the aboriginal form of the "herd." To Jünger, the subproletariat was something of an authentic, anarchoid beast, which has retained in its collective soul vestiges of the "genuine combat style." Unlike the modern mass, which "kills in a mechanical fashion," tearing and stampeding, the subproletariat nurtures a "more eloquent" relationship with pain: the proletarian rabble, indeed, "is in familiar terms with the pleasures of torture."

> The mass is swayed by impulses of a moral sort, it bestirs itself in a state of excitation and indignation, and it must convince itself that the enemy is somehow evil, so that it may mete out punishment to him. The sub-proletariat stands squarely outside the sphere of moral judgments; it is thereby always and everywhere prone to attack, whenever the established order totters […]. It thus stands also outside the realm of politics; one must regard it rather as a sort of *underground reserve,* which is at the disposal of the events.[21]

The leading role within the subproletariat goes to "*the Partisan*" —a typology we've introduced in Chapter 7 with the story of Toni Negri. The Partisan is the supergrass: he has one foot in the police station, the other in the gutter; he is not a hero.[22] He may be seen on the heels of invading armies, spying, sabotaging, informing, and disinforming the factions and their counter-factions all at once.

The subproletariat and its partisans are the rejects of the world of Labor/Technique,[23] which makes its subjects —the vast majority of what we call the world's citizenry, that is, us— wielders of "pure power."[24] Jünger always found it diverting to observe these modern masses of conforming men and women speaking of themselves as *individuals* and good

democrats, "philanthropists and Marxists," when in fact, one could add that, seen from a distance, together, they often appear to compose a giant sledgehammer, whose operation is beyond their ken. And it was as wielders of power, and not as hypocrites, that Jünger took a liking to people.[25]

The momentous significance of *Technique* for Jünger was not truly attached to phenomena of industrial transformation*; rather, what fascinated him deeply was Technique's will "to subjugate bodies"* (*den menschlichen Körper zu unterstellen*).[26]

> *This flesh disciplined* and regimented by the will with such a painstaking care, gives the impression of having become somehow indifferent to the wound.[27]

In the era of Labor/Technique, instead of it being looked upon as a mere "outpost," *life* had been enthroned as "the supreme value." And in the process, the knowledge of "*sacrifice*" —this other technique of ungluing life from itself, as it were— was lost as well.[28] Under the gaze of the clinical eye, the patient's body had become medicine's "object." "Illness" was thenceforth the physician's "strategy."[29]

Doubtless, Jünger observed, the mathematics and logic at work behind all the spiritual metamorphosis of our era "are extraordinary and worthy of awe," but their "game," he concluded "is far too sophisticated and rigorous to have been born of a human mind." The spirit that had been chiseling the European landscape since the mid-nineteenth century, Jünger averred, was "without a doubt a cruel spirit." What this spirit's labor ultimately achieved was a clearing of the "ancient cults," the effacement of archaic religion, whose voided halls were being squatted by "the creative impotence of the cultures, and

the gray mediocrity distinguishing the actors on stage." For Jünger, this sunset of the warrior-aristocrat heralded the dawn of Labor/Technique, which, using the idiom of myth, he alternatively referred to as *nihilism* —as that spiritual condition characterized by the gods' desertion of the human realm before the waxing tide of the technological regimentation of life. The world was now peopled by teams of "Titans" —Promethean bearers of technology and the precise arts of mastering fire, for the purpose of annihilation, of war.[30] What to do in the face of this "cruel" precipitation? Not surprisingly, Jünger's prescription presaged Bataille's final monition in the *Accursed Share:*

> Practically, it follows from this that the individual, in spite of all, ought to take part in the war machine, whether because he sees in it the preparation to the sunset, or because, upon the hills where the crosses rot and the palaces crumble, he believes to recognize the disquiet that tends to precede the advent of a new lordship (*Feldherrenzeichen*).[31]

Brace yourself, Jünger advised, and man the titanic machine, following unquestioningly this blind craving for force and overbearance, which henceforth has shown to expresses itself through a new, methodical, yet no less devastating application of *violence.*

Before proceeding further, a brief comment may be in order. What is striking in these Jüngerian insights of the early Thirties is not merely their remarkable and indisputable affinity to Bataille's contemporary reflections. Indeed, one may establish a perfect correspondence between Jünger's tripartition of the social realm and Bataille's sacred sociology: (1) The fading warrior caste in Jünger matches Bataille's

"sovereign, heterogeneity" of the Master; (2) The "nihilistic" sphere of "work" mobilized by the latter-day tyrant ("the *condottiere*") is the analog of Bataille's *power* maneuvered by the *butor*; and (3) it is easy to recognize in the subproletariat and its hordes of partisans Bataille's heterogeneous droves of slaves, who by nature empathize with the heroic figure of the criminal. It is the exact same story, the same plot. Yet not only does Jünger anticipate Bataille by a few seasons, but his essay "on pain" (*Über den Schmerz*) also preceded by forty years — which is even more formidable— the images and language of Foucault's *Discipline and Punish,*[32] with the conspicuous overlap of the "*délinquant*" and the "partisan," the (bemoaned) end of torture, the clinical eye, the subjugation of bodies, the disciplined flesh, and the invasion of "Power." It is all in Jünger by 1934 —couched in the same words, yet with far superior art & style, and much more succinctly, it goes without saying.

8.1.2) An Elitist Defeatist

In 1929, Jünger had wished expressly to see National-Socialism prevail in Germany.[33] But by the time Hitler seized power, Jünger had come to appraise the poise and agility of Nazism's political makeup with a more discriminating eye, and had as a result resolved to keep his distance and act with circumspection vis-à-vis the incoming Nazi hierarchy.

> Before power, I know precisely what I have to do, I have to take precautions, I have to bow in such and such a manner.[34]

In 1933, he refused to join the German academy of poetry, which the Nazis had proceeded to colonize; he left Berlin and

settled in the countryside. Unlike Bataille —and, as we shall see, Strauss— there is little doubt that, at this time,

Jünger was part of a secret order (a veritable one, not some harlequin mysteriosophy like *l'Acéphale,* or Strauss's bogus elitist fellowship between master and pupils at Chicago). The induction among a very particular set of initiates (*Eingeweihten*) provided a recurrent, and defining, form to Jünger's narrative constructions. With reference to the interwar years, he alluded often, and cryptically, to his allegiance to the Order of the "Mauretanians." Jünger employed this designation after that figure of the "African sorcerer" in the *Arabian Nights,* who casts about the world in search of a simpleton (Aladdin), through whom he may lay hold of the grail (the lamp as the key to world domination).

Filled with "utter disgust for the great masses," Jünger joined the Order by passing "the test," which consisted of "sacrificing compassion for the sake of supreme power." Thus, he had willed to make a "superman" of his being, "erecting within himself an idol, which lent a golden shimmer to his features."[35] Ever since, hands clasped over the pommel of his sword, Jünger, the narrator, could be seen looking on and brooding over the vicissitudes of the Fatherland or the quakes of his turbulent times, perched from an elitist lookout, variously recorded in his dreamy tales as the Rue-Garden Hermitage, the *Volière* (the Aviary), or the Casbah. From these rocky heights, towering over imaginary peninsulas, which blend the North African coastline with Dalmatian archipelagoes suffused with the aroma of cypresses, he surveyed quilted swaths of boscage and marshlands in the far distance, where the shadow

of conflict between everchanging powers of evil and the values defended by his aristocratic stronghold grew taller by the hour.

Mysterious rituals, featuring fire-wheels and snakes, such as those recounted in his second most celebrious novel —*On the Marble Cliffs* (1939)— occur in the background of a strange microcosm, tenanted by sibylline monks who tend shrines unfailingly consecrated to matriarchal deities —manifestations of Aphrodite imaginatively named "The Virgin of the Sea" (*Maria vom Meer*)[36] or "Our Lady of the Crescent, the sickle-bearer" (*Maria Lunaris Falcifera*).[37]

> The Ocean is the cradle from which Aphrodite rises. Wave and rhythm, tension and mixture gush forth from the abyss of the Ocean, which is splendid and terrible.[38]

Inside the lodges of the Mauretanians, the word must have been to keep clear of any open involvement with the Hitlerites —not out of spiritual distaste, but most likely for the sake of strategic latitude. What with Alfred Rosenberg's mania for blood purity —which Jünger thought was no remedy against the "destructive qualities of [the Jewish] race"[39]—the perplexing outlook of Germany's position on the chessboard of world politics, and the overall crassness of the leadership of the National Socialist German Worker's Party, aristocrats like the writer had better cultivate layers of reserve within the herbariums and luminaries of their patrician seclusion.

Which is not to say that Jünger was ever hostile to Hitler. The opposite is true.

Not only had he secured, as the author of the *In the Storms of Steel,* the Führer's protection,[40] but Jünger's entire itinerary

until the end of World War II is a linear path of complicity with the regime. The conventional explication, according to which *On the Marble Cliffs* was a bold, ciphered indictment of Hitler and the Third Reich, crowned by the foreboding of the Jewish Holocaust and the

Stauffenberg plot to assassinate Hitler,* is a feat of obfuscatory exegesis drafted after the war to save Jünger's reputation. The novel was indeed a pro-Nazi, though *defeatist,* vision of the forthcoming campaign in the East, against the armies of Stalin, who was portrayed as the demoniac "Chief Ranger."[41]

When the war came —merely two weeks after the publication of *On the Marble Cliffs*— Jünger was drafted and dispatched to France yet again, this time with the rank of captain, to participate in the western offensive. In 1941, thanks to his high contacts, he landed a privileged post in the headquarters of the German occupying army in Paris, at the *Raphaël* —one of the capital's fashionable hotels. In Paris he kept a journal, in which he recorded the existential vagaries of a somewhat uncomfortable officer of an invading army, who hobnobbed with the artists and the collaborationist elite of that captured jewel of a city.

Of particular interest in the Parisian journal is that entry, recorded on May 29, 1941, in which he mentioned "the decision not to excuse himself from witnessing the execution

* Though there certainly is in the book, a somber foreboding, a presentiment that the officer caste of the *Wehrmacht* would suffer a catastrophic downfall as a result of the foredoomed campaign in the East (the invasion of Soviet Russia in June 1941, see my *Conjuring Hitler,* 2023, pp. 448).

of a deserter by firing squad, despite the revulsion with which the prospect filled him."[42]

> In such encounters I am overtaken with a kind of nausea. I must, however, elevate myself to the level from which, like a doctor before a patient, I can observe such things as if they were fishes on a coral reef or insects in a meadow […]. There lie weaknesses in my disgust, there lies still too great an involvement in the red world. *One must penetrate the logic of violence.*[43]

Even if it is understood that individuals possessing the same sensitivity —as Jünger and Bataille certainly did— will end up acting and speaking in a similar fashion, there is always something uncanny in picking out these nearly identical testimonies across time and geographical boundaries. Jünger decries his "weaknesses," while Bataille hates that "part [in him] that sobs and curses" at the sight of the dismembered Chinese regicide. Before an execution, what torments them both is not the horror of truncating a life in the stillness of protocol, no, what aggrieves them is their life-cherishing instinct, which they curse as a forfeiture of cowardice. Because the violence of life, of nature, of men, and of history must have proven to them, and to many others, to be so enduring, so sensible, necessary, and self-contained that one had rather make it as integral a part of one's flesh as humanly possible.

During the "sitting war" (1939–40), Jünger imagined that Germany and Britain could come to an agreement.[44] He *did* stand with Hitler and the new Reich —stand with them, that is, for as long as they seemed to be winning.[45] And when the fortune of the Wehrmacht was reversed after the disaster in Russia, which indeed he had prophesied, Jünger, like many

other game-loving foxes at the top, proceeded meticulously to hide his traces. Which is not to say that he entirely escaped the postwar inquisitorial fallout of de-Nazification.

Though Jünger suggested that he had eventually gravitated in oppositional circles, there was never any evidence that he had been in close, active contact with Stauffenberg's conspirators —which was the favorite line of defense attempted by high-profile personalities who compromised with Nazism. Nor was there proof, on the other hand, that he had been in any way involved with the
murderous record of that regime. He came out of the war wearing the pall of controversy, but overall, he was unscathed —invulnerable indeed.

Heidegger, as will be seen, and Jünger himself would, together, become the symbol of the rehabilitated holdover from the mists of the Third Reich. And although the two were connected somehow, they would find themselves traveling in the postwar era along different routes. Heidegger would eventually regain the mainstream and enjoy an outstanding revival in the English-speaking world, whereas Jünger's fame would remain largely confined to Europe. In Italy, for instance, but especially in France, his figure would come to form the object of an authentic veneration, thanks to the combined effort and influence of a certain segment of those countries' intelligentsia, which would feature combative intellectuals from *both ends* of the political spectrum.[46] The adoration of Jünger (and also of Heidegger) by self-styled exponents of both the Left and the Right is precisely that mark of confusion, addressed in this study, which we take as the

eloquent proof that thinking nowadays has been, for the most part, coerced into this postmodern form. The two manifestations of such a form, which is essentially cohesive, are the (affected) insubordination of the chaotic Left and the truculent conservatism of the no-less-cynical Right. Bataille's position between fascism and orgiastic sedition is the genuine symbol of this mood's dangerous ambivalence; Jünger represents its German counterimage, slightly slanted to the Right.

