

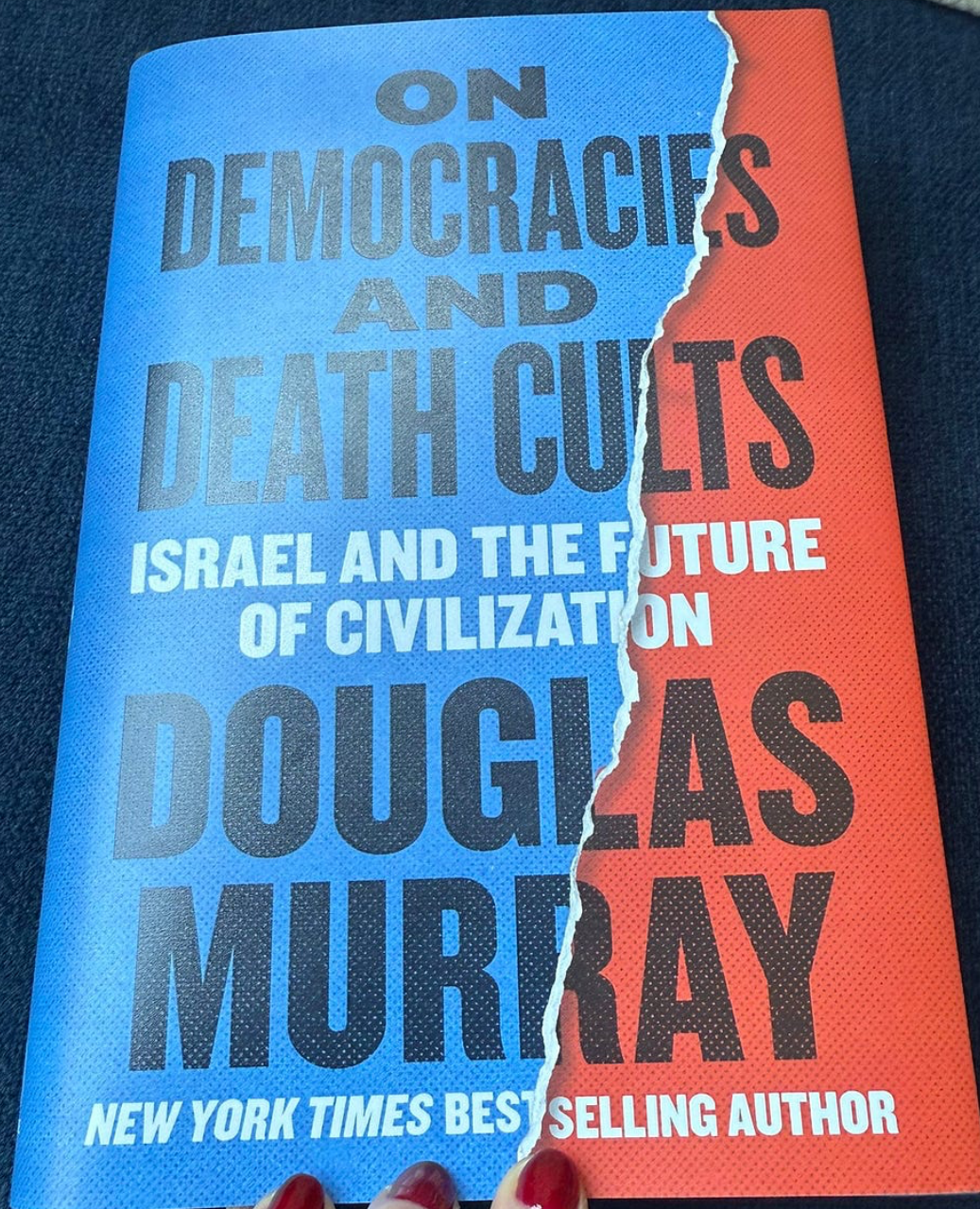
A Righteous among the Nations

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I am running for my life. With my eyes, I see Los Angeles palm trees and passing cars, tarmac and STOP signs, but that's not what I feel. I cannot catch my breath when I run, and I am notably athletic. I am trying to eat the air for oxygen. I am panting in panic. I am on the highway, I see dead bodies, I am running through the forest. It's been this way for the last year and a half. It was like this before I watched the 46 minutes of Hamas footage. And then I go home and I shower, and it's weeks and months after a day in which I was right here in this very place, thousands of miles from the worst of it. It's been a while since this all felt so fresh, but that's what happens when I am confronted with such a lucid re-telling of the last year and a half.

