

# DE "LEADERSHIP": SANCTA SANCTORUM

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*This essay was inspired by the recent political activity of Charlotte Church, a wonderful singer with such a marvellous voice of unimaginable, celestial, divine beauty. She is so obviously a genius, the chosen one, sent here by heaven to make the world better. I am just not sure if that could be achieved through politics and leadership: after all, He did not want to be elected king.*

*I.K., August 16, A.D. 2015*

(1) Leadership is a fine art of subduing and exploiting others to reach your goals.

(2) It is triggered and being supported by your hormonal balance, among other things. Your hormonal background (= your look, feel, health) reflects your position in the social hierarchy. Therefore, your chance of becoming a leader depends on your position: the higher the position, the better the chance. The reverse is also true, which results in a strong self-amplifying positive feedback. That might explain why people want more and more power, no matter what: it makes them feel so good. Perhaps just a few humans could resist that desire, driven by a supernatural influence (Jeanne d'Arc), by wisdom (Diocletian) and great love (Pompeius Magnus) - or all the above (Numa Pompilius). In most cases, however, it gradually deteriorates a human personality. For example, historians assure us that at the beginning of their careers, Alexander the Great was such a fine young man, Marius was honoured for saving his motherland, "Caligula" was a nickname (it meant a soldier's boot) given by the legionnaires to their young, handsome and promising prince, and even the reigns of Nero and Commodus were quite good, for the first few years. Young Stalin wanted to become a priest and was even studying in seminary.

(3) We admire those rare cases when great men became leaders because of their exceptional talents, virtues and efforts, like Numa Pompilius, Scipio Africanus, Pompeius Magnus or Jeanne d'Arc. After all, Pompeius was awarded with his great title and Jeanne d'Arc saved France when they were teenagers! For less gifted folks, the leadership has always been achieved through the beds of the wealthy and influential (that also heightens the candidate's social position). If someone really wants to become a leader, (s)he should have a lot of sex with them. For more juicy details, see biographies of the leaders, works of historians (*e.g.* Prokopius) and works of the leaders themselves, *e.g.* invectives of Cicero *vs.* Sallustius and *vice versa*. Suprisingly, Macchiavelli in his excellent "Prince" did not shed much light on this subject: probably, it is so natural for a leader he just forgot to mention that. Similarly, we do not perceive the air we breathe.

(4) On such a road to success, leaders inevitably acquire venereal diseases and/or parasites (say, worms in brain). That might explain the nature of their behaviour and thinking (*fits etc.*). In case of so called "great leaders", that usually costs their countries millions of lives and could wipe out whole provinces. The leadership of Napoleon, for example, cost France about five million lives. His career started from sharing a concubine with an influential member of the government. He got syphilis from some marquise. Leaders also particularly like to humiliate and, if they can afford that, to kill great poets, singers, artists, scientists, generals and so on. It even looks like sexual perversions, torturing and killing people (preferably great and/or many) are the favourite amusements of leaders. Claudius enjoyed watching copulation of young boys and girls, right in front of him; Nero ordered to kill his beautiful

young wife and publicly married (as a bride) his own slave; Heliogabalus announced a reward to anybody who would invent a new sensual pleasure; yet another guy (I do not remember his name) in late Rome was amusing himself by feeding a bear with his opponents. The bear was kept for this purpose in a special cage, right in the palace. Over-excited by the show, that emperor had a stroke in the midst of his great entertainment. After capturing Ghent, Duke of Alba ordered to take twenty of the most beautiful girls; their private parts were publicly (on the main square) stuffed with gunpowder, which was then ignited.

(5) That constant talk about leaders in mass media can be explained by Edward Gibbon's remark that the humankind praises their destroyers, but not their benefactors. Besides, leaders, wasting resources and lives, constantly need both, so they are probably luring fresh people into leadership, to exploit them. However, due to such an ancient and powerful biological foundation of leadership, participation in it, nay even approaching a leader is dangerous to your health, for it launches submissive behaviour with corresponding hormonal changes. Watch an employee speaking to the boss: his/her humiliated status is expressed through the humble posture, body language and manners, readiness to agree with everything said by the boss, - perhaps through the body smell, too, as a result of certain hormonal changes and the resulting biochemical reactions. For the employee, that has a direct health impact and leads to stress and diseases, while the boss is receiving the signals confirming his/her magnificence and is feeling better and better. So, leadership acts as a peculiar pump, transporting your health, vigour and vital energy to your boss. Intensifying that process, leaders often practice some kind of magic/mystic/spiritual art (yoga, meditation *etc.*) or hypnosis. It looks like their golden dream is to make people sacrifice themselves, which leaders greatly enjoy but never appreciate (actually, Frazer in his great "The Golden Bough" has already traced their genuine bloody motivation). In the business environment, that means overwork, which ruins workers' health and destroys personal life. It would not be an exaggeration to say that if somebody sincerely wants to enjoy a happy and healthy life, (s)he should stay aside of leaders and leadership. The following illustration shows the real importance of leaders and leadership in, say, governing a country. In ancient Rome, in the third century, after valiant Probus perished in the soldiers' mutiny, for some time **nobody wanted to be an emperor**. No kidding, ladies and gentlemen: believe it or not, but this is exactly what did occur. So, nobody was ruling the vast Empire for a few months, **and nothing special happened**. (By the way, how about that leaders' phrase that if your company can work without you for a month, it can work without you forever?) Then the senators, apparently trying to avoid the supreme power, told old (+70 y.o.) and virtuous Tacitus (who was prudently refusing that dubious honour) into becoming yet another *Princeps Senatus* (= emperor), playing on his patriotic feelings. Tacitus, at his age, almost instantly went to a distant border, to fight against some barbarian tribes, and died somewhere or was again killed by his soldiers, nobody even knows how and where. However, even when the leader **is** present, it often looks like the country (or a company) is developing rather in spite of his/her activity than due to it.

