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The Way Of Men

JACK DONOVAN
THE WAY OF MEN

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What is masculinity? Ask 10 men, and you’ll get ten vague, conflicting answers. Unlike any book of its kind, The Way of Men offers a simple, straightforward answer - without getting bogged down in religion, morality, or politics. It's a guide for understanding who men have been and the challenges men face today. The Way of Men captures the silent, stifling rage of men everywhere who find themselves at odds with the overregulated, overcivilized, politically correct modern world. If you’ve ever closed your eyes and wished for one day as a lion, this book is for you.

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Men, especially young men (before it's too late): find or rediscover yourselves here. This isn't a vapid, chest-thumping defense of misogyny or other stupid and useless male excesses. Donovan's treatise on the nature of men is a well-reasoned, historically valid argumentation of man and manhood as definable, socio-biological facts, and not the changeable "social constructs" described (or desired) by feminism and other post-structuralist thought. Men and manhood exist, and increasingly exist at odds with and within systems that want to control, change or even dispose of them. Moreover, men and manhood - properly defined - have both a right and a reason to exist. Donovan expounds on and justifies these rationales brilliantly. For Generation Xers in particular, "The Way of Men" is the how-to manual our fathers wish they’d been allowed to give us as we were entering manhood. In fact, I suspect more than a few single mothers would impart this knowledge to their fatherless sons as they discover firsthand the real nature of men in the pubescent behavior of their rudderless, confused boys. Why call such a necessary book dangerous? Because it is. It
subverts everything men are taught about their attributes, worth and roles in the modern world, and
defies the modern world’s expectation that men will simply shut up and submit to a mechanical,
inhuman order antithetical to their own nature and history. If you want to become a better man, read this. If you want a better understanding of men, read this. And by every means make sure the next generation of men reads this.

If you are fan of Mr. Donovan’s other works, I think you will not be surprised by his latest work, The Way of Men. It’s utterly straightforward and honest, full of historical anecdotes, and uncompromising in it’s vision. Jack really does understand the state of men and he relays the information pretty well. His core beliefs, however, are very Left Handed , if you know what I mean and as such, his writing only for really intrepid readers. Jack’s dangerous ideas often bring to my mind Nietzsche, Simon LeVay and Ayn Rand for, to read this book properly, you must accept, if only temporarily, that "Might is Right." I do wish he had not used quite so many words- even for a short book, it drags bottom in places- but the author does not aim to entertain. For the fictional, entertaining version of this book, try the perennial favorite, Fight Club, because the two works really describe the same scenario: the crisis of modern manhood. Men are getting softer, fatter, lazier, more feminine, more dependent on a government that we do not trust and which does not values us, dependent on others for food, water and safety. Gender roles in the author’s hometown of Portland are decidedly unhip, quaint even. Women compete in the work place, earning as much and more as their male counterparts. Physical, dangerous jobs are going away. We all sit behind desks for a paycheck. Hell, even the military, the manliest joint around, is blowing up Afghan’s via robot drones! What a tough sell- masculinity is perceived to be rooted in violence, aggression, chauvinism, and war: characteristics many, including yours truly, believe dangerous and even deeply unevolved. Modern men are left unfulfilled without an outlet for all that testosterone, for good or for bad.Jack’s hypothesis is that men today languish for the lack the gang, a fraternity of male allies who depend on one another when hunting mammoth or perhaps defending against marauding bands of bandits on a Mad-Max-post-Apocalypse desert highway or zombies or whatever. For Jack, Masculinity is acceptance among male peers. He’s absolutely correct, by the way. To be part of the club, you must carry your own weight plus some. It’s us vs. them and there’s no room for wimps and pussies. Cavemen and Spartans would understand but will modern males? I think I do and in fact, I long for such camaraderie, as I suspect other urban intellectuals with y chromosomes will too. Jack even gives instruction on creating a gang of you very own, which strikes me as paradoxically both Insane and Totally Reasonable. It honestly sounds like fun to me but falls pretty short of Jack’s ideal.
Around what will you form your gang? Fantasy football? The only gangs that would have me are the Sharks or the Jets. And do you really want to live in Jack’s basement, making soap and bombs by day and brawling by night? Anyone who really wants to experience gang life is invited to commit a sufficiently violent crime and plead guilty. Prison will present you with ample opportunities for both male bonding and gang violence. My point is, I’m not sure fulfilling men’s emotional needs are worth deconstructing society, decadent though it is. The Way of Men is an interesting book. It asks the right questions but I’m afraid it has the wrong answers for me. Hardier readers may feel different. I suspect the crux upon which others will judge is this: do you have faith in good of all mankind or do you subscribe to "The Survival of the Fittest?" Do we live in a dangerous world where we must stick to our tribe and fear other humans? Whether you wear a white hat or a black hat will make a lot of difference. While Jack nails the nihilist malaise of genderless utopia, the corrosive effects of globalism on the spirit of man and the indignity that men face daily, he fails to channel man’s nobler spirit. That’s not to say I wasn’t given pause, because I surely was. What man has not at one time wished to work with his hands again, to find companionship among other men, to work as a group towards a goal, preferably splitting the head of an enemy with a coconut? Or perhaps don a uniform and march off to defend civilization? I too have a vague notion that my ancestors were stronger, manlier men than I, that there is a loss of something vital, something dangerous and powerful and dynamic in our sensitive, technological world. We are losing our manly essence and our cultural identities and there doesn’t seem much we can do about it. There is many good ideas to be gleaned here, just please don’t push it over the edge. I just find it strange that one can speak of such high characteristics such as honor, courage and strength in men and yet apply them to so small a goal as hunting. Then again, I’ve never been in a gang, nor do I expect to be, and when the Apocalypse comes, it may likely be my head on the stake.

