

my
Nationalist
PONY

**BUTTERCUP
DEW**

MY NATIONALIST PONY

by

BUTTERCUP DEW

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“He [the liberal] cannot comprehend a world in which the individual is just one part in a complex and interrelated natural order, and that for that order to be healthy the individual needs to be able to find his proper place, the place where he can be useful, and that he has a responsibility to be useful.”

—Dr. William Pierce, “How Liberals Think”

“Yet in fact the nurturist sees us as interchangeable units, such individuality as we possess stamped on us by external forces. It is the naturist view that more easily accommodates real individuality and freedom. To be sure, the individuality is innate, not acquired, and the freedom is tethered by genetics, but at least we are not mere lumps of modeling putty. Biology is freedom!”

—John Derbyshire, “Nature, Nurture”

“How am I blest in thus discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;”

—John Donne, “To His Mistress Going to Bed”

A hand-drawn map of the world, where different regions are labeled with various concepts and values. The labels include:

- SHAPED DESTINY** (North America)
- LOVE** (Europe)
- TRADITION** (Asia)
- FAMILY** (Africa)
- PEACE IN OLD AGE** (South America)
- PROUD SONS & LOVING DAUGHTERS** (Australia)
- SHAPED DESTINY** (South America)
- LOVE** (Europe)
- TRADITION** (Asia)
- FAMILY** (Africa)
- PEACE IN OLD AGE** (South America)
- PROUD SONS & LOVING DAUGHTERS** (Australia)

A cartoon pony with a long mane and tail is sitting at the bottom right of the map, looking up at it.

ORIGINAL ARTWORK BY BUTTERCUP DEW

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About the Author

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Hello and thank you for taking the time to open this book. What follows is the product of a small but significant chapter in my life—from the time of starting to watch *Friendship is Magic* in my late teens as a young adult, to fully losing interest in the show when it was no longer novel to me as a grown man over five years later.

During the most difficult circumstances in my life where I was fully experiencing poor health, aimlessness, financial insecurity, and social isolation, the themes and endlessly energetic characters of *Friendship is Magic* have been an inspiration and source of strength to me, and my experience is far from unique.

However, as a natural born iconoclast, I saw something different and hidden in plain sight in this Equestrian fable—the stirrings of white racial consciousness and implicit whiteness. These shiny-eyed pastel ponies took on, for a time, a magical property and spoke to a sincerity long dormant and assumed dead in the disenchanted world of today.

These texts are arranged roughly chronologically, each titled with respect to its source episode or show precept. The original format of the blog was intended to be quite long essays, something that later gave way to shorter posts and more conversational and light-hearted writing. I implore you to persist with this text if you are someone who reads things front-to-back or not at all—or if you are not, to dip in as curiosity compels you. In both cases, I hope you find, as I did in writing this, enjoyment in playful humor and being thrilled by things that are both seemingly ridiculous and entirely true.

See you at the end,

Buttercup

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL FOREWORD

Welcome, every pony, to a blog carrying on in a similar vein to other articles overthinking this great show. This blog will take an in-depth look at Ponyville and its surroundings, the fundamental laws of the *Friendship is Magic* universe, and the likenesses with real life that allow these stories tell us about ourselves and our world.

Surely the most pressing question the reader will have is: Why do this? It's just a children's show. What could it possibly have to say, apart from general platitudes about love and tolerance? In truth, the lessons of *Friendship is Magic* are very real and very insightful. I will be posting on an Episode and Character basis about topics such as economics, political philosophy, egalitarianism, and philosophical/personal value systems. Hopefully with clear enough explanation, the shows' metaphors for the state, misplaced belief, individual talents, and free markets will become clear.

Not every pony has the same level of background knowledge about these subjects, so each post will explain its precepts beforehand so no pony struggles to keep up. After all, you wouldn't be here if you didn't like the show, and I wouldn't want anyone struggling to grasp what I feel the show illustrates.

Before we start, however, it's always nice to have an overview of the route ahead. Here's some of the links that occurred to me during Season 1.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE STATE

As being derived from ideology and narrative. This is very clear in "Winter Wrap Up." This episode covers free markets vs. state collectivism, too.

ANTI-EGALITARIANISM

Friendship is Magic takes a fairly dim view of the "Blank Slate" social theory. Ponies have to discover their special talents/natural aptitudes, not learn them. Each pony is unique, but by no means equal. In fact,

egalitarian ideals don't even exist in Ponyville. This also branches off into caste systems and racial identity.

INHERENT VS. PERSONAL VALUES

Every one of the Mane Six of the cast has a defining set of values. This comes across very clearly in the "Art of the Dress" episode and in the first episode of Season 2. I'll be talking through how each character (and one special pink pony in particular) shows how our own subjective valuations can cause us to misinterpret reality, for better or worse.

TRANSCENDENTAL IDEALS

In our atomized modern societies, we live with the myths of "liberalism" and "equality." Over and over, we are told that we are all entitled to our opinions, and no-one is better than anyone else. In such a mindset, no greater truth can exist than one's own personal whim. This is a particularly tricky analogy to work with, but clearly there. Princess Celestia herself transcends regular ponies merely by existing in the *Friendship is Magic* universe.

I understand this is, at first glance, a fairly difficult list for the casual reader to even comprehend, but don't worry. Each post from now on will stick to one topic only and go through the spadework, so in the future a more well-rounded, coherent, and positive conclusion can emerge. I also understand that this list betrays a great deal of my own personal leanings. But in the process of explaining them, hopefully no pony will be in the dark about how and why I come to think and feel as I do.

DIFFERENT IN HARMONY

CUTIE MARK: A unique tattoo-like feature located on a pony's flank or haunch. A cutie mark is obtained when a pony discovers the unique characteristic that sets him or her apart from others.

OUR DIVINE MINDS

Today, each and all of us will wake up in a world where the orthodoxy has become unhinged and is trying to bury reality at all costs. We inescapably live with statist humans who insist on trying to scrub out the writing on the wall that equality isn't working. Walking around the cities of the West is to see every possible culture given a free pass to be taken to its extreme, as the previous culture has followed its internal logic to its utmost and abdicated its right to exist.

I am sure that my sensitive and perceptive readers won't need the point labored, and there seems little point in re-hashing a muddled piece better suited to other forums that have a penchant for repeating just how awful it all is. Instead, let's cut straight to the poison nugget at the heart of the egalitarian, multicultural, moral-relativistic morass: the liberal tenet of universal equality. Just how did such a bizarre notion take root? How did it come to be that race and creed, the most fundamental components of a person's being, were taboo to take into consideration in any human decision, be it choosing a work colleague, accepting a customer, and even choosing a mate?

The answer is mind-achingly simple when realized. The average Westerner has accepted that God is Dead with a blithe shrug and jumped to the next best substitute: pretending the mind, instead, is a divine thing, divorced from the material world. In practice, this theory seems to hold together. The mind can be experienced by an individual as being on a higher plane and capable of thought, QED it can be interpreted as a kind of mini-god. The mind seemingly chooses where the body goes, how it walks and talks, and this top-down misrepresentation of reality grants consciousness a free pass to pretend it is God Himself.

When the mind is perceived as separate from the body, then it follows that all those who possess minds must have equal minds, or at

least, born with equal capability. This theistic hangover leads to mass insanity like the Blank Slate theory and the consequent cultural and racial conflicts. Ironically, all those shrill “anti-racists” and “progressives” who rage so loudly and ineffectually at the religious folk who hang on to traditional Christianity, are the truest Christians of the lot. Whilst conservative Christians can say they adhered to the rules of the Good Book, it is the multiculturalists who are true to Jesus’s teachings that the Holy Spirit can exist in all. To them, each and every human contains a little equal measure of divine sanctity, like a djinn in a bottle. Of course, the idea the Holy Spirit is meted out in exact equal quantities and that we must act accordingly is a nonsense assumption, and no two humans can ever have identical feelings and experiences. Each of us has our own life and our own animal frame. The Marxists who condemn religion as the opiate of the masses have been busy manufacturing and falling victim to their own, more refined product: it is not God who is holy, but Man.

To the fearful person, who is perhaps disturbed and frightened by the realistic prospect that he or she is a fairly average animal in a frantic race to the top, safety in the crowd is always a good bet for an emotional security blanket. Like eating too much ice cream, engorging ourselves on false beliefs is destructive in the long run. It prevents us from understanding our correct and intended place in the world—the place in accordance with our innate level of abilities and inherent traits. However, enough scared humans make a mob, and each and every member of that mob is scared of the prospect that he’s going to lose out, or get beaten down by the bigger guy, or outsmarted by the nerdy guy.

Whenever a hapless Human Biodiversity fan points out the obvious—that no two individuals can ever be objectively equal, and that equality is a fanatical subjective notion it itself—it’s pitchforks and torches time. This theistic, fearful crowdism has gone on long enough. It’s destructive and irrational. The West no longer has enough spare cash or spare white people to carry on pushing this insane bandwagon any longer. And this is why *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* is so important—because it condemns our naivety and shows us reality.

THE REDEEMING REALITY OF CUTIE MARKS

My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic drives a sharpened stake through the heart of the egalitarian, irrational, mind-body dualism that passes for “Reason” today. The show is so vicious and uncompromising in its stance that no pony was created equal or identical that it shows foals—the “Cutie-mark Crusaders,” child-characters and younger ponies of the show’s cast—failing miserably at anything for which they are not destined to have a natural aptitude by their bloodline and genetic heritage. Over and over again, the young ponies make every effort and take every opportunity they can to learn new skills and talents, and each and every time their efforts amount to naught, and they slink off, nursing a bruised ego and the hope of better luck next time.

Readers who, like me, have taken up pastimes one is not naturally lent to will be all too familiar with this brutal and refreshing lesson: no matter how hard you try, if it is not in the fiber of your being to be good at something, you will be trumped by those who have it in their genes. No pony was born knowing how to Scoot, but no pony is as good at scooter tricks as Scootaloo. Likewise, nobody is born knowing how to motorcycle, but I’m certainly not Valentino Rossi.

Clearly, human beings vary in terms of IQ and physiology along ethnic lines. But the show—either consciously or unconsciously—takes the message of anti-egalitarianism one step further, beyond collectivist racial bloc thinking and into the realm of individual ability. The pony bell curves, like human ones, certainly exist, but there are enough outliers and variation between the pony castes as to discredit statist caste systems and the dunderheaded Marxists who insist that Ponyville is the very model of classist oppression.

Rainbow Dash the Pegasus is a born athlete, brimming with bravado and vigor, capable of causing one-pony freak weather events when she sets her mind to it. Her opposite number in demeanor, the endlessly understanding, sympathetic, and reserved Fluttershy, needs sincere emotional support to jump over a small gap, despite being a Pegasus. She is not at all at home in the air. Her radiance is nurture and kindness, and so feels out of place doing anything more than hovering a few feet above the ground. Nonetheless, she was raised along with Rainbow in Cloudsdale, the cloud city where the Pegasi choose to live.

Rainbow and Fluttershy's opposing equivalence when it comes to flying is the show's testament to individual brilliance (or inability) within the bounds of an ethnic identity.

Further along the genetic heritage spectrum lies Scootaloo, an enigmatic young filly with a totally unknown family background. She's something of a pony mulatto. Her wings are too small to allow her to fly, but she uses them to propel herself along with her scooter very quickly and skillfully. We know young Pegasi can fly because the cartoon shows us: Young Pegasi, including Rainbow herself, are shown flying confidently at a young age. Scootaloo, on the other hand, is the outlier.

Friendship is Magic also takes great care to show that genetics aren't race, and the treasured individual identity of one's Cutiemark comes from family. Working from a more realistic, tribal based view of the world, rather than racial bloc thinking, Applejack's family in particular shows that genetic heritage spreads outwards in concentric circles from the individual. Applejack has a Cutiemark of three red apples. Her older brother, Big Macintosh, has a Cutiemark of a large green apple cross section. Her cousin Braeburn has a—wait for it—Braeburn apple, and her Granny Smith has . . . Well, you get the picture. It is implied her younger sister Applebloom will earn her cutie mark for carpentry, a continuation of the Apple family's strength and distinction in honest toil and knowing how to work and build on the land (given that Ponyville was founded by Earth Ponies, it is extremely likely the Apple family barn was constructed by the colts of the family clan).

The culture of Ponyvillians could not be more rooted in embracing their different natures and innate identities. Ponyvillians understand not only culturally, but through direct experience, that genetic identity is not a set of categorical boxes, but an infinitely complex and magical phenomenon that gives each individual his own unique identity, no matter how trivial.

Within my own family, I am given very much to visual creative pursuits. A sibling, by contrast, is completely oblivious to what I see in a canvas, and instead has a deeply rooted passion and native intuition for high-level abstract thinking, enjoying the Lego-like building blocks of computer code. Most people dismiss these kinds of significant

personal differences with “whatever floats your boat” or some other snarky comment, but *Friendship is Magic* reminds us that these individual differences are innate and inescapable. We might want to think we control our desires, but instead, our natural quirks and inclinations are truly in control. The ponies of Equestria have no need or desire to pretend everyone is “Equal.” Like anyone who’s woken up and smelt the coffee, the ponies are totally indifferent to the bonkers agenda of applying a subjective notion politically.

They do not need to struggle after political power to justify themselves—except one rather haughty pony, as I’ll discuss later—or feel the urge to divvy up state control so everyone is “Equal.” Their deity is walking, talking, and fully in the realm of the real for them, so statements such as “Equal before God” are bunk and hokum. Twilight Sparkle is clearly Celestia’s favorite pupil. Even Pierce the Unicorn with the safety pin for a cutie mark, who’s special talent is having a sharp horn, is extremely proud of his prick—despite what negligible career prospects it might afford him.

For the ponies, who have no welfare state, every pony exists for a reason. That reason is a clear presence throughout his or her life—that Equestria and Celestia afforded their parents the will and means to live and prosper, so that they could raise families and bring new life into the world. A cutie mark is a perpetual reminder that the universe has afforded that pony a specific niche in which to exist, a means to fulfil its existence and potential.

To me, this is the beauty of the show, that its mechanics function on a much deeper and more profound level than first glance would suggest. In our strange modern shapes, it is a refreshing reminder that in order to find peace within ourselves, we must first abandon trying to convince ourselves of the impossible (that inherent worth exists in the universe at all) and trying to force this upon society using the state (treat everyone according to how I feel or else)! Instead, we must look down to what value really is—a subjective valuation. And our subjective feelings are held in sway by our unique genetic quirks and eccentricities. And when you break up your DNA, you get throwbacks and bits and pieces and snippets of your parents’, and your parents’

parents, and your parents' parents' parents, all of which the gods of fate decided could and should exist.

To a pony, his or her cutie mark is interchangeable with who he or she is; even when not explicitly followed, it echoes and guides that pony's actions and inclinations. For the ponies of Ponyville, and for us with our hidden cutie marks and concealed inner turbulence, harmony comes from recognizing the reality of the self as a whole, not pretending it is only narcissistic mind. When every pony knows himself and cooperates and compromises with others, society works in harmony. A nation is merely the projection of a group of people with common heritage and identity, working and living in the same land. It is not for a love of ourselves that we (and the ponies) are nationalists, it is a love for the world itself and the purposeful existence the world affords us.

To put the world in order, we must first put the nation in order; to put the nation in order, we must put the family in order; to put the family in order, we must cultivate our personal life; and to cultivate our personal life, we must first set our hearts right.

—Confucius

My Nationalist Pony, 20 September 2011

COLLECTIVIST WRAP UP

Authorities are all around us, and they carry their power in their names: “The powers that be.” “The Police/ President/Prime Minister/Congressman/Councilor.” These terms are common currency, worn and familiar. We speak of them as facts of life. Even those of us who are conscious of the illusory nature of these authorities easily fall back into passing this language around as comfortably as our fellows. From the smallest tribes with a renowned elder to the Third Reich, authority and state power have been the order of the day for human societies since the dawn of time. Someone has to make the rules around here. Just as the sun rises and the sun sets, Ponyville has a Mayor.

All of you reading this naturally know that political systems are projections of this loaded language and are inherently faulty. But when we’re feeling a little crushed by the grinding, endless mundanity of it all, this self-buried knowledge that the system is a bust doesn’t help or clarify. The questions remain: What is the system, and how and why does it keep screwing us up? How do these people get to the top?

The administrator for Ponyville is known colloquially as “the Mayor,” and her cutiemark of a scroll with an important looking ribbon gives us a clue as to just how things work around here. She’s *in charge*. By power of official decree, she’s the one who *gets things done*. Since we never see democracy in Ponyville, we can just assume that she’s the Mayor because she makes the rules around here, and she makes the rules around here because she’s the Mayor. Maybe Celestia put her in charge. Who knows. All we know is, she’s *important*.

Compare and contrast this to Sugarcube Corner or Rarity’s Boutique or the Apple Family. Although never actually named, we know these are little for-profit market enterprises, as our beloved ponies earn a crust (or an apple, as the case may be). These little mini pony-companies have an objective beginning and end. Like nations, they are defined by the people who compose them. Pinkie Pie, we know, is an employee of Sugarcube Corner. Twilight, on the other hand, isn’t. Companies are just names for collections of people who do a particular, objectively-defined job. Plumber. Researcher. Chemist. Baker. Apple bucker. Which

kind of raises the question, what exactly does a “Mayor” do? What makes her the Mayor? Again, we’re stuck.

If we probably asked her, she’d likely give us some vague answer about ensuring the welfare of all Ponyvillians or some other wishy-washy subjective term. We know she gives “inspirational” speeches. And it’s this crucial juncture that helps us define a false authority. She’s the “Mayor” not because that’s a job description of something that’s objective and real, but because she is *believed to be* the “Mayor.” Her authority is derived from people believing that she should be in charge. Any pony can be Mayor, because it is not a function of work (baking cupcakes!) but because it is a role within a social contract. Sometimes, in things like worker co-ops, this statist social contract works. But other times, and especially for doing things like running an entire society or Wrapping Up Winter, it doesn’t. This widespread ideological belief causes conflict and sets every pony against each other, and no pony can identify the source of the conflict correctly, because in their minds, the “Mayor” is just a pony doing his or her job like any other.

When it comes to wrapping up winter, every pony works as part of the system to try and get it done on time—and they’ve repeatedly failed. Like the Soviets of yore, the blame isn’t placed on the ideology and narrative of the state. That every pony is arranged into teams decided by someone who is called the Mayor because of . . . something, but because *no pony was working hard enough*. The authority of the Mayor rests on every pony agreeing that she should remain in charge, so instead of admitting to be a bad organizer of labor, she gives an inspirational speech that reinforces the narrative of the state but doesn’t actually get anything done.

And this is where *Friendship is Magic* gets interesting. Instead of attacking or complaining about the fact the state uses force at the margins to keep itself on top and others in line, *Friendship is Magic* goes straight for the jugular and attacks the ideology of the administrative state itself. It shows that even in a Soviet Utopia with Perfect New Ponies, things will still fail when every pony fails to recognize reality: that tasks are best accomplished through every pony working from his strengths, discovered at the individual level and talked about, shared, and used cooperatively until a bottom-up,

efficient order emerges, rather than a top-down, do-as-I-say collectivist hierarchy. “Winter Wrap Up” is nothing short of an ideological devastation of anyone still adhering to the intellectually bankrupt notion of statism.

Now we’ve spent that long preamble figuring out the state is ideological (phew!), we can figure out how to beat it, as illustrated by our pseudo-Randian hero, Twilight Sparkle. Twilight Sparkle arrives late to the Mayor’s speech and misses out on all that glorious collectivist propaganda. Every pony is cheering for the Mayor! With her on top, we’ll be sure to wrap up winter on top this year for sure. We just need to work harder in our glorious dictatorship of the proletariat! Of course, the Mayor speaks for us. We put her there. Of course, every pony thinks the scroll of officialdom on her cutie mark makes her a good leader, when in truth, this haughty, vainglorious pony doesn’t really amount to a whole hill of beans when she’s not on a podium and needs to be in charge in order to justify herself.

Twilight Sparkle doesn’t give a fig about the Mayor. She just wants to do her best to belong with every pony else. She takes a look around, and predictably, the ponies are arranged into caste worker collectives (even though, as we discussed last time, this bloc categorization fails as bell curves overlap). Every pony has his little Maoist jacket on. Every pony is absorbed in the great narrative of the ~~United Soviet Socialist Pony Republic~~ wrapping up winter on time with the Mayor’s leadership, and our dear Twilight is late and hasn’t been assigned to her collective farm yet.

With dreary Marxist dunderheadedness (ending the division of labor and whatnot), the best ponies at their assigned caste role have been put in charge of the bloc herd. Applejack is the best Apple buckler, so she’s team captain for Team Earth Pony. Ditto Rainbow Dash and some other purple pony who I assume is a stand-in for Twilight. Every pony gets to work, and by God, these ponies are just all over the place. None of the colts ploughing the fields are even working in coordinated teams! It just goes to show that, despite every pony wanting to work hard Sieg Heiling and stuff, giving a bunch of ponies vests and telling them to work it all out just doesn’t work.

This top-down, command economy way of doing things fails miserably, because it relies on doctrine and dogma (that cutie mark scroll again) rather than figuring out what's the best way of going about things at ground level. As a consequence, when the dogma isn't expansive enough to cover every eventuality, the system begins to disintegrate. There isn't a priorities list for wrapping up winter. The system begins to expand exponentially as for every conflict the state creates by issuing a top-down order—Pegasi do this, Earth Ponies that, animals drown—a new piece of doctrine needs to be created, and this doctrine is issued as official decree.

In “Winter Wrap Up,” we watch as the poor Mayor fails to understand she is the source of the conflict, by virtue of her privileged position and use of power, and she looks in a sour enough mood to send some pony to Siberia before Twilight steps in. The seemingly innocent enough misconception, that someone needs to be in charge, causes tremendous damage when widely held and adhered to, because the differences between every pony are so complex and intricate that no pony can calculate or plan for it all. Every pony needs to discover his own cutie mark and role in society for himself. Thinking a central planner can do it is ridiculous. How can one haughty mare/Mayor figure out how winter can be wrapped up quickly all by herself? It seems like a nice idea, that we just need a Mayor, or a new Mayor, and everything will work out, but it's a fantasy.

Now, not every pony wants to study economics or philosophy. Nor does every pony want to hunt around in his mind for things he believes in (like Mayors and Generals and stuff), that are projections of feelings rather than objective terms that do real work—so trying to convince every pony that life would be better in a freer (let alone free) market is a bit of a null strategy for starting a revolution.

As far as we know, the ponies have been having collectivist wrap ups for some time now, and it's the circumstances of Ponyville that help it revert from an ideological, failing state, to a prospering, capitalist/mutualist anarchy. By the end of the episode, while no pony really believes in the state as a way of getting stuff done, they clearly believe that Twilight Sparkle does a better job, and hell, even use the state of officialdom to recognize this. Like any successful meme, the

Ponyville State changes shape to carry on surviving, and this time, it's benign, and winter gets wrapped up on time. So how did this happen?

Well, Twilight Sparkle arrived in Ponyville and has her cutie mark. She understands herself and what she's good at, and wants to fulfil it in the universe. Now she literally jumped out and says, what every pony needs is organization! She set out to change the dominant orthodoxy and could because she was able communicate with every pony else on an interpersonal level.

We know Ponyville is no more than one Dunbar unit of ponies (the Dunbar number being the number of people any one person can know and have stable interpersonal relationships with). We know this because Pinkie tells us. She knows every pony in Ponyville! Should Twilight have gone somewhere more crowded (maybe Fillydelphia). Things could have gone a little differently, and she could have started her own business organizing labor to run efficiently. Perhaps if the show were written for My Nationalist Pony's audience, an extra few minutes would sound like this . . .

Dear Princess Celestia . . .

Today I realized that in order for every pony to succeed in our collective endeavors, it's best if every pony knows each other. That way, no pony gets put into a bloc role he won't succeed in, like Ditzzy Doo, and any pony who has a better way of doing things can share it for the benefit of all, like Twilight Sparkle. I don't know if you put the Mayor in charge, but I think it's kind of funny that someone so useless would be so strongly believed in.

Over here on the other side, we often have people who are put on top because they seem to be good officials and for no other reason. I just hope that more people begin to realize that they want to be with their own kind, as well as their own kith and kin, and become conscious of themselves and their cutie marks.

It's my hope that when enough people do that, they won't need to identify themselves as believers in any particular Mayor or President, because they'll all be organizing themselves into Dunbar units and doing things so efficiently at an interpersonal level,

nobody will need or care for such grand and utopian collectivist schemes.

They'll be strong enough as independent Dunbar unit nations that they won't want for such central hierarchies, happy enough in shared understanding and tradition that power fantasies of glorious revolutions of "hope" and "change" will be forgotten. As always, thanks for raising the sun this morning. It really helps with growing the apples, carrots, and celery stalks, and the colorful flowers too.

Your Nationalist Pony,
Buttercup Dew

My Nationalist Pony, 25 September 2011

THE MAGICAL LAND OF UNBELIEF

What is important to me about this blog is that it revolves around demonstrating *Friendship is Magic* is a reality-based, joyful counterpoint to modern day fatalism and self-delusion. In constructing these posts, revealing the wizard behind the curtain of contemporary chaos is extremely difficult and requires a tremendous amount of forethought in order to clearly show precisely what is being wrongly believed, and why *Friendship is Magic* refutes it. Everyone can observe events, but pulling out the correct interpretation is a strenuous exercise for the human brain, which is frequently cluttered with half-truths, half-untruths, vague suspicions, confusions between reality and opinion, confusions between opinion and preference, and ideologies.

I have previously posted that *Friendship is Magic* analogizes reality. This is as flawed an interpretation as any other. *Friendship is Magic* correctly demonstrates that life can and must be well-lived through an abandonment of dogma, that the transcending joy of friendship can only exist when misinterpretations of each other's feelings and intentions are cleared away. It analogizes the potentially amazing world we can build when we struggle through and resolve the same conflicts as the characters—becoming clear headed and seeing the world, and our friends, rightly. Unfortunately, this is not our current world . . . hence the resultant economic and social chaos. Equestrian society is bound tightly together by a tender love for kith and kin. Our contemporary society is unravelling from the center out, and tenderness is reviled as an outdated, alien concept. The word tender itself is almost taboo, and the word love is utterly and truly broken.

So, in order to turn the clock forward and become Equestrian, we must learn from our heroes. Whenever a conflict arises between any of the ponies, it is misunderstanding, sustained by emotion. When Rarity is pushed to the brink by her companions, the misunderstanding is that the other members of the Mane Six are entitled to her labor, sustained by their own selfish desires. When Pinkie goes total cupcakes, her mistake is that her friends do not care for her, and it is sustained by her rage and frustration created by her rational mind telling her that her

emotional bedrock has crumbled beneath her hooves. Ditto Fluttershy and her own capabilities, etc. The same story is told repeatedly, intertwined with different perspectives, characters, affections, loves, and conflicts: a character is ensnared by the demon of willful misunderstanding, and persists, not realizing he is misunderstanding.

