

The Failure of Humanism



by Miles Mathis

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Before we get started, I have my daily story to tell. On my bi-weekly drive to the market in the next town over, I dialed up on the radio to get away from some dreadful 20th century classical noise, only to land on NPR—even worse noise. Just in time to hit a segment on “giving up”. I felt like Truman from *the Truman Show* being fed a story just for me from the radio, and that may have indeed been the case. It started with the mesmerizing-for-morons *All Things Considered* music, or some such—which is a misnomer, it should be retitled *All Things Fascist Propaganda Posing as Cheery Leftist Considered*. Or, shortened, *Live from Langley*. Anyway, the 20-something gay black lady was asking me if I had ever considered the possibility that all this striving and working to achieve goals was just a mistake of my ego, guaranteed to go nowhere. Had I considered that it might be more logical, efficient, and humble to just quit. Taking early retirement and playing golf full time, I guess. I am sure they have a free country club membership waiting for me if I agree to quit writing, you know. You will be glad to know I turned the radio off in disgust, refusing to even listen to the terms of the contract.

[My guest writer Pedro Ormazabal [hit Thomas More](#) four years ago, but I have some additions now.]

I was watching *A Man for All Seasons* again, since I remember liking it. It is extremely well acted and produced, but this time I could see something was wrong. I could see right through it. The Jewish writers and producers were selling Thomas More as a great man when I knew he couldn't have been anything like that. Though at least they cast someone extremely Jewish to play him (Paul Scofield, supposedly not Jewish). That was a partial giveaway, though no one but me ever saw it, I would guess.

So anyway, I got bored with the movie and decided to research More and the period once again. I have hit Henry VIII and that period many times, but there is a lot to cover and I have barely even begun to unwind it. I now suspect More's death was faked like the rest, to get him out of the way. They made up some gruesome execution to scare everyone, as usual. Almost everything is a bluff in this world. But that isn't why I am here today. Beyond his fame for resisting the rise of Protestantism, More is most famous for his Renaissance Humanism. That is different than Modern Humanism, which has become much more noxious, but the one led to the other. In researching Renaissance Humanism, I eventually was taken back to Petrarch in the 1300s, and his famous trip to Mount Ventoux in Provence. Up until that fateful day Petrarch had been one of the first tourist hikers, loving to climb these lower peaks of central Europe. But that trip soured him on the experience for some reason. He treated it as an epiphany, though I would say it was a reverse epiphany, caused by a minor local devil or a bad lunch.

Petrarch was dazed and stirred by the view of the Alps, the mountains around Lyons, the Rhone, the Bay of Marseilles. He took Augustine's *Confessions* from his pocket and reflected that his climb was merely an allegory of aspiration toward a better life. As the book fell open, Petrarch's eyes were immediately drawn to the following words: "And men go about to wonder at the heights of the mountains, and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the circuit of the ocean, and the revolution of the stars, but themselves they consider not." Petrarch's response was to turn from the outer world of nature to the inner world of "soul": "I closed the book, angry with myself that I should still be admiring earthly things who might long ago have learned from even the pagan philosophers that nothing is wonderful but the soul, which, when great itself, finds nothing great outside itself. Then, in truth, I was satisfied that I had seen enough of the mountain; I turned my inward eye upon myself, and from that time not a syllable fell from my lips until we reached the bottom again. ... [W]e look about us for what is to be found only within. ... How many times, think you, did I turn back that day, to glance at the summit of the mountain which seemed scarcely a cubit high compared with the range of human contemplation."

Ah, it was worse than a local devil, it was Augustine. I remind you that Augustine is a Roman name, so we can tell he was a Phoenician without further research. But in this case, Augustine's words are fairly innocuous, Petrarch apparently reading a lot of nonsense into them. Augustine seems to mean that most men could use a bit more self-reflection along with their admiration of the world, which is true. So how Petrarch got from that to "there is nothing great outside the human soul" is a mystery. Though you can indeed see how that one sentence seeded all of history since then, which has become more and more solipsistic and ridiculous, ending in the present time when we are told in all seriousness by "scientists and great thinkers" that we create our own reality or are living in a simulation.

