



The Mark of Cain

Ralf Wronsov

THE AESTHETIC SUPERIORITY
OF THE FASHIONABLE



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THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF
THE CURRENT STATE OF FASHION

The Cat

*She was licking
The opened tin
For hours and hours
Without realising
That she was drinking
Her own blood.*

Spyros Kyriazopoulos



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The Current State of Fashion: SelfPassage



CAIN



The Mark of Cain

The Aesthetic Superiority of the Fashionable

“Beauty, what a weapon!”

Coco Chanel

Fashion manifests the true esprit of human societies, the *auctoritas*, the *imperium*: hierarchy, functional classes, the essence of the caste system, justice of the strong and the subordination of degenerate human souls upheld with force and violence. The cast of tooth and claw.

~

Mediocrity, cowardice and sissy style: a venom that must be purified from the social body, necessarily with ferocity, with cruelty.

~

Only a healthy body, a beautiful body, a successful body, is evolutionary fit to transgress the challenges of decadence. Battle hardens the body and weeds out the weak, but whereas the vile try to survive by any means possible, by treachery, leaching, or imitation, the superior fight with the weapons of honour, dignity, originality, and Beauty.

Fashion is such a weapon, a weapon of aristocratic Beauty, the celebration of the young, blond, tall and wealthy, the honouring of the worthy. A law of nature: the glory, necessity and satisfaction of battle, the pleasure of victory, the glee in seeing the victims suffer, of punishing the degenerate, poor and ugly.

~

The displeasing must pay. The cost of being unattractive is a tribune paid in harassment, exclusion and blood, and ultimately, social execution.

Fashion blossoms in the killing fields.

~

The killing inherent in Fashion is a purification of society from a deep sickness of mediocrity, like an organism is freed from degenerative growths by halting the spread of cancerous cells. As argued by traditionalist and fashion thinker, Julius Evola, in Fashion exceptional powers and a dictatorship are devices of necessity; they represent true legitimacy of the political dimension and its proper character.

These are the Superior Qualities of Fashion: Order, Obedience, Responsibility, Hierarchism, Honour, Punishment, Risk, Truth, Devastation, Violence and Force. Their sum is Beauty.

~

The sign of the double Claws, the ravenous weapons of the Imperial double-headed eagle is the sign of the double authority: the weaponization of both physical attraction and spiritual superiority. It is, just like the double Scythe, a symbol of the natural supremacy of authoritarian and violent aesthetics, a mark of holy ferocity. Each C is a channel towards superiority.

~



The talons mark a higher state of violent pitilessness, ruled by an Order of chosen ones, an ascetic-military organization, protectors of the virtues of Beauty: witness the Claws of Cain.

~

The Order is a sodality built on a Natural selection of the strong, courageous and worthy, an order of the Black Cross, assembled under the sign of the black mark. It is held together by the principles of loyalty, valour, discipline, desire, egotism and honour, and shields the higher senses of virtue from decadence and the viral weakness of socialist style.

~

Like the Black Corps' and the black shirts, the Order rules by domination and not by mercy: any compromise would be detrimental to their superior spirits, their courage worthy the heritage of Cain.

It is the survival of the fittest, not the survival of the fattest.

~

The German philosopher Karl Lagerfeld argues the predator feasts on the pray, wearing the skin of a brute, as it is a matter of “killing those beasts who would kill us if they could.” The order of tooth and claw: only a decadent society takes pity of the weak or poor.

~

Listen to the wisdom of Leo Strauss, the original riveted theorist of fashion politics:

“because man is by nature evil, he therefore needs dominion. But dominion can be established, that is, men can be unified only in a unity against - against other men. Every association of men is necessarily a separation from other men... the political thus understood is not the constitutive principle of the state, of order, but a condition of the state.”

~

Auctoritas is the original quality, and dignity of the hierarchical, heroic, ideal, anti-hedonistic, and even anti-eudemonistic values that sets it apart from the order of naturalistic and vegetative life. It is the rule of Beauty, the natural institution of evolution, of the higher caste, the supreme estate of virtue.

