

Why I Write

By

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Why I Write

For the last six years, I have been practicing and cultivating the craft of writing with the vague idea that, one day, I might become a writer. If I am being honest with myself, I have known from a relatively young age that I possess some sort of writerly inclination. It is my calling; I have a “vocation” for it.

Now, however, for the first time in my life, I am deliberately and earnestly seeking out a readership for pieces that I consider serious enough to be read. As such, I am plagued with questions. Will my work be read? If so, how will it be received? If my work is read and digested, how will this affect me as a person? And finally, I ask myself *why do I feel the need to write and to be read at all?*

Ultimately, I do not have ready answers for the first three questions. However, I can make some attempt at answering this final and most significant question. In all likelihood, I will never be able to give a perfect and complete answer. I doubt that any of our motivations are perfectly clear to us. But in attempting to answer this question—however imperfect my attempt may be—I feel that I can lend some clarity both to my purpose as a writer and to the themes of my work.

I am not a bad person. Like anyone else, I want to be loved and understood. I want a place in society and among my peers. I want security and some means of supporting myself. I also want leisure and idle time so that I can continue to cultivate myself.

In spite of these things, my social circumstances have posed a different set of questions to me: Who am I, exactly? and just why am I disliked so vehemently?

To give a slightly different formulation to these same questions, I am forced to ask myself *why is it that I have always felt that I would lose an essential part of myself if I were to participate in society as it currently stands?*

For years, I tried to escape this country and this terrible question. I wanted to live as an expatriate in a foreign place where the laws, customs and the language did not fit me perfectly, and where I would be relatively unconstrained. However, my circumstances always placed me right back to where I started, and I find that I am at last forced to grapple with this question.

Perhaps the reader is already laughing at me, and I am coming across as someone whining incoherently about society and oppression. I ask that the reader first consider the blatant contradictions in the moral codes we are expected to follow in the present day. We are all aware of them by now:

Point: Today, self-realization and self-fulfillment are generally considered to be the purpose in anyone's life. Any form of mental anguish is considered to be the worst sort of problem that anyone can have. We are expected to care for one another, and not to tread on anyone's sensibilities because this would cause psychological harm.

Point: Among whites, heterosexuality has almost become something dark and dirty, and there is a sense in society at large that traditional romantic relationships are somehow wrong.

Point: There is a general sense that women are born morally good, and men are born morally evil. A man is only "good" if he displays adequate signs of guilt, contrition, hesitation and self-doubt.

Point: Racial politics have evolved to the point that whites are considered evil and inherently racist (with the convenient exception of white liberally-minded women, whose needs are allowed to take priority over others irrespective of race).

I am a white heterosexual male. This simple statement has become *the* most politically subversive statement in our present time—and this is precisely where the problem lies. On the one hand, we are encouraged to be comfortable with ourselves and to live a life that is fulfilling according to what we want and need as human beings. On the other hand, one group is explicitly excluded from this social imperative, and is expected to feel and display guilt. What is strangest of all is that this culture of guilt and self-denial is entirely self-imposed: heterosexual whites are accusing heterosexual whites.

I suppose it is possible for us to hide from this and to numb ourselves with entertainment, but these social conditions will not go away. Frustration will only grow, and the possibility for reconciliation and mutual understanding will become smaller and smaller. A great destructive outburst of violence has become a serious possibility; I have seen several headlines discussing the possibility of civil war. *This does not need to be the case.*

Perhaps it is too much to expect immediate change. But at the very least, these contradictions must be dragged out into the light.

Polemics is a document of frustration. Fundamentally, I am not an angry person, but for close to a decade, I have done almost nothing but think about how the culture of the left is wrong and self-contradictory. Now that the ink is dry, my frustration is gone. A channel has been opened, and it has mostly drained away.

I do not wish to apologize for *Polemics* because it is an authentic expression of my frustration, and I hope that it will resonate with the frustrations of many others. I stand by it. Now, however, I feel that I can discuss these moral problems more calmly.