But the ideas of Petrarch and More were almost as blasphemous seven and five hundred years ago, so it is hard to understand how any historian sells them as Christian. Though the blasphemy isn't just against a Christian God: the idea is blasphemous to any possible religion or god. Chief Joseph would have found it just as blasphemous as your average priest. Whatever happened to humility in the face of God's works? Can a human create a kitten, much less a mountain? No, we can't create even an amoeba. Which means almost everything great is *outside* ourselves. Yes, we can create some pretty things on our own level: paintings, poems, buildings, songs, but they do not compare to the world we live in, which we certainly did not create and which we seem in a rush to destroy.

Yes, our spirit is connected to the great spirit, and we are children of God like anything else, but

humans are not the center of the universe or the measure of all things, much less the arbiters of anything. We did not create ourselves, and all we do is but a paltry imitation of Nature. Not only can we not control her, we cannot even begin to understand her, except partially and intuitively.

The tenets of Humanism are so violently anti-Christian and anti-religious we know these famous guys like Petrarch, Erasmus, and More couldn't have been real Christians. I have already proved that generally in previous papers, using genealogies and other means to show you they and all like them were schismatics inserted into government and the Church by the Phoenicians to undermine both. Which is another reason I know More wouldn't have died for his Catholic beliefs. We are supposed to accept that he went blithely to the executioner's ax, dropping clever quotes, rather than admit Henry outranked the Pope, but nothing could be more absurd. More, being a Humanist, couldn't have cared two figs for the Pope, and certainly wouldn't have died for his honor. If More chose the Pope over Luther or Tyndall up to that point, it wasn't because he was such a great believer, it was because he was already fully invested in the Pope. And yes, I mean invested in the pecuniary sense. All his wealth and position had come up to that time as an actor for the Catholic church, and turning on a dime for Henry simply couldn't be done. His financial losses would be too great, not to mention the target that would then be on his back from agents of Rome (which were still everywhere in that decade). Remember, we may assume More learned a lesson from Cardinal Wolsey, who had come up against the same dilemma before him, also probably faking his death. These deaths weren't faked to hide from the King, who likely sanctioned the fakes, but to hide from the Pope. The King needed to replace them with agents like Rich who were not already working for the Pope, but he had no need to kill them. The deaths were a convenience not for the King, but for Wolsey and More themselves, whose investments could perhaps be saved by these fake deaths. If the Pope believed they had gone down fighting, he would not strip their families of all assets, you see. And it apparently worked. It is still working since Rome still believes the story. The film was made in the 1960s to assure that Rome continued to believe the story, and it worked. More and Fisher are now saints. Or perhaps Rome knows and is just trying to save face. When you lose at the spy game, you *never* admit it.

Remember, in that previous paper from four years ago and in several before it, I suggested More and Wolsey were agents paid by the King to *make sure* there was a break with Rome, while making it look like they were supporting Rome. The Tudors/Stanleys were preparing to steal all ecclesiastical assets in England—as their cousins had already done in Germany and would do a bit later in France—and the annulment of Henry's marriage to Catherine was just the excuse for breaking with Rome. So what we really have here is the usual reversal of covert Intel. More and Wolsey were only pretending to support Rome, while doing everything in their power to undermine it. But they had become very wealthy as pretend agents of Rome, and it wouldn't do to have their cover blown at last. So again as usual, they had to fake their deaths on the way out.

But why would these producers in the 1960s care whether Rome continued to believe a 500-year-old story? We have seen the same thing, remember, with *The Three Musketeers* and *Spotlight* and many other Hollywood movies, selling similar stories. Rome cannot repossess anything from these families 500 years later. No, but the same families still run the world and they are still squabbling 500 years later, often along the same lines. Rome is still there causing trouble and the Protestants are still there causing trouble and the Phoenicians are still there, crouching beneath both, jockeying for position in these very same families. So they have to continue to salt in these very old lies, whether it is the lies of Thomas More, the lies of Abraham Lincoln, or the lies of John Kennedy. Their world is built on lies and so they cannot let them die.

I also remind you that these families ARE still repossessing things from each other, decades and

sometimes centuries later, and using the media to do it. The most obvious example being artwork allegedly stolen by the Nazis and then returned decades later. You are supposed to think this has something to do with owners being Jewish, but if you look closer you find all owners of the art—before, during, and after—were Jewish. Like Spy v. Spy, but Jew v. Jew. Thief v. Thief. No one has anything worth stealing except the Jews, so they have to steal from each other.

