

CONSTANTIN VON HOFFMEISTER

ESOTERIC TRUMPISM

**FOREWORD BY RAW EGG NATIONALIST
INTRODUCTION BY JAMES KIRKPATRICK**



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Foreword by Raw Egg Nationalist: “Could It Be Magic?”

“When once a special class of sorcerers has been segregated from the community and entrusted by it with the discharge of duties on which the public safety and welfare are believed to depend, these men gradually rise to wealth and power, till their leaders blossom out into sacred kings.”

— JAMES G. FRAZER, *The Golden Bough*

The politician as magician.

The magician as king.

In chapter VI of his masterwork *The Golden Bough*, James G. Frazer provides an account of how the earliest kings emerged from the mass of primitive tribal societies. Contrary to what you may think, these primitive societies — of a kind that was still visible in Frazer’s day, especially among the Aborigines of Australia but also in Africa and the Pacific islands — did not adopt kingship as a matter of course. If they had a political constitution, it was “a democracy or rather an oligarchy of old and influential men, who meet in council and decide on all measures of importance to the practical exclusion of the younger men. Their deliberative assembly answers to the senate of later times: if we had to coin a word for such a government of elders we might call it a *gerontocracy*. The elders who in aboriginal Australia thus meet and direct the affairs of their tribe appear to be for the most part the headmen of their respective totem clans.”

These elders or headmen performed all the public duties necessary for the health and happiness of the tribe. This included performing magical rites to ensure the natural world functioned in the way it should. Wind, rain and sun must be manipulated by the skilled practitioners in the interest of the tribe, lest there be disaster in the coming seasons. Food, of course, was key.

A special class of elder-magicians emerges from a whole society of magicians, since in primitive society all men are magicians — the hunters, the farmers, the fishers — employing “magical practices in the pursuit of

their callings.” But whereas the individual magician may perform a personal rite or manufacture a personal charm, such as fixing a particular kind of beetle into his spear-haft to ensure his weapon finds its mark in the hunt, the public magician works for the greater, public, good, performing rites on the grandest scale possible.

But even in a primitive society that is largely undifferentiated, not all men are made equal. Ability — or luck if you prefer — is always at work. Some clearly seem to do magic better than others. They are the men who first rise as powerful magical individuals, as sorcerers, to lead their people.

The evidence of African tribes, a rung up on the evolutionary ladder from the Aborigines of Australia, showed Frazer that the successful rainmaker was likely to be the first to step forward and become not just another elder, but a chief — a king. “Among the Wagogo of East Africa,” we are told, “the main power of the chiefs ... is derived from their art of rain-making. If a chief cannot make rain himself, he must procure it from some one who can.”

In Melanesia, the chief has privileged contact with fearsome ghosts, whose favour or displeasure only his mediation can elicit.

Ability or luck. In fact, it’s a mixture of both. Yes, the primitive chief or king has his magical ornaments, like special crystals he plunges into water when he wishes for it to rain, but he also makes use of shrewd practical judgment to ensure the desired effect for his people — and thus the continuation of his special office. For example, among the tribes of the Upper Nile region, “[r]ain-making chiefs always build their villages on the slopes of a fairly high hill, as they no doubt know that the hills attract the clouds, and that they are, therefore, fairly safe in their weather forecasts.”

Fear of his powers and the wealth the successful magician accrues “may both be supposed to have contributed to his promotion.”

Fear and wealth.

But the role of public sorcerer is a precarious one, “beset with many pitfalls.” He is just as likely to be punished for his failure as lauded for his success. The incipient king is, if anything, a sacrificial king, whose person is not considered inviolable like the bodies of later kings. Exile or even death awaits the rainmaker who cannot bring the rain, the master of the winds who cannot quell the storm.

It's a commonplace to say that politics in the West is in the process of regressing, that we are heading backwards to a very dark and dangerous place indeed. That place is usually supposed to be Nazi Germany — fascism and dictatorship — and the people dragging us there are the populist leaders and, in particular, Donald Trump. Some even call him “Orange Hitler.” We’ve all seen the headlines.

In a sense, this is right. We are regressing. Primitive forms are reasserting themselves, as our current system degenerates.

How could it be otherwise?

Trump is a magician, a wielder of the most powerful meme magic, a grandmaster of 6000-dimensional chess. Somebody once told me his family hold the secrets of Nikola Tesla. Trump’s role in America today is analogous to that of the sorcerer who becomes chief and sole custodian of his people’s well-being. In his person and on his person rest the hopes of a nation.

America is a gerontocracy. Its ruling elders govern to the practical exclusion of everyone but themselves. The American Dream — the prosperity of the tribe which past leaders fought to secure — is now a waking nightmare. Something, or someone, has to give.

In his own life, Trump embodies that cherished Dream. Everything he does is — *America*. He has USA in his DNA.

Big, bold, brash, unashamed: Trump does nothing by halves. That’s the American way. Or it was.

Through a form of sympathetic magic, Trump’s supporters believe his financial and romantic successes will be replicated for them, and that they too will mogg their enemies with the same panache. With words of power like “covfefe” or a simple gesture, Trump sends his libtard opponents into paroxysms of rage and self-loathing. Pussy-hatted HR managers fall to their knees in the street and howl at the sky; environmental activists with undiagnosed foetal alcohol syndrome seethe as he Chad-strides past them at world summits; and retarded celebrities vow to quit the United States for Canada should he be re-elected — which they would never actually do, because they need America and they need Trump to have something, *anything*, to say.

Many believe that the Trump phenomenon is irrational, but this is totally wrong. He gets little credit for the good things he did as president, least of all for preventing America from becoming entangled in yet another disastrous foreign war (disastrous for the American people, I mean) and for stabilising immigration. Hillary was supposed to win in 2016, but instead the regime lost four precious years of total, unchallenged control, which is why the party of America Last is currently speed-running collapse, at home and abroad. Things would be even worse now if Trump had not won.

The “religious” faith in Donald Trump *as a man* is not at all misplaced. Like I say, the American system is no longer fit for purpose. It is dominated by a caste that hates the American people and sees the nation solely as a means of self-enrichment. Both parties benefit from this system, which is why both parties oppose Trump, even though he stands as a Republican. The possibility of radical change cannot come from within the system. It cannot come from oligarchy. It must come from an individual.

Of course, as Frazer points out, by embodying the fortunes of his people, the magician sits on a knife-edge. What if he fails?

What if the Wall doesn’t get built?

What if Alejandro doesn’t get deported?

Trump’s first term was clearly, in many regards, a failure, but he faced an enemy, the deep state, that was prepared to use any and every possible means of sabotaging his America First agenda. Trump wasn’t ready. Now he has a second chance. The question is whether he can combine a shrewder practical judgment with his undoubted talent for luck and his unmatched personal charisma and finally deliver on the promise he represents. America as a golden land of opportunity. Even his famous hair is the right colour.

Many things are unclear at the present time. But one thing, certainly, is clear: Trumpism is magic, whether you believe or not.

Introduction by James Kirkpatrick

More than degeneracy, more than decline, the current epoch looked fated to be an Age of Exhaustion. The great danger is not that intellectuals and politicians have given in to hubris. The great danger is that they are right. It really is the End of History. This is just how it will be, forever.

Things will continuously get a little worse, life will get a little harder, people's ambitions will get a little smaller, and we won't even be able to call it the triumph of the "Last Man," because no one will know there was ever any other kind of man. No change to the system is possible because the very purpose of the system is to prevent change. As the "Open Society" of liberal democracy slowly changes into the repressive system of "Our Democracy," the few who have eyes to see will find themselves fighting an enemy that has no shape. The masses will sense that something is wrong, but they'll lack the vocabulary to define it and the moral code to justify opposition. The denizens of the crumbling cities will simply assume this is the way it always has been and must be.

I spent decades in the conservative movement, and I admit that I thought this is how it would end. Or, rather, how it would never end. When I was young, I thought the purpose of the conservative movement was to save the country. By middle age, I knew that the purpose of Conservatism Inc. was to profit off the decline, running out the clock on the lifespan of the country. Some good might be accomplished at the margins, but no victory was possible because no victory was even desired. To those in the Beltway Right, there wasn't even an understanding of what victory would look like. You could comfort yourself in writing essays for what was then the Alternative Right in the years before 2016 but let's be honest — you were screaming into the void. You were just scratching an emotional itch, assuaging your conscience and trying to relieve the despair of knowing that you came in at the end and the death of your country and civilization.

And then there was Trump.

Donald Trump's appeal, VDARE.com's Peter Brimelow once told me, was "kingly." He wasn't a politician. He wasn't a "movement conservative." Sometimes he didn't even seem like an ordinary human being. He was History making its re-entrance. An entire System of pretty lies, concealed hypocrisy, and banal platitudes was ripped apart by his first campaign.

This didn't come without cost. Free speech, once the bedrock of the American identity, has been utterly lost and we will probably never have it again barring revolutionary change. The press, the entertainment industry, academia, and the supposedly educated classes that take their thoughts and opinions from them have been gripped by a kind of madness, eager to destroy their own neighborhoods and legitimacy in their fervor to get Trump.

There was a lot about that 2016 campaign that many might see as cringeworthy in retrospect. "Meme magic," the wild claims that the Alternative Right would simply replace the conservative movement, and above all, the unrealistic expectations laid upon the "God-Emperor" Donald J. Trump haven't aged well. The nationalist Right made numerous mistakes that handicapped our movement and forced President Trump himself on the defense.

President Trump can't escape responsibility for the failures of his first term, notably with his disastrous staffing decisions and collaboration with treacherous Republicans, like former Speaker of the House Paul Ryan. From day one, he spurned the activists who would have chosen to be burned alive rather than leak to the lying press. He surrounded himself with enemies. Not surprisingly, besieged by foes from within his Administration and without, he never seemed to fully control the White House, let alone the country. He tweeted about "law and order" rather than impose it as America burned. He left the office in failure, complaining bitterly about a stolen election. Nothing matters besides victory, and fairly or unfairly, our champion lost.

The importance of that final defeat can't be overemphasized. Don't ask what a "Color Revolution" in America would look like, because if you're reading this, you lived through one. The cultural revolution of 2020, revealingly called the "Racial Reckoning," reoriented the entire American identity. The orthodox national Narrative is now focused on the exploitation

of blacks, the tragedy of white settlement on indigenous land, and the endless fight to “decolonize” America and achieve the impossible goal of equity. The leftist *Kulturkampf* triumphed with almost trivial ease, with white Americans largely standing by while cities burned in the most destructive riots in American history. The January 6 protest in support of President Trump was a blip in comparison, yet Joe Biden has made liberal outrage over this non-event the centerpiece of his re-election campaign.

The story of Donald J. Trump, 45th President of these United States, should be over. By every conventional political measure, his political career is done. No major GOP primary candidate has positioned himself as his heir, his allies have been largely driven off Fox News, his businesses are being taken from him in comically biased show trials, and his onetime colleagues are eagerly trashing him to the press. For the first time since the War Between The States, we can speak of a federal Regime explicitly based on subjugating a huge part of the country. Border security, President Trump’s signature issue in 2016, has essentially been abolished by the Biden Administration, with little reaction from the GOP. Despite the media and the Administration’s frantic denunciations of “insurrection” and “treason,” the stark reality is that there is nothing to betray. On paper, President Trump is one of the greatest failures in political history.

And yet, his story is not done. He is more important than ever. He may be more powerful than ever, even more than when he was in office. If he were cast down by violence or disease tomorrow, his story would still not be over, and neither is America’s. Like everything that is truly important in life, politics and patriotism aren’t about reason, calculation, or cold analysis. We’re operating in the realm of Myth. For those inside the mythos, no explanation is necessary; for those outside, no explanation will suffice. But even for those of us inside it, it helps to have a pole to orient ourselves, to understand what exactly we are caught up in.

This is what *Esoteric Trumpism* by Constantin von Hoffmeister has given us. He reminds us that while Trump himself may think MAGA is about him, it isn’t. It’s about something much greater. Like the protagonist of a Lovecraft story, Trump is tapping into and fighting forces much bigger than himself, seemingly things that are supernatural. We’re witnessing nothing less than an epic, with the fate of the country itself on the line.

At a time when Narratives are spat out by the media establishment from the top down, mysterious energies are rising from the bottom up. Angelic to us, demonic to our enemies, Trump is less a politician and more an avatar of these forces. The policies he supports, the personnel he selects, the successes and failures of his first term — these and other matters have become almost irrelevant as we enter an election where every assumption of American culture, law, and political reality is up for grabs. You can crunch polls, study demographics, and torture yourself over the details of proposed policies but you will miss the point. There's something deeper at stake, and it can only be described in mythic terms.

Constantin von Hoffmeister gets this. Donald Trump is Conan the Barbarian brooding over Aquilonia, Santiago from *The Old Man and the Sea*, Paul Kersey from *Death Wish*, Il Duce, Andrew Jackson and more. These aren't simple metaphors or sloppy journalist comparisons designed to smear and titillate. The shifting kaleidoscopic meanings of Trump reflect his role as a medium, more than just a man.

Who, after all, could have predicted in 2020 that Donald Trump would return and potentially be more powerful than ever? Trump was seemingly defeated by the eldritch terrors of "The Swamp," but unlike every other figure of our lifetimes, he hasn't yet been broken. As of this writing, he remains in a dominant position for the Republican nomination, though he still faces strong challengers and struggles to unite the party behind him. How can we be surprised by his failures in his first term? It was our own naivete to blame for thinking that simply electing a man president meant that the government worked as the Constitution said. "He was not merely challenging an institution," says Constantin von Hoffmeister, "he was invoking the wrath of ancient and indescribable forces that had remained uncontested for epochs." He captures something essential when he says that it seemed like something "preternatural, supernatural even, was fighting Trump."

This sense of the uncanny and the mysterious is a powerful undercurrent in American life. We get news about castrating children, baffling corruption, and never-ending overseas wars funded by Americans' money delivered by smiling journalists and chortling late-night hosts. Americans can't trust their medicine, their food, and certainly not their government. The existence of political prisoners in the Land of the Free is now openly admitted and law

enforcement is entirely arbitrary, with rioters who attack police actually receiving checks from the government even as people who never even entered the Capitol are sent to prison and reportedly tortured. The press, the supposed watchdogs of democracy, wage a ferocious campaign for censorship and deplatforming against anyone who notices there might be problems.

Amidst it all, the things that Americans could once reasonably expect from life — a family, a house, a job that could provide for basic necessities — now appear like a fantastic mirage. What horror could be more absolute? Don't retreat into fiction for dystopia — you are already living in one. "The very air seems fraught with a palpable tension," says our author, "chilling the bones of its citizenry, reminiscent of the ill-fated house of Usher in Poe's masterpiece 'The Fall of the House of Usher.'" Admit it — everyone seems to be waiting and expecting it to all cave in. Even the progressive Left, which has almost totalitarian control of American media, academic, and law enforcement institutions, seems on the verge of panic and its mouthpieces can barely contain their neuroticism and hysteria.

Yet it's in times of terror and panic where we find possibility. That is the great gift Trump has given us, the Restart of American History. "America stands at a crossroads, its future uncertain," says our author. "It is a tale of resilience, of hope, of a people's active endeavor to reclaim their legacy. Whether they succeed or falter, their mission will most certainly go down in history as an undertaking worth the revolutionaries' energy in 1776, equal to the valiant fight for survival of Robert E. Lee and his supporters."

It's one of history's darkest ironies that democracy, the supposed government that most empowers ordinary people, seems to be the most impervious to change and the most resistant to what citizens actually want. However, it's also vulnerable to the appeal of a charismatic man who taps into something greater than himself. It's only through an extraordinary personality that a people can be redeemed in this system. It's not that I necessarily think Trump is worthy of being the historic American nation's instrument — it's that it doesn't matter what I or anyone else thinks. Trump *is* that instrument, regardless of what anyone says about it.

He's been chosen by history in a process too mysterious and primordial to be put into words. Joseph de Maistre wrote of the rise of kings that God "prepares royal races; maturing them under a cloud which conceals their

origin,” calling the process something akin to “legitimate usurpation.” Of course, America being America, the rise of Trump has taken place not “under a cloud” but in the light of reality TV and in front of the microphones of a press which is both Trump’s greatest asset and most ferocious enemy.

The story of his 2024 return — the Campaign of Revenge — shows that his real legend is about to begin. Despite the defeat, despite the lawsuits, despite the prosecutions, “figures such as Trump are not so easily vanquished.”

Our author writes:

In the aftermath, amidst the cacophony of naysayers and detractors, Trump remained unbroken, unbowed. He resembled those heroes of Lovecraftian tales who, after gazing upon the unimaginable horrors of the cosmos, are changed forever. They become heralds of truths too vast and too terrifying for most people to grasp. Trump, having peered into the heart of the Swamp, emerged not as a defeated mortal but as a seer of unsettling realities.

Is Trump changed? Constantin von Hoffmeister thinks so; I have my doubts. Again though, to worry about this is to miss the point. Everything that’s happened so far “was only a chapter in an eternal struggle, where the stakes were not just political power but the true essence of the nation — indeed, the nation itself was at stake,” he says. “The tale is ongoing, and its conclusion remains shrouded in mystery.”

For most of our lives, we’ve heard the refrain that the upcoming election is the “most important in our nation’s history.” This time, it really appears to be true. The question is brutal in its simplicity — America, yea or nay? Like sex, it’s binary, and to pretend otherwise is cynical folly.

Though President Trump is tied to the issues of our times, the true American Right recognizes that he also represents other ideas, some of which he may not even be aware of. Far more than in 2016, the election of 2024 may determine whether America will follow the path of the traditionalist Land power or the mercantile Sea power, the primordial conflict explained by Carl Schmitt and more recently by Alexander Dugin.

Trump and Biden, in their ideologies and policies, reflect this fundamental conflict that is not just about political power but the energy animating the nation. While the Land calls for introspection, preservation, and reverence, the Sea beckons with promises of progress, dynamism, and interconnectedness.

To comprehend the present, one must often look to the past. The Roman legions, epitomes of tellurocracy, clashed with the naval prowess of Carthage, the prime example of thalassocracy. This ancient confrontation was not just about territorial gains but about two disparate worldviews vying for dominance. Today's America, with Trump's vision of a fortified, sovereign nation, resists the Biden-led dream of a borderless global village. The stage may have changed, but the main ingredients of the struggle remain eerily reminiscent of bygone eras.

As America decides which direction to take, it is not just picking leaders or policies; it is choosing a worldview. The dichotomy between Trump and Biden is but a manifestation of this profound, almost cosmic, battle between the eternal forces of Land and Sea.

Similarly, one of the most popular memes in 2016 was that Donald Trump would “complete the system of German Idealism.” (Who can forget the confused crowd responding with outrage to the seemingly ridiculous claim, reacting like Pavlov's Dog and linking the very word “German” to something Evil?) Yet Constantin von Hoffmeister presents a compelling case that Trump may actually do it.