If Heidegger carried the stigma of [the Nazi] transgression for the rest of his life, it did *not* weigh heavily on his reputation. Jünger, on the other hand, is still widely cited as a "fascist writer."[47] The two were preaching similar versions of the same faith, but, compared with Heidegger's, Jünger's art of disclosure, so to speak, was far too explicit.

8.1.3) The Path to the Brushwood

With the end of World War II began a new era for Jünger, as for the rest of the world. Change, in some form, could not be avoided. In fact, Jünger had *not* come out of the war unscathed: in November 1944, his first son, Ernst, had been killed in action, near Carrara, in Italy —the boy was eighteen. To his memory, the father dedicated a treatise, which he had begun drafting in 1941. It appeared in 1945 with the title: *The Peace.*

The new Jünger presented himself as a reflective, penitent man who sought to learn from his errors; he confessed he had been "spiritually blinded."[48] But, no matter how meek he longed to appear, the vision stayed roughly the same. And

since 1945 it came flowing, potently, into a whole new installment of characters, metaphors, stylistic rhythms, and special narrative effects no less bewitching, no less dazzling than those past.

> I had renounced evil and its pomp, less out of aversion, than because I felt unequal to it.[49]

And so, he clasped the sword again, and ascended to his privileged vantage point to scrutinize the world. The knight was back in his dungeon.

He was now looking back upon the era of the "Great Blazes"[50] —the world wars— and musing over the present condition. Historically, what the "Great Blazes," especially the second, had achieved was the destruction of the national States. There presently existed only "great empires" such as America, say, or China.[51] And it was within such imperial domains that the multitude of Work, which, itself, had not disappeared, was reorganizing itself and wielding *power.*

The Blazes, Jünger believed, had challenged the tenure of "nihilism" —in other words, the holocausts of World War II had irremediably shaken the faith in progress, which is one of postmodernism's chief contentions.[52] Nihilism was not defeated yet, but for Jünger there was no going back to the Liberal era —that would have meant starting all over again…And the only means whereby nihilism might be finished, and "peace" thereby established, was through "*a moral return to the Bible.*" The opponents of Liberal nihilism needed the succor of the Churches. Because, he added, "the man of today *wants* to believe." The new epoch, he heralded, would see the advent of a "New Theology."[53]

Jünger was proposing merely a strategic alliance; of course, he believed neither in the Bible nor in Christ,[54] whose cult he actually held responsible for having slain "like a novel and greater Herakles" "the Elder Ones,"[55] "the primordial spirits of [his] land."[56]

In 1949, Jünger published his first postwar novel, *Heliopolis,* in which he articulated his perception of contemporary world politics. He imagined that while nihilism was being transformed into some sort of planetary State, on the home front the Churches had joined forces with the aristocracy to fight the contemporary Liberal democracy, whose populist and very popular puppeteer was the Bailiff, a Churchillian sheik with the paunch of an ogre and the taste for neon of a Vegas don.[57]

Heliopolis was a space of memory, old struggles, and new technological forays: the heavens were clawed by periodic launches of space shuttles, and all the people were connected by the "phonophore," a wireless radio unit pinned on the lapel —a stunning anticipation of the portable telephony of the Internet's global networking. In this context, the phonophore had appeared as the ideal agent of planetary democracy, the means to connect invisibly everybody to everybody. The presence of the ancient assembly of the people, of the market, of the forum was extended to a vastest space.[58]

Confronted by the corruption of Liberal nihilism, Jünger re-created a parallel universe, walled by old parchments, solitary walks, and the fumes of drugs. Like the ancient Mexicans, he would ingest them as a sacrament by which to "establish an immediate connection with divine powers."[59] Intoxicated, he

marveled:

> I stand in the experience.[60]

Jünger retold his truths in the "dreams" of hemp, chewing the laurel leaf, in which "slumber the greater forces" that shield the Spirit against "the onslaught of the annihilating Void (*die Vernichtung*)."[61] Beyond death, there was "Nothingness." There was no "hell"; this to him was Christianity's "sudden invention."[62] He believed that "not a mosquito is lost," and that even "the worst of criminals shall partake in the eternal delights." For evil composed the world-plan, much as the shadow accompanied light, in a world whose power mechanisms could best be grasped by the arts of darkness.[63]

> This is what remained: a glimmer on a nebula of the universe; perhaps an angel had guessed that much in his flight in the deep of the remotest abyss.[64]

"'New' worlds," for Jünger, "were always but copies of the same world, well known to the Gnostics, since the origins."[65] What this meant, practically, was that one could change the world, but *never* its foundation.[66] And such a foundation was the pessimist, uncompassionate template with which we have become fully acquainted since Bataille. It was this alternation of light and darkness that culminated in the question mark of the Void.

Life on earth, according to Jünger, could thus be likened to a frightening path running along the edge of a tall cliff upon which only one caravan could pass at a time.[67] Economically speaking, this was a metaphor for the life of *scarcity,* which, indeed, is one of the pillars of the Liberal ethos —an ethos Jünger profoundly despised. That goes to show that, after all,

men like him (or like Bataille, Foucault, and the rest) are not such hefty fish out of modern water as
they purported to be. Along with the creed in scarcity goes, of course, the faith in the ravages of *overpopulation* —nowadays a stance that is conveniently mistaken for environmental concern. In our discussion of Foucault, we had already arraigned Malthusianism as the trademark of militant oligarchism and conservatism.[68] For, the chief reason behind its perennial adoption in the face of constant refutation is, of course, its claim that poverty, war, and disease are not the responsibility of men, but of the putative laws of nature: it suggests that there just is not enough bread for all mouths — hence the struggle. Aldous Huxley created his famous dystopian novel *Brave New World* upon such an oligarchic hypothesis. Thus, for Jünger, Malthus and Huxley were "intelligent Englishmen."[69]

But, for as much as he wished to see his antitraditional knighthood prevail, in the early Fifties, Jünger conceded *defeat* before the forces of nihilism. The modern technicized invasion seemed unstoppable and apparently possessed of unimaginable powers of innovation and flexible expansion. Hearses were being motorized, microphones laid onto the altars next to the eucharistic bread, and in this potent movement toward the "reduction" of life to basic mechanical functions —all in the name of the "good"— surrogate cults and religions were sprouting all across the land in response to a collective craving for the aboriginal ways of "sacrifice." In this thirst for "saints," even "political parties became the object of apotheoses."[70] Politics in the triumphant age of nihilism is an endless exercise

in "*staging*."

For Jünger, democracy, like truth, simply did not exist.[71] He intimated that, as modern citizens, all we have been witnessing are variations in the tyrannical art of command (*die Kunst der Führung*): elections are but disguised plebiscites, and a foregone result must always be presented as "a deafening choir, which arouses terror and admiration at once." This unstinting endeavor to *produce* political drama requires perforce a corresponding increase in police personnel. The expansion of the latter, Jünger added, triggers, however, a concomitant, counterbalancing "*power of the minority.*"[72]

In the gray herds of sheep, wolves lie concealed, which is to say, beings that still know what freedom is. And these wolves are not only themselves very strong, but there also exists the risk that, on a bad day, these might pass on their qualities to the masses, turning them from dumb herds to aggressive packs. This is the nightmare of the rulers.[73]

In its essentials, this inconclusive account of State intrusion eliciting the "minority's" counterreaction —the swelling "minority" being driven by a vanguard of technique-hating stalwarts— is identical to Foucault's "resistance at the margins" and to the interplay of "Empire" and "Multitude" evoked by Hardt and Negri.

Jünger recommended that the latter-day warrior-aristocrats "cross the *line,*" that they step out of the grounds of nihilism. Since frontal, sword-in-hand resistance against modernity was impossible, the only pursuable form of rebellion left to them would be to transfer the insurgency from the outside to the inside. Which meant that they would have to cultivate, and

cloak themselves with, a personalized style of silent combat to be waged daily in the ordinary avenues of life in view of a grand, eventual revolution.

To this new "rebel," Jünger gave the name of "*Waldgänger*" —roughly translatable as "the one that defects to the woods," or "brushwood-rover." The appellation immediately calls to mind the figure of the brushwood resistance fighter, the French *maquisard*. The "brushwood," for Jünger, was a symbolic space of *freedom,* which the *maquisard* re-created "over the line," as a sacred oasis in the nihilistic desert where the Leviathan of technology could not reach him.[74] In the bosky solitude, the "brushwood-rover" could worship in silence his "intangible treasures": *death* above all,[75] as well as beauty, "which is always born of a wound,"[76] and the only two forces that ought to be taken seriously, Dionysus and Aphrodite.[77]

And at this stage, possibly to legitimize this new and intriguing category of the underground brushwood-rover, Jünger engaged in a bit a tomb raiding, that is, he ransacked the cellars of mythology and scripture in search of tropes with which to inoculate his message. This is indeed a conventional stratagem of persuaders the world over, which, indeed, seems to be perennially encouraged by the sublime disorder that reigns over religious mythology. We shall see that out of such tomb raiding, individuals such as Strauss would make a profitable business.

For his resistance fighter, Jünger improvised a mini-pantheon crowned by a Christ that is half Hercules (the slayer of idols and founder of cities), half Dionysus (god of the feast

and of the serene communion with the dead). As chief hero of the liturgy, Jünger picked Socrates, whose *daimon* (driving spirit) he equated symbolically with the brushwood. In a bout of freestyle hermeneutics, Jünger saw in the death of Socrates "one of the greatest events." It taught men that "the world is built in such a way that prejudices and passions always demand their tribute in blood, and that it is good to know that this will never change." To think it will is the "stupid" conviction of those obdurate "philistines," whom "one encounters nowadays on every street corner."[78]

It is in the nature of man to be destructive as well as creative: his *"daimon"* wishes it so.[79] Life was a struggle to Jünger, a struggle against the fear of death, and it was by overcoming this fear that the heroic individual could defeat the State —a State that employs terror, the police, and the ministries of "health"[80] to reach inside the "divine power" of human resistance. The resistance (*der Widerstand*) of the brushwood rebel had to be "absolute": he would give no quarter and would stand ready to endure in loneliness the brunt of nihilism's "satanic" arts.[81] The human being, said Jünger, was trapped "inside a great machine designed to annihilate him," to "torture" him, and "only a miracle could save him from such awhirl." But, time and again, he *had* rebelled and broken the chains, "*even in prisons,* actually there more than anywhere else"; in opposition, man would reveal his "princely demeanor."[82]

Broaching anew the old theme of "pain," and anticipating Foucault, yet again, Jünger sang the praise of the "ill man," the "patient" (*der Kranke*), whom he thought "*sovereign*" in the face

of those "nihilistic consortia of physicians" that make an economics out of his torment. The patient would eventually overcome and "dispense a healing sent by impregnable abodes."[83] He too was in the brushwood.

Jünger believed that only two ways led out of the torture chamber: *crime* or the brushwood. This explained for him the tremendous appeal that the figure of the criminal had been exerting on the collective mind of the West, particularly in times of such utter nihilistic decomposition as ours. And Bataille had voluminously accounted for this phenomenon, as we know. But since criminals and partisans are by nature manipulable, it was imperative that the *maquisard* differentiated himself from the low-class delinquent as markedly as possible "in point of morality, conduct of the battle, and social relationships." Only the path of the *"Waldgänger"* allowed the aristocrat to preserve his "sovereignty" on the nihilistic side of "the line."[84]

So, we were left wondering: What sort of vicissitudes a brushwood rebel was bound to experience, and most importantly, what decisions would he have to make? Jünger in 1957 responded with the tale of Richard, a demobilized commander of the cavalry, who found himself recommended for a post of security chief to Zapparoni, the world's leading hi-tech tycoon. In Foucauldian terms, Zapparoni symbolized power's ultimate drive: not merely the control of life itself, but the precise replication thereof.

Zapparoni made robots; artificial reproductions of human beings —perfect reproductions, which were cast as characters in a series of film sagas. In the gardens of the tycoon, Richard

discovered swarms of artificial, *glass bees* that composed a robotized ecosystem of pellucid box-hives gauged for a competitive extraction of honey.[85] The spectacle of the glass bees gave way to a horrified hiatus as Richard made out looking through his binoculars heaps of severed ears strewn across the meadows of the estate. Having failed to keep his nerves under control and guess that the ears were artificial ones, Richard did not qualify to become Zapparoni's chief of security, though he obtained a position in the firm as a steward and arbiter in labor disputes.[86]

The message of the *Glass Bees* was threefold. First, the scale and drift of modern Technique was one of "illusion"[87] (Zapparoni's motion-picture empire) as well as one of a constantly impending holocaust (the vision of innumerable severed organs). Second, whereas Jünger had encouraged man to give in to the murderous machine in 1938, twenty years and a Blaze later, he seemed to caution that aristocrats had better keep clear of the control room of such devilish enterprises. Which did not imply, however —and this is the third, decisive point— that the brushwood-rovers should give up power entirely. They should rather stay within the establishment, but in the capacity of, say, councilors or consultants.

