Style and Steel

Sato Sato

FASHION AND THE ENDURANCE OF SUPREMACY
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“True beauty is something that attacks, overpowers, robs, and finally destroys.”

Yukio Mishima
Previous titles by Ralf Wronsov:

_Tractatus Fashionablo-Politicus: The Political Philosophy of The Current State of Fashion_

_The Mark of Cain: The Aesthetic Superiority of the Fashionable_

_The Kaiser: A Treatise on Fashion and Power_

by Siddharta Gargoyle:

_The Vril of Fashion_
(with a foreword by Ralf Wronsov)
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FASHION AND THE ENDURANCE OF SUPREMACY

Sato Sato
In the West, the works of Sato Sato (1954-1998) have remained unknown for too long. Some notes of the Japanese radical theorist were translated in avant-garde art zines in West Berlin in the early 1980’s and it is said that a following emerged among Prague goths in the mid 1990’s. Yet Sato’s unequivocal brutality as a thinker on fashion was never recognized outside a narrow niche of Harajuku neoradical fashionistas. Instead, at the height of postmodern theory, Sato’s work often seemed outrageous. Most cultural theorists dismissed his analysis as thuggishly extreme, and all but a few distanced themselves from his work.

However, in certain circles, Sato’s writing was held up as a forceful response to the degeneration of aesthetics following liberalism and globalization, a perspective today best known as the “alt-fash” position. On top of this, some followers saw Sato as a defender of Spinozist affect with its most brutal application to the lived body of fashion. In its violent honesty, and with its sexualized ferociousness, Sato’s work exposed a fateful sincerity that could not be denied. His writing struck a thin blade through the spine of man’s relation to fashion, and his soul’s hunger for stylized sin.

Now, in its first full translation to English, Sato’s epic work *Style and Steel* is ready for a ruthless revenge. Let the degenerated slaves of socialist style tremble in their chain stores. As Sato famously says, vanity is not fair, it is deadly.
Style and Steel

“Beauty is something that burns the hand when you touch it.”

Yukio Mishima

Fashion, like beauty, it is inflicted upon us, like a slash from a sword. It is an affect, impossible to deflect by any mortal. It strikes against the weak spirited, slits through the body, fracturing the spine, severing body from soul. From there, the pain of inferiority radiates. Mortally wounded, the slave begs for mercy.

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Inflict: the Latin infligere “to stike,” “to assail.” Style is a pain that is inflicted, it inscribes itself upon the weak, their whole being, their inferiority, their deficient lives. The ugly deserve pain.

~

Fashion is a torturous lesson suffered upon the body. Style is imprinted, carved deep into the abyss of the soul.
Like beauty, fashion is the sharp edge on the sword of justice. Whereas fashion is real, style is divine. Fashion commands, style punishes.

~

The sword of fashion comes not to send peace upon earth, but to cleave the righteous from the wicked, the wheat from the weeds. The ugly are sent to the fiery furnace, their tender souls to weep and gnash their teeth. Such splendid suffering.

~

Fashion is a dark spell. Style is infinite torment.
Style is, as in Zen, the sword that kills as well as the sword that gives life. It does not bring the mawkish peace of resentment, but the holy justice that is the grace of sterling superiority.

~

Style is the steel of the soul. No armor needs to protect the grace of righteousness.

~

Fashion shows no compassion, style shows no mercy.
the Sword of Style

“Perfect purity is possible if you turn your life into a line of poetry written with a splash of blood.”

Yukio Mishima

Fashion; the wild and intoxicating passion of battle,
Style; the sober and serious Imperial heroism.

The first is a rage of violent vanity,
The second is the sustained suppression of the weak through the reign of Steel.

~

The best fashion is fierce, cruel, merciless, beast-like.
Its means is violence, its end is fear.

Style is a sharp blade, a silent edge of steel that cuts through the socius. With a deadly whisper it separates the strong from the ignoble.
Fashion captures and kills with force.
Style slices, stratifies, and cuts away the fetid cancer and degeneration from the sick social body as the weak atone in blood.

