

# Where I'm At Philosophically (Questioning Objectivism)

Post by "Joshua" of November 4, 2019 at 9:32 AM

Good morning, Kyle. And with apologies to Cassius—for I've never read Ayn Rand. (Life is full of these little blessings!)

But I do notice in a thousand unremarkable ways every day that the word *reason* is at once so universally lauded, and so vacuous, that it gives cover to every silly assumption and base instinct in the minds and hearts of men. *Reason* was with the French Catholics who erected a temple to God in the comely and well-proportioned Cathedral of Notre-Dame, and *reason* was on the lips of the Jacobins who drove the Catholics out of that esteemed pile and claimed it for atheism and themselves.

*Reason* was the English Parliament and King George III levying a tax on the American colonies to pay for their protection in the French and Indian War, and *reason* was the reason those same colonists colored their harbor with tea in reply.

Reason justifies the lifestyle of the wealthy businessman sitting in the church pew, whatever the words in red might say; and reason is why that man does not and cannot understand the inner heart of the gay kid sitting next to him.

Well I'll tell you what—if hypocrisy is what they mean by *reason* (and it very generally is), and the status quo what they mean by *civilization* (and what else could it be?), then it has no lack of defenders; they don't need me, and the man in the pew has his reward already. As for my heart, it belongs to the kid next to him; the youth whose trembling soul remains unstultified by the sourness of his elders—the boy whose only crime is heavier breathing and a quickened pulse at the sight of a handsome classmate.

May he follow forever the promptings of his heart! When it needs correction, may he correct it with wisdom and an eye to the good of pleasure; not with shame and the fear of hellfire. May he find good friends, and be one. May he find a guide and support in himself, when others fail. And may he learn the proper use of reason—a tool, equal among other tools, and limited by nature.

The school of Epicurus is open to all. Man or woman, gay or straight, slave or free, native or foreign-born. You don't have to be a producer™, an ubermensch, or one of the elect. The road is broad and pleasant, and every step a pleasure in itself. Not many are found to have the courage to walk it.