How brushwood fighters could unleash the aristocratic revolution from their dispersed posts of corporate consultants was something that Jünger, in the best postmodern tradition, could never explain. But the character of Richard in the panorama of the postmodern Right is nonetheless important in that it foreshadowed the late figure of the "anarch," which,

to a degree, represents the ideal philosophical posture in vogue among the Straussians.

8.1.4) Cup-Bearer to the Techno-Structure

Echoing Kojève,* Jünger had by 1960 come to the realization that there was no essential difference between the empire of the United States and that of Soviet Russia. The "white" and the "red" stars were twin bodies of the same firmament,[88] like creatures of nihilism —the former being simply much more efficient in point of industrial performance and social control than the latter. Not only had

World War II eliminated the archaic structure of the State, but, presently, nihilistic empires themselves were fusing into *The World State,* which was Junger's precursor expression of *Globalization* and the precise analog of Kojève's "homogeneous and universal State."

> With the attainment of its final magnitude, the State does not only conquer its greatest spatial extension, but also a new quality. Historically, the State ceases to exist […]. Power-related questions are solved.[89]

In short, here we had the classic postmodern conclusion: the End of History, the End of Ideology. In such a framework, Jünger seemed convinced that regular armies fighting conventional wars would become useless, and that, as a result, man was finally presented with the opportunity to "manifest himself in his purity, unshackled by the strictures of

* See below the section on Kojève, pp. 384-90.

organization."[90] What this meant, however, was not clear: purity in war or purity in peace?

No less hazy was in this connection Jünger's allusion to our time's impending "conception of a great maternal image." Heated talk of patriarchy or matriarchy, and of hearkening to either, was for Jünger, who *knew* these themes, wholly misplaced. Those systems, he asserted, "had an outlook completely different from ours." The spiritual genius of the World State, said Jünger, would be one that cherishes the "mothers of gods and of men." And to such a spirit would contribute, without their knowing it, the steadfast labor of logic and the masculine form of knowledge.[91]

This insight may lend itself to opposing interpretations: it meant either that we have entered an era in which men and women will bring to fruition an alliance built upon nurture and labor-saving inventiveness —which would be ideal— or that humanity is about to witness a renewed coupling of Kali's appetite for destruction with a profusion of hi-tech implements of mass destruction.

The figure of the "anarch" made its full appearance in *Eumeswil,* Jünger's last great piece of political fiction. The portrayal of the "anarch" was a new rendition of the brushwood fighter.

The Condor, who ruled *Eumeswil,* a city-State on the horizon of dreams, was a *tyrant.* He and his retinue dominated the city from the ramparts of the citadel, the Casbah. Agitating against the Condor were the tribunes, governors of the mob. This, however, was not the familiar Jüngerian setting pitting aristocrats against democrats. The Condor himself, as the

narrator related, "lived off Leviathan." He was an old-fashioned despot, who did not abstain from employing technology, oppression, and lies to impose order.[92]

> Gullibility is the norm; it is the credit on which States live: without it even the most modest survival would be impossible […]. Strictly speaking, there are only tyrants today; their methods of padding their cudgels differ only in color, but not in cloth.[93]

The trick in such a game, which saw tyranny as the only solution to our "imperfect and peaceless world,"[94] was to act like the narrator, the self-styled "anarch" Manuel Venator, a scholar and the Condor's barman.

The anarch defines himself vis-à-vis the "anarchist." The latter is a cross between the *"Waldgänger"* and the partisan. The anarchist is an impatient utopist, who believes that human nature is unqualifiedly good, and that the world may thus be changed for the better by "wiping out" the monarch —that is, whatever tyrant happens to be in power.[95] In sum, Jünger thought the anarchist a naïve, chaotic fool. Like, say, St. Paul, but not Christ, who, to Jünger, was the quintessential anarch.[96]

> The partisan wants to change the law, the criminal break it; the anarch wants neither. He is not for or against the law […]. He recognizes lawfulness but not law. [He recognizes] the laws of nature, and he adjusts accordingly.[97]

The anarch thus can bide his time. Unlike the anarchist, the anarch does not see himself as the tyrant's adversary, but as "his antipode," "his pendant": he does not fear the monarch, he is his equal.[98] The anarch has an ethos, but no morality. "He despises rules" and shows no intention whatsoever to "render

thanks": to paint God as "good" and to abide by His Law is "to castrate" the Lord on one hand and society on the other. "Religio" as "bond" "is precisely what the anarch rejects."[99]

By thatching this figurative hut of cynical dissidence around one's soul, Jünger believed that one could thereby render oneself immune, indifferent to the pernicious halo and cruelties of power. Protected by this armor of *désinvolte* disdain, the brushwood fighter could survive in the tyrant's entourage and retain his invaluable "sovereignty."

> The anarch has appropriated authority; he is sovereign. He therefore behaves as a neutral power vis-à-vis state and society. He may like, dislike, or be indifferent to whatever occurs in them. That is what determines his conduct; he invests no emotional values.[100]

Such was, in the end, Jünger's political testament: an invitation to exercise power, without taking it seriously in order to become "free."[101] This appeared to him the only way to survive as aristocrats in the sea of nihilism, which is presently covering the whole earth.

> History is dead.[102]

Whether they know it or not, Jünger, exactly like Foucault, suggested that modern men exist today only as *wielders of power* —whether at the top, to the right of the tyrant, whether at the bottom of the bureaucratic hierarchy, or in the-side streets of the metropolitan ghettoes, as "the minority." All we do is bully and survive. Such is the modern, nihilistic condition. To sustain it with dignity, namely, to retain one's sovereignty, Jünger found exclusive solace in a form of private prayer — Heidegger would call it "care"— to the inscrutable Void.

In *Eumeswil,* the Condor is eventually overthrown by the Tribunes and vanishes in a hunting expedition along with his retinue, including the narrator. It looks as though Jünger was saying that in the postmodern game, nothing really mattered anymore; that history was finished, that the State had gone global, and that power was everywhere. As Venator, he had made his decision: to live by and die with the aristocratic variant of tyranny. Postmodern, yes, but of the Right.

In conclusion, Jünger sketched a universe that is by and large a richer synthesis of Bataille's sociology and Foucault's Power/Knowledge. The ingredients are the same: the cult of death, the eulogy of pain, the discernment of Technique as a spiritual force radiating "Power," the worship of the Void as the headless issue of a divine presence dispensing growth and the holocaust, the scorn of cooperativeness, and the rebellious pose of the anarch. Politically, both Foucault and Negri — Negri even more so— represent fitting embodiments of a Left-wing anarch: an establishment intellectual mingling with anarchists and the lunatic fringe. Jünger is his geometrical counterpart on the Right: a former Nazi sympathizer, who lived on to be honored by the respective presidents of France and Germany in the global era. Bataille's undecided position between the two, as said, is the epitome of the "postmodern condition," which is truly neither of the Right nor of the Left, but is merely a creed of uncompassionate Nothingness.

Jünger was an individual with a divine hand, an icy, perceptive soul, and a corrupted spirit. His experience sets the standard against which all the recent ideology of domination and tyranny that has come out of the American establishment

ought to be gauged. We shall see that, as far as the Straussians are concerned, the points of convergence are unmistakable and poignant.

8.2 Martin the Obscure

Martin Heidegger (1889–1976), an icon of postmodernism, told a tale of Gnosis that differed little from Bataille's. The "similarity" between the two authors has already been acknowledged by the late exponents of the Frankfurt School, a handful of whose founders did attend Bataille's *Collège de sociologie*.[103] Unlike Bataille, however, Heidegger had little of the theorist in him. He was exclusively a mythmaker, who drank from the fount of Gnosis, and what he achieved, in fact, was to ladle those tales of old into modern caskets. Therefore, seeking an ingress into Heidegger's forbidding writing is best effected by focusing on his treatment of mythical sources. One may then grasp how a whole system of thought could be erected thereupon. In this connection, a particular fragment of myth related by the Latin author Hyginus, which Heidegger cited in his magnum opus, *Sein und Zeit* (*Being and Time*), affords an insight into his modus operandi.

The myth is that of the deity, Cura ("Care"), who fashioned man out of clay (herself a goddess, Tellus), animating him with a spirit provided by Jupiter. While body and spirit were to be surrendered to their makers at death, Care was entrusted with the stewardship of man while he lived: such was the judgment of Saturn.[104] In the hands of Heidegger, Cura was sublimated into a misty metaphysical entity called *Da-sein* —the "being-there," which roughly corresponded to a congeries of what the

practitioners of spiritual science call eons, archangels.

Eons are the spirit-guides of peoples. And Care/*Da-sein* could be seen as a willing, self-contained spiritual manifestation of the human race. Heidegger wanted to know what brought us to the world, what made us be what we are in this strange cosmos. But, more specifically, he wanted to address these questions *not* by having recourse to the traditional regression to "God," whom he disbelieved.

And so, he envisioned humans as partaking of this existential organism, the *Dasein,* which appeared to be itself on a quest to know what it really was.

What we designate as, say, politics, ethics, powers, and history were for Heidegger the "vicissitudes of *Da-sein*"—that is, the worldly expression of our being there. To Heidegger, these earthly, tormented records of our being there were the living proof that some intuitively aboriginal, *wholesome* way of being had presently found itself "trapped," "ensnared" in the world, as it were. Ensnared in a world of alienation, malaise, and inauthenticity. In brief, the nihilistic age, which is "incurable" (*das Heil-lose*).[105] Heidegger said that we were being "thrown," stranded in the world, and this image of the existential shipwreck was through and through one of Gnosis, with which the German philosopher was conversant as he had devoted a course to the topic in 1921. So, the task before the individual was one of "de-struction" of the contemporary nihilistic "tradition," in view of unveiling his own true essence. One had to hark back, not to God, but to the Being —that is, to an understanding of the nature of this nurturing spirit in

which we live before it had "fallen prey" to the ways of modernity.

One had to "return."

This process of re-apprehending the authentic nature of our being, Heidegger called "existence"; it is Bataille's tragic living: it is that path the traversing of which was going to present man with the deepest mysteries of life.

What did Heidegger finally apprehend on the road of "existence"? He understood that discourse, which he referred to as "logos," proceeded linearly, leaving much "buried" and "camouflaged," and that underneath the curtain of speech, which was the soundtrack of existence, there lay the Nothing (*die Nichtung*).

> And the "genuine" nothing itself—isn't this that camouflaged but absurd concept of a nothing that is?[106]

For man, this revelation occurred in a state of *Angst.* Bataille had likewise witnessed that the unveiling of the Void was unfailingly announced by a vertiginous seizure of "*angoisse*" (the French for *Angst,* anxiety). Heidegger described Angst as a state of "bewildered calm," which "robs us of our speech." Therefore, he concluded that it was "in nothingness" that we find ourselves "thrown." And this *inexpressible* mood of forfeiture before the "uncanniness" of our being alive —which is itself a tale of "*silence*"— climaxes in our taking conscience of our *death.*

> The nothingness primordially dominating in the being of Da-sein is revealed to it in authentic, being-toward-death.[107]

"Care" then resurfaced in Heidegger's system as a therapy whereby man could be driven back to his "essence." By

exercising care, Heidegger thought that we might have recuperated the sense of archaic genuineness —in things such as "the hammering" of the smith, "the north wind, the woodpecker tapping, the crackling fire."[108] Of such purity was made the "*heritage*" "of a people," and only "*destiny*" would bring the people in "being-with-one another" in the fold of "community."[109]

What followed from such a nurturing surrender to the beckon of "being" was indeed a rapport of Power/Knowledge. This peculiar relation to a rediscovered *Da-sein* allowed the latter to speak through us, and not us through it; we *knew* through it, now that existentially we had recognized ourselves as "lieutenants of the nothing." This was a further refinement that would be explicitly adopted by Foucault, whereas Heidegger's equivalent of Bataille's *Acépahle* was the metaphor of "the clearing" (*die Lichtung*). The "clearing" was the space of life whose extension was delimited, and whose clime was determined, by an historical *joint process of concealment and disclosure* through which the opposite modes of Being (light and darkness) revealed, intermittently and *tragically,* that there existed Nothing beyond it. This re-elaboration of the Gnostic "God that is not," which avows its nothingness in the interplay of flashes and shadows, would in turn inspire deconstructivism's toying with traces and shrouded meanings.

Heidegger made "creative" use of classic sources to "support" his refitting of Gnosis. He made himself, in this sense, the headmaster of postmodern tomb raiding, and the labor of interpretative slaughter to which he subjected the pre-

Socratics has remained famous. Kojève and, in particular, Strauss, would be awed and forever marked by such philological abracadabra. As a poignant example, consider how Heidegger would extort *Da-sein* from the fragments of Heraclitus.

