

Cambria Will Not Yield: 2006 - 2012

Two Cities: Supernatural Man vs. Born-Again Man

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 2006

I was listening to a Protestant radio evangelist the other day discussing the perennial problem of unregenerate man. “Why,” he asked, “were men unable to comprehend the word of God?” He supplied the answer. “Men cannot understand the word of God because they have not been born again.” In other words, “natural man” was not able to become supernatural (he used the word, natural, but I am supplying ‘supernatural’; he used the word, spiritual) without having a mystical born again experience.

The preacher’s words immediately struck me as so very similar to the words of a traditionalist priest I had spoken with many years ago. The priest told me that no ordinary laymen could ever get beyond the natural level without having studied scholastic theology as taught by the traditionalists.

Both the preacher and the priest felt there was a barrier between the natural man and the supernatural or born again man. The difference between their views is the crucial difference between Catholic and Protestant spirituality. The Catholic system places more emphasis on the intellectual comprehension of God and on the role of the priest as mediator. The Protestant system places greater emphasis on the emotional and personal contact with God and less emphasis on the preacher’s intermediary role. So when the Catholic errs it is generally because he over-intellectualizes the Faith, and when the Protestant errs, it is generally because he loses his focus because of an excess of emotion. Neither error is desirable, but I find the Protestant error less repellent than the Catholic one, for the same reason that Chateaubriand said that Adam and Eve’s sin would have been less repellent if they had erred by wanting to feel too much rather than by wanting to know too much.

The common error in both the Catholic and Protestant schools is a false view of natural man – or should I say a false idea of natural man. There is no natural man as distinct from the supernatural or spiritual man. There is only man. And his humanity does not need to be transformed or intellectually enlightened before he can comprehend or love the living God. His humanity needs only to be expanded and deepened. And that happens through the very act of living and loving in this world.

These two men, both excellent from natural disposition and acquired knowledge, had more points of similarity than they themselves would have admitted. In truth, the chief distinction betwixt them was that the Catholic, defending a religion which afforded little interest to the feelings, had, in his devotion to the cause he espoused, more of the head than of the heart, and was politic, cautious, and artful; while the Protestant, acting under the strong impulse of more lately adopted conviction, and feeling, as he justly might, a more animated confidence in his cause, was enthusiastic, eager, and precipitate in his desire to advance it. The priest would have been contented to defend, the preacher aspired to conquer; and, of course, the impulse by which the latter was governed was more active and more decisive. +

-The Monastery by Sir Walter Scott

Labels: 'natural' man, Born-again Christianity, intellectual faith, Sir Walter Scott

Philosophical Speculation: None Dare Call It Thought

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 2006

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

When Shakespeare wrote Hamlet, he presented us with a much more profound critique of pure reason than did Immanuel Kant, which isn't surprising since Shakespeare was a much more profound thinker than Immanuel Kant. "Comparing apples and oranges," you say. "The one was a thinker and the other a poet." No, Kant was not a thinker. There is only one type of thought – poetic thought – which involves the whole man, and it is the only valid type of thought. Abstract thought, even if, as in Kant's case, it is used to critique abstract thought, is not thought. It is a sick aberration of a distorted human being. "Is all abstract thought then invalid?" Yes. The implicit assumption in abstracted thought is that our reason is untainted with original sin and that we can come to valid conclusions about God and man through the use of abstracted reason. This is not so. Every philosophical system ever conceived has been false and pernicious. God's revelation and man's passionate, integral, poetic response to that revelation are the only antidotes to philosophical speculation.

But always working against that love for God was the abstracted thought of the philosophers who kept redefining God until He was too hideous to be loved. And when they had made God into a monster, they invented political systems that offered the European freedom from God. In every aspect of modern culture we are suffering the consequences of abstracted thought carried through to its ultimate logical and demonic conclusion. In the Catholic Church, for instance, the false idea abstracted from the heart of the Christian revelation was that the attributes of God could only be known through abstract thought. From that logic came the speculative God. Was he really there? If He was there, who or what was He?

In the Protestant churches, that original, integral, response to the abstract God was pure and clean. "They have taken my Lord from me, and I want him back." But when the philosophical speculators came in, they turned the Christ of the Gospels into a hooded Calvinist who was just as abstracted and remote as the God of the medieval scholastics.

The living God has been so fused into the blood of European man that when he abstracts it is always from the Christian revelation that he abstracts. Look at the concept of freedom as an example. Our Lord did not want to be worshipped because He was powerful. If He had wanted that type of slavish devotion, He would have come down from the cross and set up a kingdom. He wanted the love of free men and women. And, in an admittedly imperfect form, He got that love from the pre-20th century Europeans. But always working against that love for God was the abstracted thought of the philosophers who kept redefining God until He was too hideous to be loved. And when they had made God into a monster, they invented political systems that offered the European freedom from God.

By abstracting freedom from the Christian revelation, the formula became freedom from God rather than freedom in God. And today what does abstracted freedom stand for? It stands for abortion on demand. It stands for the bombing of innocent civilians. And when combined with the word 'market,' it cloaks the most hideous exploitation of man by man that the world has ever seen.

Virtually every aspect of our culture uses abstracted, and therefore false and perverted, Christian principles in justifying satanic acts. Charity, which is at the heart of Christianity, has been twisted, like freedom, to serve un-Christian ends. It is supposed to be charitable to permit a child to be murdered in the womb rather than face an impoverished and brutal life. It is charitable to bomb thousands of innocents in order to be charitable to those left alive. And it is charitable to exploit millions of people in order to make millions if one then donates to charitable institutions.

In high school, I forsook baseball for track and field largely because I fell in love with the discus throw. It's a wonderful event involving a complicated spin within a small circle and then the release of a weighted disc or plate. The last part of your body that touches the disc is your right (or left) forefinger, but your entire body has been involved in the throw.

Wouldn't it be silly to assume that only the right forefinger was needed to throw the discus? Of course it would. But isn't that the type of assumption we make with pure reason? Reason articulates the thought, so it is assumed that reason is thought. True thought is an integral process that involves the whole man. If he does not call on his whole being when thinking but instead relies only on his reason, abstracted from the rest of his being, a man will produce thoughts without depth and without any connection to reality.

The philosophical speculators such as Aquinas, Calvin, Darwin, and Freud, are the counterparts of the land speculators in the old B-Westerns. They possess secret information about the new railroad coming through and they seek to use that information to ruin the lives and livelihoods of the common folk. Many of the small farmers and ranchers sell their land to the speculators for what they think is a good price. But they don't realize that they could have gotten more from the railroad and also that they will never, without their own land, be their own masters again. Those who do not sell are killed by the mugs working for the land speculators.

Ah, the lure of inside information. Isn't that what the philosophical speculator named Satan offered to Eve? She walked and talked with God but that was not sufficient: she needed inside information to give her power. Of course the philosophical speculators, like the Western land speculators, have a huge array of mugs – academics, government agents, social workers, etc., that can destroy life and limb, so it is not without peril that we defy the speculators. But we never gain our heart's desire when we sell out to the speculators. So why not do what the stubborn, die-hard, "I won't sell out," small ranchers do? They load up the shotgun and wait for the hero to emerge. All true thought crystallizes on that central fact. We live and act in the sure and certain hope of the return of The Hero.

Labels: Christ the Hero, lure of inside information

Considering The Two Babylons by Reverend Alexander Hislop (1856)

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 2006

This book made me sick at heart because the author goes places where I do not want to go but where I think I might be required to go. He makes the case that the Roman Catholic Church is the spiritual counterpart of Babylon. I suppose this is an old charge, but Hislop's case is very convincing because the details he presents of the old Babylonian power structures and ethos so resemble the structures and ethos of the Roman Church that one can't just dismiss his charges as nonsense. For instance, this description of the ancient Babylonian system of priest worship fits the Roman Church as well:

It was a matter, therefore, of necessity, if idolatry were to be brought in, and especially such foul idolatry as the Babylonian system contained in its bosom, that it should be done stealthily and in secret. Even though introduced by the hand of power, it might have produced a revulsion, and violent attempts might have been made by the uncorrupted portion of mankind to put it down; and at all events, if it had appeared at once in all its hideousness, it would have alarmed the consciences of men, and defeated the very object in view. That object was to bind all mankind in blind and absolute submission to a hierarchy entirely dependent on the sovereigns of Babylon. In the carrying out of this scheme, all knowledge, sacred and profane, came to be monopolised by the priesthood, who dealt it out to those who were initiated in the "mysteries" exactly as they saw fit, according as the interests of the grand system of spiritual despotism they had to administer might seem to require. Thus the people, wherever the Babylonian system spread, were bound neck and heel to the

priests. The priests were the only depositories of religious knowledge; they only had the true tradition, by which the writs and symbols of the public religion could be interpreted; and without blind and implicit submission to them, what was necessary for salvation could not be known. Now compare this with the early history of the Papacy, and with its spirit and modus operandi throughout, and how exact was the coincidence!

Of course Hislop's book would have meant nothing to me twenty-seven years ago. But having experienced much of what Hislop writes about during my stay in the Church, I read his book with interest and with a sadness of a metaphysical nature. Why the sadness? Well, although I have changed my position vis-à-vis the Catholic Church from a belief in her claim to be the one, true church, to a belief that she is one component part of the body of Christian churches, I am quite reluctant to view the Roman Catholic Church as the "Whore of Babylon." But of course my reluctance is not the issue. Is what Hislop writes true? That is the issue.

I do not question Hislop's evidence that shows a similarity between the Babylonian forms of worship and the Roman Catholic forms. But showing the similarity of exteriors does not prove that the interiors are the same. Is the spirit of Catholicism a Babylonian spirit? I would say, "yes, it is," without hesitation if I knew for certain that the traditionalists truly, as they claim, represent the Roman Catholic Church. I will out-Hislop Hislop in my denunciation of that church, but I'm not entirely convinced that the traditionalists do speak for the old Roman Catholic Church. Is it possible that the traditionalists have only preserved the worst elements of the old Catholicism, the Babylonian elements?

What I find difficult to believe is Hislop's contention that the Babylonian seed was planted in the church right from the beginning, which of course would mean that the Roman Catholic Church has not gone wrong but is instead intrinsically evil. That a Greek-Babylonian element was always present and gradually gained the upper hand seems apparent to me, but the intrinsic evil of the Roman Church is not apparent to me.

That the Roman Catholic Church from Augustine to Aquinas to Teilhard has played a dangerous game of Russian roulette with paganism that has had disastrous consequences is a premise that I accept with all my heart. And I wish the Catholic hierarchy would face that fact and attempt a real renewal instead of the ongoing carny show renewal called Vatican II. Even if we dismiss the canon of clerical saints as propaganda, one must concede (for no less than the most unbiased and Christian of authors, Sir Walter Scott, tells us so) that great saints were produced in the pre-Reformation Roman Catholic Church. They might have been produced in spite of rather than because of the system, but I think if the system were intrinsically evil there would have been no saints at all.

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If men begin to see that it is a dangerous thing for professing Christians to uphold the Pagan idolatry of India, they must be blind indeed if they do not equally see that it must be as dangerous to uphold the Pagan idolatry of Rome. Wherein does the Paganism of Rome differ from that of Hinduism? Only in this, that the Roman Paganism is the more complete, more finished, more dangerous, more insidious Paganism of the two.

One way of determining if the Roman Catholic Church's paganism is a regrettable slide we should fight to correct or the central tenet of the church which would necessitate its abolition is to look and see whether the Protestant churches expunged, after their break from the Roman Church, the pagan Babylonian elements from their churches. If they haven't, then the paganism of the Catholic Church

is a problem inherent whenever sinful man tries to organize a church and not a case of the intrinsic evil of the Roman Church. And the Protestant churches have largely, like the Catholic Church, turned from Christ to Baal. No less a Protestant than the ardent anti-evolutionist, fundamentalist Protestant, Henry M. Morris, has conceded it. Writing in 1990, he stated

If the written Word was considered to be the product of evolution, so was the living Word. Jesus Christ was no longer accepted as the unique Son of God but simply as a highly evolved human being, perhaps the pinnacle of the evolutionary process. His resurrection became a “spiritual” resurrection and the virgin birth was rejected altogether. His miracles were explained naturalistically, and his death on the cross was like that of any other martyr, with no particular saving efficacy except as an example.

Thus, biblical Christianity was all but destroyed by evolutionism. The great universities that were originally founded to promote biblical Christianity (e.g., Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Dartmouth, and many others) are citadels of humanism today. Even more significantly, the large Christian denominations (Roman Catholic, Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Disciples, Lutheran, Congregational, and essentially all denominations represented in the National and World Councils of Churches) were thoroughly permeated with evolutionary philosophy in both faith and practice.

I would concede that the Protestant remnant is sounder than the Catholic remnant, but that remnant does not clear the Protestant churches from the same charge of paganism that Hislop levels at the Catholic Church. All have sinned and fallen short...

At this juncture, I would like to bring George MacDonald into the discussion, not because he is an infallible authority, but because I think if ever a man was centered on the heart of Christianity, it was George MacDonald. He felt, correctly I would assert, that nothing killed genuine religion so much as an obsession with the externals of religion. And is not that the essence of the pagan religions? The pagans believed that the external act of sacrificing an animal, or payment of a tribute, or the performance of a ceremony was all that was necessary to please God. But the true God wants more. Why was Cain's sacrifice unacceptable to God? Because God likes juicy lambs better than vegetables? Of course not. Cain's heart was not involved in his sacrifice; he had only gone through the outward motions.

It is difficult to comprehend the depraved state of externalism unless we see it embodied. Otherwise we tend to look on it as a kind of minor league sin, a lukewarm attitude when we should be enthusiastic, but ‘no big deal.’ If, however, we can see the sin embodied, it becomes clear why it is forever equated with the world's first murderer.

Pagan externalism exists in its purest Babylonian form in the Society of St. Pius X. Their god has power but not mercy, and his power can only be channeled through the priestly elite by their external acts of propitiation. And Mary, in their system, is not the gentle virgin but the Babylonian queen of power. But the Babylonian church of the SSPX is not a mirror image of the older Catholic Church. The Catholic Church has its Babylonian element, but I can't accept Hislop's view that it is the sole element of the Roman Church.

Where does this leave us? It seems to me that the ‘inerrancy of scripture’ men like Hislop are the St. Pauls of the Church. They must constantly be reminding Peter and the even more back-sliding members of the church that Christ is not Apollo and Cybele is not Mary. But there is a crucial difference: St. Peter did not excommunicate Paul for rebuking him to his face, and St. Paul did not call Peter the ‘whore of Babylon’ and form another church. I think both sides, the Roman Catholics and the Protestant fundamentalists, need each other because neither is complete without the other. The fundamentalists could learn from the Catholics that the attempt to kill every last vestige of the pagan in man can also kill the Christian in the man. It is not wrong to use pagan structures unless they are used to further paganism instead of Christianity. And Catholics could learn from the

fundamentalists that Christ is greater than the system, whether it comes from Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, or Teilhard.

And yet I am not quite satisfied with that analysis. I'm not satisfied because I don't want to give the impression that there is an equality of merit and blame between the fundamentalists and the Roman Catholics. The greater merit is on the fundamentalists' side and the greater blame is on the Roman Catholics' side. There is an inexorable, unyielding force behind the Roman Catholic system that is opposed to Christianity. Christ is the stated reason for the Church's existence, but in reality He is only a figurehead. The system is all. Dostoyevsky was right. The Grand Inquisitor rules the Catholic Church. I don't see why this has to be, but one wonders who or what can melt the cold, analytic hearts of the Catholic pagans. The Second Coming perhaps? No, if they weren't that impressed with Christ's first appearance, then why should a second one impress them? We who are about to die need a miracle, and so do those of us who want to see a Christian Catholic Church.