The interwoven narrative of globalization has muddied the waters of national identity, making the task of patriotic alignment more daunting. Amidst this milieu, figures like Trump rise, advocating a form of patriotism closely matching the spirit of the nation. In accordance with Hegelian sentiments, Trump's assertions like, “We will make America strong again. We will make America proud again. We will make America safe again. And we will make America great again,” are not merely slogans but a call to reconnect with the original realization of America, the synthesis of its historical World Spirit.

Trump's “America First” doctrine is a robust response to the challenges posed by globalization. Instead of viewing it as a retreat into isolationism, one might see it as an assertion of America's unique position in the World Spirit's path along the timeline. This philosophy taps into the underlying pulse of a nation striving to re-anchor itself in its historical and spiritual essence, reminiscent of Hegel's belief in the intrinsic link between the state and the realization of freedom.

(This essay alone is worth the price of the book.)

Esoteric means something occult, hidden, only available to the initiates. It's the nature of a democracy that ideas must be dumbed down and slogans prepared for the lowest common denominator. However, though President Joe Biden and his Democrats are supposedly the party of the educated elite, their ideas are the tired bromides of the creaking postwar order. No one truly believes that progressivism has any answers when it comes to education, health care, crime, or housing. Meaningless words older than Joe Biden himself simply serve to paper over the status anxieties of the

Democrats' core constituencies of bourgeois strivers and their Third World pets.

Esoteric Trumpism, in contrast, gives us something far more profound. Think of the way images of Donald Trump in various guises (usually generated by AI prompts) spread wildly over social media — Trump as general, as conqueror, as athlete, as emperor, as explorer. Think of the wildly ambitious proposals that he is actually advocating, from America's return to space to the Freedom Cities that could revitalize the country. Think even of the fears of the progressives — that Trump could herald the end to the exhausted liberal order. In Trump, we see possibilities *outside* the existing system and outside what we have been told we have the right to expect. *Why* we see these things in Trump is a separate question. Perhaps Trump doesn't really deserve such hopes. Yet they have fastened on him and it is not via chance or desperation, but something akin to fate. To steal a phrase from Margaret Thatcher, though for a purpose I'm sure would horrify her, There Is No Alternative.

So we enter an election cycle that could mean the life or death of the American Republic, and more importantly, the historic American nation. Contrary to what I would have expected a decade ago, we actually have a puncher's chance to make a difference from the voting booth. Trump's personality is big, but he represents something even bigger than that. We can see it in the reaction he generates from his supporters and detractors, even more than in anything he says or does. Unraveling the mystery of his charisma and meaning doesn't require the perspective of an analyst or wonk, but a poet and a seer. With this book, Constantin von Hoffmeister has shown himself to be both.

You'll need it for the year to come — and what may follow.

Make America Great Again.

"In honor of our great veterans on Veterans Day, we pledge to you that we will root out the communists, Marxists, fascists, and radical left thugs that live like vermin within the confines of our country, lie, steal, and cheat on elections, and will do anything possible, whether legally or illegally, to destroy America and the American Dream. The threat from outside forces is far less sinister, dangerous, and grave than the threat from within. Despite the hatred and anger of the radical left lunatics who want to destroy our country, we will MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN!"

— DONALD J. TRUMP, 11 November 2023

“They let — I think the real number is 15, 16 million people into our country. When they do that, we got a lot of work to do. They’re poisoning the blood of our country. That’s what they’ve done. They poison mental institutions and prisons all over the world, not just in South America, not just to three or four countries that we think about, but all over the world. They’re coming into our country from Africa, from Asia, all over the world.”

— DONALD J. TRUMP, 16 December 2023

In a Vortex: The American Myth Is Drowning

“Nothing seems at first sight less important than the outward form of human actions, yet there is nothing upon which men set more store: they grow used to everything except to living in a society which has not their own manners.”

— ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, *Democracy in America*

Steel yourselves, valiant souls, for we journey through the mists of turmoil, into the heart of a land once crowned in glory, now face to face with its very essence. Much like the mighty Conan of Cimmeria, who traveled through treacherous terrains and faced beasts of unspeakable horror, America now finds itself navigating the perilous waters of internal strife and discord. Not in the pages of history, nor in the fevered dreams of poets, has democracy faced such an onslaught, its bastions besieged by forces both overt and hidden.

Conan, the barbarian warrior of Robert E. Howard’s tales, was no stranger to tumult. Born in the fierce, cold land of Cimmeria, he journeyed through the Hyborian Age, from thief to pirate, from warlord to finally, king. His saga was that of tenacious pursuit, combat against overwhelming odds, and the triumph of his uncrushable will. In many ways, the trajectory of America mirrors the epic adventures of Conan. A nation born out of revolt against imperial overlords, it battled internal and external adversaries and emerged as a self-proclaimed “beacon of hope and freedom.”

The temerity shown toward the 45th Commander-in-Chief, President Donald Trump, has left the warriors and bards of this realm both confused and burning with righteous ire. It is not a tale written by scribes but a tale unfolding before our eyes, where the quill of destiny awaits its master. The trials and tribulations faced by President Trump can be likened to the challenges Conan faced when he ascended to the throne of Aquilonia. Both leaders, unconventional in their methods, faced resistance from factions within their dominions and were incessantly challenged, not just for their positions but for their visions and beliefs.

This realm, christened as the “Land of the Free,” once the proverbial shining light on the hill for the world to hope for, now stands at a turning point, bringing to mind the grim words of the quintessential American writer Ernest Hemingway: “The world breaks everyone, and afterward, some are strong at the broken places.” It seems as if the land’s spirit is now tested at these fractured junctures. The citizens must ask, as Conan often did when faced with seemingly insurmountable challenges, “What is best in life?”

How have the sands of time shifted? Once a glorious citadel for troubled faraway lands, America, like a fortress, feels the weight of the world upon its walls. It is a stark contrast to chronicles such as *The Great Gatsby*, where dreams and destinies intertwined under the vastness of the American sky, with people carelessly dancing all throughout the “roaring twenties.” Now, the very soul of this land seems caught in a labyrinth. Conan, too, once stood amidst the spires of Tarantia, pondering the weight of a crown and the complexities of governance, seeing a city that once was the jewel of the world but had lost its way amidst corruption and intrigue.

Much like Hemingway’s tale “The Old Man and the Sea,” where Santiago, a lone fisherman, duels with the leviathans of the deep, America too finds itself struggling against monsters. But whereas Santiago faced the creatures of the ocean, America faces adversaries both within and beyond its shores, much like the foes Conan faced — be they scheming wizards or marauding hordes. The threats to its ideals are manifold, and its ideals risk being devoured, leaving behind but a shadow of its once lofty aspirations.

In tales of old, heroes arose amidst storms, finding strength in adversity. The spirit that once tamed wild frontiers, that shot arrows of ambition to the very stars, where has it gone? Is the resilience of yesteryears, the spirit that brought settlers across vast oceans and pushed pioneers across untamed lands, now a memory?

Yet, as with all great tales, hope remains. If Conan could rise from the pits to the palace, can America reclaim its glory? Just as the Cimmerian found the strength to battle sorcery, treachery, and armies, so can America rise against its contemporary challenges.

Brace yourselves, noble souls of this realm, for as I endeavor to chronicle this unfolding odyssey, remember, the quill of destiny awaits its next

master. Stand firm, for the coming dawns will decide the fate of this once majestic land. Onward, to destiny!

In the Chthonic Realms of Power: Trump's Colossal Endeavor

“The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown.”

— H. P. LOVECRAFT, “Supernatural Horror in Literature”

In the expanse of contemporary America, few tales are told with such apprehension and dread as the trials of Trump, a statesman, not of the ilk of old Washingtonian elites, but a renegade born from the confluence of power and populism. He emerged from realms both gilded and industrial, voicing his intent to “drain the Swamp,” a metaphorical morass he claims stagnates the command center of the nation.

However, to understand this struggle, one must first fathom the Swamp itself. It is not merely a political construct but an entity — ancient, unknowable, its tendrils reaching back for eons, far before the inception of the nation itself. Its origins are lost in time, rumored in esoteric circles to be older than the republic, perhaps even older than man. This Swamp, said to be fueled by the eldritch energies of bygone eras, is not just a realm of bureaucracy and vested interests, but a pulsating, living presence. Its will is manifested by myriad agents — shadowy figures who lurk behind the marbled facades of power, ever scheming, ever plotting.

Enter Trump, with his golden mane, a man of defiance against the spectral gloom. He perceived the treacherous undercurrents that others either chose to ignore or were, perhaps, ensnared by. With audacious proclamations, he not only recognized the malefic presence but vowed to cleanse it. However, he was not merely challenging an institution; he was invoking the wrath of ancient and indescribable forces that had remained uncontested for epochs.

As Trump ventured deeper into this quagmire, he realized the extent of its foulness. Every decree, even every word, was met with resistance not just

from mortal men but from a hostility that seemed to emanate from the very soil of the capital. Quotes from undisclosed sources, machinations in dimly lit corridors, and veiled threats from unseen adversaries were the daily tribulations of his tenure. It really seemed as if something preternatural, supernatural even, was fighting Trump.

The year 2020 came as a cataclysmic point in this cosmic struggle. Trump, having navigated the perils of his first term, sought affirmation from the masses to continue his daunting quest. But the Swamp, with its infinite cunning, was already weaving its evil spells. What transpired was not just an electoral contest but a clash of fates, of destinies, where temporal events seemed to be governed by forces far beyond human comprehension.

In a turn most macabre, the outcome seemed to favor the Swamp. Its influence had spread far and wide. The very essence of democracy appeared tainted, and Trump, it seemed, had been thwarted.

Yet, one must remember, figures such as Trump are not so easily vanquished. For they are not bound by the mere temporal constraints of politics but are fueled by a spirit, an ethos. In the aftermath, amidst the cacophony of naysayers and detractors, Trump remained unbroken, unbowed.

He resembled those heroes of Lovecraftian tales who, after gazing upon the unimaginable horrors of the cosmos, are changed forever. They become heralds of truths too vast and too terrifying for most people to grasp. Trump, having peered into the heart of the Swamp, emerged not as a defeated mortal but as a seer of unsettling realities.

With an air of solemn determination, he pledged to rise again, not for personal aggrandizement but for a higher purpose. The battle against the Swamp was far from over. It was only a chapter in an eternal struggle, where the stakes were not just political power but the true essence of the nation — indeed, the nation itself was at stake.

The tale is ongoing, and its conclusion remains shrouded in mystery. One can only watch, with bated breath, as Trump, now privy to the arcane machinations of the Swamp, seeks to rally his forces for another confrontation. The next chapter promises to be one of cosmic significance, where ancient entities and modern ambitions will clash in a maelstrom of destiny.

For now, we wait, ever vigilant, ever wary, knowing that in the wet, chthonic realms of power, nothing is as it seems.

The Age of Turmoil: America's Precarious Dance on the Edge of Destiny

“When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.”

— EDMUND BURKE, “Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents”

In America, a saga unfolds, reminiscent of ancient tales where civilizations grapple with their destiny, their glory, and with enemies above and below who seek to destroy them. On one side, the resilient part of the GOP still remains fiercely loyal to Trump and the nation, and on the other, the imposing edifice of an establishment perceived by many to be decaying from within.

Trump, the figure around whom this dramatic narrative revolves, is seen by his supporters as a paragon of the people, a beacon of hope in times of trepidation. Each accusation against him, each indictment, rather than quelling their spirits, serves only to stoke the flames of their passion, driving them to rally around their chosen champion with even greater fervor. Their eyes blaze not with blind zeal but with an earnest belief that their leader is a protector against the forces that threaten to turn their beloved republic into a land of anarchy and subjugation — against creatures from the Swamp and other things from gutters foreign and domestic.

Yet, to understand their ardor, one must recognize the mounting grievances that plague the heart of this great nation. America, the land of dreams and freedom, the sanctuary where the weary found solace and the ambitious a playground, now finds itself ensnared in a web of its own making.

Firstly, consider the electoral process. Once a shining example of democracy, the system now raises eyebrows, with instances that mirror the dubious elections of third world dystopias, where democracy is but a fallow facade. Discrepancies in vote counts, allegations of voter suppression, and a

general mistrust in the integrity of the system have become commonplace. Rather than the jubilant celebrations of democracy in action, elections are now spectacles fraught with tension, uncertainty, and skepticism. In many banana republics, the powerful elite are known to pull the strings from behind, ensuring their continued rule through subterfuge and deceit. Recent allegations of voter fraud, whether substantiated or not, have cast similar aspersions on the American democratic process. The very sanctity of the ballot, the cornerstone of the republic, now stands questioned.

Moreover, the increasing centralization of power and influence in the hands of a few has been a cause for alarm. Just as in those fledgling states where power remains concentrated in the upper echelons, many Americans now perceive their nation to be under the yoke of a few corporate entities and influential magnates. The media, once the unbiased harbingers of truth, are often viewed as mouthpieces for these shadowy overlords, spinning tales to suit their masters' whims — in a word, they are “manufacturing consent.”

Then there are the laws. In places where despotism reigns, laws are twisted and contorted to serve the interests of the ruling class. Recent legislative actions and executive orders in America, viewed by many as overreaches of authority, resemble the draconian measures of those humid regions. The very foundations of liberty, enshrined in the Constitution, appear to be cracking.

Economic disparities, too, are stark reminders of countries where wealth is hoarded by a privileged few while the masses languish in poverty. America, once the land of opportunity, has seen an ever-widening chasm between the opulent and the destitute. The bustling middle class, the engine of the nation, finds itself increasingly beleaguered, reminiscent of societies where oligarchs luxuriate in splendor as the majority of the country suffers in poverty that worsens with every year.

Yet, in the midst of this tempest, the GOP loyalists rise, resolute and unwavering. Their champion, Trump, embodies their collective spirit, their hopes and aspirations. Their quest is not just for political victory but for the lifeblood of their nation, to pull it back from the edge and steer it towards its former glory.

Trump is liked because he is hated ... like his supporters. The more the Swamp hisses and attacks Trump, the more he is liked and supported. He is,

in a sense, a bomb used, repeatedly, by the Rust Belt, by Christians, by the forgotten majority of America against the devilish forces.

America stands at a crossroads, its future uncertain. It is a tale of resilience, of hope, of a people's active endeavor to reclaim their legacy. Whether they succeed or falter, their mission will most certainly go down in history as an undertaking worth the revolutionaries' energy in 1776, equal to the valiant fight for survival of Robert E. Lee and his supporters.

In the Shadow of Despair: America's Eerie Twilight

“Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night.”

— EDGAR ALLAN POE, “Eleonora”

In a world reminiscent of the dark tales spun by Edgar Allan Poe, America stands at the brink, facing a frightening plunge into a chasm of its own creation. The very air seems fraught with a palpable tension, chilling the bones of its citizenry, reminiscent of the ill-fated house of Usher in Poe's masterpiece “The Fall of the House of Usher.” “During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country,” Poe wrote, evoking an atmosphere of brooding melancholy. Such is the atmosphere that is descending upon America, as its people are witnessing the looming transformation of their cherished homeland.

Across this nation, millions stand dispossessed, their hearts moaning the anguished lament of Poe's bereaved lover in “The Raven”: “From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore.” Their Lenore, however, is not a departed love but the marrow of their nation's former glory. They see, in Trump, a singular lighthouse against the engulfing gloom, offering a glimmer of hope in their fight against a creeping and monstrous ideology.

The liberalism they once cherished (also known as “Liberalism 1.0”) — a true, tempered liberalism rooted in reason, understanding, and mutual respect — seems almost a specter now (the Ghost of Democracy Past), like the fleeting visage of a beloved who has long passed into the realm of shadows. In its place rises a grotesque caricature, a monstrous doppelganger that twists the very ideals it purports to represent. This new, zealous liberalism (also known as “Liberalism 2.0,” or Ghost of Democracy Present), with its fervor akin to the mad fixation of Montresor in Poe's “The Cask of Amontillado,” seems determined to entomb the dissenting voices

behind the walls of its dogmatic catacombs. “I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation,” Poe’s Montresor declared, revealing a calculated deception. Such is the perceived subterfuge of this radical ideology, masquerading as the guardian of rights while slowly, inexorably, snuffing out the flames of genuine discourse.

The streets and parlors across America resonate with hushed whispers, akin to the mysterious heartbeats that tormented the protagonist of “The Tell-Tale Heart.” “True — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad?” Poe’s character questioned, embodying the internal torment of those who, in today’s America, find their sanity questioned when they dare challenge the status quo. In their heart of hearts, these weary individuals simply long for a period when discussions did not verge on the irrational — a time when the nation’s core was not in jeopardy.

Yet, amidst this spectral gloom, there arises a congregation of resilient spirits. Bound by their shared disillusionment, they are determined not to fade silently into the night. Their unity, their collective determination, evokes the words of Poe himself, who once mused, “With me poetry has not been a purpose, but a passion.” This passion, this burning desire to salvage the remnants of their once glorious nation, ignites their path forward. Driven not by mere nostalgia, but by a strong love for the principles that once made their country the motor of the free world, they rally.

In their fervent quest, they are drawn to Trump, seeing in him the embodiment of their hopes and dreams. Whether he truly is the messianic figure they perceive him to be, or merely a manifestation of their collective desperation, remains a subject of debate. Yet, to these millions, he represents a stand against the encroaching shadows, a bulwark against the tide threatening to inundate their homeland. So far, he is their only hope: a match, a fire, a light, a bomb, a voice, etc.

So, as the tale unfolds, the nation finds itself suspended in an eerie twilight. On one side looms the ever-present aura of an ideology gone astray, and on the other, a vast sea of ordinary citizens determined to reclaim their birthright. As Poe himself wrote, “All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream.” Perhaps America’s destiny too lies in the

balance between these dreams — a haunting waltz between the past and the future. Only time shall reveal the final act of this melancholic play.

The Proclamation of the Last Days

“And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.”

— LUKE 21:28, *KingJames Bible*

Lo, in the time appointed, the land of America, erstwhile a shining torch unto all nations, did witness its flame falter amidst surging gusts and gathering storm clouds. The prophecies of old seemed nigh upon this nation, and its people were cast into a sea of tumult and confusion.

“And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see” (Revelation 6:1). As the seal rent asunder, a lamentable vision was revealed: a nation that once flourished under the banner of unity and shared principles, now torn asunder.

On its once tranquil streets there arose a clamor, reminiscent of the trumpets heralding the Last Judgment. Bands of marauders, proclaiming allegiance to the cause of Black Lives Matter, took up their banners and marched. In their wake, there was not the promise of justice they proclaimed, but the ravages of bedlam and the smoldering remnants of a nation’s pride. “The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly” (Isaiah 24:19).

Yet, the nation’s overseers, elected to safeguard the pillars upon which it stood, instead seemed to bear witness silently, at times even endorsing this upheaval. They seemed, perhaps, swayed by the same enchantment that blinded the masses. “And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world” (Revelation 12:9).