(6) Contrary to the leaders' illusions (or rather delusions) and despite all efforts of their propaganda, people hate them. So, leaders usually fall victims of some intrigue or a plot, betrayed by their friends, lovers, relatives and servants. For example, plots against Caesar and Aurelian were organized by their friends. Nero ordered to kill himself when the troops of his former lieutenants reached Rome. Caligula was killed by one of the senators. Domicianus was assassinated in an hour predicted by his astrologist: the conspirators (his friends and relatives) changed the clock, so he thought the fatal hour had already passed and the prophecy was false. Commodus was strangled in his sleep by a wrestler invited for that purpose by his concubine (if I am not mistaken, the girl's name was Marsia and, by the way, she inadvertently saved at least Scotland and Scottish ancestors, for Commodus had already commanded to find and kill them all). Pertinax was killed by the very praetorian guards supposed to protect him. Caracalla was killed by his centurion, whose wife he seduced. Probus was killed by his soldiers while peacefully arranging some vineyards in Germany. Stalin was poisoned by his friend Beria.

(7) A leader can easily be recognized by his/her insatiable avarice, lust, desire for power and inherent propensity to lie - alone or in any combination. It seems that modern business schools and leadership courses develop at least the last feature, too. Besides, leaders are quite cruel and ruthless. For example, the first order of Caesar after he captured Rome was to open the treasury of the Republic. The treasurer did not want to do that, so Caesar threatened to kill him and added: "For me, it is much easier to do than to say that". By the way, comparing to other leaders, Caesar was glorified for his mild, moderate and humane character.

Everybody can observe an interesting current example of the above said, namely a combination of avarice, lie and desire for power, oppression and domination. It is so clear that a full-scale world economy crisis (or rather collapse) of epic, huge, mammoth proportions is rapidly developing right now, - but nobody is talking about that. It can be safely assumed that the Dow index will fall below 10,000 from its current value (17,402 as of today, August 11, 2015) within one to two years from now, which means that many millions of people will lose their money and savings in shares, bank accounts and pension plans, - yet nobody cares. While the initial drop, which soon will be completed, is going to be quite soft, the main part of the fall will likely occur in a relatively brief series of "unexpected", sudden, deep and fast moves, leaving no time to react, crushing people's wealth, - which can start literally any day from now. It is very instructive to watch how the leaders' propaganda and stock market manipulations are luring investors into buying shares that soon will be almost worthless. Then the big gamers, who have already sold their shares with triumph, will buy them again, at a precisely calculated moment and at a very low price.

(8) The society usually imitates the leaders. Compare, for example, the reigns of Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus. Or Domitian and Nerva. Or Probus and Diocletian. Or Trajan and Hadrian. Or whoever you please. Thus, more than three hundred years after Swift published his "The Tale of a Tub...", we can but remark with glee that he is perfectly right:

"What I mean is, that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the signs of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue besides what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pigmies whose stature did not exceed above two feet, *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia*. Now I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this vein hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open, like the Scythians, who had a custom and an instrument to blow up those parts of their mares, that they might yield the more milk; yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry and past all recovery, and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must then be content with repetition here as well as upon all other occasions."

As a brief discourse, the photographic accuracy of Swift's descriptions is really astonishing. For instance, modern scientists, poor and miserable, always begging for grants, promising to save the world for pennies, could easily recognize both themselves and their projects in the following quote from "Gulliver's Travels":

"This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged,

and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He has been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt, that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine, at a reasonable rate: but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me "to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers." I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper "to give no offence, which would be highly resented;" and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the odour exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance, from the society, of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel."

Brethren! Run for your life before it's too late, unless you prefer to spend (rather waste or, even a better term, ruin) the best part of it, - only to learn, at a great expense of your own cost, stress, suffering and humiliation, that a post-doc is one of the most unfortunate creatures on the globe, that professor earns a small portion of a respectful plumber's wage - and these two findings will surely become your most important discoveries. In the meantime, let us continue.

(9) Overall, the phenomenon of leadership may be viewed as a natural process. Perhaps, it realizes itself through unavoidable statistical deviations in distribution of certain genes, when the population size exceeds some threshold. Thus, it serves the regulatory function, predicted by Charles Darwin, who noted that the approaching degeneration of the mankind would first manifest itself by behavioral abnormalities. When a true leader gets that supreme power (s)he seeks so desperately, (s)he usually starts war(s) and/or some absurd project(s) that devour huge resources, waste human lives and ruin the country. Too many leaders can destroy even a powerful and advanced civilization: for instance, the Western Roman Empire was annihilated exactly that way. After that, a fresh start from scratch, through fifteen centuries of dirt and blood, to build yet another fine civilization, to be destroyed again by its multiplying leaders. Fortunately, we have already consumed all easily accessible resources, thus devoiding the next civilization of any chance to recreate our technological monstrosities (e.g. nuclear reactors). From Mother Nature's point of view, it is probably just one of her ways to manage the species.

*Dixi.*