Labels: Hislop, paganism, Roman Catholic Church

Babylon, Part Two

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 2006

Hislop's book continues to trouble me. I think he overstates his case against Catholicism, but yet, there is this lingering doubt I have. And I have that doubt because the Catholic Church that I have known is a terribly anti-Christian institution. But I always come back to the Protestant factor. Have the collective Protestant churches done all that much better? It doesn't appear so. I asked a Baptist minister, who had been coming to my house, this question: Why, if the Catholic Church is the whore of Babylon, do all the Protestant churches seem just as pagan as the Catholic Church? He replied that the Holy Scriptures prophesied that all but a few will remain faithful in the end times and the rest will return to the gods of Babylon. Well, it's an answer, but not entirely satisfying to me.

Hislop concludes his book with the confident assertion that no objective reader, having seen how closely the Catholic Church resembles the Babylonian church, can fail to conclude that the Catholic Church is the whore of Babylon. Hislop should know that it is not that simple. His own church uses the pagan days of the week and the pagan cycles for Christmas and Easter; does that mean his church is in league with Babylon?

The trouble with Hislop's case is that it is a case: a lawyer's case. And we must go beyond courtroom logic to determine just how Babylonian the Catholic Church is. "The letter killeth and the spirit giveth life," we are told.

So the question remains: is the Catholic Church, in spirit, a Babylonian Church? And to do Hislop justice, he doesn't deny that many members of the Catholic Church enter the church with Christian hearts. His contention is that the hierarchical structure of the Catholic Church is so stacked against Christianity that the Christian who follows that hierarchy will end up in Babylon. Let me follow Edgar's example in King Lear and skip the lying vacillation:

*"The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long."*

The Catholic Church that I encountered during my sojourn in that institution was certainly a Babylonian church. Any devotee who followed the hierarchy was either a Babylonian liberal of the *Novus Ordo* type or a Babylonian Luciferian type (the traditionalists). The clergy were the deities Hislop describes. The blessed mother was presented in the *Novus Ordo* as a kinder, gentler

deity than Christ, and, in the traditionalist ranks, she was presented as the Babylonian queen of power. One looked in vain to find the virgin who would pray for you, not because she was more merciful than Christ or more powerful than Christ, but because you, a sinner, felt the need of a gentle woman's prayers.

Yes, the Catholic Church is largely a Babylonian institution today, but I do not think its pagan organization is the result, as Hislop contends, of a deliberate plan. I think it is a temptation to which weak men, that we all are, succumb. The pagan philosophers seem so strong and life on this earth so terrifying. Why not use their strength in the service of Christ? Did the early Church fathers maintain a delicate balance between paganism and Christianity? I don't think they managed it successfully, but at least they struggled to keep a balance. But by the time of St. Thomas, the balance went too far to the side of paganism, which caused the Calvinist reaction. The Church has never regained its equilibrium.

I think it is terribly significant that the leading Thomist of the 20th century, Mortimer Adler, was an agnostic. That is the trouble with Catholicism: you don't have to be a Christian to adhere to it. There are too many pagan side doors in the Church to distract you from the reason for the Church's existence.

Two men could have steered the churchmen (had they been humble enough to be steered) away from paganism: St. Paul and Sophocles. The one could have told them that the incarnation was to the Greeks foolishness, and the other could have told them he had discovered that even a Greek with the intelligence to solve the riddle of the sphinx could not ultimately defeat the fates without the aid of the "foolish" incarnate God.

Labels: Babylonianism, Hislop, Roman Catholic Church, Thomism

Reflections on the Old Testament

SUNDAY, JUNE 04, 2006

In many of the old westerns there is a hillbilly father with a gun-toting clan of sons and nephews behind him. This hillbilly father usually kills his hillbilly neighbors and anybody else whom he takes a dislike to without restraint or remorse, justifying his actions by quoting one of the saltier passages of the Old Testament. And indeed the Old Testament would have great appeal to a homicidal maniac. But if it is read by someone with a genuine desire to come closer to God, there is much that can be gleaned by a perusal of the Old Testament. I was somewhat surprised recently (which I know I should not have been) when I read through the Old Testament and found it to be fascinating and completely relevant. A number of issues interested me.

1) Lord, what Fools...

The story of the Israelite people seems to be just one long story of faithlessness. In my childhood, I thought the Israelites had to be the stupidest people who ever lived. How, having seen God intervene so convincingly in their behalf so many times, could they persist in returning to the idols again and again? Now I can see that it was as easy as sin. God spoke to the Israelites through His prophets. The average Israelite had to first trust that Moses or Joshua or Gideon or Samuel was a true prophet, and then he had to believe that God's will was something that was good for him. In other words, he had to believe something far more difficult to believe in than God's power; he had to believe God loved him. One can imagine the thought process: "Sure, He parted the Red Sea for us and saved us from the Egyptians but now He plans to let us starve out here in the desert." And it is not every generation that gets to see a miracle as dramatic as the parting of the Red Sea. Is it that hard then to see how the traditional idols of all the Israelites' neighbors were more appealing to them than the true God? And in many cases the Israelites did not totally reject God; they simply hedged their bets, worshipping the pagan idols and the God of Israel, much like we do today, attending some nominally Christian service on Sunday and worshipping Baal during the rest of the week. It is embarrassing to read the adventures of the ever-faithless Israelites because one gets the distinct impression that one is reading about oneself.

2) Segregation and Slavery

It isn't hard to see why the liberals deny that the Bible is true history and declare it to be mostly tribal legends. If they took it seriously, they would have to abandon some of their most cherished beliefs. For instance, if one takes the Old Testament seriously, God does not appear to be a One-Worlder. He is less than delighted with the Tower of Babel, and throughout the Old Testament He insists that the Israelites segregate themselves from those with different views of God. And while not providing a divine sanction for every type of slavery, the Old Testament does indeed sanction the type of domestic slavery that protects the Israelites from contamination and checks the baser instincts of the servant race. It is a domestic slavery much like that of the old South of our country.

3) Prophets and Prophecies

Despite the fact that the age of prophecy was supposed to have ended with the coming of Christ, we constantly are told about new prophets and prophecies, most of which, in the Catholic Church at least, are linked to the Virgin Mary. The Old Testament prophecies are related by God to one individual, such as Moses or Elijah, but are generally meant for the entire Israelite tribe. In the Christian era, the alleged prophecies are generally related to an individual or a small group of individuals. Are they meant for the entire Christian tribe? I think one is better off disregarding them unless the revelations come to him personally.

Unlike the Kings of Israel (Samuel had warned the Israelites not to give up the old prophet / judge system) who were generally stinkers, the prophets (with a few exceptions) were the cream of the crop. My favorite prophets are Gideon, Elijah, and Jeremiah.

Gideon, a prophet judge before the Israelites had kings, I admire for his steadfast fidelity to the Lord and his Agincourt-type victory over the Midianites.

Elijah I admire for the sheer dramatic virtuosity of his entrances and exits. He pops up without warning to the wicked King Ahab and tells him that “There shall not fall upon the ground any dew or rain until I call for it.” Then he disappears as suddenly as he came. And when he departs the earth, he leaves in a chariot of fire. What an exit!

When I was growing up, the only Jeremiah we heard about was the bullfrog. But Jeremiah the prophet was one hell of a man. He is often called the “weeping prophet” because it was his unpleasant task to tell the people of Judah of the evils that were coming. One is never popular when bearing bad news, but Jeremiah spoke what the Lord told him to speak despite imprisonment, rack and rope.

4) God’s Providence

The average Israelite does not seem to have been granted extra years to his life or special individual blessings. But the kings and prophets who adhered to God’s word were. And the Israelite people were granted victory in battle when they collectively obeyed God’s word. When they returned to the idols of Baal, God allowed their enemies such as the Assyrians or the Philistines to defeat them. But does God’s providence work that way now? Was not the Israelites’ situation unique? God had a particular reason for wanting the tribe of Israel to survive and a particular reason for making sure that they did not succumb to a permanent state of idolatry. He intended to bring forth the Christ from their tribe. I know that one could make a case that the sons of Japheth (the Europeans), once the Christ was born, became, when they converted to Christianity, the new Israelites. But I don’t think that case should be made. I think the European miracle was a miracle of grace and free will while the Israelite miracle was one of God’s grace. Nor do I think, as such Christian warriors as Lee and Stonewall Jackson thought prior to the South’s defeat, that God awards victory in battle to those who are in the right. The historical record shows us too many instances of the triumph of evil over the good to believe that the Christian side will always prevail. Every nation always invokes its gods before going to war, but a Christian should, even without having read Shakespeare or Dostoyevsky, be able to understand that no nation, since the Christ Child was born, will ever have the same divine sanction as Israel did when going into battle.

5) Evil Women

Ahab was probably the worst King of Judea, and yet his wife Jezebel was ten times as evil. Haman was as evil as they come, and yet his wife was worse. The Bible is full of virtuous and pure women such as Ruth, but it also tells us something about women, something that coincides with what the Greek tragedians like Aeschylus and the Christian poets such as Tennyson and Shakespeare have told us: “The difference between a man and a man is the difference between heaven and earth, but the difference between a woman and a woman is the difference between heaven and hell.” The feminine principle, when separated from God, has the demonic power to engulf the earth in the flames of hell. There must be Christian patriarchal restraints placed on women lest we have an entire society based on the hellish instincts of Jezebel. And it doesn’t take a great prophet to see that Jezebelian instincts dominate our own anti-society.

6) Fairy Tale Mode

The Old Testament (and the New as well because there is no dichotomy between the two) strongly resembles the Grimm’s Fairy Tales. There are giants, evil stepmothers, good and evil wizards, talking animals and dramatic divine interventions. To many people, in fact to most, this means that the Old Testament (and the New) is false. But I think it proves the contrary. In the depths of our souls we think in the fairy tale mode, because we have a racial memory of a time when we were closer to God. We don’t go back and forth between Narnia and earth anymore because we are too degenerate. But our great poets who articulate what we have hidden in our souls give us a glimpse of a time when we used to see wonders and hear an echo of God’s voice. When we abandon the fairy tale mode of thought and replace it with theology or philosophy, we place even more layers of atheistic crust over our already over-laden souls.

Labels: fairy tale mode of perception, faithlessness, Jezebels, prophets, providence, segregation, slavery

Samuel Francis, R.I.P.

SUNDAY, JUNE 04, 2006

*'They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think:
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.'*

There is no one who can fill the void left by Samuel Francis's death. He was the last white intellectual with moral courage. I once saw a white commentator defend Muhammad Ali's Black Muslim faith by saying, "He doesn't hate white people; he just loves black people." Well, of course the major tenet of Black Islam is the hatred of white people, and what the black-worshipping white commentator said of Ali could be more justifiably be said of Samuel Francis: He didn't hate black people; he simply loved his own people.

But of course anyone who wants to preserve European values and who esteems the European people is considered evil by black and white. Alone – and I want to stress that word 'alone' – Mr. Samuel Francis pointed out that multiculturalism was not, 'You respect my culture and I'll respect yours'; it was in reality, 'The white man must worship the black culture and hate anything white.'

Hounded off the 'conservative' *Washington Times* staff for his refusal to go with the pro-immigration flow, Mr. Francis continued to write columns published in *Middle American News* and his own newsletter.

Nearly every two-bit commentator on the conservative side of the ledger likes to present himself as a courageous voice of truth crying out in the wilderness, but in reality these conservative commentators are sycophants, moral eunuchs, spouting the same cowardly litany of conformity as their liberal counterparts. Only Samuel Francis had the courage to speak the truth, 'though the whole world stood against him.'

Labels: love of one's own, moral courage, Rest in peace

Tempest Toss'd

SUNDAY, JUNE 04, 2006

I'm weary of the game, "Let's pretend there is a unified Church with a coherent doctrine," but apparently most people are not tired of it. If you want to score some points by calling me a Protestant, that's fine, but no Protestant sect would welcome me as a member, which is why I prefer the name, "unchurched Christian." I don't really think my confusion is so different from the state of those who criticize me for being confused, but let's leave it at this: When every icon, every human prop of the civilization of your ancestors has turned topsy-turvy around and seems to exist only to plunge you into darkness, one must, or so it seems to me, cling to the vision of Le Fanu:

Next day was the funeral, that appalling necessity; smuggled away in whispers, by black familiars, unresisting, the beloved one leaves home, without a farewell, to darken those doors no more; henceforward to lie outside, far away, and forsaken, through the drowsy heats of summer, through days of snow and nights of tempest, without light or warmth, without a voice near. Oh, Death, king of terrors! The body quakes and the spirit faints before thee. It is vain, with hands clasped over our eyes, to scream our reclamation; the horrible image will not be excluded. We have just the word

spoken eighteen hundred years ago, and our trembling faith. And through the broken vault the gleam of the Star of Bethlehem.

Everything else, while not necessarily wrong, is derivative. And when one is in the midst of a tempest, there is no time for derivatives. Of course being tempest tossed can turn out to be advantageous. Ferdinand never would have discovered that enchanted island and Miranda if the tempest had not forced him to perceive that his formerly comfortable ship was a ship of hell. "Hell is empty And all the devils are here." My sentiments exactly. I would not be swimming in the ocean if my ship had not been full of devils.

Swimming in the ocean brine has turned some intuitions of mine into full-blown hardened opinions, the paramount opinion being, theology is death to faith. Why do the Old and New Testaments read like fairy tale books, and why does our Lord speak in parables if we were meant to theorize about God in the manner and style of the heathen Greeks? It seems that behind all theology is an attempt, done in the name of God, to place a force above God. That force is nature, not man's nature, but raw, physical nature. Teilhard's deification of the evolutionary process is a logical development of Catholic theology from Augustine to Aquinas; these theologians seek to put a natural, scientific process that only they understand at the center of the Faith. Therefore it is the mind of man that rules, not God. It is the oldest temptation. Adam and Eve were convinced by Satan that there was a power in nature itself that could make them gods. For all we know, Satan might actually believe that nature is more powerful than God. We are constantly encouraged, by our theological wizards, to keep munching on the apple. They play Satan to our Adam and Eve.

And by following the lead of the theologians, we acquiesce to the enthronement of Satan. When Augustine of Canterbury (as Bede informs us), following the theology of his illustrious namesake, instigates the massacre of thousands of British monks, and when Aquinas logically and maniacally takes a pro-choice position on ensoulment, we are enjoined to overlook such faults as aberrations. But they are not aberrations; they are the logical consequence of a hellish theology that places a natural, mathematical system above Christ.

There is a simple way of determining whether we are following the devil or Him with our theorizing: Does our thought lead to a furtherance of His reign of charity or does it lead away from His reign of charity and from Him? Prospero uses his mental powers to pray and to pardon the deceiver; not to advocate the slaughter of innocents. But of course to be like Prospero rather than Augustine or Aquinas or Calvin or Teilhard one must be willing to risk everything on mercy itself. We are all tempest tossed and in the salty brine; it is simply a matter of which lifeline we choose to grasp. The one leads to Him, and the other leads to those who are legion.

Labels: Le Fanu, quotation, theories of God vs. Christ's reign of charity, unchurched Christian

The Monks of Bangor's March

SUNDAY, JUNE 04, 2006

When the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the silvan Dee,
O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,

And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the Divine decree,
O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
O miserere, Domine!

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shatter'd towers and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine!