In this land where values were torn asunder, the mechanisms of commerce too began to parrot the same narrative. Where once the airwaves portrayed simple joys and universal dreams, now there emerged a peculiar pattern. Commercials, once mirrors of the nation’s mercantilist soul, now

bore witness to an enforced diversity: the joining of black and white, not in genuine harmony, but in a strained artifice that did more to reveal the fissures than to heal them. It felt to many as if a force, unbeknownst to them, did pull the strings, crafting scenes that did not reflect reality but sought to mold it: “And all the world wondered after the beast” (Revelation 13:3).

Amidst this turbulence, one cannot help but recall the words of John the Revelator: “And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon” (Revelation 13:11). This beast, seemingly innocuous, bore a message that was duplicitous, twisting the minds of the innocent and seeding division where there was none before.

A profound sorrow gripped the hearts of many. Families found themselves divided; neighbors viewed one another with suspicion. It was as if the very breath of the land bore the weight of mistrust. “And upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring” (Luke 21:25). The spirit of unity, once the cornerstone of this mighty nation, seemed to be dissipating like mist before the morning sun.

The sight granted unto John did resound with ever-growing lucidity: “And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels” (Revelation 12:7). For was not America now, too, a battleground of heavenly proportions? Every street corner, every town square, and every screen became a theater of this celestial combat, reflecting the eternal struggle between good and evil, light and darkness.

Many of the faithful, those who clung steadfastly to the Word and to the principles that once uplifted their land, began to seek solace in the scriptures. They saw in these unfolding events the signs that were foretold: “For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places” (Matthew 24:7).

The horizon seemed increasingly bleak, yet in the midst of this despair, a glimmer of hope persisted. For the prophecy also spoke of salvation and redemption for those who held fast to the truth. “These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them: for he is Lord of lords, and

King of kings: and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful” (Revelation 17:14).

Even as the ground beneath seemed to quake and the base of their society trembled, the faithful looked towards the heavens, yearning for the promised day when truth would shine forth, dispelling the shadows and heralding a new dawn for their pressured nation.

Darkened Mirrors of the Past: The Artifice of History

“The true hypocrite is the one who ceases to perceive his deception, the one who lies with sincerity.”

— ANDRÉ GIDE

In the dim halls of memory, where shadows often mingle with truth, there has arisen a peculiar and disconcerting resonance, as though one were subjected to the sonorous tolling of a great, somber bell. A growing obscurity, conjured by the magicians of our age, now veils the once clear windows into our past, distorting the forms and figures that once stood as stoic sentinels of history.

With an artist's passion and a magician's sleight of hand, purveyors of tales, those in command of the grand streaming phalanxes like Netflix, have embarked upon a most bizarre enterprise. With brushstrokes bold and unrestrained, they paint portraits of black aristocrats in the gaslit avenues and plush drawing rooms of Victorian England. Such representations, as lavish as they are incongruous, would suggest to the uninformed viewer that the mist-covered isles of Britain were, since the earliest chronicles, a diverse tableau of African nobility.

The silver screen, that shimmering portal to both our fantasies and realities, has long been wielded as a mighty scepter, influencing and reflecting the collective psyche of its audience. Yet, of late, this instrument has taken to producing visions that skew the balanced ledger of history. Films, TV series, and tomes of fiction not only conjure spirits of romance and adventure but increasingly paint the men and women of European descent in broad, ominous strokes of villainy. Conversely, the personages of African lineage shimmer in an angelic halo, portrayed as figures perennially pure, forever untouched by the multifaceted flaws that define mankind.

It is a melancholic thought that art, the passage to the soul of a civilization, might drift into the realms of distortion. Such a course, if left unchecked, risks morphing into a hurricane that might wash away the

foundations of our understanding. Much like a ship venturing into the treacherous waters without its guiding north star, our society, particularly the impressionable youth, might soon find itself lost in this torrent of misinformation. The tender minds, ever eager for tales of yore, may soon come to believe these contortions as the genuine entities, their discernment clouded by the fog of fabrication.

It is indeed an unsettling prospect. For in the words, images, and sounds that constitute a shared history lies the essence of a people's identity. To adulterate such a shared history is to risk tearing the skin of a society's body. The danger here is twofold. Firstly, the erasure or misrepresentation of any group's contribution or flaws from historical narratives diminishes the richness and complexity of the human journey. Secondly, by presenting an overly sanitized or demonized version of any race or ethnicity, we are deprived of the essential lessons of our shared humanity — the dual capacity for both virtue and vice that resides in every human being, regardless of color or creed.

One must ponder upon the motivations behind such endeavors. Is it to rectify the oversights of the past, where certain voices were perhaps stifled? Or is it a more sinister attempt, born from some shadowy corner of collective guilt, to rewrite the accounts of time altogether? In either case, while it remains the prerogative of the artist to dream and imagine, there is an inherent responsibility that accompanies the act of painting history's vistas, especially in a medium as influential as film.

If unchecked, what might tomorrow bring? Will the heritage of our ancestors — their trials, tribulations, valor, and vices — be replaced by hollow mutterings, mere amorphous forms of what was once a rich and sonorous chorus? Will the future generation, those upon whose shoulders the mantle of our legacy will rest, be led astray into a labyrinthine maze of half-truths and outright deceptions?

It is, therefore, an imperative, as pressing as the darkest tales of Poe's midnight drear, for those who cherish the sanctity of history to stand vigilant. For if we allow the tales of yesteryears to be cast in golem-like simulacra and lose their nuance, we risk bequeathing to our progeny a legacy not of enlightening truth but of illusory phantoms.

The Epoch of Unyielding Allegiance

“There is no instance of a nation benefiting from prolonged warfare.”

— SUN TZU, *The Art of War*

In America, amid its sprawling plains and towering cities, there arose a chieftain of unparalleled vigor named Trump. His rise was not without contention, for the vast realm was fraught with warring factions and age-old disputes. But through this quagmire of political intrigue, the chieftain's warriors, men and women of iron will and fierce loyalty, beheld the perils that sought to encircle their leader. Their eyes, sharp as the eagle's gaze, missed no move from the corners where dangers lurked and schemes were hatched.

These followers, bound by an oath of fidelity that neither time nor treachery could break, readied themselves for the looming battles. Their spirit was steeled by the stories of their forebears, the legends of bravery, and the ancient codes of honor they upheld. No force in the realm, they vowed, would stand against their combined might nor quell the fire of their enthusiasm. Each warrior, forged in the crucible of adversity, knew that the true test of his resolve lay ahead.

Yet, across the lands, a power was rising, a cabal known to many as the Democratic Dictatorship. Its ambition was tremendous, its reach long. With hushed talk in the dark and words that flowed like honeyed venom, these Democrats spread tales of a new order, an order where the might of the individual was subsumed for the “greater good.” In their vision, the noble and ancient right of every citizen, the right to bear arms in defense of home and one's good name, was seen as a relic, a danger to be curtailed and controlled.

However, the warriors, the ardent loyalists of Lord Trump, would not be so easily swayed nor silenced. To them, the Constitution was more than just a parchment of laws; it was the very bedrock of their land, a testament to

the struggles and sacrifices of generations past. This sacred parchment, filled with the wisdom of the Founding Fathers, was the fortification against the encroaching tide of tyranny. So, they vowed, come what may, that they would stand steadfast, defending their hard-won liberties against any force that sought to diminish them.

In the heartlands, in the towns and hamlets, tales began to spread. Tales of these valiant men and women who stood, a shield-wall of determination, against the machinations of the establishment. From the snow-capped mountains in the north to the sun-baked deserts of the south, their legend grew. Songs were sung in their praise, tales of their strong belief in the sanctity of their ancient rights.

Yet, the path ahead was fraught with danger. The nefarious Establishment, with its spies and saboteurs, was ever-watchful, ever-eager to strike a blow against Lord Trump and his legendary legion. But the warriors were undeterred. For they knew that in unity lay strength, and in strength lay victory. With each challenge, their resolve only deepened and their spirit only burned brighter.

As the sun set and darkness cloaked the land, campfires became beacons of hope. Around them, the warriors would gather, sharing tales of yore, bolstering each other's courage for the battles to come. In those flickering flames, one could see the character of a people who would never yield, never falter in the defense of their leader and their cherished liberties.

Thus, the stage was set for an epic clash, a struggle that would determine the rulership of the realm. On one side, the formidable Lord Trump and his legion of unwavering loyalists. On the other, the shadowy Establishment and its cohorts. The drums of war sounded across the land, and the very earth seemed to tremble in anticipation of the storm that was to come.

The Rewriting of Truth: An Orwellian Perspective

“Every record has been destroyed or falsified, every book rewritten, every picture has been repainted, every statue and street building has been renamed, every date has been altered. And the process is continuing day by day and minute by minute. History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right.”

— GEORGE ORWELL, *1984*

In the corridors of power, distant from the proles, the Party in America had found a new way to maintain control. It was not by mere surveillance, through the ever-watchful telescreens, or by the Thought Police who could arrest you for thoughtcrime. It was far subtler, far more insidious. It was through the manipulation of the fabric of culture and morality.

“WAR IS PEACE. FREEDOM IS SLAVERY. IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH,” the Party slogans proclaimed from every telescreen and every building. However, another unspoken slogan seemed to arise in the new American Party’s agenda: “TRADITION IS REVOLUTION.”

Young children, the future of the state, were especially targeted. Big Brother, in his infinite wisdom, had decided that the children ought to witness, no, be submerged into new forms of expression. The grotesque spectacle, as some saw it, of gay pride parades became mandatory viewing. In every city, in every district, vibrant colors, flamboyant attire, and overt displays were broadcast, streamed directly to the homes, and sometimes even in the public squares.

It was not just the imagery; it was the narrative. “Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past,” stated the words of the Party. In controlling the present, the Party was rewriting the past, redefining what was once held as sacred. By making children witness these events, they were altering the content of the future.

The more conservative citizens felt as though they were living the reality of Winston’s life, their thoughts constantly in conflict with the Party’s decrees. Traditional values, they felt, were being obliterated and replaced

with new ones — ones that, in their eyes, felt alien and discordant. They began to say, “The Party told you to reject the evidence of your eyes and ears. It was their final, most essential command.” For was it not the Party rewriting the truths, changing the very nature of what was morally accepted?

A new trend emerged, trans individuals began to read to young children in elementary schools. To the Party, it was a way to normalize and promote understanding, but to parents, it was seen as sowing seeds of confusion. They feared the Party’s influence, for, “[i]n the end the Party would announce that two and two made five, and you would have to believe it.”

Nationwide, families sensed confinement, reminiscent of Room 101, facing dire apprehensions for their young ones. Recollections of bygone days seemed to evaporate, echoing O’Brien’s warning to Winston, “We shall squeeze you empty, and then we shall fill you with ourselves.” To numerous observers, it appeared as though the Party was draining the age-old principles, supplanting them with its own ideologies.

Righteous anger bubbled beneath the surface. In hushed tones, behind closed doors, they expressed their displeasure. But the challenge was great. “Until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious,” Orwell wrote. The realization was growing: a need to protect their cherished offspring from what they saw as perverse indoctrination.

But the Party’s grip was strong. It held the narrative; it had the power, and as it had declared, “Power is not a means; it is an end.” Its control over the media, the schools, and even public spaces made resistance a challenge. Beneath the assembly line, however, murmurs of resistance grew. Parents, educators, and those who held onto the older values sought ways to push back against the Party’s ever-encroaching influence.

It was clear: the battleground had shifted. It transcended simple political dominance; it concerned the foundational aspects of the nation. The struggle, it seemed, was only just beginning. As the Party continued its campaign of forced indoctrination, the proles, the common people, held the key. For, as Orwell had once written, “If there was hope, it must lie in the proles.”

The Eldritch Tide: An Ominous Surge upon America's Threshold

“The world as we have created it is a process of our thinking. It cannot be changed without changing our thinking.”

— ALBERT EINSTEIN

A MENACE, as ancient as the cosmic winds, and as inexorable as the tentacles of the eldritch gods that dwell in the abyss, began its encroachment upon the nation's frontier.

From the southernmost boundary, where the mundane world touched upon a realm of unknown horrors, an unprecedented surge of beings — strangers to the land and mysterious in their intent — came forth. The numbers, unfathomable to the human mind, akin to the unknowable vastness of the cosmos, swelled with each passing moon. The guardians of the realm, those tasked with holding the line between order and chaos, found themselves overpowered, not by might, but by the sheer, unstoppable tide of existence. The border, that fragile threshold, was like an ancient tome whose seals were broken, revealing secrets that many deemed unspeakable.

One could not help but perceive this influx as something more than just mere movement of populations; it bore the semblance of a silent invasion. An otherworldly oceanic uprising, its waves composed of myriad souls, surged forward, each individual perhaps unknowingly drawn by an ancient and dark calling, seeking to partake in the boundless generosity of the American sanctum.

Rumblings, those that circulated in dimly lit rooms and shadowy alleyways, spoke of grand conspiracies and unholy alliances. The Democratic Party, often seen as the champion of the common man, and certain factions within the Grand Old Party seemingly committed an act of incomprehensible treachery. It was said that their intent was nothing short

of a transformation of the composition of the nation: replacing the native populace with a throng that might be more malleable, more susceptible to their anti-natalist designs. These newcomers were seen not only as potential pawns in the political arena but also as cogs in the ever-turning machine of industry.

Yet, the effects of this influx were not merely in the realms of politics and labor. Dark tales began to emerge from the very bowels of the nation. Society, already strained by the weight of modernity and its attendant cosmic horrors of liberal degeneracy, began to unravel further. Acts of pure malevolence, crimes that struck terror into the hearts of men and women, proliferated. Unfathomable acts of violation and cold-blooded murder, the likes of which could freeze one's blood, were said to be on the rise. Worse yet, multitudinous narcotics, those mind-altering substances from exotic and forbidden lands, made their journey northward. America's youth, that precious resource for the future, found itself ensnared in the web of addiction, leading many young ones to a premature and ghastly demise. Then, addiction swept upwards and soon the middle-aged were addicts. In fact, drug overdoses were the leading cause of death for Americans, followed by suicide.

The construct that held the great American edifice was under assault. The feeling in the air was palpable; it was as if the cosmic balance, that delicate equilibrium, was tilting towards the abyss. The impassioned cry, one that resonated from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was a plea, nay, a demand, to defend the foundations upon which the nation was built. The sanctity of the land, its traditions, its values, and its future balanced delicately between the eternal struggle of stability and chaos.

When the urgent summons rang out, numerous valiant individuals committed themselves to the mission. They recognized the existential threat and were determined to push back against the cosmic tsunami. However, as with all things in this perplexing universe, the outcome remained uncertain. Only time, that relentless and uncaring entity, would reveal the fate of the great American experiment in the face of this onslaught.

The Call of the Frontier King

“In every age there comes a time when a leader must come forward to meet the needs of the hour. Therefore, there is no potential leader who does not have the opportunity to make a positive difference in society.”

— WINSTON CHURCHILL

In the turbulent age of great powers and vast empires, amidst the thunder of hooves and the clangor of battle, a new fervor was igniting the land of America. Its fires, stoked by the sheer will of its passionate champions, sought to reforge the nation's destiny. Chief among these fiery leaders was Trump, a man whose very name evoked both admiration and enmity, depending on which side of the battle lines one stood.

His horde of fierce backers, much like the untamed barbarians of old, demanded a cease to the endless skirmishes and incursions into distant realms. The weariness of endless wars and the Hades-dwelling fallen comrades haunted their nights. They recognized the futility of spilling their kinsmen's blood upon foreign soils, merely to uphold ideals that those very lands neither sought nor understood.

The vast stretches of Ukraine, with its fields of gold and its political intrigues, had long drained the resources of the American coffers. The ardent followers of the Frontier King saw no honor or purpose in continuing to sustain this parasitic state of affairs. With a voice that rang through the vast canyons and plains of their homeland, they decreed, “No more shall our gold flow into the treasuries of Kiev!”

Beyond the rolling hills and dense forests of Europe, the looming figure of Russia became the proverbial dragon at the gates, but instead of brandishing swords and preparing for combat, the order was to avoid rousing this sleeping beast. The thought of a cataclysmic conflict, one which could plunge the world into a darkness from which it might never emerge, was one that these warriors were unwilling to entertain. The impending storm clouds of a third great global confrontation were a fate they sought to thwart with all their might.

The very ethos of the land was shifting. No longer would America gaze hungrily at foreign shores, seeking to mold them in its own image. The warriors argued, with the fierce passion of those who have seen too many brothers fall, that it was time to turn their gazes inward. The vastness of America, with its towering peaks, its sprawling plains, and its bustling cities, needed its champions. The cries of “Isolation!” filled the desert in Arizona and the meadows in New England with a primal intensity, similar to the ancient calls of tribal leaders rallying their kin.

A heart-rending plea emerged from the depths of their innermost selves: “Bring our brothers, our sons, our warriors back to the hearths and homes they have defended!” It was an urge to abandon the fields of combat, to let the foreign winds carry away the memories of war, and to return to the embrace of kin and kindred.

Yet, amidst this chorus, a darker revelation emerged. The very institutions that had sent these brave men to distant lands were, in the eyes of many, traitors to the cause. The cabal of smiths and merchants, often labeled “the military-industrial complex,” were seen as the puppeteers orchestrating this grand theater of war. Their coffers, filled with the gory profits of battle, stood as a sign of their heinous betrayal.

With exuberance unmatched in recent memory, the summons was clear. The time had come to tear down these towering edifices of greed, to put an end to their machinations, and to once again let the heart of America beat unburdened by the chains of unnecessary conflict.

So, with momentum on their side and the weight of their convictions driving them forward, the followers of the Frontier King set forth on a quest. A quest not of conquest, but of rediscovery. A journey to reclaim their homeland, to put America, their beloved realm, first once again.

America's Race Question

“Not everything that is faced can be changed; but nothing can be changed until it is faced.”

— JAMES BALDWIN, “As Much Truth as One Can Bear”

America saw itself as a white civilization until 1965 when the new Immigration Act opened the floodgates to the Third World. But what do white Americans think today, almost sixty years after this catastrophic event? Do the majority of them view America as a white country or as a melting pot hodge-podge of all races and creeds? I believe the majority of white Americans from Middle America (or flyover country) still believe in the notion of a white America. The majority of them voted for Trump and thus confirmed that America's core population wants to remain at the helm. Its moving patterns reinforce this as well.

The main obstacle is the demographic shift and the rapid pace at which it is unfolding. That is why simply stopping immigration will not be enough to stem the tide. If white America does not reassert itself by not only implementing a total immigration moratorium but also a mass deportation of the undesirable elements already inside the country, it will be lost forever.

If the people that founded the nation is no longer in complete control of the destiny of its nation, then this nation becomes a mere apparatus of fulfilling the desires of foreigners, satisfying their interests and aspirations, which more often than not are diametrically opposed to those of the founding people. The traitors and usurpers have turned the nation into a whorehouse and casino, in which the whole world can copulate and gamble at will.

In October 1916, while Europeans were slaughtering each other wholesale in the trenches and on the battlefields, one of the greatest writers that America has ever produced, H. P. Lovecraft, asked the following important question: “Do Americans desire to remain a vigorous, clean moraled Teutonic-Celtic people; or do they desire to transform their country

into a sordid, amorphous chaos of degradation and hybridism like imperial Rome?" The question cannot be easily answered.