~

Fashion is the rage of Joan of Arc, the torture of Cleopatra’s slaves. Gory duelling scenes between mortal enemies.

Style is the murder of princes, royal blood fated for the death of youth. Hands clutching a bullet-pierced breast, last passions gasping for air behind tense muscular flesh.

~

Fashion may be likened to the bending of a cross-bow; style, to the releasing of a trigger.
The confused tumult of purposeless turmoil, the tangled mass and metallic rings of weapons; such is the chaotic battle of fashion. A merciless roar, trobled and boiled up into the most extreme drunkeness.

Style is a wave of frozen silence, the lamentation caused by the mating of humanity and eternity. A tranquil young priest behind a fox mask.

~

Fashion is the supreme body of the killer, the legitimization of the most violent bloodshed.

Style is the sustained will and rule of the strong, the endurance of supremacy, the soul’s nobility which stars eternally.

~

Fashion, like love, dictates. There is always at least one victim.

Style shares the strength of the sun.
True beauty is a slash from a blade, cutting through the skin like a sabre-stroke. Late the victim realizes, and the unworthy whimper. Beauty is the jaws of Death, the darkest power that exists in this world. With the jet black rays of the deed, fashion elevates itself above the masses, while style soars above time itself. Like heroism, style proves that human beings can still excel.

The vassals, on their knees with thousand fears, like the passing seasons, they go on being born and dying, dying and being born. Like futile waves on the beach, they sort themselves into fearful patterns. In their mimetic claustrophobia, they accomplish nothing, are good for nothing. They dress for nothing.

Style, on the other hand, is the aristocracy of the spirit, the nobility which is synonymous with a life of effort, striding beyond the cowardice of obligation. Steel never betrays.

“*We live in an age in which there is no heroic death.*”

Yukio Mishima
The heels are our bayonets, the sharp haircuts our helmets, the perfume bottles our hand grenades. Style is a sword strapped to the warrior’s side, his body double. His calm appraisal of brawn excellence.

Style is the patriotism only known at the front, sharpest at the moment the deed is made flesh. Style is the pain that hovers within a tense abdomen pierced by arrows, shafts deeply sunk into the soldier’s athletic body.

Beauty draws the hero ceaselessly upwards, eyes open wide, to heights far, far above the human.

Fashion is the vigorous body of the warrior, lavish in intimate, welcoming warmth. This strong body belongs to the heavens, engulfed in pleasures. The perfection of true supremacy is always fixed with the ceaseless blue stares of the craving slaves.
There is no reason to discuss a pleasure that has no need of words, nor any vocabulary apprehended by the frail. Neither lead nor steel shall reach the body possessed of youth. In shiny boots of leather, fashion strides through the mouth of Hell.

~

He is dead who will not fight. Fashion, like a long knived charge, scoops up the whole of human will. It is the irresistible violence, as Sartre says, which recreates man to finally become fully human.

~

With blood dripping from its red lips, fashion feasts on the masses, knee deep in thigh high boots. True style is awash in the ichor of Hell.
To the vassal, fashion seems ephemeral, because he has never experienced the enduring vanity of triumph. He can but glimpse the eternity which unfolds within the victorious deed. Style is the immortality of action, the heroic glory of stamping out the vermin of history in order to be one with its legacy.

~

The idealism and humane zero-loss cowardice, without the willingness of making sacrifices, is the underling’s way to submission and shameful defeat. Only a sacrifice to the sword can produce the superior will, the superior violence, the superior fashion.

~

Fashion and style both battle against the monstrous animated beast that is the mediocrity and cowardice of the masses. No bloated creatures of resentment can reach the sublime intensity of the most violent blood: the iron wrought sensibilities and keenness of red-hot steel.
Fashion, the flash of the sabres, the fleeting, white-hot intoxication of the sharpest carnal pleasures. Fashion is a knowledge of the flesh, and like Foucault argues, “knowledge is not made for understanding; it is made for cutting.”

~

True style needs no depths, it hold no interest to the fashionista. Thought is shallow, commonplace. Only the ugly become “thinkers”, since they lack the courage, will and blood of steel.