– Sir Walter Scott

Labels: poem

Evolution

SUNDAY, JUNE 04, 2006

I remember a very earnest 8th grade social studies teacher getting quite upset with me when I laughed at her slide presentation on the subject of evolution. I didn't laugh because I had been brought up as a fundamentalist; my mother was a liberal humanist and my father was a middle-of-the-American-road Protestant, and both were pro-evolution. I laughed because the idea seemed preposterous. And the idea still seems preposterous. Now I know people inside the religious community as well as outside take evolution very seriously, but I don't think they take it seriously because they have examined the theory and find it credible; they take it seriously because they like the notion of a force stronger than God. It is a way of hedging their bets. If God turns out to be too hung up on their personal lives, they can always appeal to a more impersonal and more powerful force above God who is not too particular about personal sin. But the downside of the evolutionary god is that, having no distinct personality, he is not concerned with particular persons. So in order to lose one's sins in the great nature god's indifferent center, one must also lose one's personality.

There is no personal resurrection with evolution; there is only an impersonal splattering of dust into the cosmos.

Evolution is not something discovered by Darwin. He gave it the ape-to-man formulation, but the idea that a natural impersonal force controls our destinies and not God is as old as Satan, who peddled that idea in the Garden of Eden. And it seems to be a litmus test for sanity. Accept evolution and you are with the sane, the rational, and the scientific. Reject it and you are with the insane, the irrational, and the nonscientific. Well, why not live dangerously? I reject it completely and without any attempt at some kind of Augustinian compromise. I simply reject it.

Labels: a force above God?

Murder Most Foul

SUNDAY, JUNE 04, 2006

Only two men, Shakespeare and Dostoevsky, would not be surprised at the depths of depravity that our society has reached. Dostoevsky, because he had great vision and because he lived in a century where the seeds of decadence were starting to sprout; and Shakespeare, because of the depth of his vision and his unparalleled insights into the human soul, would not be surprised. But if we were to take any other man or woman from any century other than the 20th or 21st century, they would die from shock if they could see what we have become.

Murder like the Shiavo murder is something that goes on daily in our hospitals, but this murder took on a particularly depraved aspect when the news hounds gleefully reported the torture and death of the young woman. Unspeakably foul. Only Shakespeare could have written about it.

I kept hearing about the 'law.' Jeb Bush couldn't call out the National Guard and order a military doctor to put the feeding tube back in because we "must respect the law" you know. What law? There is no law in this country. True law comes from God. It is a by-product and not a thing in and of itself. If the law is not God-based then it is not a law. We are a Godless nation and therefore a lawless nation. Naked power – no, let's put it more strongly – satanic power rules this nation. Lukewarm pagan-Catholicism and moral majority Protestantism will be crushed like mush before the star-spangled citadel of Satan that is the United States. We need the fire of the Old Testament prophets and the sword of King Arthur if we truly want to rid the nation of a depravity that is unrivaled by any previous civilization, whether it be Nazi Germany or Sodom and Gomorrah.

Labels: nation of depravity, Terry Schiavo

The Nineteenth Century Way to God

SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 2006

I do not hold the traditional Catholic view of Western civilization, which looks on the 13th century as the epoch of Christian civilization followed by a steady decline in each ensuing century. I look on Christendom somewhat differently. I see it as one, whole entity from the 700's until 1917, with each century having some very negative anti-Christian heresies, and each century having some important Christian elements which other centuries lacked. But all the centuries preceding the 20th century in Europe and its satellites, such as America, New Zealand, and Australia, were Christian centuries. My favorite century is the 19th, and I think there is contained in that century the foundations of a future restoration of Christian culture.

What I call the separatist heresy, that which separates man's physical nature from his spiritual nature and his reason from his other senses, has been with us since the Greeks, but it was codified in the "great Catholic century": the 13th. In each subsequent century, that heresy ate away at the vitals of the Faith, and in each century until the 20th century, there has been a Christian counter-attack. These counter-attacks were not planned, reasoned attacks; they sprang up organically from the mystical body of the Christian Church.

In the 19th century, the attack was fiercer than in any of the preceding centuries, but the counter-attack was also greater than in any other century. The attack came in the form of Darwinism, capitalism, and communism, which were logical outgrowths of the Catholic separatist heresy. The Christian counter-attack came in the form of a greater interiorization of the Christian Faith. The Pauline Christianity of "if you have not charity" was developed more fully in the 19th century than it had been in any previous century. It was as if the European Christians were saying, "You have driven us to the wall, so we will cling to the most essential element of our Faith." That precious element was of course Christ's sacred humanity. God is human, God is humane, and hence our link to God is through the human.

My assertion of the greater interiorization and humanizing of the Christian Faith in the 19th century is not based on the number of people who attended church but on the testimony of that century's great authors, because I believe the great authors reflect not only their own personal vision but also the soul of their age. The one exception to this is Shakespeare, who, as Ben Jonson correctly stated, did not belong to any age. In fact, to the extent that he *does* belong to an age, it is the 19th century.

I do not see the Pauline Christianity in the British writers alone; I find it in Dostoyevsky, Spyri, and Schiller as well, but I will limit this discussion to the British authors. A partial list includes the following: Sir Walter Scott, Jane Porter, Charlotte M. Yonge, John Ruskin, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, George MacDonald, Thomas Hughes, William Edmondstone Aytoun, Kenneth Grahame, John Buchan, P. C. Wren, and C. S. Lewis. The last four did their work in the 20th century, but they were very much men of the 19th century.

The Greek Heresy. It is not intrinsically evil to study the Greek and Latin languages. Nor is it evil to study classical cultures. In fact, both intellectual pursuits can be a great good. The danger lies in the adaptation of the Greek mindset. If one goes down that dark alley, he will be at the mercy of every self-proclaimed Socrates and will be hopelessly cut off from the personal, revealed God of Christianity. Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, is aware of the difference between Plato and St. Paul. He realizes there is more than a slight difference in the shifting of emphasis between an impersonal force, even if it is called a spiritual force, and a personal God with a name.

The result of Hardy's management was that Tom made a clean breast of it, telling everything, down to his night at the ragged school, and what an effect his chance opening of the Apology had had on him. Here for the first time Hardy came in with his usual dry, keen voice, "You needn't have gone so far back as Plato for that lesson."

"I don't understand," said Tom.

"Well, there's something about an indwelling spirit which guideth every man, in St. Paul, isn't there?"

"Yes, a great deal," Tom answered, after a pause; "but it isn't the same thing."

"Why not the same thing?"

"Oh, surely, you must feel it. It would be almost blasphemy in us now to talk as St. Paul talked. It is much easier to face the notion, or the fact, of a demon or spirit such as Socrates felt to be in him, than to face what St. Paul seems to be meaning."

"Yes, much easier. The only question is whether we will be heathen or not."

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why, a spirit was speaking to Socrates, and guiding him. He obeyed the guidance, but knew not whence it came. A spirit is striving with us too, and trying to guide us--we feel that just as much as he did. Do we know what spirit it is? Whence it comes? Will we obey it? If we can't name it--we are in no better position than he--in fact, heathens."

That quote illustrates the great 19th century Christian counter-attack. The Greek philosophers can be read but only with a critical eye, not with the eyes of a devotee seeking guidance. The way of the Cross and the way of Platonic thought are two separate things. The one weakness in C. S. Lewis's masterpiece, *The Last Battle*, is when the Professor says, "It's all in Plato, all in Plato." Well, it's not all in Plato.

The 19th century Christians did not defeat the Greek heresy, which outlasted them into the 20th century, but there were the beginnings, in the 19th century, of a necessary rebellion against the Greek mindset. The rebellion was and is necessary because when faith becomes philosophy or pure mind, the heart and soul of that faith is eliminated. The Faith becomes a myth, which can be studied and examined and found to be necessary for the psychic health (Jung, Campbell) of the individual, but it cannot be acted upon as if it were literally true. What the Greeks and their Catholic followers fail to grasp is that pure mind will always fail to find God because God can only be found through the fairy tale mode -- the Christianized version of the myth -- of apprehension.

Chivalry. What had its tentative and rather formalistic beginnings in the medieval ages was deepened and enlarged upon in the 19th century. Tennyson's Arthur is a saint while Mallory's Arthur is a pagan with a few Christian trappings. Mere fighting skill is not sufficient; the knight must be fighting for those causes that support His reign of charity. Again, this is expressed well by Thomas Hughes:

Here all likeness ends, for the muscleman seems to have no belief whatever as to the purposes for which his body has been given him, except some hazy idea that it is to go up and down the world with him, belaboring men and captivating women for his benefit or pleasure, at once the servant and fermenter of those fierce and brutal passions which he seems to think it a necessity, and rather fine thing than otherwise, to indulge and obey. Whereas, so far as I know, the least of the muscular Christians has hold of the old chivalrous and Christian belief that a man's body is given him to be trained and brought into subjection, and then used for the protection of the weak, and advancement of all righteous causes and the subduing of the earth, which God has given to the children of men. He does not hold that mere strength or activity are in themselves worth of any respect or worship, or that one man is a bit better than another because he can knock him down, or carry a bigger sack of potatoes than he.

And what are the works of Walter Scott if not an attempt to bridge the scholastic-created gap between God and men by way of chivalry? The fair damsel was imprisoned in the Darwinian tower and guarded by a capitalist dragon. (Yes, I know Scott wrote before Darwin's thesis was published,

but the scientistic worldview that spawned Darwin was present when Scott wrote.) It was left to the knight with "But the greatest of these is charity," engraved on his shield to rescue the maiden from the dragon.

The Hero. There is a false apologetics which for many years was the unofficial official apologetics of the Catholic Church: Thomas Aquinas's infamous five proofs for the existence of God (five proofs which never convinced anyone of God's existence but did in fact make millions of potential believers believe that there was no God). And then there is the real apologetics that has led countless unbelievers to the foot of the cross. The real apologetics consists of the apprehension of something Godlike in one particular human being. It may be a parent, a friend, or a sibling, but we see in that person more than a mere collection of molecules.

That apprehension is not necessarily limited to one individual; we may see that quickening spirit in other individuals as well. And that vision of something more than nature in another human being enables us to see and believe in the God-man. Through humanity and through humanity only can we come to Him. If we only cogitate God, we will forever go around and around in a philosophic gyroscope, getting an occasional blast from some cosmic force as we whiz by, but we will not see the living God.

In contrast, the sympathetic bond we form with the hero is our true link to God. Let us look in on Tom Brown as he comes to do homage to his deceased hero, Arnold of Rugby, in *Tom Brown's School Days*:

He raised himself up and looked round, and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how, when a little boy, he used to try not to look through it at the elm-trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came; and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling.

And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows; and form after form of boys nobler, and braver, and purer than he rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling--they who had honoured and loved from the first the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father? Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar, and while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

Here let us leave him. Where better could we leave him than at the altar before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood--at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond?

And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships--through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers and sisters and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers and brothers and teachers--that we can come to the knowledge of Him in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fullness.

The 20th and the 21st century movements that purport to be Christian all seek to copy the technique of former times but care nothing for the spirit of those days. They seem to want Christian ethical behavior for utilitarian purposes, but they do not want a Christian spirit. But it is the spirit that we should seek to recapture:

*Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, are more than they.*

Ah, what a perception! Does not Tennyson echo St. Paul? "Our little systems have their day" -- "And though I have the give of prophecy and understand all mysteries..."

They sinned much in the 19th century by placing a Darwinian monkey beside His altar. But the 19th century Christians did not respond to scientific wizardry with a wizardry of their own. They saw their Redeemer in the faces of His creatures and faced modernity with only St. Paul's assurance that charity never faileth. They followed the path of the Ancient Mariner:

*He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.*

We of the 20th and 21st centuries have chosen a different path from the ancient mariners of the 19th century. We have chose wizardry over the God-man. We have killed the albatross, but we have not repented. Instead we have gone on to shoot down robin redbreasts, sparrows, doves, and every other bird that is the harbinger of fair weather. Why? I suppose it is because we do not want fair weather. We have become so used to foul weather that we think it is beautiful and fair weather. To us, "fair is foul and foul is fair."

It is useless to posit a faith in God as a response to modernity if that Faith is only a faith in a computerized caricature of the true God. We need first to join Lear in the hovel and learn the difference between mercy and sacrifice. Then, and then only, will we be in union with the 19th century Christians and with Him.

Addendum:

I do not see the deeper, more developed Christianity reflected in just the great authors of the 19th century. Its artists reflect the same vision. Gustave Dore is the prime example; his illustrations for *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *The Bible*, *Idylls of the King*, and other works are also examples of the great Pauline Christianity of the 19th century.

Labels: 19th century authors, chivalry, Christ's humanity, Christian counter-attack, Greek heresy, Pauline Christianity, the Hero

The 19th Century Counter-Attack, Continued

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 2006

Since Oswald Spengler wrote his epic book, *The Decline of the West*, there has been enough 'decline-of-the-West' books written to fill up the rooms in which the miller's daughter was required to turn straw into gold. Books by Thomas Molnar, Plinio Correa de Oliveira, James Burnham, Richard Weaver, Romano Guardini, Max Picard, and Hilaire Bello come to mind, but there are countless more. Although none of the death-of-the-West authors cockeyed optimists -- after all, they are writing about a death -- they are still more optimistic about the prospects for a revival of the West than subsequent events warrant. Why -- despite no lack of men willing and able to delineate the causes and the cures for the West's decline -- has the West continued to decline? Is it simply that the prophetic voices have gone unheeded? Yes, to a certain extent. But there is also something missing in the analyses of the death-of-the-West authors. What is missing is a sufficient comprehension of the limits of rational analysis. Dostoyevsky wisely depicts Stavrogin in *The Devils* as "rational to the end" as he hangs himself. And the 20th century death-of-the-West authors with their overly analytic and rational examinations of the West's decline simply tighten the noose around the gasping-for-breath throat of the West.

The Christians of the last Christian century -- the 19th -- knew something that eluded the 20th century death-of-the-West authors; they knew that we are created and sustained by God's love. Outside that love, we cease to exist in a form that is even remotely human. We become ugly caricatures of human beings. The culture that Western man created in response to Christ's love was sustained because we loved it, as a parent loves a child created from a marriage of love. But when the marriage became a marriage of convenience, we ceased to care about the child of that marriage. The child didn't die, but it became, deprived of love, an ugly, depraved monster.

The decline of the West then is at once a simpler issue than the death-of-the-West authors perceived and a more complex issue. It is simpler in that the West's decline can be easily summed up: We ceased to love it. But the problem is also more complex because it is much easier to analyze the death of a culture than it is to rekindle a love for that culture, which is why I once suggested that we look at the 19th century Christians. They faced the same cold, scientific, Godless void that we now face, but they reacted to it differently. They responded to modernity by going deeper, by living the Pauline Christianity of "if I have not charity." Our century, on the other hand, went cosmic, caving in to the old Greek notion which Christians of every century have had to fight, namely, that the more non-human and cosmic our concept of God is, the more religious we are.

It seems to me, when I read an author such as Walter Scott or George MacDonald, that the 19th century Christians were the last Christians to believe unashamedly in Christ's humanity. And I say this because they were not ashamed of the ideals, such as chivalry and the cult of the Christian hero, which sprang from a belief in Christ's sacred humanity. Therein, I think is the reason for the gulf between us and the 19th century Christians. We are ashamed of Christ's humanity and therefore embarrassed by the older European culture which reflected that sacred humanity. It is more than just a slight fault, this turning away from the human Christ toward a more cosmic Christ. It is a sickness that leads to the death of the soul. Christ warns us about it in Mark 8:38:

Whoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.