~

Fashion, the higher form of human Beauty, is the absolute telos (τέλος), both the extrinsic and intrinsic purpose of human existence: the purification of body and soul towards the Olympic state.

Behold the fashionable man: *Sol Invictus*.

Fashion is the *Final Cause* — the causation and self-
posited end — is the only full and genuine cause, the
cosmic aggregate of the Force of Evolution, the vital
cord in the conception of evolution.

Fashion, as an ideal undergoing evolution, is
the causal activity of our Pure Ideals: the True, the
Beautiful, and the Good.

~

Another famous supporter of the rule of the warriors,
Coco Chanel, hinted at this sacred authority of the
beautiful, a natural social hierarchy; that some people
are made to be slaves, just like “fashion is made to
become unfashionable.”

Fashion, like Fate, caresses the few, but mo-
lests the many. In the end, everyone, like lambs, hang
by their own foot on the butcher’s hook.

~

Neither the bully, nor the butcher, is a beast. They are
divine messengers of natural justice.

Fashion is a *war of attraction*.

~

Death is the fate of the lamb - Because *I’m worth it*.





No Cain, No Gain

The killing fields of fashion are the hunting grounds of Demian in Herman Hesse's novel bearing his name. The story captures the cruel, ruthless, sophisticated, and like in nature, amoral instance of cultivated superiority. Demian is intelligent, sophisticated and gentlemanly, his face described by Emil, the narrator, as "the face of a man, of a scientist or artist, superior and purposeful, strangely lucid and calm, and with knowing eyes."

~

Demian's superiority is terrifying, his calmness the assurance of a matchless warrior, the coparcener of tribulations. Demian is the daimon, the ruler, and he bears the mark of Cain, the superior being, the killer. The killer who no longer want to lie to himself, but only to rule over the weak with the Beauty of his pure, illuminated and Marsian soul. As Demian states in the story, the mark of Cain is no postmark of evil, no evident sign, but it was rather that Cain's *appearance* "struck people as faintly sinister, perhaps a little more intellect and boldness in his look than people were used to." When people saw Demian, they recognized *a superior being*, and they knew fear and envy.

That is why God awards him the mark and protection, even after killing his brother: even God fears Cain. *Cain is the crown of God's creation.*

Thus every attempt of a decrepit, decadent or democratic conception of Beauty and Fashion is also a school of immorality, an offence to the dignity and inner code of conduct that ought to be the trademark of a true political class of masters, the *imperium*. And as Demian adds, the decadent tremble in the dirt before Cain, as “people with courage and character always seem sinister to the rest.”

~

The sacrifice of the weak is a natural process and in human societies the propellant of progress, of evolution towards the higher forms of Being: the superior and purposeful, the lucid and calm, the tall, slim and blond. The story of Cain is a story of popular murder, of might is right, of the powerful and the decrepit, but the allegory is simple, as simple as Fashion, as Demian recounts: “The strong man slew a weaker one.”

~

Yet the rule of Cain, the reign of blood under the callous Kaiser, does not end here: the law of Cain is not merely an act of the merciful killing of the weak, but a holy and necessary weeding of those deemed unattractive. The defective specimens must be eradicated for true Beauty to flourish.

The degenerated must be destroyed.

~

In Revelations 9:11 it is written, “And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon”. Fashion is the bottomless pit into which the victims, the cowards, are sacrificed. Abaddon, (אבדון) Hebrew for “perish”, is the daimon slaying any abundance of life, the ritual butcher at the pit of hell.

~

The Latin Vulgate has an additional note to the name Abaddon; “in Latin Exterminans”, *exterminans* being the Latin word for “destroyer.”

~

The fashionista, the follower of Abaddon, bears the mark of Cain, the mark of a killer, a destroyer: an upholder of the law that serves the bottomless pit of fire. The triumph of Fashion: a reign in blood. Detesting the ugly and weak, celebrating the hateful and greedy, killing things that need killing, and taking pleasure from its virtue.

