

Terminal Progressivism and the Corruption of Harry Windsor

by Deborah C. Tyler

Every terminal disease has a final stage when it attacks the vital processes of the sickened being. Political progressivism is a disease of the American body politic that subverts the individual chance to face the challenges of life with faith in God and self into a collective dependence on government interference in everyday life. The stage of progressivism as governmentalism is being replaced by a terminal, psychological progressivism which has nothing to do with meeting material needs, but is designed to foster national self-hatred, mentally enslave the American people, and destroy the constitutional republic. Terminal malignant progressivism is a collection of crazy-making fallacies, hoaxes, and scams inflicted upon brainwashed, unthinking masses by wealthy individuals and corporations designed to confer counterfeit virtue upon the rich while enabling them to profit from slavery and exploitation around the world, and to foster social chaos by destroying faith and morality in American life.

End-stage progressivism takes three main forms. 1) A perverted anti-white racism wherein “white” skin is the new mark of Cain. The great Anglo-European people of Britain and America who were the first to crush slavery and vanquish systemic racism in their societies are psychotically vilified as racist, while ongoing slavery and exploitation among non-white, non-Judeo-Christian peoples are protected. 2) “Climate change” babble (like all religious doomsday cults), works to frighten and control the people while the larcenous rich steal their money and sermonize to the gullible from their private jets. 3) The God-given certitude of the sanctity of life, celebration of male-female sex duality, and sanctification of procreative marriage are in their dying days, replaced by insane cults against God, life, and the natural order.

The enemies of Great Britain are always on the lookout to exploit a weak prince. Just as Harry Windsor’s great great uncle, Edward VIII, was a Nazi pawn, “Just Harry,” as he calls himself, was too weakened to face the great and noble destiny of a royal British prince. He chose to become a pawn of the fallacies and ignominies of terminal progressivism and its profiteering billionaires such as Oprah Winfrey, the Clintons, Obamas, and other leftwing shadowy figures. These billionaires are enemies of the Queen and the British people, and are delighted to corrupt and weaponize a royal prince against his people. In the service of their cancerous, criminal progressivism, Harry pays the rent by spouting the lies of anti-white racism, “climate change” delusionality, and anti-moral destruction of masculinity and the natural family structure. A corrupted Harry Windsor ponies up to this protection racket by attacking his Queen, nation, family, and even the well-being of his son.

Oprah Winfrey, in her relentless anti-white racism, has the blood of Cannon Hinnant on her hands. Harry Windsor is her water boy, parroting against Queen and country the psychological pathogen that “all whites are racist.” He bows before queen “O,” regurgitating poisonous bromides about

“institutional racism” and associating it to the Commonwealth of Nations. He follows Oprah’s initiative to make people, presumably of no color, “uncomfortable” about racism, though the truth is that around the world white people can be most proud of the defeat of racism. In America, black people should feel most uncomfortable about the violence they inflict on blacks and whites alike. Regarding Harry’s grovelings against the Commonwealth, his former comrade-at-arms Lance Corporal Coult said, “His comments are disgusting and I for one am pleased he left the UK. A lot of soldiers of the British Army are from the Commonwealth.”

The New York Post reported that climate-scolder Harry began financial independence by bringing his family to the fabulous estate of the billionaire who arranged the Clintons’ sale of American uranium to Russia. The newly minted Duke sells out our country as fast as his own. In February, Harry private-jetted to Miami to test his lungs at smoke-blowing up billionaire bums as speaker at a JP Morgan fat-cat shindig. This payday was reportedly arranged by Oprah’s buddy, Gayle King. Harry, prince of wails, bombed royally by unburdening his endless grief about his mother, full-throated sorrow kept alive by seven years of failed therapy. Too self-absorbed for performative sycophancy, Harry then turned to the sacred cash cow of the hypocritical rich, climate change scamming. He promotes the “non-profit” Travalyst, “To learn from travel firms keeping sustainability at the heart.” Harry slimed his brother, Prince William, with scandal when he allegedly transferred Royal Foundation (the charitable organization of Harry’s family) funds to himself and to Travalyst. The Republic, a UK royal watchdog organization, charged, “The Foundation ‘gave’ £145,000 to Sussex Royal [Harry and Meghan’s personal brand] and £144,901 to Travalyst.”

Terminal progressivism is a fast-mutating pathogen that enslaves minds and destroys morals by attacking the natural family. It kills through the desacralization of vital spiritual processes until the heart and the breath turn against life itself. Harry Windsor supports his wife in her transnational abortion activism. He has known no life other than receivership of enormous patronage. His monetization by super-rich sponsors is earned by disloyalty to his family, whom he calls racist, and by the progressivist depersonalization and emasculation of his son. Harry justifies his abandonment of Crown and country through direct and indirect publication of crafted whine-making in great barrels of criticism and complaint against his closest family. Worse, he is complicit in harm to his son. Harry is depriving his son of the basic elements of the boy’s special personhood and masculinity: national identity, royal birthright, and custodianship of the Queen. Harry has taken away the love and guidance of grandfathers, uncles, male cousins, some of them vilified, others merely banished. The photographic evidence suggests Harry’s wife spent fortunes on breast implants, nose jobs, facial fillers, Botox, tooth veneers, and cosmetic bridges. But on his first birthday Archie was presented to the world in a T-shirt and diaper that needed changing. If Archie were a girl, she probably would have been nicely dressed. Archie’s trailer-trash appearance is not only anti-male sexism, it is the depersonalization of a British royal child, which Harry is abetting.

The world press is interested in Harry’s wife, but she is not an interesting character. Harry chose his wife hastily from the cannabis-drenched, soft criminality and hard immorality of low-caste Hollywood. My feminist heroine, Lady Colin Campbell, likened Mrs. Windsor to the blood-drenched Lady

Macbeth. Markle is not that complex, she is merely the compleat angler. Mrs. Windsor is more a Victorian than Elizabethan anti-heroine, more a Becky Sharp, the treacherous, wrecking-ball vixen of Vanity Fair, the choice of a dullard.

Harry Windsor's fall is the disease process of terminal progressivism. There is the desecration of the Church of England. Any supposedly Christian church which promotes homosexuality and "social justice" as aggressively as this church is an impediment to faith in God. True faith enlarges gratitude for all of life, with its joys and sorrows. Consequently, the only wholesome purpose of psychotherapy is to fortify gratitude for life and liberation from egoism in the service of others. Harry's seven years of therapy do not seem to have fulfilled that purpose. Harry's mother died when he was twelve. He remembers a childhood filled with her love and affection. Psychotherapy often helps people solve the problems of their parents, not their own. Harry excuses fleeing his responsibilities by saying, "I don't want the same thing to happen to my family as happened to my mother." That's easy – make sure they wear seatbelts.

The super-rich individuals and corporations steeped in terminal progressivism care nothing about human life, colored or uncolored. They do care about their prodigious wealth, power and privilege, which they justify with increasingly absurd lies. Harry Windsor ran away from home at just the right moment in the death of American culture, when integrity, loyalty, and talent don't matter. He will do well.