And again in Luke 9:26:

For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's and of the holy angels.

In both passages Christ refers to himself as the Son of Man. Why the emphasis on His humanity? And why the Incarnation if not to emphasize that it was through humanity that one touched the living God.

The 21st century Christian responds to criticism of modern Christianity by saying nothing has changed. "It all goes on as before. People regularly watch the *Christmas Carol* and read the old fairy tales to their children." But things are not the same. The 19th century Christians read Grimm and Dickens because they loved the stories; they didn't study them for psychological insights. They believed in the One who inspired the stories. We study the stories along with the stories of the non-European countries just as we study the other religions along with His religion, but we have no personal connection to the stories of the European culture or to the divine Person who inspired the stories. Our approach is more cosmic and cosmopolitan than the old provincial approach of the 19th century Christians, but is it more Christian? Well, if to be more inhumane and devoid of passion is to be more Christian, then it is more Christian.

And it is the Catholic old guard, those great defenders of the Faith in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, who remain the greatest obstacle to a full-blooded Christianity and, hence, a restoration of the West. The great defenders were all, so they claimed, great despisers of modernity and great advocates for the "Thing," which was, of course, Catholicism. But the great defenders were also modernists. Their jeremiads against modernism were merely against the results of modernism. They were like liberal parents who draw back, appalled, when their children put into practice the principles they had been espousing but not practicing.

What is the essence of modernism? The poets and the folk, before the folk became intellectualized, have always known what the essence of modernity is. It is the disembodied brain, the angelic, satanic presence standing aloof from humanity and sneering at humanity. The old guard modernists didn't sneer as openly as their children, but the sneer was there. They were infected with the notion that the reasoning power of the mind was pure, and the heart was defiled. They believed this despite the fact that the reality of life and the Old Testament prophets as well as Christ Himself all testified to the fact that it was the wisdom of the blood and of the heart that counted.

Most of the old guard are dead now; why not let them rest in peace? After all, they meant well. Whether they meant well or ill is more than I know. What I do know is that their heirs in the Platonic Novus Ordo and the Aristotelian traditionalist ranks still live and still perpetuate the lie that Christianity is merely a transmutation of Greek philosophy. Christianity didn't die out because people no longer yearned for a personal savior; it died out because people yearned for a personal savior whom they could not find in the Church. When the 20th century Church ceased to resist the Greek separatist heresy, their church became a Christ-less church. And the old guard was so intent on defending the Greco-Roman walls of the Church that they neglected to check if Christ was still within those walls. It would sound nicer, but it would be a lie, if I said I harbored no resentment against the Catholic old guard. I resent them because I and countless others followed the path that they had laid out and yet never followed themselves, ending up in a dark dungeon with no light, no air, no anything.

Permanently etched in my mind is a conversation I once had with one of the Catholic old guard. I had asked the great man why he quoted St. Thomas so much and what he actually thought of St. Thomas. "Personally," I told him, "he leaves me cold."

The gist of his reply was that the great thinker did not think very much of St. Thomas, and he would not read him if he was trying to learn about the Christian Faith, but he quoted from St. Thomas all the time because St. Thomas was the reigning king in conservative and traditionalist Catholic intellectual circles, the main audience for the great man's books and articles. So much for the old guard.

At the end of the day there is only one, absurd, archaic hope left for the West, and that hope is the Christian hero. He is a man so blinded by love for the old European culture and the One who

inspired it that he doesn't pay any heed to the new, false, Christless versions of Christianity and the new, emerging cultures of darkness. He is not a Nietzschean Übermensch, a man of the future; he is a man of the past, the European past. And he endureth all things and hopeth all things because he has that burning flame in his heart that the 19th century Christians and St. Paul called charity.

Labels: Catholic old guard modernists, Christ the Hero, Christian Hero, death of West authors, Oswald Spengler, Son of Man

God is a personality

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 2006

The Son of God suffers not only as Man but also as God. There are not only human, but also divine passions. God shares in the sufferings of men. God yearns for His other, for responsive love. God is not an abstract idea, nor abstract existence, elaborated by the categories of abstract thought. God is a Being, a Personality.

-- Nikolai Berdyaev in *Slavery and Freedom*

Labels: Berdyaev, quotation

Out of the Depths Have I Cried to Thee

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 2006

Some years ago I had a relative who, almost overnight, went from a healthy, vigorous woman to a bedridden, sickly one. She remained that way for two years with no hope of recovery. But at the two-year mark of her illness, her doctor discovered that he had misdiagnosed her illness and subsequently changed his treatment to something more fitting for the disease which he now believed she had. And, miracle of miracles, my relative made a complete recovery.

It is apparent to me that the seemingly sick-beyond-recovery West has also been misdiagnosed. The patient is supposed to be sick from a lack of rationality, when in reality, he is sick from an excess of rationality. And it is to the neglected poetic voice of the West that we must turn, not to that of the philosophers, scientists, and theologians, if we ever want to see a healthy, vigorous West again.

The disembodied-brain heresy of the Greeks can best be described as the Olympian heresy. The Greek philosophers placed reason on Mt. Olympus in place of the old gods and studied, probed and dissected man from their Olympian height. Plato saw man as a walking universal, as part of the spiritual force of life from whence we all come. But Plato's universal is not a personal force; it is not a God to whom we can speak to, as the Hebrews spoke to the living God:

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all its iniquities.

Aristotle, unlike Plato, looked at the particular man, but not in a Christian, personal way. He looked at man as a specimen to be dissected and studied, not as a whole, unique personality.

The greatest poet of antiquity, Sophocles, stated that it was better never to have been born than to exist in the closed, meaningless world of the philosophers. And the folk of the Roman Empire rejected the Olympian religion of the philosophers for the more personal mystery religions. Yet it was to the Olympian religion that the Church fathers and the medievals turned when they chose to present the one true God to the folk. Yet the folk have always resisted the Greco-Roman paradigms. In every Christian age, save the latter 20th century, the folk have steadfastly resisted the Churchmen's attempts to make Christ's Church into Mt. Olympus.

The struggle has been a dramatic one. And the drama must continue. It is not time to bring down the curtain on Europe. The poets, speaking for the folk, have spoken with one voice about the sickness of the West. Their diagnosis is quite different from that of the philosophers, the scientists and the theologians. Let us hear their voices.

Shakespeare. Most of the poetic depictions of the disembodied mind come from the 19th century and early 20th century poets because they were the first to face it directly and unabated. But Shakespeare, with a remarkable prescience, was the first poet to square off against the heresy of the disembodied brain when he pitted Hamlet against Claudius. Both men are geniuses, but one, Claudius, put his intellect at the service of his satanic desire for power while keeping those virtues of the heart, such as faith, hope, and charity, isolated from and subordinate to his intellect.

At the beginning of the play, Hamlet is in an abstracted state of mind that could lead him to become, like Claudius, a disembodied brain at the service of Satan. But Hamlet has that within which passeth show; he resists the temptation to become a purely intellectual being. Instead he begins a quest toward integrality. All around him are abstracted caricatures of human beings, trying to make him view life as they view it, a game in which one must manipulate human beings as one would chess

pieces. Hamlet perseveres. And it is at Ophelia's grave when he realizes he loves, that the real Hamlet, the integral, heroic Hamlet, comes to the forefront: "It is I, Hamlet, the Dane." He never looks back nor fails in his duty after that.

The most overlooked scene (overlooked by Christians) in all of literature is Hamlet's defiance of augury. It doesn't matter if we, by use of our intellectual powers divorced from their proper subservience to the virtues of the heart, can alter our material future for the better or avert death. It is to those wellsprings of humanity in our hearts, connected to His sacred heart, that our loyalty must be directed in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword. "We defy augury." With those words, Hamlet speaks for European man and gives us the cure for all the West's ills.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Hawthorne, among others, is one writer who has placed opposition to the modernist-Gnostic heresy at the heart of his work. His single-mindedness on that topic – it is the central theme of most of his short stories and his major novels – has earned him many sneers from literary critics who suffer from the disease he criticizes. Hawthorne's insights are so profound that one suspects he had many a personal struggle against the disembodied-brain temptation himself.

In much of the 19th century criticism of the disembodied brain, we start out in a scientist's laboratory. Not satisfied with the ordinary *Wind in the Willows* type of life, the simple life of the plowed field and the evening lingerings, the scientific man of the laboratory must create a whole new world of which he, the man of science, is in control. The new world is always supposed to be for the good of the simple moles who are imprisoned in their ordinary, plowed fields, but the simple moles invariably end up annihilated.

Hawthorne's story, "The Birthmark," begins with an introduction to a man of science:

In the latter part of the last century there lived a man of science, an eminent proficient in every branch of natural philosophy, who not long before our story opens had made experience of a spiritual affinity more attractive than any chemical one. He had left his laboratory to the care of an assistant, cleared his fine countenance from the furnace smoke, washed the stain of acids from his fingers, and persuaded a beautiful woman to become his wife. In those days when the comparatively recent discovery of electricity and other kindred mysteries of Nature seemed to open paths into the region of miracle, it was not unusual for the love of science to rival the love of woman in its depth and absorbing energy. The higher intellect, the imagination, the spirit, and even the heart might all find their congenial aliment in pursuits which, as some of their ardent votaries believed, would ascend from one step of powerful intelligence to another, until the philosopher should lay his hand on the secret of creative force and perhaps make new worlds for himself. We know not whether Aylmer possessed this degree of faith in man's ultimate control over Nature. He had devoted himself, however, too unreservedly to scientific studies ever to be weaned from them by any second passion. His love for his young wife might prove the stronger of the two; but it could only be by intertwining itself with his love of science, and uniting the strength of the latter to his own.

Such a union accordingly took place, and was attended with truly remarkable consequences and a deeply impressive moral. One day, very soon after their marriage, Aylmer sat gazing at his wife with a trouble in his countenance that grew stronger until he spoke.

The trouble was that the man of science's beautiful wife had a birthmark which Aylmer believed tainted her whole face with the mark of "earthly imperfection." In order to cure this imperfection, Aylmer... I think you can guess the rest. Of course, his wife dies, a victim of the Utopian aspirations of Aylmer's disembodied brain:

Yet, had Aylmer reached a profounder wisdom, he need not thus have flung away the happiness which would have woven his mortal life of the selfsame texture with the celestial. The momentary circumstance was too strong for him; he failed to look beyond the shadowy scope of time, and, living once for all in eternity, to find the perfect future in the present.

In Hawthorne's works, a disembodied mind is always the focus of evil, such as Rappacini in "Rappaccini's Daughter," Chillingworth in *The Scarlet Letter*, or Ethan Brand in the story of the same name. And Hawthorne is right. What was a small but growing minority in his time has become 'The People' in our own time. The folk have become intellectualized; they are all disembodied brains. No matter where one turns, he meets an Aylmer or a Rappaccini.

P. C. Wren. I think P. C. Wren is one of the great authors of the West, and yet I'm sure he would not appear on any of the literary critics "top ten" lists. That is because literary critics tend to be Gnostics, and P. C. Wren's works are decidedly anti-Gnostic.

In *The Disappearance of General Jason*, P. C. Wren is at his anti-Gnostic best. The hero, Colonel Carthew, goes in search of his old friend, General Jason, who has been missing for a long while. The search ends on a small island country inhabited by a people of Portuguese descent but who are independent from Portugal. They guard their isolation jealously, and it was the misfortune of General Jason that he inadvertently violated their privacy.

The island-nation has a queen, but the real ruler is a scientist named Dom Perez de Norhona. De Norhona has developed the ability to isolate a man's brain from his body; by controlling a certain section of the brain, through hypnosis and surgery, he can make the body of the man do what he, de Norhona, commands. And he has turned General Jason into a dog. Carthew, quite justifiably, accuses de Norhona of murdering General Jason.

"You don't regard it as a form of murder? The most terrible form of all – soul-murder."

"No, why should I? Where's the murder? The whole point is that I did not kill the patient in attempting to perform the experiment. You cannot have a murder without a corpse, can you? And as to murdering souls, I am not scientifically interested in souls. I'm only concerned with minds and bodies."

Do we not see in de Norhona's cerebral operation the end result of the Aristotlean-Thomistic separation of reason from grace? I do. For me, de Norhona is St. Thomas. Just as St. Thomas dissects man for the greater good (or so he thought), so does de Norhona.

It seemed to Carthew that de Norhona was a living intelligence, an intelligence almost freed from the hampering restriction and misguidance of emotion; a man whose mind was neither cruel nor kind, but almost purely scientific.

And yet he was human enough in his fanatical patriotism.

Carthew entertained for him curious and contradictory feelings of murderous hatred, fear, considerable respect and almost unwilling liking. So inevitably fair and just himself, Carthew had to admit that de Norhona had done nothing to Jason as Jason, an honest and honourable gentleman who had come to make certain right and proper proposals and suggestions of a commercial nature. Quite obviously de Norhona had used for his great experiment a man whom he believed to be a deadly enemy of his country, inasmuch as he was the first of an invading army, insupportable, detestable and loathsome in the eyes of people to whom independence was the very breath of life and the very religion of their soul.

One feels like screaming with Carthew, "What about the soul?" The Greek-Catholic-disembodied-brain heresy leaves a man without the essence of his humanity, his soul, for the soul is part of the body, not separate from it. A disembodied brain has no soul.

John Buchan. Written in 1916, the novel *The Power-House* pits a perennial Buchan everyman hero, Leithen, against Mr. Andrew Lumley, a capitalist powerhouse, a brain detached from everything human. At first meeting, Leithen dislikes Lumley. When he tries to find a reason for his dislike, he decides that Lumley is just too "Olympian." And as he comes to know him better, he

realizes that Lumley also is satanic: "Do you know what it is to deal with pure intelligence, a brain stripped of every shred of humanity? It is like being in the company of a snake."

Lumley's credo, which he delivers near the end of the novel, is the modern credo, spawned by Satan and nurtured by the Greek philosophers and their Catholic lackeys:

"I am a sceptic about most things," he said, "but, believe me, I have my own worship. I venerate the intellect of man. I believe in its undreamed-of possibilities, when it grows free like an oak in the forest and is not dwarfed in a flower-pot. From that allegiance I have never wavered. That is the God I have never forsworn."

It is time for Western man to forswear that false God. The drama is not over. The disembodied brains must wait till the last scene of the last act is played out. For it is always, as St. Paul assures us, in the last scene or at the last trump, if you will, that the Hero turns the tables on the villain.

Labels: Greek heresy, Greek philosophical tradition, Hawthorne, John Buchan, misdiagnosis of the West, P. C. Wren, poetic vision, Shakespeare

The Unholy Alliance

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 2006

We supposedly have a free press in this country, and yet every major print and television news outlet always prints the same stories. Odd, isn't it? And the major news outlets never print the real story, the story that concerns the real man, Unamuno's man of flesh and bone. The real story for a man of flesh and bone for the last 38 years has been the colorization of the United States, capped off recently by the importation of Somalians and Bantus from Africa to small towns throughout the United States. And by colorization I don't mean the process of turning black and white pictures to color; I mean the deliberate undermining of white European culture by an unholy alliance of post-Christian whites and non-white barbarians.

Of course, our media elite is part of the clique that has allied itself to the barbarians, so one would not expect them to report on the "real story." But the colorization is an event that has never before taken place in human history. No race has ever before invited other races to annihilate it. Races and cultures have succumbed to other races and cultures – through invasion – but no race and culture has ever before said, "Come on in and destroy our race and our culture." The white race is unique in this.