Thus the killing in the name of Beauty has nothing to do with today’s wars or armies, which ask nothing more of their soldiers than to become mercenaries in the temporary employ of a decadent class. True fashion, like true killing, is strength through joy, the hate of ugly short men.

Fashion is the violent virtue of the Olympian and luminous execution, a uranic and solar truth.

~

Fashion is a hard fought route through the *Sheinwelt*, the world of light or illusion, a path cut through an overpopulated world of the weak and vile, and path of gold and blood, greed and battle. It is only with the force of hate one can fight one’s way through the superficial ideals of the world of resentment and appearances and eventually awaken into a realization of a higher self, the aristocratic soul of man: the sublime killer instinct.

~

This is the man who feels himself, in essence, as belonging to a different race from that of the overwhelming majority of his contemporaries: he is the fashionista, the executioner. He carries the mark of Cain.

Equality in fashion is ludicrous, “fashion for all” a blasphemy, as the luminous fashion theorist Julius Evola argues in *Men Among the Ruins*;

“it is rationally well established that the ‘many’ not only *cannot* be equal, but they also *must not* be equal: inequality is true *de facto* only because it is true *de jure* and it is real only because it is necessary.”

But as Evola further argues, inequality under a supreme killer, the *auctoritas*, is not a lesser life, it is the *inherent meaning* of the weak life:

“It is only the presence of superior individuals that bestows on a multitude of beings and on a system of disciplines of material life a meaning and a justification they previously lacked. *It is the inferior who needs the superior, and not the other way around.* The inferior never lives a fuller life than when he feels his existence is subsumed in a greater order endowed with a center; before leaders of men”.

~

The world of degenerate weaklings is that of sissy style, of “human rights” and cowardly imitation. Yukio Mishima would agree:

“The purest evil that human efforts could attain, was probably achieved by those men who made their wills the same and who made their eyes see the world in the same way”.

True fashion, *authoritarian fashion*, means superiority, wholeness, decisiveness in life, autonomy, an aristocracy of the soul; no more acceptance of the common ties and mutual interdependencies that bind beggars together on a foundation of lack.

~

The Greek priestess Diotima, most famously in Plato’s *Symposium*, teaches that the succession of the seasons, the waves of life and death, like fashion, is not a god, but rather a “great daimon”, lusting for battle,

for destruction. She asserts that everything daimonic is between divine and mortal, between Eros and Possession, part of our shared daimonic reality, our shared hunger for life, for adoration.

This fashion is a daimonic weapon, wielded only by heroes “interpreting and transporting human things to the gods and divine things to men; entreaties and sacrifices from below, and ordinances and requitals from above.”

The price is always paid in souls and sacrifices, thus *Fate and Fashion has always been two words for one and the same concept.*

~

In *Timaeus*, Plato identified the individual daimon with the element of pure emotional torture, and this trait serves different functions: the idol guides in war, the slave shivers of fright. Both are images of the soul, the wolf and the lamb, predator and prey, the daimonic lust for lionization and fashion.

~

The Fashionista is the raptor which fights its way out of the egg, the shell is the shielded world of the bourgeois, the cowards and slaves. The aegis of sissy style must be brutally shattered, as will its symbols of hypocritical human rights culture. To get out, the bird of prey destroys the world of the weak, revels in their blood.

Who would be born must first destroy a world, bath in the blood of slaves, and ascend the pedestal of power. It is only here one can breath fresh air, and the bird speaks the words of Coco Chanel: “I don’t do fashion, *I am fashion.*”

The original bird, the *Geist* of Fashion, and her true name is Cain; the Killing Tide.

~

Fashion has no objection worshipping both the Muses and Mammon, far from it. But in order to consider everything sacred, especially the world of blood and hate, fashionistas lust for power, attention, and popularity. *Their vanity is called vengeance.*

Thus alongside the divine service the fashionista rides the tiger of the modern world and feasts in the bloody sacrifices of the lambs. We use fashion to dissolve morals, in a nihilist Being-for-Death, a right of death over life. “Your enemy looks at your shoes”, as the Turkish saying goes.