Today, as I have already indicated, there is a tendency to push these moral problems aside, or else to respond to them with outrage and anger. America is an individualistic society, and there is a tendency to deny that our social circumstances have any bearing on us as individuals. But what we must understand is that there is only so much that purely personal

experience can offer us. Time spent in solitude is important to be sure, but human beings have a social existence, and in order for us to have a satisfying life, our social needs must also be met.

As is evidently well understood, a person's individual needs, desires and inclinations must be acknowledged and accommodated by society at large—they must have an adequate social context—in order for them to have a satisfying and fulfilling social component of their life.

Now, as is also well known (and we never hear anything *but* the following) in the past, American society had a very strict and narrow definition of what ways of life were socially acceptable. The way of life of white, heterosexual men was given first place in society. Women had a marginal, narrowly-defined social role, and legal and cultural restrictions were in place against homosexuals and minorities. This was obviously an unacceptable state of affairs in a society organized according to the principles of the liberal tradition—of democracy, equality and tolerance.

We have made strides toward opening society up and allowing for the expression of different ways of life, but now there has been an overcorrection. The cultural restrictions of past centuries have been inverted, and now white, heterosexual men and explicitly singled out for exclusion from mainstream society. The precise ideological reasons for this are confused and vague. In fact, *reasons* for this are rarely given at all; there are usually only shrill moral accusations and incoherent screaming.

To be systematically excluded from society is a terrible thing. I have often tried to deny this to myself, but the effects of social isolation cannot be ignored. Social isolation is to be yelled at and brushed aside by family, to be mocked and abused, to feel as though I have no one to trust and confide in, and that my emotional experience is meaningless and inconsequential to others. It is to be targeted as an ideological criminal for historical injustices that I had no part in, to feel lost and alone even in the company of others. It is to feel like I am less than a slave—a speechless, shivering animal with thoughts, feelings and experiences that are unworthy of social acknowledgement, or that are branded as crimes without a second thought.

And so, in short, *why should I be obligated to tolerate others when I do not receive the same treatment in kind?* Why am I expected to show love and respect—to accommodate needs and desires different from my own—when I am not loved, and when my own needs are not accommodated? And what's more, why should I put the needs of others *before* my own when others are permitted to be as debauched and self-interested as they please? This would be acceptable to me in an epoch when self-restraint was a universal moral imperative, and for many centuries this was the case. (Even today we are familiar with the old moral formula of “follow me – take up the cross – deny yourself.” In my view, the problem is that white America still reverts to this moral habit.) *But this epoch of self-restraint is at an end.*

I write because I refuse to suffer in silence like an animal. I write because I refuse to feel guilt for baseless political reasons. I write because our political society is under threat, and we can no longer afford to accuse and alienate one another.

Women as a Political Group

Today, men and women have been divided into two political camps. To be more precise, feminism gives a rather one-sided definition of the needs and aspirations of women, and sets this up as a political goal to be pursued exclusively for the benefit of women. This effectively places women into a political faction of their own, and men are the political bogeymen (so to speak) to be fought for the sake of material and social advantages. A wedge has been driven between men and women. We have become increasingly solitary and suspicious of one another; bitterness, resentment and misunderstandings between us have only grown. In my view, this is *the* spiritual issue of our time, and it is probably responsible for all of our other problems.

America has always been a moralistic society: we have always tried to fit life onto a Procrustean bed of *oughts* and *ought-nots*. We like to imagine that, with the cultural movements of the last century, we have freed ourselves from moralism at last, and now live in an era of naturalness and freedom of the desires. I think that we have not got rid of our moralistic tendencies, but that our rigid moral framework has simply been adjusted.

Speaking personally, I have come to wince at so much as the thought of romantic interactions with a girl. Will she try to get the best of me? Would I be impinging upon her independence? Is what I want even right? Try as I might (and I have tried), I find it difficult to get past these mental blockages. Perhaps I think too much and am not “natural” enough, but I suspect that many others have run into the same stumbling block.

Is it really so wrong for a man to love a woman, and for a woman to allow herself to be loved and cared for? A girl today is perfectly fine with women being called “bitches” or “hos”—she can effectively be called a whore or a slut—but God forbid if anyone should let her be in a normal, loving romantic relationship! It is like Pentheus, who obstinately refuses to worship Dionysus in a normal, healthy way. He at last flings himself into an orgy only to be torn to pieces.