It is heartbreaking to watch characters—and people—we care about endure this self-inflicted struggle, as they are reduced to a pathetic level, like flies battering themselves against glass, the existence of which they cannot comprehend. What forges this glass, this invisible mental wall that prevents us from resolving our conflicts and remaining friends? We have two ingredients: belief and emotion, hammered together by circumstance. They form . . . *ideology*, or the “fixed idea,” the confusion of the map with the territory.

I do not have the time or patience to detangle the world’s problems and point out the specific ideologies that caused that chaos. The 20th century was the era of conflicting ideologies, and the 21st one of the victorious ideology, liberalism, slowly disintegrating. From Buddhism to Nazism, Communism to Catholicism, Conservatism to my favorite race-replacing-my-homeland-and-people ideology of the moment, racial egalitarianism, stupid ideas held up by mass fervor are screwing up our planet. I feel this has gone on long enough, and it is a backwards step to try and disentangle what was wrong with a specific belief/emotion set, and try to create an ideology that lasts longer and causes less destruction. Instead, we need to cut the Gordian knot completely and separate emotion and ideas with the sure blade of pragmatism.

I contend that it is not the herd mentality that causes problems, but the trampling of consistent logic with emotional appeals and obfuscation—and on a more basic level, trusting our rational minds more than we really should. Humility and self-doubt about one’s understanding of the world are imperative if we aren’t going to overdo it with the galoshes or drive our friends away and replace them with rocks and sacks of flour.

The surest and most important lesson is that we cannot really know anything for sure. The best we can hope to know is that some stuff is more consistently true than other stuff. Sufficiently tempered, we can apply our emotions for their real purpose—to fuel our striving to

become higher and nobler in our love for the world and our friends, and to better the societies we live in. The alternative is filling up our heads with ideological ego-validation, and struggling to fill the internal void with external stuff, instead of cheerfully embracing the external and real and using our internal energies to sustain us in doing so. The so-called “Belief in Nothing” really translates to Belief in Everything. Ideological beliefs are really just our own internal confusions getting in the way of us understanding our lives and natural purposes clearly.

My Nationalist Pony, 10 October 2011

ON IDENTITY

“I want to belong, so I must, do my best today.”

—“Winter Wrap Up”

It’s interesting to note that the ponies make a distinction between “any pony” and “anybody.” Identity is normally spoken of in terms of “the *adjective* people,” or the adjectival noun, the young, the rich, the old, the vigorous, or the lazy.

Making identity integral to common language use fosters collective trust and aspirations—the exact opposite of the atomizing forces of liberalism. The extreme inclusiveness of egalitarianism is almost irredeemably ingrained into language and drags collective identity into the gutter by reducing everyone to the baseline of humanity: “You might not support the Afghan people, man, but they’re people too.” This tactic is so extremely effective in portraying people who wish to preserve their own identity as standing in the way of the general good that vile, self-pitying special interest groups use the term “people” to such an extreme that you too can be portrayed as the moral equivalent to a severely damaged adult incapable of human speech or social interaction. By remaining in a robustly defined ingroup/outgroup that shares one’s own values and heritage, one becomes part of something greater than oneself and gains a noble opportunity for—heavens no!—self-sacrifice.

Readers familiar with the anti-collectivist leanings of the classical Right will no doubt take issue with me here as just another collectivist, demanding that the individual bow down before the mob, etc. Such thinking is not particularly clear: pitchfork and torch collectives of the type that are “Occupying” Wall Street and have occupied the Kremlin in the past are not defined by common identity or exclusiveness but a common frustration with a lack of identity and universal envy and hatred of those who worked for and earned their wealth. You don’t have to have Johnny Depp’s acting caliber to be a pirate, you just have to be willing to board ship and shoot at the “bad” guys (you know, the ones

who wouldn't let you join them because you were ill-disciplined, scruffy, and afraid of hard work).

Identity is a fundamentally selfish phenomenon, my dear Randroids; identity comes from genetic heritage, and the unique outlook and values it affords one; it is at heart a desire to see people *like oneself* survive and prosper. The dimension of individual freedom that is sacrificed in an identitarian moment is the freedom to damage the survival chances and quality of the life of the ingroup through one's own irresponsibility. Examples of this can range from simple adherence to ideals of clean living to cultural/statist controls on racial interbreeding to prevent the loss of genetic heritage (which, on a large scale, would dissolve and assimilate the ingroup entirely).

Although renowned as the Most Evil Dudes Ever pretty much the world over, the National Socialists got this mostly right in their approach to the individual. Individual talent and greatness were rewarded and encouraged; every Nazi was put to work where possible in benefiting his race, nation, and nation-state. The individual was encouraged to maximize his racially and culturally constructive efforts in life, but denied the freedom to destroy it. If Celestia really is a tyrant, then Twilight is almost certainly Albert Speer.

Anarcho-capitalists, Randroids, pro-drugs morons, and Pot Party brigades the world over fall into the same trap liberals do about the sovereignty of the mind. To liberals, all minds begin as equally valid Blank Slates, all imbued with impulses that need to be "protected." To libertarians, all minds are differently abled, but sacrosanct, and therefore the almighty "voluntary" trade exchange is the order of the day. In contrast, the Equestrians see that one's mind is the product of one's race and family, and therefore, subject to some degree of common ownership.

If self-ownership is to mean anything at all, the morass of universalizing terms must be abandoned, and Europeans must begin self-defining in terms of greater clarity. Ultimate individual freedom leads one to flounder in narcissism, but the toil of working to better oneself for one's fellows is rewarding and absolving.

Pinkie Pie, Rainbow, and Applejack are only too keen to pass on their own treasured and earned skills to younger ponies, but Gilda in "Griffon

the Brush Off” seems the type to be a little reluctant to do this. Likewise, she also hangs around with people outside of her animal identity. Her lack of loyalty to her friends is probably true for her lack of loyalty to other Griffins.

If Gilda’s strutting, preening, drama-obsessed attitude is true for a sizeable portion of Griffins, it would certainly help explain why there are so few of them left. They were all too busy concerned with fighting the Man on Wall Street to be the coolest dudes on their Facebook feed to settle down and raise families, and teach their young.

Appleloosans and Buffalo alike, by contrast, are willing to put their lives on the line to defend their life, liberty, race, and nation. Gilda probably thinks that stuff is Way Uncool. Everyone’s equal, man. Now get out of my face, Pinkie, I have to preen my feathers to satisfy my narcissism.

The absurdity of a Griffin trying to fit in and “pass” as a pony shows how universal inclusiveness leads to neurosis, and from neurosis to inevitable conflict as the stability necessary to be constructive in life is abandoned in favor of drama. Perhaps if Gilda had defined herself by what she physically is, rather than how she believes she is perceived, she wouldn’t be so insecure and aimless in life. You need to find a love of life that comes from what you are, Gilda darling.

Every pony knows that.

My Nationalist Pony, 16 October 2011

GENDER PARITY, NOT EQUALITY

There's a bit of a flurry in the man-o-sphere about defining masculinity. Ideas and ideals flutter hither and thither about the role, definition, and status of man and masculinity. Men's Rights Advocates are getting their (metaphorical) balls chopped off for trying to institute Meninism, emulating the enemy: "We are all equal, and now women have become the oppressors!"

Enter the Bronies. Amongst the Left, the Bronies are pretty uncool. They lack the power fantasy-fueled, adolescent drive to #OccupyWherever and don't go around signing up to Black Bloc anarchist brigades. It's all about love and tolerance. To the Right, the Bronies are the final harbinger of the downfall of Western civilization:

These are some very confused people . . . men translating their meekness into any kind of crazy fetish they can. . . . This society has replaced the idea of masculinity with an idea of men as perpetual boys who want their toys.¹

They do have a point. To be a Brony only under a pseudonym is one thing; to publicly advertise oneself as such is flamboyant and a public rejection of masculine ideals. Again, it all comes down to whether the individual applauds or attacks healthy norms in the public sphere.

Bronies themselves, on the other hand (hoof?), generally regard themselves as pretty together guys who like the show and tend to have a fairly cuddly but not extreme Leftist view of the world—which is ironically totally at odds with the anti-cultural-Marxist conservatism of the characters and show universe.

Traditionalist gender roles are reinforced by *My Little Pony* rather than attacked by it. For example, soldiers and laborers are universally male in the show, as are most of the athletes. In one episode, "Winter Wrap Up," Twilight Sparkle, the Über-Pony with the strongest magic, causes a complete disaster by trying to do the work of male farm-worker colts. It's also worth noting that both the Dragons that feature in the show have both been male, and even in instances where the "villain" is male, it's inverted; the "Diamond Dogs" are industrious

miners who have accumulated masses of gems and built underground caverns. They are ultimately “defeated” by submitting to a female pony simply so she’ll shut up rather than through any show of revolutionary force.

In a nutshell, the genders do not compete on an egalitarian playing field; each has its own distinct role that, when transgressed, leads to disaster. The concept of “Equality” simply does not occur in Ponyville, every pony deals with reality as-is, and QED concepts of political equality and wealth redistribution are totally absent. Perhaps the words of “groin.com” authors are best used here: “[In Ponyville] each gender has a role which is essential and cannot be denied. These roles are preserved by the fact that they are distinctive, and cannot be swapped.”

In keeping with the anti-egalitarian cutie mark phenomenon, and the total absence of political clout to be haggled over—the Mayor is the Mayor because she has the Mayor cutie mark—*My Little Pony* presents a clear and simple message to feminists: women are meant to be women, and do what they are intended by nature to do, when it suits their nature. Other times, they might just be Rainbow Dash. Instituting culturally Marxist social pressure onto women to do otherwise (see “Winter Wrap Up”), leads to disaster. Men and women are different, and equality is a subjective preference, not a function of wealth. Would Applejack be any more “Equal” to Hoity Toity if Celestia took the latter’s wealth and redistributed it to the former? They would remain completely different ponies with completely different inherent strengths and weaknesses.

Until the West recovers from its liberal aberration and Multi-Kulti coma, the genders will always be at war, each trying to politically muscle its way into the other’s natural role, and becoming the more neurotic and distraught for it. When Twilight Sparkle got upset she wasn’t cut out to be a cart pusher, she didn’t start a feminist lobby to get women affirmative-actioned into the construction industry. She applied herself and found her true innate ability instead. Feminists, stop looking outwards for an invisible oppressor, and look inside yourselves instead.

My Nationalist Pony, 6 November 2011

CELESTIA AS LIVING TRADITION

Children are the future! It's a phrase so permanently scarred into the collective consciousness that it was featured on *The Simpsons* (that summa of modern neurosis). Children are so much the future, in fact, that caring parents with an eye on their own mortality and having a stake in the imperishable world read to their kin nightly. Wrapped in a duvet, with a hot water bottle and maybe a stuffed toy, overseen by a caring father or mother, children watch and listen attentively as pages turn and print is breathed into life. Harry Potter, Roald Dahl, Aesop's Fables . . .

Every effort is made to impart to our young thorough understandings and profoundly mature insights into the world, so that they will understand, with clarity and purpose, where to tread as adults. Sons who take up their fathers' swords are not merely dropped into existence, nor are daughters who choose their husbands and friends wisely. Both are the products of devoted storytelling and fables.

However, in our neurotic age, a great many are leaving their child-rearing to the electronic eye—and in their absence, a new and colorful instructor emerged. So today, we shall once again step into the breach and examine the godhead of this school, the ruler and master of all of Ponyville—Princess Celestia.

I've implied or stated repeatedly that Ponyville is an analogy of an idealized, radical traditionalist world—a Western civilization where dogma is abandoned, and every pony lives with reality on an as-is, take-it-as-it-comes, rational and reasonable approach to life. The show repeatedly condemns the false dogmas of our age: collectivist labor organization, egalitarianism, multiculturalism, etc.

However, this raises difficult questions. For one, Princess Celestia is a Deity. Deities in a show where dogma is questioned? That can't be right. Also, Twilight's end of story Aesop Fables outros are sent to her. Twilight dictates to her pet Dragon Spike what she has learnt about Friendship, and he breathes the scroll into magic fire, and it ascends to Canterlot, a shining city in the clouds where Celestia resides and reads her Scrollmail.

Likewise, many a time have I knelt at the foot of my bed in my youth and asked for help and guidance, or explained my hunches, intuitions, and hard lessons to the master behind the pearly gates. Religion—it's just something we do. Its appearance in Ponyville is surprising, but not entirely unexpected.

Clues to what Celestia analogizes and guides our children to can be read from the caste system of ponies we've looked at so far. In the Pony Pyramid, each caste is supported by those beneath it. The dependable Earth Ponies work the soil, providing food for all.

The Pegasus ponies are imbued with the magic to fly and manipulate weather in a rather technological way (they are shown manufacturing snowflakes in Cloudsdale, a smaller, less heavenlike cloud city).

The Unicorn ponies have greater magic, but this is often directed at very specific tasks—Snips and Snails (the poor dears) have the unenviable roles of being a hairdresser and “Snailmancer” respectively. Rarity, one of the mane cast, is pretty incompetent at anything other than fashion design and dressmaking.

Even Über-Pony Twilight Sparkle with the strongest magic screws stuff up when it comes to helping out in Earth Pony roles. She functions as a sort of magic-researcher and has a library of technomagic to do all sorts of things, from casting walk-on-clouds-ability spells on ponies to curing diseases.

Above them, Princesses Luna and Celestia have more powerful magic—they raise the sun and moon each day. They are our cosmic deities, the ones every pony bows down before, with the most powerful magic of all.

From this, there is zero doubt that Ponyville functions as a hierarchy of inherent abilities and inherited roles. Every pony strives in his labor daily, taking great joy in his work and pride in his parity, his unique role and contribution that supports the ponies further up the cosmic ladder. However, this is *not enough* for the despairing, for the nihilist, for those in hard times. A motivating purpose must be found beyond self-satisfaction in one's place in things. Rorschach would say that we live our pony lives, lacking anything better to do.

And this is where the show's title comes in. In the show *Friendship is Magic*, Friendship literally is Magic. In the opening season pilot, the

newfound friendship between the Mane Six is enough to defeat Nightmare Moon. Nightmare Moon, as it turns out, is Princess Luna, and the “Nightmare” side of her is the defensive manifestation of her fear and mistrust and need for total control to allay her anxieties. However, the “They’re just misunderstood” message is repudiated in the Season 2 opener, where Discord, the Lord of Chaos, is banished back into being a stone statue after twisting Ponyville into a horrifying alt-reality. The same power of Friendship overpowers Discord, who causes chaos by removing the ponies’ memories, recollections, and understandings of reality. Twilight defeats Discord with her friends by enabling them to recall their friendship and love for each other.

The common motif could schlockily be dismissed as “Love conquers all” but is more accurately and subtly interpreted as “Mutual affection and understanding enables us to transcend our physical limitations.” Or even more so: “Friendliness is next to Godliness.” Twilight Sparkle, Celestia’s favored student, is the resident expert on friendship and channels this powerful magic. It is she who unites her friends into an unstoppable cosmic force during times of crisis. However, without her friends, she is useless. Her friends understand this. Likewise, every pony in Ponyville understands this—and this is why they strive in their work and nurture their children, so that their kin, or their kin’s kin, or their kin’s kin’s kin, will live more wisely and more profoundly, and in doing so, transcend their roots.

It is this passing of tradition and knowledge from Applejack to Applebloom, her younger sister, that enables the young Applebloom to go forth better equipped than her forebearer for dealing with the world. It is worth mentioning that the cosmic Luna and Celestia are Alicorns (All-icorns), both Unicorn and Pegasus, able to fly and cast magic. They are literally an evolutionary notch above the ponies they watch over; Celestia is the cartoon equivalent of a holy God-horse. It is buried safe in every pony’s heart that his family may one day be accepted into Celestia’s school for Gifted Ponies and ascend genetically and therefore socially higher.

And this is what, at the bottom of the heap, gets ponies out of bed in the morning, and probably most Alt Rightists. The deep and immortal truth that appreciating and understanding each other’s natural roles,

and taking an active participation in a constructive society, enables a new layer of civilization to emerge, transcending its past and becoming wiser and more powerful with every iteration. It is the story of any successful family, tribe, or nation. It is a litany of a constant joyful *jihad* for self-improvement and betterment, driven by the hope that our children will better us in that self-same struggle.

It is essential to realize that in Equestria, their deity is not something read about in a dusty old book, but a living, breathing entity for them to aspire towards. It is absolutely imperative that we realize, if we are to be successful as individuals, families, and nations, that religion is not tradition, and transcendence is not fiction. It is a continual reworking and refining of past heritage, not mindless adherence to past stagnant dogma. We strive to better ourselves and our tradition so that our children may be better at life than us and pass the torch on again. Each generation, if living intelligently and holding its tradition dear, will outdo the last, moving upward in how well each life is lived.

My Little Ponies aspire to have a future at Celestia's side—and, likewise, we wish our children to be athletically superior, intellectually more incisive, wiser in countenance.

Which is why we tell them bedside stories.

My Nationalist Pony, 12 November 2011

ALL FOR ONE (AT THE GRAND GALLOPING GALA)

The Grand Galloping Gala is the best place for me! Only . . . there's not enough tickets. "The Ticket Master" centers on the group's determination to stick together.

Lets' take a tally of every pony's different reasons for going to the gala. Applejack wants to fix up her family and help the Apples along—and no one could blame her for it. Her life is very much a kith and kin arrangement. Bravo. For Rainbow, it's *Living the Dream*. And Pinkie, well, it's the most galariffic superly terrific gala in the whole galaxy!! Wheee!

It's interesting how each of these scenes illustrates every pony's emotional bedrock in life. Rainbow dreams of fulfilling her natural talents, and in Pinkie's mini-song-dream sequence, she's entirely alone. Even the guy handing out balloons is a stuffed doll. It's a clever piece of foreshadowing, and it shows how Pinkie simply wants her own happiness and is actually rather oblivious to other people's feelings and even their existences when they don't factor into this.

Remember that spit-take of Rarity into Pinkie's face in "Party of One" where Pinkie didn't even give an indication she noticed? It's moments like those that show that Pinkie is a stone wall of indifference to other people when they aren't part of her enjoying her life. Incidentally, she must spend an incredible amount of time alone with Gummy cooking. She's a strange breed, between an introvert and a hedonist, and her emotional center of gravity focusses, laser like, on being 110% hyper-happy at just how *wonderful* it all is. Her relationships to other ponies don't really function on the same level the other, normative ponies do. It's a one-way stream of high-octane love and wonderment, rather than a mutual appreciation.

Pinkie Pie seems to appreciate other ponies insomuch as they appreciate her, and when she feels unappreciated and unwanted, that energy inverts fantastically destructively as rather than feeling special, Pinkie feels alien, unwanted, and fundamentally broken for being as

sensitive to life as she is. Her close ally in theatricality and polar opposite in sentiment is . . .

Rarity! Rarity loves high society and wants to go to the gala to meet a Fairytale Prince. In this opening snippet, she's so beautifully softly spoken. Right up until, "And I'll say . . . YES!" Pinkie Pie is recharged by wonderment at the universe, Rarity by the admiration and adulation of others. Pinkie is theatrical because she acts as she feels, Rarity, because she acts according to how she wants others to feel.

The two play each other off fantastically, especially in comparison to the more down-to-Earth Ponies. There's a wonderful moment where both of them pop on screen at once as they see the ticket. On the Left, Purple has her eyes on the prize. She is going to get that ticket. On the right, Pink is in mild shock because the universe just changed, again!

Fluttershy of course downplays her own feelings in order to accommodate others and keep everyone sweet. It's just what she does. Until conflict does break out, in which case she throws up her hooves (metaphorically) and bickers with the best of them. Pinkie is naturally thinking; everyone is talking loudly! This is fun! I love talking loudly!

Each of the ponies tries its damndest to win Twilight's affection. Hilariously. And unsubtly. But still underhandedly. Not overhoovedly.

At its bottom line, this is an expression of all of us or none of us. When a common interest cannot be fulfilled universally, it is sacrificed to prevent a two-tier level of friendship, those who were present, and those who weren't. If two ponies went and the others didn't, those two ponies (whether that included Twilight or not) would be privy to a special bonding experience with which the others would be unable to empathize.

All the cast are ponies (read: White European). Their natures are so alike and yet incredibly diverse. How else could Rarity and Pinkie Pie end up pressed cheek-to-cheek, mane-to-mane in mutual excitement, yet excited for radically different reasons? So it is in Equestria, so it is in the world. As Muhammad Ali said, "No woman can identify with me and my feelings like my black American woman."

It is this biological commonality, this instinctive empathy, that binds the group of friends together. The ponies understand that dividing up their herd in experience of life would fracture their group, even if it was

agreed upon and consensual. It's precisely this reason that shared rituals and cultural protocols exist. It's the same reason that McDonald's food is designed to taste the same no matter where you are—because common experience is shared understanding.

My Nationalist Pony, 6 January 2012

LIBERALISM, PONIES, & YOU

Friendship is Magic centers on and around pragmatic and conservative realism, a perhaps unintentional stance that comes from Hasbro's naturally conservative leanings as a corporation and Lauren Faust's uncanny ability to create compelling fables coupled with a vision of the ideal. My guess being as good and hopefully slightly better than anyone else's on the subject, I would say that neither party is aware of the implicit, conservative, anti-liberal overtones and motifs the show carries. This is especially interesting considering the continual reinforcement of this theme.

Liberalism—the crowd sentiment of universal inclusiveness coupled with a resentment and fear of standards one might not reach—preaches relentlessly that all are equal in inherent ability and only nurture and irrational prejudice prevent everyone achieving their full potential as happily placated consumers.

As liberalism is based on the crowd standard of “I’m OK, you’re OK, we all bleed the same,” how one is perceived by the crowd becomes everything. If one buys into liberal standards of value—that is to say, you are worthless unless you are One of Us—one gains freedom to pursue any course of obscenity and absurdity one wishes, in exchange for enslaving oneself to the crowd. Most people today march in lockstep with Leftist ideals and dare not speak their true thoughts on certain subjects. University students and other young people with fragile self-esteem put a premium on being accepted by the crowd, whatever the cost.

And Rainbow “Danger” Dash, once dosed by the drug of celebrity in the “Mysterious Mare Do Well,” falls directly into this trap and cannot maintain her ID without it.

This is not to say the Equestrian crowd does not have some redeeming features. At least she is canonized as a celebrity for acts of daring and accomplishment, unlike today's culture that canonizes those who commit acts of vulgarity as a way of mocking individual standards that go against the Crowd.

Rainbow Danger Dash, in being dosed by the Crowd, also gets infected by its memetic belief system of Nurture over Nature (no-one joins a crowd if he believes himself fundamentally different from other people in that crowd). When her natural talents aren't enough to commit a whole range of feats—clearly impossible for any single pony, except perhaps a semi-divine Alicorn—her response is not “All my life I've been cut out for speed, not strength, maybe I should use that to my advantage” but “I need to up my game.” Although this seems ridiculous, this bizarre belief that natural talent can be gained through willpower alone is a logical extension of the belief that Nurture conquers Nature.

If X ethnic group is underachieving, it must be because they did not have a good enough education, etc. By extension, when members of X ethnic group grow up a bit and decide to get a better education, X and Y ethnic groups scores should equalize. But they don't, because fantasy is not reality, and no amount of Upping One's Game will command physical talents that one simply doesn't have (like Unicorn magic or Usain Bolt's athleticism).

Thus tripped up by her own immaturity and need to be “Cool” (again), Rainbow gets distressed and embarrasses herself by chasing the smallest justifications, thus causing her rejection from the crowd of Equestrians who aren't as universally accepting as #Occupy losers. In her own mind, she is defeated by her apparent better, Mysterious Mare, and responds in kind; instead of celebrating the good Mysterious Mare has accomplished, she tries to drag her down by violating her individual standards (her insistence on anonymity). If Mysterious Mare were revealed to be a single pony, she could then be brought to the level of the Crowd; but behind her anonymity, Mysterious Mare exists on the same ideological level as Batman and is thus independent of the masses. But in revealing the identity of Batmare, *Friendship is Magic* plays its trump card.

Mysterious Mare is revealed to be made up of the combined strengths of other members of the Mane Six. Even Fluttershy, previously uncertain of her own biological gift of wings, has managed to maximize her natural ability to its fullest in service of preserving an orderly society from the gods of chaos and calamity.

Together, all of us are stronger than any one of us—but only if parity is maintained. All the ponies are unequal; nothing in nature is equal. But they all play the role providence gives them the means to play to the best of their abilities, and thus Mysterious Mare is much greater than the sum of her parts. Each's role is distinct and preserved by the fact it cannot be swapped. Fluttershy has no Pinkie Intuition, Twilight no bucking hips.

Perhaps, if the true identity of the Mysterious Mare is still unknown to the Ponyvillians at large, she will gain another asset of astonishing speed for the better of all and sundry. Within identity, one can stand separate from the crowd and gain a purpose and place to use one's gifts to the fullest. In abandoning the crowd's values to focus on our reality of our gifts and limits, like Rainbow with her pet Tank, we can fly with the real freedom of self-acceptance.

My Nationalist Pony, 26 November 2011

CANTERLOT'S VIRTUE SIGNALERS

In an aristocratic group, individuals who have risen above the rest of the herd in terms of monetary wealth and status suddenly find themselves in a society of individuals they are roughly equal to, once they have insulated themselves from the elements of life they feel are in poor taste, etc. Likewise, these ponies have left their respective hometowns behind, and true to their natures, wish to keep on ascending. But how to do so when monetary gain has become immaterial? From a focus on wealth as a scorecard, perceived virtue becomes the numerator of who is “good” and who is not. A crab bucket of equality is created by a situation where social roles and monetary measures of success are dissolved by excess.

In order to “win” social status, redefinition of accepted ideals and competitive altruism become day-to-day life. These are two very, very dangerous forces that define our age, and are the bread and butter of your average psychopath. These people are subtly highlighted in “Sweet and Elite.”

Lets’ start with false altruism.

“Hey Rarity, you gonna come to my charity ball tonight?! It’s for Charity!”

This is the Modus Operandi of the manipulator class. Whereas Fancypants can probably bullheadedly do as he pleases and probably has the physical bulk and the wits to back it up, others ascend the social ladder by deception and status signaling.

Fancypants and his partner, ditto Celestia, rise above the aristocratic caste through innate virtue. Celestia is a demi-god, and Fancypants is clearly the stronger stallion amongst his caste and his partner the most beautiful. True to their natures, competitors to the aristocratic elite try to cheat this reality by turning altruism into a competition and beauty into a philosophical and ultimately meaningless puzzle. This creates disaster as constructive, true altruism—loyalty to one’s in-group, wanting the best for people like yourself who you know and care for—is out-competed by false altruism.