But let's return to Humanism. From More's example, we can see that Humanism was always just another covert project to undermine Rome, all the way back to the 1300s. What More and Erasmus were doing in the 1500s, Petrarch, Boccaccio and many others were doing in the 1300s. While some like Luther were trying to blow it from the outside, others like More were trying to blow it from the inside. Why? Not only to steal trillions of dollars of ecclesiastical assets, but also to kill the laws against usury, which stood in the way of Jewish thieving like nothing else. Those who claim the Jews were always behind Christianity and the Catholic church have to explain that one. Why would they ever establish laws against usury in the first place? And why would they write a story where Jesus overturned the moneychangers tables?

That plays in here, since the laws against usury fell at precisely this time. It was Henry VIII who passed new laws in 1545 allowing interest on loans. Because it was now legal, interest rates on loans actually dropped, from about 20% to 10%. This was the selling point to mainstream it, sort of like we have seen with the legalization of marijuana recently. Once it was standardized, the rates could go back up, and they did, as you know. But my point was that it is no accident this question of usury was decided in the 1500s, concurrent with the rise of Humanism and Protestantism. Things were changing for a reason, and it wasn't because people were becoming more enlightened, reading more classical literature, painting better paintings, or writing more poetry, it was because the Phoenix was rising up from the medieval ashes and the bankers were swarming again. They were infiltrating and buying up entire governments, and even infiltrating Rome itself (see the Medicis as just one example). Humanism has that familiar Phariseean or Phoenician stench, and you can almost smell El crouching behind it.

I find it strange to come down on this side at last, after a lifetime as a painter, poet, and classicist, being called a Renaissance man (or boy) from my 20s, but that is the fact. Although I remain all those things, I have less than no use for Humanism and never did. I found it blasphemous from the first moments, though I admit my reaction was more like that of a Lakota brave than that of a Catholic priest or even an Amishman. The idea that the soul finds nothing great outside itself is so repulsive it requires no quoting of scripture to counter it.

This allows us a little diversion. Part of Renaissance Humanism was the return to the old *Trivium* of the medieval Carolingian Renaissance (around the time of Charlemagne). This is already odd, because we are told the Humanists were going back to classical sources to bypass the strictures of medieval Christianity, but the *Trivium* wasn't classical. It was based on the *Quadrivium*, but that doesn't make it classical. Anyway, the *Trivium* was grammar, logic and rhetoric, with the emphasis on rhetoric—the art of persuasion. Most people don't even know what rhetoric is, and maybe you can already see why: it has been extinct for centuries. Some pretend it still exists as the polemics, that is argument, but as we are about to see, it has nothing to do with the rhetoric of the Greeks, the Romans, the Aristotelians, or the Carolingians.

That is because rhetoric was defined as the use of logic, examples, ethics, and style to convince an audience.

Aristotle also identified three persuasive audience appeals: [logos](#), [pathos](#), and [ethos](#). The [five canons of rhetoric](#), or phases of developing a persuasive speech, were first codified in classical Rome: [invention](#), [arrangement](#), [style](#), [memory](#), and [delivery](#).

Even if we assume this was ever taken seriously—being more than Tartufferie—logic, ethics, and most of the rest of that was out the window by Modern times, and by the time of Bernays it was completely on its head, being the inversion of rhetoric. In other words, the new art of persuasion, *propaganda*, has naught in common with rhetoric, being nothing more than stylish lies and other slights of hand/voice. These masters of the con realized long ago that humans had very little contact with logic, or love for it, and even less contact with ethics. Neither logic nor ethics impressed anyone. About the only thing the new style has in common with the old is the use of pathos, except it is now bathos: the manufacturing and steering of cheap emotions to a desired end. We see that with every new fake tragedy, where the story leads with balloons and teddy bears and then cuts to prayers for the crying families, before cutting to their GoFundMe page.

Which is why I laughed so loud when [Peter Thiel was recently sold as a great rhetorician](#). Rhetorics has been replaced by propaganda in the New World, but Thiel isn't even a master of propaganda, lacking all style and only engendering revulsion. Which I guess is why he is now laying low in Argentina or somewhere. A Phoenician who can't do propaganda is like a gorilla who can't do bananas.