OUR ELITES ARE NO ELITES AT ALL

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An "elite" is always variously defined.

The ideal elites, as ancient philosophers argued, were a "natural elite" due to their exemplary character, aptitude, and work ethic. Understandably, a towering few ascended from all walks of life to positions of power, influence, and occasional wealth.

But such a natural meritocracy, for obvious reasons, rarely leads to an equality of result.

Our current idea of ostensible elites could be defined by noting their money and influence. But money alone—even in the huge sums now found on Wall Street and in Silicon Valley—is not the *only* elite criterion.

Donald Trump is a billionaire with much influence and lives accordingly. Yet few of our "elite" would consider him a kindred soul.

Ditto Elon Musk. He is therichest man in the world. But the elite mostly despise and ostracize him.

The Obamas were going to be anointed as multimillionaires wherever they lived. But they would not necessarily remain as elite living back in Chicago rather than in a tony D.C. neighborhood and out on Martha's Vineyard. So, it was an easy call for them to follow the trajectory of the Clintons rather than the Georgia-bound Carters.

Another route to being an elite is found in some sort of political, media, academic, sports, or entertainment celebrity—the Robert De Niros or LeBron Jameses of the world. We are not sure how all these celebrated people became elites, only that some exercise influence and win adherents through their ubiquity—and notoriety.

A Don Lemon or Jeffrey Epstein is not an elite by virtue of proven achievement or innate talent, much less character. But they sort of became mysteriously famous for being famous (or infamous).



The Kardashians are elites. But they reached this status by merchandising and popularizing larger than normal posteriors—and to be frank, more shamelessly than others—posting selfies of their ample boobs and butts. Ditto an earlier Madonna or Britney Spears, both of whom could somewhat sing in addition to doing burlesque.

Finally, left-wing politics are essential for the new elite. The brilliant Tom Sowell or Shelby Steele is not an elite; the racialist Ibram Kendi or madwoman Joy Reid is.

The CNN masturbatory legal-eagle Jeffrey Toobin is considered an elite expert of jurisprudence, despite having never won a landmark case or being renowned for his courtroom presence or seminal legal scholarship. In contrast, proven expert constitutionalists, such as Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas or Samuel Alito, are not so well regarded as authorities on the law by the elite.

Does Harvard Law have a mini course on ethics, advising graduates not to expose their phalloi to female colleagues? That is the sort of Toobin illness that would earn a poor deplorable time in the clink or a lifetime on the sex-offender register.

So woke progressivism does not just cement elite membership. It also serves as an acceptable scab to mask a lack of character beneath, especially in the case of scoundrels like one-time would-be presidential contender Michael Avenatti, or the once blackfaced like Justin Trudeau and former Virginia Governor Ralph Northam.

It covers the bloody work of former New York Governor Andrew Cuomo as well as long-ago discredited fabulists like Dan Rather and Brian Williams, or plagiarists like the famous Doris Kearns Goodwin, the late Steven Ambrose, and even Joe Biden.

What counts more, however, is not so much *who* becomes an oligarchical elite, but *what* exactly has this newer sort of elite class done for our society at large?

Collectively, this generation's record of leadership, such as it is, has been mostly dismal: no Hoover Dam, no subsequent moon-landing or trip to Mars, no Normandy Beach or Inchon, no polio vaccine, no "*Casablanca*," " *The Best Years of our Lives*," or "*Shane*" movies, and no novels like *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, or *Atlas Shrugged*.

Instead, plenty of California-like Solyndras and Stonehenge high-speed rails, skedaddles from Kabul and Benghazi, gifting of \$80 billion in arms to the Taliban, double-vaxxed and boosted, sorta, kinda short-term

immunity, "X-Men" and "Avenger" comic-book films, and How to Be an Anti-Racistbest sellers.

The more we gained Silicon Valley billionaires, the more we moved into the world of *1984*, merely substituting J. Edgar Hoover's G-men for woke, suit-and-tied James Comey, Andrew McCabe, Peter Strzok, Lisa Page, and Kevin Clinesmith—or legions of nerds with cancel buttons sitting in rows of computer carrels in Menlo Park.

Movers and shakers who operate Facebook, Twitter, Spotify, or GoFundMe are much more devoted to Sovietstyle censorship than to the First Amendment. They worry far more over profits rather than over the Uyghurs. And their creed is more McCarthyism than the Sermon on the Mount.