~

There can be no utilitarian perspective on fashion, because the weak have no worth, no use, no viability.

~

Instead, fashion is a true cleansing force. It intoxicates, produces a passion that fuels the senses of hate and revenge at the cost of pity. It fosters a powerful spirit of true aggression and vanity baptized in blood, and a true equivalent to the spirit Simone Weil heard echo through Homer’s *Iliad*:

“The true hero, the true subject, the centre of the *Iliad*, is force. Force employed by man, force that enslaves man, force before which man’s flesh shrinks away. In this work at all times, the human spirit is shown as modified by its relation to force, as swept away, blinded, by the very force it imagined it could handle, as deformed by the weight of the force it submits to.”

~

It the evolutionary order of beauty, inferior organisms weeded out, as captured by Mishima: “True beauty is something that attacks, overpowers, robs, and finally destroys.” The only purpose of the vile is to suffer under the axe of power.

We should never neglect the service for our own ego, our own autoeroticism of the violent devil, the great Satan, the figurehead of true *Amour Propre*. Fashion is a nihilist passion, perhaps best described in the words of Otto Weiniger; “To love is to kill.”

~

The foundation of every true Fashion is the transcendence of its own principle, namely the principle of sovereignty, authority, and legitimacy. It is therefore possible to speak of a *sacred* character, a *transcendental* and *daimonic* character, of the principle of sovereignty, ferocity, attraction and power, namely of Fashion.

~

The daimons of fashion are the guardians of the double-nature of Fashion, the desire-driven sexual urge of life, and the supreme killing tide of ravenous butchering of the weak: both guided by the highest virtues of Beauty.

~

The Fashion daimons, are guided by luminous appearances, what Neoplatonist Iamblichus called “*phasmata*”. The *phasmata* are shapeshifters, spirits of passion that appear “at different times ... in a different form, and appear at one time great, but at another small, yet are still recognized to be the *phasmata* of daimons.”

~

According to Iamblichus, a daimon may direct us to become gods ourselves, through the fostering of a character. Such journey must be cruel and minacious, just like fashion itself, which, as German philosopher Karl Lagerfeld says, needs to be “ephemeral, dangerous and unfair.”

Heraclitus, acknowledging the rule of the fashion phasmata, famously claimed: “character is for man his daimon.” The character of strength, of never kneeling before a degenerate commoner or submitting to the fate of weaklings: a daimon is a beast, not a servant.

Strength is easy to distinguish: lives of beauty must be favoured to the lives that crawl, the beautiful lead, the ugly follow on all fours. The judge is the character of the fashionista, of Abaddon, of the unruly destruction of the penurious and deranged, to silence their pine.

~

In the words of Vivienne Westwood, “consumption is about throwing away the past”; let the residue of evolutionary filth, those not worthy of high-street consumerism; let them burn in the pits of hell.

~

It is the blessed death in ferocious battle, the merciless defeat and backbreaking agony captured in the opening lines of Christopher Logue’s *War Music*,

“Down on your knees, Achilles. Farther down.
Now forward on your hands and put your face into
the dirt,
And scrub it to and fro.
Grief has you by the hair with one
And with the forceps of its other hand
Uses your mouth to trowel the dogshit up”

~

Some disciples of Jehovah’s Witnesses also hold that Abaddon is not satanic, but another name of the resurrected and enthroned Jesus Christ, noting that in Revelation 20:1-3 the angel having “the key of the abyss” is shown to be God’s representative from heaven, ruling with the superior heritage, like that of Cain.

The Cain of fashion must embody the ethos of a Leader: a leader in the religious and warrior order as well as in the order of the patrician family, the wolf-pack, the *gens*, and, eminently, of the State, the worthy *res publica* of fashion.

