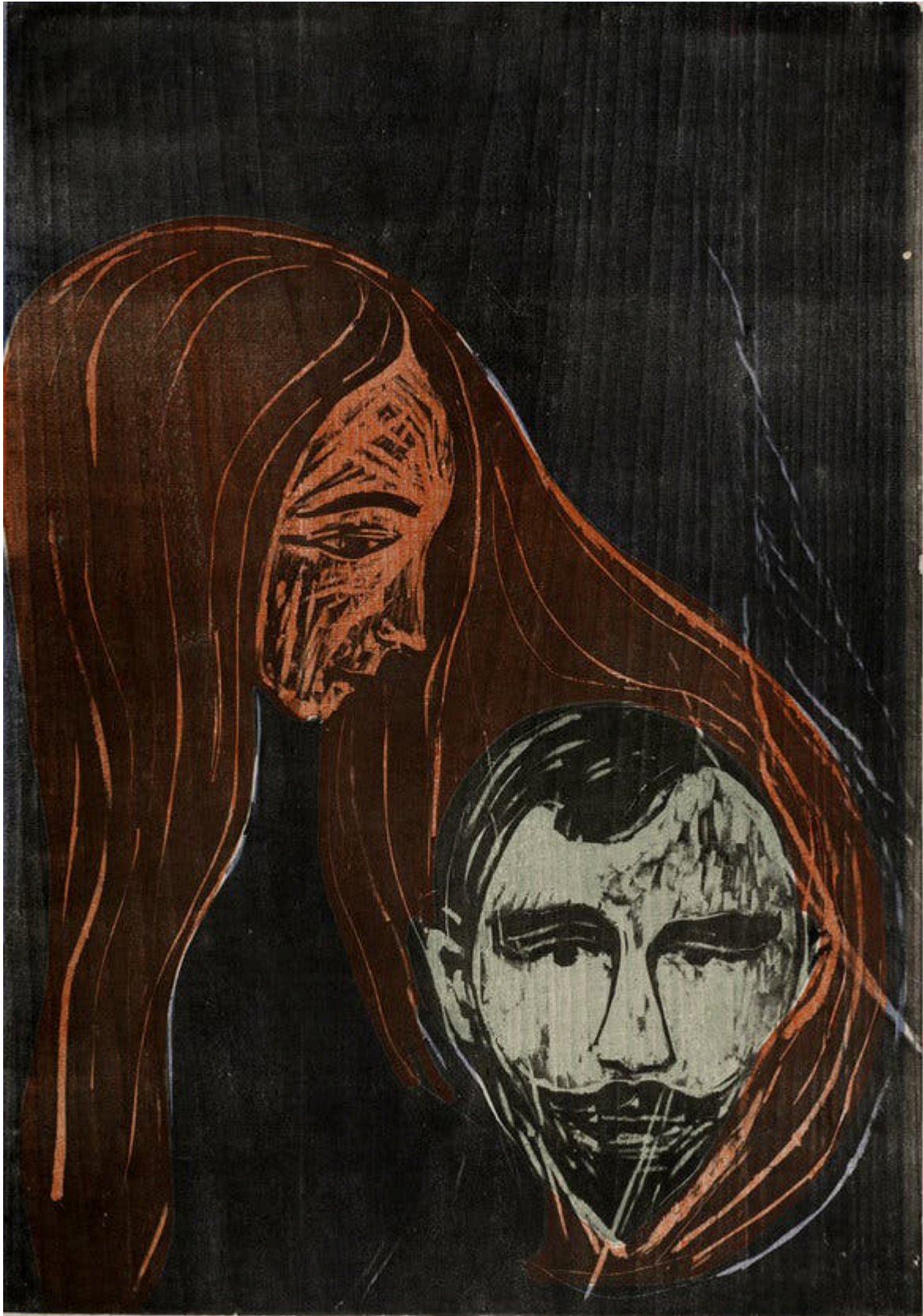


Are We Really in the Back Row?

by [Joel D. Hirst](#) (July 2019)



Man's Head in Woman's Hair, Edvard Munch, 1896

I've always found the illiberal progressives to be somewhat pompous and doctrinaire. The whole "get with the program and admit we are right" crowd, living thick and rich clinging desperately to the crusty edges of our country, hopping (when they must) from one side to the other on airplanes that go ever-faster and with better touch-screens upon which they can play movies about themselves while seated comfortably at 30,000 feet, out of range of the terror of down below.

Equally, I've found their "forays" into Trump land after the 2016 election to be a little nauseating, but laced with a certain bitter hilarity; visiting a maximum-security zoo to see why it was that all-of-a-sudden Koba became lucid and attacked them. The whole "*We are better than they are, so why don't they want to be like us?*" tours—plastic wine glasses in hand as they careen through red America, gazing curiously through bullet-proof windows. There are lots of them—articles printed in elite coastal journals for the benefit of those who lack the courage to visit ([remember](#) "Who wants to go to small-town America now? You people scare us!")—and they regularly miss the point.

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I was reading another one of these little pieces by somebody named Chris Arnade. Now, I don't know Chris (though he seems to think that we all should) but the title of the piece intrigued me. "[weird election](#)) that everything they thought, believed, understood about themselves and their world and their future and their philosophies was—in fact—only ashes and

dust. One of the main problems with [Marxist godfather](#) is this issue of control based upon what economist Friedrich Hayek [writes](#)[Brandeis University](#), an incredible act of whiplash that). At Moody, I have never worked so hard (at Brandeis I barely cracked a book—worse, I actually had to unlearn everything they “taught” me. It’s taken decades!). Studying six hours a night and all day on weekends—memorization, philosophy and theology and science. Logic and hermeneutics. Party school? We were not even allowed to date; face cards were banned and my biggest sin (by which I could have been expelled) was to sneak into “R”-rated movies. All to prepare us, the true intellectual elites, for a life as Arnade would say “on the streets”. And what did I learn there? I learned what Aristotle knew already (you might not know him, he’s a dead white guy); what Locke and Galileo and Jefferson and Darwin also knew, that faith—hard faith which understands God both in the heart as well as using our great capacity for human learning—is not only the fulcrum around which turns the machine of human creation, but is also the fount of our compassion and our acts of great human generosity through which the world might be saved. I learned that progressive utopianism, whereby God is replaced by government and personal acts of sacrificial selflessness with voting correctly and writing an occasional check, does not lead to happiness or success for us in this mortal world; that we therefore must “Submit to God and be at peace with Him; in this way, prosperity will come to you.” 2 Corinthians 9:9–11.

And isn’t that what we all say we want in the first place?

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Joel D. Hirst is a writer and novelist; his most recent work is [*I, Charles, From the Camps*](#). He was a Fellow in Human Freedom at the George W. Bush Institute in Dallas and an International Affairs Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations. He has a Masters from Brandeis University and a degree in theology from Moody Bible Institute. You can find him on his public Facebook [@JoelDHirst](#).

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