False altruism targets the hopeless, the poorer and more miserable the better, in order for the faux-altruist to claim to be more virtuous and noble than his betters. Most people succumb to mild peer pressure and constant guilt tripping, and so make gestures towards this altruism—or are perhaps competing to be seen as more noble than their neighbor themselves—and the next thing you know, you have charity auctions sending billions to Africa, preventing a famine today and ensuring one ten times worse in a generation's time. In fact, the faux-altruist prefers that those he “helps” are never any better off, so he can carry on being crowd-surfed by a bunch of rubes who demand he replaces competent people in high places.

The ponies harassing Rarity for social approval are typical of Left-wing politicians or big business “charity” bosses. They sell the feeling of being proud of being a “good” person, and take the money and run as society crumbles under the demands of an underclass that should never have been financed into existence.

I mentioned the redefinition of ideals. This may seem a little self-contradictory. Surely an ideal is a subjective individual preference? But from a conservative and pragmatic view of the world, subjective feelings and accepted ideals are just consequences of nature. Perhaps it would be more clearly understood as the redefinition of morality, redefinition of beauty, redefinition of success, etc.

Prior to the 21st century and the plague of modernism (liberalism + technology), it what was good, bad, beautiful, ugly, etc. was generally agreed upon. Social roles determined who was entrusted to pass certain judgments and who was not. Each found a role in society according to his ability and will. It was generally agreed upon that the universe/God was bigger, stronger, and cared less about your life than you, and as a consequence, people looked for patterns in nature to teach them how to survive and prosper, and emulated those patterns. What is dismissed as “subjective” now was agreed upon then as holy truth, something learned through many generations of hard living.

Artists were not “radical” individuals or “freethinkers.” They were paid pseudo-photographers, *commissioned* to capture what was good in life, so this knowledge could be passed on from father to son, into a rich bloodline of heritage and tradition to educate the future. It is no

wonder there are so many determined-looking military men and/or beautiful and demure wives staring out from old oil paintings. It is these people, these pairings, that succeed.

However, the crowd demands that everyone is equal, and the talented no better than the talentless, the exceptional no better than the mundane. Unable to accept being less important to society than they wanted to be, the crowd started to demand that social roles be abolished, as they were “oppression.”

They deny the reality that some people are physically and mentally better than others, that some are beautiful and some are not. And whilst beautiful people are still able to use their wiles to pursue prize stallions, ugly, sensationalist art is produced with the proclamation that it is equal to, and better than—by being “progressive”—the older and nobler expressions of true painting.

In the episode, Rarity is thrust into the position of art critic by popular consent. Although Rarity has no experience in art, because every pony is equal, she is the best judge of what is beautiful art and what is not.

First, the false altruists demand that every pony is equal, and that those in a Malthusian trap or doomed by their own idiocy deserve “help” (your money), because they are your equal in body and spirit, but not financially.

This creed thus established, the crowd claims that by extension, every pony’s opinion is just as valid, and everything is “subjective.” Mr. Fancypants may be the bigger, stronger stallion, but if you say he is more handsome, you might hear: “Well, that’s just your opinion, man,” and “To each his own.”

Art and beauty then go to hell as the lowest common denominator gets to cut down those with true talent out of spite, and elevate idiots and hacks who have no material and nothing to say except mocking true beauty because they lack the grit to achieve it. In other words: Tall Poppy Syndrome, universally applied, often with the full force of the state.

When Rarity tries to separate herself from the crowd by putting her own values ahead of the values of the herd (do what confirms we are all equal, but at the same time, do what confirms me as the better

person by going to my charity auction) they are shocked and manipulate her using guilt. When she chooses to side with her friends rather than the herd, she does so in anger, though I would hazard a guess she doesn't quite understand why she's angry, but knows subconsciously she's been had.

It is the duty of the Right wing to defend real individualists, those who insist on the value of aristocratic and classical virtues over the levelling forces of egalitarianism, the Evolas and Twilight Sparkles of the world. Mr. Fancypants does so, and makes himself an enemy of the crowd. He makes himself an enemy of the love and toleration party, the herd that demands all must be accepted (even though friendship must be exclusive for it to mean anything at all).

Love and tolerance are mutually exclusive; to Love one thing is to wish to exclude another; to tolerate is to abide by something at one's cost.

My Nationalist Pony, 8 December 2011

SPIKE, MASCULINITY, & ADOLESCENCE

“Secret of My Excess” was interesting and loaded with implications. Immediately after viewing it I felt a little uncertain about whether it was consistent with the conservative direction that show has taken thus far. But upon further reflection and deconstruction, I’m actually quite happy with it. The most obvious point is that it equates male puberty with greed, and greed directly with theft, which I suppose is all well and fair considering that maturity in a man is channeling a desire for possessions constructively into business rather than destructively like an adolescent.

Spike makes a pretty darned ugly full-grown Dragon—clearly and probably intentionally signifying indiscriminating greed as an ugly character trait. Spike also exploits his friends’ trust in his little Lesson Learnt speech—a technique he has probably learnt before when ’fessing up to Twilight previously. It’s an immature thing to do, and it’s typical of young boys who do not yet understand moral reciprocity. Only with time and increased awareness of the consequences of one’s actions do boys learn this, which is why teenage boys are rightfully known for being able to be both incredibly kind and unspeakably cruel. Spike’s caricature of a teenage boy isn’t that subtle, but at least it’s accurate.

There has been a lot of fanart and fanfiction written with a more mature Spike, wherein he attains self-discipline, self-respect, and an appreciation for others. It makes for an interesting contrast. Adolescent Spike is destructive, criminal, and tasteless, in the throes of a transformation he cannot control. Yet in the end, he rediscovers his true self under his existential frustration and insecurities. These are externalized in the show as “I have no power over what is happening to me, so I will fill that void by using brute force over others. I am in agreement with Jack Donovan when he observes that masculinity is strength, but I would like to expand and relate his work to Spikey Wikey.

Like a strong hurricane, strength without will is simply a force of nature, and Spike is like a feral boy in this regard. When his awareness

of himself improves, he stands firm against the natural forces wracking his body, and reverts to his former self, but a little wiser. It's interesting that the show doesn't explicitly say what he's upset about in the final scenes. It's left to the viewer to decide. Is he upset for the damage he's caused, or is he upset because he was grown up and now he's not? I would personally say he's remorseful. And the strong character he is, rather than some lily-livered crybaby, he can be applauded for keeping it to himself.

If *My Little Pony* does break cartoon time lock and we see a future Equestria, I'd like to see Spike fully grown into a handsome and majestic Dragon, similar to the gold-hoarding one previously seen, not some lumbering brute who steals apples. The show illustrates through Spike and Rarity that the essence of love is selectivity, and that carries through all things.

My Nationalist Pony, 10 December 2011

A VERY EUROPEAN

“HEARTH’S WARMING’S EVE”

“Hearth’s Warming Eve” was packed with pro-European metapolitics. The story of Equestria being formed as a European nation was thrilling to watch and expounded the values of national identity on personal, spiritual, and even grandiose political levels. The outfit design of the pony pairs was wonderfully charming, and the episode was explicit as it could be in confirming the adage that “ponies are white”:

- Classical theatre is a uniquely white and European/founding-stock American phenomenon, with Spike playing a pseudo-Shakespeare.
- It clearly shows how tribes come together to form a nation. Equestria could be said to be “the great Melting-Pot where all the races of *Europe* are melting,” the often-misquoted Israel Zangwill line (used in contemporary discourse to promote the idea of America as the melting pot of the entire world).
- Before the ponies are united as one people with different castes, they exist in a miserable three-way stalemate, each class holding the farming class, the base of the pyramid, hostage. When they recognize their racial commonality, they become bound in the single national identity of Equestria—Land of ponies. The show’s carol ends on the lyrics “A circle of friends to the very end.”
- Shared identity becomes national destiny.
- “No Matter What Our Differences, We’re All Ponies” will undoubtedly be read by liberal Bronies as “No Matter What Our Differences, We’re All Human.” More accurately, it would be “No Matter What Our Differences, We’re All European,” as Zebras and Native Americans are clearly not ponies and do not enter into the ponies’ racial consciousness.
- Gingerbread houses originated in the 1800s with the Brothers Grimm, in the story of Hansel and Gretel, where they find a house made of gingerbread inhabited by a

witch. Gingerbread was used to celebrate the Winter Solstice and originated in Germany when returning crusaders brought the new spice, ginger, with them.

- The Christmas trees in Canterlot have stars on the top, signifying the Star of Bethlehem. Rarity is wearing one during the train scene. The opening scenes are bursting with Christmas signifiers, a uniquely white European tradition.
- Rainbow Dash is wearing a Spartan helmet, Pinkie an Elizabethan ruff (the white neck collar).
- Spike is wearing an Elizabethan ruff and a floppy pleated cap. The internet informs me this is an Elizabethan era hat “suited to prosperous merchants and casual nobles.” During her reign, the Globe Theatre opened in 1599.
- Instead of arguing, when reminded of the horrors of a fractured nation and being reduced to a tribal pony with no larger society, Rainbow Dash closes the windows because she recognizes that she alone is best suited to that task.
- Fluttershy’s Helmet is an English Civil War Royalist helmet, with an additional mane.
- Applejack is wearing a variant of a continental Alpine hat. In “Family Appreciation Day” featuring the Apple family, Uncle Strudel is shown wearing Bavarian national dress. Consistently throughout the series, the Apple family are heavily implied to be Germanic settlers of America.

In a neat twist of fate, the pony pairings of Twilight/Rarity, Fluttershy/Rainbow, and Applejack/Pinkie, exemplify how the stronger one’s characteristics, the more committed one tends to be to one’s own viewpoint. Just as when you are a hammer, every problem looks like a nail, it’s the less gifted Pegasus and lower status Unicorn that are the more well-balanced; Applejack’s practical and pragmatic apple bucking is certainly a lot less volatile than Pinkie’s embrace of life as a whole. It’s my hunch that those who are gifted are more likely to ostracize

themselves due to the bundle of self-obsession and extremes of self-confidence and self-doubt that come with it.

The ponies with the emotional foundations/cutie marks for practical ability (animal care, apple bucking, study/magic) are a lot more well-rounded than the constantly-vibrating, high-octane, nervous energy types whose cutie marks revolve around how others relate to them (competition, being the top of one's peer group, being the life of the party). The latter often need constant conquest, reminders, or activity to reassure themselves they are fulfilling themselves and their role well. Without it, they go total cupcakes. Rainbow Dash, Rarity, and Pinkie have all gone totally off the scales due to their interpretations other peoples' perceptions of them.

In the show, friendship is repeatedly shown as an appreciation for each other's differing strengths, in the context of a shared identity: "[In Ponyville] each pony has a role which is essential and cannot be denied. These roles are preserved by the fact that they are distinctive, and cannot be swapped."²

Out of this come the culture and tradition unique to that specific group. This is handed down so every pony has a cultural education about his role in society and how every pony benefits every pony else. Society works in harmony!

The fire of friendship burns in our hearts;
As long as it burns,
We will not drift apart

The "We" here refers to ponies as a collective. Every pony is friends, or at least friendly with, every pony else. This appreciation for parity of roles within each other's personal lives—and under the umbrella of the nation—is the fire of friendship here.

Which leaves us with: friendship is nationalism at a personal level, and nationalism is the enshrinement of friendship at a societal level. In the context of the show, magic is a metaphor for transcending the self and playing a part in the cosmic order of things (yes, I have to say that with a straight face, because it's true. Defeating Discord and Dragons and *raising the sun* are nothing if not cosmic events).

The burst of love that Twilight produces at the end of the show is from the love of her newfound friends, bound by their similarities and identity and enriched by their differences. This moment is the conception of the idea of Equestrian identity. In this scene, *My Little Pony* metaphorically describes nationalism and the joy of common identity as magic—beyond the self and above time.

Having and keeping friends is the most basic form of active participation in life, and also the strongest.

My Nationalist Pony, 18 December 2011

SELLING SINCERITY

Probably one of the unasked questions about the Brony phenomenon is why we have this crazy situation of grown men identifying with wide-eyed, pastel-colored cartoon horses. There are lots of “pony confessions” out there from men in their twenties to forties saying they “strongly identify” with show characters. I’ve been writing mainly on the ponies’ traits, the character interplay, and the inferences these allow about how life tends to work in Equestria.

It is my firm belief the show is an (unconsciously created) educational analogue for a post-liberal Western society. For this to be effective, one must be able to project oneself into an Equestrian role. If the viewer can imagine his personality in the universe of Equestria, he can take that motivation and understanding forward with him.

Spend enough time in the subcultural niche and you’ll see lots of evidence that this two-way channel of understanding is very well-crafted into the show. It’s also hilarious effective at selling toys, physical avatars of their favorite characters that people can carry around with them as talismans. You can project your own persona onto a particular pony, and when you’re going through a time of confusion, you fool around with your toy pony for a while and stare into those big, strange eyes, and re-connect with that happy acceptance of life that defines the character and, by extension, yourself. As Boromir tells us, “One does not simply *pick* a favorite pony.”

Hasbro and Faust are in the business of selling confidence, reassurance, and personal direction, which is why *Friendship is Magic* is such an interesting and relevant event in the *Zeitgeist*. Ponies are products of sincerity and motivation, rather than ironic detachment.

My Nationalist Pony, 31 December 2011

BABY POUND CAKE & MARTIN LUTHER KING

Pony genetics are canon now! Interestingly enough, due to recessive/dominant genes in Equestria, Earth Ponies can have both baby Pegasi and Unicorns. This makes it pretty much official that Human Biodiversity in *Friendship is Magic* is intentional, and it is a strong reminder of the unpredictable ways genetics works in a fairly well-defined genetic ingroup. Also, the Native American/African analogies seen in the show are now validated as being endorsements of HBD reality, rather than clunky token characters.

This is, of course, the way life has to be. Pretending biology doesn't exist is the new religion, and it's already getting old. The people pushing these ideas are so archaic they have dust on their breath and skeletons as brittle as chalk. Interestingly enough, I recently attended a university graduation. A lot of muck was said about Democracy (we're all equal!), Inclusion (we have no standards!), and Diversity (celebrate the mob!). Martin Luther King was quoted, the old chestnut about "content of character."

In an astounding display of irony, those who—to put it gently—did not appear to understand the formality of the occasion, can only be factually described as overwhelmingly African or Afro-Caribbean. Much was made about a student's "background," but it was ridiculously clear that a student's attitude was the direct result of his biology. If Martin Luther King wasn't a Communist philanderer, perhaps he would be more open to the idea that content of character is unavoidably and inevitably racial.

And really, this is no bad thing. It means we are actually special and important in the universe, each of us a unique template and part of a greater evolutionary attempt, not a blank Playmobil figurine to have whatever future expression scrawled on by our parents and teachers. It means you cannot blame your father. You can only look inside yourself. Each of us is free to fail or succeed in our potential, and this choice cannot be easily taken from us by being raised in a "deprived area."

Ultimately, HBD is about personal responsibility—something Pinkie grows to embrace over the course of “Baby Cakes.” Her role as nurturer and carer does not extend to shaping the attitudes of the young Cakes. She simply shares her ideas and values. But because one can empathize with one’s own stock more readily than a foreigner with alien tastes, the young Cakes repay her in kind. Pinkie’s responsibility is building common understandings, not pulling levers and setting dials for Pound and Pumpkin’s personalities.

Raising children within a family or tribe is ultimately nationalistic. One builds love and trust and self-esteem from helping a new generation of people like you experience the same joy in life you feel, teaching them to function in adult society so that they may do the same (we don’t chew things that aren’t food, Pumpkin).

Raising a child that is not like yourself (like Madonna’s adopted pets) is an act of ultimately cruel tokenism and faux-altruism; that child will never be able to fully empathize with you, and vice versa. Genuine moments of instinctual bonding and maternal joy are extremely few and far between when parents and children do not share the same genes. I’m sorry if that hurts your humanist sensitivities, but you know it’s true.

It would be a more depressing world, in fact, if Norwegians and Nigerians were alike inside with no real differences; there would be less human feeling in the world. Those who pretend race doesn’t exist devalue moments of mutual understanding that can only be known to those within the same group. Seriously, if you’re reading this, chances are you are White, possibly Asian, high-IQ, and cannot possibly know what it is to have a “nigga moment,” regardless of whether you were raised in the deep Congo. Likewise, I’m told the hip-hop produced by the African contingent at the educational institutions I’ve attended is really good, but I just don’t feel it.

On a more show-related note, Pumpkin Cake was originally intended to be called Paddy Cake, an Irish name if there ever was one and a nod towards the Irish-looking Mr. Cake. The episode was also very well crafted to be carried almost entirely by Pinkie talking to herself.

Oink!

My Nationalist Pony, 20 January 2012

PINKIE PIE & GROWING UP

Friendship is Magic is a show defined by its nuance.

Pinkie Pie is a fun, high-energy character; her life is a constant stream of excitement, and her mind a turbocharged connection-maker constantly leaping from neuron to neuron:

SPIKE: You know, Pinkie, these two ponies have a bit of a grudge match they're trying to settle, trying to prove who's the most athletic.

PINKIE PIE: Yes, and "grudge" rhymes with "fudge."

SPIKE: Yes it does? What . . . ?

PINKIE PIE: And I like fudge, but if I eat too much fudge I get a pudge, and then I can't budge.

SPIKE: So, no fudge?

PINKIE PIE: No thanks, I had a big breakfast.

We're shown that when Pinkie was just an itty bitty, little wittle Twinkie Pie, she hadn't discovered any joy in her life yet as a child; or at least, not enough to sustain and infuse her life with meaning. Until Rainbow Dash's moving, heart-wrenchingly beautiful "Sonic Rainboom" shakes the young Pinkie out of a terminal unhappiness she didn't even realize she was in.

I like that at the end of her cutie mark acquisition tale, Pinkie rounds off with "And that's how Equestria was made!" It seems totally nonsensical on the surface. But as I've discussed before in other posts, Equestria really was founded on the same spirit of being joyful in living.

Let's skip forward a bit. Pinkie Pie is now an awkward, growing up, bouncy-wouncy pony-wony at the start of Season 1. In the episode "The Ticket Master," there's an interesting little line in Pinkie's non-apology to Twilight.

Applejack originally says she feels awful she put so much pressure on Twilight . . . Fluttershy says she feels awful she made Twilight feel so awful. Pinkie chimes in with "Me too! *It's no fun upsetting your friends.*"

Although it's obviously not intended as such, it shows how Pinkie-centric Pinkie's world really is at the start of her *Friendship is Magic*

journey. Fluttershy and the more down-to-earth Applejack both speak of their own feelings, and their understanding of Twilight's feelings. Pinkie Pie, by contrast, talks about her own feelings. The emphasis is on her own enjoyment of life, or lack of it.

I think Pinkie at this point doesn't really have robust empathy skills. I doubt any pony took the time to relate to her. Conversely, her infectious enthusiasm for life made her a lovable oddball, but her inability to empathize prevented her from sharing it well. Repeatedly in Season 1, her singing and dancing is held in contempt, both "Giggle at the Ghosty" and the "Care/Share" song.

In her "Grand Galloping Gala" song, she's shown entirely alone. There isn't any pony else in her vision of complete happiness and true joy. It's a pretty materialistic world of bliss she inhabits here—even the guy with the balloons is a stuffed toy—and poor Pinkie is shown looking around at one point for other ponies that aren't there, or interacting with reflections of herself as stand-ins for actual friends. Pinkie at this point doesn't see happiness through other people. At all. They're merely incidental to her enjoying life.

A little life experience later, Pinkie Pie attempts to relate to people and share with them her attitude of play *über alles* in a doomed attempt to stop an interspecies war, and fails miserably in the frontier town of Appleloosa. She has nothing in common with the frontier Ponies or the Buffalo, but wants to make friends and be joyful and thus puts herself on stage in an attempt to advertise herself as a person—only to end up being met with disapproving silence from those with a sense of what's socially appropriate. It's clear Pinkie is still struggling to get it, and she certainly doesn't look too happy at times—especially interacting with a two-ton Buffalo.

It's not too surprising then that later in "Party of One," Pinkie decides to replace her friends with rocks and sacks of flour.

On a personal note, Pinkie used to be my die-hard favorite pony precisely because I identified extremely well with her situation and sentiment. Since she's grown up, and I've grown up, I'm no longer relying on Pinkie to remind me of the happiness that comes with life, and I'm sure she's better off for it as well.

Pinkie gets herself into a situation of crushing loneliness by being understandably mistrustful. She cannot fathom other people's motivations, so how can she trust them? Her poor empathy and lack of a good theory of mind lead her to believe that her friends have ditched her and don't care about her. Just like in Pinkie's "Gala Fantasy" song where she waves at her circus-mirror reflections, Pinkie likely views her friends as differently shaped versions of herself waving back at her. It's this lack of an ability to understand they are different ponies, with different biologies and different souls altogether that leads her to doing pants-on-head retarded things like sticking her hoof in the mouth of a warrior Buffalo. Would you get so close to one of Obama's Sons in such a way?

When her friends' actions are so far from Pinkie's self-knowledge they can no longer be interpreted in a way she can understand through herself—Pinkie would *never* miss a party—they become *de facto* autonomous, menacing agents with no reason to like her or trust her, and morph into The Enemy. Pinkie, given her somewhat haphazard and conquer-all attitude, decides to replace them with inanimate objects, failing to acknowledge she is just a pony and needs to be with her own kind in order to stay sane.

Her friends restore her to sanity just in time by revealing they were in fact hiding from her because they were planning *her* birthday party. Pinkie doesn't ever mention it's her birthday—to her, this is pretty irrelevant. Her original party and the one her friends were hiding from were Gummy's parties, Gummy being her pet toothless alligator no pony can relate to; a creature indifferent to being alone that Pinkie would very much like to be.

Pinkie Pie grows up and grows up hard in this season. Like all Pinkie's transformations, the change is dramatic and immediate. Pinkie is not someone able to compartmentalize feelings or ideas very effectively. She is an entirely connected person, devoid of ideological or emotional fragmentation. And this final transformation begins fittingly, with some baby ponies, Pound and Pumpkin Cake.

Pinkie Pie by now has gathered enough social skills and understanding of others to function well in her group of friends, but she's still pretty oblivious to the feelings of ponies around her and at

times downright self-centered because of it. When Mr. Cake asks his month-old children if any pony is hungry, it's Pinkie who replies "No thanks!" Impatient as ever to get back to her business of having fun with the world—this time with Pound Cake and Pumpkin Cake—Pinkie checks her metaphorical Pinkie watch. To Pinkie, the children are there for her, and not the other way around.

Eagerly jumping into a babysitting situation for which the parent Cakes wisely considered her a last resort, Pinkie has several comic misadventures before discovering that humiliating herself with slapstick is the only way to cheer the young Cakes up. Later on, Pinkie is visited by Twilight who nonchalantly implies she is "not cut out for responsibility." Taking this exactly as the insult it is, Pinkie gives her the boot and returns to the business of proving her worth as a carer—especially after realizing she hasn't managed capably so far. Putting the young cakes to bed, she gets probably her first glissando of maternal joy; but it's short-lived.

After that, all hell breaks loose as the young Cakes learn to use their wings and magic. Pinkie Pie increasingly struggles to prevent them from causing chaos. All her baby-sitting tactics—from trying to amuse them, bribing them with toys and out-asserting them—have only resulted in two out-of-control kids with no regard for their carer.

The total lack of control Pinkie has over the situation, coupled with the seeming malevolence of the children reduces her to floods of tears. Only then do the young Cakes realize what they've done, and fraught with anxiety, attempt to make amends.

The understanding and affection they demonstrate are what saves Pinkie from loneliness. She's taught empathy at an extremely basic and fundamental level by the baby Cakes, out of necessity of circumstance, her own determination to prove her worth as a carer, and their response to her maternal affection. Despite a lack of spoken language, shared amusement prevails.

Pinkie's morality lesson for this episode is that responsibility is hard work, but I don't think that's a basic enough lesson at all. The real lesson of Pinkie Pie's experiences in *Friendship is Magic* so far is that without empathy, no matter how much one may appreciate the beauty of life, it will remain essentially lonely and often even terrifying. But

with it, cooperation and consolation become real and meaningful. With no sincerity, there is little in survival. With it, life, and love, endure.

One can function by wearing the mask of true joy, and maintain it using placations of drugs, sex, and TV. But it will never compare to having the ability to share a real appreciation for life, or the feeling of vitality it can bring. Amongst the Mane Six, Pinkie is the most sensitive to life, and has the most energy and vitality. Pinkie Pie's element of harmony is the element of laughter. What matters is that she went from kindling it only in herself, to joy at nurturing it in others.

My Nationalist Pony, 16 March 2012

THE LORD OF CHAOS

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This was written and published before Discord's later characterization. It is not intended to be taken as fully descriptive of the show but freely adapting it as metaphor.

Discord is Leftism, and Leftism is chaos.

Equestria is not a reality, it is a dream—a peaceful reflection of a happy acceptance of the world, the natural way it functions, the role and purpose of everything and everyone. Each and every Pony, Zebra, Buffalo, whatever, lives as he is fit, doing what he finds rewarding, finding his aptitude and nurturing it. Until one day, a minor disagreement breaks out due to a confusion of language.

The three Cutiemark Crusaders can't decide whether chaos is discord, or discord is disharmony, or whatever. Language is abstract and therefore cannot match reality exactly, and so a little crack opens up. And the ponies begin to bicker over nothing. Soon, three friends are fighting over which of their words is correct, and the discord between interpretation of the world and the world itself widens. Discord is unleashed.

I woke up this morning, got my cereal, and made the mistake of looking at a newspaper—a Left-wing paper, *The Guardian*. In it, people who expressed concern that people immigrating into the country might harbor resentment to the natives were called “xenophobic.” Others who suggested that differences in gender representation in the workforce were down to natural inclination and aptitude were “misogynist.” Those wary of known terrorist supporters were “bigots.” Any and all acknowledgements of the reality of things were made small and quaint and backward under a torrent of abuse. The discord between the interpretation of the world and the world was so intense it was no longer a crack, but a gaping chasm.

Leftism, ultimately, is a refusal of reality. It is a refusal to account for one's own being-in-the-world and to improve upon it, choosing instead to pursue a fantasy ideal. Like the protagonist of *Fight Club* and Karl Marx, we become Leftist when we refuse to acknowledge our own flaws and faults and improve them. It becomes imperative to smash the

existing world, because it reminds us of our own flaws. In order to seize power over the world to offset our lack of power over ourselves, we must become revolutionaries. We must destroy and invert the existing order of things through deceit, so that we may sit on the throne. Doublethink is created. Loaded political terms are drafted. And papers like *The Guardian* are published to pull the wool over the eyes of the many and make sure that clear thinking is buried under Marxist dialectic. We live in an era where things can only be called exactly what they aren't.