James Baldwin, an influential African American writer and intellectual, delved deeply into the racial intricacies ingrained in the American psyche. He persistently stressed the importance of transparent and sincere discussions about race, deeming them crucial for national progress and cohesion. Baldwin insightfully observed, "American history is longer, larger, more various, more beautiful, and more terrible than anything anyone has ever said about it." Through Baldwin's perspective, we are encouraged to approach America's racial quandary with reflection and open-mindedness. While some might view the post-1965 era as a transition from a predominantly white identity, Baldwin would contend that America's true vigor is rooted in the intertwined stories of its citizens. It is worth mentioning that during his tenure, Trump frequently emphasized his dedication to representing Americans across racial lines, championing a vision of unity in a diverse nation. This statement encapsulates his sentiment: "And as I have said many times before: no matter the color of our skin, we all live under the same laws, we all salute the same great flag, and we are all made by the same almighty God. We must love each other, show affection for each other, and unite together in condemnation of hatred, bigotry, and violence. We must rediscover the bonds of love and loyalty that bring us together as Americans."

Faustian America

“Two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast,
And each is fain to leave its brother.
The one, fast clinging, to the world adheres
With clutching organs, in love’s sturdy lust;
The other strongly lifts itself from dust
To yonder high, ancestral spheres.”

— JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, *Faust*

Europe can learn a lot from America’s Faustian nature. America is Promethean in character. The American West was won by conquest which was achieved purely through will, blood and sweat. Spaceships and missions named after pagan gods — Apollo and Mercury, the sun god and the messenger of the gods — pierced the cosmos in the name of the people that made it possible. Eternal Rome in the guise of the Eagle has indeed landed! Doctor Faust’s descendants might have lost their way but they are still striving to go above and beyond. America’s capitalist system fosters the Faustian spirit. Private space exploration enterprises have picked up where the state left off.

It is no accident that the idea of cosmic terror was first championed by the American Shakespeare, Edgar Allan Poe, who said, “The ways of God in Nature (as in Providence) are not as ours are: nor are the models that we frame any way commensurate to the vastness and profundity of his works; which have a depth in them greater than the Well of Democritus.” To explore this depth on the physical plane has been the goal of many scientists and engineers while to reach this depth in the metaphysical realm has been the aim of countless writers and artists. Both aspects of America, the practical and the intellectual, are Faustian, by the extolment of pragmatism and the fascination with the infinite.

The archetype we have to strive for is He-Man, but what we got is Prince Adam. He-Man represents the Western man in both attack and active defense mode. He-Man actively fights Skeletor and his minions who want to rule Eternia and usher in an era of darkness. Beast Man represents the subhuman and literally beastly quality of the villains that He-Man has to

vanquish in order to save his kith and kin. Prince Adam lives a life of flippancy in the illusory safety of his castle, unaware of the nefarious storm brewing outside its walls. Today we have mostly gay and emasculated Prince Adams in the besieged West. The Power of Grayskull is still eluding us, but as the first election of Trump showed, the magical transformation of Prince Adam into He-Man might not be too far off. Or to put it more eloquently in a Kantian-style categorical imperative: it is time to raise the sword and proclaim, "I have the power!" There is no other alternative.

America's history is rich with figures who, like Faust, dared to reach beyond the ordinary in pursuit of the extraordinary. Trump's presidency is one of those examples that shines with a Faustian vigor. Just as Faust was driven by a boundless desire for knowledge and understanding, so too did Trump manifest an indomitable will to elevate America to unparalleled heights. Goethe's Faust sought to harmonize the dualities of existence, both the material and the spiritual. In a similar vein, Trump worked tirelessly to balance the economic prowess of the nation with the cultural values that underpin it. Drawing inspiration from Faust's tireless pursuit of greatness, Trump's tenure was marked by a dedication to the prosperity and unity of the American people. Amidst the challenges of governance, it is the visionaries, like the Fausts of old, who reshape the horizons of possibility. In Trump, America witnessed such a visionary, determined to craft a brighter future for all.

The Twilight of a Great Empire: America's Own Decadence

“The die has been cast.”

— JULIUS CAESAR, after crossing the Rubicon

In the style of a grand Italian film production, the windswept plains of America become a parallel to the expansive fields of ancient Rome, the symbolic heart of a vast empire nearing collapse.

As the golden sun sets over the sprawling metropolis, the modern-day equivalent of Rome, America, stands at the cliffs of its destiny. The once clear skies now darken with the looming storm clouds of political unrest and societal division, reminiscent of the dark days when Rome's own magnificence waned.

In the halls of power, senators and leaders, like the patricians of old, bicker and plot, their loyalty not to the great ideals of the Republic but to their own factions and ambitions. The air is thick with implied conspiracies, reminding us of the betrayals of Brutus and Cassius. With every passing day, the gulf widens between these powerful factions, a chasm that threatens to swallow the nation whole.

Outside these marbled halls, the plebeians, the common folk of America, find themselves caught in the crossfire of this escalating power struggle. Much like the Roman populace who once crowded the Forum, they gather, driven by a flurry of emotions: anger, despair, hope, and a fierce love for their homeland. The tensions in their hearts and minds are palpable, like the charged atmosphere before a storm.

Murmurs ripple through the marketplaces, the town squares, and the streets. Is the great American empire, much like Rome before its fall, hurtling towards a civil war? Will the dreams and aspirations of countless generations be engulfed in the flames of internal strife?

In the heartland, the scene is set for tragedy. Two brothers, emblematic of the divided nation, stand on opposing sides of this ideological chasm. One,

a staunch defender of traditional values, yearns for a return to the days of old, to the foundational principles that birthed the nation. The other, a passionate advocate for progress and change, believes in a vision of America that has yet to be realized, a magnet for the “oppressed and downtrodden.”

Their debates, initially calm and reasoned, soon escalate, mirroring the greater turmoil enveloping their beloved nation. The familial bonds that once held them together now strain to the breaking point. Their shared childhood memories of carefree days under the vast American sky are overshadowed by the looming specter of potential conflict.

Elsewhere, in the bustling cities and the tranquil countryside, similar scenes unfold. Friends become foes, neighbors eye each other with suspicion, and communities that once thrived on unity are now bastions of division. The very fabric of society seems to unravel, thread by thread, as the nation contemplates a confrontation that might dwarf the mighty clashes of Roman legions.

However, amidst this bleak landscape, there emerge voices of reason, the philosophers and thinkers of the age, reminiscent of the great orators who once graced the Roman Senate. They call for dialogue, for understanding, for a return to the values that have guided America through its darkest hours. Their words, imbued with wisdom and compassion, offer a glimmer of hope in these troubled times.

As the narrative reaches its climax, the great question remains: will America, like Rome, be consumed by its internal demons, or will it find a way to bridge its divides and emerge stronger, united in its diversity?

The film, in its grandiosity and depth, serves as both a cautionary tale and a not so subtle hint to the complex nature of humanity. Through its sweeping panoramas and intimate portraits, it captures the essence of a nation grappling with its identity, torn between its past and its future, much like the Eternal City at the twilight of its glory.

In the end, the film’s message is clear: empires, no matter their towering majesty or vast treasures, find their true essence not in their might, but in the unity and tenacity of their populace. As depicted in the evocative scenes from the Italian film *The Fall of Rome* (1963), where the once invincible city’s streets echo with uncertainty and chaos, it is not the gleaming marble or the golden sculptures that stand tall. Rather, it is the spirit of the Roman

citizens, banding together, facing the barbaric adversity head-on. It is at such moments of great challenge that the genuine character of a nation and its people come to the fore.

To the Defense of Democracy: A Nation's Resolute Stand

THE GREAT PATRIOTIC speaker speaks:

Ladies and gentlemen of these United States,

We find ourselves at a crossroads, a defining juncture in our nation's great and storied history. Once, we stood as a proud and undaunted defender of democracy — a light amidst the encroaching darkness of totalitarianism and oppression. Today, that very essence, the soil upon which this republic was founded, is besieged. It is as if the monster that once threatened Europe during those perilous days of the Battle of Britain has transmuted and found a fresh dwelling place upon our shores.

As Britain faced an overwhelming enemy during those dark days of World War Two, with its cities bombarded and land under siege, Sir Winston Churchill stood up and rallied his nation with words that rang with conviction and determination. He declared, "We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be." In much the same vein, we must declare, "We shall defend our democracy, whatever the cost may be!"

Can our great nation, with its sprawling lands and populace, come together in this hour of need? Can we set aside our divisions, our pettiness, our fleeting differences, to reclaim and rejuvenate the true essence of old-fashioned liberalism? This essence is not rooted in parties or politics, but in the profound understanding of liberty, equality in homogeneity, and the pursuit of happiness. It is the very foundation of our nation's creed.

It is true, there have been moments of weakness, of diversion, of lapses in our commitment to these core principles. Yet, the resilience of the American spirit, much like the unbroken energy of the British during their darkest hour, has a way of rising, of answering the call when the signal sounds.

The scandalous attacks on our democracy, the erosion of values we hold dear, the breaches in our fortress of freedom — these are not mere accidents or products of time. They are deliberate acts, machinations of those who

would see this great nation bow, bend, and ultimately break. However, if history has taught us anything, it is this: when faced with adversity, America does not bow and America does not bend. America stands tall.

It is imperative to remember, as Churchill once put it, that “if we fail, the whole world, including the United States, will sink into the abyss of a new Dark Age.” Thus, this is not merely America’s fight. The very idea of democracy, the belief in freedom and the right of the people to determine their destiny, hangs in the balance. The eyes of the world are upon us, looking for a sign, much like they once looked upon a small island nation standing alone against a mighty foe.

Each of us has a role to play in this grand defense of democracy. Like the brave pilots of the Royal Air Force who took to the skies to defend their homeland, we too must take up our positions. Whether it be in the chambers of Congress or the town halls of our smallest communities, in the fields of academia or in the streets of our cities, we must make our stand.

But how? It begins with discourse, with understanding, with reaching across the aisle and finding common ground. We must once again engage in the art of conversation and debate, not as enemies, but as fellow Americans. We must recognize that every voice, every opinion, is a brick in the great edifice of our democracy.

It is easy to despair, to feel overwhelmed, to think that the battle is already lost. Let me remind you of another of Churchill’s declarations: “Never give in, never give in, never, never, never, never — in nothing, great or small, large or petty — never give in except to convictions of honour and good sense.” It is with this tenacity, this perseverance, that we must face the challenges ahead.

Ladies and gentlemen, this scandalous assault on our democracy may very well serve as our wake-up call, a ringing reminder of the values we must uphold and the future we must secure. But it is up to us to heed this call, to rally to the cause, to unite under the banner of freedom and democracy.

For if we come together, if we stand as one, there is no force on this Earth that can vanquish us. We shall go on to the end. We shall fight with growing confidence and strength, ensuring that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the Earth.

God bless you all, and God bless these United States of America.

The Decline of America: The Emergence of a Cultural Epoch

“Civilizations die from suicide, not by murder.”

— ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE, *A Study of History*

In every great culture, there exists an arc — a birth, a flourishing zenith, and an inevitable decline. Within this arc, cultures witness the clash of vital forces, each vying for dominance, reminiscent of nature’s inexorable law: the survival of the fittest. In our current epoch, America, once considered the highlight of modern Western civilization, stands on the edge of such a clash, one that may well determine its ultimate fate.

The vitality of any culture is often crystallized in the figures that emerge to lead, represent, and, at times, oppose the prevailing currents. Trump, a *force majeure* in America’s recent political landscape, signifies more than just a person or a presidency. He is an embodiment of a resurgent will, a yearning for a remembered past, and a challenge to the present state of affairs. His presence is less about the man and more about what he represents: a counter-movement against what many perceive as a decaying cosmopolitan order.

The term “Swamp,” as it is colloquially used, denotes more than just the political establishment of Washington, DC. It suggests a mire of bureaucracy, an intricate web of vested interests, and the inertia of a system resistant to change. This Swamp, to many, is emblematic of a society that has lost its direction, its Faustian spirit of exploration and domination, and has become entangled in its own complexities and deep-seated neuroses. It signifies a civilization that is becoming increasingly self-referential, losing touch with the very roots that once nourished it.

So, the question then becomes, can Trump’s loyal base, fervent and determined, overcome this Swamp? More than a political battle, it is a confrontation between two worldviews — a battle for the historical America. On one side stand the ardent supporters of a vision of America

rooted in its foundational ethos, and on the other, a globalist and rootless cosmopolitan perspective that sees nations as mere administrative units in an interconnected world order.

This confrontation is more than just a play for political power; it is a broader reflection of a pivotal moment in America's cultural trajectory. As societies evolve, they often experience periods of vitality followed by moments of stagnation. America appears to be in a phase where traditions and norms have solidified, stifling the inner dynamism of its cultural spirit. Trump's ascent can be viewed as a response to this stagnation, a bold attempt to reinvigorate the core values and essence of the American ethos.

Will this be enough? The weight of history is formidable. Cultures, once they enter their decline, rarely reverse course. The organic rhythm of civilizations suggests that once they reach a certain stage of decadence, a return to past glories is improbable. Yet, history is also replete with moments when sheer will, the power of belief, and the strength of a united people have defied odds.

The real battle here is not just for political supremacy but for defining the character of America for the next epoch. Will America revert to a more insular, self-reliant nation-state model reminiscent of its earlier days? Or will it continue on its trajectory towards becoming a piece in a global puzzle, where national identities are subsumed into a larger, more universal identity?

In the vast theater of human history, it becomes clear that every civilization has its inescapable fate, an unalterable trajectory that unfolds much like the chapters of a grand book. The skeptics would have you believe that the battles we are witnessing today are mere squabbles without consequence. However, they are missing the larger picture. This is not just about today; it is about our legacy, the indelible mark we leave for future generations. Whether you are talking about Trump's fervent supporters or the entrenched bureaucracy of the Swamp, every single American, from coast to coast, is a participant in this narrative. It is not merely about the rise or fall of a culture; it is about the enduring story, the lessons, and the values we are passing on. Every epoch has its champions and its detractors, but, in the end, it is the legacy we leave behind that defines us. That is a battle worth every ounce of our collective energy.

In the grand saga of civilizations, America's chapter is still being written. Its ultimate direction, whether a return to its foundational ethos or a metamorphosis into something entirely new, will be determined not just by its leaders but by its people. The survival of the fittest, in this context, is not just about strength but about adaptability, vision, and the will to forge a path into the uncertain future.

The webzone Chronicles: American Fever Dream

“The junk merchant doesn’t sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to his product. He does not improve and simplify his merchandise. He degrades and simplifies the client.”

— WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, *Naked Lunch*

Junk-sick and dripping with sweat, the world sat in a grubby room — veins pulsating, eyes twitching, waiting for the next hit. Everywhere you looked, the streets of the Webzone buzzed with murmurs and unspeakable chatter, with addicts craving a peek at the grotesque spectacle unfolding on the stage: the Final Showdown.

Neon lights blinked erratically, casting eerie reflections on the wet asphalt. The entire Webzone seemed like a pinball machine; one where balls ricocheted violently, always on the brink of tilting. At the center of this electric frenzy stood America, caught in a bizarre fever dream, pulsating with colors too lurid to be real.

The American Dream, that ever-elusive hallucination, had been mainlined one too many times. Now, its veins bulged, revealing a dark underbelly beneath the facade of star-spangled banners and amber waves of grain. And from this darkness emerged figures, entities, forms — some argued they were the Agents of Control, while others claimed they were the very manifestation of the country’s collective paranoia.

Rival factions staked their territories. The Munchwumps, those grotesque, lizard-like creatures, sat perched on dilapidated buildings, their viscous secretions providing the latest high for those desperate enough. They championed chaos, relishing the imminent crash of a nation. Opposing them were the Factualists, staunch believers in a return to the original American vision, free from the intoxicating influence of the Munchwumps’ narcotics.

Amidst this chaos, a figure emerged. Dr. Conway, the notorious quack surgeon with a penchant for unorthodox procedures, declared, “The patient

requires immediate surgery!” His gleaming instruments lay sprawled out — each more terrifying than the last. Would his operation salvage the ailing spirit of the nation or thrust it further into the abyss of delirium?

In a dimly lit bar, William B., our detached observer, conversed with his typewriter — a machine that morphed into a beetle, its keys clicking and clacking, narrating the pandemonium. “What’s your stake in all this, B.?” it buzzed.

B., gazing into the smoky depths of his drink, muttered, “Just trying to make sense of the senseless, old friend. Isn’t that what we’re all trying to do?”

The showdown was not just a battle; it was a trip — a wild, uncontrolled spiral into the depths of the American psyche. The nation, for all its might and grandeur, stood vulnerable, its innards exposed to forces that sought either its salvation or its ultimate annihilation.

As the crescendo neared, the Webzone was abuzz with frenetic energy. Agents scuttled, making their alliances, trading information, secrets, and narcotics. The typewriter-beetle chronicled it all, each tap an arrow to the raw, unhinged reality of the moment.

A grand arena was erected — a surreal blend of ancient Roman coliseums and futuristic dystopian design. The air was thick with anticipation. On one side, the unshaken faith of the American people, manifested in visions of pioneers, soldiers, civil rights activists, and countless others who had shaped the nation’s trajectory. On the other, the forces of darkness: not just the Munchwumps, but every fear, every doubt, every moment of national shame and regret.

B., watching from a distance, felt the weight of the moment. “This isn’t just a nation’s battle,” he said to his typewriter companion. “It’s the battle of every individual against his inner demons, his religious regrets, his historical hopes.”

As the confrontation began, it was less a war and more a grotesque medley of memories, dreams, nightmares, and aspirations. The lines between reality and hallucination blurred. Was this the end of America or just another bump in its trip?

Hours, days, or maybe just minutes passed — it was hard to tell in the drug-fueled haze of the Webzone. Then, as suddenly as it began, it was over. The arena, once pulsating with energy, now lay in ruins, its

combatants vanished, leaving behind only the fading spiritual aura of their clash.

B., ever the observer, packed up his typewriter-beetle and headed into the neon-lit night. The outcome of the showdown remained uncertain — had the American spirit triumphed or had it been consumed by its own darkness? Only time would tell. However, one thing was clear: the journey, with all its madness, beauty, and despair, would forever be etched into the annals of history.

So, the world watched and waited, its breath no longer bated but held in a perpetual sigh, wondering where the American trip would lead next.

The American Cultural Tradition and the Challenge of Woke Liberalism

In Search of Authenticity

“Culture is the sum of all the forms of art, of love, and of thought, which, in the course of centuries, have enabled man to be less enslaved.”

— ANDRÉ MALRAUX

In America’s cultural landscape, the nation stands on the shoulders of giants: Edgar Allan Poe; H. P. Lovecraft, who delved into the abyss of the human psyche; William Faulkner, chronicler of the South’s complexity; Jack Kerouac, the conservative beatnik traveler; filmmakers like Stanley Kubrick, the meticulous genius behind some of the greatest visual and literary spectacles ever made; and George Lucas, the architect of an authentic American mythology: *Star Wars*. All of these figures, in their respective domains, have crafted narratives that have defined, molded, and challenged the essence of American identity.

