Milo Yiannopoulos is a threat to leaders of the outrage industry

By The Mocker, The Australian, 1 January 2018

Could it be the success of Milo Yiannopoulos is a sign that identity politics has finally been checked? As a white, gay, ethnic Jew with a black husband he could have been a supremo of the intersectionality outrage industry. Instead, he is its nemesis, with his contempt for political correctness and his defence of Western civilisation.

“This is the most extraordinarily and profoundly anti-intellectual and ridiculous way to sort people,” said Yiannopoulos of identity politics during his address at Parliament House in Canberra on Tuesday.

“People are different, they’re not defined by their skin colour or sexuality.”

“His desperate attempts to seek attention through vile and hateful rhetoric has (sic) no place in the Australian Parliament,” tweeted Greens Leader Richard Di Natale, who successfully moved a motion for the Senate to condemn Yiannopoulos’s visit.

Fairfax columnist Jenny Noyes not only condemned it, but called for retribution, describing him as a “Nazi sympathiser, misogynist, fake news generator, inciter of violence, [and] international has-been.”

“The individuals and organisations in Australian politics and the media who have not only tolerated him but supported him and the spread of his evil views, refused to condemn his evil views, and invited him in to defecate on the floor of Parliament House with his evil views, should not be able to do that free of consequences,” wrote Noyes. Evil? Defecate on the floor? Fire-and-brimstone diatribes and potty-mouth metaphors are a sure indicator of paucity of argument, not to mention a lack of objectivity.

Yiannopoulos loathes what modern feminism has become. “Since it has run out of things to complain about [it] is a mean, vindictive, sociopathic, man-hating movement,” he said this week.

Not so, according to Guardian columnist and feminist Van Badham, who last week demanded men protest Yiannopoulos’s visit.

Feminism, she wrote, is “an agenda which has now liberated generations of men from destructive, cruel expectation that the performance of dominant masculinity depends on repressed human feelings, social isolation, vocational denial and high-risk competitions of often violent, dangerous physical activity.”

As to how many men responded positively to this patronising and condescending appeal we do not know. However, it is noteworthy that Badham’s euphemistic definition of “liberated” does not extend to her allowing men to decide for themselves the merits of Yiannopoulos’s views. “As long as Yiannopoulos (sic) enjoys his platforms without active male protest, it’s his own warped ideas of what it means to be a man that are entering the public arena unchecked,” she wrote.

No doubt the likes of Phil Barker, who writes on subjects such as men’s issues for Fairfax’s ExecutiveStyle website, would agree with Badham. “There’s a three-word lie whispered to every little boy, over and over again, that’s ruining society, trashing lives and can be blamed
for everything from domestic violence, to rape culture, [and] casual sexism,” he wrote in July. What is this dreadful catalyst that transforms boys into monsters? The phrase “Be a man,” apparently.

Does Barker’s name sound familiar? Only this week he wrote of feeling “exultation and gloating” at the revelations of the #metoo movement. The “years of writing about men’s issues have left me way out on the far left, as I’ve educated myself and became more and more horrified at the effects of sexism,” he wrote. “So there’s no way around it. Some innocent men are going to get shot in the head. So be it. Because in the process hundreds more will be held to account for their actions.” The hypocrisy of these male feminist Jacobins dancing gleefully alongside the tumbrel while lecturing others on tolerance and social justice is nauseating.

Even to faintly approve of Yiannopoulos is a form of hate speech that justifies bullying. “i’m (sic) no fan of censorious no-platforming,” tweeted ABC presenter Jonathan Green last week.