The point of departure would be Fragment no. 16: "How would one escape the notice of that which never sets?" Now, converting "that which never sets" into "that which always rises" yields the verb *phynai* (to live, to rise), which is not in Heraclitus, though the cognate word *physis* (nature) is. In fact, Fragment no. 123 says: "*Nature* loves to hide herself," which, playing again on *phynai,* Heidegger rendered as "the emergence (from concealment) favors the concealment." To justify further the initial substitution —of "always rises" for "never sets" —Heidegger sought in Heraclitus another word "related" to the verb "to live." He found it in "ever-living," which appears in Fragment no. 30: "<The ordered?> world, the same for all, no god or man-made, but it always was, is, and will be, an *ever-living fire*." "Ever-living" here seemed to introduce the word "fire," which Heidegger read as the "(sacrificial) fire of *enlightenment,*" *das Lichten* in German. And since the latter derives from the same root as "the clearing" (*die Lichtung*), it followed that Fragment no. 16 could finally be translated as: "How could someone remain hidden from it, that is, from the clearing?"[110]

Which for Heidegger undoubtedly meant that men and gods, in their mutual relation to the "fire" of the world," found themselves forever present in the opening of the clearing, all of them being sometimes revealed by light, and sometimes

ensconced by shadows as harbingers of forthcoming revelations.

Heraclitus, is known as the "obscure one" (*o skoteinós*). And so would he be in the future, Heidegger concluded, "because he thought, questioning 'the clearing.'" Then, of course, there had to be some political, pragmatic resolution to all such speculation, and, as known, it found expression in the surmise that Hitler and his movement might incarnate just the fateful, communal "return" to a pure *Da-sein* that Heidegger had longed for. After all, all Nazi "theologians" has likewise spoken of Germany in terms of a gem encrusted in the dross of the "Jewish," "Liberal" spirit.[111]

On May 27, 1933, as Nazi Chancellor of the University of Fribourg, Heidegger delivered the infamous *Rektoratsrede* (the chancellor's address) that marked an intriguing conjunction of the Western philosophical tradition with the "will" of Nazism's exceptional advent. Heidegger announced expectantly "the spiritual mission of the German people," which would see to it that "science and
the German destiny accede together to power."[112]

Interestingly, most allocutions Heidegger would pronounce in his ten months of militancy would make constant reference to the powers of mobilization of the "German worker," seen as that genuine striker of the aboriginal "hammer." The sociological insight was admittedly borrowed from Jünger's essay on the "total mobilization" and from his ambivalent tract on "the worker" of 1932. Heidegger, who held seminars on both works, would make explicit mention of Jünger in a November 1933 speech.[113] *The Worker* was an ambivalent tract

because Jünger, who at heart felt no attraction to the new reality of Germany's toiling swarms, had clearly hailed these as heroic agents with a view to riding Germany's promising Nazi-fascist onslaught against the Weimar Republic.[114] But when Hitler took power, Jünger, as said, took a cautious step back, while Heidegger didn't. He acted like a fool, said Jünger years later, thinking something new was budding on the horizon. This went to show, Jünger concluded, that Heidegger's vision was not as clear as his.[115]

Though Jünger did not hold Heidegger's Nazi militancy against him, Heidegger's postmodern admirers, from Lyotard[116] to Strauss,[117] would always express their greatest dismay at "the slip" of the neo-Gnostic master. Sorriest of all was Heidegger himself: *mein Irrtum,* my error, would he say lamenting those "ten months" as Nazi Chancellor. But they forgave him. His was a unique case in this regard.

His Western partisans slapped Heidegger on the wrist, and have gone on to this day to republish, retranslate, and re-gloss his work galore. Jünger had seen farther, but he was too dangerous. Heidegger, on the other hand, was so obscure that one could say of his texts everything and its very opposite, and a convenient academic stalemate would allow his legacy to pass on undisturbed.

More to the point, Heidegger was still needed in the West. Revered by the French postmodern Left, he was needed in the uncompassionate regimes —or "Cainite regimes,"[118] to use Jünger's misty notion, i.e., "as being based on hatred"[119] (A. Burgess)— of the Americanized West, which had emerged from the war hungering ever more for an anti-humanist "new

idiom"[120]—something "sophisticated" by which to articulate that foul, innermost desire of our age: and that is, to prove that goodness, i.e., cooperativeness among humans is not a principle that may triumph.

8.3 Kojève: The Pierre Menard of Postmodernism

The link between postmodernism's Left and Right factions, as set out in the introduction to this chapter, has been correctly traced to Kojève (1902–1968) —Bataille's teacher and Strauss's companion— whose insights constitute some sort of shared space between the extremes.

Peculiar to Kojève was his "style."

Jorge Luis Borges had once written a short piece of fiction about an author, Pierre Menard, who, three centuries after its original composition, had resolved, madly, to "create" anew, word for word, fragments of Cervantes's *Quixote.* The ironic subtlety of the tale was the suggestion that the *same* sentence "composed" centuries later could acquire an altogether different, ominous signification: some triviality in the 1600s could have suddenly struck the modern reader as, say, "Nietzschean." Menard's was exactly the same book, word for word, but the "new Times" made it (to signify overall) something wholly "different"…The original functioned thus as a "palimpsest": words that could *arbitrarily* convey a myriad of ideas.[121]

It turned out that Borges's piece was no fictional *divertissement* at all but rather some uncanny mockery of perfected schemes of tomb raiding such as that performed on Hegel by Kojève in the Thirties, and on the classics by Strauss

during the following two decades.

Alexander Vladimirovitch Kojevnikov was Wassily Kandinsky's nephew; he had settled in Paris in 1926 and changed his name to Alexandre Kojève. There, at the invitation of fellow Russian émigré and philosopher, Alexandre Koyré, he lectured at the École Pratique des Hautes Études from 1933 to 1939 on the philosophy of Hegel.

> For six years, a small, but extremely significant group of initiates sat at Kojève's feet […]. For Bataille, each encounter with Kojève left him "broken, crushed, killed ten times over: suffocated and nailed down."[122]

Kojève had read Hegel several times "without understanding a word."[123] But, then, most likely inspired by Heidegger, whom he considered a "genius philosopher,"[124] he hit upon the idea of re-reciting Hegel's narrative, almost verbatim. By being selective, and artfully laying the stress on particular passages, he managed to retell, not Hegel's, but postmodernism's same old myth.

According to Kojève, man had issued from the Void; how, Kojève was not able to express intelligibly. But thereafter the game of life had begun. What drove it was "a desire for recognition": he assumed that men vied with one another for supremacy, violently. "Without this struggle to the death for prestige," Kojève lectured, "there would have never been human beings on earth."[125] The strife would perforce end in the establishment of masters and slaves. Man saw in man a hostile animal that had to be overcome —subdued but not killed, or else the victor would not have been able to elicit from his beaten opponent the awe and respect that was presently

due to a sovereign master. The masters were masters and "*free*" because they had "risked their life." And as a result, they came to form a kept class, that is, a class fed and supported by the drudgery of the servant multitude.

But when the conquest had ended and there stood but one master facing one slave, the sovereign *warrior* could take no pride in the cowering recognition that the slave accorded him. The master could engage death no longer. It followed that the only party that could tolerate existence, the only one that could live a "satisfied" life was the slave himself, not his lord.

History, therefore, was the progress of the slave. It was the narration of his liberation from the fear of death. The slave kept death at bay by toiling; by developing "technique," which conserved life, he strove toward emancipating himself from the master.[126] The slave's agonizing travail to escape death composed an existential drama whose only possible egresses were work, "madness and crime": work alone allowed the slave to overcome the anxiety ("*angoisse*") of what appeared to him a senseless and unbearable existence in the hostile realm of the master. Hence the unfolding of industrial affluence, of "progress."[127] In this drive to break away from the clutches of earthly serfdom, *in time,* the slave gave himself over to God, as a Christian: still a servant, but of a *divine* master. And when the last of feudalism's warrior-lords departed, history begot the "bourgeois," who, at heart, was a "masterless slave." We had entered the modern era. Finally, when the bourgeois became fully a "man of reason," his Christianity became wholly superfluous, as creatures of mere reason are by definition "essentially irreligious and atheistic."[128]

By 1800 the transformation was complete. The occasion of tyranny dissolved as the new modern State configured itself as a stable, immutable social organism. Pseudo-masters without slaves (the aristocracy), and pseudo-slaves without

masters (the bourgeois), all of them trusting in God, had given way to the undifferentiated mass of the modern "citizens." The citizens were the synthesis of masters and slaves: they were at once soldiers that worked and workers that soldiered.

Leaders and tyrants were themselves but (bigger) wheels in the clockwork. This "total" and "definitive" reality assumed the appellation of "*universal and homogeneous State.*" It was the mechanized hive, in which the "discourse" of men turned into "the language of bees." In such a State, change and revolution were therefore impossible; the State would forever remain identical to itself: the End of History.[129] Likewise gifts, love, and charity had become meaningless for their possibility was exclusivity predicated on inequality, that is on the benevolence that the master had the prerogative of bestowing upon inferiors.[130] The Sadean senselessness of the gift is here found in a formulation whose imprint on Bataille is obvious.

Who, in the universal State, would be the heirs to the master-warriors of yore, whom Kojève so passionately admired?[131] The "wise men," or what Kojève, borrowing the tag from Hegel, designated as the "men-of-the-*Weltlauf*" — that is, the sages that take the flow in their stride.

> The man-of-the-*Weltlauf,* the one that accepts the course of things and acts upon it, is free vis-à-vis the order which he realizes and from which he profits; he may sacrifice everything

> to this order, all ideology and even his life. He is a Master […]. He is always victorious against the man-of-virtue whose ideology never modifies the course of History […]. The sage contents himself with understanding.[132]

Bataille's heterogeneity of the slave and of the master is obviously derived from these lectures. Adverting years later to Kojève's "End of History," Bataille commented that "the End of History is the *death* of man proper." Bataille envisioned the end of history as a truth "as good as any, an established truth." And in such a movement, the only manner men had to preserve their sense of being human was to nurture "the differences that separate them from one another."[133]

The End of History and the providential constitution of the Universal State is one of postmodernism's articles of faith. So far, the Left has clung to it with jubilant conviction[134] —after all, this Homogeneous State was the authentic precursor of "globalization":[135]

> What we now begin to feel, therefore —and what begins to emerge as some deeper and more fundamental constitution of postmodernity itself […]— is that henceforth, when everything now submits to the perpetual change of fashion and media image, nothing can change any longer. This is the sense of [Kojève's] revival of [the] "End of History."[135]

"Overpowered" by Kojève's apocalyptic representation of "this ingenious tyranny," which "operates primarily in the mind," postmoderns have since come to doubt that it can ever be subverted. Having lost faith in the force of rebellion, "they romanticize the act of sabotage."[137] In this connection, Heidegger in 1955 had politely implied to Jünger that the "crossing of the line" the latter was recommending was, in fact,

make-believe.[138] Hence the conception of the anarch, which Kojève had fully developed on his own, with the of man-of-the-*Weltlauf.* Indeed, Kojève's "Menardian" re-transcription of Hegel appeared to produce a serigraph of Jünger's complete sketches: we encounter once more the story of death-loving knights driven to extinction by the burgesses' handicraft. It is the story then of a bourgeois revolution succeeded by a techno-industrial flood of insect-like soldiers-toilers that speak the discourse of bees in a World/Universal State whose reality only a vanguard of "anarchic" sages can acknowledge.

What Kojève did during the Nazi occupation of France is not known. In the Cold War era, he re-emerged as an active bureaucrat within the newly established European Community, bent on doing his share of midwifery for the Universal State. Throughout this time, he was suspected of being a Soviet spy.[139]

Like Jünger and Heidegger,[140] Kojève made no qualitative distinction between the United States and the USSR: both were manifestations of the universal, homogenizing process toward "animalization" of social organization. To him, America was the epitome of "post-historical," brutish satisfaction in a world of abundance. In 1948 he predicted that the United States, the more efficient of the two rivals, would win the Cold War by relying on economics alone, and that China would soon join the fray. Bataille, too, had foreseen that much in 1946.[141]

Kojève indulged his nostalgia for the lost arts of the master-warrior by visiting Japan, whose, samurai practice of *seppuku* —"a perfectly 'gratuitous' *suicide*"— he understood as an

expression of "snobbery" (a variation on Jünger's *désinvolture*). Snobbery was thus for Kojève the only mode of behavior available to anarchs like himself in a time of nihilistic downfall.

The postmodern depiction of our collective life as that of an "un-erotic"[142] —so would Jünger say— computerized outfit seems far more truthful than Liberalism's portrayal of society as an atomized mass of confident individuals expressing their liberties on the market. The central untruthfulness of Kojève's account, however, was its *modern,* conventional hypothesis that men in their raw constitution affirm themselves only by way of brutal emulation; that recognition can only be achieved through violence. No less false is therefore the contention that "brotherly love," as professed by Christianity, was an invention born out of the original weakness of the slave. What was peculiar to Christianity was its tenet of "nonresistance" (turning the other cheek): *that* was a trait corroborated by habitual subjugation, as during the Roman Empire. But according to the anthropological record, brotherly love, said Veblen, is an "elemental trait of [our] species," at whose expense a reversion to barbarous prevarication and emulation —that is, "sovereignty"— may gain ground.[143] This is to say that even though the advent of the Universal State may be a reality, one that is still riven by a tremendous expenditure of barbarous violence (not just mechanized destruction), there is hope that this dismal homogenizing development, with its wars, poverty, and environmental ravages, may be contrasted and defeated precisely by appealing to our innate instinct of mutual succor.

