

On Politics, Viganò and the Children of God

Artists being slaves to the sensuous make poor moralists.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was as much a slave to the sensuous as the worst of us, but who now reads his pamphlet *An address to the Irish People?*

We live in a period that seems, like so many times before, the end of times, that turn out to be a prelude to more suffering and slaughter rather than a coming of peace.

I write these words in the hope that after the collapse of the current psychotic movement, The Great Conformity, someone may discover my religious paintings and find them of interest.

In my own peripheral reading, politics, that is the relationships of power within and between groups, developed when humans told stories about their origins and identity. This was a religious consciousness and was expressed in myths of gods and heroes. For the West the flowering of that consciousness came with Greek culture which also carried the seed of its own demise; the brilliance of Greek philosophy.

In the midst of this garden rose the persistent thorn of Jewish monotheism and the strange figure of Christ who claimed a unique relationship with God in a horrific transformative sacrifice.

Historians are unable to agree on why Rome fell, however the genius of the Greek world was supplanted by a Christian philosophy that everyone whether slave or free, male or female, citizen or king was a child under the one God.

Some centuries later there followed a violent pastiche of Judeo- Christianity (which it is not politic to name) that captured much of the Christian world and more, and culminated in the fall of Constantinople.

Yet for over a thousand years this call to humankind of a unique fraternity was lived out by the medieval saints and exemplified by the charity of the great monasteries. In art it was expressed by awe, in stone hymns to the divine. This lost world we know as Christendom.

While the Renaissance recalled the gods of ancient Greece it was an intense aesthetic moment, but 'The Enlightenment' eventually secularised man's nature. There grew the novel idea that man, in and of himself, should be subject of esteem, generating the concept of 'human rights'.

Correction and contradiction are the *modus operandi* of philosophy. In art it is different; if an artist is untrue he is really no longer an artist. But if a philosopher is in error then he is still a philosopher. This is not to disrespect intellectual doubt, after all, if God did not wish us to doubt he would never have invented Voltaire.

But truth has a transcendent aspect that cannot be realised by words alone but is also apprehended by ritual and by art. The Logos is much more than a word. The philosopher, as a manipulator of words, works in the closed system of language. He is like a chess player who, because he moves bishops about, believes he knows something of theology.

Without God there is only utopia. The French Revolution, with murderous economy, ushered in the *idée fixe* of a godless fraternalism. This is currently represented by a neo-Marxist, stateless globalism that when washed is just another version of communism. The key lesson of communism is that social good is policed by genocide.

Western universities in a parody of the monasteries from which they derived have satiated a generation in the safe space of postmodernism. This is a place where value is deconstructed of its meaning. No one can be hurt by truth, for truth, like gender is a social construct. As Roger Scruton noted, if they say 'truth doesn't exist' then one must take them at their word, and that such a statement is perforce false.

So too, no one can be marginalised by difference. Inequality which is the reality of all nature is a heresy to postmodernism. Minorities cannot be offended. This is why English police were correct not to prosecute the rapists of tens of thousands of children because that would have offended a particular minority from a particular religion. And to do so would have opened the police to charge of racism and that might also have hurt the feelings of the police themselves.

Curiously the only minority that can be legitimately undermined is the family. For the gender incontinence of political correctness betrays its origin as a sulphurous corruption of the Christian family.

If you want to destroy a country first kill the artists. By an accident of birth I live on an island that was once a mysterious place on the edge of Christendom of great spiritual potent. *The Sword of Saint Michael* begins on an isolated Kerry rock and ends in the Holy Land.

This island has never known the freedom of a nation state. The 1916 uprising against British rule was led by poets and dreamers, (derided then and disparaged now) and when these leaders were executed, it seems a curse was placed on the country. All was changed, changed utterly, a terrible mediocrity was born.

Having gained a partial independence (and after slaughtering each other in a civil war), the Irish spent the next century with two creedless political parties, alternatively in power, vying with one another in stupefying venality.

Having failed to save their own language, independence became a pretention. Ireland as a political entity was eventual sold off to a developing European super state which operates as a burlesque of democratic collegiality, this on the supposition that they were coming out of the frying pan of British influence.

When the phenomenal debts of private Irish banks were 'socialised' that is, put on the heads of the Irish people on the intervention of foreign powers, it was in one of the most impressive act of the robbery of a small population in world history. The Irish people accepted this financial devastation in a stunning display of meekness. While now the Irish government fights court battles so as not to burden American multinationals, wealthy beyond measure, with the unpleasantness of an appropriate tax.

Culturally there is little difference between Ireland the rest of the English speaking world. One might speculate that centuries of subjugation has defanged the Irish; like a beaten cur it whimpers and cowers but does not bite. Ireland is a craven state for a craven people.

In the West the current paroxysm of hate, this distemper has been brooding since ‘The Enlightenment’. It has divided people into opposing camps that Archbishop Carlo Maria Viganò sees in biblical terms of ‘the children of light and the children of darkness’.

Jorge Bergoglio an Argentinian who became pope and titled himself, without irony after Saint Francis is a champion for the children on one side; those that are aligned with the ‘progressive and liberal’ combatants for a New World Order where gender is malleable and all religions are in essence the same; all will be one and none will be offended, or be allowed to offend.

He has also ardently aligned himself to the great passive movement of Islam and seems tremendously at ease with financial hucksters and sexual predators. While his pontificate rules under the banner *The Name of God is Mercy*, Archbishop Viganò is in hiding because his life is in danger. Theologically, Bergoglio is a miracle of anti-Catholicism.

The children of the other side are represented by Archbishop Viganò and a few isolated bishops and priests. These children follow the creed of Saint Paul and Saint Pio and is described by the towering genius of Aquinas and Augustine. For them the music of Palestrina and the art of Michelangelo holds truth as well as beauty. And they esteem the tradition of the great mystics like Teresa of Ávila and the prophetic revelations like that of Our Lady of Fatima. This culture is now despised by the postmodern world as primitive, absurd, patriarchal and fascist.

The spiritual battleground of this war is always local, the family. It is a leitmotiv of communism for children to denounce their parents. Mothers are now taught to ‘shout out’ and celebrate abortion while fathers must face the shame of patriarchy. The sexualising of young children that is one of the great achievements of liberal left. No one wears a mask for the pandemic of paedophilia.

Just as Pope Leo the Great went out to meet Attila and saved Rome, Archbishop Viganò has reached out to the most hated man in all of recorded history. An eccentric protestant president of caesarean braggadocio, but who by a strange historical inversion appears as a catholic counterweight to the communism of Bergoglio. The archbishop has sensed that there is more to Trump than causing the demon rage of the new puritans.

‘For the first time, the United States has in you a President who courageously defends the right to life, who is not ashamed to denounce the persecution of Christians throughout the world, who speaks of Jesus Christ and the right of citizens to freedom of worship. Your participation in the March for Life, and more recently your proclamation of the month of April as National Child Abuse Prevention Month, are actions that confirm which side you wish to fight on. I dare to believe that both of us are on the same side of this battle albeit with different weapons.’

Yet the horned prince of this world keeps winning these battles. There will never be herd immunity for a hysteria of virtue. It is part of the genius of Satan to cajole mass movements towards great evil in the name of righteousness. For we are now living in a new gulag of conformity and creativity will soon become a ‘hate crime’. The remnant as prophesied will survive, but this time the catacombs will be different.

Eugene de Leastar
Kilcash
Ireland
June 29, 2020



They will Protect You . Oil on Canvas. 2018