And this is exactly what Discord does. He lies to every pony. He takes their knowledge of what is real and poisons it. When confronted with Fluttershy, who accepts her place in things completely, he shows his true lack of self-control and loses his temper. He brainwashes her after playing on her fears doesn't work. He tells them they are racists, bigots, far-Right thugs, quaint, old-fashioned, archaic, xenophobic, misogynistic, hateful. When they believe him, they become his playthings.

Discord is a monster. A horrible, cobbled-together incoherence. All animals have shapes that are the result of adaptation to a specific environment and way of life. Discord is not constrained by such realities. He has parts of every animal, but because he is disconnected from reality through lies, no part serves any real purpose. It's as if he has been trying to become whatever was in fashion at the time, or trying to imitate in order to deceive. Very, very much like the state—a cold monster that lies, that distorts itself into imitations of the genuine article. Economically, Discord is a lumbering state monopoly. Discord is a thousand petty bylaws and an army of bureaucrats, regulating away against obvious reality.

Discord is a Leftist, and like all Leftists, a revolutionary. The old and stable order of things must be abolished in order to make way for his ascension to the throne. Art and culture must be destroyed, along with the patriarchy, the monarchy, and organized native religion. Patriotism and the family must be ground into dust. The world must be turned on its head. Equestria becomes inverted. The clouds turn, the ground buckles, animals distort and become twisted parodies of their former selves.

In truth, God is just one of the names we give to the better part of our consciousness, the part that tells us to do what is right by the cosmos. It seems fitting that a so-called religion that endorses mass slaughter would like to confuse this small voice by giving it 99 different names. Discord—Satan—is the mirror image; he is the prideful one who wishes to do away with harmony in order to seize one's own selfish desires. Resentment is a false god, one of pure arbitrary power.

My Nationalist Pony, 27 January 2012

FLIM & FLAM'S GLOBALIZED CIDER FRANCHISE

At the very heart of it, what separates the Flam Brothers from the Apples in terms of business is an active participation in life. Granny Smith checks each and every apple, Applejack bucks the trees, and Big Mac mashes them into apple juice for insta-fermentation into pony cider. In contrast, F&F's cider production is entirely automated. They are shown lounging around like effete liberals of every age whilst the technology they built removes them from actively engaging the world around them. Hell, we don't even know if they designed and built the machine; they might have just purchased it.

The episode centers on the conflict between the Apples and the F&F brothers in the cider business, and more generally, between traditionalism and homogeneity. Gaining a foothold in the town's commerce, Flim and Flam dazzle the ponies with showmanship and their cider making contraption. Granny Smith, the staunch traditionalist, confronts Flim. Flam urges Ponyville to "step into the modern world" later in this same set piece.

Now, there are some subtle implications in this episode. The main one being a who-can-make-the-most-cider-the-fastest competition—a nice metaphor for production volume/cost. With automation, the Flam brothers could easily muscle in on Ponyville business by simply undercutting them on price. In order to compete, the traditionalist Apples have to work themselves to exhaustion, along with their friends helping them out. But they still lose the competition due to Flam compromising on quality control in order to win.

This quality control failure compromises the moral of the show. Even faced with economic ruin, the Apples hold onto their ideal of producing the best quality cider. It's not that they even believe in some moral imperative of quality. They just downright do not want to make bad product, and their identity and working lives are inseparable. They don't make good cider because it's what they do; they make good cider because of who they are.

In the real world, the Apples would be out on their asses because they simply cannot remain economically competitive, and the state denies protectionism to local communities—actual groups of people who know and work with one another daily in the same area, not made-up communities like the “black community” or “gay community” or other minority interest groups.

When you tie all these threads together, something interesting emerges. Not some feelgoodery about buying organic, but a set of natural laws. The obvious being that the more effort expended in the production, the more expensive it gets. A plastic cast pony can be manufactured by the thousand and is probably pretty good, but a hand-carved wooden pony can be made by the dozen at most by a dedicated team of wood-workers, and is therefore exponentially more expensive.

The less obvious point is that skilled labor is a factor of identity, the flipside of the coin to genetic aptitude. As mechanization increases, specialization in labor and mass production basically wipes out employment for huge chunks of the workforce. Those that remain are atomized. One can now go through life in such bizarre roles as a flavor designer (a chemist who creates specific tastes for food products) or a ball diver (frogmen who retrieve golf balls).

The symptoms of choosing Flim and Flam over the Apple Family are easily observable in any marketplace where jobs have been exported, production has been automated, and franchises have crowded out competition; the result is huge numbers of de-skilled, unemployed workers, a few unhealthily wealthy people that can employ ball divers, and a vulgar standardization of life that offers little except crass commercialism. The episode as a whole and Flim and Flam’s newfangled device, the “Super Speedy Cider Squeezy 6000,” is in fact a cautionary tale about what George Ritzer termed “The McDonaldization of Society” in his 1993 book of that title.

The failure in quality is in quality of life. Life is much better when you have an established skill and can see your product through from inception to consumption within your Dunbar unit. The beer might not be that much better or worse, but the premium you pay guarantees that someone can develop a skill and take pride in his work, rather than being an anonymous drone. Your own quality of life increases as you

help something unique endure in the face of homogeneity, and get to sample a distinct experience that is a product of time, place, and identity, rather than a factory floor. Choosing the cheap ensures that someone, somewhere, is laid off and has to then work as an anonymous cog. The Faustian pact of modernity is that you can have the same great product as everyone else and be equal to them, but your job could be done by anyone, because, guess what, they're equal to you.

As the Apples are driven out of business, Applejack turns to the crowd that just could not wait for that dirt-cheap cider and tells them, "Go on, every pony. It's OK." What's unsaid is, "It's what you wanted, wasn't it?" And their little pony hearts disintegrate. That's how it is today, when everyone is angsty and angry and upset at having drunk the Corporate Kool-Aid for so long, they've forgotten what it means to exist in an actual place, as an actual person, instead of just a consumer.

After that, they're justifiably angry. And Flim and Flam are run out of business. Pretty soon, the state that let them build all those superstores and shrugged at local petitions is going come crashing down, because every pony that bought their product and sold out his heritage, identity, and soul, is looking around to find they have nothing except Flim, Flam, and tacky merchandise.

So, it's your choice. You can love your nation and what the people in it provide for you, or you can shop at Tesco. Giving up globalism means having to invest more in life. It's difficult to buy at the Apples. They're hard to find and expensive, and the state doesn't like it, and likes to tax you and them both. But if you don't, you might lose your one connection to a world outside a shopping mall.

My Nationalist Pony, 6 February 2012

HISTORICAL DETAILS IN HEARTS & HOOVES DAY

In the opening overview of Ponyville, you can scramble for the DVD pause button and indulge in probably one of the best shots we've seen of the complete town. Ponyville is likely subconsciously intended as a European township in the 1920s, given the showmanship of Flim and Flam and some of the aesthetics we've seen.

We can see the architecture in Ponyville has consistently wooden frames. This architecture is distinctly European due to the natural abundance wood for timber. Perhaps the best-known wood frame buildings are from the Tudor period in England, from 1485 to 1603. England has always been distinguished from Europe by its oak forests, enabling Tudor architects to build wood frame houses to a very high standard. Henry VIII passed laws to protect England's oak forests from shipbuilders in 1543. Tudor buildings, like the Ponyville ones, have steep roofs and were covered in thatch, clay, or stone. I presume in Ponyville they use hay bales due to the size. This would also result in extremely good insulation.

Also visible in Ponyville is what looks like a Renaissance fair. The tents are clearly meant to be Medieval pavilions. For an example, the scene of "Hector Slaying Patroclus" illustrated in the *Troy Book*, produced circa 1455–1462, gives us a direct comparison.

The archetypal black cauldron symbol on the cover of *Twilight's Book* is ubiquitous as Halloween imagery, but few know where it comes from. Scraping about in my memory banks on Britain's industrial heritage tells me this is a variant of a hanging cauldron designed to be used over an open fireplace—something you probably could have guessed. These were heavy as hell, but could be freestanding on the three feet over hot coals in the hearth also. These were made obsolete by cook stoves in the mid-19th century, so their inclusion in *Twilight's* reading as an in-use book places Ponyville in the realm of tradition, borrowing England's mythic past. Magic and witchcraft have home in Equestria, a place yet unreduced to empty materialism.

These pots were first mass produced and made commonplace near the very start of the industrial revolution in Britain, by Abraham Darby, an English Quaker. In 1708 he pioneered, as Wikipedia succinctly explains: “. . . a method of producing pig iron in a blast furnace fueled by coke rather than charcoal. This was a major step forward in the production of iron as a raw material for the Industrial Revolution.”

Britain was the first country in the world to industrialize, and the Coalbrookdale pot was one of the first mass-produced items ever made. Further research tells me “They became a staple product of the Coalbrookdale Company and were exported world-wide is still widely used in southern Africa where they are known as ‘potjie.’” Which is fitting, as Zecora has a big cast iron cauldron in which she makes potions and as we already know was intended to speak Swahili, the native language of the Congo.

Back to the Tudors at Sugarcube corner, three of the five visible windows are diamond lattice windows. Wood frame diamond lattice was common in Tudor times, when glass was first used in homes. It was very expensive and difficult to make big pieces of glass, so the panes were tiny and held together with lead in a crisscross pattern or “lattice.”

On a different note, Mrs. Cake sure has some interesting hair. I couldn't help but be reminded of Phillippe Starcke's “Squiggle” atop the Asahi beer building in Tokyo. It is supposedly meant to be a flame but is extremely open to interpretation. The pillars in Sugarcube corner are also the shapes of twisted marshmallow sweets.

These details in the living town of Ponyville show the cartoon is not an abstract, rootless cosmopolis but a re-imagining of Europe and Europeans that is more akin traditional storytelling than pure pop culture. Look closely, and you might find something that speaks to you beneath the mind.

My Nationalist Pony, 10 February 2012

A MALE DOMINATED EQUESTRIA?

Here are some thoughts on gender at *Counter-Currents*:

Men are always striving to climb upwards. Femininity is horizontal: radiating out warmth and nurturing toward surrounding others, and producing new others to warm and nurture. Masculinity is vertical. It's aiming upwards, towards an ideal to be achieved in a man's self . . .³

In the world of *Friendship is Magic*, Celestia fits this paradigm perfectly. She raises the sun each morning, the most radiant source of warmth and life in Equestria. Her cutie-mark and “Design Specification” for the natural order of things is to be the ultimate in femininity, an unconsumable, undefeatable fountainhead of female energy. Her occupation is maintaining peace and harmony throughout Equestria by nurturing the growth and intuition of her charges and metaphorical children—notably, the ever-lovable Twilight Sparkle.

Derek Hawthorne, reviewing Jack Malebranche's *Androphilia* manifesto, observes: “Femininity is essentially a state of being that simply comes with being female; it is not an accomplishment. Women are, but men must become.”⁴

Discord and Celestia no doubt have a part to play in the ongoing dialogue about masculinity and femininity. It is, after all, why they were drawn as characters; it is Lauren Faust's design specification to be some sort of neofeminist, as it is in mine to be a conservative realist.

More to the point: Celestia simply is—she did not become Celestia, she simply happened as a cosmic ultra-pony. By contrast, Discord *has to become*; he is loved and reviled for his masculinity, and the nature of man is such that he must ascend, create, destroy, or in some other way affect the world. Discord may be the Lord of Chaos, but he had to *become* the Lord of Chaos. It is not by accident or cliché that his first real act is to install himself on a throne.

In a world where hierarchy is simply the expression of inner capability, man is lost without a military to command, a foe to defeat, a frontier to conquer. Men may build civilization through ingenuity and

strength, much like Flim and Flam and their modern world, but it is women who are the vanguard of family and stability. Again, it is not by accident that Appleloosa—a frontier town at conflict with a competing species—is characterized by male characters, Texan colts in ten-gallon hats, the Sheriff, and the bulky Chief Thunderhooves.

It is no wonder that Discord wishes to smash Equestria to pieces and remake it in his own design. He's a man with no family, no purpose, and seemingly no inherent role to aspire to fulfil; he's the avatar of unrelenting, aimless masculine force. He recognizes that his existence is a cosmic joke, and so makes a joke of the world. Note the flying pigs and sense of dark humor.

However, he is still a man, and as a consequence the chaos he creates is not true chaos, but a mocking inversion of reality. The pattern of personality and compassion is still recognizable by its inverse, like a Rorschach test. Ironically, by setting out to destroy Equestria, he creates a new and interesting world more suited to his designs.

Which brings me back to the original point of the post—how gender compliments and contrasts, especially so between Pinkie and Discord. To revisit our character studies:

Remember that spit-take of Rarity into Pinkie's face in "Party of One" where Pinkie didn't even give an indication she noticed? It's moments like those that show that Pinkie is a stone wall of indifference to other people when they aren't part of her enjoying her life. Incidentally, she must spend an incredible amount of time alone with Gummy cooking. She's a strange breed, between an introvert and a hedonist, and her emotional center of gravity focusses, laser like, on being 110% hyper-happy at just how *wonderful* it all is.

Pinkie exists to enjoy life by engaging with the world, at all costs, completely and without exception. Discord destroys her world out of restless existential anger, and in doing so, creates a new Garden of Eden for Pinkie to explore and delight in. Her love of the world outweighs any obligation she might feel towards her friends; she goes on the adventure to defeat Discord out of curiosity more than anything.

It is also no coincidence that when exposed to Discord's world, we see Pinkie at her most fulfilled, and in many fandom works, her most sexualized. In the show, she sticks her tongue out to catch the "chaotic" chocolate rain, and it's more suggestive than one would expect from the rest of the show.

A feminized society based on stability instead of exploration and expansion does away with men, seeing them as obsolete relics. Our anti-hero, Discord, returns as one very pissed-off male and sets about wrecking the place. He lets his black sense of humor run riot; he creates; he innovates; he forges the world to suit his whim. He fulfills his masculinity and potential—in a way that the most engaged member of the gynocentric society cannot help but find very satisfying. Cute, no?

The complex relationship between Discord, Pinkie, and Celestia certainly says something about Lauren Faust, too. Men know that males who have not yet established their masculinity will only cause trouble out of existential angst. It says something about Faust that Discord establishes his masculinity through conquest of the defenseless, through games and scheming; he lacks any real challenge except the natural order of things re-asserting itself (as was inevitable in the show and is inevitable in the world). I don't have a problem with it, because it's true. Men are destructive when aimless, and often very funny about it, reveling in the sort of gallows humor that informs Graham Greene's *The Destructors*.

But ultimately it suggests Faust herself isn't prepared to put masculinity as a constructive force front-and-center. Nonetheless, to her credit, she recognizes that is the case, which is why all the male background ponies have constructive and real roles to play in her society. Simply put, emphasizing men at their best, especially in villain roles, is unlikely to be a best fit for *Friendship is Magic*.

My Nationalist Pony, 15 February 2012

CRANKY MODERN MEN

“A Friend in Deed” certainly brought new depth to the show. Unhappiness within Ponyville is understandably not a continual background hum like it is within contemporary society, but it exists, like it always does in fiction, as the gravitational center of each narrative. Equestrian resolutions are normally straightforward applications of common sense and empathy with kith and kin that fall under the catch-all umbrella of “Friendship.” The entire content of this blog aside, *Friendship is Magic*’s morality scrubbed of subtlety can be described as “Follow your heart and don’t be antagonistic.”

Plot resolution in *Friendship is Magic* revolves around simple ideas like rectifying misunderstandings (Applejack’s medals and Pinkie’s insecurity), letting go of ingrained mistrust and dislike (Hearth’s Warmings Eve), or more metaphorical, magical events—for example, where Nightmare Moon’s defensive facade is shattered to reveal her true form of Luna underneath. It’s entirely within the nature of the show for resolutions to be extremely simplistic on the surface, but with metaphorical depth.

And in a fantastic pastiche of itself, the show pits Pinkie Pie’s simple-as-all-hell three-step program against a much more realistic character—a stranger with a serious past, (possibly) a lifetime’s accumulation of instinctive mistrust, and existential problems that cannot be rectified through an application of song and dance in hyperdrive.

Cranky Doodle is visibly out of place in Ponyville. He carries around an entire wagon of keepsakes and ornaments, bundled together and seemingly thrown into the cart in no particular order, in direct contrast to the other nomad of the show, Trixie. She keeps her travelling show-wagon in perfect order—it’s her profession. For Cranky, he has no destination; upon his arrival in Ponyville, he has finally used up the fumes of the emotional fuel that kept him moving forward. He is the very essence of a lost and emasculated man. It goes unsaid he’s looking to shack up and wait for the end.

As Pinkie tries to befriend Cranky, one of the first mishaps she causes is ruining his wig. Then, to completely destroy any dignity he has left,

she draws the attention of the *entire town* to the fact that he's completely bald. Cranky is, understandably, humiliated. The subtlety of it is in Cranky's response: instead of laughing at the absurdity of having his wig mistaken for a spider and trampled, he scrapes up a tuft of grass and dirt and wears that as a replacement wig.

The message is very clear: instead of Cranky wearing the wig because he wants his exterior to match his internal character—*à la* Rarity being fabulous to dazzle people with her gems as well as her generosity—Cranky is wearing the wig to preserve the image of someone who is coping well with life's trials and tribulations, despite his status. Attempting to save face with a patch of mud and a few strands of grass (!) is a clear signal that a determined external image is all he has left. His goal of searching for a lost love is unfulfilled, aimless, and frankly hopeless. His only remaining choice is to reflect on memories instead.

And this is where the show gets interesting. Pinkie puts Cranky through the mill of modernity in terms of trying to make him smile. He gets an entire spa makeover and comes out literally gleaming, but it makes no difference. Only the surface is changed. The underlying problem remains. Cranky clearly knows this by the end of the spa, even if he doesn't want to admit it.

In real life, this is a strong reflection of many, many men. The genuine goals of most young men—to either become masters of their trade, build strong careers, do great things, to have marriages and families—are shunned or trivialized by modernity, and in the last case, made downright dangerous, if not criminal. Unemployment is on a continual rise, and living with parents well into adulthood is beginning to become a soul-crushing norm; for those who wish to become accomplished in athletics or art or music or whatever, these things are trivialized as personal choices and personal tastes.

The phrase, "Well, that's just, like, your opinion, man" is the one that society now lives by, and as a consequence, no personal choices or creations have consequence. If you want to become a master sculptor and design, build, and paint the 2nd Sistine Chapel, that's cool. It might make for a good episode of *Grand Designs*.

What it won't do is make the history books, because our civilization has decided that each individual will, the will of the many, is more

important than the will of the gifted few. The apathetic many demand to be accepted as just as good as the accomplished few, thus defusing any significance of anything beyond surface image. Image becomes everything, hence hipsters. (This is why I am a dog armored in shamelessness when it comes to nationalism, because when you're remembered for your deeds by your people, you won't give a stuff if you're bald or not).

Eventually, Pinkie re-unites Cranky with his lost love, giving him back a future. Cranky is thusly transformed into Doodle—a name he refused to acknowledge before, because it reminded him of his failure to accomplish his life's work of finding and uniting himself with his fated partner.

However—this is a cartoon. There are a great many Cranky Doodles in the world, and very few Pinkie Pies. Such super-equine dedication to fixing people's existential problems in the face of barbed defensiveness is rare and often completely futile. There simply isn't enough time. Sometimes, we have to cut our losses and carry on smiling, even though it hurts to let go. However, the least we can do is give our sympathies and explain that although it may be difficult, working towards realistic goals is always a better shot at life than driving oneself into hopelessness. The complexities of life are hard to sum up in a twenty-five-minute animated short, especially a kids' show, but I commend *Friendship is Magic* for doing a good job.

My Nationalist Pony, 18 February 2012

IRON WILL & FLUTTERSHY

“Putting Your Hoof Down” was absolutely tops. It had everything I especially like in it—men portrayed accurately and positively, moments of self-reflection, Pinkie Pie and Rarity together, and even better, Fluttershy turning from a somewhat haphazardly assertive, maternal-instinct bundle of neurosis to a well-rounded, adorable little character.

The first point worth mentioning is that the show makes absolutely no bones about the fact that just as men are willing to throw money at naked women, women conversely are more than willing to pay for opportunities to be giggling schoolgirls for staged shows of manly muscle. Iron Will as a character is a fantastic blend of showmanship, good business sense, and professional civility; he falls somewhere between Roosh V, Conan the Barbarian, and the Chippendales. Bear in mind this is a show apparently written by a feminist—but alongside every incompetent male oaf, nerd, or jerk, is an equally obnoxious female brat, bitch, or hag.

The show’s writers are unerringly accurate in their summation of humanity and its unsightly undersides, and show them all, oblivious of and indifferent to political dogma about what one can and can’t say or imply about Wimminz. The fact the show gets away with showing women (realistically) as cavorting temptresses willing to pay to hear Iron Will shout at them is pretty fantastic, as is the top-notch character design and nod to Greek mythology by casting Iron Will as a minotaur, a creature known his maiden-centric appetite.

Fluttershy’s encounter with Iron Will was realistic from pretty much all angles. He is, after all, a businessman, and like all businesses that function as part of civil society and live to trade another day, he has to make good on his advertising. *My Little Pony* here shies away from a “Capitalists are Evil” shtick, preferring an eminently more reasonable statement of human fallibility.

Fluttershy is spotted for cowering at the back and he sets about teaching her to stand up for herself. It goes a little to her head and she ends up raging at pretty much everyone before having a crisis of conscience. Iron Will is blamed, but this isn’t entirely fair; the true root

of the problem is his naivety about the ability of Fluttershy to handle the newfound power of assertiveness, rather than any malicious feeling. To use a metaphor he'd probably like, he made the mistake of selling an RPG to someone who was still unsure about the business end of a handgun.

Iron Will, after failing to renew Fluttershy's enthusiasm for his product after her fall, is out-asserted—ironically due to the very training he gave her, and leaves considering her words as a new catchphrase to work into his act. Fluttershy, in her Celestia letter, reflects on how “standing up for herself isn't the same as changing who she is.” I think this is a really neat line. Changing one's technique isn't the same as changing one's temperament. This cuts both ways too—Iron Will would certainly appreciate her coming to understand that, despite his gruff stage persona, he's at heart a civil and agreeable sort of guy.

My Nationalist Pony, 3 March 2012

“DRAGON QUEST”!

In the episode “Dragon Quest,” Spike, a baby/child Dragon raised by ponies, finally confronts his existential anxieties during the Great Dragon Migration. After looking for support from his pony masters/friends, he sets out on a mission to find the Dragons and meet his makers, his ancestral bloodline. He is maternally stalked by Twilight and Co. who set out ensure his protection.

And find them he does, lounging and sulking around an active volcano. The story focusses on Spike’s experience with the teenage Dragons, though we’re shown that adult Dragons—specifically the Red Hoarder Dragon from Season 1—stick around, presumably to keep a watchful eye on the youngsters.

These youngsters are brash. They are adolescent youths. They love things loud and awesome. They like fighting, jumping off cliffs into lava, keeping their hair (scales?) long and their teeth unclean. These guys are jocks to the power of ten, and whenever they’re on screen, there’s this screeching metal riff in the background. These Dragons **ROCK**. To them, the measure of a Dragon is brute strength, ability to kick ass and stay King of the Hill. When Spike proves he is a Dragon and not a pony by being able to withstand lava—a test that really works, with Twilight, Rainbow, and Rarity in a Dragon costume backing out of jumping to their deaths—they accept him as a younger Dragon and have a ridiculous initiation ritual where he walks between their raised tails. It’s all very high school.

“Yeah, look at this scrawny little runt! Let’s use him as a football!” OK, they don’t actually say that, but it fits, so there. These bros also hang together in a slightly homoerotic way; it’s cool.

Then, like stuff is prone to do always with young men unsupervised, things begin to get seriously out of hand. Spike is enlisted in a quest to steal a phoenix egg with the guys, and to smash it for shits and giggles. In a revealing move about the mentality of *My Little Pony*, the phoenix is a father in a nuclear family—one male, one female, and lots of little phoenix eggs.

Bear in mind the only male figures we see in this episode are mythological creatures. They aren't, how to say, "near-earth" analogies like Ponies, Buffalo, and Zecora the Zebra; they are traditional myth and fantasy, far-earth fictions, fictions created by subconscious exaggeration of what was evolutionarily ingrained. Colorful birds have always been associated with safety and domesticating the wild, snakes and lizards generally with nature "red in tooth and claw."

Spike is a disproof of Blank Slate sociology. He is a Dragon. He cannot escape the fact he is a Dragon. Despite being nurtured and raised by ponies, at this stage he is crushingly unhappy because of being so disconnected from and insecure in his identity as a Dragon.

This is *Friendship is Magic* laughing off Human Biodiversity Deniers, and coming down *unambiguously* in favor of physiological differences in race and gender determining one's ability to deal with the world.

I know this may seem like a big leap for the casual reader, but the show says with zero doubt that happiness comes from recognizing you are not a "social construct," but a *biological construct*, with your own species, identity, and tradition. We are shown that distinct groups have distinct traditions that are products of their ecological niche and adaptations to life. The Dragons have a Great Migration, the Buffalo have a Great Run, and the Zebras have voodoo magic that makes use of forest herbs.

In the end, Spike remarks that he has a lot to teach about being a pony—although he is only able to comment on fitting into the culture of the ponies. He is not a pony, and this is repeatedly emphasized in the show. If Ponyville were 80% Dragons, it would not be Ponyville. It would be an ethnic cleansing.

ANALOGUES OF MEN IN SPIKE'S SUBCONSCIOUS JOURNEY

Far-earth creatures work as simplistic metaphors; near-earth creatures like Ponies and Zebras work as fully-fledged characters. The fact that both Dragons and phoenixes in this episode represent different sides of the idea of "being a man" indicates that this is not a "real" journey for Spike. Instead, it is best described as a journey through Spike's mind about what it means to be a Dragon, or more accurately, what it means to be a man.

The episode presents us with two immediate choices, and one choice that we don't often see and aren't really shown.

Finally, and most crucially, the Dragons are never defeated. The ponies escape using magic.

Working with the assumption that the ethos of the show is derived from Lauren Faust's influence, we can give Lauren and her team a lot of credit for heavily implying the following things.

First, autocratic male society, the *Männerbund*, is based on trial, honor, ritual, initiation, and power. Men know, by virtue of innate strength, that strength is necessary to survive and prosper. The Dragons compete in feats of strength to prove their masculinity. However, they have no greater society, and so their strength is useless. They have nothing to protect, and so they go out of their way to destroy. This is so in the show because the Dragon is an analogy for the unattached man.