The real tragedy is that girls themselves are quietly blamed and demonized by discouraged, distraught young men. The fight against ideological “misogyny” has created a very real, insidious misogyny and hostility between the sexes. The real culprit is the social circumstances that constrain our natural behavior. It is a vicious cycle: The more imposing liberal ideology becomes, the more frustrated and fed-up men become, and this in turn causes harsher ideological scrutiny.

Women *must* be independent. Women *must* make as much as—if not more than—men. We are rational, materialistic actors only. We compete for better salaries and better benefits. Public places must be sterile. Emotional connections are suspect. It’s all very Orwellian.

Now, to be clear, I do not think there is anything wrong with a woman who prefers to be independent. Perhaps she would prefer to focus on creative pursuits, or she really would like to have a successful career. As I feel I must repeatedly emphasize, I have no desire to return to the

19th century. But it is high time for us to acknowledge that it is also natural for a woman to want to be loved and to be in a traditional romantic relationship.

Racial Politics

Recently, I saw a headline that read something like “Why should we sympathize with Ukrainian refugees? They are white.” Bias against whites has reached a point of dogmatic hysteria. We often praise ourselves for *finally* having clawed our way out of the Middle Ages. We live in a culture that is vocally anti-Christian, and that freely (and very emphatically) encourages sexual promiscuity. But isn’t a journalistic article like this perfectly Medieval?

Just like the flagellants of the Middle Ages, as crisis mounts and as our politics become increasingly unstable, the left becomes more and more frenzied in its devotion to its ideological principles—even to the point of mutilating themselves and contradicting their own moral sentiments.

To be white has become a crime. To atone for this crime, we are expected to torture ourselves with guilt and to deny ourselves and what we want—once again, very Medieval.

As I have already indicated, what is strange about this situation is that the insistence that whiteness is a crime *originates largely from white America itself*.

We can say that our *obligation* to feel guilt stems from the injustices that our society committed in the past, but history has no power over us in the present time *unless we deliberately make it so*.

Perhaps it is not appropriate to question the severity of past injustices, or to ask if the punishment we inflict upon ourselves is overly severe. The right question to ask is *why do we suddenly have such an intense inclination to feel guilty and to attack ourselves?*

Over the last thirty years or so, we have begun to lose a sense of valid social and political direction. We entangled ourselves in costly wars that achieved very little. Meanwhile, the left has spun the narratives and values of the 20th century into increasingly severe and radical doctrines that have even caused us to question the moral worth of our own existence.

It is like when parents leave the house and give an older child certain rules to follow. At first, the older child enforces these rationally, and peace and order in the house are maintained. Soon, however, the older child begins to abuse his authority; he turns the rules into an irrational, sadistic game for the sole purpose of terrorizing his younger siblings. Just so, the left is no longer a creative, dynamic or unifying force. They only take the values that were left to them by the original thinkers of the last century, and push these to increasingly bizarre, absurd and outright abusive conclusions and ideological principles. The real problem as I see it is that we currently have no way forward as a political society.

But today we face a threat to our collective existence. If we continue to believe that we are not morally fit to survive, there is a very real possibility that we will be wiped out. Personally, I cannot accept this.

Our values, traditions and culture are worth fighting for. America may have had a troubled history, but it is the only country that we have. No other country will provide us with sanctuary and shelter. No other country will protect us, give us our prosperity and preserve our way of life. Our rivals are hostile, and they intend to subordinate and exploit us; other countries have their own issues, their own special interests. They cannot accommodate us. We must work with what we have, and what we have is by no means wretched and bad. America is worth saving.

We are worth saving. We may have committed injustices in the past, but no people has ever been morally irreproachable. We have shown that we are willing to learn from our mistakes, and to adapt and change our society to be more in line with our own moral principles. Now we must move on from the social traumas of the past.

We are human beings. We are good and bad, and we can help and harm. Most of what we do is morally ambiguous. But if one thing is certain, it is that for the sake of our life, happiness and hope, we must depend on one another. Our life and our experience belong to us, and as human beings we are entitled to fight in order to preserve it.

We are not bad people.