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“TRANSPHOBIC BUS” (PART II): LBGT, ELAGABALUS - TERMITES

~ THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR OF TECHNO-
PROPAGANDA INTO THE REALM OF GENITALIA

FROM “FEMINIZATION”...

Thus, Feminism ultimately appears to have been a ploy to harness, *via labor*, the other, theretofore “idle,” half of society to the soulless routines of the Structure. Thereupon, Hispanic nannies were to look after the children of working mothers (& fathers).

This was yesterday. Today, the maneuver has been ratcheted up one more notch: there is now talk of “feminization.” In other words, in their ceaseless and unctuous adulation of “Woman,” the elites are diffusing the suggestion that increased female influence on political affairs would pacify society. It would allegedly take the edge off the insufferably barbarous bluster of the alpha male, whose deportment is predominantly

guided by invidious emulation, upmanship, and truculent swagger. This would appear a captivating suggestion were it not for the fact that, betraying their ulterior motives from the outset, its promoters ultimately wield feminization as a mere pretext for recommending increased contraception.

The feminizing contention, as advanced by a Harvard psychology professor, argues that woman's "direct political empowerment, the deflation of manly honor, the promotion of marriage on women's terms, the right of girls to be born, and women's control over their own reproduction" would all contribute to a general decline of violence. This would seem especially true for the access to contraception, which, says the psychologist, would make populations "less distended by a thick slab of young people at the bottom." By which he means —admittedly, in a not particularly feminized and nurturing phraseology— that criminals are the unwanted sons of mothers industrially impregnated by phallocratic cads.

Criminologists know this to be untrue. And as for the putative sweetening of society as a result of more women in position of political responsibility —a (hypocritical) plank so tremendously in vogue these days,— there is no evidence whatsoever that it has taken place. To the contrary, we now have abundant evidence that, once they conquer top corporate seats, women act just as abjectly as the men that have co-opted them into *their* System. And these female VIPs keep breeding sons, and daughters, likely to behave just as abjectly and exploitatively as themselves (and their domineering, but politically correct, husbands).

In terms of peace and social justice, our hyper-modern world is certainly none the better for the larger quotas of women in positions of command. Sex is manifestly not the critical factor. The psyche, the “heart,” the particular mentality with which one tackles issues of justice is. Of course.

Solemnly, the Harvard academic seals his paean for feminization by calling respectful attention to the experience of Tsutomu Yamaguchi—a survivor of both nuclear strikes in Hiroshima and Nagasaki—who, before, dying at 93, offered a prescription for peace in the nuclear age: “The only people who should be allowed to govern countries with nuclear weapons are mothers,” he sentenced, “those who are still breast-feeding their babies.”



I cannot think of a more repulsive image.

Yamaguchi's thinking is all wrong. A conceptual monstrosity such as the one he uttered before passing is the result of complete spiritual exhaustion; it is the product of an unconditional surrender of the heart before the new titanic deployment of the Techno-Structure. It is a lamentable act of pessimistic, enfeebled resignation.

How could one even contemplate entrusting such demonical objects of death to a breast-feeding mother? As if, say, a young, "lactating" Madeleine Albright would think twice before pushing the button, should she be given the wonderful opportunity to do so.

A world entrusted to *almae matres* (nurturing mothers) is world where the mere notion of nuclear warhead is itself *unthinkable*.

...TO LGBTQ & GENDER ERASURE ~ THE UNDERLYING LOGIC OF THE TERMITARY

Why the insistence on contraception? Clearly, most couples nowadays, at the going levels of remuneration and job availability, can hardly afford to offer a "good life" (high-level education, cultural travel, and wholesome nutrition) to a single child without going into debt. Decorated academics are, at one level or another, the representatives of the apparatus in which they are vested. As such, as in this instance, they are positing the problem from the vantage point of the State, for which, clearly, the dynamics of breeding, and subsequently ("after the eggs have hatched") the dynamics

of *function* ("who is to do what?"), are matters of the highest importance. So important, in fact, that they cannot be entrusted to the individual discretion of the parents. The putative correlation between contraception and female empowerment is merely an alibi with which to cover the State's prioritized distribution of resources within the economy. Which is not to say that women should not procreate as they fit, but rather that the System, given the centralization of credit and its particular (& highly uneven) class structure, sees to it at all times that they curb their fertility, especially if they are poor.

And that is all the more cogent as the Structure also expects women to thicken the ranks of the military. No wonder the greater inflow of laboring females has not sweetened society: so much for the deflating of "manly honor." And this brings us to the late transgender controversy —the latest instalment in the post-modern saga of techno-propaganda.