~

Fashion needs exploitation, just like it needs followers. It is the brute force which rips the veils of defamation. It must always degrade, humiliate, destroy.

Hatred, only through blind hatred and murder can the vassal become a man. Only marching mannequins can quench his thirst.
The warrior fashionista, the soldier of style, fights the liberal trap of tolerance, compassion and resentful re-
spect. He lives only in ferocity, with murderous pas-
sion, yet with the willingness to Wagnerian self-sacri-
ifice. A pleasure at the merger of testosterone, sadism
and imperious savagery, only enriched at death’s door.

To hear the death groans of the defeated makes weak
people humble. This is the purifying purpose of vi-
olence. In agony, it makes their frail spirits delicate,
peaceful, bright. Every new fashion in the world has
come into being like this, through necessity, through
the bewitching violence of cruelty.

There is only servitude or supremacy in style. The
imitator is a thief who only understands domstication
if flogged by the horsewhip.
Only true style, the wildest beauty, has the quality of sacredness, yet it can be desecrated at a touch from the degenerated hand. The touch of a weakling defiles. The intoxicated cruelty of the warrior contains the source of miracles.

~

True fashion needs no friends, cruel and blood-thirsty, drunk with glorious fatigue. A radiant pleasure bursts forth, flodding the tender carcass of time. Like a beautiful spring afternoon, while one’s vaguely watching the sun as it peeps through the leaves of the trees. This is the crimson clearing, the clarity that only blood can brood.

“a samurai is a total human being, whereas a man who is completely absorbed in his technical skill has degenerated into a ‘function’, one cog in a machine.”

Yukio Mishima
What transforms this world is the style of the superior. Nothing else can change anything in this world. Do you see what I mean? Only superiority is capable of transforming the world, while at the same time leaving the trenches of the weak exactly as they were.

When you look at the world with superior style, you see the destiny of soldiers, that only the beautiful and strong, only those with a will of steel, can be transformed. The others are animals, less than animals, for they have no courage, no honor. The impulse to murder their icons is the expression of their devastated collective unconsciousness.

The mass crushes beneath it everything that is heroic. By definition, the masses cannot be heroic, they can never excel their spineless mediocrity. The warrior, on the other hand, always runs the risk of being penetrated by pleasure or eliminated.
The mimetics, the plunderers and followers, demand nothing except the death of their idols. The weak may think that if he killed himself the sordid bourgeois world would perish with him. Yet, only the truly barbaric fashionista knows that the sickly world of feminine imitation has to be destroyed for the unconquered Sun to rise.

~

The unprecedented ardor of loins swelling in upbraided attacks of desire. See man recreate himself in unrestricted pleasure and ruthlessness.

Such benevolent habits of allure. Such sadistic impulses of delight.

~

Superiority blazes higher and higher, blood coursing throughout the forgotten perfection of lips which seems sewn onto an untamed soul. The flawlessness of flesh untainted by moral.
The pure blood of style is a revolt against the masses. Blood coursing at fierce pace under white flesh. A muscular wound, torn open by tempestous desires, and glory folds the hero in its soft wings, in the strong hands of another warrior.

~

Western imitation, what the commoner calls “fashion”, is just like its degraded equality: it relies on its corrosive function, turning men into serfs. This man opens himself: inside, there is nothing. Serfs are always like this, empty, undeserving of contempt.

Their worthless liberal hypocrisy and cheap imitation make them soft. A mob of weaklings armed with lame cowardice and bad taste. Their only emotion is jealousy.
The fashionista, strong and vigorous, uniformed in black leather and the greatest of young hearts, never needs to judge. He never needs to judge because he always attacks.

~

Fashion cuts down the weaker man. This frail shadow of man is never wounded so deeply as when betrayed by the things he despise as superficial.

The coward says he doesn’t care of fashion, yet its blade gouges his eyes.

~

Style is the only real man, a cleansing bath of beatific carnage.