8.4 Leo the Squalid

PROMOTHEUS: It's all over with Zeus.
PESEITAIRUS: All over? Since When?
Aristophanes, *Birds*[143]

The hubbub with Leo Strauss (1899–1973) seemed to have begun in November 1994 after the Republicans won control of the House of Representatives for the first time since 1952. In the run-up to the elections, the Republicans' main cast, which counted several Straussians, had performed the conspicuous gimmick of lacing the conservative talk with homiletical fervor; the stress on religious values this time had been exceptionally marked. The "religious" swerve of the Grand Old Party had alarmed the Liberal media, and *The New York Times,* in partisan style, had launched a campaign against the putative inspiration of all such pious, and (in the *Times*' view) retrograde commotion: it arraigned Leo Strauss as the "godfather" of the Republicans' bigoted victory at the polls.

The maneuver of the *Times* has ever since laid the groundwork for the belief that the influence of Strauss was causing a dramatic shift in policy and undermining democracy in America. But this is not true. It happened that, in general, the *type* of propagandist that came to fit the agenda of a faction with urgent belligerent business was that of an intellectual with a Straussian pedigree. Thinkers do not shape policy (posthumously); they rather *reveal,* in part, the ideological color of the party that has chosen to employ the jargon developed by them.

The Straussians reemerged in the Cabinet of Bush II (2001). When September 11 came, the presumption was rekindled that the ensuing War on Terror (2001-2021), with its theatrical fabrications, Islamic holograms, disinformation, crusading sound bites, and (mostly Arab) death, was, again, the legacy of Strauss. It was rekindled by the Democrat camp in an effort to demonize its Republican rivals by insinuating that they were under the sway of an undemocratic, obscurantist guru. However, the imputation of Strauss's post-mortem guilt was predicated on tenuous grounds: in most anti-Bush media production that made mention of Neoconservatism, the charge was often raised that the second war in Iraq (March 2003) was essentially Strauss's posthumous deed. The philosopher was accused because Paul Wolfowitz, who was instrumental in launching the war as no. 2 of the Pentagon at the time, had been a student at Chicago of Strauss's most famous disciple, Allan Bloom.

Clearly, a major exaggeration was afoot here.

Devout Straussians such as the academic Francis Fukuyama, whose books can always rely on an enormous amount of establishment support & publicity, came to the fore to denounce all such insistence on Strauss thirty years after his death as "careless" and "silly."[145] Strauss's devotees denied their master's spiritual wrongdoing and averred that his exceptional "sophistication" and purely speculative concerns placed him above policy-related squabbles, and thus above the slander of his late detractors.

Even so, the fact remains that the Straussians "[were] there."[146] They shared power in Washington, as chief

publicists of the regime. Their numbers in the academy were perceived by their critics to be "staggering"; and it is indubitable that these Straussian professors did then precious little to counter convincingly the pervasive critiques to which their avatar has been subjected, no matter how careless or silly they might find them.

To repeat, Strauss's involvement in the contemporary debate merely reflected the exigency to boost the truculence of public discourse on the part of a regime eager, unlike its predecessors, to effect momentous change (i.e., domestic patriotic overhaul & Orwellian war-play)* in record time. And as such, as a peculiar development in the speech of the ruling empire at a critical time, Strauss's impact is worthy of examination—all the more so as his testimony, as first evinced by a leading derogator of Neoconservatism, counts indeed as a relevant instance "of rabid, radical, [and] nihilistic […] postmodernism" (S.B. Drury).[147] The case of Strauss is not without fascination. "Abstruse"[148] and "less-than-transparent," Strauss came to be surrounded by "uncritical adulators,"[149] whose worship earned him, on the other hand, the status of "one of the most hated men in the English-speaking academic world."[150] What appeared to be a "sphinx without a secret"[151] had in the thick of confidentiality created a "cult" of sorts between master and disciples. And it is to the dissemination of his message by such disciples rather than the works themselves that Strauss seems to owe his notoriety.[152]

* See my *Phantasmagoria, The Spectacle of 9/11 and the "War on Terror,"* (Città di Casetllo, Hemlock, NY: Ad Triarios, 2023).

Strauss came to America by way of England in the early thirties to flee Hitler's Germany. He would teach in the United States, mostly at the University of Chicago, till the late Sixties. Methodologically, his *lares* were Heidegger and Kojève.

> [The] philosophical respect [Strauss and Kojève had] for each other was unbounded. On reading Kojève's *Introduction to the Reading of Hegel,* Strauss immediately ranked it as the most brilliant case for modern thought since Heidegger's *Being and Time,* though without, he added, "Heidegger's cowardly vagueness."[153]

Heidegger had disfigured, distorted, and rearranged, and Kojève had selectively regurgitated. Borrowing something from both, Strauss was going to *paraphrase,* which is to imply that he had no "style" worth speaking of. As to his vaunted "mastery" of the classics, it cut an abject figure if stacked against the monumental achievements of Germany's Wilhelmine school of philology.

Strauss's technique, or lack thereof, consisted of unpalatable summaries of classic texts, which through interstitial commentary, aided by a process of ad hoc shadowing, emphasis, and suppression —not unlike Heidegger's— were going to yield the customary postmodern adventure of Void, violence, and masters and slaves.

> The reader has to add and to subtract from [the speeches] in order to lay hold of [the] teaching. The addition and subtraction is not left to the reader's arbitrary decision. It is guided by the author's indications […]. Nevertheless, a certain ambiguity remains.[154]

As he put it, Strauss "dimmed the lights," and affecting an air of deep mystery, he whispered that "today *the* truth may be

accessible only through certain old books." "Intelligent and trustworthy readers only" could read "between the lines" and decode formidable secrets that the ancients had encrypted to elude "capital punishment."[155] Though the path connecting a tenured professorship at the University of Chicago to the scaffold was not exactly a straightforward one, Strauss saw himself nonetheless fulfilling a similar prophetic "duty." Simply, it was that America's politically correct speech, with its deistic overtones and professed faith in democracy, could make no allowance for an outspoken celebration of iniquity, oligarchy, and mendacity. Which were Strauss's tenets, as we shall see. He thought occasionally of using numerological vaudeville as a clever teaser.

> The *Prince* consists of twenty-six chapters. Twenty-six is the numerical value of the letters of the sacred name of God in Hebrew […]. But did Machiavelli know this?[156]

Acting the part of the hieratic Kabbalist, he tried to sell the reader on the notion that his books, like the Bible, had two layers of meaning: an exoteric, popular husk for the common mortal, and the esoteric nectar for philosophic supermen like himself, Kojève & Co. Strauss was going to daze us with "the art of revealing by not revealing and of not revealing by revealing."[157]

Nothing exemplifies Strauss's bogus hermeneutics better than his manipulation of Aristophanes's play, *The Clouds.* The main tension of the plot revolves around the school of Socrates, the "Thinkpot, where for a fee one can learn to prove that right is wrong."[158] Thoroughly unhistorical,[159] the Socrates paraded by Aristophanes on stage is a highbrow mountebank

preconizing a bizarre trinitarian cult of Void (chaos), aboriginal Ether (the clouds), and Discourse.[160]

Discourse is impersonated by two characters: the Just Speech and the Unjust Speech. The former is the romantic account of a golden age (once upon a time when men were upright), the latter typifies instead the late, callous talk of the fashionably unjust, lascivious, unfaithful, and self-seeking majority. Haranguing the audience via the Unjust Speech, Aristophanes —a disgruntled nostalgic at heart— reckoned everybody, from the poor to the rich, an "assfuck."[161*]

The Clouds unravels as a youngster, empowered by Socrates's rhetorical instrumentation, reaches by logical deduction the conclusion that there might not be anything wrong with beating up his own mother —Strauss interpolated, God knows how, that the youth was thus led to the possibility of "incest."[162] Horrified by the indoctrination his son has received in the Thinkpot, the father of the youth sets the Socratic academy on fire. The master and the pupils escape.

Strauss was enthralled by Aristophanes's Socrates, who taught rhetorical artifice, "debunked justice," and contemplated the triad of Void-Ether-Discourse.[163]

Of great attraction to him were the sectarian rapport in the academy tying the master to his "fellow students,"[164] as well as the Unjust Speech, which Strauss saw as "the self-destruction of justice supported by the gods."[165] In the final analysis, for

* The original expression in Aristophanes is *eurýproktos,* literally a "wide-asshole"—a condition that resulted in ancient Athens from a public act of sodomy (with a radish) reserved to proven adulterers. It is used in the play chiefly as an all-purpose derogatory term.

Strauss this meant that humanity was, in fact, a pool of "ignorant" "assfucks," to whom the true philosopher was in "no obligation."[166] This "unjust" world of competition, greed, pettiness, and prevarication, and bullying was *the* world, as ordained by the "gods" —that is, by *Nature.* It was to Strauss a natural, immutable reality.

> The state of nature is intolerable […]. Philosophy recognizes that nature is *the* authority.[167]

The Just Speech, instead, embodied in his view "ancestral opinion,"[168] in other words, it was that sublimated *idea of justice* that made up the stuff of traditional *religious dogma.* Religious dogma, which Strauss thought was entirely *artificial* —that is, "invented" by poets, legislators, and tragedians in order to make collective life tolerable in the face of violent chaos, which was the original condition of existence.[169] This was the inexpressible truth, intelligible only for "those who know," "wholly unconcerned" thinkers such as Socrates, whose iconoclastic discourse held in regard neither the city nor the family (viz. indifference toward incest, or even toward "human sacrifice"[170]), neither legality nor justice.[171]

> Nothing is sacred for Socrates because nothing can withstand his *logos.*[172]

The true Straussian sage had to agree with the bluntness of the Unjust Speech, though he was to keep his elitist distance from the rat race of the majority. His task was to debunk the unnaturalness of the Just Speech (i.e., the naïve belief that "God" existed, and that it was a good and just principle), even though in public he had to uphold it, *cautiously.* For, "caution," Strauss sentenced, "is a kind of noble fear": certain "extremely

relevant facts" had better remain hush-hush not "to inflame popular passion."[173] Strauss thought that it was because Socrates had been *imprudent* —in going, say, as far as to suggest openly that nothing natural barred the consummation of incest— that the Clouds punished him. It followed for him that the true just speech was neither the Just nor the Unjust one, but rather that of the Clouds, with its creed in Void-Ether-Discourse: it alone captured the true "nature of man."[174] In sum, Chaos was the primal condition of being. Discourse composed the tension between the unjust law of nature and the man-made code of laws. And the vapors of the ether, as in Heideigger's clearing, dispensed care and revelation by way of disclosure/concealment, in the form of "salutary untruths"[175] both to the unknowing folk and to its gentlemanly, yet no less ignorant, oligarchs.

