

# SIREN SONGS, DANCING DEMONS

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There is a macabre precedent in the bizarre accounts, world over, of people dancing themselves to death: an

analogue to the painful hedonism of post-modernity.

**Category:** [Essay](#)

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Our culture and the constant forward-pressing crisis-generating policy-proposals of the social engineering elite under which we labor can be likened to a frenetic dance and its never-ceasing music.

Dance, a joyful expression, turning hellish, like any addiction that starts with pleasure before turning bitter.

Constant noise and constant movement shortens our attention-spans until only the repetitive urging of a baseline can make music palatable, only the mono-tonal repetition of an idea can make thought bearable.

That, at least, is the state we are encouraged to enter by mass media, consumerism, and the entertainment industry: hypnosis and frenzy, un-reflexive flux, possession.

There is precedent for this.

## Strasbourg, 1518

Like a flag in the wind, her peasant dress waved. It had probably been white. One could wonder at the running together of its colors. The reds and browns might be dirt brought by the breeze—she had, after all, been outdoors for days. But there would have been redder beads down her breasts from coughing blood—she had, after all, been dancing for

days.

The year is 1518, August. The strange phenomenon that will come to be known as the 'dancing plague' started a month earlier, and will go on one more month.

During this short period, the people of [Strasbourg](#) will be privy to the macabre spectacle of neighbors dancing themselves to exhaustion on account of imagined music, and some—though we possess no primary sources to attest it—may have even danced themselves to death.

"The dirty horde moves to dirty chords," whispers an older member of the village, to which his grandson quickly responds, "I don't hear any chords."

"And thank God for that. But they do. Music can change a person's mood, words can change a person's life. Imagine, syncopated beats and terrible chatter traveling through the air, somehow heard by one person and not the next."

Imagine the 21st century.

## The Andes, 1562

Not long after the events at Strasbourg, in the decade of the 1560s, the Peruvian Andes were swept up in their own dancing sickness, the [Taki Unquy](#). Indigenous communities saw the dance take hold of many among them. It was hypothesized by some that the old gods, the spirits called *wak'as* of the pre-Christian era, were possessing their followers to drive away the new religion.

Among those who investigated the movement was Wamán Poma de Ayala, a Quechuan nobleman of Incan stock, who traveled the countryside with the Spanish priest Cristóbal

de Alborno. The movement eventually gave way to the efforts of missionaries.

## Wales, 1825

An account dating to 1825 tells of the case of Rhys and Llewellyn, Welsh farm hands from the Vale of Neath who would be the protagonists of a strange event. One night, as they were traveling home from work, “Rhys told his friend to stop and listen to the music.” Llewellyn, for his part, “heard no music. But Rhys had to dance to the tune he had heard a hundred times.”

This is a clue, perhaps, concerning how the supernatural music captivates—*captures*—its prey: Obsession. Rhys, it seems, felt compelled to dance “a hundred times.” Writes paranormal event researcher Jacques Vallee in his [exploration](#) of this episode:

*He begged Llewellyn to go ahead with the horses, saying that he would soon overtake him, but Llewellyn arrived home alone. The next day, he was suspected of murdering Rhys and jailed. But a farmer ‘who was skilled in fairy matters’ guessed the truth. Several men gathered—among them the narrator of the story—and took Llewellyn to the spot where he said his companion had vanished.*

There, for the first time, Llewellyn heard what his companion had heard, describing the sound of “sweet harps.” But the rest of the party “could hear nothing.” Llewellyn's foot, we are told, “was on the outer edge of the fairy ring” and so he asked one of his company “to place his foot on his, and then he too heard the sounds of many harps and saw a number of Little People.” They were “dancing in a circle twenty feet or so in diameter.” Each member of the group followed in putting a foot into the circle and so, in turn, became able to see the bizarre spectacle. And with it they also saw the missing Rhys:

*Llewellyn caught him by his smock-frock as he passed close to them and pulled him out of the circle. At once Rhys asked, "Where are the horses?" and asked them to let him finish the dance, which had not lasted more than five minutes. And he could never be persuaded of the time that had elapsed. He became melancholy, fell ill, and soon after died.*

## Present Day, 2023

When the siren's song of confused identities and ideology captivates some, while others remain relatively unaffected, we should try to hear enough of it so as to understand why it appealed to our brothers. Those with sufficient self-control and devotion to the truth should venture to put one foot into that unholy circle of frenetic activity in order to pull our hypnotized friends from its dance. Thereafter, prayer and community will be needed to prevent melancholy and illness from setting in.