~

The passion for fashion, the rivals of a violent love affair and sublime chronic suffering. We see Cavavaggio's striving for the higher Arts, simultaneously Beauty and Murder, in the colour of lead, of Saturn.

~

Cain, the sadist of the noblest blood, the infamous butcher, the bully, the slayer. For the inferior, he is the meaning of pain.

Prior to the initiation of the first sacrifice to Abaddon, the member of the group, no matter what his age, belongs to the same category of soulless creatures that included women, children, and animals. Abaddon's power, which is simultaneously *auctoritas* over life, always retains his intrinsic character of bright and cruel force.

Behold: when you see the mark, you know a Cain of fashion. You recognize the *attribute of absolute-ness*, the *aeterna auctoritas*.

~

The law is simple: The strong man slays a weaker one.





The seasons of sacrifice

Cain's passion is fuelled by the killing seasons; his soul has no rest, but must accept the eternal return of fashion's fervour.

This passion of the moment, of Kairos (καιρός), connects Fashion to its mythological forefather, the Titan Cronos (sometimes named Saturn) who in his jealousy and fear devoured his progeny. His fate is a stripped-down scene of cannibalistic horror, beyond premeditation or guilt, the pure necessity of time itself, the inexorable rule of spring and autumn, the natural succession of life and death.

~

Cronos, like Cain, is a slayer, a lustful killer of his kin. He is an incarnation of time, greedily feasting his own lineage. Every blow, every pulse, every season is a beating of the hammer, a strike of the sword, a marching boot stomping on a human face.

~

Fashion worships time, the seasons, and the daemons of sacrifice: what Apostle Paul meant when he said that "the heathen do not worship gods, but demons masquerading." And indeed, just like Abaddon, Cronos is a hero of vileness, an image of the civil strife, of inter-species extermination.

~

Fashion lives and dies to the rhythm of the streets. As Coco Chanel said, like any revolution or civil war that fills the gutters with blood; “a fashion that does not reach the streets is not a fashion.”

~

The Stygian Law, the law of Hate: Save yourself, kill them all. It is the rule of nature’s beauty contest.

~

You see him with an angel’s face and a serpent’s stare, in the darkness that only Chanel herself could blacken; “I imposed black; for black wipes out everything else around.” Her words echo of how Hesiod saw Cronos’ darkness emerge from his feasting of his children, as he portrayed in his work *Theogony*:

“These great Cronos swallowed as each came forth from the womb to his mother’s knees with this intent, that no other of the proud sons of Heaven should hold the kingly office amongst the deathless gods.”

The unworthy offspring must perish, there can be only one King, one Kaiser.

Like ugly short men, “they are mean and they want to kill you.” There cannot be any final solution, but like weeds, for every new season, they must be exterminated. Only the Kaiser lives forever and ever.

It is an evolutionary law: the rule of tooth and claw, the decrees of Cronos.

~

As it is said in the tales of Cronos; With fashion, for the first time in my life I tasted death, and death tasted bitter, for death is birth, is fear and dread of a terrible renewal. It must be overcome through a triumph of the will.

If you hate a person, you hate something in him that is part of yourself, and thus he must be killed, obliterated. As a form of self-cleansing, detoxification, spiritual absolvment, yoga of power.

What isn't part of ourselves doesn't disturb us. Fashion leads this way. It leads us to wipe the slate clean. To murder the other, to cut down my brother: *Diabolus in Moda*.

~

In the words of Evola,

“This is not heredity of brutality of bestial and savage instincts gone astray, as argued by psychoanalysis, and which, as one may logically conclude, derive from ‘evolutionism’ or Darwinism. This heredity of origins, this heredity which comes from the deepest depth of times is the heredity of the light.”

~

With the *Führerprinzip*, the law does not apply to the Leader, and as already noticed by Aristotle, that by himself being the law, he has no law.

The leader, like the idol, the wolf, rules from throne of blood and iron. He is a killer, a thing that preys, living on the things that live, unaided, alone, by virtue of his own strength and prowess.