In synthesis, to Strauss, Heidegger's great merit was to have shaken modern consciousness out of a state of obliviousness: men had been forgetful of "*the fundamental abyss.*"[176] Forgetful that they lived "in every respect in an unwalled city, in an infinite universe in which nothing that man can love can be eternal."[177] There lay *nothing* beyond this cosmos, whose natural elements —the Gods— were but "disturbers of order."[178] The "Gods" brought upon humanity misery, strife and plagues, and to Strauss such disasters were "as much a work of nature as procreation." "The movement from Venus to nature, which is destructive as it is creative," is, in the end "an ascent."[179]

These were epigrams Bataille or Jünger could have themselves drafted. The truth of nature was therefore a

"repulsive truth," which men instinctively mimicked day-to-day in their pursuit of "gain," and which was a vindication of "tyranny,"[180] because the desire to profit was ultimately a drive to bully, to overwhelm others. Yet, for the sake of political stability, men invented order and fashioned it into "law," the "infinite variability" of which was the mark of its human contrivance.[181] All the pantheons of the world, the legislative codes, and the divine epics were thus a collection of "beautiful falsehoods."[182] Likewise, Jünger thought that "vagueness, imprecision are not falsehoods." "But," he added, "if an utterance begins with a lie, so that it has to be propped up by more and more lies, eventually the structure collapses. Hence [his] suspicion that Creation itself began with a lie."[183]

Justice, thought Strauss, was a mirage, or better, it was itself "bad" and "ineffectual,"[184] for it did not mirror the verity of nature: namely, that "the wise man seeks only his own good, not the other man's good."[185] Everybody "loved" money, Strauss winked, not "justice as such."[186] "The man who is truly just," he finally deduced, can only be "unwise or a fool—a man duped by convention."[187]

In his *Laws,* Plato had recommended telling youths, "for their good," the "useful fiction" that a just life was more pleasurable than an unjust one: materially speaking, it is seldom true, of course, but a pedagogical imperative demanded that young citizens be thus encouraged.[188] Strauss interpreted this notorious passage to mean that the philosophic gazers of the Void had to enshroud the repulsive truth with "noble lies" and "untrue stories [for] little children but also for the grown up citizens of the good city."[189]

Doubtless, Strauss was convinced that men could only lead their life sleepwalking, oblivious, that is, to the "cataclysm": denying "the initial (and final) terror" was the sine qua non for "felicity."[190] Hadn't Jünger aphorized that "there are forms of deception (*Täuschung*) without which man could not live: if one were to shout the truth at him, one would make him fall down like a sleepwalker"?[191]

Of all the classics, not surprisingly, Strauss favored Machiavelli: none appeared to have "the grandeur of his vision." Yes, Strauss conceded, the teaching of the Italian was "diabolical," but one should not have forgotten "the profound theological truth that the devil is a fallen angel."[192] In a Kojèvian paraphrase of Machiavelli, Strauss reminded the reader obsessively that behind our righteous Liberal democracies there lurked the eternal and ugliest realities of power. Like Bataille,[193] Strauss enjoined to replace the conception of an omniscient God ruling over the cosmos with the notion of life being a game ruled by chance.[194] Like Jünger, Strauss accused Christianity of having conjured up the idiocy of "hell" and driven the world into "weakness."[195]

> All religions, including Christianity, are of human, not heavenly origin. The changes of heavenly origin that destroy the memory of things are plagues, hunger, and floods: the heavenly is natural; the supra-natural is human. [Machiavelli] indicates that religion can be dispensed with if there is a strong and able monarch. This implies indeed that religion is indispensable in republics.[196]

Borges was not jesting: to parrot four hundred years later Machiavelli's lines on the pusillanimity of compassion and on the might of the strongest was going to infuse the replica with

an odd "Nietzschean," or better, "fascist" flavor.[197] It was the story of man taking the place of God, all over again, for the abyss had swallowed the divine: Zeus is dead.[198] And if God is dead, who/what else could take his place if not the Sovereign, i.e., the apparatus? (Incidentally, it is those who are most afraid, who are most conscious of their insignificance that typically proclaim with smug aggressiveness to be *atheists;* and it should be easy to verify that all of them (of working-age), high or low, are devout servants of the State).

Since the "most perfect truth" was that might makes right, Strauss rewrote that "very wicked" assassins might aspire to "eternal glory" if they succeeded in establishing a State that catered to "the common good." Clearly, then, "the distinction between virtuous heroes and extremely able criminals [ceased] to exist."[199]

The "usefulness" of religion, therefore, was "not altogether negligible"[200] in regimes more or less dependent on the appetites of the mob, as "republics" are. Jünger would have agreed, of course, that in the epoch of nihilism ("Liberalism" for Strauss), the "fear of God's wrath" was a necessary opium, which, among other socially expedient functions, turned natural savages into fathers and patriots.[201] Bataille had reasoned along similar lines when he came to the conclusion that angst, that is, "the fear of hell," contributed in part to "this edifice of magnificence," which is the Catholic Church; angst to Bataille was in any case "the companion of glory."[202]

However, where there existed a "principality"[203] of men-gods, possessing a "superhuman" strength (the Socratic

"*daimon,*" which is also the "brushwood"),[204] Jünger and Strauss believed that no civic worship was necessary, for the gods were these "masters of the universe" themselves.[205] These philosophic aristocrats, said Strauss, were "religious atheists,"[206] steeled by a "warrior ethics,"[207] who would lord over the multitudes by "subjugating chance,"[208] or "by subjugating *time,*" after having "abjured death within themselves," as Jünger put it. This required "sovereignty."[209] And what brought these masters together at the pinnacle?

War, of course — "the genitor of all things." All that was true, dynamic and significant of humanity's trajectory was for Strauss the mileage of a social engine running on war-motion-injustice (as opposed to peace-rest-justice). Ares and Aphrodite, War and Sex (the natural powers of procreation), lived in fundamental "harmony."[210] "War," Strauss said, "is a 'violent teacher': it teaches men not only to act violently but also about violence and therewith about the truth."[211]

The truth was that war served two purposes: it served the purpose of external conquest — "empire," which, to Strauss, was not possible without "the full participation" of the rabble in political life.[212] And, "from time to time," war had the "salutary" function of "uniting society," that is, of uniting that selfsame rabble to its Godlike rulers.[213] Then, to lie, to lie and deceive all, became one of power's imperatives. "For," as Machiavelli taught, "if deception is laudable and glorious when practiced against foreign enemies, there is no reason that it should not be permissible against actual or potential enemies of the fatherland."[214]

Likewise, Bataille —holy prince of the postmodern Left— had praised the lie, and he held venom in the tail:

> Those who *talk* of action, *talk* about not lying. But those who act, and know how to act, lie insofar as the lie is efficacious. Action is *struggle,* and insofar as there is struggle, there no longer exist limits to the diverse forms of violence; no limit, which is not set by efficacy, is thereby given to mendacity. The alternative way of construing the question is idealistic, and as such it is the veritable leprosy of the soul: it is the inaptitude to look unflinchingly, it is the weakness that deflects the gaze lest it shouldn't endure.[213]

Confound these "stupid," "leprous" idealists and "anarchists," seemed to cry all these postmodern mystagogues: Strauss, like Bataille and Jünger, could not make sense of Apollonian idealism, with its derivative notions of harmony, peace, and compassion: he found it "utterly incredible," not to say "fantastic."[216] More sensible was rather the conviction that "man's becoming good [required] that violence be done to him because goodness [was] against his grain and against his nature."[217] A nature that for Strauss exhausted itself in "the alternation between virtue and vice." And of all vices, he found that of rapacity particularly exalting:

> One must choose the vice of rapacity. Or, if one prefers, one may say that true liberality of the virtue of giving consists in giving away what one has taken from strangers and enemies […]. Justice as the *stable mean* between self-denial or giving away what one has on the one hand and injustice on the other is impossible.[218]

Yet again, from Sade to Strauss, by way of Kojève and Bataille, justice, measure and the gift are found to be an

obnoxious impossibility.

Finally, it all boils down to legitimize, by hook and by whatever crook, the *necessity* of "tyranny."[219] Postmodernism, in all hues, is an ideology of tyranny; its pliant articulation, and its illusory bifurcation into antagonistic halves have but added to the sophistication of humanity's latest brand of authoritarian propaganda masquerading (for the most part, credibly) as humanity's most inclusive, authoritative, and incisively skeptical of all ethical stances —an absolute masterwork of political discourse in its own right.

Out of a little known and uneventful dialogue by Xenophon, in which a poet, Simonides, takes the liberty to advise a despondent tyrant, Hiero, to humor its constituency, Strauss, inspired by Kojève, ended up carving an early specimen of Jünger's anarch. Strauss thought that by giving counsel to the tyrant, the intellectual Simonides was indeed challenging Hiero's tenure: he was positing himself vis-à-vis the despot as an equal, who could either himself rule or advise a rival of the incumbent tyrant.[220] The poet/philosopher, as "teacher of tyrants," gave proof of his strength by professing no fear "of hell or devil," as well as a complete indifference toward the criminal means by which the ruler had achieved power. A "freedom from [conventional] morality" conveyed by *silence* attested the philosopher's sovereignty in the presence of the tyrant. Strauss's anarch had to be "an utterly unscrupulous man": like the Socrates of *The Clouds,* he would be "above the law."[221] Tyranny would therefore be the "necessary," "absolute" "rule without laws" over "willing subjects." In other words, guided by the philosopher, the

capable king would be the gentleman that would make the laws as he saw fit, corroborating his rule with the selective bestowal of "beneficence" upon the citizens.[222]

On these premises, Strauss and Kojève came to spar amicably on the fate of tyranny in the modern age. Kojève objected nothing to Strauss's portrait of the philosopher-anarch, and saw in it the perfect resolution of the will to power in the Universal State. In the immutable order of the homogeneous society, the spiritual descendants of the slave-owning masters would have to don the anarchic vestments of political "advisers" to the ruler, and suggest to him shrewd measures, such as "enfranchising the slaves and emancipating the women." If he wanted to succeed and act "*quickly*" "in the political present," the philosopher-anarch would always find himself "drawn to tyranny."[223] And so, it was with Kojève who played God in the French Ministry of Economics till the end of his days.

Strauss, on the other hand, acknowledged the reign of homogeneity, but had no liking whatsoever for this "modern democracy," with its "elector apathy," abominable "mass culture," and "lack of public spirit." He found these amorphous box-hives of homogenized glass bees liable to being "appropriated by the meanest capacities without any intellectual and moral effort whatsoever and at a very low monetary cost." In the medium run, he thus appeared to settle for the Kojèvian solution of ruling these benighted mass cultures behind a façade of semi-disguised oligarchism.[224] But ultimately, Strauss was hoping that, one fine day, the authentic heirs to the knights of yore —"true men" ("*andres*" in Greek)

would "revolt against [this universal] state […], in which there [was] no longer a possibility of noble action and great deeds." The supermen would rebel and plunge anew the world into the tumultuous chaos that used to reign, say, in those times of heroism such as the Bible relates:[225] Strauss wished for a "nihilistic revolution."[226]

In the meantime, interracial and clannish rivalry would, and should, increase the temperature in the Universal State in view of the sovereign, nihilistic fight.

In the interim, it was going to be each for his ethnic self, in the name of "kinship"[227] before the insurmountable "multiplicity" of languages.[228] Strauss looked forward to no universal community of men, because a community to him was by nature "exclusive." He agreed with Heidegger "that the modern project [had] destroyed all 'peoples' and left nothing but 'lonely crowds.'" Only the prohibition of mixed marriages would preserve "venerable ancestral differences": therein lay for Strauss the power of political Zionism. Addressing an audience of young Jews in 1962, Strauss invited them to treasure their Jewishness, for it would afford them "the opportunity 'for heroic suffering.'"[229]

In sum, it is not difficult to understand why (1) the Liberal establishment has sought to single out Strauss as the bogey responsible for America's late ugly face and loss of popularity aboard; (2) why the Republican propagandists themselves have been somewhat coy about their relationship with Strauss; and (3) why the exaggeration of Strauss's importance has fudged the whole perception of the issue at hand.

First, Strauss lends himself perfectly to the part of the villain:

his work is, properly speaking, trash, which conveys nonetheless what the Liberals are very much afraid to admit, namely, that the Kojèvian representation of power is far more realistic than Liberalism's teleogical tale of democracy and human rights. Second, given the obscenity of the creed, which is very (if not universally) diffuse, however, both on the Left and on the Right, it would obviously be bad policy to trumpet these tenets in "Puritan" Anglo-America too often and too explicitly. That is why Jünger is virtually unknown in the English-speaking markets, and why Strauss figures mostly in the footnotes of the Straussian speakers.

Finally, the reason why Strauss does not appear in current propaganda as much as one would expect is that the Neocons, as will be argued in the coming section, are, in fact, more Kojèvian than Straussian: they thirst after no "nihilistic revolution," but are rather much more comfortable advising the tyrant from within the structures of the Homogeneous State. And this, too, is a truth that should be suppressed as much as possible, for Kojève is the link to Bataille, who inspired Foucault, who, in turn, is in the postmodern game the "enemy" of the Right.

8.5 Neocon

> Most Americans are not merely patriotic; they are nationalistic, too. They do not merely love their country; they believe that its political arrangements […] are superior to most other nations' arrangements. They believe, but are too polite to say […].
>
> George F. Will, *The Slow Undoing* [230]

Neoconservatives took shape in the Seventies. They allegedly came into being as that half of the middle class that, repulsed by the Luciferian ruckus of the counterculture, stood firmly behind the Vietnam War. Sober Liberals, but America-loving, these new conservatives were trying to interlace in public discourse strands that had theretofore lain scattered: they thought of giving voice to a movement that would be at once pious and patriotic, expansionist, populist, pro-business, and not hostile to Big Government. Oddly, no one current of America's biparty articulation carried at that time all such wishes in its flow. Simply said, Neoconservatism embodied the need for a postmodern imperialist party: this was merely the platform for the "total mobilization" in the era of the Homogeneous State.

Their beginnings were modest and peripheral, though a (covert) jump start from the CIA certainly helped to boost the editorial stock of Irving Kristol, one of Neoconservatism's intellectual founders.[231] The movement became more visible through its support to the Reagan administration (1981–88), which upheld the ideals of Neoconservatism: imperial intrigue versus formidable "enemies" (Russia's "evil empire," Nicaragua's Sandinistas and Fundamentalist Iran), frequent appeals to God, large budget deficits earmarked for war, and inveterate oligarchism (tax breaks to the wealthiest). But it was not until the mid-Nineties, as said, that Neoconservatism made a name for itself, defining its identity in contrast to the Democrat administration of Bill Clinton. In June 1997, the Neocon clan issued a manifesto of sorts, The Project for the New American Century (PNAC), which called for an

uncompromising drive to shape the world in America's image. Among the signatories were politicos such as Donald Rumsfeld[6] and Paul Wolfowitz,[7] and Straussian/ Kojèvian academics such as Francis Fukuyama.[232] All were expectantly waiting to make it to the top.