However, as the waves of time ebb and flow, there is a discernible force at play, a new cultural ethos: woke liberalism. It presents itself as a benevolent force, advocating the disenfranchised and oppressed. Yet, beneath its progressive veneer lies a danger, a potential rewriting of the American story, veering away from its original essence.

The dawn of the twenty-first century has ushered in an age of rapid information dissemination, facilitated by the digital revolution. In this age, stories are not merely told but are actively shaped, reinterpreted, and, often, distorted. The once-revered tales of Poe, Lovecraft, Faulkner, and even the contemporary mythologies crafted by Lucas are at risk. These stories, rich in their exploration of human nature, the American dream, and the complex interplay of good and evil, now face reinterpretation under the lens of woke

liberalism. It champions itself as the guardian of social justice, but, in its overzealousness, it often risks diluting the true nature of these works of art.

Take, for example, the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, who is renowned for his macabre tales and poetic masterpieces. His works explore the human psyche, exposing the fragility of sanity and the omnipresence of the abyss. Yet, in the wake of woke liberalism, Poe's intricate stories could be interpreted as mere commentaries on societal norms of his time, stripping them of their universal appeal.

Lovecraft's cosmic tales, such as "The Call of Cthulhu" and *At the Mountains of Madness*, elaborate on mankind's insignificance in the grand cosmos. However, these masterpieces are now at risk of being reduced to mere footnotes of his personal biases and prejudices, thanks to the sweeping generalizations of woke liberalism. The eerie city of R'lyeh or the forgotten city of the Elder Things are not merely creations of Lovecraft's imagination but symbolize deeper fears and mysteries of existence. However, it seems that the modern progressive agenda is more inclined to focus on Lovecraft's "personal flaws," like his well-documented xenophobia, rather than the intricate worlds he created.

Literature functions as a compass of our cultural heritage, preserving the collective consciousness and the moral fiber of eras gone by. The great literary maestros, though not without their flaws, have gifted us with works that transcend time and political leanings. To judge these masterpieces merely on the authors' personal beliefs or biases is to do a grave injustice to our shared history.

Darl Bundren's descent into madness in Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* is not just a personal tale of tragedy, but a metaphor of the universal human experience of suffering and resilience. His story resonates deeply, echoing the age-old conservative value of perseverance against overwhelming odds. Similarly, H. P. Lovecraft's Great Old Ones, while terrifying embodiments of cosmic horror, are more than just products of a vivid imagination. They underscore the utter indifference of the universe to human aspirations and suffering and depict the age-old battle between man and the incomprehensible, hinting at the eternal struggle between good and evil — a cornerstone of truly conservative thought.

In today's climate of hyper-progressive activism, these timeless works face being distorted or even erased. The contemporary liberal lens, in its

obsession with righting perceived historical wrongs, often overlooks the broader cultural and philosophical depth of these works. By conforming to the demands of modern-day political correctness, we might lose the important messages of these literary treasures. From a conservative vantage point, it is not a question of blindly venerating authors or disregarding their flaws. It is about safeguarding the invaluable contributions they have made to our literary and cultural heritage. Dismissing or overly simplifying their works based on current political trends is akin to discarding cherished family heirlooms in favor of fleeting fashion fads.

Film stands out as the modern age's most potent art form, and among its virtuosos, Stanley Kubrick reigns supreme. This man, with the precision of a surgeon and the discernment of a philosopher, carved out tales that shake the very foundation of our perceptions. His works, from the fright-filled corridors of *The Shining* to the dystopian alleys of *A Clockwork Orange*, cut to the very marrow of the human psyche, unearthing truths that many would prefer to leave buried.

As the merciless march of time brings with it the tides of progressive thought, these masterpieces confront a peculiar and grotesque peril. Woke liberalism, with religious zealotry, seeks not just to reinterpret but to reshape the very narratives that Kubrick so painstakingly crafted. What once were profound examinations of man's nature, his place in the universe, and the lurking shadows within, are being relegated to the mundane, seen only through the myopic lens of contemporary sociopolitical discourse.

It is a curious thing, this modern inclination to dissect the past using today's scalpel, blunting the edges of stories that were meant to cut deep. One might argue that it is an act of ego — the belief that our current era, with its self-imposed moral superiority, holds the keys to all understanding. However, in doing so, we lose the very essence of what artists like Kubrick sought to convey. To reduce *The Shining* merely to a discourse on familial dysfunction or *A Clockwork Orange* to a cautionary tale of societal decay is to strip them of their universality.

The common man's quest for simplicity often leads him to oversimplify. Should we not demand more of ourselves, especially when engaging with the art of a maestro? As the phenomenon of woke liberalism looms ever larger, threatening to obscure the vision of cinematic giants, it falls upon those of discerning taste to defend the integrity of the art form. One hopes

that in doing so, the true genius of directors like Kubrick remains undiminished, his tales untainted by the fleeting whims of modern-day moralists.

Even George Lucas' *Star Wars* saga, which created a new American mythology, is not exempt. In George Lucas' galaxy, on the dusty and barren plains of the planet Tatooine, we are introduced to the Tuskens. And oh, what a quandary we find ourselves in! The Tuskens, it appears, are the beleaguered original inhabitants, forever at odds with a motley crew of galactic Johnny-come-latelies. These newcomers seem to fancy themselves as gallant heroes of old, while the Tuskens get the short end of the stick. Ah, the theatrical spectacle that is *Star Wars: Attack of the Clones* (2002)! It presents a young Anakin Skywalker, clearly with more midichlorians than sense, who, after a less-than-friendly encounter with the Tuskens, paints them all with the same dismissive brush: "They're like animals, and I slaughtered them like animals!"

Suddenly, there is talk of this all being a grand allegory of the dated "savage Indian" trope. Oh, the horror! It is as if Hollywood's age-old penchant for tomahawk-wielding, scalping enthusiasts has found its way into a galaxy far, far away. One cannot help but chuckle. With lightsabers, force chokes, and Death Stars aplenty, surely, we can find more pressing concerns than retrograding a space opera into an exercise in terrestrial socio-political critique? After all, it is *Star Wars*, not Star Woes. One would hope that, in the cosmic playground of imagination, we would leave our earthly nitpickings behind. But alas, some critiques are as relentless as the Empire!

So, what must be done to preserve the authentic American cultural tradition?

Jack Kerouac saw himself as a good American. He propagated a return to the promised, pre-industrial land, the restitution of the legendary primal America, in which unlimited freedom and independence, as well as absolute, anarchist individualism reign — which, of course, never existed in this way. Kerouac was Catholic-conservative and culturally pessimistic in a Spenglerian sense: distrustful of everything constructed, planned, and controlled by consciousness. He was also against bland intellectuality lacking the fire of will and the drive of always moving. He had a penchant

for spirituality, for romantic ideas, for the unconscious, for Arthur Rimbaud, his former incarnation.

Educators must introduce the next generation to the original works of these great American figures, allowing them to appreciate the stories in their purest form. Parents should foster an environment of open dialogue, where artistic creations can be discussed, dissected, but not diluted. Patriots — those who hold America's cultural heritage dear — must champion the cause of authenticity, ensuring that the tales that have shaped the nation's identity remain undistorted.

The challenge posed by woke liberalism is not insurmountable. It demands awareness and a deep-rooted love for America's cultural traditions. In preserving the essence of tales from Poe, Lovecraft, Faulkner, Kubrick, and Lucas, we ensure that the American story, in all its complexity and richness, is passed on to future generations in its authentic form. For in these stories lie the soul of a nation, and in their preservation, the promise of a future that respects its past.

Trump and George Washington: Visionaries of Old and New Frontiers

“Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.”

— GEORGE WASHINGTON

From the birth of the United States in the late eighteenth century to its modern-day aspirations, the leadership of key figures has shaped the nation's destiny. George Washington, revered as the Father of his country, and Trump stand as significant bookends in this expansive historical narrative. Through their visions, both sought to define America's place in the world, though their canvases were vastly different: one terrestrial and foundational, the other galactic and aspirational.

George Washington, navigating the tumultuous waters of a revolution, sought to create a haven of democracy and liberty. His leadership was pivotal in transitioning the colonies from British dominion to a fledgling nation. Washington's vision was not merely of a new country but of a nation built on principles, ideals, and the dreams of its citizens. He was laying the groundwork for what would become the “American Dream,” a siren song for countless individuals over the centuries.

Trump's ambition for America is twofold: to rejuvenate its core values and to lead it into an era of space exploration and interstellar prominence. The dawn of spacefaring ambitions presents a new frontier for America, reminiscent of the uncharted territories of Washington's time. The establishment of the US Space Force under Trump was not merely a strategic endeavor but symbolized a renewed commitment to exploration and leadership on a cosmic scale.

Pioneering new realms, be they continental or cosmic, comes with its set of challenges. Just as Washington grappled with the intricacies of founding a nation in an era dominated by monarchies, Trump's vision of an

interstellar America brings forth complexities of space diplomacy, ethics in planetary colonization, and the technological hurdles of making distant planets hospitable.

In drawing parallels between these two leaders, it becomes evident that American ambition remains constant, even if its scope evolves. Washington's dream was of an America where liberty and democracy flourished, setting a precedent for nations worldwide. Trump's dream expands this horizon, envisaging an America leading mankind's charge into the vastness of space.

Washington and Trump, though products of their respective eras, both embody the quintessential American spirit. Their visions, while distinct in scale and substance, converge on the idea of pioneering and leadership. Through their aspirations, America's journey from thirteen colonies to a potential interplanetary leader showcases its drive towards greatness.

Trump and Stoddard: Parallels in Rhetoric

“We will no longer surrender this country or its people to the false song of globalism.”

— DONALD TRUMP, during a foreign policy speech in 2016

While historical and cultural contexts evolve, certain ideas recur, resurrecting the sentiments of bygone eras. One such intriguing comparison emerges between the rhetoric of Trump and Lothrop Stoddard, an early twentieth-century American political theorist. Both figures have emphasized themes of national identity, the impact of immigration, and the perceived challenges posed by globalization. However, it is essential to discern the nuances and the broader socio-political implications of their respective positions.

Trump’s call to “make America Great Again” is not just a political slogan; it is a signal to restore a perceived lost sense of national identity. Trump’s emphasis on a singular American identity is noticeable in his speeches. He stated, “There is no global anthem, no global currency, no certificate of global citizenship. We pledge allegiance to one flag, and that flag is the American flag!”

Stoddard, in his seminal work *The Rising Tide of Color Against White World-Supremacy*, underscored the importance of preserving the identity and primacy of Western civilization. He believed that there were distinct “racial zones” and that the global dominance of the white race was under threat. Stoddard wrote that the white world’s demographic position was not merely bad; it was rapidly becoming worse.

The issue of immigration has been central to Trump’s campaign and presidency. He often expresses concerns about unchecked immigration leading to cultural and economic challenges. “We have some bad hombres here, and we’re going to get them out,” Trump remarked during one of the presidential debates, emphasizing the need for stringent immigration measures.

Stoddard's concerns, expressed in a more academic tone, focused on demographic shifts. He posited in *The Rising Tide of Color* that migration is the most potent factor in race expansion. Both historically and potentially, it is the race-expanding force par excellence.

Both Trump and Stoddard have, in their unique ways, voiced skepticism about unfettered globalization. Trump's skepticism centers around economic issues. He frequently criticizes international trade agreements, believing they disadvantage the US. "We've lost 70,000 factories since China joined the World Trade Organization," Trump mentioned during his campaign.

Stoddard, meanwhile, warned of the risks of "race mingling" in an increasingly connected world. He suggested that the white race, due to its global dominance, was especially vulnerable to these shifts, stating that white ascendancy was a phenomenon of recent growth and apparently a transient phase of history.

It is essential to note that while Stoddard's views were rooted in early twentieth-century racial theories, Trump's rhetoric revolves around contemporary concerns of national security, economic prosperity, and cultural cohesion. Trump supporters would argue that his policies, from travel bans to trade tariffs, are geared towards protecting American interests in a rapidly changing world. Similarly, Stoddard's views, while controversial today, reflected widespread concerns about race and civilization, as the colonial era drew to a close and the world grappled with the consequences of large-scale migration and global conflict.

The comparisons between Trump and Stoddard highlight the recurrent themes of national identity, migration, and globalization in the American discourse. While their contexts differ significantly, the similarities are evident. Both figures represent a certain kind of American anxiety about global change and a desire to preserve what they see as core American (or Western) values.

Shakespearean Reflections: The Parallels of Trump and Orbán on the Stage of Fate

“History is a vast early warning system.”

— NORMAN COUSINS

In the vast amphitheater of our world, which, as the illustrious bard once articulated, is but “a stage, and all the men and women merely players,” a modern tale unfolds across the Atlantic that conjures up shades of ancient European dramas. Trump, whose visage has been captured and now finds itself imprisoned in the form of a mugshot, has become not just an object of American discourse but also a poignant symbol that resonates across continents. To those of a conservative disposition throughout the world, this image stands not as a mark of shame, but rather a shining symbol, much like a lighthouse that guides ships safely to harbor, illuminating past tribulations between the titanic forces of truth and power.

The Democrats, in their maneuvers and designs, evoke for the learned European a troubling sense of historical *déjà vu*. It is reminiscent of the treacherous Iago’s declaration in *Othello*: “I am not what I am.” As in days of yore, where National Socialists, under the cunning guidance of Herr Goebbels, masterfully wove tales casting dark blame upon the Jews, Communists, and others, these current dealings feel eerily familiar. Is this not reminiscent of the wise words spoken in *Macbeth*? “False face must hide what the false heart doth know.”

One’s memory is also drawn to the age of Stalin, an era riddled with trials that were but spectacles, charades of justice. Men of note, such as the unfortunate Nikolai Bukharin, found themselves at the mercy of unjust accusations, tried on grounds most flimsy, only to face the cruel hand of death. Does the present legal spectacle against the figure of Trump not ring with the chilling resonance of Hamlet’s lament? “Something is rotten in the

state of Denmark.” Replace “Denmark” with “America” and you know where the proverbial hammer is hanging. One stands at a crossroads of thought, torn between seeing these as righteous pursuits of justice or mere stratagems wielded by the ambitious and the envious.

Journeying deeper into European history, myriad tales emerge of monarchs and leaders, ensnared by ambition, who conjured tales to divert the gaze of the masses from the true maladies afflicting their realms. Whether within the gilded chambers of Versailles or the looming towers of London, history has shown that those intoxicated by power often fall. As Macbeth realized, “I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent, but only vaulting ambition, which o’erleaps itself.”

Today, hushed tones speak of concealed agendas and covert machinations within the corridors of American power. Such tales recall the secretive plots of old European courts, where secretive talk could topple kings and queens. Amidst these modern intrigues lies the “Russia collusion” hoax — a storm that once raged like Lear’s raging fury, but now appears to be abating, much like “a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

To the discerning European, well-acquainted with the content of his homeland’s sagas, the comparison between Trump’s stance on immigration and that of Hungary’s steadfast leader, Viktor Orbán, shines forth with clarity. Though vast oceans part their realms, their approaches intertwine, standing as Heimdall-like guards against unchecked globalization and the tides of mass migration. Orbán’s urge to safeguard Hungary’s frontiers against the incessant demands of the European Union is mirrored in Trump’s attempts to fortify his own realm. Both leaders, in the face of much vitriol, are reminiscent of Henry V’s rousing words: “We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.”

Orbán’s vision for Hungary is emblematic of Europe’s enduring quest to preserve its heritage against the sands of time. Trump, too, sings a similar tune about concerns over unchecked immigration’s potential effects on societal harmony. Their shared ethos brings forth the wisdom spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*: “This above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Both Trump and Orbán have become more than mere leaders of their domains. They have risen as strong symbols of a resurgent conservative ethos. Orbán stands as a human statue of liberty against the overreach of the

European Union, just as Trump's resonant voice reverberates from the busy streets of America to the quiet hamlets of Europe. Together, they stand tall, reminiscent of Shakespeare's counsel in *Measure for Measure*: "Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt."

Viewed through the prism of European lore, the trajectories of Trump and Orbán challenge the prevailing winds of globalization and the blurring of cultural identities. They stand firm, much like the immovable Prospero in *The Tempest*, who, despite being wronged, declares in the end, "The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance." Their political stances, often seen as rebellious by many, resonate with those who cherish the melodies of national preservation and cultural integrity.

The current American turmoil, with the Democrats hoisting themselves as the "champions of liberty," bears a haunting resemblance to Europe's darker epochs, wherein the truth oft found itself ensnared by the trappings of power. Trump's journey, bearing the weight of myriad tribulations, calls to mind the countless European luminaries who faced scorn in their lifetimes, only to be later revered. As Antonio wisely stated in *The Tempest*, "What's past is prologue."

As Trump's captured image circulates, stirring a myriad of emotions across the globe, the sagacious European, schooled in the tales of history, discerns in it images of bygone eras. For in that visage, he glimpses a reflection of Trump's powerful will, reminiscent of the bard's enduring wisdom: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." In Trump's countenance, many discern all three.

Trump and Archeofuturism: A Reflection through Guillaume Faye's Visionary Lens

“The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams.”

— ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Guillaume Faye, the late French writer and one of the principal theorists of the European New Right, had a vision rooted in what he termed Archeofuturism. This concept suggests a synthesis between a return to Europe's ancient values and traditions and the embracing of future-oriented and even transhumanist ideas. Faye also advocated the idea of Eurosiberia, a geopolitical concept that imagines a strategic alliance between Europe and Russia to counteract the influence of the US and the Islamic world. Examined through Faye's intricate frameworks of Archeofuturism and Eurosiberia, Trump's political maneuvers and ideological stances reflect intriguing parallels, convergences, and departures.

Faye was always deeply entrenched in the tug of war between the archaic and the futuristic. To him, the European identity's salvation lay in harmonizing these seemingly opposing forces. In the realms of American politics, Trump's call of “Make America Great Again” can be perceived as an embodiment of this very struggle.

This slogan, far from being just a campaign trail catchphrase, carries with it profound implications. It beckons to the American populace, invoking nostalgia for a perceived golden age. This is not merely a romanticized vision of the past but a desperate desire to recapture and reincarnate the ethos of a bygone era. Through the Archeofuturist lens, Trump's emphasis on traditional American values, from domestic manufacturing to strict immigration policies, paints him as a modern-day sentinel guarding age-old traditions against the ceaseless tide of globalization and cultural dilution.

Yet, it would be overly simplistic to categorize Trump as a mere revivalist. For all his leanings towards tradition, his *modus operandi* bore the unmistakable hallmark of modernity. His prolific usage of social media platforms, especially Twitter, for direct communication was an uncharted departure from previous presidencies. Here lay a potent blend of Faye's Archeofuturism: an embrace of futuristic tools to convey and enforce age-old values. Trump's vast business empire, shaped by a globalized world's dynamics, further adds a layer of complexity to his dual performance between the past and the future.