The white race is the only race of people that accepted Christianity in depth and breadth – meaning that most whites were Christians – and it penetrated deeply into many. Certainly other races had Christians among them, but not to the extent of the white race. Is this disputable? No, I think not. The 1930s movie called *The Mask of Fu Manchu* had the Fu Manchu character cursing the hero by calling him a "white Christian," correctly linking white and Christian. One can also now link white and post-Christian. Just as only the white race formed a Christian culture, now only the white race has formed a post-Christian culture. And there is a certain sympathy between the post-Christian and the barbarian: both hate the old, white Christian culture. It is this mutual hate that makes the post-Christian white think he can blend with the colored races and form a brave new barbarian race and culture. But there is a significant difference between the colored barbarians and the post-Christian barbarians. The post-Christians are technocratic barbarians. Whereas the Aztecs tore out the hearts of human adults and children in public ceremonies, post-Christians tear out the hearts of human infants behind closed laboratory doors. And whereas the modern post-Christian capitalists sits with his laptop computer and downsizes unseen thousands into oblivion, the Negro walks the streets of our cities and chops up thousands of innocent whites in a perfect imitation of the Mau Maus of the old Belgian Congo.

The white post-Christian thinks by mating with the colored, sharing his prosperity with the colored, and sacrificing his fellow whites to the bloodlust of the barbarians ("always thee, and never me"), he can save his own precious, sterile, technocratic life. But it won't work for the simple reason that the white technocratic barbarian will always have more wealth than the colored barbarian. And since the barbarian mind always thinks inequality comes from exploitation, the result will be envy, bitterness, and reprisals. Ultimately, the alliance won't work out well for either set of barbarians. The colored barbarians, once they have succeeded in destroying the post-Christian barbarians, will be incapable of sustaining the wealth and prosperity of the technocratic barbarians and will descend into chaotic self-annihilation. This is already happening in South Africa, Zimbabwe, and in the major cities of the United States.

It used to puzzle me when I heard members of the Catholic old guard rejoicing over the natural savages, usually the Negro, who they believed were going to re-Christianize the West. I didn't understand, from a Christian standpoint, how the old guard could delight in the destruction of the remaining vestiges of Christian civilization. And I didn't understand, from a simple pagan standpoint, how white men could rejoice in the destruction of their own people. It was only when I came to understand that the old guard were in that Catholic half-way house with their heads steeped in Greek modernity and their hearts with the old Europe, that I realized they didn't see the black

man as he was. They saw only an abstraction. Hence the black man became, in their sick minds, all that the white man once was: brave, chivalrous, and Christian. But 'tis not so.

The logical question to ask when looking at the post-Christian civilizations of modern Europe and the U.S. is this: "Why not let the whites perish?" They should not perish, for this reason: The white race possesses "the ten just men." There is still a remnant of the white race – there will always be a remnant – that is holding together what little of value is left in this Satan-worshipping modern world. In addition, our only link to the Christian past is through those ten just men. If we sever that link by completely destroying the white race, we will cut all races off from God.

I have no exact statistics on this matter, but I do know that there are a great many whites in the halfway house. Their minds are with the unholy alliance, but their hearts are still with white, Christian Europe. A friend, a Jewish rabbi, one of the ten just men, once told me a story about one of those halfway-house whites. This man was an old-fashioned librarian who loved and treasured his books, particularly the older ones. He looked upon himself as a guardian of a precious heritage, yet he had all the modern liberal notions about the colored races. My friend pointed out to him that if "those people" came into power, his old books and what they represented would disappear from the earth.

There are white post-Christians who have turned their backs forever on their own people and the old Christian culture, but there are many in the halfway house who could be reclaimed if their Greek minds could be subordinated to their European hearts. One must wage a two-front war: on the one front, uncompromising defiance to the unholy alliance of the colored barbarians and the white post-Christians, and on the other front, uncompromising refusal to yield one inch to the halfway-house Christians until they listen to the dictates of their own hearts and embrace holy, sacred Europe in its entirety.

Labels: Catholic half-way house, colorization of United States, technocratic barbarians, ten just men, white Europe

The Scholastic Heresy

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 2006

I made the mistake recently of reading the introductory foreword to a newly released edition of H. Rider Haggard's book, *The Brethren*, which is about the Crusades. In the Introduction by the Protestant editor we are told that it is all right to read about the Christian Crusaders of old because their spirit, although misguided, was to bring forth the glorious Protestant Reformation, after which all things were right in the Church. I find such drivel offensive. But it should not surprise me; I have read and heard similar drivel on the Catholic side. In both camps, the question of "By what authority," has been settled, but in my mind it has not been settled; it is still an open question.

The Catholic answer to the question, 'by what authority,' is the organized Roman Catholic Church with the Pope at its head. Ultimately then, the will of God, the word of God, is known through the Pope, the vicar of Christ.

The ultimate authority in the Protestant church is the Bible. Just as a Catholic would be justified in claiming someone who denied the Pope's authority to be no longer Catholic, so would a Protestant be justified in claiming that anyone deviating from the 'inerrancy of Scripture' doctrine is no longer a believing Protestant. That doctrine is more essential to Protestantism than any subsequent interpretation of Scripture. Hence one could not claim a Protestant ceased to be a Protestant Christian because he no longer followed Luther or Calvin; he would only cease to be Protestant if he denied the inerrancy of the Scriptures.

In theory, the Roman Catholic solution to the 'by what authority' problem makes more sense to me than the Protestant one does. But in practice the Protestant solution seems better. It seems better because I think a sincere struggling pilgrim would get a clearer picture of Christ from an unaided

reading of the Gospels than he would from an immersion in the Catholic whirl of Novus Ordo vs. traditionalism, and infallible vs. fallible arguments.

When reality proves your theories wrong, you must go back to the drawing board and make an effort to find out where you went wrong. I believe that I went wrong when I saw a straight path from Protestantism to the Enlightenment to modernity. In reality, the path of modernity runs like this: the very modern medieval scholastics, the Protestant rebellion against them, the scholastic inspired Enlightenment, and then modernity. The Protestant world finally caved in to modernity not because Protestants were in rebellion against medieval scholasticism but because the intellectual upper crust of the Protestantism abandoned fundamentalism for the pagan inspired scholasticism of the Catholics. I really see that this was the pivotal turning point of western Christendom. Scholasticism, smooth it over how you will, was the revolt of man against God. Man's reason was placed on a summit above revelation. The scholastics maintained more of the traditional God language than the Enlightenment philosophers, but the Enlightenment thinkers were the natural heirs of the medieval scholastics.

The Catholic party line, which I have often used myself in the past, is that the Catholic Church does not change its doctrine, it simply makes explicit that which was implicit. But that explanation is not tenable. The Catholic Church, at least since Aquinas, has been an evolutionary and a revolutionary Church. No doctrine is safe from possible revision, not even the bodily resurrection of Christ. The fundamentalists remain the last static, the last non-evolutionary, branch of Christendom. But they have no intellectual support. The Protestant intelligentsia is with the Catholics as are the secularists. The secularists often quarrel with the Catholics over sexual matters (the Catholic hierarchy is squeamish about facing the logical conclusions of their modernism), but both groups are united against the fundamentalists, who desperately need some intellectual support.

N.B. One example (among thousands) of the Catholic Church's desire to be in step with the times and against the fundamentalists was Cardinal Paul Poupard's recent support of the evolutionists against the fundamentalists on the 'intelligent design' issue.

I certainly can't prove my next assertion, but I'll make it nonetheless – the first century Christians were Catholic fundamentalists. Their beliefs about God were in line with the modern fundamentalists and their worship services were similar to those of modern Catholics. There should be a fusion of Catholicism and fundamentalism, but so long as the Catholic Church remains wedded to the Enlightenment the fundamentalists are right to regard the Catholic Church as a vessel of evil.

The medieval scholastics wanted to throw more light on God by freeing reason from the passions. What stops reason from serving our passions? Nothing. An evil passion cannot be overcome by reason because reason is ethically neuter. It will serve whatever passion predominates. It is passion that rules us all. Only a stronger noble passion can defeat an evil passion. Our passion must be grounded in His passion.

There is something incredibly repulsive about the fundamentalists and something incredibly noble. They repulse one when they articulate and expound, and they inspire love, the love one has for steadfast courage in behalf of a noble cause, when they defend the inerrancy of Scripture against all comers. I find, in the ranks of Catholicism, that only converts have some understanding of the fundamentalists. A convert knows that belief in Him is greater than the system. A cradle Catholic who has been brought up to believe that incorporation into the Catholic system is the whole of Christianity is completely unsympathetic to the fundamentalists. (The argument between the Novus Ordo Catholics and the traditionalists is not doctrinal – both believe that the system is all – their argument is simply a difference over systems.)

The Catholics (one hopes not irretrievably) have gone completely wrong, because they have eliminated that essential personal component of religion: man, poor unaccommodated man, standing before the abyss with only a single divine thread and a divine promise keeping him from total annihilation, is the stuff that our dreams are made of. If you take away that dream and replace

it with a system derived from the stuff of this world only, you have consigned man to satanic oblivion.

The fundamentalists at least place man where he belongs, in front of the living God. They err when they attempt to reason because they have but poorly learned the art of reasoning, for they believe it to be the art of the devil. No, it is the art of the devil to use reason in order to serve his regime. But to reason in the service of His reign is no sin. Reason unfettered, as practiced by the scholastics, always becomes demonic. But reason willingly placed at the service of the living God is one of the rungs on Jacob's ladder.

The medieval scholastics wanted to throw more light on God by freeing reason from the passions. What stops reason from serving our passions? Nothing. An evil passion cannot be overcome by reason because reason is ethically neuter. It will serve whatever passion predominates. It is passion that rules us all. Only a stronger noble passion can defeat an evil passion. Our passion must be grounded in His passion. We always come back to the Shakespearean solution – strip off the layers. He is not up there – He is not contained in a golden bowl on top of a tower built with the bricks of philosophy. “Oh no, He is there,” says the pilgrim shade, pounding his chest, “He is at the center of the human heart which is all too often surrounded by briars and thickets too dense to be cut down.” But when we get close, the briars and the thickets fade away, just as they did for the faithful prince in “Sleeping Beauty.”

In the coal town where my father grew up, there was a town character named Bup-Bup Schupp, who always said, “Space is no place.” Some fifty years later, the American astronauts confirmed what the town character knew, that space was indeed no place. And light is not light when it merely lights up a vast empty space that is no place. The light must illuminate the human heart, thus revealing His heart, before it can be said to be the true light that leads us to a place that is the complete antithesis of no place.

Labels: Catholic system, fundamentalism, medieval scholasticism, passion grounded in His passion, path to modernity, personal component of religion

Not a Proposition

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 2006

“America is part of the West, and as both a political and cultural order, is not ‘based on a creed’ or ‘derived from a proposition.’ America is neither a ‘universal nation’ nor an ‘experiment’ concocted by ideologues. America is the unique and irreplaceable product of centuries of specific racial, historical, and cultural identities. America and its cultural and political identity will endure only so long as the identities that created it and sustain it endure, and when they die, America will die.”

- from “A Statement of Principles” published in *The Occidental Quarterly*

I was pleased to see some recent articles in *The Occidental Quarterly* and *Middle American News* that criticized the propositional nature of the so-called American experiment. No nation can be a propositional nation – a nation based on an idea – and survive. The clarion call in both magazines was for European Americans to realize that their nation was Europe. We are only patriots to the extent that we embrace our European heritage. The American Legion and George Bush form of Constitutional patriotism is really treason.

There will be no counter-revolution in this country until the propositional notion of country is washed away. It will be a welcome cleansing. Standing foursquare against the counterrevolution are the mad-dog liberals, the Evangelical Protestants, and the Irish Catholic Americanists. It is easy to see why the mad-dog liberals want America to remain a propositional nation, but why do the latter groups want it? I would suggest the reason lies in their flawed concept of religion. Both groups have embraced the propositional faith of the medieval scholastics. The Protestants inherited it from our

“enlightened” founding fathers, and the Irish Catholics received it from their church. “If God is a propositional God,” the evangelicals and the Irish Catholics reason, “then why not embrace a propositional country?” It is largely pagans who have rejected the false propositional nature of the American experiment because they do not have the same intellectual handicaps that the pseudo-Christians have. The destruction of constitutional America and the restoration of European America can only take place after the defeat of the liberals, the evangelicals, and the Catholics, after which, one will still have to convert the counterrevolutionary pagans to a non-propositional Christianity (which, come to think of it, was the original Christianity of the Europeans).

It seems from whatever side one tackles the ‘Decline of the West’ problem, one is always faced with the same dilemma. In order for the West to become the West again, it is necessary for a man, who is also God, to be born of a virgin, suffer and die, and then to rise from the dead. Eugene O’Neill once wrote a play called “Lazarus Laughed.” In the play, O’Neill depicts Lazarus, after he has been redeemed from the grave, as a man without fear. He now knows that he can laugh at death, and the people close to him laugh at death as well. But then the talking begins, the propositional talking: “How do we know Lazarus was actually dead? How does one define death? Maybe it was only an illusion,” etc. And soon no one is laughing any more, not even Lazarus.

That metaphysical laughter is gone from European man. All that remains is a few dirty jokes. And we lost the laughter when we sat down with the scholastics at that great medieval talk show.

Labels: American experiment, propositional God, propositional nation

The Lost Thread

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“As we have seen, Aquinas regards the direct intuition of divine essences as beyond man’s reach.”

Over the years I have frequently been taken to task for my criticism of St. Thomas Aquinas. And yet it's a curious thing; those who do not like my criticism have never defended Aquinas’s thought; they have just condemned me for criticizing Aquinas. One person even agreed with me about the errors in Aquinas’s thought but condemned me for having the temerity to point out the errors!

I am often tempted, particularly after reading a good topical journal such as Little Geneva Reports or Middle American News to give up writing about metaphysics and just write hard-hitting critiques of the secular, race-mixing, porn-loving society we live in. But I always come up against my own conviction that the reason we live in a secular, race-mixing, porn-loving society is because of muddled metaphysics. Therefore, it seems to me, I can’t ever abandon what the hard-hitting journalists view as “distractions” from the main issues. The metaphysical issue is the main issue.

Holding the views I do about the primacy of the spiritual or metaphysical realm, it was indeed heartening when I received a letter from a friend containing an article by an author who agreed with me on the subject of St. Thomas Aquinas. The author’s name is Philip Sherrard. I must add his name to the list which includes Richard Weaver, Karl Adam, Michael de Unamuno, Herbert Butterfield, and Vladimir Solovyev of authors who have pointed out the connection between modernity and St. Thomas.

My only criticism of Sherrard’s work is that he uses the jargon of the enemy. No-one has ever written more eloquently and correctly about religion than St. Paul, and he managed to do so without resorting to a pseudo-scientific language that is hard to read without a decoding book. Nevertheless, there is gold beneath the jargon of Sherrard’s article.

Sherrard hones in on the essential flaw in St. Thomas’s reasoning:

Unless it is admitted, first, that God is the actual immanent hypostasis, or spiritual cause, of man's being, and second, that man possesses some faculty superior to the reason and all other natural and created faculties, through which he can 'know' that cause, then the idea of his deification is meaningless. For this deification proceeds from God and from man's direct intuition of His transfiguring light. In that light, man knows, in an absolute sense, both his own divine cause, and the causal energies of all created things. If therefore, either the immanence of God in man, or the possession by man of such a faculty as that indicated, is denied, then the realization in question will be regarded as impossible; and the effect will be to shift attention from it, and to substitute for it the idea that the purpose of man's life, and the nature of the knowledge he may possess of God, himself and other created things, are conditioned by, and proceed from, the relative and natural faculties, whether mental or sensory, which he has at his disposal.