Neoconservatism is a peculiar form of oligarchic rhetoric, which accompanies a tightening of the screw in terms of social control in a clime of perceived, all-out warfare: abroad and at home. Neocons were out "to get" "America-haters" wherever they lay. At home, the enemy, of course, was the Foucauldian multiculturalist. By the late Eighties, the new postmodern Left was bulky enough to stand as the Right's target of choice. The (remunerative) task of engaging the mocking varlets into a never-ending postmodern *Kulturkampf* fell to Strauss's protégé Allan Bloom (1926–1992) —successor to his master at Chicago. Bloom released *The Closing of the American Mind* in 1987. Boosted by extravagant publicity (above all, *The New York Times',* whose fingers appear to be in *all* pies), this utterly insipid, prolix, and scattered polemic found its way into millions of households and allegedly made its author a millionaire. The success of such a document is a fascinating case and an egregious proof that the establishment, with

[6] Originally a congressman from Chicago who went on to join Nixon's Staff in the late Sixties. Secretary of Defense under Ford (1974-75), in the Nineties he had chaired a variety of big corporations and governmental commissions on Defense matters before being appointed once again Secretary of Defense under George W. Bush: viz. presiding as hawk-in-chief at the commencement of the 9/11 era.

[7] A former academic and diplomat who would be called to serve in the G.W. Bush as Rumsfeld's deputy.

proper spin, can "sell" whatever it wishes. One wonders what millions of readers could have found in this illegible tract. Nothing was clear except that "the Great Books" were under attack by a horde of multiculturalists, who had been forever reeling from a dreadful indigestion of German philosophy.[233] The Bible, Shakespeare, and Euclid were the good stuff, and MTV was bad: the only passage everybody could remember, of course, was that of the body of "the pubescent child" throbbing in front of the TV "with orgasmic rhythms." To Bloom, it looked as though Foucault, Madonna, and punk rock had turned life into "a non-stop, commercially prepackaged masturbatory fantasy."[234]

Thereafter, the book plunged into a numbing and barren excursus on Locke, Rousseau, and Hobbes, flanked by semi-coded references to Kojève and Heidegger, whose sole legible beacons were insistent flashes of hard-boiled patriotism: "for us," "self-interested rational" Americans, Bloom intoned, "freedom and equality," not "brotherly love or gratitude," were "the essence" of the country, one of "the wonders" of the world.[235]

Postmodernism, the "Parisian fad," would pass, Bloom hoped, but in the meantime, it was wreaking havoc by appealing "to our worst instincts."[236] The relativists, Strauss had warned, by drawing no distinction between men and brutes, would spell "the victory of the gutter."[237] In the name of "tradition," Bloom had fired the opening shot of the great postmodern battle: Shakespeare, Plato, and the Bible were thenceforth appropriated by the Right, and the

"Europe-hating" Foucauldians ranged themselves accordingly on the Left. What all those European classics actually meant or were worth had become by this point utterly irrelevant. The war was on. In September 1988 the postmodern armies of Duke University were dispatched to the nearby campus of the University of Southern Carolina, which hosted a conference on the future of Liberal education, to return fire against Bloom's "dyspeptic attack on the humanities."[238]

The Neocons were wise to the postmodern game. Bloom had challenged his students' postcolonial infatuation, by placing them before the dilemma encountered by a British administrator during a suttee: would not any good American prevent the widow from being burned by the *savage* custom?[239] Kristol, on the other hand, debunked multiculturalism as a "desperate […] strategy for coping with the educational deficiencies, and associated social pathologies, of young blacks." Kristol lamented the marauding tactics of "nationalist-racist blacks, radical feminists, [and] 'gays,'" whose militant advocacy of "minorities," appeared to him "subordinated to a political program that [was], above all, anti-American and anti-Western."[240] Of course, while the British administrator that saves the Indian widow from a live cremation forms a neat pro-British vignette, Bloom did not recount, for instance, the ditty of those other British stewards that spent roughly a century butchering the Chinese in order to foist upon them masses of opium. Nor did it cross Kristol's mind to explain (1) how those "educational deficiencies" of young blacks arose; (2) how Neoconservatism was going to

make good patriots out of those youths; and (3) how multiculturalism could be an anti-American and anti-Western project if this was an outfit manned by full-fledged Americans, who were steeped in the Western tradition and none other.

Then, the Berlin Wall collapsed; the Soviets could play the Cold Game no longer. As America's "evil" alter ego, the Soviet regime had fulfilled a most important role, which was presently vacant. Bloom's student Francis Fukuyama and Samuel Huntington came to the rescue. Fukuyama's *The End of History and the Last Man* was another exploit of editorial marketing, this time on a global scale. In 1992, when the book appeared, even the Europeans could not escape discussing intensely what appeared to be the final cut of capitalism's triumph over State socialism. The "End of History," as the public came to learn, meant that Western business enterprise had won the Cold War, and that in the future we could not imagine, institutionally speaking, any arrangement surpassing the one in which we presently live. As usual, nobody had taken the trouble to plod through this insufferably tedious book; newspapers publicists had summarized it thus.

The truth was that the *End of History* was something else.[241] It was a transposition of Kojève's tale to the end of the century, at which time, past the failure of Communism, the unbridled diffusion of animalistic contentment confronted each man with his inborn aspiration for heroic "recognition." This world of triumphant Liberalism was allegedly offering no vent to man's "noble rage" (*thymós*). Bloom had extorted from Plato with Straussian violence this notion of "high-spiritedness,"[242] without which, repeated Fukuyama, there could be no human

life proper: it had "a dark side," a will to do violence to others, but it made us great.[243] Like, say, Bataille's "sovereignty," Jünger's "*désinvolture,*" Foucault's *folie,* or Kojève's "snobbery."[244]

> Good health and self-satisfaction are *liabilities. Thymós* is the side of man that deliberately seeks out struggle and sacrifice.[245]

Fukuyama's deeper message was that in the post-Cold War Universal State, one had to combine sovereign rage with the homogeneous routine. "For democracy to work," he said, citizens had to "develop a certain irrational thymotic in their political system," for there was "nothing inherently incompatible between nationalism and Liberalism." In synthesis: sovereignty, patriotism, and technique. This was again the "post-historical house"[246] of mechanical hives, with brutes on one side of the technocratic line and anarchs on the other. There followed the usual denigration of Christianity as "just another slave ideology," and the exultant expectation of "cultural" clashes with Islam.[247] Because, to Fukuyama, our contemporary world exhibited a "curious double phenomenon: both the victory of the universal and homogeneous State, and the persistence of peoples."[248] There were, in other words, aboriginal forms of hatred among clans that could not be suppressed; thus men could not just "sit at home, congratulating themselves on […] their lack of fanaticism." They had to fight, and the Gulf War of 1991 was a salutary jolt in this direction: democracy and spiritedness all packed in one blow.[249] The book ended with typical postmodern, Bataillean ambiguousness: the author would not say whether today's contented "slave" would be satisfied with

his new lot of "VCRs and dishwashers," or wouldn't rather forsake comfort for a "more distant journey."[250]

A year later, in 1993, Samuel Huntington of Harvard University cooked up a similar story about the world being divided into conflicting unbridgeable "civilizations." *Foreign Affairs* published the piece, and relying once more on the customary ballyhoo, Huntington's *The Clash of Civilizations* became the analytical highlight in the field of international relations for the following decade, and beyond. Huntington had merely combined Fukuyama's account with traditional British geopolitics —geopolitics whose simple objective has been to fight for the past century chronic wars on strategic areas of the Eurasian continent (the so-called fault-lines) in order to prevent the emergence of powers that could threaten the maritime hegemony of Anglo-America. Divided by creed, tongue, and customs, the planet was collapsed into antagonistic "cultural" blocks. Huntington had in postmodern fashion proceeded to make of European culture, ignorantly and irresponsibly, a unitary patrimony in the name of which strife against "others" ("the West vs. the rest") was not only rightful and legitimate, but also ineluctable. Bataille, too, had sketched "civilization" as a cluster of "autonomous systems, opposed to one another."[251] The slated victim for the forthcoming clash of civilizations, after the demise of the Reds was, of course, Islam. "Islam [had] bloody borders." Better still was to view the coming conflict against a "Confucian-Islamic" connection —as China arming, say, Iran; then one could dream of killing two birds with one stone.[252] The forthcoming clash against Muslims and "entirely nonideological Chinese

nationalism" is for Huntington "a fate Americans cannot avoid."[253]

Simultaneously, on the home front, "the clash between the multiculturalists and the defenders of Western civilization and of the American creed [was going to be] 'the *real* clash.'"[254] A "cleft country" would be in no position to repulse foreign hostility. "Americans of all races and ethnicities" therefore had to "reinvigorate" their commitment to a "deeply religious and primarily Christian country" and adhere "to Anglo-Protestant values."[255] For Huntington, the essence of an American civil religion would then presuppose "a Supreme Being," as well as the belief that "Americans are God's 'chosen, […] with a divinely sanctioned mission to do good in the world."[256] This barefaced, yet still Straussian, appeal to militant fanaticism was designed to effect what a "merely utilitarian definition of civil loyalty" could not: namely, to make the workers/soldiers of the Universal State "die for their country."[256] Huntington's invocation of Christ was no rebuttal of Fukuyama's contempt for the latter: like Jünger and Strauss, the Neocons were inviting the masses to rally to the Churches, and to pray in their starving hearts to an icon of cultural choice, which would appear in the guise of a warrior king, such as the Jesus daily implored by Bush II.

A life of aggressive competition on the markets could also be secured under religious seal by adverting to so-called Protestant values: historically, Protestantism was itself a creature of nationalistic secession (away from Rome), wholly harnessed to a pecuniary conception of life, which equated material success with divine, unfathomable predestination.

Luther & Calvin, too, were astute. It was one of the merits of Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* to have shown how such devout barbarism could, in a Westerner's mind, cohabit with a keen grasp of numbers and technique, thereby accounting for the remarkably complex social psychology of the modern West. As remarked in the Introductory, Neoconservatism's ideal-typical solution for the "total mobilization" —the cultivation of this computer-savvy, fanaticized citizen of the Liberal/Universal State— was far more ingenious than appeared at first glance. They alone, said the Neocons, had understood the mobilizing power of *devoutness* ("religion," in common parlance).[258]

Indeed, come September 11, it took them roughly two weeks, after some initial, timid misgivings among the crowds, to polarize the whole public opinion and catapult the majority onto cheering the holy war against "Islam" or "the Arabs." Things, of course, were not that linear (see following chapter): the position of the Arabs was a complicated one, yet the pitch and swiftness of the mobilization achieved on American soil, without due process and a sensible explanation of the event, was simply phenomenal. Who could then doubt that there existed a "clash of civilizations"?

It was done. America had a declared enemy again, and what was better, it wasn't some mangy, circus bear like the Soviet act, but a phantom menace of barbarous but "powerful" Muslim clerics who allegedly moved with stealth in the ducts of "loose networks" before striking at America. The exquisitely Foucauldian image of the "loose networks" had been the guiding concept of an official memoir released under

Clinton by the U.S. Department of State in 2000, titled *Patterns of Global Terror.*[259] The administration of Bush II snatched it up and, by navigating a flood of "information," managed for the following two decades to work it into a not unremarkable epic.

Thus, with a little help from terror, the Republicans caught their Democrat challengers off guard and stole the show. The Neocons had thought a shameless and ineffective ploy the Democrat practice, initiated by Jimmy Carter,[260] to appoint representatives of "minorities" to office.[261] But when their turn came, they certainly did not forbear from flaunting the presence of two African-Americans in the executive (Condoleeza Rice and Colin Powell), as well as the "post-war military command in Iraq" by an Arab-American and a Hispanic-American.[262] To Neocons, it was thrilling, indeed, to think that U.S. Special

Forces were fed rations "labeled halal or kosher."[263] Clearly, the "clash of civilizations" was never meant in earnest; it was to serve only as the opening spectacle for a mass homogenization of the world —which is the Neocons' true, Kojèvian plank. Then, the government, by clever way of the President's wife,[264] sold the bombing and invasion of Afghanistan (October 2001) as a war of Feminist liberation,

and the radical crew, instead of dying of mad laughter, did not flinch. And finally, the Neocons pulled the rug from under the Democrats' feet by bagging, easily, all the slogans the latter had hitherto monopolized: Neoconservatism, too, could now stand for "human rights, democracy and Liberal principles."[265] And for as much as good Liberal Democrats were aghast, the

public, in the end, did not see any difference between one steward in Washington and the next. They didn't because there wasn't any.

From then on, the landscapes of terror conjured by the official rhetoric were etched in the best postmodern style. As there was a "loose network" of enemies at one end, there had to be a corresponding lack of center at the other: that "nobody [was] really in charge of where the United States [went],"[266] or that the world was "too complex" even for those who wished to govern it, became a recurrent bit of "wisdom" both on the Right *and* the Left. All was "danger and "risk."