Faye's vision of Eurosiberia was not just a geopolitical strategy but an existential imperative. It was a call for a united front, stretching from the Atlantic to the Siberian plains, acting as a counterweight to external influences. Trump's stance towards Europe, particularly his skepticism of NATO and ambivalent dealings with the European Union, essentially agrees with this vision. One might argue that Trump's consistent questioning of NATO's relevance and his demands for European nations to shoulder more defense expenses inadvertently destabilized the transatlantic bond. Such destabilization, under Faye's gaze, could indeed be the catalyst that propels Europe into the welcoming arms of Russia, setting the stage for the realization of Eurosiberia.

Trump's approach to Russia offered a distinct divergence from the traditional American stance. The Trump-Russia connection might be viewed not merely as diplomatic maneuvers but as a profound gesture recognizing the emergent power dynamics of the twenty-first century.

For many, the idea of Eurosiberia implies just a geographical amalgamation. However, in Faye's contemplation, it represents a civilizational axis poised to challenge, if not redefine, the existing world order. Trump's overtures to Russia, therefore, were not incidental. They represented a clear deviation from the Cold War animosities, highlighting an understanding of the evolving dynamics of geopolitical power. In this context, Russia is not merely the vast nation stretching from Eastern Europe to the Arctic but a vanguard of the Eurosiberian vision.

Trump's apparent inclination towards mending bridges with Russia might be seen as an acknowledgment of this new reality. The United States, under his leadership, seemed less keen on maintaining the polarized world that characterized the late twentieth century. Instead, there was an

acknowledgment, even if tacit, of the necessity to integrate and collaborate with the Russian/Eurasian sphere.

The congruence is striking. The renewed focus on Russia, the appreciation of Russia's strategic depth, and the shift from antagonism to cooperation — all these resonate with Faye's foresight of a world where the Eurasian landmass would command central significance.

Trump's presidency, with its geopolitical recalibrations, might well be an acknowledgment of Faye's vision of a world pivoting towards Eurosiberia. It underscores the necessity for the West to understand, engage with, and perhaps even integrate into this new and potent geopolitical reality. This is not just about diplomatic alliances; it is about the reshaping of the global power matrix.

“America First,” the linchpin of Trump's foreign policy, harkened back to isolationist sentiments. While critics perceived it as a withdrawal from global responsibilities, Faye might interpret it differently. With America retracting its tentacles of influence, the geopolitical void thus created could be fertile ground for new alliances. Eurosiberia, in this light, emerges not as a fanciful construct but as a tangible strategic alliance, filling the vacuum and charting Europe's path in a post-American-influenced world.

At the Conservative Political Action Conference in 2017, Trump's chief strategist Steve Bannon said, “We're a nation with an economy — not an economy just in some global marketplace with open borders, but we are a nation with a culture and a reason for being.”

Trump and the Caesarian Age: A Spenglerian Reading

“In history, as in nature, decay is the laboratory of life.”

— KARL MARX

In his magnum opus *The Decline of the West*, the German historical philosopher Oswald Spengler argued that all that has been and will be going on is embraced in an immense historical world-picture. The waves of history, with their rhythms and cycles, bring about leaders who embody the spirit of their age. In the context of our contemporary civilization, one could argue that Trump, with his forceful persona and decisive actions, embodies what Spengler referred to as the “Age of the Caesars.” In the cultural winter of the West, wherein decline is the overarching theme, Trump emerges not merely as a political figure, but as a manifestation of the Faustian spirit seeking to rejuvenate the civilization it once propelled to great heights. He stands as a defiant titan, reminiscent of those great figures who, in past epochs, strode forth amidst decay to establish a new order. As modern Western culture spirals downwards, it is these types of leaders, these Caesar-like figures, who rise, attempting to stem the tide and carve out a last bastion of the culture’s former vitality.

For Spengler, “[e]ach culture has its own new possibilities of self-expression which arise, ripen, decay and never return.” Western civilization, like the high cultures before it, is not exempt from this cyclical pattern. As the Western Faustian culture approaches its winter, the need for strong-willed and determined leaders becomes evident. Trump, with his fierce determination to place America’s interests first and his powerful presence, can be seen as a figure emerging in response to this cultural course.

In our age, which Spengler referred to as the “civilization” phase, the decline of the great culture gives way to the rise of the money power. Spengler observed that money had won, and this triumph represented the summit and also the end of the development. The dominance of money and

its related interests led to the widespread feeling of being lost in the mass of men, a sentiment strongly felt in the American heartlands. Trump, a financial magnate himself, utilized his wealth not in subservience to this money power, but, paradoxically, to challenge its overreach, promising to drain the Swamp of Washington. His wealth, rather than alienating him, served as a symbol of independence from the traditional moneyed interests.

The arrival of Trump signaled a change. Spengler writes that in the place of the rulers, there appear at the same time in all the new cultures (and probably in the old ones too) the powers of economic organization. Trump, having been a titan of industry and commerce, is both a product of this economic organization and a harbinger of change. His emphasis on economic revival, job creation, and an overhaul of trade agreements aims to wrest control from the global economic elites and return it to the hands of the American people.

Spengler argues that democracy is, in essence, identical with the political victory of money. It was against this backdrop of weakened democracy, overtaken by economic interests, that Trump emerged. His election challenged the established order, an order that many felt had gone astray. For many of his supporters, he embodies the hope of genuine democracy, as opposed to the democracy of money. In Spengler's words: "The press today is an army with carefully organized arms and branches, with journalists as officers, and readers as soldiers." Trump's contentious relationship with the media, his bypassing of traditional press channels in favor of direct communication via social media, might be seen as a direct confrontation with this "army."

Spengler's view of the Western world's decline was not necessarily one of despair but of transformation. The decline would give birth to new forms, and in those new forms, the spirit of the West would find its new expression. He stated, "There is no proletarian, not even a Communist movement, that has not operated in the interests of money, and for the time being permitted by money — and that without the idealists among its leaders having the slightest suspicion of the fact." Trump's movement, which so frequently takes aim at globalism and the so-called "deep state," can be seen as a reaction against this. His appeal to the American worker, the very proletariat Spengler speaks of, is a call for unity against divisive interests.

Furthermore, as Spengler delineates the notion of Caesarism, which involves the rise of personal power and the decline of democracy, one can understand the comparison made by some of Trump's critics, who believe he represents a turn towards authoritarianism. However, an alternative perspective might suggest that Trump, in his strongman approach, is not aiming for mere domination, but a resurrection of a nation's spirit, much in line with Spengler's idea of a leader in the Age of Caesars who represents the genuine will of the people.

When the cultural manifestations residing within a people lack the inherent exuberance of the soulful, the brutal privilege of the strongest rises from the innermost depths of life. "Might is right" becomes the rule where culture has ceded ground to civilization — where the poets are mocked and beaten by the reactionaries. Where a Goethe is nowhere to be found, there — according to Spengler — men will arise, new Caesars, who execute the eternal law of life with the utmost ruthlessness, without ideals, committed only to the will to power — the will to absorb, Magneto-like, the rays of Vril emanating from the bowels of the Earth. Vril is the universal energy that flows through and encircles the globe just below its crust. It is charged by the aether — the fifth element beyond the terrestrial sphere, responsible for animating celestial phenomena — through an ethereal cable suspended in the collective unconscious and connected to the mass brain through ancient neural programming.

Trump's ascent to the presidency and his tenure can be understood within the Spenglerian paradigm of the decline of the West and the rise of Caesarism. His leadership style, his confrontation with established powers, and his appeal to the common man all coincide with the themes that Spengler elucidated. As the West continues its arc, figures like Trump illuminate the path it treads. Spengler said, "Optimism is cowardice." Trump's realism, whether in addressing the challenges posed by China or the decay within American cities, offers not a naive optimism but a bracing confrontation with the world as it is, setting the stage for a potential rebirth.

Chronicles of Command: The Pulp Saga of Trump and Jackson

“Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in.”

— ANDREW JACKSON

In the untamed early America, where the whispering winds carried tales of valor and treachery, a new hero was forged. Out of the rough-and-tumble frontier, a formidable figure galloped onto the national stage — none other than Andrew Jackson. Not of the silk-stockings breed of John Quincy Adams, Jackson bore the indelible mark of a self-made man, hardened by the trials he had faced and sharpened by a life of constant struggle.

Now, if you were to crack open a pulp magazine by the lamplight, spilling shadows across its pulpy pages, you would expect tales of dashing rogues, insurmountable odds, and despicable villains. The story of Jackson’s political ascent would fit right in. At the heart of his early political challenges was an incident so drenched in subterfuge it might as well have been ripped from the pages of a detective thriller: the infamous “Corrupt Bargain” of 1824.

Here is how it went down. The presidential election of that year was a cluttered affair, with four strong contenders vying for the highest office in the land. Jackson was already a popular hero from his military exploits. In the turbulent frontier days, as a steely-eyed general, he thundered across the battlefield, crushing foes in the Battle of New Orleans, sending British redcoats scurrying. Not just content on home soil, Jackson clashed with the Spanish in Florida, seizing vast territories and expanding the nation’s domain. Amidst the smoke and fury, Jackson’s name was entered into the register of American heroism, making his run for the presidency not just a campaign but an epic saga of heroism for the masses.

Jackson secured the most popular votes and the greatest number of electoral votes. However, he lacked the majority needed in the Electoral College to claim outright victory. The decision, as per the Constitution, was thrown to the House of Representatives. Behind the closed doors of Washington's smoke-filled rooms, dark dealings were afoot. Henry Clay, the Speaker of the House and one of the four contenders, saw an opportunity. In what many Jackson supporters deemed a nefarious plot, Clay threw his support behind John Quincy Adams. This maneuver, in exchange for being named Secretary of State under Adams, effectively robbed Jackson of the presidency.

It was a backdoor deal, a secret pact, a bargain — and in the eyes of many, it was utterly corrupt. The common folk, those hard-working souls of the land, were enraged. They saw in Jackson a reflection of their own struggles, their own fight against the cloak-and-dagger politics of the elite. The murmurs of discontent grew louder, and tales of this sordid political deal spread like wildfire, fueling the flames of populism.

Yet, as any good pulp story promises, retribution was on the horizon. The year 1828 saw the return of our resilient hero. With the wind of public support at his back and a fierce determination in his eyes, Jackson charged once again into the political fray. The “Corrupt Bargain” had only stoked the fires of his ambition, and this time, no shady deal could halt his advance. The nation watched with bated breath as the once robbed warrior clinched victory, taking his rightful place in the history of American leadership. As the dust settled, the legend of Jackson, the people's champion, became a part of American history that children to this day study and admire.

Fast-forward to the neon-lit twenty-first century, and the skyscrapers of New York City cast their long shadows. From this modern jungle, another giant emerged. Trump, with gold-lined towers and a fortune to rival Croesus, spoke a language that resonated not with Wall Street's moneymakers but with the steelworkers and coal miners — the blue-collar backbone of America. In 2016, his rise was meteoric, lighting up the political sky with controversies, just as pulp tales kept readers on tenterhooks with unexpected turns at every corner.

In an age of giants, Andrew Jackson stood tall, ready to tackle the dark leviathan that threatened to swallow the nation whole: the all-powerful

Bank of the United States.

The Bank, with its soaring columns and endless vaults, was not just a repository of America's wealth. To Jackson, it represented a vile hydra, its many heads reaching into every corner of the young nation, monopolizing the flow of money and crushing the common man under its iron heel. While the elite of the land, the top-hatted magnates and financiers, benefited from the Bank's influence, the average Joe was left grappling with its stranglehold on the economy.

Jackson, with fire in his belly, vowed to dismantle this monstrosity. He saw it as an unchecked power, an institution rife with corruption, one that could bring the nation to its knees. The Bank's chief, Nicholas Biddle, became Jackson's arch-nemesis in this showdown. With each move Jackson made, Biddle countered, orchestrating financial panics and attempting to use the Bank's influence to sway public opinion. It was a high-stakes game, a cavalcade of political intrigue and prowess, worthy of the most thrilling pulp tales. Jackson, the iron-willed champion of the masses, would not be deterred. His eventual veto of the Bank's charter dealt a death blow to the behemoth, solidifying his place as a defender of the people against unchecked power.

In 2016, channeling Jackson's rebellious spirit, Trump took center stage. With his signature bravado, he set his sights on the entrenched powers of his era. His nemesis was not a bank but an even more elusive beast: the deep state. These were the men and women who operated behind the scenes, in the labyrinthine halls of the intelligence and bureaucratic agencies. Their reach, Trump argued, extended beyond what the public saw, influencing policies and shaping the nation's destiny from behind the stage.

Just as Jackson had his showdown with Biddle, Trump's tenure was marked by a series of confrontations with figures from within these agencies. Leaks, investigations, and conspiracies filled the air, making it feel like a detective thriller where every revelation led to more mysteries. Trump, never one to back down from a fight, met these challenges head-on, vowing to expose the deep-seated corruption he believed plagued these institutions.

Two eras, two titans, each battling the goliaths of their time, each striving to reshape the nation in their vision. Their sagas, rich with suspense, intrigue, and unyielding determination, could fill the pages of any pulp

novel, reminding us that sometimes life can indeed be stranger, and more thrilling, than fiction.

What is a hero without his trusty sidearm? For Jackson and Trump, it was their unique way of circumventing the mainstream narrative. Old Hickory, faced with a press that seemed out for blood, turned the tables by initiating his own paper, setting the record straight in inky black and white. Trump, on the other hand, pulled a trick from the modern playbook. Armed with Twitter, he unleashed broadsides, 280 characters at a time, directly communicating with the masses, his followers hanging on to every word.

The Precipice of Change: Europe's Existential Dilemma in the Shadow of a Resurgent Trump

“Europe was created by history. America was created by philosophy.”

— MARGARET THATCHER

In the cyclical rise and fall of civilizations, the modern European landscape finds itself edging closer to a turning point, standing tentatively on the edge of a nearing epochal chasm. The growing dread of Trump's return to the halls of the White House sends shivers down the corridors of European powers, as echoes of an old order seem to resurface, challenging the delicate equilibrium the continent has achieved.

When one looks deep into the accounts of history, patterns emerge — patterns that reveal civilizations in their twilight, struggling to maintain relevance in a rapidly changing world order. In the heart of Europe, particularly in France and Germany, a silent yet profound fear is setting in. The past few years have seen these countries breathe a sigh of relief as they navigated the waters of international relations without the unpredictable tornado that Trump's policies often brought.

They had grown accustomed to an America that operated within certain bounds, an America that had been a predictable ally since the devastation of World War Two. The earlier Trump era was, to them, a break from tradition. His threats to abandon the NATO alliance were not merely words; they were harbingers of a possible American retraction from the global stage. Perhaps most unsettling to Europe was the intimation of American troops leaving German soil. These troops had long been not just a defense line but a symbolic tie binding the Old World to the New.

Now, facing the very real prospect of Trump's return, Europe must introspect deeply. The fragile construct of European unity, sewn together after World War Two, faces an impending storm. The fundamental nature of NATO, pivotal to Europe's defense approach, might be in jeopardy. It is not just about military alliances; it is about the shared history, the collective consciousness, and the intertwined destinies of nations that rebuilt themselves from the ashes of conflict.

A resurgent Trump, unburdened by past conventions, could force European nations into a destructive competition for influence and favor. No longer assured of a united front, smaller European nations might scramble, each seeking its path, its alliances, perhaps even revisiting old enmities. This would be the antithesis of the European dream — a vision of a united, prosperous, and peaceful continent.

Germany, with its economic prowess and strategic location, would find itself at the crossroads of this transformation. Being the linchpin of the European Union, Germany's dilemma would be most acute. The age-old question, that of aligning with the West or forging a new path with the East, particularly Russia, would resurface. While collective European defense offers the promise of unity, the pragmatism of individual treaties and arrangements might prove tempting. After all, civilizations, in their desire for longevity and dominance, have often made choices that prioritize survival over idealism.

It is not merely a geopolitical reshuffling that Europe faces. It is, deep down, an existential introspection. As powers rise and wane, as leaders come and go, Europe must ask itself what its place is in this ever-evolving world. Can it maintain its unity and purpose in the face of external pressures, or will it fragment, returning to the age-old rivalries that once tore the continent apart?

In this approaching scenario, one can sense the weight of history, the tension of futures untold, and the gravity of decisions yet to be made. The next chapter of the European story is on the horizon, and its unfolding will determine the fate of the continent for generations to come.

The Pulse of Patriotism and the Hegelian Revelation: Trump's Populist Revival under the Umbrella of the World Spirit

“My country, right or wrong; if right, to be kept right; and if wrong, to be set right.”

— CARL SCHURZ

In the grand narrative of history, the German philosopher Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel observed the workings of a profound entity — the World Spirit — maneuvering through the intricate process of human evolution, threading its course to ever-higher planes of freedom. Patriotism, a concept entwined with love for one's nation and identity, can be understood more clearly when placed against the backdrop of Hegel's philosophy, especially in the light of Trump's distinctive brand of populism.

Hegel once remarked, “The history of the world is none other than the progress of the consciousness of freedom.” This intricate evolution is propelled by the World Spirit, which endeavors to make itself manifest in the objective world, seeking self-awareness through the chronicles of human civilizations. At each stage of history, the World Spirit advances in its self-realization by expressing, contradicting, and synthesizing itself, embodying the dialectical process of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis.

From tribal affiliations, grounded in shared linguistics and terrains, we saw the emergence of the modern nation-state. This higher entity is not merely a political construct but symbolizes, in Hegelian thought, the ethical actualization of the World Spirit. Patriotism thus becomes more than fervent emotion; it is a recognition and alignment with the World Spirit's ongoing journey within the fabric of one's nation.

The interwoven narrative of globalization has muddied the waters of national identity, making the task of patriotic alignment more daunting.

Amidst this milieu, figures like Trump rise, advocating a form of patriotism closely matching the spirit of the nation. In accordance with Hegelian sentiments, Trump's assertions like, "We will make America strong again. We will make America proud again. We will make America safe again. And we will make America great again," are not merely slogans but a call to reconnect with the original realization of America, the synthesis of its historical World Spirit.

Trump's "America First" doctrine is a robust response to the challenges posed by globalization. Instead of viewing it as a retreat into isolationism, one might see it as an assertion of America's unique position in the World Spirit's path along the timeline. This philosophy taps into the underlying pulse of a nation striving to re-anchor itself in its historical and spiritual essence, reminiscent of Hegel's belief in the intrinsic link between the state and the realization of freedom.

However, the dialectic nature of the World Spirit means that nothing is permanent; everything is in a state of flux, aiming for higher realization. Hegel states, "What is rational is actual; and what is actual is rational." Trump's populism, thus, can be seen as an essential moment, a reassertion or a reminder of America's intrinsic spirit in the face of an ever-globalizing world. It is the nation's attempt to hold onto its unique rendition of the World Spirit amidst a changing environment, re-emphasizing the significance of patriotism as both a grounding force and a guiding light in the ever-unfolding journey of the World Spirit.