Vanity can never be fair. It must be deadly.
What is the political theory of style? It is in the air
death moans to let the flow of Time be conquered,
and emerge victorious like the ejaculated nectar of
conquest. Only in the merciless and brutal assault
can one taste the sweet sadism of the opium-eaters.

~

The warrior’s body, with his healthy physical craving,
submerged under the armor of muscle and hate. In
spasms of agony and joy, it reasserts itself through
 crimson cruelty and shiny shiny leather. The Divine
Power, passionate intensity of overindulgence, of
sweat, glory and blood. Bodies, taste that never wea-
ried, the touch of naked flesh, intensity of joy, season
after season of dizzying bliss which cleanses the soul.

True pleasure must always be a callous craft.

“What I wanted was to die among strangers,
untroubled, beneath a cloudless sky.”

Yukio Mishima
Golden skin and glistening sweat. Raking the sun’s guts, cut open by the sharpest looks. The sweet smell of leather as you plunge into the garden of flesh. The excruciating pleasure of supreme nectar comes welling up through its seams as if the ground had split open to disgorge a smooth stream of jet black molten rock. Through the crust of knowledge, the sensation of sweat, pulsing pistons of flesh, thumping of dark passions. A miraculous simmer sucked out through the climax of glory. Such fevered, savage exultation.

Never in this world can anything so beautiful be seen as the sublime threat of the victor’s body. Style, the blessing scent like the smoldering of fragrant blossoms. It is the sharp cry of pleasure which pierces the silence of the ether. Nothing can satisfy the bottomless vessels of a hero’s pleasure, the penultimate quivering horizon and red jets of blood. Wargasm is the crowning explosion of patriotism.
By its subtle, infinitely varied operation, muscle and steel restores the bruteness of the body, the aggressive, hypermasculine form of fierce sensuality. The worship and the lauding of the hycantine dagger, upright and strong, and flushed with blood. The authoritarian, merciless supremacy inherent in true fetishized domination, dressed only in a thin layer of vaceline.

Just think of Leonidas and his 300 warriors, the most ferocious fighters: 150 bonds of steel.

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The love of blood and secreted gold is an opium to the soul. Lips embracing the merciless churn of the gilded rod. The soldier’s odor of sweat, a sea breeze burned to intoxicating incensity. Bursts of violent color, blinding the dew. Soil not your eyes on the velvet salons or soft haunches of frail women. Such profane charm can give no pleasure to a man who has tasted the burning edge of a soldier’s spear.
For the body to reach the level at which the divine might be glimpsed, a dissolution of individuality is necessary. Style and love must court death, which means, of course, that it must bloom in the orifice of fortified manhood. Only under the gaze of glee can one understand the exercise of muscles and the atonement in carnal knowledge. Style is an erotic enlightenment, only understood in the tender ecstasies of subtle torture.

~

The glory of the greatest deed is spelled out in invisible brushstrokes. Across every inch of flesh, it radiates across the hero’s hardened body. The tragic calling of seasonal battlefields, harvests crowned by corpses.

Like the streaks of dried tears on a child’s face, every fashion must be news of death.
Only the glory of the great deed can cleanse the disgrace of imitation and degeneration. Style is the battlefield of display; no deception, no cowardice, no betrayal. Love is only an instance of supreme cruelty.

~

Life-force, sharp lead, hardened flesh, and the penetrating shafts of light which radiate from the solar anus; thy are all the extravagant energies which overpower reason. Style is the purposeless violence of exuberant life, kneeling young lovers, the emancipation of rape, an euphoria existing only for its own sake. Or for the sake of a forbidden god.

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Sweat my children, let fashion burn your passionate hands and blood filled limbs. Style and Steel is the naked struggle over the unconquered Sun.
“Men have finally become equals with God, but only in cruelty.”

Albert Camus
THE CURRENT STATE OF FASHION
Fashion shows no compassion,
style shows no mercy.

In its first full translation to English, radical theorist Sato Sato’s epic celebration of aesthetic heroism is now ready for a ruthless revenge upon the degenerated slaves to cheap fashion. As Sato famously says, vanity is not fair; it is deadly.