At this time, Robert D. Kaplan, a compiler of travelogues from ravaged countries, who had the ear of the president,[267] appeared to have taken charge as the Straussian portraitist of the regime. With considerable hype from the media, as usual, Kaplan proceeded to lay out the novel, postmodern cartography of the twenty-first century. In our "epoch of themeless juxtapositions," Kaplan wrote, the "grid of nation-States [was being] replaced by a jagged-glass pattern of city-States, shanty-States, nebulous and anarchic regionalisms."[268] In this world, "peace-making [would] become increasingly difficult," as people [sought] liberation in violence."[269] Wars in a Universal State plagued by confusion and no solutions would no longer be conventional conflicts, but rather installments to a medium-term plan of guerrilla warfare, such as would be elicited by the dogged conspiracy of "loose and shadowy […] Islamic terrorist organizations."[270]

> Imagine […] a hologram. In this hologram would be overlapping sediments and other identities atop the merely

> two-dimensional color markings of city-States and the remaining nations, themselves confused in places by shadowy tentacles, hovering overhead, indicating the power of drug cartels, mafias, and private security agencies. *Instead of borders, there would be moving "centers" of power.*[271]

"Globalization [was] Darwinian," sentenced Kaplan, which was to say that resources were scarce (Malthusianism, again), and that, after the collapse of Cold War empires, the surviving reality was one of warrior classes, whose cruelty, traveling along the information highways of the Global community, had become far more manifest and "easier to accomplish."[272] To survive the nightmares of the hologram, Americans had to "speak Victorian, think Pagan."[273] They should give up their enfeebling Christianity and opt for a pagan ethos of chronic combat, to be waged against this cruel (Muslim) foe under the aegis of "oligarchic" "corporate" powerhouses, which, alone, possessed the know-how to cope with today's borderless markets and technological complexity. Doubtless, Kaplan concluded, all such "productive anarchy [would] require the supervision of tyrannies —or else there [would] be no justice for anyone."[274]

The Neocons were nothing outlandish; they were reissues of old-school Liberals —the "Elder statesmen" that fought the world wars— in an epoch in which, as all the postmodern masters understood, the historical notion of statehood had gradually dissolved (except for Anglo-America, of course — which is the whole point of erasing *all other* Nations). What the United States is presently pursuing in the world does not essentially differ from Britain's imperial push until 1945,

except for the nature of the social organization enforced through conquest.

While the British exported Britain, which also signified industrial slavery, America sees herself imposing less Yankee mores than the hollow forms of business enterprise and atomized lifestyles. In sum, the Neocons are "aggressive proponents of the Universal Homogeneous State," who "wish to impose [this flattening] regime upon the entire world and view American military power as the most convenient means to realizing their designs."[275] In this sense, we said it before, rather than Straussian, they are perfect instances of Kojèvian anarchs.

Bataille, in a lecture of his *Collège de sociologie,* had admirably foreshadowed, before the war, the spiritual physiognomy of a Neocon regime, which is nothing but a modern expression of "power" in a State of advanced homogenization:

> The dominant class is thus taken with an irresistible nostalgia for that *power* which allows to fix the order of things to its own advantage. Thus, [this elite] finds itself incapable of reconstituting power by way of the criminal creativity of the sacred forces, being at once too pragmatically self-interested and too cowardly. It thus has recourse to immediate violence, to the constitution of a new force of the military kind, which it associates to whatever subsists of the sacred forces, in particular of the sacred forces directly associated to power like the Homeland (*la patrie*).[275]

Per se, a yearly day of mourning in remembrance of 9/11 does not carry sufficient "sacred force." Incapable of rallying the citizenry to the White House through a sacral investiture comparable, say, to an Aztec mass sacrifice, or the Christmas

mass at St. Peter's, contemporary U.S. administrators —many of them, former, "interested" corporate bosses and/or "cowardly" overseers of State-sanctioned sanitized executions— have perforce recourse to the surrogate of the "Fatherland in arms."[276] This is the configuration whereby the bellicose energy of the community is sucked by the center to be thrust outward. The vision is more actual than ever. Bataille's formidable excerpt presaged the displeasure he would feel after the war for what he took to be Kojève's treason of the sovereign cause to the privileges of the ministry. Though quietly enfolded in the meshes of modern society, Bataille (possibly Strauss) and, to a less extent, Jünger, longed throughout their lives for revolution; not Kojève, however, not the Neocons, or Foucault for that matter, whose pesky call to "resist at the margins" has been of late overwhelmingly disobeyed by disaffected followers "too interested" to think that anything else, other than sovereignty, may be obtainable in this world. Nesting in "the good nooks" Techn-Structure is perfectly comfortable after all.

The thesis of this study is, first, that postmodernism, broadly defined, has become a type of thought process that the U.S. administration has actively encouraged for at least four decades now, in concert with the private Interests; and, second, that in such a framework there exists no fundamental difference between the political stance of the so-called Right and that of the Left. Both are issued from exactly the same, disquieting roots. The foregoing discussion should leave no doubt as to veracity of these claims. What is even more damning for the whole postmodern enterprise, with its coil of cross-

connections, shared beliefs, political role-playing, and overall intellectual corruptness, is its indisputable contiguity with a very special exponent of Nazism like Jünger, whose comprehensive vision was related in this chapter to fill an enormous lacuna in the history of political thought, and, more urgently, to afford no apologetic egress whatsoever to all the educated citizens in good standing who place themselves in one half or the other of the postmodern camp. They will have to take serious responsibility for embracing out of mere opportunism a creed that is born out of rationalist exasperation and whose immediate precept is a thoughtless and truly foolish summons to misanthropy, indifference and squalid selfishness.

The rout of dissent in America in times of postmodern pervasiveness, and the deeper reasons of the Left's impotence before the Neocon offensive form the topics of the next, and final, chapter

Notes

1. Martin Heidegger, *Écrits politiques, 1933–1966* (Paris: Gallimard, 1995), pp. 128, 135.
2. See for instance the documentary by Adam Curtis, aired by the BBC in 2004, entitled *The Power of Nightmares.*
3. Stephen Pellettière, *Iraq and the International Oil System. Why America Wanted a War in the Gulf* (Washington, D.C.: Maisonneuve, 2004), pp. 237, 238.
4. Shadia B. Drury, *Alexandre Kojève. The Roots of Postmodern Politics* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1994).

5. Hanns Heinz Ewers, *Blood,* trans. Erich Posselt and Sinclair Dombrow (New York: Heron, 1930), p. 54.
6. Ernst Jünger, *In Stahlgewittern. Aus dem Tagebuch eines Stosstruppführers* (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn, 1925 [1920]), p. 112.
7. Ernst Jünger, "Epigrammatischer Anhang," in *Blätter und Steine* (Hamburg: Hanseatische Verlagsanstalt, 1941 [1934]), p. 228.
8. Ernst Jünger, *Der Kampf als inneres Erlebnis* (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn, 1940 [1922]), pp. 2, 7.
9. Ibid., pp. 74, 78.
10. Ibid., p. 14.
11. Georges Bataille, *Oeuvres complètes* (OC) (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), vol. 7, pp. 251, 253.
12. Michel Vanoosthuyse, *Fascisme & littérature pure. La fabrique d'Ernst Jünger* (Marseille: Agone, 2005), pp. 74, 83.
13. See also Ernst Jünger, *Heliopolis. Rückblick auf eine Stadt* (Tübingen, Germany: Heliopolis-Verlag, 1949), p. 175.
14. Ernst Jünger, *L'operaio. Dominio e Forma* (*Der Arbeiter. Herrschaft und Gestalt*) (Parma, Italy: Ugo Guanda Editore, 1991 [1985/1932]), p. 32.
15. Ibid., pp. 27, 32, 34, 55, 65.
16. Ernst Jünger, "Die totale Mobilmachung," in *Blätter und Steine* [1934], pp. 126, 131, 136, 138.
17. Ernst Jünger, "Über den Schmerz," in *Blätter und Steine* [1934], p. 166 (emphasis added).
18. Ernst Jünger, *Annäherungen. Drogen und Rausch* (Stuttgart: Ernst Klett Verlag, 1970), p. 178; see also *Heliopolis,* p. 401.
19. Jünger, *L'operaio,* p. 47.
20. Jünger, "Über den Schmerz," pp. 170, 188.
21. Ibid., pp. 187–8, emphasis added. 22. Julien Hervier, *Entretiens avec Ernst Jünger* (Paris: Gallimard, 1986), p. 133.
23. Jünger, *L'operaio,* p. 82.
24. Jünger, "Über den Schmerz," p. 194.
25. Hervier, *Entretiens,* pp. 85–66.
26. Jünger, "Über den Schmerz," p. 209.

27. Ibid., p. 211, emphasis added.
28. Ibid., p. 193.
29. Ibid., p. 212, and "Epigrammatischer Anhang," p. 221.
30. Jünger, "Über den Schmerz," pp. 214–15, 213.
31. Ibid., pp. 215–16.
32. This "closeness" has already been acknowledged in literary criticism; see for instance Marcus Paul Bullock, *The Violent Eye. Ernst Jünger's Visions and Revisions on the European Right* (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1992), p. 67.
33. Ernst Jünger, *Politische Publizistik, 1919 bis 1933* (Stuttgart: Klett-Cotta, 2001), p. 517.
34. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 34.
35. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* pp. 295, 296, 299.
36. Ibid., p. 60.
37. Ernst Jünger, *Auf den Marmorklippen* (Hamburg: Hanseatische Verlagsanstalt, 1939), pp. 67, 68.
38. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* p. 97.
39. Jünger, *Publizistik,* p. 544.
40. Vanoosthuyse, *Fascisme,* p. 81.
41. For the political decryption of *On the Marble Cliffs,* see my *Conjuring Hitler. How Britain and America Made the Third Reich* (London: Pluto, 2005), pp. 250–54. By Jünger's own admission, the Chief Ranger "resembled" Stalin rather than other historical personages suggested by scores of more or less adoring critics keen on not seeing the truth (see Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 110).
42. Bullock, *Violent Eye,* p. 155.
43. Cited in ibid., pp. 155–6, the translation is my own, with emphasis added.
44. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 31.
45. Vanoosthuyse, *Fascisme,* p. 51.
46. Reference is here being made also to Jünger's surprise at the success that a recent edition of *Der Arbeiter* elicited among a group of Italian Communists (Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 28).
47. Bullock, *Violent Eye,* p. 59.
48. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* p. 296.

49. Ibid., p. 168.
50. Ibid., p. 61.
51. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 36.
52. Ernst Jünger, *La Pace (Der Friede)* (Parma, Italy: Ugo Guanda Editore, 1993 [1945]), p. 20.
53. Ibid., pp. 59–65.
54. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 157.
55. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* p. 193.
56. Jünger, *Auf den Marmorklippen,* p. 8.
57. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* pp. 176, 272.
58. Ibid., pp. 335–36.
59. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 55.
60. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* p. 396.
61. Ibid., pp. 401, 320.
62. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 144.
63. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* p. 395.
64. Ibid., p. 402.
65. Ernst Jünger, *Der Waldgang* (Frankfurt: Vittorio Klostermann, 1951), p. 75.
66. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* p. 271.
67. Ibid., pp. 225–27.
68. See chapter 6, pp. 91.
69. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* p. 221.
70. Ernst Jünger, *Über die Linie* (Frankfurt: Vittorio Klostermann, 1951), pp. 10, 23, 24,
26, and, *L'operaio,* p. 70.
71. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 111.
72. Jünger, *Waldgang,* pp. 11, 14, 30–31.
73. Ibid., p. 32.
74. Jünger, *Über die Linie,* p. 39.
75. Jünger, *Waldgang,* p. 78.
76. Jünger, *Heliopolis,* p. 15.
77. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 54.
78. Jünger, *Waldgang,* pp. 80–82.
79. Ibid., p. 134.

80. Ibid., p. 102.
81. Ibid., p. 99.
82. Ibid., pp. 121–22.
83. Ibid., p. 102, and *Über die Linie,* p. 20.
84. Jünger, *Waldgang,* pp. 126, 124.
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95. Ibid., p. 54.
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107. Martin Heidegger, *Basic Writings* (San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1977), p. 101.
108. Heidegger, *Being and Time,* p. 283.
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116. Hervier, *Entretiens,* p. 68.
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120. Leo Strauss, *Studies in Platonic Political Philosophy* (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 30.
121. George Steiner, *Heidegger* (Hassocks, Sussex: Harvester, 1978), p. 148.
122. Jorge Luis Borges, *Labyrinths. Selected Stories & Other Writings* (New York: New Direction Books, 1964 [1944]), pp. 42–43.
123. Mark Lilla, *The Reckless Mind. Intellectuals in Politics* (New York: New York Review of Books, 2001), p. 122.
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130. Ibid., pp. 98, 99, 114, 145.
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132. Drury, *Kojève,* p. 21.
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