And further on he states:

The second thing which is apparent follows naturally from the first, and is that the type of knowledge which Aquinas regards as the highest accessible to man is of quite a different order from that of the 'gnosis' of the Christian Fathers. As we have seen, Aquinas regards the direct intuition of divine essences as beyond man's reach: the human intellect as it works in the earthly life can know only by turning to the material and the sensible: 'Cognitio Dei quae ex mente humana accipi potest, non excedit illud genus cognitionis quod ex sensibilibus sumitur, cum et ipsa de seipsa cognoscat quid est, per hoc quod naturas sensibilibus intelligit.' What knowledge man can have is that which he extracts from the sensible, and this is a created, and human, intelligible knowledge, which resembles uncreated and divine intelligible knowledge only by comparison. Man's intellect, the highest faculty he possesses or can possess, is, for Aquinas, physical and created, and there can be no direct intuition by it of what is metaphysical and uncreated. All that man can know of the latter, the limit of his knowledge of the Divine, himself, and other sensible things, amounts, after he has gathered together and meditated on the abstractions he has derived from these things, to a mere collection of concepts which may be said to have an analogical likeness to the Divine, but nothing more.

In short, by denying man any access to God except through the material world, the material world has become everything and God has become a theoretical abstraction.

Scholars are often satisfied with a mere statement of the problem, but the non-scholar, such as me, always wants an answer to the question of "how then shall I live?" If one has come up against the Thomists and discovered, to one's horror, that they are the unwitting (or most of the time, unwitting) tools of the devil, what is one to do? Well, when someone is trying to kill you, what do you do? You fight for your life. And if someone is trying to kill your soul, what do you do? The answer is obvious. The only question should be, "how do I fight Thomistic modernism?" and not "should I fight it?"

When the Catholic hierarchy took Thomistic theology as its own, they shut off access to God. He could not be known intuitively, intimately, as the Divine Savior; He could only be reached through abstracted reason's contemplation of the material world. While first, second, third, and umpteen generations of Catholic clergy were still tacking God on to the end of their contemplations of the material world, there were other men, 'enlightened' men, who were taking Aquinas's schema to its logical conclusion. In the Catholic Church, the logical conclusion was Vatican II. Thomists claim that the disaster called Vatican II occurred because Thomistic theology was abandoned, when in reality the Vatican Twoers were just bringing Thomism to fruition. The natural Christ, the harvest God, who stands on an equal level with Buddha and the idols of the Animists, was officially crowned at Vatican II, but his enthronement was made possible by the medieval scholastics.

And of course in the secular world, this maniacal obsession with the scientific is the result of the Thomistic separation of nature and grace. We can see the line: St. Thomas ('Knowledge of God comes only from abstracted reason's contemplation of the sensible world') to Descartes ('Human

reason is supreme in and of itself without any reference to the sensible world or the supernatural order') to Darwin ('Reason and nature are one and the same, and they are called "science"') to Motley Crue or whatever jungle rock band you care to mention ('We are all apes now').

And why, we need to ask, would someone be a Thomist? Why did the 'angelic' doctor conceive such a pernicious philosophy and why did it gain so many adherents? We can answer those questions if we can answer the question, why did Adam and Eve, who had an intimate, personal relationship with God, succumb to Satan's offer? Wasn't it because they thought there was some power in nature to which Satan was privy that would make them equal to or even more powerful than God Himself? Is that not the same temptation to which the Israelites caved in again and again when they returned to the worship of Baal? And when the Greek philosophers contemplated the natural world, was it not with the same desire as Adam and Eve, to come to a knowledge of the great mysteries of life independent from God? That impulse, that original sin, is part of our nature. It is easy to see how a man, in the name of God, could delude himself and his adherents into thinking that the satanic impulse to be like unto God could be an inspired way to know God better. Aquinas, extending and systematizing St. Augustine's Gnostic tendencies, carved the entire natural world up into a thousand jigsaw pieces. When one took the time to put those pieces together, he saw (so Aquinas maintained) the face of God. That the completed puzzle showed us God became an article of faith in the Catholic Church despite the fact that when the puzzle was completed we did not see God – well, at least not the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul.

Preaching a distorted notion of God cannot completely eradicate God from the hearts of those who have been exposed to the Christian revelation. As the Thomistic doctrine of God became prevalent, the Lord God still communicated with man through the human heart, where that intuitive and sympathetic communion with God takes place. But as the Church increased its zeal, the human-divine link with God became an ever-increasingly underground link. And now, in our present age, the places sure to be devoid of God's grace are the Christian churches.

The most chilling attribute of the Thomistic god is his stoical, Buddhist self-sufficiency: "I created the world; there it is. I can be found in the world I created; take it or leave it; it's of no consequence to me." Is this the God that we find in the Gospels? Is this the God of St. Paul? Is this a God we can love? Missing from Thomism is God the lover. We are created by His love. We are part of Him. He yearns for us as a father yearns for his lost children. He is always trying to break through those barriers of the material, sensible world and make contact with us. And when He can't make contact, He weeps. "God imparts to human hearts, the blessings of his heaven." There is no other way to God except through the human heart. If sick, distorted minds want to place Him in a giant laboratory of their own device, how can we let them?

It is ironic that Tridentine Catholicism is called 'traditional' Catholicism. Tridentine Catholicism is a radical revision of Christianity, a carrier of the scholastic virus that has murdered institutional Christianity. The Vatican Twoers, whom the Traditionalists hate, are like the children of liberal parents who take the liberalism of their parents to its logical conclusion and act like the members of the animal kingdom to which their parents always said mankind belonged.

Original sin left man terribly flawed, but there was still an untainted spiritual presence in his soul that yearned for God. Using St. Thomas as his instrument, the devil made a very subtle shift. He shifted the focus of man's reason from the spiritual element inside of man to the material world outside of man. The Protestant rebellion was an attempt to reclaim man's birthright, his integral relationship with the Lord God. Unfortunately, much of the good of that rebellion was destroyed by Calvin who re-imposed Thomistic theology on what had started out as a rebellion against Thomistic theology.

When someone has only a vague feeling that something is wrong, one is very susceptible to a man with a theory who offers to channel that vague feeling into a system. Calvin's system still kept man away from an integral relationship with God. Like Aquinas he recognized no spiritual dimension

inside of man. Unlike Aquinas however, he saw no spiritual principle in the material world either. He saw spirit only in the heavens: remote, majestic, uncaring, and unloving. C. S. Lewis brilliantly describes that God in *The Pilgrim's Regress*:

And when John came into the room, there was an old man with a red, round face, who was very kind and full of jokes, so that John quite got over his fears, and they had a good talk about fishing tackle and bicycles. But just when the talk was at its best, the Steward got up and cleared his throat. He then took down a mask from the wall with a long white beard attached to it and suddenly clapped it on his face, so that his appearance was awful. And he said, 'Now I am going to talk to you about the Landlord. The Landlord owns all the country, and it is very, very kind of him to allow us to live on it at all – very, very kind.' He went on repeating 'very kind' in a queer sing-song voice so long that John would have laughed, but that now he was beginning to be frightened again. The Steward then took down from a peg a big card with small print all over it, and said, 'Here is a list of all the things the Landlord says you must not do. You'd better look at it.' So John took the card: but half the rules seemed to forbid things he had never heard of, and the other half forbade things he was doing every day and could not imagine not doing: and the number of the rules was so enormous that he felt he could never remember them all. 'I hope,' said the Steward, 'that you have not already broken any of the rules?' John's heart began to thump, and his eyes bulged more and more, and he was at his wit's end when the Steward took the mask off and looked at John with his real face and said, 'Better tell a lie, old chap, better tell a lie. Easiest for all concerned,' and popped the mask on his face all in a flash. John gulped and said quickly, 'Oh, no sir.' 'That is just as well,' said the Steward through the mask. 'Because, you know, if you did break any of them and the Landlord got to know of it, do you know what he'd do to you?' 'No, sir,' said John: and the Steward's eyes seemed to be twinkling dreadfully through the holes of the mask. 'He'd take you and shut you up for ever and ever in a black hole full of snakes and scorpions as large as lobsters – for ever and ever. And besides that, he is such a kind, good man, so very, very kind, that I am sure you would never want to displease him.' 'No, sir,' said John, 'But, please, sir...' 'Well,' said the Steward. 'Please, sir, supposing I did break one, one little one, just by accident, you know. Could nothing stop the snakes and lobsters?' 'Ah!...' said the Steward; and then he sat down and talked for a long time, but John could not understand a single syllable. However, it all ended with pointing out that the Landlord was quite extraordinarily kind and good to his tenants, and would certainly torture most of them to death the moment he had the slightest pretext. 'And you can't blame him,' said the Steward. 'For after all, it is his land, and it is so very good of him to let us live here at all – people like us, you know.' Then the Steward took off the mask and had a nice, sensible chat with John again, and gave him a cake and brought him out to his father and mother. But just as they were going he bent down and whispered in John's ear, 'I shouldn't bother about it all too much if I were you.' At the same time he slipped the card of the rules into John's hand and told him he could keep it for his own use.

In the essentials, Calvinism and Thomism are one; both deny men access to the Christian God. They are permitted access to a majestic, remote, cruel God, but not to Christ. In practice, there is more Christianity in the Calvinists because their focus on the Bible often leads them to live a Christianity that is quite different from the one preached by John Calvin. I know this to be true because I was brought up in the Presbyterian Church. Before I had any understanding of Calvinist doctrine, I was already inoculated against it by the Gospel stories I had been told in Sunday school. The Catholic, in contrast, starts right out with the Catechism, derived from Thomistic theology, and is given less of a chance to ever have any genuine contact with the Christian God.

What we are looking at, under the guise of Tridentine Catholicism, is the gradual usurpation of the Church. The Christian Church is once again an underground church, with the added problem of an institutional church that is anti-Christian.

This pernicious doctrine that equates the rational with the spiritual and assigns an inferior and even negative role to the intuitive part of man's being, which includes his "poor dreams" and his yearning for God, is called Thomism, but it is really Satanism. Quite possibly Satan believes it to be true. His

satanic intellect has never understood the heart of God or the heart of man. Oh, yes, he understands man's predilection for sin. But the heart of man? That he does not understand. There is a divinity buried in the human heart which the satanic intellect can never comprehend.

The glory of European civilization was that for a time satanic principles did not rule it. Man's poor dreams were given a place above Satan's intellect. And if Satan currently, and possibly till the end of the world, holds the reins of power, it is still possible to walk through the wardrobe and encounter the living God. So many Europeans have done it before us in spite of Thomism, a much more dangerous enemy than dungeon, fire and sword. It all depends on how we perceive God. Is He the hero of a true fairy tale or is He the answer to a syllogism? It's the difference between heaven and hell.

Labels: Aquinas, Buddhistic self-sufficiency, C. S. Lewis, muddled metaphysics, Philip Sherrard, Pilgrim's Regress, Thomistic god

Not a Proposition, Part II

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 2006

What was good in the United States came from the traditions and culture of white Europe. The good had nothing to do with the U.S. Constitution. As the U.S., at first gradually and then swiftly, abandoned the traditions and culture that sustained her, she took ill and died. The country we now live in has nothing in common with the country that once existed. Mexicans openly boast that the southwestern U.S. is now part of Mexico, a white male professor is fired for using the word 'niggardly,' and a liberal, white, talk show host is fired for mistakenly using the word 'coon' instead of 'coup' in the same sentence with Condoleezza Rice's name. The only race that ever created a Christian culture is now a pariah race in nations that were created and sustained by that race.

And it is whites who have turned whites over to the barbarians. It was white men who changed the U.S. immigration policy in 1965, and it is white men today who have opened up our borders to the colored people of the world. On this issue, church and state are united. The propositional Christians hold hands with the propositional neocons and celebrate the colossal tower of Babel that is the United States.

There are only a few small pockets of resistance to the colored invasion. By and large, white people are not fighting back. Why? There are many reasons but I think the primary reason is religious. The colored races, whether Aztec or African, have a simple pagan view of race: "My race shall conquer and subjugate all other races." The white man, when he was Christian, had a different view: "My race must conquer and then rule benevolently because without white rule, mankind will descend into darkness."

As long as the white race was Christian, the colored races were held at bay; but a hideous Gnostic cancer reared its head and opened the colored flood gates. When Christianity became a theory rather than a faith, sin became corporate rather than individual. Evil no longer existed in individual human beings; it existed in groups of human beings. And of course the white male became the source of all evil. The only way a white male could atone for his whiteness was to renounce his white heritage and worship the men of color. One can see a microcosm of this hideous white atonement every time there is some kind of sporting event. White males fill stadiums and gather around the television set to worship the gods of color. In the post-Christian churches, the priests and pastors regularly denounce the white race and extol the virtues and sinlessness of the colored races. The current head of the Catholic Church wanted, or so he said, a black Pope to worship.

The second 'why' I ask, having seen that whites have encouraged the colored invasion because they are no longer Christian, is why have the whites abandoned Christianity?

The reason is that paganism is a lot easier. In the Old Testament, the Israelites were always returning to Baal. A personal God who demands a behavior above and beyond pagan behavior can be a very depressing God. But while the gods like Baal, Cybele, or Mithras do not place great ethical demands on their adherents, neither do they respond in an ethical, understanding way to man. That is why our European ancestors preferred Christ to the pagan gods, despite the fact that Christ demanded self-sacrifice and heroism.

The white man's return to Baal has not made him happy. He never seems quite at home with the colored races. Try as he will to be a 'natural' man like the people of color, he cannot do it. He is uneasy, a "brooding melancholy resides in his soul." This is why the Christian churches have not completely disappeared. They exist as halfway houses for the white man. He can go to them and eat their pagan cakes with Christian icing while he tells his melancholy soul that he has the best of both worlds, the pagan and the Christian. But the Christian-façade churches are halfway houses to hell. When complete paganization occurs, even the halfway houses will be annihilated.

There are some whites who could be brought back to the fold if they could be shown the desolation to come, but they lack vision and heart. They can't picture a world where there is nothing but the barbarian night; and they do not love the old European civilization enough to yearn for something more fully European than the modern halfway houses.

The journals and magazines that constitute pockets of intellectual resistance to the colored invasion seem to have a policy of "let's get the facts to the white people and stir up a spirit of righteous indignation." This is certainly a worthwhile endeavor, but it is not sufficient. Giving the facts to white people will only stir up a tiny non-Gnostic minority. The Gnostic majority will remain unmoved. The New Orleans tragedy was a case in point. What happened in New Orleans was third world barbarism on a scale the major media outlets could not, as they usually do, completely ignore, but it didn't convert any white people to the white cause. The experts put their spin on it: "It was only a handful of blacks," "Anybody would have done the same thing under those conditions," etc. At the root of the race problem is the white man's deep-rooted conviction that truth, religious and secular, comes from experts. As long as the majority of whites have this Gnostic view of existence they will never be roused to resist the colored invasion. Yes, give the facts to those whites who have not fallen prey to the Gnostic-Thomistic heresy, but then take the battle into the camps of the three greatest enemies of Christian Europe: the organized churches, the organized forces of academia and the media, and the organized forces of corporate capitalism. Above all, the white Christian counterattack must go against the Christian churches, which have spawned the Gnostic heresy that has killed Christianity in Europe and its satellites.+

Labels: Christian counter-attack, churches as halfway houses, return to Baal, white betrayal, white Europe

The Grandfather

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 2006

The best works of Western civilization are the ones in which the author tells a simple story well. Shakespeare's tales are simple tales, embellished by his considerable poetic gifts, but nevertheless, they are simple tales, as are those of Dickens, Scott, and the Brothers Grimm. One such simple tale belongs with the classics of Western literature--Heidi, by Johanna Spyri.