Second, it is preferable that the family prospers and the roving *Männerbund* be defeated or integrated into the defense of the family (the State). The Phoenix represents the father. He stuns the Dragons with blinding light and helps his family escape and rebuild. However, neither the Phoenix nor the Ponies are able to defeat the Dragons. They must rely on magic/technology to flee.

This is where Spike's anxieties end, because he has realized his allegiances lie in the tribe of ponies that raised him. Spike has no need to compete in male honor society, once he has established his identity as a man.

He is able to continue on in Pony society as an honored guest, a pet that has earned respect—and yes, he is a pet. Twilight owns him. He does not have citizenship by right of being a pony, like Trixie, who was able to simply roll up.

Neither does he need to raise a family to continue on in the world. Instead, he raises another mythical creature that is separated from its parents—an abandoned phoenix egg. He finds meaning in his life in teaching the adopted children of pony society to contribute to and strengthen its identity and traditions, rather than fragment it through “multiculturalism.” The message here is again open to no doubt: assimilation is possible, but it is only possible for individuals. *Friendship is Magic* denies that different races cannot share an identity.

However, a Dragon/Zebra collective would be colonization. A Ponyville of Zebras would not be Ponyville, but Zetroit.

Spike is a Dragon in a land of ponies, and his anxieties reflect that. But his struggle is ours also. If you are one of my male readers (yes, they do exist) you might see parts of yourself in one of the Dragons—brash and energetic but aimless. You could also see yourself as the Phoenix, a family-orientated individual, but ultimately defenseless against an organized male group.

In order to make oneself into a man, some of life must be dedicated to the *Männerbund*. Some of your life must be spent making soap with Tyler Durden. Some of your life must be founded on the fact that force is the ultimate authority.

But many men, especially Cranky Doodle, need this realization and epiphany. Masculinity is not something inherently evil. It is a natural gift of innate biological strength and cunning, and it is necessary for men to recognize this, or they will be as lost as Spike is before he sets out on his quest. Without a male society based on honor, a man has no greater purpose in life than hedonism or making more babies. Without honor, a man cannot belong to an ascendant movement or aspire to ideals outside of narcissism. He becomes simply an accessory to the family's needs and is denied a group identity of his own.

It is in gaining honor that Spike completes his quest by realizing his true and real self—that he is a *Dragon*, after all!

My Nationalist Pony, 28 March 2012

METROID FLUTTERSHY

I've been thinking about emotional and maternal strength, especially in Fluttershy. I think Samus from the *Metroid* franchise illustrates this well. The game environment in *Metroid Prime I & II* is designed to reflect the fact that Samus is female.

In games like *Halo* and *Crysis*, your suit of armor is a tactical survival piece of kit to help you turn a billion dudes into a splattering of blood, bone, and gore. These games are about men being *warriors*.

In *Metroid*, your suit is not a piece of military kit. It's a relic, a family heirloom, a gift from Samus's mother-race of the Chozo (if I read the inferences right). Unlike in *Crysis* and *Halo*, where the suit is, again, made for the explicit purpose of liquidating the enemy, the purpose of Samus' power armor is ambiguous.

We have to read the character of Samus, and the purpose of her suit, through the world she inhabits. In *Halo*, your obstacles are the enemy. Your job is to exterminate them and move on to the next area. In *Metroid*, you explore. You bounce from platform to platform, seeking out new paths and accessing new caches and locations branching off from old ones.

Master Chief's suit stops bullets, and he uses a battle rifle, and that's that. Samus's suit is designed to withstand intense heat, or perform in Zero-G. Levels go from "the floor is lava!" to eerie underwater chasms. Most of the players' time in *Metroid* is spent wiping out local wildlife that obstructs your path, from beetles to killer fish and poisonous fungi.

Your Samus suit, however, isn't really a combat suit. It's an environment suit. It evolves with new discoveries, enabling you to withstand attacks that would previously destroy you, and deal with environments that would previously toast you.

Your power beam is a fairly puny weapon, taking at least a few shots to knock out even the weakest enemies. Instead, you have to gather new gun types (not new guns), discovering them throughout the landscape, and matching them to a foe's weaknesses and strengths.

And this is why the metaphor of Samus is so effective. It's about improving one's ability to navigate the world through curiosity, about discovering the means to insulate oneself against hazardous environments. It's about overcoming enemies not with overwhelming brute force, but by empathetically understanding their weaknesses and adjusting tactics accordingly.

Doesn't that sound a lot like what *Friendship is Magic* is about? Isn't that what the characters in the show are there to *demonstrate how to do*?

Fluttershy has a lot of curiosity, but she's very timid. Pinkie Pie helps her discover how to dispel fear of an uncertain environment with her "Giggle at the Ghosty" song.

Fluttershy doesn't take down enemies toe-to-toe. She grasps the nature of the enemy, then simply removes the problem at the source. When it was an enraged Manticore, she removes its defensive need to attack the ponies by removing the source of its hurt—a thorn stuck in its foot. When confronted with a fully-grown Dragon, Fluttershy doesn't try and kick his face in like Rainbow Dash, but spots his obvious insecurities and emotionally crushes him: "You're bigger, and you should know better!"

Fluttershy's care for her friends insulates her from her own fear of mortal danger in the second instance. Exploration, discovery, and curiosity about others gave her the emotional wherewithal to *withstand* the death stare of a fire breathing mythical creature.

More recently, it was Fluttershy's discovery of her own ability to out-assert others that gave her the edge needed to withstand the full-stage bluster of Iron Will.

Follow your curiosity, evolve with new discoveries, and you will become a more formidable, stronger foe through improved understanding and technique.

The most beautiful things in nature, luckily, are also the most lethal. I say "luckily" because it is lucky only the strong-minded few are able to see and appreciate them, rather than hundreds and thousands of daily tourists.

Strength—directed energy—is the foundation of existence. There is nothing that has no measure of strength. A tsunami is only as majestic

as its potential for wiping out a city. Cloudsdale is beautiful, but fall off, and all that potential energy becomes very directed, and you fall. Twilight and Rarity have to insulate themselves from this hazard using magic and understanding.

The measure of a man is in his physical and emotional strength. It is the rock upon which all other virtues are built. The subtler measure of a woman is in her ability to negotiate and out-manuever strength, and in her ability to withstand the emotional pressure of threats of strength. If a man is pushed, his measure is in how hard he pushes back. If a woman is pushed, her skill lies in using the attacker's own force against him, to disarm, embarrass, and neutralize.

This is what the player/character metaphors of Samus of Fluttershy do. Samus is able to withstand the weight of a thousand lakes, or the sparse loneliness of deep space, and Fluttershy is able to withstand the intense rage of a Minotaur.

In Samus' story, a Metroid—an energy parasite, a vampire, and tough little bugger—imprints on Samus and adopts her as its mother.

It is Samus' exoskeletal power armor that enables her to be able to mother it. Without her suited ability to withstand its pushes and handle it confidently, it would probably kill her immediately. But because the suit makes her strong, she can raise a child after she lost her own parents.

In Fluttershy's story, she has a right little so-and-so of a pet and son figure, a sullen, aggressive, stropky little rabbit called Angel. Without her exploration and discovery, and risking emotional hurt for rewards of increased knowledge and ability, Fluttershy would not be able to look after Angel.

Feminists confuse a strong woman with a woman who bullies her way into the company of men and emulates them. But this is a fiction, tossing aside the unique feminine strength of emotional endurance, flexibility, intuition, empathy, and all-around devilishness. Master Chief might have the big guns and the tin can suit, but emotional resilience is the toughest power armor ever created.

My Nationalist Pony, 5 April 2012

CRYSTAL PONIES & WESTERN CIVILIZATION

Every time I think what I'm doing is silly and/or pointless, *Friendship is Magic* reminds me it isn't. If you do not know your history, how can you know yourself? The world isn't about us as individuals. It's not about you. It's about . . . how to say it? . . . striving for something higher. Working to maintain excellence. Recognizing that we are just a part of nature and must acknowledge her rules.

In order for a race to maintain or save itself, it must be conscious of itself.

Traditions and cultural values are taught because adults recognize that a fulfilled life is better than an empty one. Honor—sacred honor—is the group's recognition of an individual's attempts to better himself in service of continuing and enriching that group.

Jousting, musical instruction, anthems that resonate due to genetic commonality—these are all things that people aspire to not out of narcissism, but out of nobility. A strong jouster has a better chance in war; great composers uphold morale.

Modern life offers nothing in the way of glory, and teaches that nothing is better than wealth and nothing is worse than death.

History shows this for the falsehood it is. Trace your history, and trace your lineage, and you will find a succession of people who recognized that the loss of distinction and identity is far worse than death. In fact, loss of identity is a living death, because your mind is not conscious of your biological origins, and you become a glob of misdirected and unconstructive feelings.

Honor is better than wealth; money means nothing unless you can spend it on beautiful things that transcend the material. It's the sign of an aristocratic mindset to own things whose only purpose is to be beautiful or novel.

History is a chronology of existential conflict. People fought to survive because they recognized the falsehood that everyone's opinions were somehow valid. They saw that their ideals—their ideas of beauty, goodness, and honor—were products of their biological distinction and

cultural instruction, and fought either to expand the dominion of those ideas (via propagation of their race and *Lebensraum*) or to give them a fighting chance.

The characters of *Friendship is Magic* are idealized, flawed, yet perfect. It's inferred here the Crystal Ponies have lost all sense of who they are. All sense of what they ought to be, all sense of what they have the potential to become.

There are plenty of people in the world. Why make more? This is the soul sickness that afflicts the West and can be assumed to afflict the Crystal Ponies in "The Crystal Empire." They needed to be reminded of their history, and reminded of their potential greatness, and shown the awesomeness and majesty that can be achieved with hard work and dedication. They needed to be reminded of their irreplaceable essence and unique character—they needed to be reminded who they are.

My Nationalist Pony, 19 July 2012

SAVING THE CRYSTAL PONIES, & OURSELVES

I told you history and heritage are the saving grace of “The Crystal Empire.” The amnesia and existential funk of white people, sorry, the Crystal Ponies, in this episode is broken by an explosion of historical and national consciousness. Especially wonderful is Rainbow Dash armouring up for the jousting competition, Rainbow Dash being the element of loyalty, or, as I prefer to think, fanaticism and zealotry. And this episode is almost as fanatically pro-Western as I am, infused throughout with the imagery and iconography of medieval Europe.

The Crystal Empire has returned after disappearing for a thousand years because of being cursed by the episode’s Big Bad. Princess Cadence is protecting the city with a spell of “love and light,” but her magic can’t hold out long, and the evil King Sombra is trying to make a vengeful return . . .

The Crystal Ponies are in a nihilist, existential funk when Twilight & Co. arrive. They suffer from a universal amnesia and apathy. One of the returned Crystal Ponies comments: “It looks the same, but it doesn’t feel the same . . .” Of course, that missing element is an invigorating reverence. The responses of the burned-out Crystal Ponies to the overtly energetic Mane Six are eerily reminiscent of the psychological space many people occupy in modern life, which is designed to neuter one’s living spirit in favor of materialism and suicidal, unlimited tolerance.

Twilight discovers with her friends the help she needs to mount a traditional renaissance fair to re-awaken them to their national destiny and common bonds. The Crystal Fair is their “most important tradition,” according to Twilight Sparkle. “A Crystal Fair . . . Established by their first Queen. The Fair was held every year to *renew the spirit of love and unity* within the Empire so they could *protect it from harm*.”

I couldn’t put it any more succinctly if I tried. An Empire can only be preserved if its constituents all hold that Empire dear. A nation that refuses to acknowledge its own existence will soon fail to exist. Even more importantly, any fool who reasons his way into loving his nation

can soon be reasoned out of it. Explicit lines about national unity? Even I did Nazi that coming!!

There is no love and unity within the West, and this why the West is dying. The “love” modern society directs you to hold is a love of the foreign and alien, whilst a love of your [own people](#) is criminalized, slurred, and spat on. You are a “neo-Nazi” or a “fascist” or a “subhuman” if you dare to value your nearest and dearest most, and what is love but a difference of value?

Multiculturalism, minoritarianism, and “humanism” are disunity (better known as Chaos, or Discord). The “unity” of liberalism is an agreement that nobody is beholden to anyone, a “unity” of people who have nothing in common but universally agree they should be able to do whatever the hell they want. Of course, this comes at the expense of those who wish to live in a civilization defined by ideals, standards, and obligations. Permissive societies and traditionalist societies cannot coexist. The first comes from a love of one’s ego; the second comes from a love of one’s people.

The Crystal Ponies (and nationalist parties of Europe) are unified by love. They value their people, traditions, and way of life, and wish to uphold them forevermore.

It’s up to you to protect the West. It’s time for you to be Twilight Sparkle and to tell the truth, even if your voice shakes, as the hoary old cliché says. For there to be any hope at all of the West surviving, white Westerners must be conscious of their traditions, heritage, and distinction—and their true *raison d’être*—or they will be lost forever to the collective amnesia that affects the Crystal Empire’s inhabitants.

The episode ends, and the day is saved, with the return of the “Crystal Heart” and its enshrinement in the center of their city. It’s time to enshrine again a love for our unique European character at the center of national life.

We have to get this right; we have to make them see. We can save the Crystal Ponies with their history.

My Nationalist Pony, 11 November 2012

PINKIE PIE AND THE MIRROR POOL:

AN ESSAY ON MAGIC & TRAGEDY

Hey, remember when I said this?

Norse, Greek, Roman, and Celtic religions must be brought back from the brink. These fictions are pre-rational and echo, always, always echo, down the corridors of time; manifesting in a different shape with every age.

I've been saying all along that soul and sensibility come from genetics, and there is something about the Euro-centric witch's brew of DNA left over from the various Edenic races that produces a rather mournful sensibility. My Axis pals with an Irish background will know all about this. I've never known a people so overcome with mourning that life is what it is. Maybe the drinking does help, though.

Unfortunately, there can be no life lived in the ideal. *Sans*-divinity, there will never be a perfect person. Outside of Heaven, the Halls of Olympus, or the supposed "42 Virgins" club, there are no idyllic spheres, and extremely few ever become their ideal self.

It's this headbutting against material constraints which divides the worthy from the idle. It's the stoicism and hard work that separates and defines persons of quality from their lessers. The Alt-Right slogan "Leben ist Kampf" crops up with regularity on my dash, and anyone who begs to differ is too insulated for his own good.

The one worthwhile lesson I took from University was that the outcome is a response to the brief; without the constraints of the brief, the outcome is formless. The product is not so much a creation as a recognition of different demands and simply channeling material in the most efficient way possible to satisfy these demands (a table must have four legs, must be made of X steel, must suspend Y weight at normal gravity, etc.). A rather woolly brief produces unrefined products, and one that is too tight bends material and people beyond their limitations, resulting a factory run of broken scrap.

So too is life. If you cheat the brief by using magic, mirror pools, excuses, or anabolic steroids, you get "Too Many Pinkie Pies," a bad

grade, and gains that don't last respectively. Either that, or you burn out proper. By breaking constraints that produce the ideal, the ideal itself becomes compromised. Even if it is reached by doing so.

"Too Many Pinkie Pies" was one of my favorites so far, and like all my favorites, the substance of the show easily outweighs the fluff "Life is what it is" platitude at the end. Meaningless platitudes are just that when divorced from the high drama that produced them, and it's that high drama we're going to discuss.

European history and culture are distinct in their obsession with man and woman in the ideal, the forces that produce such people, and the Fates and Gods conspiring around them. The high drama that drives most of the classics is tragic, or tragi-comic. Anti-heroes abound. There are those thrust into greatness unwillingly, nincompoops with delusions of grandeur, noble warriors laid low by ego, and a great many fools. Through European literature, no-one ever quite manages to do what he sets out to do—at least not without it being revealed to be a Pyrrhic victory.

The bulk of the episode draws heavily, perhaps intentionally, on this robustness of spirit. Pinkie Pie is torn between her friends. Ponyville is idyllic, but not an Eden. The implicit demand of living life to the full leads to having to accept that life is finite. She remembers an old tale of a magic pool and incantation that will allow her to Cheat the Brief, and double up with Simulacra of herself.

This episode is not a re-run of the story of Narcissus, though it treads near it. Nor is it an out-and-out "test of courage" story of a worthy being put through the grind. Instead, it explores different depths of time, memory, and longing. It's not quite a tragic epic, but it comes close.

Pinkie longs to be with all of her friends, all of the time. By using the magic of the mirror pool to be "Doubly there," she's able to be in many places at once—sort of—by using brainless placeholders. The catch is, of course, that her doubles have no memory of her life or friends in Ponyville. They are the physical Pinkie, but without mind or sound judgment. Pyrrhic indeed. After frustrating the living fuck out of the real Pinkie Pie's friends, they go on a sort of fun-obsessed

rampage. Sounds like an alcohol fueled night of Fresher students at University, really, but that's what happens.

This is where I'm going to have to borrow somebody else's words:

Aristotle believed that the point of tragedy was to put on the stage the negative, or more ferocious, or more diabolical side of man, the non-dualist side of man, in order to overcome it.

Because life is born in pain, dies in pain, and consists of quite a lot of pain during the intermediary stages between birth and death. And in order to overcome and face that, particularly in a stoical way, you needed to take up these negative emotions into yourself and have them purged, have them sublimated, to use a modern word. And the way that you purge them is by watching tragedy.

[Tragedy is] The highest form [of drama], the most cathartic form, the most ennobling form. A form which isn't written today.⁵

Twilight and her friends devise a sort of test to separate the true Pinkie from the Replicants. They must sit and watch paint dry, an impossible feat without intense concentration for the ADHD Pinkie Pie. The imitation reflections are then banished as they fail the test using Twilight's magic. The hook is that if they banish the real Pinkie, that's done and dusted for good.

In the scene where Twilight does this for the first time, it's gripping in a way that other episodes struggle to match due to the tragic nature of the set up. Over the course of the two and a bit seasons we've had three external aggressor "Big Bads" of varying motivations, but if I recall correctly this is the first time we've had a set up where one member of the Mane Six could end the life of another. There isn't an enemy or even a braggart to be overcome, but oneself.

Even more disturbing is Twilight's total lack of hesitation. She uses a blast of magic that was foreshadowed earlier in the episode and Foom, a Replicant is gone. Vaporized. To quote Ilium, "everything is performed to the full extent of their abilities, every effort running what one twentieth-century scholar called 'the full risk of failure.'"

Luckily, Pinkie Pie is the right color to appeal to little girls in toy form. I prefer the more somber Princess Luna, tinsel-free prototype

edition. (Stop boasting, Buttercup.) As such she emerges from the test unscathed, after demonstrating her loyalty to her friends. However, I would hesitate to say this was a Happy Ending.

The entire episode describes a tragic ordeal. It was created through the best intentions coupled with naivety and dangerous knowledge, as Pinkie strived to fulfill ambitions of affection. It could have been a necessary ordeal, so that we can learn of the loyalty, commitment, and hard choices that life demands—even in Ponyville.

Europeans, and maybe especially the Irish, are most aware that often the Gods make fools of us. Romeo was Fortune's fool, Macbeth Ambition's fool, Hector Zeus' Fool, and Pinkie Pie has been Fun's fool.

My Nationalist Pony, 24 November 2012

DISCORD REVISITED

“Aren’t you just Adorable!”

—Discord, as he patronizes Fluttershy

“Keep Calm and Flutter On” is in my humble opinion (and my opinion is the law) the best in the season so far, and it cuts to the bone. When the writers set up Discord as a villain in the season 2 pilot, they created an ace in the hole for the mythical power of Friendship. It not only defeats, but reforms the Lord of Chaos—powerful stuff.

Probably what I like most about this episode, however, is that the reformation of Discord is not some Taste-the-Rainbow blast of orbital laser cannons, but really quite ordinary. It’s mundane. It’s day-to-day life. It’s the simple choice between reciprocation and loneliness, and it requires putting aside one’s delusions of grandeur, grand conspiracies, and personal incapability.

When I last talked about Discord it was to explore and extrapolate an analogy for what he represents, what he conjures up: a resentment of the great and good, of everything that *works*. Discord is a cruel joker. God’s last laugh. And I’ll bet you he believed all along that that the joke was on him, the wonky, asymmetrical snake he is. During Discord and Fluttershy’s first deceitful encounter, Discord lets this slip, projecting his own insecurities onto Fluttershy: “Surely it burns you up, they’re always pointing out your flaws, right?”

Discord is broken by Fluttershy in this scene. He loses his temper, unable to convince her to resent her friends, and instead uses brute force to change her with a zap of chaos magic. In my mind, this is a wicked metaphor for brutality, violent victimization of someone until she’s a shell of her former self and filled with nothing but hatred.

Discord at this point really is malicious and wracked with inner turmoil; it’s the lowest point in his character arc. Destroying the world for laughs is one thing. Destroying Fluttershy’s mind is another. It’s a nasty, ironic twist that Fluttershy’s innate humility causes her to get it good and hard, as it reminds someone with wounded pride that they haven’t faced up to their own flaws yet.

Nonetheless, despite being the God of all that's unholy, Discord is not what you would call "a bad guy." He's a likeable villain. He's mischievous, has a whimsical sense of humor, and doesn't really want to so much destroy the world as just keep rearranging it. It's like he had the questionable greatness of being The Great Satan thrust upon him. Why else would he keep creating psychotic, hyper-muscular animals, if not to compensate for his own aimlessness and ennui? What's the cause here?

Discord is reformed in this episode by Fluttershy tolerating him, showing kindness to him, expressing concern, and generally making common good with said Dark Lord, despite him turning her house into a revolving zero-G chamber. He eventually chooses his only friendship over mucking around with Equestria and screwing up the Apples' apples.

The show's recurring and inescapable subtext is that empathy and reassurance are the cure for nihilistic rage created by frustrated ambitions and seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

The knowledge that *someone knows how you feel*—or at least, can guess enough at it to give you the benefit of the doubt—is so mission-critical to life on planet Earth that while Discord might not be violently unhinged, he does demonstrate that with abandonment, alienation, shunning, and a total lack of interest, the abject loneliness can make anyone, especially the most sensitive, end up that way. This goes a long way to contextualizing Discord's abuse of Fluttershy, and his subsequent reformation.

To quote a previous post: "If you imagine doing [fantastic things] alone, with no prospect of ever being able to tell or relate your experience to anyone, suddenly they don't seem so great at all. They seem novel, but ultimately pointless."

And as your loyal, devoted space-monkey knows, if you don't value anything in life, you can't value yourself by extension. The reason this show is such a labor of love for its creators is because it analogizes and provides catharsis for the times when one does feel the world is miserable and worthless.

Friendship and empathy are the line between having a treasured memory and worthwhile future, and seeing nothing worth getting out

of bed for, let alone preserving for future generations. Discord, prior to being nursed back to sanity by the eternally strong Fluttershy, alternates between self-pity, self-distraction, and a [genuine desire](#) to Burn the Earth.

There are some wonderful lines from Discord as he realizes that unlimited freedom is the freedom to be untethered from the world, from others, and from meaning:

I can do whatever I want, whenever I want. I'm Discord, the Master of Chaos. You think you can boss Discord around? You think I'm going to turn all this back because *you* say so?

Because if I don't, I'll lose the one friend I ever had?

The bonds of friendship are binding, but bring their own freedom of stepping outside oneself and into the lives of others, into living an identity wherein one is part of something greater, larger, and higher than the self.

A return to this is a return from resentment and nihilism, from whimsical aimlessness, from Discord's Clown World of inverted values and nonsensical, detached, formless chaos, and into being integrated into a whole which one can love without shame or irony. It is an expression and realization of one's better self. This episode shows the folly of materialistic freedom, for one can remain materially the same, yet through friendship, be fully transformed.

My Nationalist Pony, 21 January 2013

CHAOS IS MAGIC

Friendship is Magic has a real and relatable approach to villainy in the show. Villains and antagonists are often reformed—perhaps too quickly for dramatic tension in some cases—and regular characters are shown to become villains through deformation. Nearly all the villains are variations on a theme: those who have sold out or given up, and accepted and glorified their flaws as their identities.

What is especially interesting and very telling is that regular ponies who aren't "evil," but instead merely modern self-centered jerks, are lumped in with the mythological Big Bad guys/girls. It seems strange until one realizes that the Big Bads are just further down the same path, and are metaphors for the adult antagonist, more destructive narcissist rather than brattish child.

If *Friendship is Magic*, then these characters are atheists. Their behavior centers not on something larger and more important than themselves, but on the base material world and their whims and desires. Their path leads to internal chaos and creating chaos, causing one's own life and others to destructively spin out of control.

NIGHTMARE MOON

Nightmare Moon is Celestia's younger sister, Luna, but in her Big Bad form. In the Season 1 pilot, the combined magic (friendship!) power of the mane cast shatters her Nightmare Moon armor. Revealed is a much younger and more timid Princess Luna.

Of our menu of Cardinal Sins, Nightmare Moon begins with envy, leading to resentment towards her elder and a deep bitterness. In the little opening origins sequence of the episode, she is shown turning away from reason in refusal of her sister's acceptance. She does not and is not meant to raise the day, but cannot help but envy her sister's role, and crucially fails to see the importance of her own. Appreciation of another without appreciation of oneself leads down Nightmare Moon's path. The solution to the emotional pain of resentment? Destroy that which reminds you of your perceived inadequacies. In Nightmare Moon's case, battling her sister for control of Equestria in order to impose Eternal Night.

If envy created her, then pride sustains her. Destruction and control through fear become the sustenance the ego craves when it *believes* it cannot create worth or fulfil its potential; it becomes intoxicated on power-crazed defiance of what *is*. Not having friends doesn't seem to matter too much when you're a God-like Alicorn who can impose eternal night. But is Nightmare Moon happy? No, certainly not. But she wouldn't change without radical intervention and enough verbal firepower to break her emotional barriers.

QUEEN CHRYSALIS

Queen Chrysalis and her horde of imitators are sociopathic infiltrators—malevolent and alien. Whereas Nightmare Moon seeks to abolish the day to quiet her internalized despair, she feels that despair because she is of Equestria. Chrysalis is of a different breed entirely, as are her minions. They are xenos. They do not come in peace. They want to tear up the surface of the planet and cover it in a black secretion that suits them better, *War of the Worlds* style.

Chrysalis and her lemmings are Pod People-style invaders. They walk among the populace, taking on their forms, customs, mannerisms, using deceit and imitation of the authentic as a passport to the highest echelons of power. Princess Cadence proclaims that the impostor is a changeling, a creature that takes the form of those that are loved and gains power by feeding off the love for them.

Chrysalis and her pals at their most basic level are energy vampires. These people pretend to be what you love and care about, but they take everything you have and give nothing back. They believe themselves entitled to it.

If there is one unique trait that defines the Changeling villains, it is the ability to deceive. Changelings are able to take the form of the ponies and empathize with their plight and day-to-day lives, and easily manipulate their emotions—but this empathy comes without sympathy. They are able to induce a reality distortion field and be false friends, seemingly bonding but hiding behind a mask.