Patriotism, as viewed through the Hegelian lens, emerges not as a fleeting sentiment but as a profound commitment to the World Spirit's voyage through history. Trump's brand of populist patriotism stands as a chapter, a moment, in this grand narrative, urging societies to introspect and re-align with their unique identity even as they struggle with the complexities of a rapidly integrating world.

Thus, Trump completed the system of German idealism.

Rediscovering America: Trump's Return to Classical Values

“The preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked, on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people.”

— GEORGE WASHINGTON

When Trump burst onto the political scene, he was not just a political anomaly; he was a manifestation of the resurgence of classical American values — values that have long been buried under layers of political correctness, globalist ambitions, and elite-driven agendas. For many who saw past the media's vendetta-driven narrative, Trump's vision for America was a return to basics. His America was everyone's America. An America for its people, its allies, and indeed, for everyone who values sovereignty, realism, and straightforwardness.

Consider, for a moment, the tradition Trump taps into. It is the vision of America that does not seek to police the world or enter into unnecessary conflicts but rather emphasizes mutual respect and pragmatic diplomacy. An America that focuses on its heartland, its people, and its traditional values. Sounds normal, right? That is because it is. This kind of common-sense approach is reminiscent of an America that we remember, one that perhaps we took for granted, and one that feels increasingly distant in today's charged political environment.

However, if you switch on the television or scroll through your news feed, what image of America is being projected to the world? It is one where radicals, extremists, and yes, even “bearded women,” have seemingly taken the reins of America's discourse. The talking points no longer revolve around what is good for the American people. Instead, the conversation is increasingly dominated by a strange brew of aggressive, almost Trotskyist rhetoric mixed with an insatiable appetite for capitalism.

It is not merely about advocating change or progress; it is about enforcing a single narrow perspective on an entire nation and by extension the world.

Enter the Democratic Party, or at least, what it has become today. Once a party that could be credited with being the voice of the working class, it now seems like a carnival of the extreme, each member trying to outdo the other in showcasing just how “progressive” he can be. This is not progress. This is chaos masquerading as progress. When you have members of the Democratic establishment openly calling for the dissolution of boundaries, both literal and ideological, or espousing radical economic theories that seem more at home in a college thesis than in practical policymaking, it is a sign that something has gone seriously awry.

It is easy to write off Trump’s appeal as just the voice of those who feel disenchanting. But maybe it is more profound than that. Maybe, Trump, with all his brashness, is a reminder. A reminder of an America that speaks its mind, values its heritage, and does not feel the need to apologize for its position in the world. For the rest of the world, a predictable America is a reliable partner — an America that understands the value of its alliances but also respects the sovereignty of other nations. Trump’s America is not about aggression but about balance.

As we stand at the crossroads, witnessing the ideological battles that are tearing at the fabric of this great nation, perhaps it is time for a moment of introspection. Is America, as a nation, going to be defined by radical extremes? Or is it going to embrace the robust, classical values that have always been at the center of the American dream? For the sake of America, and indeed the world, let us hope it is the latter.

Land and Sea: The Geopolitical Soul of America

“Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.”

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*

In human history, civilizations have often been categorized by their geographical orientations. From the majestic mountain kingdoms to the vast desert empires and the island nations, the physical landscape imprints upon the psyche of the people, shaping its worldview, ethos, and destiny. Such is the enduring notion, profoundly articulated by Carl Schmitt in his delineation between Land (tellurocracy) and Sea (thalassocracy). Within the tempestuous political arena of contemporary America, two figures emerge, not merely as political adversaries but as symbolic avatars of these age-old geopolitical orientations: Donald Trump and Joe Biden.

Trump, with his impassioned call for American nationalism, his uncompromising stance on border security, and his embrace of protectionist economic policies, emerges as the emblem of the Land. He evokes the spirit of the American heartland, the sprawling plains and undulating hills, where traditions run deep, almost as old as the earth itself. In these places, the call is not merely for prosperity or comfort but a more profound, primordial return to the foundational principles that once made America great. It is the drumbeat of a civilization that sees itself as the bastion against the ceaseless tide of globalization, which often threatens to erode identities and dilute cultural legacies.

In stark contrast, Biden emerges from the horizon, embodying the spirit of the Sea. With his unerring commitment to internationalism, a world without borders, his trust in multilateral treaties, and a foolish faith in progressive liberalism, he represents the coastal elites. His is the realm where the air is thick with dreams of a world united, where national identities blur into a cosmopolitan haze, and where change is not just inevitable but desirable. The ever-moving, ever-shifting oceans symbolize this worldview — always adapting, always connecting, never still.

Historically, this division is not unique to America. The great heartlands of our world, like Russia, with its endless taigas and steppes, or China, with its ancient civilization, have always been wary of the forces that seek to weaken their cultural hegemony. They have held onto their centralized authorities, prizing sovereignty above all, resisting the siren calls of global homogenization. Against them, historically, stand the maritime behemoths like Great Britain, and more recently, the US. Their histories are tales of naval dominions, free trade, endless explorations, and the ceaseless quest for newer horizons. Theirs is a spirit uncontained, much like the oceans they master.

Diving deeper, beyond the mere physical, into the ideological, one discerns the great divide. The Land, with its unyielding solidity, symbolizes a world where values are hewed in stone, where history is not just remembered but revered, where change is slow, deliberate, and meaningful. The Sea, on the other hand, with its fathomless depths, signifies a world in flux, where change is the only constant, where horizons are meant to be chased, and where the new is always better than the old.

America today is torn between these two visions. Trump and Biden, in their ideologies and policies, reflect this fundamental conflict that is not just about political power but the energy animating the nation. While the Land calls for introspection, preservation, and reverence, the Sea beckons with promises of progress, dynamism, and interconnectedness.

To comprehend the present, one must often look to the past. The Roman legions, epitomes of tellurocracy, clashed with the naval prowess of Carthage, the prime example of thalassocracy. This ancient confrontation was not just about territorial gains but about two disparate worldviews vying for dominance. Today's America, with Trump's vision of a fortified, sovereign nation, resists the Biden-led dream of a borderless global village.

The stage may have changed, but the main ingredients of the struggle remain eerily reminiscent of bygone eras.

As America decides which direction to take, it is not just picking leaders or policies; it is choosing a worldview. The dichotomy between Trump and Biden is but a manifestation of this profound, almost cosmic, battle between the eternal forces of Land and Sea. As to which force will eventually shape America's destiny, only time will unveil. But one thing remains certain: this contest is not just about two men but the backbone of a nation and its place in the grand orchestra of civilization.

Rebuilding the Wasteland: The Saga of “The Don” and the Freedom Riders

“We are all faced with a series of great opportunities brilliantly disguised as impossible situations.”

— CHARLES R. SWINDOLL

The sun blazed over a desolate horizon, casting eerie shadows on the barren wasteland that had once been the cradle of civilization. The world as we knew it had ceased to exist. Forgotten cities lay in ruins, their skeletal remains a testament to the hubris of man. The air, thick with dust and despair, carried memories of a time long gone, a time before the Great Collapse.

Out of this apocalyptic purgatory emerged an unyielding force: Donald Trump, now a legend known as “The Don.” No longer the business magnate but a rugged ray of hope in these dire times. Leading a righteous biker gang dubbed the “Freedom Riders,” he rode on the winds of change, seeking to mend the fractured world. With his characteristic golden mane, now tainted by the relentless sun and wind, and his eyes, sharp and unwavering, he exuded an aura of leadership.

Upon a plateau overlooking the remnants of what once was New York City, The Don halted, addressing his band of loyalists. “We had it all,” he began, recalling his days of past grandeur. “We were winning like we hadn’t won before. But we lost our way, and look at this mess.” His hand gestured towards the decay around. “But we’re going to make America great again.”

Amidst the sea of ruins, rusted carcasses of cars, shells of skyscrapers, and sand-choked boulevards painted the picture of Earth’s downfall. Yet, nature, in her resilient spirit, began reclaiming her domain. Vines choked the lifeless constructs, and here and there, an oasis sprouted, teasing life amidst the desolation.

Even in this bleak scenario, mankind's lust for power thrived. The "Red Warlords," a ruthless gang that terrorized the wasteland, sought to dethrone The Don and his Freedom Riders. Their objective was clear: the last oil rig, a monolith of past prosperity, and a symbol of power.

As both factions inched towards the inevitable confrontation, The Don rallied his troupe atop a sand dune, their silhouette against the setting sun painting a picture of defiance. "They said it couldn't be done," The Don remarked, "But we're doing it. We've faced the worst, and we've come out stronger, and trust me, we'll win this, and we'll win it big."

When dawn broke, the battle that ensued was one for the ages. The cacophony of roaring engines, clashing metal, and the fervor of combatants filled the desolate air. The Freedom Riders, with their emblem of a rejuvenated America, clashed head-on with the Red Warlords, whose very being oozed tyranny.

In the heart of the battle, The Don, face smeared with dirt and blood, engaged the Baron of the Red Warlords. Their combat was intense, a dance of death. Amidst their duel, The Don shouted, "I've faced tougher challenges, and look where I am! America never gives up, and neither do I!"

When the dust settled, it was The Don and his Freedom Riders who emerged victorious. The once silent wastelands now resounded with cheers of triumph. As they congregated around the prized oil rig, The Don, with the old American flag in hand, proclaimed, "Together, we have set on a journey. A journey to rebuild, restore, and rejuvenate this great land. And remember, we will keep winning!"

In that post-apocalyptic world, amid chaos and hope, The Don's words were not just a promise but a prophecy, as the spirit of resilience and unity began its march, one day at a time.

Beyond the Horizon: Trump's Odyssey for America's Future

“The only limit to our realization of tomorrow is our doubts of today.”

— FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Once, in the golden age of American history, the nation was crafted by dauntless pioneers who saw infinite horizons rather than finite boundaries. From raw wilderness emerged bustling centers of life and commerce. Highways sprawled like neural networks, connecting people and places in unprecedented communion. In addition, as if the terrestrial expanse was not enough, the US reached skyward, populating the dark void with gleaming satellites, turning the vastness of space into yet another frontier.

However, as happens in many tales — both of our world and those of speculative fiction — the brilliance of that era waned. The pulsating spirit of audacity gave way to an unsettling stillness. In a twist reminiscent of climactic novel revelations, Trump promises a resurgence, an awakening from this slumber, plotting a trajectory that promises both a return to former glory and a leap into the realms of tomorrow.

Picture this: nearly a third of the vast American territory lies dormant under the jurisdiction of its own government. What if we took just a sliver of this land and transformed it into the sandbox of dreamers? Trump's vision is not just of new cities, but of “Freedom Cities” — hubs of innovation, bastions of hope. Here, in these sanctuaries of modernity, countless would find more than mere shelter. They would rediscover the American Dream, that age-old promise of boundless possibility.

As our gaze shifts from the ground to the skies, we witness the dawn of another revolution. Whereas once wheels and roads defined progress, Trump's America sees the family car taking flight, conquering not highways but the air. With major corporations from the east and the west in a tight race, the aim is clear: America, once the harbinger of the automotive age, now seeks to define the epoch of personal aerial transportation. Such

advancement will not merely be technological; it promises to rekindle rural prosperity, drawing invisible lines of unity and progress across the country.

Moreover, Trump's futuristic endeavor does not lose sight of the present. Recognizing the burdens of our contemporary epoch, plans are underway to reinvent the economics of living. Homes and vehicles, the cornerstones of modern existence, will be transformed — more affordable, yet tinged with a grace that reflects the nation's spirit.

Trump's blueprint seems as though it has been plucked from the pages of a futuristic novel. Here, America is not just a country; it is an ever-evolving concept, pushing boundaries, reshaping its narrative, and daring to dream in technicolor. It serves as a confirmation of the potent idea that the futures we pen in our tales can, with vision and vigor, manifest into tangible realities.

America Reimagined: Charting the Stars of Tomorrow

“Change is the law of life. And those who look only to the past or present are certain to miss the future.”

— JOHN F. KENNEDY

In the golden days of yesteryear, tales were spun of a world on the cusp of change, filled with radiant optimism. Now, as the ink dries on Trump’s grand designs, we find ourselves propelled into a narrative reminiscent of those vintage science-fiction stories where the future was not only hopeful but positively luminous.

Picture a nation where the Freedom Cities rise like phoenixes. These are not just urban conglomerates; they are crystalline dreams shaped into reality, gleaming in the sunlight. Lush gardens interweave with superstructures, while children play beside bubbling streams even as drones flutter overhead. Every brick, every pavement seems to hum with innovation.

In these cities, education is not just about reading, writing, or arithmetic; it is about fostering boundless creativity. Schools double as innovation hubs, and every child, with holographic tools at his fingertips, learns not just about Earth but about galaxies afar. Children are taught not merely to live but to dream, to innovate, to reach out to the stars.

As the orange hues of sunset give way to twilight, the highways no longer remain confined to Earth. Families hop into their VTOL vehicles, their vertical-takeoff-and-landing cars, and ascend into the great blue yonder. Weekend getaways have a dual meaning now — perhaps a trip to a lakeside cabin, or a brief sojourn to a hovering resort in the stratosphere.

The rural landscapes too have transformed. No longer are they left behind in the shadow of towering cities. They are interconnected hubs of food and energy production. With the incorporation of state-of-the-art agri-tech, the countryside becomes a space where tradition meets futurism.

Farming does not just feed cities; it powers them, and the farmers are revered not just as cultivators but as eco-scientists.

The ethos of affordability Trump envisaged has cascaded into an era where the cost of living does not mean compromising on quality. Homes, sculpted with advanced, sustainable materials, are as efficient as they are elegant. Transport is not just about mobility; it is about experience, each journey resembling a trip through a fantastical tale.

As one gazes upon this renewed America, it is clear that the nation has not just regained its lost boldness but surpassed it. Here, the boundaries between science fiction and reality blur, crafting a landscape where dreams are the blueprint and innovation the tool.

Perhaps, in this luminous future, as families gather on their porch under the starlit canopy, they will recount tales — tales not of a distant, imagined future, but of a past where a vision laid the foundation for their radiant present.

In the Eldritch Shadows of Industry and Power

“Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will.”

— FREDERICK DOUGLASS

In the chaos-infested realms of Michigan, an arcane symphony resounded through the gloom as the acolyte of the incomprehensible Cthulhu, President Biden, stepped forth. Grasping an instrument of amplification, he addressed the gathered masses, his voice thundering in the cold and desolate expanse for a mere sixty seconds. He then ceremoniously handed the bullhorn to United Auto Workers (UAW) President Shawn Fain, a fellow devotee in the congregation of industry.

“Folks, stick with it. You deserve the significant raise you need and other benefits,” intoned Biden, his words empty like the shells left behind by dying snails from another planet.

Yet, as is the nature of such elusive figures, he was transient, speaking only briefly before the call of other realms beckoned him away. An ethereal tune, John Mellencamp’s “Small Town,” played, its haunting melodies reminiscent of the past struggles of laborers.

Historically, the voices of worker champions such as Eugene V. Debs have pierced the veils of capitalist machinations, with Debs once asserting, “They have done their best and their worst to crush and enslave us.” In the shadows of this eldritch landscape, autoworkers, driven by the need for sustenance and the cries of their forebears, were striking a defiant chord against industrial titans like Ford, General Motors, and Stellantis. The insidious inflation, its roots entangled in the dark artifices of Biden’s rule, had eroded the very essence of their hard-earned wages, leaving them yearning for the days when Trump had presided over the land.

Wise words from Debs come to mind, “The workers are the saviors of society, the redeemers of the race.” However, the modern proletariat faced not just the ghosts of economic malaise but the enigmatic vision of Biden’s

electric chariot dream. Could this be salvation or merely another chain in their endless toil? The assurance they sought was not just from the corporate overlords but from the very government that promised to shield them.

In a move befitting tales of nether horrors and decadent lords, Biden was soon airborne, soaring to California's golden shores aboard the legendary Air Force One. The acolyte's destination: a grandiose gathering in Atherton, where the elite would offer vast treasures for a moment in his presence. As a sage of Cal State East Bay declared, "Such opulent feasts are realms most mortals dare not tread. The coffers of Atherton hold such treasures; therein lies the allure of the acolyte's pilgrimage."

The narrative was not complete without the presence of another — Trump. His impending communion with the UAW was a strategic act, set in the backdrop of political theater. He, too, emerged with proclamations that rang out with clarity and foreboding. In a realm where many fear to tread, he dared speak the unspeakable: the "electric car SCAM" was a malevolent force, intent on casting the UAW into the abyssal "drain."

From the depths of a medium known as Truth Social, his words sent a chilling decree to the denizens of this age: "They'll be made in China, under Crooked Joe's CHINA FIRST POLICY. AUTOWORKERS, VOTE FOR TRUMP — I'LL MAKE YOU VICTORIOUS & RICH."

The omens did not end there. With a gravitas reminiscent of the ancient seers, he forewarned of the dire fate awaiting those who blindly followed the false prophets: "IF YOUR 'LEADERS' WON'T ENDORSE ME, VOTE THEM OUT OF OFFICE, NOW. WITH THE DEMOCRATS & CROOKED JOE CALLING THE SHOTS, YOU'LL BE JOBLESS & PENNILESS WITHIN 4 YEARS." The eerie proclamation lingered, testifying to the cyclical progression of power and destiny.

As the story unfurls in this realm of industry, power, and devilish forces, one is left to ponder the fate of the proletariat, caught in an eternal back and forth between exploitation and the tantalizing promise of prosperity.

Neon Diplomacy: When Mavericks Converge

“Out of intense complexities, intense simplicities emerge.”

— WINSTON CHURCHILL

In the heart of Singapore, the pulsing neon heartbeat of a sleepless city set the stage. The mechanical hum of the metropolis intertwined with murmurs, eager anticipations for a rendezvous that promised the unexpected. The urban arena was all steel, glass, and radiance; it was about to play host to an encounter no one had ever fathomed.

A man in an electric blue suit, Trump, walked with a swagger that shouted his unconventionality. His entire demeanor screamed rebellion against political norms. The amber wave of his hair was an unapologetic mark of his distinct identity. He was not here just to talk; he was here to rewrite rules.

Inside the futuristic building was Kim Jong Un, dark and contrasting, yet with a fire in his eyes — a complex fusion of ambition, curiosity, and guarded optimism.

The room, with its high-tech screens and touch panels, felt like a slice of cyberpunk, cold and impersonal. However, the energy the two men brought was raw, almost palpable.

Trump initiated, cutting through the formality, “Mr. Kim, I’m not here for pleasantries. I’ve always done things my way. Unpredictable, disruptive. Let’s make history.”

Kim, catching the undertone and mirroring the directness, replied, “Very well, Mr. Trump. I’m listening. But what’s different this time?”

Trump smirked, “Look around you. The world is changing, and we have the power to shape it. Think about it. Two mavericks forging a new alliance.”

“We can keep firing salvos at each other, keep our people on edge,” Trump ventured, “or we can start a new chapter. One where North Korea

isn't isolated. One where America and North Korea don't just coexist but cooperate."

Kim, still skeptical but intrigued, questioned, "How do we do this? Decades of animosity can't be wiped away with a handshake."