I impulsively bought this book because I had heard it circling around the manosphere long enough and decided to take the bait. I wanted to be excited about this book. I was hoping for something original, or at the very least, an interesting description of hard truths. I was fairly disappointed by the sheer lightness of this book. It’s as though the author read “Confessions of an Online Hustler” and took the main premise of creating an info-product to heart, thus churning this project which must have taken no more than a month to write from scratch, and no more than a couple of days to compile from old blog posts. It is essentially a long blog post, and the main premise argued that men should bond with other men. Well, in that I agree, but I disagree that men should do so because we are violent. You see, I don’t come from a background of bachelors prowling for women and
constantly fighting each other to be top dog. I come from a background that looks at a loving wife, healthy children, a productive job, and ethical values (religious or secular) as the stuff that builds civilization. Most of the gangs that the author seems to condone (he only ever offers a caveat of their destruction at the end of the book) out of their sheer manliness are gangs that literally destroy production and civilization. The way of the knight, the samurai, and the roman legion kept civilization from advancing with their constant warfare and complete disregard for other humans; it was really only until gunpowder that the lower classes were able to put up a resistance. Feudal lords, warlords, emperors, and kings stole the productivity of the masses for millennia; do we really want to go back to a system of oligarchic rule where the strong lead us into meaningless conflict just because they have no other productive way to spend their violent energies? Again, I say that I wish this book were better, that it offered a compelling argument, but I cannot give it 4 or 5 stars simply because it is red pill material. The evidence for why men should be badasses is lacking, there were no arguments that violence makes a society productive and peaceful beyond the Romulus and Remus foundation of Rome myth. The author mentions the Roman myth to demonstrate how mighty men built a kingdom, but then that’s it, it’s as if that’s all the evidence we need to know that a couple of Rambos could rebuild society bottom-up and produce another great Roman civilization. Why were the mighty Goths unable to build such a civilization? Why not give an example of Philip of Macedon, or his son Alexander and their subsequent civilization? Why not Charlemagne, or Charles V, or Napoleon, or Hitler? I’m surprised the author didn’t mention anything about Hitler having "balls of steel." Another bone I would have to pick with this book is that the author gives a very condescending nod of approval to the eggheads whose innovations have propelled mankind forward. The author backhandedly mentions the men who learned how to manipulate fire as "runts." I suspect that this book worships strength and violent dominance, not because it is manly, but because it works. It’s pragmatic. It’s sensible because we are animals, and when "the shit hits the fan" you had better have strength and numbers to stake out your "perimeter." My final thought on this book was the stark lack of family values. The author does not seem to make any connection between father and son carrying on civilization. Bachelors alone cannot a civilization make. The author does mention that Romulus’ followers had to steal women to keep the project going, but can there be no mighty methods of fatherhood to perpetuate a strong civilization? It is not crisis that keeps civilization on its toes and propel it to dominate its neighbors, it’s population and production. I suspect the author does not have a wife or children, why else would he be so excited about the necessity of men to be powerful and involved in gangs? When a bachelor has nothing to lose, no responsibilities such as family, in fact, when he instead shuns such responsibilities as work for weaker men, that is when I
part ways with the author permanently. Dangerous bachelors do not create civilization, there is a reason why groups of young men have always been feared and loathed in society, and my belief is that men build advanced civilizations through peace, commerce, and cooperation.

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