There is a scene in Heidi in which the reclusive and embittered Grandfather decides, because his love for Heidi has made him see the error of his ways, to return to God and, like the prodigal son, seek forgiveness. He descends the mountain and attends church for the first time in years:

The people of Dörfli were already in church and the singing had started as Heidi and Uncle Alp went in and sat down at the back. The hymn was hardly over before people were nudging one another and whispering that Uncle Alp was in church. Women kept turning round to look and so lost the place in their hymn-books, and the leader of the choir simply could not keep the voices together. But when the pastor began to preach, everyone gave him their attention, for he spoke of praise and thanksgiving, and with such warmth that his listeners were truly moved.

At the end of the service the old man took Heidi by the hand again, and they went towards the pastor's house. The congregation watched them with interest. Several people followed to see whether they would actually go inside and, when they did so, hung around in little groups, asking what it could possibly mean and speculating whether Uncle Alp would come out again angry or friendly. There were those who said, 'He can't be as bad as people make out. Did you see how gently he held the child by the hand?' or 'I've always said they were wrong! He wouldn't be going to see the pastor at all if he was such a bad lot.'

The great sadness one feels when reading that scene today comes because one realizes that there is now no church and no community to which the repentant sinner can go to repent. A new Christianity has emerged which is in direct opposition to the old Christianity of Heidi's grandfather. The Grandfather (I have tried, unsuccessfully, to get my children to address me in the Swiss-German way as "The Father") feels that his sin is against a personal God and against the specific people of a small Swiss town bordering the mountain. It is to that personal God and to those specific people that the Grandfather goes to ask forgiveness for his very specific sins. He does not come down from the mountain to ask forgiveness for racist thoughts or for any of the modern social sins.

Today the Grandfather would be unforgiven. He would be left alone on his mountain without being able to feel that a loving God had forgiven him for his sins against God and against humanity.

I really think it is impossible to overstate just how radically different the spiritual climate is today from that of 1880 when Johanna Spyri wrote Heidi. It is as if a completely new species of man has been created. The old line died out and new creatures ("O Brave New World!") have been created.

Is it possible for a man of the brave new world, such as me, to link himself to the old line of Heidi's Grandfather? Or is the new line so completely different that any linking process is doomed to failure before it is even attempted? I know the new liners would like one to believe that there is no hope of connecting with the old line. Most of them do not even acknowledge that there was an old line. But I think it is as George MacDonald says: "Of hopes not credible until they are." If one loves the old line, one attempts to join that line, and once the attempt is made the seemingly impassable mountain pass is no longer impassable.

Although not impassable, there are unsuspected difficulties in negotiating the pass that leads to the old line and the antique Christianity. The main obstacle is the Roman Catholic Church. It is not difficult to see the errors inherent in Protestant doctrine or to see the consequences of

Protestantism's lack of unity, but the Catholic Church is a more deceptive entity. Its doctrine, at first and even second glance, seems more integral than the Protestant doctrine. Its church structure also seems more unified for a longer period of history than the Protestant one. But one believes a lie if one accepts the view that inside the Catholic Church is the antique and true Christianity while outside the Church is error.

The traditional Catholic explanation for the demise of Christianity runs like this: The late scholastics, the nominalists, broke with Thomism and created the "it's only real if I think it's real" system of theology. This led to the Renaissance deification of man, the Protestant *reductio ad absurdum* denunciation of reason as a whore, the Enlightenment, the French Revolution, and the revolution of Vatican II. And there is a certain amount of truth to the traditional Catholic explanation for the demise of Christianity, but it is not the whole truth. The traditional explanation blames the demise of Christianity on fringe elements and outside elements; its weakness is it fails to give mainstream medieval Catholicism its share of the blame and it fails to see the good elements in the outside forces.

What was wrong with medieval Catholicism prior to the Thomistic revolution was its love of platonic universals. Man was not a personality in such a system; he was a pure idea called Man. But it would not be accurate to say Thomistic theology changed the Catholic landscape from the universal to the particular. Thomistic philosophy, as Unamuno has so passionately and correctly pointed out, starts with a universal principle and then atomizes and particularizes the whole natural world, which includes "poor bare and unaccommodated man." In Platonic Catholicism, individual man is often obscured by universal Man, but in Thomistic philosophy man is torn asunder. He ceases to exist as a whole integral human being. He is solely dependent on unfettered and unhallowed reason to tell him if God exists or if he himself exists at all. This philosophy cannot be Catholic because it is not true. Good theology should not only be correct as regards God, but it should also be correct about man. Look honestly at Catholic academia and our academic Pope and tell me you think reason is free from original sin. Pelagius and St. Thomas were wrong and St. Augustine was right. We cannot simply dismiss, as Chesterton does, Augustine's assertions of the depraved state of the whole man simply because we find it pessimistic. There is no such thing as pessimism or optimism where truth is concerned; there is only reality. And the reality of life attests to the truth that our reason, our emotions, our intuitions are tainted with original sin. But that taint does not imply total depravity, which brings us to the Protestant revolt.

It is easy to see the error in the doctrine of total depravity. But when one sees the assertion of total depravity in the light of the Thomistic freeing of reason from the effects of original sin, one can see that Protestantism was a reaction to save the doctrine of original sin. The truth of the matter rested not with the Catholics or the Protestants, but with the wise-blooded third dumb brothers who never stopped believing that man was tainted heart, mind, and soul, but not totally tainted. Such third dumb brothers were to be found in both the Catholic and Protestant ranks, but when Christendom completely collapsed in the twentieth century, the Catholic Church successfully purged itself of all third dumb brothers. Only a remnant remained in the ranks of the fundamentalists.

I can see the why and how of the Catholic purging. It is because of the triumph of the Greek way, the way of the academy, over the way of the cross. But I am not that clear as to the why and how of the fundamentalists' survival. By the logic of their creed, they should be estranged from the heart of God. But there is some essential element of Christianity that these fundamentalists have that the Catholics do not. They take seriously the Christ of the Gospels. Yes, I know there would be no Gospels without the Catholic Church and that the fundamentalists' claim of Scripture alone is flawed. But who has retained more of the antique faith? Those who believe that Jesus of Nazareth was truly God and truly man, and held out the promise of eternal life for those who took up their cross and followed Him, or those who believe that a quasi-divine man named Jesus founded a philosophers' club that imparts divine wisdom to those who learn the secret and complicated mental gymnastics taught by the quasi-divine agent of God?

All things considered, I won't come to the Catholic church until that that church shows the same faith in the Man of Sorrows as the fundamentalists do.

Labels: antique Christianity, Heidi

Jury Duty

MONDAY, JULY 24, 2006

This was the third time in my life I was called for jury duty. I had got a reprieve in my thirties when I was on a police force (they don't take police officers for juries). No such reprieve this time.

I was herded, along with about one hundred other lucky winners of the jury sweepstakes, into a large room with a large T.V. set. "Regis and Somebody" was on the set. I had with me in my suitcase (even though I was not going to Constantinople) a bottle of water and *The Poetical Works of Walter Scott*. I had got through the first canto of "Harold the Dauntless" before I had a chance to interact with one of my fellow inmates in the jury prison room. The woman sitting next to me was bored out of her mind, because she decided that any conversation, even one with me, was better than "Regis."

"Are you reading that book for a class?" she asked me.

"No, I'm just reading it for my own enjoyment."

"I'm curious: what kind of man reads the *Poetical Works of Walter Scott*?"

Here I must pause and say that only twice before in my life, out of hundreds of chances, have I thought of the proper line at the proper time. Once a woman from our parish pro-life group had asked me if I knew Lydia. I replied, "You mean the tattooed lady?"

On the second occasion I had made a car stop while working on the police force and given a man a ticket for an expired inspection sticker. An elderly woman sitting next to him, his mother I presume, starting cursing. "You aren't going to give him a ticket, are you, you blankety-blank Dago!"

"Madame," I replied, "Look at the signature on that ticket. You can see that I'm not a blankety-blank Dago, I'm a blankety-blank Nazi."

Which brings me back to the jury room. My reply to the lady when she asked me what sort of man reads *The Poetical Works of Walter Scott* will be familiar to all devotees of *The Quiet Man*. I replied, "A better man, I think, than you know, Mary Kate Danaher." Apparently the woman was not familiar with *The Quiet Man* however, for she ceased all further attempts at conversation after that.

Eventually I was called, along with forty other poor slobs, into the actual courtroom. We were informed by a tired and bored judge that if chosen, we would be presiding over a civil case which involved one plaintiff and three different defendants, each with their own lawyer. The judge gave us the typical blather about how ours was an imperfect system but the best system in the world. After which he gave us a mini-lecture on courtroom decorum. Then—and I'm not making this up—the court stenographer walked in wearing spiked heels and a black leather mini skirt. She was quite attractive, in a decadent French cabaret type way, but she really belonged in the small red light district a few blocks down from the courthouse. The judge seemed to like her though, because he chatted with her during breaks in the jury selection process. I'm not sure (I don't read lips) but I think he was telling the young women about his wife's inability to understand him.

The judge, having informed us that we would not be allowed out to go to the bathroom until the jury selection process was complete (he was afraid we wouldn't come back) felt quite free himself to pop in and out of the courtroom. No doubt desiring to emphasize that he was a free man—"I can go in and I can go out"—and that we were not free men—we could come in but we could not go out.

I don't believe in the jury system, but it is our system, and I was prepared to lose one or two days if selected. But when the judge casually mentioned that the trial would last two to three weeks, I inwardly vowed to make a concerted attempt to be stricken from the jury. Citing hardship by saying I did much of the homeschooling with my children would, I know, not wash in a district where the politicians and school officials would love to eradicate homeschooling parents from the face of the earth. Instead, when the lawyer for the plaintiff asked if any of the potential jurors was extremely

prejudiced against people who sue for damages, I made my case as forcefully as possible. "It ties up police officers' time doing paperwork for insurance companies. It increases insurance rates, etc." I was called up to the judge's bench and was stricken from the list of jurors. But I was told that I was to stay in the courtroom until the jury was selected and not to tell anyone that I had been stricken from the list lest they use the same excuse as I had to get off the jury.

I had seen, many times before, the ridiculous process of selecting a jury, but in this case, with four different parties and four lawyers, the process was one step beyond ridiculous. Each lawyer had a lackey, and when one lawyer found an acceptable juror, he sent his lackey over to the other lawyers to see if that juror was acceptable to the other lawyers. The other lawyers would then send their lackeys back with their answers, and on and on went the lawyers, and back and forth went the lackeys, and the green grass grows all around, all around, and the green grass grows all around.

There were some notable personages in that courtroom that day who should be mentioned.

The lawyer for the plaintiff. There are many fat men in the world. One cannot claim greatness simply because one is fat. But I think one can claim greatness if one has a somewhat normal physique and a belly that extends over one's belt in proportions suggesting a pregnant elephant. Such a man was the lawyer for the plaintiff.

When I was a lad, my brother and I and some of the other neighborhood kids used to get on our bikes and pedal to a construction site where we watched, in awe, a construction worker with a belly like the plaintiff's lawyer. Who is king? The construction worker, I believe, but possibly time has made me magnify his greatness beyond its due. The plaintiff's lawyer certainly runs a close second to the legendary construction worker. When I asked the potential juror to my left if he thought the belly was the result of beer or burgers, he replied, "Both."

The plaintiff's lawyer also was notable for the most gaseous of the four lawyers' addresses to the potential jurors. He stated that he came before us in "fear and trembling" (how Kierkegaardian!) because there had been so many frivolous lawsuits urged by shyster lawyers that he feared we might think he was the type of lawyer (Oh, no!) who pleaded frivolous lawsuits and asked for outrageous damages. He went on so long that one of the other lawyers had to ask the bailiff to go get the judge, who had disappeared to the back room, so he could object.

The Sha-Na-Na Iowa Farmer. I am no fashion plate. In winter, spring, fall, and summer, I wear what is cheap and comfortable. Nevertheless, I must call the reader's attention to a mid-fifty-ish man who was dressed in a pair of overalls and who sported a 1950's greaser type haircut. I expected him to break out in a medley of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" and "Tell Laura I Love Her." But this man was not outstanding simply because of his wardrobe. When the plaintiff's lawyer asked if anybody knew a Dr. Parker who would be testifying for the plaintiff, the Sha-Na-Na Farmer replied, "I knew a Parker down in North Carolina once. He wasn't a doctor though; he was a salesman. Boy, he was a funny guy. He used to..." On two other occasions he started regaling the court with stream-of-consciousness reminiscences that had no earthly connection to the case for which he was a potential juror. When the jury selection was complete, this man was chosen!

There is an old adage that if you are guilty, choose a jury, and if you are innocent, pick a judge. This man was proof of that adage. I have no doubt that each of the four lawyers thought he could make the Sha-Na-Na Farmer do his will.

The Curser. The potential juror on my right was a man in his early sixties who made it clear that he didn't want to be on the jury. But unfortunately he only made it clear to me. He kept cursing everybody and everything in a voice that was only audible to me. I shared his feelings, but I was growing heartily sick of listening to him. And I would have told him so if not for fear that he was the type of person to go home, load up the shotgun, and come back blazing away. This old codger was also picked. I can picture him in the jury room with the Sha-Na-Na Farmer.

Sha-Na-Na Farmer: "That reminds me of a story about a pet pig I used to own..."

The Curser: (Leaping across the table and putting his hands around the Sha-Na-Na Farmer's neck) "I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you!"

The Woman Who Made a Friend. Sitting in back of me were two middle-aged ladies. At every break in the proceedings, they chatted away. At one of the breaks, one lady said, "I'm so glad I got picked for jury duty because I feel like I've made a new and dear friend." It was then that I wished I had packed, in my suitcase, a barf bag.

The Man Who Thought He Was Back in the Army. If you are not picked for the jury, you do not get to go home. You are sent back to the room with the T.V. set (the soaps were now on) and are forced to sit there in case you are needed for another trial. Fortunately a plea was copped in the only remaining case that day, and we did get to go home. But we were forced to sweat it out, waiting to hear about our reprieves for an hour and a half.

During that time, a man, who had never been called out of the jury pool, stated, "I feel like I'm back in the Army. They order you to wait somewhere without telling you what you're waiting for or when you're likely to know what you're waiting for." I think a prison analogy would have been even more apt, but I appreciated the man's sentiments.

Now the party line, which the judge articulated that day, is that all the law's delay and the lawyers' high jinks are a necessary part of the best system of justice in the world. But this is not the case. As Judge William J. Cornelius points out in his book, *Swift And Sure*, we have one of the worst systems of justice in the world. The other countries of Europe are following our path, but no other country has gone farther down the slope of Humpty Dumpty logic and courtroom nominalism as the U.S. has.