It is interesting to say the least that *Friendship is Magic* is able to draw clear distinctions between the misguided and the genuinely parasitical. Frequently the Mane Six fall victim to their own flaws, and

the lines between hero and villain are continually blurred. The world of *Friendship is Magic* is not one of black and white moral antagonism, but of overcoming one's naivety and developing a keener social sense of one's shortcomings. After all, we can all be villainous, malicious, and juvenile, but eventually (and hopefully!) our better selves win out, and we grow up.

My Nationalist Pony, 9 August 2012

WORDS AREN'T REALITY, & ZECORA THE ZEBRA KNOWS IT

One of the defining features of the Left is how it keeps its members brainwashed through using thought terminating clichés. A doctrine of feelgoodery is established, and any uncomfortable facts handwaved away with some stupid remark about an observation being “racist” or suchlike.

No doubt you will have experienced this. It's not homosexual marriage, it's “gay” marriage, and later, marriage “equality.” They're not negroes, they're blacks, and later, African-Americans (citizens in legal equality). The facts of life are wished away. More pertinently, if you are homosexual or black, your identity is dismissed away, except in the most superficial ways of differing hairstyles and parade floats.

The term “black” is a racially offensive one. It implies that negroes are not worth mentioning as a race except as a negation of white people; ditto, “people of color” (who actually have racial identities of their own). Far from empowering Somalians, Zimbabweans, Jamaicans, and their descendants in the states, the term “black” is a denigration of who they are, their unique biology, character, and heritage. (I won't say “contribution” because that implies Africans only have value when they are doing things outside of Africa, another racist diverso-value.) It reduces Africans to “skin color” and makes no mention of their distinct nature. The insistence not to judge on “skin color” is an insistence that recognizing difference is “hateful.” What could be more hateful than refusing to acknowledge someone's inherent traits?

The term itself is ugly in how reductive it is. Not African, Polynesian, Ethiopian, or so on, but just black. “American Blacks.” What has this term given you, O blacks? Defense in the form of a stupid platitude about peanut butter being invented by a black man? The phrase “black pack”? Surely the comparatively poetic term of “negro” is preferable. This is where your identity is truly rooted, because it refers to what you truly are—a race apart from your liberal masters who keep you on a welfare check to keep polar bear hunting. How can you ever legitimately assert that whites must stay out of your territory, if you are

not Africans alone instead of “African Americans,” but merely differently colored? Just black? Were you not lauded as not just a negro, but a magical one, with esoteric, shamanic wisdom unknown to mere ponies?

Just like for the gays, the Left does not protect your identity, but negated and stripped it from you until you are not distinct, but *just like us*, eating in all the same restaurants and singing from the same secular hymnal. Things that are different can never be equal, so the Left tears down everything that makes you different—everything you could be proud of that belonged to your race and *only* your race. Equality is negation; equality is assimilation. Zecora isn’t even a Zebra; that’s an oppressive term—she’s just Striped.

My Nationalist Pony, 25 November 2013

SCOOTALOO'S EMOTIONAL STRUGGLE

Although perhaps not the “best” episode to date, “Flight to the Finish” spelled out *My Little Pony*’s real message more clearly than ever before. The central storyline of Scootaloo’s maturation really sums up the emotional heart of the show, and incidentally what I’ve been saying all along. Like all these things, the episode makes sense on the surface, but most people don’t actually realize the subtext they’re absorbing and often confuse it with whatever narrative is socially in vogue. In order to ascertain truth, we have to deconstruct what we see and examine the subtext. Let’s take stock.

The *ideological* core of the show is that life has a qualitative, transcendental basis—magic, remember? Every pony has a particular *quality* that suits him for a particular role, and this is unambiguously ancestral and ethnically based. The show isn’t so much ideological in the sense of pure theory and hypothetical constructs like the Marxist Labor Theory of Value, but in the sense of using cartoons to say that this particular phenomenon is real and matters. Pay attention to it.

Equestria has three main castes—agrarian, warrior, and aristocratic—with the warriors making technological innovations and the aristocrats bleeding off into high society merchants. The bulk of culture in Ponyville is from the landed middle classes, with high society retreating to a distant Canterlot.

In this case, what the show keeps pushing is that European society is a tripartite structure of different classes that are based not on material wealth but on inherent qualities. The whole idea of Ponyville, stated with total unambiguity in “Hearth’s Warming Eve,” is that you only get harmony—emergent, productive, unifying order—in Ponyville/Equestria (Europe/the Anglosphere) when the individual accepts and respects that Europeans are made of a natural aristocracy, a natural warrior cadre, and a natural agricultural class. (Zebras and Buffalo aren’t ponies. Even liberals have acknowledged this. Ponies are white. Sorry.)

But what does this have to do with Scootaloo?

Well, remember I said that a nation is a formalization of an ethnic unification—hey, that rhymes!—and that the theology of *My Little Pony* is about the conflict between harmony and chaos. QED, what leads to harmony is virtuous; what does not, is not. Sticking together as a nation is the way to preserve your ethnic identity and DNA. If you interbreed, you will be blended out of existence, into a chaotic mass, instead of ordered specializations.

When nothing has a specialization, nothing makes sense, and things become formless and chaotic.

How to achieve harmony, and escape chaos?

This is where the ideology of the show is summarized in the emotional struggle of the real main character—Scootaloo. Other ponies in *My Little Pony* can be loosely interpreted as placeholder characters for some virtue-deity. Scootaloo is a character that is “an ordinary pony,” that is to say, not some sort of Roman or Greek God-Avatar of Loyalty, Harmony, Apples, whatever.

In this episode, Scootaloo is taunted by bullies. She becomes distraught when she imagines that Miss Harshwhinny will never pick a Pegasus pony who can’t fly to represent Ponyville in front of all of Equestria. She imagines herself to be innately defective—a born failure at what Pegasi are “meant” to do, which is fly.

In order to become a functioning, harmonious collective whole, each *individual* in the whole—or at least enough of them—has to carry and to some degree embody the identity of the whole and work altruistically for the group.

When the group is defined in purely material terms and divorced from its identity, mythologies, and self-consciousness, it disintegrates into a loose mass of individuals. The difference between a crowd and a unity is one of identity.

The investigation of the nature of things is a great learning. Greatest of all is investigating, and through doing so becoming a “true self,” by finding and manifesting the best use of one’s potential—where making best use of our “first nature,” what we are innately capable of and gifted with, becomes “second nature,” learnt through enduring practice and hard work and steering ourselves to where we have the responsibility to useful.

This is finding freedom in the bonds of duty towards the whole we innately belong to. In a nutshell: Scootaloo was meant to Scoot. It is decreed by the nature of things that Scootaloo *must* Scoot. Her first nature of limited flight lends itself to having a second nature making best use of that in a different niche. She has to use this to contribute to the health and life of Equestria—otherwise, there would be no reason for her to Scoot, or for her to exist, as she believes to be the case later on.

Scootaloo's arch-foes nearly destroy her dream of representing Ponyville (the nation), and destroy her, by getting her to accept a quantitative, materialist view of the world. She is a Pegasus, QED she must fly. That's what she's supposed to do, right? That's a reasonable assumption to make. Only, it's a reductive, homogenizing command. The unspoken assumption is that if one is different from the norm, one is defective, even if one can contribute in other ways and occupy other niches. Even Fluttershy gets her time in the air, so by the logic of refusing to accept natural outliers as part of the group, Scootaloo learns to think of herself as useless.

No surprise it comes from Diamond Tiara and Silver Spoon, both of whom are mollycoddled brats who see things in terms of having and not-having relative to others. They are the agents of despair, certainly, but they are still ponies. Ethnocentrism isn't utopianism.

Back to Scootaloo. The problem comes when we put this blunt, materialist imperative before what we actually are, and what we are actually capable of, or cut out for by nature. Perceived inadequacy is crippling and leads lots of people to throw it all away. Scootaloo's binned Scooter is a particularly painful metaphor for this.

Group interdependence means that it is stupid to smite someone down as unworthy for not being made by nature to fit a particular ideal, when they have the potential to—and frequently do—contribute so much to the tribe, nation, and state in other ways. A group that denies specialism and condemns natural outliers will find itself weaker for demanding adherence to a universal standard, irrespective of natural variation.

Learning what we can't do is as important as learning what we can, hence Scootaloo is an engrossing character and despite doing her

damnedest, can't become the conventional norm. It is not for nothing that her hero is Rainbow Dash, the pony that excels at the ideal of the norm. However, while recognizing the majority norm is necessary—no destroying traditional marriage here, no sir—natural flyers are not the only type of Pegasi that exists.

Scotaloo's struggle is to accept that what matters is not what she is capable of relative to others, but how best she makes use of what she is, how she contributes, relative to herself.

My Nationalist Pony, 1 December 2013

APPLES TO THE CORE

In “Pinkie Apple Pie,” we find out that Pinkie Pie is Applejack’s fourth cousin twice removed. Makes sense—they’re both filthy mud ponies, and race is extended family.

I’m going to give some wider context to the song. It’s beautiful. I have to elaborate on this and make it clear for all the traditionalists, Bronies, and Rightists, and anyone who pays me any attention at all. There is a live performance which is wonderfully catchy set to an animatic on YouTube, but this being a book, I can only give you the lyrics:

We travel the road of generations
Joined by a common bond
We sing our song ’cross the pony nation
From Equestria and beyond
We’re Apples forever, Apples together
We’re family, but so much more
No matter what comes, we will face the weather
We’re Apples to the core.

Granny Smith:

We’re peas in a pod, we’re thick as thieves
Any cliché you can throw at me
We’re here for each other, through thick and thin
You’re always welcome with your Apple kin

Pinkie Pie:

You’re more fun than the color pink
Or balloons flying over your favorite drink
The love I feel here is swim, not sink
As we party across this land.

Put into a non-rhyming, but explicitly ethnonationalist form, this would read:

Our common ethnicity and folkways give us a common understanding. Each generation of our family will carry our name,

identity, and common bond from past to future, from the everyday to the eternal.

We're proud of our heritage as part of a wider race of similar folk. No matter where we are, as long as we remain a family, we can travel anywhere and not lose our identity.

We're family but so much more—a living incarnation of the eternal over the temporal. This is so much more important any difficulty in any of our individual lives.

What defines us isn't "skin deep." We're European to the core, whites to the core. We are different and we are proud.

Granny Smith could say:

"Any cliché you can throw at me" to cheapen our heritage, it's the truth: You're always welcome with your own kith and kin and racial folk—always—because we belong with each other.

And Pinkie Pie feels:

The joy of shared understanding of family is better than my favorite physical thing in the world. Empathy from common genetic heritage is above the world, and is more important to me than is what's in it—even *balloons*. I am pulled into something greater, into something eternal, instead of "sinking" into the present, with no prospect for the future.

At the end of the episode, Applebloom says, "Don't forget to say how really good friends can also feel like your family."

Friends can be as close as family. Nationhood is about how easily and how strong of a bond you can build. Like it or not, the laws of nature mean that you cannot realistically form deep and lasting bonds with people of a radically different genetic makeup to you. It's not possible to do because different biologies mean the world is experienced differently, so there is no common experience to draw upon.

Don't forget that the identity of the Apples, and being physically Apples to the Core, is much more important than Thick or Thin. Even if someone is an excellent friend who can feel like family, remaining Apples is more important. The show also stresses that Pinkie and Applejack are extended racial family. The show is *not* saying "we are one big happy global family."

This is especially true given that "Friends have closer DNA than strangers, Scientists find":

Friends are as genetically similar as fourth cousins, a study by Yale and the University of California has found. The finding remained even after controlling for ethnic, cultural and geographical bias.

We are somehow, among a myriad of possibilities, managing to select, as friends, the people who resemble our kin,” said Nicholas Christakis, professor of sociology, evolutionary biology, and medicine at Yale.⁶

If you empathize very strongly with someone, chances are your biological roots are very close, and they are part of your evolutionary in-group, and therefore you should form and defend a group based on common sentiment. Apples forever!

My Nationalist Pony, 11 January 2014

FULL NAZI

The main reason Bronydom is seen as a “gender poison” to men is because of the surface neoteny. But scratch the pastel exterior, and you’ll find a show whose main themes are social maturity and the importance of tradition, family, and bravery in keeping civilization together. Because it is a girl-power show, though, most antagonists are defeated through cooperation and shows of solidarity. In real life, if the women of Troy rode out to meet those trying to bring down the city walls, they’d be put to the sword. Hence Celestia keeps male royal guards around . . . but anyway.

It’s important to remember that most of the foes in *My Little Pony* are simply Other Ponies, who for whatever reason are prepared to destroy or damage the trust that holds society together for their own ends. This varies between low-level shysterism like Trixie to industrialists like Flim and Flam. *Equestria Girls: Rainbow Rocks* also had villains that succeeded mainly through social manipulation and destroying mutual trust by setting different social types against each other. The central message of the show is that Friendship and trust forged through experience and mutual understanding are paramount in having a livable, sane society.

At a very basic level, the ability to trust to a high level those around you is integral to pony (white) society. Trademark show baddies exploit this trust and destroy society in the bargain. Merchant-capitalists Flim and Flam sold gimmicky, useless “tonics,” and Trixie paraded as a potential savior, only to fail miserably when a real threat popped her ego balloon. When these hacks are exposed, and you shine the light of truth on them, they scatter like roaches. Trixie and Co. are summarily expelled from Ponyville.

In *Equestria Girls: Rainbow Rocks*, the villains actually succeed. Aside from a far-Right conspiracy of Friendship Peddlers, the Dazzlings—an evil trio of malicious spirits—manage to hypnotize the whole of Canterlot High, setting every caste, class, and faction within the school against each other using a Battle of the Bands. The crowd broils over into seething resentment, and the Dazzlings take the central spotlight

and highest social status by dazzling everyone with displays of being the most aloof, the most self-absorbed, the most narcissistic and self-important.

After all, when all of society is atomized into competing factions, the most logical role model is to be the most sociopathic. Hence the section of Western/White Society that relies most on the aristocracy for its morality—the laboring working classes—idolize the false gods of the Kardashians and other vapid, pointless mouth-breathers, who hypnotize the many by being just so Cool, so above those stupid no-good rednecks, like a weeping Caitlyn Jenner receiving an award for battling transphobia-induced PTSD or Obama grieving for one of his many sons. It's worth noting that these entertainers pass for ponies, but they're not really. They're just devils and monsters passing themselves off as white—sorry, Canterlot High students—when it suits them. As part of their ensemble, the Dazzlings hypnotize Canterlot High and boast “You didn't know that you fell, now you're under our spell.” Quite typical of sociopaths able to wear a mask of empathy, without experiencing sympathy.

When there is no common goal, and social trust is eroded to the most basic level, the ideological class can take control by peddling false and misleading narratives. Society continues a slow decline into total disintegration, and the hawkers are always there, selling false causes, feel-good balm, and a conveniently weak and marginalized enemy to blame. Obviously, it is those sick and depraved Right-wingers and their racism, and “microaggressions” around every corner that drive innocent black journalists to shoot down their coworkers.

A consensus on an obviously false ideology—“We're all equal!!”—paralyzes society because it leads individuals to suppress anything that makes them conspicuously different. In “The Cutie Map” episodes, Starlight Glimmer takes on this ideological caste. Because ponies are suppressing the natural ways they adapt and help each other by playing to their strengths, in order to appear “equal,” society begins to predictably spiral into total poverty. Remember kids: “*Choose equality as your special talent.*” More builders are men instead of women? Sexist. Not enough dindus in college? Racist. And so on.

Difference and equality are mutually exclusive, as equality means “the same as.” Starlight has the answer: If there are problems, the cause is *inequality*. The solution? *More equality*. We need more Eritrean and Somalian refugees, just to prove how much equality we can have, and we’ll throw those friendship-peddlers in jail for a good measure as well! We don’t have any cutie marks of our own; there’s nothing special about us; so who cares if we’re displaced? Of course, Bronies went off into a tizzy with this one. They mean Equality, but not *our* Equality right?! That’s not fair! Gay Marriage! And Stuff!!

Starlight Glimmer achieves her total control of Europe through the Televitz—sorry, the Staff of Sameness—through which ponies have their memories of what makes them different to the other peoples of earth stripped from them, leaving them scrabbling by miserably, unable to cooperate, harmonize, or build a functioning community with the similarly mesmerized ponies around them. The episode is resolved and modernity is destroyed when Starlight is shown to be just another shyster—some pony who hoodwinked and betrayed her folk in exchange for *power*. There are many whites like this. No doubt if Starlight was here today, she’d work at the BBC.

Twilight Sparkle, in her confrontation with Starlight, protests that “Each of my friends has taught me something different about myself! It was their unique gifts and passions and personalities that helped bring out the magic inside of me!”—something we can directly relate to Scootaloo’s experience, and the show insists in these episodes that harmonious difference excels over demon homogeneity. Starlight Glimmer even shares a color scheme with Aria, one of the Dazzlings, adding a nice visual consistency to the archetype of the Bolshevik trickster.

Starlight rebukes Sparkle for “sentimental nonsense”—a common theme in contemporary discussions which look down upon any kind of honest, heartfelt attachment to national identity as antiquated, something that doesn’t belong in Flim, Flam, and Starlight’s “Modern World,” a spiritual vacuum affected by the Staff of Sameness, dreary and bereft of life and light.

Nationalism is not sentimental nonsense. Who we are is not sentimental nonsense, nor is it “obsolete” as some crusty old liberal

hand-wringers would have you believe. We are biological beings, after all—each with unique gifts and personalities that cannot grow in our micromanaged world. Twilight Sparkle understands and lives this, and so should we. Nationalism is belonging, and belonging is a matter of intense passion, and an abandonment of national identity is nothing but dereliction of duty and casting away any sense of self.

And this is where this article should end. But it doesn't, because it's not over. This isn't a defanged, self-loathing "nationalism" which lays the blame for the dissolution of whites entirely on their own shoulders. When we point to liberalism and the myriad of ideologies used to surround and chip away white self-esteem, we have to ask, who created these dangerous ideas? *Cui Bono*? Who's waving the Staff of Sameness about? Who uses theatrical props like dead Syrian children as conduits for malicious magic?

When Hitler came to power—yes, Hitler, the ultimate baddie, the only permissible baddie, the evil upon which all other evils are rated—the psychological health of the German people improved immeasurably, because their sense of self was restored. The shame of losing a World War and the humiliation of the Treaty of Versailles were cast away as one man unapologetically stood for the health of his people as a whole, and the Germans chose to rally behind him because he stood for the self-esteem of the German people, so they could live as truly suited them, instead of being caught in the nightmare of the dying Weimar Republic.

Remember at this time, Germans were lucky if they had spoons with which to eat out of dustbins. Jewish businesses boomed, and the sexual marketplace was a depraved free-for-all. The German people were utterly brought to their knees by economic and moral aggressions against them within their homeland, and WWI veterans were fighting running street battles with hardline Communists, who wanted to run the country further into the ground.

Posters read "Hitler: Our Only Hope"—something that in our super-ironic culture today is probably considered laughable and disgusting, but at the time it meant something real, and gave people hope. Hitler's ascension, before his flaws got the better of him and he decided to try and dominate Europe rather than unite it, was that he stood for the

German people to be able to live according to who they really were (a lesson which sadly he did not apply to the Ukrainians). This was before, as Netanyahu says, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem told him to turn six million Jews into lampshades.

The thing about whites is that because our society is based on high trust, those who fall outside of the consensus on morality are expelled. But we live in a special time when our moral consensus, manufactured in the identity politics of the '60s, is on the brink of total collapse, and the hidden morality—the hidden Europe—is re-emerging. The Siren Song of the Dazzlings is over, and the Starlight Glimmers are being held up as the cultural Marxist traitors they really are. The tipping point where the virality of White Nationalist ideas swoops in and captures the middle ground from the extreme fringe is measured in years, if not months.

Consider, “refugee” centers in Germany are being burnt down with a hilarious consistency. As I write this, some inventive soul is probably stuffing a rag into a jerry can and setting out to turn accommodations for non-white invaders into a smoky inferno. The idea that we can include everyone in our individualist enterprise is shown to be false, as other peoples might be fine as individuals but also have strong group interests; and one group in particular has an especially strong group hatred for us.

I say this because obviously for a number of years now I have had the moniker of “Nazi pony guy” hanging around in the background, so if anyone is going to sail this ship it’s going to be me. There is a place for the new and inventive Right, a truly European, energetic, and youthful Right wing that likes martial industrial music and kids’ cartoons—maybe even gender “fluidity,” whatever that is. The litmus test for who’s serious or not is *not* adherence to The One True Original and Authentic National Socialism,[™] but in having the courage to hold onto your identity and sense of self, and say:

There are other causes for our decline, but as for the people pushing it hardest—it’s the Jews.

My Nationalist Pony, 24 October 2015

RACE & ETHNICITY IN *MY LITTLE PONY*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is derived from an infographic viewable on this page:



There is intense variation, both epigenetic and genetic, within races as well as between them. Races are quite distinct and can be assessed by having or not having particular features. However, personality, character, and aptitude are increasingly found to be heritable to a large degree. And within races, individuals can be described as a variation on a mean. They sit in the center of the concentric circles of family, extended family, ethnicity, and their race as a whole.

The Individual has a Unique Personality and Natural Aptitude.

Applejack is known for:

- Self-discipline and a strong work ethic.
- Having a powerful build for apple-buckin’.
- Good business sense and great apple-related cooking.
- Putting a lot of faith in family, tradition, and character-building hard work.
- Applejack is an Earth Pony. Earth Ponies are flightless and have no magic, but have a “special connection to the soil” (Lauren Faust).

Her Family has Shared Specialisms and Character Traits. Closeness means personality traits are inherited and adapted to the particular

niche that the family inhabits. They have shared mannerisms due to proximity, habit, and similar inherent preferences.

Granny Smith is Applejack's grandma and helped start the family farm. She invented Zap Apple jam. Applejack has inherited her talent for cooking, but it is less specific to Granny Smith's apple pie specialty. She was also an apple bucker at a younger age.

Big Macintosh is Applejack's brother and male counterpart. Big Mac shares her work ethic, natural strength, and stoicism but is much more deeply introverted. When Big Mac loses his temper, he becomes very vocal, contra Applejack, who becomes very reluctant to talk. Applejack considers herself a working gal and often contrasts herself against her brother.

Applebloom shares Applejack's grit and determination. Her Cutie mark is part of the Cutie Mark Crusaders "group mark," and shows her bravery in helping others discover their own talents.

The Apple Clan has shared general talents and emotions interests due to genetics. They have shared family obligations and customs due to a common in-group empathy, ritual, gatherings, and tradition.

All Earth Ponies have shared physiology and general talents due to genetics. Living off the land requires strength for agriculture and smarts for cooking and business for marketing produce. Earth Ponies with these traits prospered, and it has come to be an inherent part of their being.

Increasing Genetic Distance from Top to Bottom

Individual	
Applejack	
Family	
<i>The Apples</i>	Granny Smith Big Macintosh Applebloom
Clan / Tribe	
<i>(Some of) The Apple Family Clan</i>	Braeburn Apple Strudel Golden Delicious*
Ethnicity / Sub-species	
<i>Earth Ponies</i>	Pinkie Pie Mr. Cake Grape Grower*
Species	
<i>All Ponies</i>	Pegasi Unicorns Alicorns (both!)

*Grape Grower and Golden Delicious are twins.

All the Earth Ponies have a *Shared Identity and Social Role* within the overall species. Being part of a distinct subspecies and caste confers on them by birthright a rich history, lineage, and identity. The Earth Ponies celebrate their heritage and continue it with rituals and traditions like Wrapping up Winter without using magic—the Earth Pony Way.

All Ponies shared the common experience of being a pony. It is impossible for them to be anything other than they are. They are a unique species, and no individual pony can be replaced with a Zebra, Buffalo, bird, or what have you. Their founding national idea is putting individual differences aside to create a nation and homeland for ponies. Pony society is a fine balance of aristocracy, democracy, high culture, and folkways, and their values are inherent to their nature.

My Nationalist Pony, 9 July 2012

A MEMORY OF THE FUTURE

Friendship is Magic speaks volumes about and in support of traditionally European ideals of virtue, religious and otherwise. The show has its own morality, anthropology, and cosmology.

Here I have assembled various points to reflect on from Seasons 1 to 3. I hope I have shown that *Friendship is Magic* describes:

- Humility before aristocracy, as epitomized by Twilight Sparkle's earnestness before Princess Celestia.
- The division of labor by social caste, innate aptitude, and personal pursuit, rather than capitalistic competition.
- A universal reverence for the spirit of friendship within a real organic community . . .
- . . . but no metaphysical entities outside the world, only more powerful ponies within it.
- Technology is materialist and more often than not a threat to our harmonious life, rather than an enhancement, as demonstrated by Flim and Flam's Cider Machine.
- Often, national and social identity are based on group cooperation taking the place of what could be achieved technologically—for example, the Pegasi working together to lift water to Cloudsdale.
- The monarchy as having no divine mandate, but resting on the Princess's greater power and magical abilities. The magic the show describes is both metaphorical and cosmological, giving the whole series a slightly religious, Pagan, spiritual bent.
- Ideas of Holiness, social importance, and what is sacred come from the world and ourselves, rather than adherence to or espousing doctrine, as evidenced by the Summer Solstice, Hearth's Warming Eve celebrations. Tradition, national identity, and social ritual are all condensed into metaphors for magic and self-realization.
- Race and ethnicity as facts of life; assimilation is full of teething problems if not outright impossible, as shown by

Spike the Dragon and Zecora's differing identities and lifestyles. At Appleloosa, Buffalos and Ponies have a territorial dispute that requires careful diplomacy to resolve, an explicit confirmation of the adage that "Diversity plus proximity leads to war."

- The enemy of happiness is a belief at odds with reality about yourself or others. Pinkie Pie, Rainbow Dash, and Rarity are especially melodramatic and self-destructive when they get the wrong impression about their abilities or other's perceptions of them.
- Likewise, there is often no resolution or return to social harmony until the truth is out.
- The show endorses the view that tradition is empathy and strong relations between one generation and another, as evidenced by the Apple family's heritage, history, and emphasis on clan identity.
- The show consistently endorses the view that adopting stupid ideas lead to personal and societal collapse.
- Likewise, the show is unapologetic about the fact that bad people exist and always will.
- Destructive forces aren't necessarily malevolent, but often naive or insensitive or oblivious to what is good in the world outside of what they have to offer, and their own self conceptions or grandeur delusions.
- Some (Great, Powerful, Most Apologetic) ponies never change—at least at the time this post was originally written. Since then, The Great and Powerful Trixie has managed to bond and form a firm friendship with another reformed villain, Starlight Glimmer, making them one of the most interesting pairings in the show.
- A life lived without validation by kindred spirits is truly terrifying and leads to personal breakdown, as demonstrated by both deep-rooted insecurities of both Pinkie Pie and Scootaloo, and their associated tantrums and bouts of tears.