Today, I read cover-to-cover the new book by Douglas Murray: *Democracies And Death Cults*. I planned on beginning it today but once I started I was there in my reading chair sinking further into the fabric as hours went by and the color of the sky changed several times outside the window. And in the first 85 pages, I found that I couldn't stop myself from bursting into tears, which is annoying because I thought I had stopped crying about October 7. No I hadn't. It's there. It's right under my skin, waiting to be pinched.



Douglas Murray has walked the walk. He is a true war correspondent, and the war post October 7 was not his first rodeo, but you get the impression it really is the most distinct experience he has ever had covering a war. I am honored to have witnessed many of the things discussed on these pages and to have interviewed and met with many of those whom Murray also met with around a similar timeline, covered here on Blacklisted, week by week.

Murray has real courage. He has put his life in danger so many times, in so many realms of society, in order to investigate the truth. Whether he is taking on woke culture and the toxicity of so-called progressive politics in *The Madness Of Crowds*, or ringing the alarm bells for the daylight robbery of the West in *The Strange Death Of Europe* and *War On The West*, Murray is able to take wrecking balls to the most controversial topics of the day with a kind of grace and genteel that is singularly his. His eloquence and his fact-bearing is breathtaking, and it is also reassuring. He presents frightening realities and somehow the mere fact of his clarity of view renders it all less frightening. He is like a steady buoy in a stormy ocean. A voice of sanity in an asylum of chaos. His detractors can only make wild and simplistic accusations that he is “racist”, or the like, because they simply cannot debate an original intellectual who has considered all of the sides fairly and squarely and arrived at the most rational conclusions. He writes and speaks like a literary great from a time gone by. We are indebted to him, and thank goodness he is with us.

I will never forget that mere days after October 7, Murray gave an extremely emotionally redolent speech, in which he said:

“They may keep coming for the Zionists, very well then I am a Zionist.
They may keep coming for the Israelis, very well then I am an Israeli.
They may keep coming for the Jews, very well then I am a Jew. Am
Yisrael chai.”

In this new book, Murray talks of heroes, but he doesn’t refer to himself as one. Douglas, you are one of the many heroes of October 7. For anyone who

doesn't fully grasp October 7, or has not personally been to Israel, or could not engage in real time with the vast amount of information coming out of the war, this book is a tremendous asset. It puts you there without putting you in the same danger we have been in to witness the things we had to witness.

I don't want to spoil the book for those who have not read it, but I will say that by the end I had tears in my eyes as Murray recounts how the war and the last 18 months has changed him, and he talks about love as the antidote to whatever Hamas are selling. He talks about love and about spending days well. And that is all I want to do: love and spend days well.

I think in this piece of prose, he arrives at the same place I have been clawing at this whole time, while sifting through the isolated darkness of the trauma state that October 7 left me in. I have wondered with rivers bleeding from my eyes why I have felt so alone during my hours of desperate need since that gruesome, horrifying day. I have despairingly sought an answer and I have shared every morsel of anguish with my readers. But I think in this piece of writing, Murray has confirmed that anyone who had the courage to wrestle with reality in the last 18 months shared in this sort of existential catatonia. I think in this piece of writing, he has seen my soul.

And I think in this piece of writing, he has helped me understand why I have become so picky about who I let sit at my table. He says it lucidly: "The Nazis are among us." I have identified them as Nazis since October 7; the progressives are consistently Nazis, while they hysterically project onto everything possible the label "Nazi". It is insulting to human intelligence. After October 7, I made a clear choice. I rejected anyone who doesn't love life. None of our enemies love life, and I don't mean just Hamas. I mean the antizionists. They hate us because they hate themselves. They blame us because they're too weak to take responsibility for their failings. If they learned to love us, they would know why we're fighting and they would want what we're fighting for. I think they lost their way a long time ago. Who

knows if they will find the road back home. This book is for them, too. But they wouldn't dare to pick it up.

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