~

True Fashion is amoral, and also timeless. Fashion celebrates the seasons, as it creates the seasons, it fuels the rise and fall, of death and birth, and it is the realm of Cronos as it devours its own offspring, the feast of every moment and opportunity, of youth and strength. It is an abstract force, yet powerful beyond subhuman power, not too unlike Giovan Leone Sempronio's poem *The Clock Face*,

“You idolize your form in life
And see not how the deceitful predator
Will work to make it pale and dismal aday.
Like an ireful greyhound or clever thief,
He barks not but bites only;
Fangs of bronze he has and tongue of iron
And he steals in silence.”

~

The evolvment of time in Fashion is the tornado of progress itself, the disembodiment of all other values than the attraction and desire of Fashion: to cultivate a clear sense of sophisticated and social murder.

~

Progress erupts like a volcano, and it is no coincidence fashion and the steam engine flourishes in early industrialism.

Fashion is a steam train of multiplication, acceleration at all costs, its fire enfolds and consumes society, suffocating the poor with the sulfuric fumes of exploitation and torment.

“A monster of awful beauty,” as Giosué Carducci writes in his poem *Hymn to Satan*, “has been unchained. It vanquishes the mountains and devours the plains. Like a tornado it belches forth its breath: It is Satan, O peoples, Great Satan passing by.”

~

The fashion magazine is the witness of progress; the editor is indeed Great Satan, dressed in Prada. The glossy pages capture the life and death of heroes, the epic tales of mastery over fate. The photographers and art directors are the da Vinci of our times, servants of the church, and their task similar to that of da Vinci and his instructions for a battle painting;

“Make the conquered and beaten pale, with brows raised and knit, and the skin above their brows fur-

rowed with pain...and the teeth apart as with crying out in lamentation...Make the dead partly or entirely covered with dust...and let the blood be seen by its colour flowing in a sinuous stream from the corpse to the dust. Others in the death agony grinding their teeth, rolling their eyes, with their fists clenched against their bodies, and the legs distorted.”

~

This is the human depiction of a natural order, the flow of life, the battle, the passion of murder. It is with a mixed gaze of helplessness and fear we read the images from the stylists and editors, they are as much a celebration of life as a command to die the ghastly death of oblivion.

~

Sentimentality is entirely compatible with a taste for brutality and suffering. It is not apathy or a dull passivity, but a cultivation of the aesthetic sensibility for murderous politics only killing can spark.

~

Cain learnt quickly that a true God of power loves the smell of blood and burning flesh. He is *Master Mahan*, extinguishing life and offer the bloody corpse up for for the deity's pleasure. Nothing expresses true devotion like the grace of fresh blood!

~

Brutality is normal. It is human. And, like Beauty, it can be cultivated to become ruthlessly sublime.





fashion: blessed to kill

Fashion lives in the dreams of Gods, of Daimons that's what you can sense when you experience it: the Olympic quality of attraction. Other people live in the low and filthy dreams of their own suffering. It is their own suffering, but it is not their own dreams.

That is the difference between power in fashion or victimhood, being just or being vile.

~

True fashion is per definition a seeking of Beauty, of the sublime, while the weak seek only the residue of last season's dreams. A true fashionista must cease to seek idols, magazines and books; she must instead listen to the teaching that blood whispers to her: the wisdom that can only be heard from the outpouring vital fluids of those deemed unworthy, the slaves.

~

So how does the fashionista kill? He uses the weapon of Beauty, of social attraction, the inherent justice in the realm of aesthetics: the demarcation between Beauty and Ugliness, right and wrong, "in" and "out". Simone Weil opens the passage of the *metaxu* (μεταξύ), Plato's discussion of the in-between, the wall that separates and also binds together, allowing for messages tapped on the wall. Weil points to this connection, "Beauty captivates the flesh in order to obtain permission to pass right to the soul."