- The show heavily implies that it considers traditional rituals and celebrations to be created by people like yourself to protect you from this social isolation.
- The show is unapologetic in its conception that greatness exists, moral and physical poverty exist, and to equate them is insane.
- It also suggests that ideals exist as platonic forms, and that they are always beckoning us to fulfil our potential. In the finale of Season 3, Twilight Sparkle is transported to a sort of spiritual realm by Princess Celestia and is able to look back through Celestia's maternal memories of her growing up.
- Many ponies, characters, and creatures in the show are, to a greater or lesser degree, cartoon analogies of archetypes, ideals, and spiritual or cosmological qualities.
- The show suggests that without recognizing the existence of transcendence there can be only amnesia, apathy, indifference to oneself and others, and fear of living life with sincerity, as shown by the amnesia and malaise of the Crystal Ponies.
- Elders and aristocrats are shown to be elders and aristocrats, rather than unreachable deities beyond the human (pony) scale.

The show often describes that:

- The meaning of life is within the qualities of your life.
- Friendship is selfless, but romantic love can be selfish.
- An isolated existence is a tragic existence.
- Bread, land, and honest toil are superior to mechanized abundance.
- A failure to better oneself is a failure to engage the world.
- Life has irony, but the answer is sincerity.
- Subservience to beauty and harmony *as they actually are* supersedes and transcends obedience to both "Gods or Kings" of the fixed idea.

- It could be said that the characters in *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* have and experience memories of the future, and mythological events that are eternal and legendary, in the sense they live in a society and cosmology that are cyclical, traditional, and self-renewing.

HELLENISTIC CELESTIA

Like most reactionary learners, my today contradicts my yesterday. I've been thinking a lot recently about the differences between Semitic monotheism and European pre-Christian or "pagan" theology—Hellenistic, Norse, etc.—though I will confess this is written with a broad brush.

This is nonetheless an important topic, as the underlying precepts of a worldview lead to inevitable conclusions. Gregory Hood recently observed that the "equal under God" aspect of the American Revolution was a harbinger of future collapse, for surely no nation built on such ridiculous notions would hold forever. "Ideas take on a terrible course of their own," and for this reason Christianity can be taken to task for its universalism. There are many different types of men, and so many different types of Gods, and many ideals. One size does not fit all. Religion is a racial construct, not a social one.

I noted before that Celestia operates on the same metaphysical realm as every pony else. Unlike monotheistic creators, she is a product of the world, an emergent property; she is hardly an unknown entity outside of it, seen only as an abstraction from within it. Princess Celestia also operates on the same interventionist level as Zeus, Ares, Viracocha, or Enki. In one scene, she drops out the sky and lands on Twilight's balcony with a crash, just for a chat. In "Make New Friends but Keep Discord," she invites Discord to a royal event to stir up some entertaining chaos. Just like Helios—and fitting for a flying Unicorn that raises the sun—she's pulled across the sky in a golden chariot.

A foundation of Hellenism is that the Gods are manifestations of the universe, and not the other way around.

Hellenism understands Cosmos as ΑΠΕΙΡΟΝ (Apeiron, Infinity) in great, wonderful order and therefore in Hellenic language Cosmos means also jewel (ΚΟΣΜΟΣ, ΚΟΣΜΗΜΑ). Gods were born inside the Cosmos and live inside it—they are part of it.⁷

The world has this weird tendency towards greater specialization—and through it to greater beauty and elegance.

A garden of flowers works in a complex harmony of individual niches of production and consumption. Celestia does her best to create a garden of Equestria. A field of weeds, by contrast, is a field of homogenizing consumers that obliterate real genetic diversity through resource overconsumption and replication.

This is one of my favorite analogies to use, as extrapolating we can see how increased specialization leads to a hierarchy—authority derived from the qualities of a thing—of actors: producers, warriors, aristocracy, nobility; or Earth Ponies, Pegasi, Unicorns, and Alicorns if you will. The show functions in this way as a testament against universalism that seeks to include weed-like people who can never prosper except at the expense of others. Everyone plays a part; everyone has a place assigned to him by the ineffable based on his nature and capability. In the words of Jonathan Bowden, “Everyone gets what they want out of this life, in a strange sort of way.”

In order to make Ponyville egalitarian, roles distinct by nature have to be removed, or ponies jimmied into inappropriate tasks they can’t do, as all must be interchangeable, lest hierarchy emerge. Identity of utility is lost, and our lives become inconsequential. Flowers are cut, bonsaied into being weeds, and the previous harmony is plunged into chaos. But a friend can rescue you, should you put your ego on hold enough to listen to him.

What is sacred and celebrated in life, the gloop of primordial tradition, is derived from the insight and mutual relation that allow a civilization to prosper. What true Western adults—pious, secular humanist atheists having their spiritual development stunted into materialism—try to conceive of as a Celestial light is really social harmony—something only achievable through the principles of the radical Right, through uncompromising realism about individual behaviors and needs, and something that requires a common identity to sustain itself.

Pre-Christian, European virtue-based ethical systems are grounded in a reverence for this idea. Soul or spirit—the idea of a detached, obstinate, and free floating “mind” is rightly shunned—is borne of one’s physical nature, an emergent property.

Peer Gynt and My Little Ponies all struggle with the conundrum of authenticity, but loyalty to oneself is not derived from loyalty to one's ego, but to kith and kin and fellow creatures. "Inner peace," although widely advertised, can only really come from doing one's best and knowing it.

Eastern religions tend towards letting go of the self along with the material world, instead of channeling emotions into a religious outlet. Europeans are much the opposite. Our fulfilment is through the abolition of earthly constraints in order to pursue a divine identity, in keeping with Roman festivals where the greatest of each class could take on the herald of that God and "play" the theatrical role of that archetype. Under the influence of alcohol and psychedelic drugs, the lines between a metaphorical performance and the actual presence of the Gods would get increasingly blurred.

Likewise, in a cartoon analogy, Twilight Sparkle receives a divine herald of royalty. In Equestria and the Pagan metaphysics of Collin Cleary, the Gods live among the world as cosmological forces, rather than being a singular, unknowable, infinite, monotheistic "I am" outside of it.

A gradual return to civilizational beauty is achieved not through the "love, love, love" of a doctrinally derived creator, but heeding the "unforgiving but perfect law of nature" and striving to embody our best qualities, and living a world where our best qualities are personified and "real" as Gods that lend us assistance in exchange for our self-sacrifice and hard work. This is a more European faith, truer to life and the reality of the senses, than a Semitic doctrine of an external ruler.

Glory Celestia!

My Nationalist Pony, 12 July 2013

JESUS CHRIST! vs. PRINCESS CELESTIA

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is derived from a somewhat tongue-in-cheek comparison infographic published here with appropriate pictures.



Jesus Christ was a Middle Eastern man with a loincloth who died around 30BC.

Princess Celestia is a magical flying Unicorn, currently alive, born either before, during, or after the creation of Equestria.

Jesus was well known for:

- Being Crucified
- Disliking moneylenders
- Turning water into booze

Princess Celestia is known for:

- Raising the sun daily
- Maintaining harmony
- Ruling Equestria

Jesus believed “Blessed are the self-pitying, for they will inherit the earth.” Celestia promises nothing; in Equestria, the blessed are the gifted, as they are given special treasures and responsibilities like the Elements of Harmony.

Jesus says people should love him more than their own families: “If you love your father, mother, sister, brother more than me, you are not

worthy of being mine” (Matthew 10:34). Celestia asks for no affection and does her duty anyway.

Jesus claims to be an extra-terrestrial, presumably come to LORD it over humans, not of this dimension, kind of like K-PAX. “My Kingdom is not of this world.” By contrast, Princess Celestia is very much of the world. Despite being the noblest of ponies, she is still a pony and functions in the same realm as they do. She has no metaphysical “father” or God above her.

Jesus answers all prayers: “For everyone who asks, receives,” or supposedly does through telepathy. Celestia mainly talks to her most gifted student and mostly leaves everyone else to learn to look after themselves.

Jesus thinks rich people are evil/undeserving because they haven’t given it away: “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God.”

Jesus clearly doesn’t grasp economics. Deferred consumption (savings) and capital accumulation are necessary to invest in new companies, to pay for tooling, property, and wages and to bring about job creation.

Celestia welcomes wealthy members of high society to the Grand Galloping Gala respectfully—presumably grown-up enough to realize that people will be rich or poor based on hard work, luck, and ability, and does not equate wealth with “sin” or any kind of metaphysical standing.

Jesus claims his opinion of right and wrong is final, and sends people to eternal nirvana or torment based on his doctrine. In the world of Equestria, there is no doctrinal right or wrong, just order and chaos—no heaven and hell, only the realm of the real and imagined. Celestia claims no moral high ground but is given natural leadership.

Jesus is OK with killing children and positively encourages it: “Till heaven and earth pass away, not an iota, not a dot, will pass from the law until all is accomplished” (Matthew 5:18). “Anyone who curses his father or mother must be put to death” (Moses). Jesus endorses this until the end of time.

Celestia understands children need boundaries and puts them in situations where they best learn and grow. For example: Luna is

punished for trying to bring about eternal night. After her punishment, Celestia puts her amongst the Mane Six to bring her out of her emotional shell, as represented by her Nightmare Moon armor.

Jesus preaches constantly, asking people to abandon their families and follow him. He equates disbelief with damnation and encourages dependency on doctrine. Celestia preaches nothing and teaches only facts. She simply puts ponies in situations where they grow and develop by themselves.

Jesus is deeply egalitarian; race doesn't matter to God; everyone is loved the same; therefore, everyone is "equal" in an ideological, abstract, neo-liberal sense. Celestia Rules Equestria, which has lands of Buffalo and Zebra. It is implied Celestia maintains harmony by allowing different species (races) to voluntarily separate and work out their own differences. She cares more about ponies, who are her own kith and kin, and has a special relationship with Twilight and Luna, who are closest to her racially.

Scripture states "There is neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus," condemning your race, nationality, and sex as worthless even though that's who you are. Jesus only cares that you worship him. Celestia nurtures people being proud of their race, sex, and nationality through traditional celebrations.

FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN BIBLICAL MONOTHEISM & EQUESTRIAN PAGANISM

Jesus states time is linear: "I am the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

In Equestria, time is cyclical. Seasons are celebrated, and the Summer Solstice, Hearth's Warming, and Autumn Leaves ceremonies celebrate the ongoing renewal of Equestria.

Biblical monotheism states you are born and live, then you suffer the consequences of your actions for all eternity, but these realms are closed to the individual until after death. Heaven and Hell are promised, but never experienced.

In Equestria, you live and die, but your heritage goes on, and this is real and treasured. The spiritual dimension of life manifests literally through magic.

The spiritual plane, and the subconscious, can be visited through strange events like group dreams and magic teleportation.

Twilight is taken to a spiritual world by Celestia, where they look back upon her life together.

Jesus tells people they are evil for having human desires, and claims to have died “for them”: a glorification of death, pointless and universalist self-sacrifice. Celestia affirms life and passes no judgments, except when there is clearly a malicious disturbance. She raises the sun for all things to grow and appreciates strength of character and the beauty of life and identity.

Jesus is an Abrahamic God, worshipped by fantasists; Celestia is a Pagan God, beloved by realists.

Jesus hates sex. Princess Celestia has the flirtatious nickname of “Molestia.” Jesus is a humorless prig; Celestia is often more “Trollestia.”

Jesus represents a refusal of reality; a preference for collectivist pipe dreams, utopianism, and suicidal altruism. Celestia embraces reality. She strengthens harmony by nurturing people’s natural strength and confidence, and acknowledges working, warrior, intellectual, and creative castes and classes based on innate ability.

- To Jesus, demonstrating that you value nothing more than him counts for everything.
- To Celestia, doing something out of fear and coercion counts for nothing.
- Jesus’ legacy has instigated deranged evangelical crusades—the Gulf War, the Iraq War, the Kosovo bombings; Celestia would prefer that antagonistic parties leave each other alone, or reach a peaceful compromise without her.
- Jesus committed suicide by cop. Celestia would never be so stupid
- Jesus was committed to “Fight the Power” as a martyr for an impossible, utopian cause. Celestia is the power,
- Christianity represents emotional and sometimes physical self-castration. Celestia surrounds herself with strong, capable stallions for the defense of herself and her nation.

- Jesus demands you give up your pets. Celestia keeps a pet Phoenix, which literally dies and rises from its ashes.
- Biblical Monotheism is a dead religion. Celestia represents a living mythology.

Dear Princess Celestia . . .

My Nationalist Pony, 14 April 2012

WHY ANCESTRY MATTERS

Your ancestry is the only thing you can truly possess.

Everything else is “yours” by the agreement of those around you and easily taken by force. But so long as you still exist, your ancestry resides in you. It is a thread to the eternal—running from the past into the distant future.

Ancestral consciousness is what allows you to develop a goal beyond the material, a goal that lies outside of yourself. Although one can live by a personal code of ethics for whatever reason, it is preserving the thread of genetic memory that forms the foundation of those ethics. Abstractions are swept away before the facticity of a living, breathing people.

Empty intellectualism is reduced to dead paper before loyalty to the tribe. The hyper-morality of simple survival is the greatest morality, because the future belongs to those who show up for it.

Smart people right now are questioning me and saying, “But Buttercup, simple survival seems like an exceptionally materialist goal. To increase future quantities of living humans, how could this possibly be the highest good?” And one would be right. Simple survival is not the highest goal. It is, however, the highest *material* goal that can be achieved. It is the *only* living, existing framework that creates a necessity for virtue; all others are simply degrees removed, using placeholders of religion or class as ethnic shibboleths.

The factual clarity of ancestry allows one to see through the blinding haze of Marxist gobbledygook and provides a radiant star of simple purpose. Is this good for my people? The yardstick of ethnicity allows one to cleanly separate oneself from swathes of an amorphous, ever-changing, all-consuming “humanity” and factually say that one is distinct. In this way, one creates oneself.

The racially un-awakened have no access to this identification. They insist on rejecting measuring people by their ancestral qualities and become zombified into narcissism, their self-worth measured in quantities—of sexual partners, of pride parades attended, of retweets

and Facebook likes. Esteem can be gained within the homogenizing mass of man only by conforming to the mass.

Ancestral qualities give us the twin blessings of latent capability and the reason to ignite it. The gravity of necessity compels us to transcend our weaker, past selves, to reforge ourselves and self-overcome. Ancestral preservation is not merely a material measure, it is a burning compulsion, a metaphysical pull from the basis of existence—to either exist, or not to.

Ancestry and ancestral preservation are race lived forwards, an insistence on preserving what is particular, on preserving order and definition against dissolution into nothingness.

Without this foundation in the real, man is subject to the mercy of economic and animal whim. Consciousness of ancestry is consciousness of the self, and without it, one lives a half-existence, an unlived life; one is born, has parties, and dies—and is of no consequence.

Ancestry encapsulates the duality of existence—prosperous fertility and total warfare—the oscillation of man between humility before the eternal and will-to power in the moment. To refuse knowledge of ancestry or to remain unconscious of it is to make this world a prison, an unbearable imposition. To recognize and embrace it is to become oneself—one's better self.

My Nationalist Pony, 31 May 2015

RACIAL PRIDE IS SELF-RESPECT

The “Right to Life” is up there as the most basic of Human Rights. Now, I don’t believe in “Rights” as anything except “stuff people want the state to guarantee,” but let’s roll with it for a second. You get born, have parties, and die. Maybe you’re like the Batman, and your parents get killed, and life is generally weird and awful. Maybe you get born as Donald Trump or some kind of Muslim war hero and manage to create a legacy that outlives you.

But even this limited amount of information is quickly snowed under by how much stuff happens historically. Your individual “Right to Life” quickly becomes immaterial. OK, the parties were fun, and you didn’t get killed in some horrific war. Is that it? What next? What then?

The “Right to Life” doesn’t mean much without the right to raise a family. Or more broadly—the right of self-perpetuation, the next step after subsistence and survival. The right to be more than an individual. The right to “start something”—but instead of a two-bit Kickstarter, something actual, factual, and with tooth and bite—a little clan. A folk or people. A group of kith, kin, warriors, and townsfolk that endures beyond a snowflake-like existence of Tumblr gifs and Facebook selfies. A genetic group that throughout time gradually evolves and perpetuates itself, in which the same types of faces and personalities recur again and again.

Most men who died in battle did so because they cared less about their Right to Life as an individual and more for the social order, structure, and nation that gave them differentiation—that was their own clan and separate people with distinction and identity. The Right to Differentiation if we’re being fancy, or the Right to be a Separate People, the right to self-segregate from an amorphous “humanity” and be part of a group that endures.

Fully-abled people who want to kill themselves are neurotic or depressed; they are so lacking in self-respect that they see their mere existence as a blemish on this world. Anyone who sees even a scrap of value in himself wants the Right to Life as a basic so he can chase his idea of goodness.

The right to a Group Territory is just the next step. Instead of being reduced to being “just an individual,” have the self-respect and bravery to acknowledge what you are and where you came from—a lineage, a nation, a collection of self-sacrificers who on the whole, wanted the best for you and frequently fought for it. Anyone with a scrap of self-respect, if he’s being honest, also has to admit respect for those that came before him and a respect for the families they can create and support.

That means having a degree of racial pride in the genetic uniqueness that defines you, something paid for in blood. Self-respect means acknowledging you’re not “just an individual.”

Are you?

My Nationalist Pony, 3 August 2016

THE COUNTER-CURRENTS INTERVIEW

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This interview was conducted by Greg Johnson, Editor-in-Chief of *Counter-Currents*, a good friend of mine. Between us we decided that a comically extreme interview would maximize exposure, draw in new readers, and undermine the stereotype of White Nationalism as something for angry middle-aged men. Some of Greg's questions were formulated to anticipate the predictable negative reactions of his readers. Whilst I enjoyed this interview and playing up the more trollish aspects of being "Buttercup," I have grown a lot since then, and would like the reader to be aware that it only partly reflects who I am today.

Let's begin with some biographical information. Who are you? Where are you from? When were you born? Who are your people?

Ah, Buttercup is being asked to talk about himself! His favorite thing.

I would classify myself as demographically, the exact type of person that White Nationalists need to take an interest in. I'm a 23-year-old "guy" from South London, born at a now-demolished local hospital near the town of Croydon (as made famous by the folk hero Emma West). Growing up I can recall ever increasing proportions of Diversity in the schools and colleges I attended. I was raised here and have never lived significantly far from here, so I've always been on top of a Ground Zero for white displacement.

The issue of "My People" is a difficult one. I am the grandson of a North Italian migrant and have a fairly Roman face, and any person with an eye for ethnicity can easily spot I am not a true Anglo-Saxon native. Like any good son, I'm a proud rebel and have kicked back against my family's persistent alienating liberalism with an interest in genetics, ethnicity, and ancestry. On a political level, I identify as a Pan-European White Nationalist. I do not feel comfortable around non-whites, mainly because they mostly harbor a desire to kill me for being whitey, on a macro scale if not a personal one. On a personal level I identify with intellectual whites who share the same racial consciousness as I do. Ultimately, "my people" are my family, or racial

reflections of them: white, self-effacing, charmingly eccentric, emotionally open, and unflinchingly loyal (if not always right).

Describe your intellectual journey to White Nationalism.

My journey to White Nationalism was a short and simple one—I simply became conscious of being white. This happened to me because of a perpetual dissatisfaction of the views of the social circles I ran in, when I found conflicting viewpoints and evidence on the web. I was raised as a Christian, became an atheist, became a Communist, became a Libertarian, became an Anarcho-Capitalist, became an emergent-theory buff, then hit the Race/IQ singularity. This process, known in most parts as “growing up,” was a game of knocking over a belief system when I found a missing factor its first principles couldn’t account for.

It was shortly after the Race/IQ discovery that I first conceived of myself on a biological, racial level. The astounding fact of it is that *I am a White Nationalist because I thought my way through a shedload of economic and theological dogmas, and not because I was externally prompted.* Around the time of opening this Pandora’s Box, I found myself listening to RAC metal bands like Skrewdriver and Landser, in glorious 240p YouTube playlists. I was at university, whites were a tenuous majority, and Arab men in full Muslim garb were heavily present as the shock troops of the ongoing displacement.

It was around this time I was coming to terms with being a flaming homo, so I frequented the gay bars around the place. I saw a lot of working class, masculine white men in their 30s and 40s, standing around with their thumbs metaphorically up their asses while the DJ blared out “Tragedy.” The contradiction between the male reality and “third gender” Leftist fantasy about homosexual men was made very apparent to me at that time, so I never really bought the gay identity that the Left was selling. Nor did I buy the Multicult fantasy that my university town was “twinned” with AK47ville, Islamistan, so this all fueled my intellectual journey to White Nationalism. It opened a window to an identity I belonged to innately, and gave me a greater purpose than sulking beside a rainbow flag. The music and ideology of White Nationalism projected an ideological shield around me that I

was part of racial folk movement that was very remote, and vastly superior to, the nancy-pampy filth that surrounded me.

Tell us about your education and intellectual influences.

My state education was appalling, and I continually questioned my teachers' explanations or dogmas with a cheerful naivety. I came out of the university with a mountain of debt, a disillusionment with Culturally-Marxist Enviro-Crap in every shape, and a barely contained existential crisis.

It was at this point I started *My Nationalist Pony*. I grappled with finding an identity and gloomy employment prospects, and was sustained by two things: White Nationalism as a temporal power, and *My Little Pony* as an emotional, visionary power. I immediately recognized *My Little Pony* as a white racial folk analogy, and began to read further and further into the Alternative Right. It was at this point that my *real* intellectual formation began.

One of the nice things about having a multi-year personal blog is that my intellectual development can be charted in reverse chronological order from the latest page. Formative influences on my outlook are all members of the fringe Right and their philosophies are only a few clicks away; some are at *Counter-Currents*. I'm proud to say my work reflects and integrates precepts from *Counter-Currents*, including Collin Cleary, James J. O'Meara, Trevor Lynch, and Michael O'Meara. These authors specifically provide visionary and mythology precepts that are symbiotic with my deconstruction and analysis of the canon universe of *My Little Pony*.

Elsewhere, I take ideas on a political and personal level from Jack Donovan, Stephen Pressfield, and Vault-Co. All of these authors have a foundation of biological determinism. The common denominator of these four is the idea that acceptance of biology is the pre-requisite to virtue; that order (or in the show's terms, harmony), is a derivative of adhering to natural laws and working to our ethnic design.

In what's known to CC readers, Collin Cleary and Michael O'Meara contextualize this phenomenon in *Summoning the Gods* and *Toward the White Republic* in theological and anthropological terms. My challenge—and work—is synthesizing such a large array of viewpoints

into an easy-to-understand analogy, so White Nationalism is more readily accessible and grasped by our folk.

Before we talk about *My Nationalist Pony*, tell us about the Ur-text: *My Little Pony*. I confess that I have never seen or heard of it before. What is it about? Who created it? What is its audience?

The Ur-text is specifically *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*, a television cartoon written for family audiences, but with an emphasis on being for little girls, as is the staple of the My Little Pony franchise. My Little Pony began as a toy line of brushable horses in the '80s, and has always existed as an implicitly white consumer collectable. *Friendship is Magic*, the TV show which I write about, first aired in 2010 as part of a franchise reboot.

The structure of the show is that there is a central cast of six distinct ponies, each of which manifests a certain virtue: Loyalty, Laughter, Generosity, Honesty, Kindness, and Magic. Each show functions as a sort of 20-minute Aesop's fable about the importance of a particular aspect of getting along. The actual happenings of the show aren't of that much importance on an individual level. They're mostly fairly formulaic storylines based on character interplay and going off to fight the Dragon, Evil Princess, Arch-Nemesis, whatever. It's well-written and snazzy. It's an extremely fun and well-written cartoon.

Importantly, the pony girls/women are feminine without being weak and helpless; the boys/men are classically masculine; it captures the idea of parity of roles, instead of a demolishing and levelling equality.

Most importantly, *nearly every single element of the show is an analogy for a piece of the traditional or classical West*, and the universe of the show functions according to a sort of Friendship-based European ethnocentrism. I found it interesting to note that I found a die-hard liberal handwringing in the following rant (which has now, sadly, been removed from the internet as the author's Deviantart account has been deleted):

So . . . buffalo. If you're a Native American, you're not a pony. You're not like Twilight, Applejack, Rainbow Dash, Rarity, Fluttershy, or Pinkie Pie. You're a buffalo. And furthermore, the settlers are

obviously analogues of American frontiersmen—which were, for the majority, *white*. The settlers are ponies. Ponies are *white*. [author's original emphasis]

To quote my blog, within the show's fictional universe, there are:

- European, seasonal celebrations of raising the sun in the Summer Solstice
- Cloud cities, halls, and arenas of Ancient Greek architecture
- Analogies for historic European warriors— Commander Hurricane/Spartan Rainbow Dash in one *spectacularly* pro-White episode, “Hearth’s Warming Eve,” which covers the Tripartite structure of European society (Earthpony agriculturalists/Flying Pony Warrior-technocrats/ Unicorn Aristocracy)
- Tudor Houses in Ponyville to name a type I can identify, and a total absence of modern, multiracialist, egalitarian architecture
- Western Frontier Pioneer towns and cowboy analogies, like Braeburn and the Appleloosan Ten Gallon Hats
- Seasonal, Cyclical Time (derived from European seasonality)
- Multiple, Personified Deities (as opposed to Jewish or Arabic monotheism)
- Established monogamous families of the traditionally Western Christian variety (the Cakes, Twilight’s parents)
- Horse racing and English High Society—Fancypants and Rarity
- Athleticism displays and events—Best Young Fliers, Wonderbolts, Youth Groups, *Männerbünde*

And so on and so forth.

If you watch a random episode of the show you are guaranteed to find at least some level of implicit whiteness and traditional Occidental civilization. The show’s characters and the conflicts they go through reflect the ideal *of personal destiny as manifesting unique and*

indispensable racial biology, within the context of a wider, traditional, ethnocentric European society (with its own racial folk religion, celebrations, political conflicts, and phobias).

But Buttercup, by now our readers are surely wondering, “Aren’t you reading too much into this?” and “Why the hell am I wasting my time reading this interview with an insane homosexual?”

To which I say: Watch the show. If not for me, do it because of the existence of . . . *The Bronies*.

What are “Bronies”? Are they your intended audience?

The intended audience of *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* is little girls and their dads and moms, who have the purchasing power to buy small plastic horses (of which I own many).