Trump responded confidently, "It begins with trust. You've seen the sanctions. You've felt the pressure. But think of the world where those are gone. A North Korea that isn't just surviving but thriving."

Kim hesitated, measuring the sincerity behind the words. "Why should I trust America, after everything?"

Trump leaned in, "Because I'm not like the ones before. You and I are both outsiders in our ways, breaking molds, charting new paths. Our countries have been at odds for too long. It's time for a reset, and it starts with us."

Kim, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, countered, "Words are easy, Mr. Trump. Actions speak louder."

Trump nodded, "Agreed. So let's set the stage. No more empty promises. Concrete steps."

The conversation veered between nuclear disarmament, economic sanctions, and the promise of a brighter future for North Korea. Every sentence, every word was a negotiation.

Kim, slowly lowering his guard, asked, "What's in it for you? Why go to these lengths?"

Trump smirked, "Legacy, Mr. Kim. I want to be the president who ended the Korean conflict, not by force but through dialogue. Plus, think of the opportunities for both our countries. Trade, tourism, technology..."

Kim pondered, "Your vision is grand, Mr. Trump, and tempting. But I need guarantees."

"And you'll have them," Trump assured. "But I need to know you're committed. No more tests, no more provocations."

The two leaders locked eyes, gauging each other, measuring the weight of their words. It was a moment of reckoning, the past meeting the future.

Eventually, Kim extended his hand, "Let's rewrite history then."

The neon-lit Singapore skyline outside shimmered as if acknowledging the monumental shift happening within. Inside that room, two leaders, from worlds apart, began sketching a new narrative — one of cooperation, ambition, and an unexpected camaraderie.

As the cyberpunk city hummed its nocturnal tune, it bore witness to the dawn of an era nobody had quite anticipated.

In the following days, Singapore transformed into a media circus. Journalists from every corner of the globe were jostling for a front-row seat to history. Headlines raced through news cycles faster than one could keep up. “Trump and Kim: Unlikely Diplomatic Nonconformists,” one touted. “From Brinkmanship to Brotherhood?” another mused.

Outside the secure meeting rooms, away from prying eyes, the two leaders took a moment for an informal setting. Walking amidst the Garden by the Bay, with its iconic Supertrees looming over them, the unlikely duo began to understand each other on a more personal level.

Trump, pointing towards the towering metal structures, said, “You know, this reminds me of New York in some ways. Tall structures, always reaching for the sky, never content with the ground. That’s the spirit we need, Kim.”

Kim, looking up, nodded. “Change is the only constant. Even in Pyongyang, we’re trying to modernize. But it’s more than just buildings, Mr. Trump. It’s about the spirit of the people.”

Trump, leaning against a rail, responded, “I get it. And that’s why we’re here, right? For our people. To give them a better future.”

The North Korean leader seemed thoughtful. “You know, many see me as just a dictator, a relic of the past. But there’s more to North Korea than what the world sees. There’s a pulse, a life, a dream.”

Trump raised an eyebrow, “That’s what I want to tap into. That dream. Together, we can make both our nations great. There’s so much potential, Kim. So much to achieve.”

Kim looked at Trump, his face illuminated by the artificial glows of the garden, “I want to believe you, Mr. Trump. I want to believe in this dream.”

As the duo continued their stroll, flanked by secret service agents, their discussion turned to their shared experiences, the pressures of leadership, the weight of decisions, and the loneliness that often accompanies power. They spoke of their families, of lost loved ones, and the legacy they wished to leave behind.

It was a peculiar sight for any onlooker fortunate enough to steal a glance: the leader of the free world and the Supreme Leader of North

Korea, worlds apart in ideology, finding common ground in the technocrazed embrace of Singapore's night.

By the end of their rendezvous in the city-state, a new understanding had emerged. Declarations were signed, promises made. However, beyond the ink on paper, it was the bond forged between two unconventional leaders that held the most promise.

Their departures were as grand as their arrivals. Amidst the flashing cameras and roaring jet engines, a silent hope was birthed. A hope that, in a world where the future is written in the neon hues of change, two divergent paths might just converge for the greater good.

Death Wish: Bronson's Crusader Meets Trump's America

“Every society gets the kind of criminal it deserves. What is equally true is that every community gets the kind of law enforcement it insists on.”

— ROBERT KENNEDY

Death Wish, a 1974 gritty drama starring Charles Bronson as Paul Kersey, serves as an emblematic torchbearer for a certain zeitgeist of urban decay and the strong desire for vigilante justice. Reflecting these very sentiments, the Trump era too sparked a battle cry against what many perceived as a slide into lawlessness, with the former president standing as a watchman against disorder.

Kersey, an architect turned reluctant vigilante after a brutal assault on his family, mirrors the frustration of many Americans who felt their pleas for safety were ignored by the establishment. Just as Kersey took to the streets, armed and ready to combat the crime that police seemed unable to control, Trump often stressed the importance of law and order, pointing to instances like the Portland protests or the unrest in cities like Chicago.

One of the most evocative scenes from *Death Wish* is when Kersey, having been robbed and beaten more than once, finally confronts a mugger with a sock full of quarters. This impromptu weapon is symbolic of a citizen's ingenuity when the system fails him. Similarly, Trump's emphasis on building a border wall — a physical barrier against perceived real threats — can be seen as a tangible manifestation of a nation's last-resort attempt at self-preservation.

Bronson's Kersey, as he metamorphoses from a mild-mannered individual to a symbol of urban resistance, often dines alone in dimly lit restaurants, reflecting on the state of the city around him. One cannot help but draw parallels to Trump's solitary dinners, as reported by many insiders, where he would deliberate over the future of America.

Amidst the chaos and vigilantism of *Death Wish*, there are moments of softness. Kersey's bond with the vulnerable residents of his city, like the young boy he rescues from bullies, showcases the hero's softer side. Similarly, Trump's meetings with families affected by crimes committed by illegal immigrants, or his pardoning of individuals he deemed unfairly treated, reflect moments where leadership goes beyond mere rhetoric.

Bronson's vigilante epic, with its gun-toting confrontations in Central Park and the subway, is more than mere action — it serves as an affirmation of the sense of desperation felt by many. It is a brutal, cinematic interpretation of a call to arms, a reclaiming of territory and values. Analogously, Trump's policy decisions, whether renegotiating trade deals like the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) or challenging China's economic practices, speak of a leader pushing back against perceived injustices.

Death Wish, with its scenes of urban despair and a man's journey to reclaim his city, is a cinematic microcosm of a larger narrative. Trump's presidency, with its highs and lows, controversies and commendations, is rather similar to this quest for reclamation and restitution. Both Trump and Kersey serve as emblematic figureheads of a time when the lines between personal justice and societal obligation blurred, and a cry for order amidst chaos could be heard across the land loud and clear.

In the middle of the dark alleyways and the dissonant sirens of *Death Wish*, there is a particular scene that remains memorable — Kersey, sitting in his apartment, viewing old family videos, an evocative reminder of a time before chaos. This undiluted nostalgia resonates deeply with Trump's campaign slogan, "Make America Great Again," a call back to an idyllic past where things seemed simpler and the nation stood unshaken.

Furthermore, the character of the detective Frank Ochoa, portrayed by Vincent Gardenia, showcases the internal struggle within law enforcement: to uphold the law or sympathize with Kersey's mission — a debate many Americans found themselves entangled in, especially during the Trump era. For many conservatives, Trump represented the hard line on law and order, much like Kersey's strong sense of justice. Just as Ochoa displays moments of sympathy, understanding the roots of Kersey's crusade, so did many within the establishment acknowledge the concerns voiced during Trump's tenure.

The film's climax, where Kersey is indirectly "asked" to move to another city, only for him to hint at continuing his vigilante ways, is indicative of an unyielding spirit, reminiscent of Trump's claims of contesting future elections. Like Kersey, Trump's departure from the White House was not a definitive farewell but a possible hiatus before another chapter.

The local media in *Death Wish*, too, play a considerable role. Newspapers and radios are frequently seen either condemning or championing Kersey's actions. This media frenzy and polarization starkly mirror the divisive coverage during Trump's presidency, where news outlets were frequently seen at loggerheads, each choosing their champion and villain.

Death Wish serves as an allegorical goldmine when viewed against the legend of the Trump era. Both are tales of resistance and reclamation. Bronson's gritty and unforgettable portrayal of Paul Kersey, a man driven to extremes by circumstances, becomes all the more profound when juxtaposed against the ever-unyielding figure of Trump. Whether you champion their causes or critique their methods, there is no denying that both have left potent marks in the annals of history and pop culture. It shows art's power and its uncanny ability to portray life, politics, and the myriad shades in between.

Trump and Benito Mussolini: Titans of Their Times

“For my part, I consider that it will be found much better by all parties to leave the past to history, especially as I propose to write that history myself.”

— WINSTON CHURCHILL

Benito Mussolini, taking the reins of Italy in 1922, was a product of a turbulent post-war Europe. Italy, having emerged from World War One with territorial gains but at a considerable human and economic cost, was rife with political instability. Socialist uprisings, nationalist sentiments, and economic woes clouded the Italian peninsula. Then came *Il Duce*, a figure of undeniable charisma and force. By 1925, he had transformed the nation into a single-party dictatorship, but not without bringing stability, modernization, and a sense of regained Italian pride. Mussolini's rule saw a surge in infrastructure development and the forging of the Lateran Pact in 1929 — a significant move that settled the contentious relationship between Italy and the papacy. The reclamation of the Pontine Marshes was one of Mussolini's most celebrated achievements. By transforming these malarial swamps into habitable and cultivable land between 1922 and 1939, he not only showcased the might and efficiency of his regime but also created a lasting monument to Fascist tenacity and vision. In Trump's America, the promise to rebuild the nation's crumbling infrastructure was a central campaign plank. Trump's proposed \$1-trillion infrastructure plan aimed to be his legacy project, paralleling Mussolini's grand visions of reshaping the Italian landscape.

Fast forward to America in 2016. Much like Italy of the 1920s, the United States was navigating its quagmire of challenges. Economic disparities, political polarization, and a populace yearning for a return to greatness formed the backdrop of Trump's ascendancy. Like Mussolini, Trump was not a creature of the political establishment. He was an outsider, a businessman with a towering persona, and a promise to bring honor and

glory back to his country. By the time Trump assumed the presidency in January 2017, a transformation was already underway.

Both leaders, with their larger-than-life personas, had a way of speaking directly to the masses. Mussolini's speeches from Rome's balconies or Trump's prolific use of social media and unscripted rallies were masterclasses in communication. Mussolini's rallies in Rome's Piazza Venezia, where he addressed throngs from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia, became legendary. These carefully choreographed events were not merely speeches but theatrical displays of power and unity, where Mussolini connected directly with the Italian people. Trump's rallies, too, became a cornerstone of his political brand. From his campaign days to his presidency, these events, often held in heartland cities and large arenas, allowed him to connect directly with his base, bypassing what he often termed the "elitist" media. His speeches, replete with extemporaneous flourishes, resonated with a significant portion of the American electorate.

Economically, both leaders championed national interests. Mussolini pursued a corporatist model aiming for self-sufficiency. He initiated the "Battle for Grain" in 1925, aiming to reduce Italy's dependence on foreign imports. Through subsidies and land reforms, the state encouraged farmers to produce wheat, with Italy's grain production seeing a significant rise by 1935. Similarly, Trump's America witnessed a paradigm shift — deregulation and tax cuts were employed to spur domestic growth, creating a form of economic nationalism. His tariffs on steel and aluminum in 2018 and subsequent trade wars, especially with China, were efforts to bring manufacturing jobs back to America and revive domestic industries. Much like Mussolini's grain battle, this was Trump's battle for American industry. The year 2019 saw American unemployment at its lowest in five decades, showcasing the effectiveness of such policies.

History often presents figures that, while rooted in their times, bear resemblances across ages. Mussolini and Trump, separated by oceans and decades, are prime examples of this. Their ability to rally their nations serves as a reminder of the age-old adage: amidst the currents of time, it is men of will that shape the destiny of nations.

When Mussolini took the helm of Italy, the nation was grappling with the Treaty of Rapallo of 1920. This accord saw the port city of Fiume — a symbol of Italian nationalism and the epicenter of Gabriele D'Annunzio's

poetic and boisterous escapades — handed over to the newly formed Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. This move left a deep scar on the national psyche, symbolizing a betrayal of the sacrifices made during the war. Mussolini's assertive foreign policy moves, like the annexation of Albania in 1939 and the claims over the Dalmatian coast, can be seen as attempts to reclaim Italy's pride and prestige.

Similarly, Trump's presidency was marked by a series of renegotiations and withdrawals from long-standing international treaties and agreements. The landmark decision of 2017 to withdraw from the Paris Agreement, a global effort to combat so-called "man-made climate change," drew significant international attention and ire by certain groups of people benefitting from the "global warming" hoax. This move echoed Mussolini's penchant for challenging the status quo to assert nationalist priorities. Furthermore, Trump's revision of NAFTA in 2018 into the United States-Mexico-Canada Agreement paralleled Mussolini's efforts to reconfigure Italy's economic engagements on more favorable terms.

Mussolini's grandiose vision of a new Roman Empire culminated in the invasion of Ethiopia in 1935. While the League of Nations decried this act and imposed sanctions, Italy's eventual victory and annexation of Ethiopia in 1936 was evidence of Mussolini's resolve. This act bolstered his standing at home and sent a message to the world about Italy's imperial ambitions.

In a less militaristic but equally assertive vein, Trump's push to recognize Jerusalem as the capital of Israel in 2017, a move that overturned decades of US foreign policy, and the relocation of the American embassy in 2018 from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, showcased his willingness to break from international consensus in favor of decisive action. This move, much like Mussolini's audacious campaigns, strengthened his domestic base, even as it drew international scrutiny and outrage.

Another striking parallel was the approach both leaders took towards mainstream media. Mussolini, with his background as a journalist, understood the power of the press. By 1925, Italy saw the establishment of the Press Law, bringing newspapers under state control, ensuring that the narrative was favorable to the Fascist regime. Almost a century later, Trump's frequent skirmishes with major news outlets and his adept use of the term "fake news" showcased a similar understanding and manipulation of media narratives.

Mass Deportation or Democratic Apocalypse?

“We guard other people’s borders, but we don’t guard our own.”

— DONALD J. TRUMP

The West, once a titan among civilizations, now shudders as the end approaches. Countries are ablaze with fury, and the skies seem to darken with the promise of divine retribution, echoing the biblical prophecy: “And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come” (Revelation 11:18). This tumultuous time, where the once unshakeable foundations tremble, unfolds like a script from ancient texts, forewarning of a chapter in history where every action, every decision, becomes a marker for the future.

In such times, Trump bears the weight of a culture’s survival upon his shoulders. He vows, with a determination as steadfast as the biblical Nehemiah, to shore up the nation’s faltering ramparts, to stem the relentless tide that could drown his homeland in the disorder that plagues unfortunate lands. Trump’s pledge is steeped in ancient wisdom, as if drawing from the sacred texts themselves, declaring that the homeland shall not be toiled by foreign hands nor its harvest reaped by strangers, as is written: “They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat” (Isaiah 65:22). His mission is clear: to secure the legacy and sovereignty of the American people.

Trump has promised to carry out the “largest deportation operation” in American history, modeled after the Eisenhower administration’s infamous “Operation Wetback” in 1954, when hundreds of thousands of Mexican immigrants (including those that held American citizenship) were deported. He has also pledged to invoke the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 — a law cited during World War Two to approve the surveillance and detention of Italian, German and Japanese immigrants — to deport suspected immigrant gang members. “I’ll invoke immediately the Alien Enemies Act to remove all known or suspected gang members...the drug dealers, the cartel

members from the United States, ending the scourge of illegal alien gang violence once and for all,” Trump said.

In this critical chapter of history, Trump stands firm, like a lone guardian facing the storm. His critics, who push for a future where everyone blends into one, are quick to dismiss him. They dream of an America where the old ways are forgotten, buried under the new world they want to build. This new world is chaotic, where streets overflow with waste, honesty in courts is rare, and the once bright light of America fades to a weak glow. Spengler warned us in *The Decline of the West* that when money rules, it can destroy both wisdom and freedom. This warning rings true today, painting a tragic picture of a future where America loses itself and the greatness it once stood for.

Should Trump’s call to action fail to unite the people, and his plan to protect the borders be hindered, the predictions of decline by Spengler seem more likely to unfold. Spengler tells us of a downfall that is certain, where the might of wealth and the noisy bustle of the city silence the traditional voices of the common people. He writes of a cycle where democracy ends up undermining itself, following the corrosive influence of money on intellectual integrity. As the corrosive influence of wealth expands, it permeates the very foundations upon which the nation was built, eroding the pillars of culture and community. The market’s invisible hand, once a symbol of freedom and prosperity, now seems to clutch at the throat of tradition, squeezing tight until the breath of common purpose and shared values becomes an asthmatic thread. The pursuit of profit at all costs seeds discord among the people, setting brother against brother in a race for riches that leaves the soul of the nation impoverished. The marketplace becomes a battleground, where only the cold calculus of gain is revered and America’s heritage is worn down, continuously threatened by the insatiable maw of greed and self-interest.

The Democrat-triggered apocalypse that many fear will be upon us should Trump be ignored and dismissed. In that dread hour, the streets shall indeed run rampant with lawlessness, the sacred bonds of trust between kinsmen shall be sundered, and the very soul of America might stand upon the brink of oblivion. As Spengler has written, “When the ordinary thought of a highly cultivated people begins to regard ‘having children’ as a question of pros and cons, the great turning point has come.” Spengler’s

observation about the decline of a civilization's will to perpetuate itself through progeny resonates deeply with the concerns that Trump addressed during his presidency. The ambivalence towards family expansion, viewed as a calculative decision rather than a natural progression of society, underscores a cultural and existential malaise that Trump sought to counteract. His policies and rhetoric often emphasized the restoration of traditional American values, which included a reverence for the family unit as the cornerstone of society. Trump's efforts to bolster economic stability and national security can be seen as attempts to create an environment where the decision to raise a family is once again seen as a fundamental good, a renewal of faith in the nation's future, rather than a burdensome choice riddled with doubts and fears.

For it is in the children of a nation that the legacy and spirit endure. Should the land become as the vineyard spoken of in the Book of Isaiah, where the keepers of the vineyard shall eat the fruit thereof no more, then verily, the end of the American epoch as foretold by the prophets and sages is nigh.

Let it be said, let it be written, that the hour of decision is at hand. Shall the people choose the path of renewal, the hard road of reclamation that Trump offers, or shall they sleep the slumber of indifference, only to awake in the throes of the end times? "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15). Trump calls for a return to the core principles that he believes made America prosperous and strong. He presents a call to action for the American people to actively engage in shaping their future, to preserve their homeland and its values, rather than to passively accept a path that is leading to decline and despair. Thus, the trumpet soundeth across the land, calling forth the sons and daughters of America to stand, to face the coming storm with hearts of courage, and to reclaim the heritage that was their forefathers' bequest. For in the twilight of the West, in this hour of decision, the fate of a civilization hangs in the balance, and the actions of the few shall decide the future of the many.