The so-called "Pentagon's gender revolution" of the 1990s has initiated a de-sexualization of the armed forces, including the jet fighting squads, which are entrusted with one of the most skilled, devastating, and *cowardly* techniques for mass murder. The late plethora of transgender items on the discursive space of public consumption —viz. the pink news; the incessant fluttering of rainbow banners; the vehemence and the acrimony; the diatribe surrounding "females entrapped in a man's body" seeking shelter in the ladies' room; and the TV shows and movies scripted to suggest the inexistence of sexes and the need to replace the male-female compound with a homogenizing notion of gendering sex, liable to being expressed in a multitude of bodily configurations and intercourses—

all such items, compacted in this torrential flow of "gender erasure," is not diffused to "ease" the body of society, which is unaccustomed to them, into "understanding," and thus empathizing with transsexuals. (What interest could a cynical, hyper-modern apparatus possibly have for a group of individuals whose numbers are so marginal and whose "difference," in terms of political economy, is so irrelevant?).

It is promoted in profusion in order to erase, by way of repeated suggestion, the notion that the familial nucleus and its two constitutive, and sexually differentiated genitorial components, are merely a construct. The Structure does no longer need families and their *patres*.

What would the System gain by this mental erasure? It would gain the perspective of tightening its managerial grip over society by organizing it ever more like a *collective of insects*, like a termitary. Termites, which form by all accounts a formidable organism, are known for having the power to derive out of base larvae whatever sexual and functional type they so desire by way of special nutritional arrangements.

In their morphological realm, they also dispose of a very specialized caste of warriors, whose enormous mandibular protuberance is such that they can be only ("lovingly") fed, mouth-to-mouth as it were, by worker-termites.

It appears that hyper-modern Structures desire to reduce us all to insects, to sexually interchangeable creatures that are workers (& engineers), consumers, and warriors all rolled into one. Less than a year ago, in fact,

the Pentagon lifted the ban that prevented transsexuals from serving in the military.

IT'S ALL BEEN DONE BEFORE & "BETTER" ~ BY ELAGABALUS

Hypermodern times are quite a (sorry) spectacle: it is something else to watch these white males in charge of the Structure burning themselves in effigy —in the (now disposable) guise of the “ugly machos”— via these postmodern rituals of depersonalized guilt enacted before stupefied (and manipulated) crowds of “diverse others.” The days of machismo are over. With technique, with power loads & computerized machines, “everybody” can commit genocide, everybody can do the job, even those formerly categorized as “sub-humans.” ‘Tis time to take them all in, and put them to work, for longer hours and less pay —and/or to enlist them.

They have got everybody fooled. One can only guess what other sex toy they will be brandishing next in order to have their termitary 1.0 pronto. All one can say at this juncture, is that, aesthetically speaking, all this techno-propagandistic endeavor, through crafty, is, for all that, the drab (& plastified) work of icy, unimaginative Puritans. In that other compartment, though, the aesthetic one, they actually fool nobody. It’s all old hat, and done without a shred of true artistry. For in such things, to carry them out properly, what is required is authentic depravity, sovereign libido, bloody abandon, and a form of erotic dissipation whose drift is the

polar obverse of the authoritarian conservatism pursued by the techno-games of our era. Yes, this is a tale we have heard before.

Rome, in fact, had had a sensational rainbow season when the gods bestowed upon her a Syrian teenager as emperor. This was the legendary Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, aka "Elagabalus" (218-221 A.D.). A fabulous protagonist in his own way —a "crowned anarchist" said of him French playwright Antonin Artaud. Elagabalus was a woman in a man's body, who, among the myriad "outrages" he is said to have committed, married men, twice, on a legal contractual basis, and women, six times. He called himself the Great Mother or alternatively Dionysus, and was fond of cosmetics. He sacrificially worshipped the Sun (whose symbol was a black meteorite phallus) and, in Rome, wished to fuse its cult with that of the Judeans, to the great chagrin of the patriciate.

"He was the only one of all the emperors under whom a woman attended the senate like a man, just as though she belonged to the senatorial order. He also established a senaculum, or women's senate, on the Quirinal Hill, which, under the influence [of his grandmother], enacted [all kinds] of absurd decrees concerning rules to be applied to matrons, [on clothing and etiquette]. [...] He would harness women of the greatest beauty to a wheel-barrow in fours, in twos, or in threes or even more, and would drive them about, usually naked himself, as were also the women who were pulling him."

(I wonder, while driving his naked-lady chariot, how Rome's flamboyant hermaphrodite emperor would have reacted had a transphobic bus crossed his imperial path).

Pretorians cut his throat in a latrine in 211 AD. He was eighteen.