However, like a deranged science experiment busting out the lab and going AWOL across the country, the response to *Friendship is Magic* from the unexpected demographic of young men aged 14–35 has resulted in a *massive* subculture known as “the Brony fandom,” Brony being a portmanteau of Bro and Pony. This is my audience—an implicitly (and heavily) white group of young men, who are suffering from a total disillusionment with modern life, casting around for an identity and meaningful purpose. Basically, the target demographic that White Nationalism needs to capture if whites are to survive. Despite a healthy crop of alienated losers seeking inclusion, the presence and sheer scale of the “Brony” fandom cannot be underestimated.

Fascinating. I’m sure you and Smithers would have a lot to talk about. So, are you proposing to build a racial nationalist army of grown men who play with little girls’ toys?

I’m following your advice to White Nationalists to go forth and preach a form of White Nationalism tailored to every white constituency and subculture. I am following your plan of building cultural hegemony one discursive space at a time. Bronydom is just as implicitly white as NASCAR, country music, and the Republican Party. If we’re going to win, we’ll do so by occupying every part of the political

spectrum, and being a movement people feel they can belong to without being demeaned.

With all due respect, White Nationalism has totally failed in its political ambitions, and is totally illegitimate within mainstream discourse. We all know the White Nationalist movement is a repository and vanguard of the entire history and genetic legacy of Western Civilization. And yet . . .

There are more young men in America today, who identify as Bronies, than there are Jews.

One in ten men in the USA, according to a “herd census,” in the age bracket we are looking to inspire, to motivate, identifies as a Brony.

Can you imagine wielding the sort of emotional gravity, influence, and power within mainstream society? Can you imagine wielding the ability to manifest groups of military age young men with such insane devotion to an ideal that they are put themselves outside of mainstream society in the same way Bronies do? Bronies are more politically loaded as a target group than any Republican scum, because they have already demonstrated a willingness to place themselves out of polite discourse and risk being tarred and feathered as pedophiles.

They are (although they don’t normally realize it) religiously inspired and highly motivated by their subculture, by their nebulous ideology and identity, as well as by the fact a large portion of them, being young white men, having not much left to lose.

To quote the Herd Census site: “. . . we can state with a 95% confidence that between 4.0% and 6.8% of the internet-using US population strongly identify as Bronies, or approximately 7 to 12.4 million people.”⁸ An overwhelming majority are young men with disposable income, heavily white social circles, intellectual and altruistic leanings, and social connections to others within the demographic, as well as the talent and cultural drive to sustain a globally-connected white subculture over three years.

That, my friends, is why Buttercup is as fanatical as he is. If *My Little Pony* is an analogy for the ideal Western society, which I believe strongly to be the case and have made strong arguments for, then a gateway must be opened. If nothing else, the White Nationalist

movement *must* learn from this mass-media-turned-subcultural-identity event.

Although such things are part of the nature of having a television receiving nation, *Friendship is Magic* came so far out of left field and has prompted self-organizing communities of loyal followers in zero time. Bronydom is almost a surrogate White Nationalism—self-organized Brony-meets function as implicitly white events where white young men can bond socially over *aspirational, non-materialistic, transcendental ideals* in a non-judgmental, inclusive environment.

Yes, those are liberal nice-words. Yes, they normally connote a bunch of crap. But we have to organize or die, and the only way we will organize is by inspiring organizers, and organizers will only want to join if they feel wanted and included.

My Little Pony has functioned as a vehicle for a European identity and ideals that resonates with such a huge number of white young men that this is a real, live, breathing, and ongoing political resource that has to be tapped or learnt from, if whites are to channel their energies constructively into survival. Out of nothing, Bronies have conquered the planet, and are heard of by pretty much everyone, save the lesser-spotted Alt-Right hermit. Even my mother has read, with bafflement, in her mainstream British newspaper, that members of the military are sewing symbols of flying ponies into their combat uniforms.

The White Nationalist movement, in my eyes, is failing to provide an easily understandable, simple, all-capturing theological and *Realpolitik* worldview. It takes a lot of digging. It is no surprise that white men have jumped the next best thing—a show that taps and channels their racial consciousness. What I try to do is synthesize ideas of European ethnocentrism and the accompanying and underlying precepts into the analogies of *My Little Pony*, which is easy enough as half the work has been done for me by the show. The emotional gravity of the show is manifest in its symbols, as is the emotional gravity of the White Nationalist cause in our symbols. The difference is that one is a subculture based off a TV show, and the other has the entire history of the West. Which one has more resources . . .? Could White Nationalists pull off a similar feat . . .? The difference between the openly Brony and the openly White Nationalist is a strength of social taboo.

Surely, with enough traction, with enough legitimacy created by cartoon-level accessible explanations and stories of our ideals and ambitions, we can overcome that taboo. It takes numbers, but a snowball once rolling.

This is where the excuses come in. I hear cries of “But the Jews control the media!” so let us observe such a snowball, outside of controlled mainstream media.

How many Bronies tune in to the TV directly, and how many watch on YouTube?

We will test the Malevolent Evil Jews’ Influence and see how much is Jew, and how much is You. I type in, *My Little Pony* Season 1: Episode 1 into my Google Search bar. It shows me this YouTube link to the full episode. [At the time of this interview]: View count: 1 million+.

Posted *five months ago*.

We’re now in 2014, and this first aired over three years ago.

I’d say that’s a pretty darned good tootin’ reason to start watching *My Little Pony* if you’re a White Nationalist. That is One Episode, by One Uploader. Admittedly it’s the first episode, but nonetheless. Without getting into back of the envelope math, you can see how many whites (and they are whites, damnit) are captivated by the show.

There is a good bet most of those viewers who go on to watch other episodes, relate to say, Rainbow Dash as a character, and who recognize her cutie mark symbol. Every moment needs its motifs and imagery, so let’s talk about the iconography used by our Equine cultural warriors. Symbols are pre-rational, and Bronies love symbols. Pony cutiemark symbols are the *de facto* religious cultural currency of the Brony. Why? *Because the show emotionally resonates with them.* White Nationalists have to push an identity and the symbols of our heritage in an empathetic, aspirational format as the show does, and as they regain their former gravity and stature within our racial consciousness, organizers will organize. Young men of military age will start sewing life runes into their jackets. White men gloomy about their employment prospects will find a culture and community that is common and exclusive to them as whites, that serves their interests, and shares their values.

All this shall come to pass if we are able to correctly present our ideas in a vehicle which is accessible, empathetic, and relevant to whites; which gives them a theological purpose beyond dogmatic monotheism, which returns to an indigenous and authentic expression of who they are—like *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* does. But the show does it implicitly, out of necessity. We built the internet; we have the technology. Let's renew, rebuild, retool, and rearm, and distribute the White Nationalist *vision* explicitly. This isn't a fucking corporate vision. It's a mythological vision, one that exists whether one chooses to see it or not, and it's one that is an eternal expression of white independence.

Friendship is Magic is the best thing since sliced bread with our most thoughtful men of this generation. Let's show them what they have proven they want to see—the vision of an ethnocentric Europe, a productive society, a complex racial harmony derived from variation between whites, a meaningful, traditional existence, roles of parity, conferring dignity—but this time, let's do it explicitly instead of hiding in plain sight.

Let's ignite the spark of ancestral consciousness in the amnesiac masses of our people. We can do it, when we relate to them, and empathize with their needs and struggles. Which we must do, which we must be capable of, because they are our race, they are us, and we are them. The one thing that most White Nationalists have a dire need of is friendship and understanding from their brethren, so it is time to seek it and articulate our needs in a manner they can relate to.

With mutual understanding and affection, we can overcome our physical limitations, and transcend whatever lowly rung of *Realpolitik* to which circumstance has banished us. If we can overcome our egos and our fears and pull other members of our race into the communion of binding friendship and purpose, will soon be banging loudly on the doors to Wotan's halls and demanding entry, having established ourselves as first and foremost amongst the races, and having created white dominion over the entire earth.

It is in my philosophy, so it should be in yours.

Long Live Europe, and Hail Celestia.

So what sort of impact has *My Nationalist Pony* had?

I'm pleased to say that the reception and impact of my ridiculous blog from both the "New" Right and elsewhere has been overwhelmingly positive. There is an adage that only jesters can speak truth to power, and the underlying reason to it is that tragedy and difficult circumstances are best sublimated through humor. Although a few of my moodier posts (since deleted) have caught rightful criticism for being harsh and ill-mannered, the general reception from the thinking commentariat on the web at large has been grudging acceptance and respect.

I don't measure or follow my web traffic stats, but from Googling around I can gather mood and commentary about how things are received by the biomass. For example; following a furor over a "racist" post where I pushed Race/IQ facts to front and center in an uncompromising way, I picked up on a message board that at least one observer was surprised, as "*My Nationalist Pony* tends to focus on finding your own roots and heritage." Elsewhere, folks with little to no interest in any sort of anthropology or racial nationalism at least understand what I have to say, even if they don't agree with it. I cross posted this gem from 2012:

Seriously, he looked at a cartoon for little children and he saw an idyllic pastel pasture space filled with green hills and quaint villages with no want or need or disease or strife and instead of thinking "this setting is like that because it's a kids' show" he thinks "this setting is like that because these neon horses are racially homogeneous and do not intermix with foreign cultures also their economic and social structure is dictated by their genetically/biologically inborn talents as dictated by a stamp on their rear end."

Another one of my favorites comes from "Fundies say the darnedest things": "It's like watching someone launch into a tirade on the dangers of racial mixing at a pro-fascism rally whilst wearing pink polka-dot pajamas and a rainbow wig."

Amongst the Reactionary Right, I got a good mention and press as a "Reactionary Hipster taking back the Media," as part of a group of

“stylish intellectuals . . . reading Evola” from Rachel Haywire of *Attack the System*.⁹

I hit peak notoriety when I got into a Twitter feud with British print-’n’-TV Leftie Luvvie Laurie Penny. My polka-dot fascism seems to have permeated enough common consciousness of Bronydom that I have a reputation of being “quite the troll,” and for playing on Poe’s Law—all of which is entirely true, because infamy is publicity, and publicity is useful.

The best response has been from the Right of Tumblr, the blogging platform I use. I am part of a loose blogging circle and New Right blog directory known as “Party Hats and Jackboots.” I am privileged to call a few other members of this group my friends, and there you will find young, thoughtful, and upstanding whites who have given the liberal Kool-Aid the pass. There are a number of foreign-language blogs and sites which my infographics and posters have cropped up on, one notably complaining that I was reviving Pagan runes as some type of neo-Nazi (a reasonable accusation). I like to think that politically, I punch above my weight, using my Buttercup alter ego to engage people with novelty and nod towards the importance of ethnonationalism and white racial consciousness, however briefly.

It must be noted that I have become disillusioned and attempted to walk away from my blog a number of times, and returned each time with more things to say (I suppose, I cannot help but say what I see). I think the importance of White Nationalists engaging in pop-culture criticism, and using it to relate our wards and folk, is underlined and captured neatly by one of my readers, Polarmyth. He sent me this kind message:

As a newcomer to Tumblr, MNP was one of the first cogent and accessible blogs regarding nationalism that I enjoyed and was presented in a pleasant format with an easy to understand analogy. The use of an easy to identify cultural icon as vehicle made MNP a rare gem to educate persons on nationalism, without the unpleasant association most have with this subject.

I found the *My Nationalist Pony Tree of Life*¹⁰ to be excellent and I posted it to my Facebook. Indeed, you have a well thought out

and mature concept of nationalism and express yourself quite well. Your artistic ability has few equals. Again, I love the pony Tree of Life—it is everything good and worth fighting for.

You should, at least, leave *My Nationalist Pony* up and perhaps mirror it someplace else. It's a highly useful educational resource—and work of art—and its possible loss makes nationalism and related politics much less accessible to newcomers, the indeterminate many; it also provides a solid reintroduction to veteran nationalists.

1930s imagery is provocative but MNP brings this subject gently, and pleasantly, to the present. [my emphasis].

Nationalism is about loving your folk and belonging and I think you did a great job in conveying this.

Well, knock me over with a feather, I am convinced. [Laying hands on my computer screen] I ordain you the New Right's Apostle to the Bronies. Keep up the good work, and thanks for the interview.

A big thank you, Greg, for giving my novel approach a platform, and thanks also to the wider *Counter-Currents* authorship and readership, for providing me with the material and essential insight I have needed to develop and mature as an author, and as an individual. It is my sincere hope that *Counter-Currents* prospers and continues its good work in awakening whites to their unique heritage and identity. The Crystal Empire shall return—and I'm sure at least a few readers will pursue that breadcrumb and see the parallels for themselves.

Counter-Currents, 7 January 2014

MY LITTLE PONY: THE MOVIE

My Little Pony: The Movie has surely been a test and a crisis for the franchise and its creators. Has it succumbed to the enormous pressure to cuck out, and dilute its themes and formula with “poz”? Or have the show and the Mane Six retained their integrity through the quantum leap to the big screen?

Thankfully, there is little here to complain about. Unlike previous spin-offs of the Equestria Girls movies set in the relative narrative isolation of an American high school, *My Little Pony: The Movie* is set in Equestria with a capital E, stars Twilight Sparkle and associates, and carries the full weight and momentum of the franchise built up since *Friendship is Magic* first aired in 2010.

The marketing machine has gone into overdrive, and Hasbro is clearly treading carefully lest they upset the hegemony their horses have established in the toy market. With this in mind, *The Movie* cleverly meets expectations of both reviewers and regular viewers. Ever the barometer for appeasement of the Tinseltown Jews, MLP: TM scores a healthy 44% on *Rotten Tomatoes*, meaning it is safely uncucked.

Whilst not the most enthralling or ground-breaking film out there by a long shot, *Ponies: The Movie* is certainly entertaining, requires no former knowledge of the show, and manages to package lively animation, witty, self-aware scripting, and clever dialogue together smoothly. It's well-paced, energetic, and studded with enjoyable set pieces, dramatic cinematography, and rich, carefully crafted visuals, both in the rendering of the characters and rolling landscapes. If there are any parts that fall flat, it's a lot of Daniel Ingram's not particularly memorable score, which lacks the wallop and instant memorability of the numbers he jotted for earlier seasons of the show; there are also odd casting choices that don't fully gel with the story or set. Whilst it never sags or lets up, the emotional and entertainment pitch of the movie never quite attains the heights it aspires to—but it doesn't need to. It's a film you can enjoy with or without family, depending on your circumstances and predispositions, and won't have you rolling your eyes

too hard, unless you are allergic to any form of contemporary Hollywood, ethnocentric or not.

The Movie has the feel of an extended series finale or premiere, and it's not difficult to discern why. All the major ideals and aspirations of the show are here and unapologetically so: self-acceptance and self-betterment, humility, heroism, and "above all friendship, which is, as everyone knows an eminently fascist sentiment."¹¹ These bonds of friendship are the strongest and most meaningful in the context of an ingroup of similar creatures, be they cartoon Ponies, Buffalo, or birds, and so it is unsurprising the film opens with preparations for the Friendship Celebration, a fixture of pony society.

The opening gracefully introduces the Mane Six adventurers familiar to previous viewers, using the sparse time available to it as a movie to riff on their trademarks: Rainbow Dash being fast and impulsive, Fluttershy saying "Yay," and Twilight Sparkle, now a Princess (just how many Princesses does one monarchy need?) being a neurotic wreck whose entire sense of self revolves around not messing up. It all feels so wonderfully wholesome and normal. Care has been taken to cast minor and background characters (Applejack) well and paint them into the pastel portrait of Equestrian (European?) life. True to the show's building blocks, there is inherently the "us" of pony folk, and a "them" of invading others. Ethnocentrism is unavoidably inherent in this pony escapade to save Equestria.

The celebrations are brought to a crashing halt by darkening skies and assault by lumbering, faceless minions of the principal antagonist, Stormcloak. He joins King Sombre and Tirek in the growing cast of deceitful *Friendship is Magic* villains with pointy teeth and oversized jaws, and like a true monster does not seek to destroy goodness to satisfy any personal vendetta or hatred; he is simply oblivious to it in his personal pursuit of greater wealth and power. His main gripe is that the assault didn't have enough lightning or stormclouds to suit his "rebrand." Again, bizarrely for an international corporation, Hasbro takes direct aim at levelling globalism in favor of local heroism, following up similar cautionary tales about the dominance of finance over national self-determination in both the TV series and even more

explicitly in comics written and illustrated by Andy Price. Evil emanates from Stormcloak's thuggish, materialist masculinity; greed and avarice are shown to corrupt *völkish* societies and bring them under the dominion of the debt collector.

Canterlot and the Friendship Festival are brutally occupied, and the Mane Six are propelled into a quest for a magic powerful enough to defeat their invaders. They are dogged and pursued by another pony—a Unicorn with a broken horn, Commander Tempest, who has been living in self-imposed exile from Equestria and working as a mercenary for Stormcloak. Like most pony episodes, the quest revolves to finish where it began, achieving resolution as the characters learn more about themselves and their friends. Friendship, as they say, is Magic, with mutual affection and understanding enabling us to overcome our physical limitations. Tempest, the pursuing villain and pony with the most problems and screen time, is showcased as making personal transformation and regaining ethnic loyalty.

She is introduced as a bored functionary of evil, putting in hours on the punch card in an attempt to buy restoration of her broken horn and sense of self. Driven by personal frustration and incompleteness, she pursues the ponies into the next city along: a market populated by weird and misshapen creatures, a far cry from the show's usual menagerie. Pigs, rats, voles, and other indescribables haggle and barter; the first words the viewer hears in this new place are "We'll let you go to the highest bidder!!" and the first thing asked of the ponies is, "Hey, you selling?"

The rabble of this Libertarian paradise is about to set upon the ponies and strip them of their possessions to sell on, before they are saved momentarily by a smooth talking, wisecracking cat (voiced by the African-American Taye Diggs). A fish lady yells "I want all seven for my collection!" Me too, my darling, me too. Another yells "I'll give you two Stormbucks for your hair!!," referring to Stormcloak's ruinous mercantile empire, but my brain heard "ZOGbucks." No prizes for recognizing that without the common bond of ancestry, a cosmopolitan society collapses under the weight of the freeloaders, parasites, and charlatans it inevitably produces.

Capper the cat whisks the ponies out of danger, and clearly resents double crossing them, but only aims to sell them on (into slavery!) anyway—to settle a debt, no less. His eyes are a jealous green, the show’s visual tipoff for characters motivated by mania and selfishness. Whilst he eventually comes around to support the ponies, he remains an outsider, even if he assists with Jewish moral ambiguity and tricksterism.

The ponies get out of Dodge and escape Capper’s clutches by boarding an airship. This time, staffed by parrots! The birds are about to make them walk the plank, but the lunch bell chimes, and everyone stops for break. Bowls of birdseed are plonked in front of the ponies, and Rainbow Dash, insulted by the lack of fighting spirit left in them, breaks into a rowdy and catchy song and dance about being ethnonationalistically “Awesome again.” This being *My Little Pony*, the song is about these delivery birds regaining their ethnic pride and returning to being “swashbuckling treasure hunters,” and would it be delivered by anyone other than Rainbow Dash, the destructive, narcissistic, and fearless avatar of loyalty? Rainbow insists “You birds have a choice to make.” You can’t let them rob you of who you are, so take the ZOG’s orders and just toss ’em. It’s time to be, Awesome.

However, Rainbow’s Rainboom signals to Tempest where they are—well, to the runt accompanying her, a porcupine-esque analogy for a suburban brat, constantly shoving pies and cakes into his face and trying to appear tougher than he is. They give chase, and the ponies have to improvise an escape; the bird’s ship is destroyed by Tempest as an executive punishment.

The ponies’ improvised balloon manages to safely land them on the mountain of the Hippogriths, whom they hope to enlist in rebellion against Stormcloak. But the whole place is disturbingly deserted. They are sucked in a vortex and emerge into an underwater realm populated by what were the Hippogriths, who have now transformed themselves into Sea Horses to escape Stormcloak’s wrath.

Now immersed in the subconscious of Seaquestria, they meet two characters: Princess Skystar and Queen Novo. Princess Skystar is desperately lonely and longs to leave Seaquestria, and is reduced to playing make-believe friendships with two clams (Shelly and Sheldon).

Her mother, Novo, is furious that surface dwellers would enter the realm of fantasy escapism and wants them gone. Interestingly, Skystar is voiced and sung by the European and partly Native American Kristin Chenoweth, whereas Novo is voiced to maximum sassy blackness by the Nigerian Uzo Adubo. Chenoweth's voice is completely neutral in comparison to Adubo's, making it a jarring casting choice. Queen Novo, doing her part to reinforce accurate racial stereotyping, wants to remain in a dreamworld of decadence—after flatly refusing to help the ponies, she disappears off for dinner and a massage.

Twilight, in desperation to save both Equestria and her sense of self, uses her friends as pawns and attempts to steal the magic amulet guarded by Queen Novo, and fails. They are all promptly ejected from the subconscious refuge of Sequestria. Twilight's betrayal drives a wedge between them and separates the group, allowing Tempest to swoop in and capture her, leaving the remainder of the Mane Six to abort their outward quest and stage a rescue mission.

Imprisoned by Tempest, Twilight is treated to a musical number by the mercenary. She launches into an autobiographical tirade of self-justification that Twilight ought to “get wise” to the seeming inevitability of globalization, the futility of friendship, the pointlessness of being emotionally open. After all, you'll just get hurt! The words ring clearly to those with ears to hear: Twilight questions: “Why are you doing this? You're a pony, just like me!” and Tempest cuts to the twisted, nihilistic root of her resentment: “I once hoped for friendship . . . to find a place amongst my kind.”

Tempest describes the loss of her horn as a child when she is mauled by a bear (one of the show's recurring creatures, an *Ursa Minor*). Thus disfigured she is ostracized by the other kids (colts and fillies?) and decides to walk her own path—which instead of leading to her independence, simply propels her from the genteel, reciprocal Equestrian society into servitude of an altogether ungrateful master. Even as she berates Twilight for remaining loyal to her friends, her eventual aim in imprisoning her is to re-attain her Unicorn horn through Stormcloak, a token of attachment to once being accepted as a pony.

With all four Princesses under his control, Stormcloak steals their magic and starts turning day to night and back again moment to moment for novelty's sake. Of course, this is how invaders who are totally unlike us are bound to behave; with total disregard for the established order of harmony and tradition, doing whatever they can to refute, subvert, and flout settled, natural orders. Stormcloak is an allusion back to the rampant, reckless Discord before Discord was brought to heel by Fluttershy. Like Starlight Glimmer and her Staff of Sameness, Stormcloak ensnares the ponies of Equestria into a pattern of life that goes against who they are and the fundamental grain of their character—this time they are subjected to the misery of being under alien occupation. With all the ponies enslaved, then, it is no surprise that he double crosses Tempest.

Having enlisted all the allies they can get their hooves on, Rainbow Dash, Rarity, Fluttershy, Applejack, and Pinkie storm the castle. Stormcloak is battered and deprived of the magical staff. Tempest is saved by Twilight as she is about to be whisked to her death by howling winds, and for the first time we see her expression soften with compassion; the warmth of friendship finally thawing her icy shell of embittered mistrust. As the Mane Six join together for a predictable Big Hug, the not-quite-defeated Stormcloak returns to finish them off—and Tempest saves them, still being the outsider to the group and yet still sacrificing herself for them. She is rescued by Twilight yet again from death by falling, a fate that nonetheless claims Stormcloak.

Tempest, whilst still physically apart, becomes emotionally whole as she regains the respect of the Mane Six, and by extension, pony society. She realizes the folly of turning her back on her true nature and returns to the completeness of belonging to a whole nation she is inherently a part of. She reveals her true name to her compatriots: Fizzlepop, a moniker that fits the bursts and bubbles of magic her broken horn makes. Whilst different to other ponies, she is still one of their kind.

In order to belong, Fizzlepop has to accept what she is and also what she has experienced, and come to terms with past trauma in order to understand that others can do the same. Twilight, by accepting her history and including her in a circle of friendship, brings the lost Tempest back into the fold of solidarity and love for one another as

different threads in the same tapestry. In this, *Ponies: The Movie* offers a message of hope to White Nationalists: if we remain loyal to who we are and by extension our cause, and offer the hand of friendship to those who are still hiding in a shell of cynicism, we can turn even our adversaries into allies by lending them the courage to leave their self-deception behind.

When we accept and invite others, we can change their perceptions of both us and themselves, and through this, we can change the world.

Counter-Currents, 17 November 2017

JUSTICE & BELONGING

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This dialogue is lifted from a piece of fan art I produced in August 2016. Rainbow Dash here is meeting Celestia in a spiritual realm or dream world, the deepest part of the self and a realm of awareness away from the everyday and actual. Of everything I have made for my audience I am most proud of this and believe it summates this effort in toto. It can be viewed at:



PRINCESS CELESTIA: If you have the courage to trust your sense of justice and belonging, you can re-awaken Equestria and bring back harmony.

RAINBOW DASH: But . . . I understand the elements, but why can only I do this? What's special about loyalty?

PRINCESS CELESTIA: Loyalty endures through time and memory, Rainbow. You carry the torch of greatness, and it's in you to inspire loyalty to greatness in others.

To all my followers, friends, and fans and to you, yourself: Thank you for reading.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Buttercup Dew is the author of the *My Nationalist Pony Tumblr blog* (<http://mynationalistpony.tumblr.com>). He now writes on anime, science fiction, and other cultural and political topics at his *Buttercup*

Dew Tumblr blog (<https://buttercupdew.tumblr.com/>). He is also a frequent contributor to *Counter-Currents*. This is his first book.

Notes

[←1]

Brett Stevens, “Masculinity,” *Amerika.org*, 5 November 2011.

[←2]

Brett Stevens, "Equality is a False Hope," *Amerika.org*, 5 November 2011.

[←3]

Jef Costello, “*Fight Club* as Holy Writ,” *Counter-Currents*, 18 May 2016.

[←4]

Derek Hawthorne, "Jack Malebranche's *Androphilia: A Manifesto*," *Counter-Currents*,
4 October 2010.

[←5]

Jonathan Bowden, "Tragedy, Horror, & the Transcendent," *Counter-Currents*, 11 June 2012.

[←6]

Sarah Knapton, “Friends have closer DNA than strangers, Scientists find,” *The Telegraph*, 14 July 2014.

[←7]

M. Ashley, "Hellenic Ethics and Cosmology," *Everyday Hellenics*, Spring 2010.

[←8]

<http://herdcensus.com/generalsurvey.shtml>

[←9]

Rachel Haywire, “How Reactionary Hipsters Took Back the Media,” *Attack the System*, 9 December 2012.

[←10]

See the [Frontispiece](#) of this volume.

[←11]

Olivier Mathieu, “From Léon Degrelle to Tintin: European Identity & Anti-Semitism in the Work of Hergé,” *Counter-Currents*, 26 January 2016.