Our four-star elite officers have more degrees than ever, more contact with Capitol Hill and the White House—and have no more idea than the clueless bureaucrats who dispatched them on how to discover what was the purpose in Libya or the agenda in Afghanistan.

General Mark Milley was more interested in virtue signaling his furor at white rage than in keeping safe a \$1billion embassy in Kabul, \$300-million worth of refits at the Bagram airbase, and \$80 billion in arms. He was not so worried over how to win wars or keep the peace.

As an elite, he knew he could ignore all that and still not be fired—if he at least virtue signaled his crusade against white rage.

In the current generation of our loud, woke military, we will likely see Afghanistan return as a pre-9/11 terrorist headquarters, Iran go nuclear, North Korea step up its missile launches, and Taiwan and Ukraine at best squeezed into Finlandization, and at worst absorbed.

The more the public listened to the architects of lockdowns, mandates, and quarantines—the elite at the CDC, NIH, and NIAID, the political hypocrites like California Governor Gavin Newsom, former New York Governor Andrew Cuomo, Chicago Mayor Lori Lightfoot, and House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, and sham-modelers such as Neil Ferguson of the Imperial College, London—the more people died in classical "the medicine is worse that the malady" fashion.

There are no finer degreed-elites in the world than our medical professionals such as Anthony Fauci, Francis Collins, and Peter Daszak. The three became international rock stars as they crafted a coverup by denying links between the pandemic and the Wuhan virology lab, and their own efforts either to fund or hide gain-of-function viral research.

We don't quite know how we got into \$30 trillion of debt, normative \$2-trillion deficits, growing stagflation, and adherence to an unhinged modern monetary theory that assures us printing money ensures prosperity. We only know that the 7-Eleven manager, the owner-operator truck driver, and the electrician grasp a lot more about economics than do the Ph.D.s who wrote, argued, and led us into this mess.



Finally, examine the marquee elites of the past few years. Do we remember the late Jeffrey Epstein, the pedophiliac blackmailer who posed as a legitimate money manager? Do we remember the Lolita express paparazzi who jetted to his various hot spots, whether President Emeritus Bill Clinton or the royal Prince Andrew or allegedly even the global climate change scold Bill Gates?

Why did the richest men in the world and so many from Harvard University court him? In contrast, most of the working class knows enough to steer clear of pedophiles.

We are suffering a plague of cop shootings. Yet in a few days, our multimillionaire Super Bowl entertainers will share one thing in common: They all have advocated or glorified violence against the police.

At one time or another, we were told the following elites were geniuses or cutting-edge—men and women in the know and to be known: Woody Allen, Alec Baldwin, the two Cuomos, the always shouting, always furious, always pampered, but otherwise inane and empty Greta Thunberg.

Our corporate elites gave millions in their stockholders' money as penance to BLM, without a worry where, how, or why those millions were spent—or siphoned off in real estate investments by the grifter leadership.

Nikole Hannah-Jones is now our nation's elite chronological expert whose rare insight on race, history, and war taught the nation that 1619, not 1776, was our true foundational date. But so far, she has failed to convince anyone of herlatest notion that 1865 was the first year of the Civil War.

Ditto Whoopi Goldberg. She claims rare insight on the catalysts of the Holocaust, apparently better than its architect Adolf Hitler, who, we are told by her, really did not exterminate 6 million Jews because of his racial hatred of Jews. Instead, Professor Goldberg, of "Ghost" fame, lectures us that what went on at Treblinka was a sort of tit-for-tat catfight between white people.

Elites hate the truckers. We know that from their outrage over the Canadian trucker strike—and Justin Trudeau's infantile meltdown.

Elites care little for the working moms who lost their jobs when schools closed, and who had to quit work to watch their children.

Elites have no concern for the small businesses that went broke, as the Zoom class made more money than ever during COVID-19.

The more we elected Soros-bought district attorneys, the more crime shot up, the innocent suffered, and the elite shrugged.

The elite gave us the Russian collusion hoax, the beatification of the prevaricator Adam Schiff, the iconization of the disingenuous conniver Alexander Vindman, the neat idea of modern monetary theory, the bold idea of open borders, the beloved idea of critical race theory, and a spiking violent crime wave explained away by critical legal theory.

The only real recent public service of elites has been to persuade us why they were never elites at all.

Victor Davis Hanson is an American military historian, author, classics professor emeritus, and scholar of ancient warfare. He is currently the Martin and Illie Anderson Senior Fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution.

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