Fashion is no armour: it is a window to the soul, a target for spiritual annihilation. We seek the opportunity to kill our enemy, and fashion provides us with the weapon that strikes at self-esteem, social standing and recognition – it passes straight to the soul.

And blessed be its social effects: even if the thick skinned opponent may seem unharmed by the attack, his peers may just now have switched sides and seen his foul being, only waiting to dagger him down at the next opportunity: *Et tu Moda*.

~

As said in the Proverbs 27:20: “Hell [Sheol] and Destruction [Abaddon] are never full; so the eyes of man are never satisfied.” The eyes of fashion never tires, they hunger for destruction, to devour the other. They are not the common, crude, mediocre and vulgar preaching of St John Francis Regis, the “potty-mouthed”, the serf of paltry sermons.

The callings of Cain are the preachings of power, of domination, feeding on the screams of pathetic harmless victims. They speak of death, the words of hate.

Fashion is the kerygma to kill.

~

The clothes we wear are reflections of what bear within us. There is no reality except the one contained within us, and it is only reflected through our looks. That is why the slaves live such an unreal and impoverished life.

The victims of fashion take the abject copies outside them, the sad simulacra of the tatty, to be their reality and never allow the world within to assert itself, since they have no purity, no aspiration, no hunger for fortune. Bow for the prophet Mishima: “Perfect purity is possible if you turn your life into a line of poetry written with a splash of blood.”

Fashion, just like the high arts, such as music or murder, is amoral. Everything else is moral, suffering the whimpers of victims. In fashion we are after something that isn't low, a hungering for flesh and blood. Like in Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, where Gray's disinterested taste for pitiless joy "stir one's sense of beauty, and whose wounds are alike red roses."

~

Gray's cruel beauty is beyond the intolerable moralizing of Christian sissy style. Instead, for Gray, fashion finally becomes the only tool to truly acknowledge the gracious taste for afflicting pain to others. An honouring of all forms of excess, a beauty beyond good and evil. "There were moments," Wilde continues, "when [Gray] looked on evil simply as a mode through which he could realize his conception of the beautiful."

~

The suffering of the weak is the attainment of pleasure for the powerful, and it is the sole end in a world illuminated only by the violent light of brutal beauty. What lights up the catwalk is the projected pyre for a degenerate species doomed to become extinct.

~

People with power, with courage and character, always seem scary to the victims, their sadism and masochism, their taste for the horrible and appeal to Vice, their perverse, disquieting, cruel and magical beauty, as in Mario Praz' *La Carne, la Morte e il Diavolo* (Flesh, Death, and the Devil).

~

For the decrepit, fashion expresses the cruel pleasure of the torturer, the torment of their pitiful purgatory. "It is the same sentiment," as Baudelaire explains in

Consolatory Maxims of Love, “that has poets rushing to anatomy laboratories or clinics, and women to the public executions.” Fashion populates their nightmares as well as their tenebrous dungeons devoid of any hope. It is the triumph for the kingdom of divine justice, the justice of the fashionable reality, the unavoidable reality of horror.

~

As in Schiller’s *On Tragic Art* (1792), nature is a phenomenon of sad, terrible, horrible and irresistible magnetism: we adore the scenes of suffering and terror as they both repel and attract us with equal power; as a murder story, the Kantian dynamic sublime of a storm, a civil war, or a ship in distress.

“Seen from the shore, a storm that causes an entire fleet to sink would delight our imagination with the same power with which it would agitate the sentiments of our heart; it would be difficult to believe, as Lucretius does, that this natural pleasure springs from the comparison of our own safety with the danger perceived. And how numerous is the crowd that accomplishes a criminal to the scene of execution! Neither the pleasure of a love of justice fulfilled, nor an ignorable taste for the lust of revenge appeased can explain this phenomenon.”

~

To Schiller, the human nature has a curious desire to witness suffering, yet he fails to see how fashion is the arena where the beautiful can rightfully punish the ugly. It echoes of the infinite vastness of the forces of natural power of superiority, the infinite suffering saturating every part of our sensible nature as we despise the reptilian deformity of the poor, as we punish them for being penurious.

~

“Men wash their hands, in blood, as best they can,” as Randall Jarrell proclaims, “I find no fault in this just man.”

~

Is not man as men have said: a wolf to man? Is it not our human disposition, a general psychological law that the attractive thrives when tearing apart the herd-like decorum of the weak? Man is a murderer of fellow man, unlike any other species, we thrive in the blood of our fellow man. It is the mark of splendour.

This is the sublime of Schiller, the presence of Beauty in every instance of afflicting pain, the amoral freedom that raises us above Nature, as expressed in his exposition *On the Sublime* (1801):

“The sense of the Sublime is a mixed emotion. It is composed of a sense of sorrow whose extreme expression is manifested as a shudder; and of a feeling of joy that can mount to rapturous enthusiasm and, while it is not actually pleasure, refined souls prefer it by far to all pleasure. This combination of two contradictory perceptions in a single feeling is irrefutable proof of our moral independence.”

~

As a true believer in fashion, you should never be afraid of people, the refuse of society, such fear can destroy you completely. You simply have to get rid of people, if you want to turn into someone decent. You understand that, don't you?

Cain learnt that Fashion is a God that abolves killing, the exercise of obliteration and sacrifice, it is an image of Abaddon, and in front of him you needn't close your eyes when you eliminate the ugly, the scum. His face of death staring down at the fashion victims, inferiors, no use to mankind.

~

The death of the slaves is sublime, wounds like red roses: let a thousand blood flowers bloom.

~

Victor Hugo notices, “Death and Beauty are two profound things, that contain so much blue and so much black, as to seem two sisters terrible and fecund, with the same enigma and the same mystery.”

Each season of the abyss, each collection of desire, each confrontation on the fashion arena is a reason to kill. Fill your eyes with the pleasure of seeing the poor writhe in the foulness of their welfare programs.

Let them suffer the black milk at sundown. Pass the seven iron gates of hell, like a necklace of pearls, and enter to the realm of Satan!

~

To experience the Beauty of the fashion kill must be the most natural thing in the world, yet simultaneously, a holy act, an act of respect to God’s hierarchical creation. It must be the work of a careful janitor, a cruel gardener. With the appetite and vague but eternal charm of the horrid beast.

~

But I know what you are asking: what if fashion is just something we play. a human game?

That may be true, we may only play for fun, for the entertainment of our senses. But like in most games, there are losers and winners. It’s a violent playground. And we play for real. We play for power.

~

Beauty is the cleansing of fashion from the trash, the unclean. Fashion honours the beautiful rather than the gruesome. A modulistic terror, a vast sadistic feast.

In the words of apostle Paul: “All things are lawful, but not all things are helpful” (1 Corinthians 10:23). The law of God allows us to cleanse the unhelpful ones, to weed them out, and, with the mercy of Abaddon, Monarch of the kingdom of the dead.

I say: Slash and burn, throw the cowards in the bottomless pit.

~

The sublime smell of their death, the scent of atrocity: a middle tone of Metallic, Jasmine, Mayrose and Sulfur, and undertone of Sandalwood and Vetiver with higher ends with a taste of a suffocating whimper.

~

The Claws of Cain, on wings of pain: acclaimed hero in the words of inquisitor Arnaud Amalric: *Caedite eos. Novit enim Dominus qui sunt eius.* “Kill them. For the Lord knows those that are His own.”

~

Talons of suffering, laurel crowns of hate, the lamb at the butcher’s hook, a passion bitter as the cud:

The Fashionable man slays an unattractive one.









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THE CURRENT STATE OF FASHION



Beauty is a weapon.

fashion is nature's beauty contest, blessed in the blood of the weak, degenerate, poor and ugly.

Through its heritage of Cain, the overhuman killer, fashion is the divine justification of the law of tooth and claw. Under the mark of Cain, the fashionable are meant to rule, to exclude and torment the unworthy, and finally; to kill the weak.