And the reason for this is that our country started with less of a European tradition to eradicate. Incarnational Europe was based on reality; hence justice, though imperfect, was intended to go hand in hand with truth. In America, Enlightenment unreality, which had its source in the Thomistic deification of reason, has had more of a free hand than in Europe, although Europe is certainly under the same Enlightenment curse as the U.S. And even in the U.S., the Christian culture, the culture of the third dumb brothers, did not go out without a fight. But when that culture was destroyed, the juggernaut of Luciferian Enlightenment could proceed unfettered. Stark Young wrote of the new, unhallowed world that the defeat of the third dumb brothers had ushered in:

As this new guest went on talking about tariffs, industrial progress, and the development of enterprises, Hugh was surprised to find that the state under which such men as Mr. Mack saw society was actually a state of war. Competition without social principles. This would lead to a legalistic attitude, law as the letter, the strategic game; and this meant the debasement of the social sense. It meant secretiveness. Not lies, but a system of moving secretly, which ends in being only deceit and suspicion. Hiding the hen-nests, the prudence of white trash.

The chaos in our courts is not unconnected to the chaos in the Church. There has been a derailing. When religion becomes a legalistic game with no respect for the truth, our court system, which has its roots in the religious tradition whose founder said, "The Truth shall set you free," will reflect the same filthy disrespect for the truth that the Church does.

Labels: humor, not swift and sure, notable personages, state of war

Interview with the Young Drummer Boy

MONDAY, JULY 24, 2006

Interviewer: I'm grateful to you for coming here on such short notice.

Young Drummer: I'm happy to come, and it wasn't that short.

Int: I need to talk to a pre-medieval man, a man without that modernist taint.

YD: Fairyland does pre-date the medieval era. I come from the era that your age calls the 'Dark Ages.'

Int: Please don't hold that against me. I think the 'Dark Ages' was an age of light and our age the dark one.

YD: I won't disagree with that.

Int: In this dark age, I've been groping toward the light, and I've been surprised by where it is to be found and where it is not to be found.

YD: Explain please.

Int: Well, in our age, parents do not teach their children, strangers do. I was brought up to believe in something called science, progress, and the American way. What I learned in Sunday School, also taught by strangers, couldn't stand up to what I was taught the rest of the week. By eighteen I was an indoctrinated member of the 'enlightened' masses. But life, real life, intervened. The Shakespearian-Dostoyevskian inferno pointed to a different reality. That was my first surprise. There was no light to be found in the self-proclaimed light bearers, only darkness. One man born in Bethlehem had the light that all the electricians of science and progress went about proclaiming they had, but in reality, could not produce.

The second surprise came, as I've talked about with you before, when I discovered the organization I thought was responsible for preserving the light was not only in darkness but was in fact a dark pit filled with poisonous vipers.

YD: I appreciate the passion behind those words, but are you sure you don't overstate the case against the Catholic Church?

Int: No, I don't. Let's look at the Novus Ordo church first. They have faith all right; they have faith in everything, which translates to faith in nothing. You can't believe in Buddha, Christ, Muhammed, Kwanzaa, and Sesame Street all at the same time. The Novus Ordo Catholics are worthless. And the traditionalists are worse. They believe that whatever is cruelest in thought, in word, in action is divine. Their God is Tash, the devil god depicted in C. S. Lewis's book, *The Last Battle*. Every time I see a traditionalist priest, I feel as if I'm in the presence of Satan.

YD: I can't disagree with that assessment, and I find it astonishing that the Church officials in the Novus Ordo and the traditionalist camps have managed to keep any adherents at all. I suppose it is another indication of the sickness of your age.

Int: But was the Church ever really anything but sick? Are the Protestants right? I find it hard when I see the organized Church of Faithlessness in front of me (in the Novus Ordo) and the organized Church of Satan next to it (in the traditionalist church) to believe there ever was a true church of Christ. One can believe in Christ but not know where He is to be found on this earth.

YD: "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him."

Int: Yes, that's it exactly.

YD: Well, it is difficult (and I realize how inadequate the term 'difficult' is) to see any light at all when facing the modern Catholic Church, but if one shifts one's perspective, as I notice you have started to do, one can see a different picture besides a mere tangle of poisonous vipers. If one stops looking at modernism as a 20th century development or even a 16th century development, one can get some sort of perspective on what your modern writers call the 'crisis of Faith.'

When the Church was at its strongest, which is always when an organization is most vulnerable, the shift was made, ever so slightly at first, toward reliance on the analytical eye of the experts rather than on the wise blood of the faithful. Stop thinking of Leo XIII, the collective Pius popes, and the Sheed/Belloc type of writer as antique Christians and regard them instead as carriers of the modernist disease, and you will be on your way to the true Church. The Devil did not try a frontal assault on the medieval citadel; he came in the back door, disguised as a well-meaning friend called "Theology." "Let us leave no stone unturned in our defense of the Faith," he lied, "and let us show that pure thought and pure religion are one and the same."

Int: I think I follow you. Let me give a mundane example. A fellow English major once told me, while we were both still at university, that he no longer read any of the literature in the courses. It wasn't necessary to read the literature, he claimed, because all one had to do was to read the literary criticism in order to find out what it was about. And from the standpoint of grades, he was quite right. One was better off reading the literary criticism of the works than the works themselves. But if you read the works without reference to the critics, you often found yourself transported to a different place, a place where academics never went and never knew about. It was kind of the spiritual equivalent of Br'er Rabbit's Laughing Place. But one had to read the works with the proper spirit to get to that place.

I think you can see where I'm going with this. If reason is our only pure and untainted faculty, then the Faith must be taught and passed on only through the reasoning process. And each successive generation of the faithful becomes more and more isolated from the Faith. They know the theory of God, but they don't know God. They don't have that taste for God which Lubac wrote about, because they have never been allowed to know Him with their hearts.

YD: I don't think you need me anymore.

Int: Yes, I do, because the path is lonely and dark, and I'm afraid.

YD: We are all afraid.

Int: Except Him.

YD: Yes, except Him.

Int: Stay with me then?

YD: I will.

Labels: "They have taken away my Lord", fairy tale mode of perception, Young Drummer

The Speedy Decline

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 2006

“It may be that nature and history are not separable in the last resort, but at the level at which we do most of our ordinary thinking it is important to separate them, important not to synthesize them too easily and too soon, important above all not thoughtlessly to assume that nature, instead of being the substructure, is the whole edifice or the crown. The thing which we have come to regard as history would disappear if students of the past ceased to regard the world of men as a thing apart – ceased to envisage a world of human relations set up against nature and the animal kingdom. In such circumstances the high valuation that has long been set upon human personality would speedily decline.” -- Herbert Butterfield

Of course what Butterfield feared was coming in 1949 has come. Nature has become the whole edifice, and the old valuation of human personality has not just declined, it has disappeared. And let's be clear what the discipline of viewing nature as the whole edifice is called; it is called 'science.'

The Roman Catholic Church has been running scared for centuries as well as the Protestant churches. The Monkey Trial was a great indicator of this. The Roman Catholics stood on the sidelines in that battle, not wanting to appear unenlightened, while the mainstream liberal Protestants battled it out with the Fundamentalists. Of course the whole world has decided that the Fundamentalists were in the wrong. But were they? If one is wrong in one's basic assumption, most everything that follows from that assumption will be incorrect. For instance, if I start with the assumption that sand is the best foundation for a house, every attempt to add on to the foundation will prove the folly of my initial assumption. In contrast, if I start with the assumption that concrete is the best stuff for a foundation, and later decide that cheap balsa wood is best for the window frames, then I will have flimsy windows, but I will still have a sturdy foundation.

The Fundamentalists' assumption was correct: Man is separate from nature, at least separate from the nature defined by modern science, and that really is the issue. The Roman Catholic Church was content to stay in the theoretical realm: theoretically nature and man are one. Yes, if one defines nature in the Shakespearean way, holding a mirror up to nature, the nature of the human personality, which should be the object of all true studies of nature. But that is not what modern science does. It holds man up to a microscope and studies him as a biological specimen, as a product of nature, not as a personality with a living soul. The Fundamentalists saw this, or to be more accurate, felt it in their bones. The liberal Protestants, on the opposite side of the Fundamentalists, also saw much more clearly than the Roman Catholics what was at stake. And without the support of any organized church, the Fundamentalists lost the battle. The court victory meant nothing. The Fundamentalists lost.

The modern clergy are so enamoured of the scientific view of man that they really should replace their current clerical garb with white lab coats. What kind of future is there for us when nature alone is the edifice? One thinks of Captain Ahab standing up to Moby Dick, the symbol of dumb, impersonal nature, and asserting that a "personality stands here." Can we do less than Ahab who had to do battle without the Lord?

It seems to be a trick of Satan to use the generic human to destroy the human. Humanity the abstraction is a slave of brute nature. But the human personality is a freeman, a child of God. To assert that, in the face of a nature worshipping clergy and a bio-technocratic modern world, is the primary duty and glory of a 21st century Christian.

Labels: Fundamentalists, Herbert Butterfield, human personality, quotation, scientific view of man

The Third Dumb Brother

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 2006

There are many variations of the defining fairy tale of European civilization, but the tale in essence is this: There are three brothers, and their household is so poor that their father sends them off to seek their fortune. First the oldest brother sets out. He comes across an old man (or sometimes an old lady) who appears to be starving. The old man asks for a bit of food and or drink. The first brother tells the old man to drop dead and goes off and meets with misfortune. The second brother then ventures forth. He meets the same old man, who asks him for food or drink, and the second brother also tells the old man to drop dead. In his ensuing travels, the second brother also meets with misfortune.

Then the third brother ventures forth. His father is a bit reluctant to let him leave home because he has always seemed to be a bit of a simpleton. But the third brother entreats his father to let him go seek his fortune, and his father relents.

The third brother comes across the same old man that his two older brothers had told to drop dead – and indeed, the old man seems about to drop dead. But the third brother shares his meager fare with him, and the old man makes a miraculous recovery because the old man is miraculous. He gives the third brother some kind of magic talisman (a cloak of invisibility, a flying horse, or a sword of invincibility) because the third brother has shown that he has a kind heart. And the third brother is not really a simpleton, he is only dumb in the worldly eyes of his cynical brothers who have the Parisian wisdom (which, as Balzac informs us, consists of the belief that a man with a kind heart is as stupid as a rhinoceros). But the third dumb brother, as we know from our fairy tales, confounds his wiser brothers and goes on to win fair maiden and the Kingdom.

The kernel of truth from the fairy tale is the keystone of European civilization, for is not Christ the original third dumb brother? He wasn't obligated to reach out to us, his creatures, because he was compelled by some outside force. He reached out to us when we cried out from the depths because it is in his nature to love, just as it was no outside force that compelled the third dumb brother to share his food with the old man, but an inner desire that needed to love and reach out to another. And we must be like the third dumb brother if we are to respond to Christ's love. St. Paul's preaching was foolishness to the Greeks because they were too worldly wise and spiritually obtuse to become third dumb brothers.

It seems that the entire weight of the world is against third dumb brothers whenever they arise. The two cynical, worldly wise brothers always get the world's approbation. And it often appears that the two 'wise' brothers get the Church's support as well, but that is only when the Church's machinery is working against its own soul.

There is an incredible ennui that comes upon one when confronted with the overwhelming superiority of the two cynical brothers. Prospero felt it before he prepared to meet with Caliban.

*Prospero. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff*

*As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

Yes, we need to remind ourselves that it is their world, the world of the two soulless brothers and of Caliban, that will disappear. The dream world that Christ blessed with His love and sanctified with His blood is the real world; it is our world.

Labels: Christ as the original Third Dumb Brother, fairy tale of European civilization, Prospero

Unchurched

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 2006

I have been told, at different times in my life, that I was not a Catholic by official representatives of all three major branches of the Catholic Church, the *Novus Ordo* branch, the traditionalist branch, and the Eastern Rite branch. It angered me each time it happened, but it angers me no more. I'll gladly give them the title of Catholic and call myself an unchurched Christian.

What the churchmen and their lackeys fail to realize is that faith takes precedence over incorporation into the Church. I needed to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God before I had an interest in joining their church. I had a vision, not a blinding, pure vision like St. Paul's, but a misty one that gave me hope for an even clearer vision in the future. And the process of belief is not radically different for a cradle Catholic. At some point the "vision thing" must come into play. Mere mechanical reception of the sacraments will not sustain a person who has not moved, through his own free will, toward the light.

I entered the Catholic Church because I thought my vision of the faith was in line with the professed doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. When I discovered, over the course of twenty-seven years, that my faith and Catholic doctrine were incompatible, it was not hard to decide what to jettison. Faith in Him is much more precious to me than the right to be called a Roman Catholic.

If I wanted, I could twist the documents as the traditionalists do to show how in theory I am really a Roman Catholic and those other guys are not. But the Church's faith is more than its stated faith as expressed in various church documents. It is revealed in how the Church interprets and how the Church practices what is stated in the documents. And in that regard if I stated my main objection to the Catholic Church since the Middle Ages, it would be this: I object to the Church's consistent and methodical de-emphasis of the importance of belief in Christ in favor of incorporation into the Roman Catholic system. The system, in Roman Catholicism, is more important than the person of God, and as an inevitable consequence, more important than the person in the pew. The impersonal faith of the Roman Catholic Church is diametrically opposed to the personal faith of St. Paul whom the Catholic Church claims to revere as a saint. Dostoyevsky, who had much in common with St. Paul, points out the extreme dichotomy between Christianity and Roman Catholicism in the Grand Inquisitor section of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

The Church de-emphasizes Christ and extols pagan philosophy in defiance of the hungry everyman who desires mercy and not sacrifice. It's true that worldly success is more readily obtained within an organization such as the Catholic Church, but what is worldly success? Was not the whole world, before the coming of Christ, sickened unto death with a hope that was in this world only?

Protestantism as a reaction to Christless Catholicism was a necessary one. To be freed from the tyranny of pagan philosophy was a great blessing. But the desire for worldly success subverted much of the reaction. Calvinism, hatched by an organizational mind and adhered to by those with faith in this world only, gave Protestantism an anti-Christian taint that has still not been removed. It is certain, however, that there is a Christian undercurrent to Protestantism that has blessed the world. The sincere Protestants, pejoratively called 'Christers,' have kept alive an appreciation for the personal Savior that St. Paul saw and heard on the road to Damascus. It's easy to sneer at the born-

again types who talk about a personal relationship with Christ because they are so often the victims of mere enthusiasm rather than the recipients of divine grace. But their theology is correct: Christianity is about a personal relationship with Christ; it is simply harder to achieve than the born-again types understand.

The Master's words about Faith and the child go to the heart of the issue. Before we are polluted with some organization's explanation of the story, we hear the Christ story and we fall in love with the hero of that story. I know it was like that with me. And when I heard the Presbyterian Church's explanation of the Christ story, I never quite believed what they were saying about my hero. When I returned to the Christian faith, having lost it when assaulted by the scientific world, it was to the Faith of my childhood that I returned, not to the Presbyterian Church. Catholicism only entered the picture because I thought, erroneously, that the faith of my childhood and Catholicism were compatible.

When C. S. Lewis wrote *Pilgrim's Regress*, an allegorical tale of his return to Christianity, Tolkien told him that he hadn't really converted at all, that he had simply returned to puritanical Irish Protestantism. But Tolkien, being a paganized Catholic, did not understand Christianity. Lewis had not returned to Irish Protestantism, he had returned to that first, pure, clean vision of Jesus Christ that was vouchsafed to him as a child. And he held to that vision the rest of his life, despite onslaughts from Tolkien, academia, and the brave new scientized world that surrounded him.

It certainly has been a master stroke of the devil to use the machinery of the Catholic Church to lead men and women away from Christ. But that's what comes from aligning one's church with the two smarter, but crueler older brothers and jettisoning the third dumb brother. It seems we never will believe that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." But some Christians once believed it, and lived and died with contempt for the wisdom of the world. Like the forty just men in the old Jewish tale, they were and are the leaven of the church, and they don't reside exclusively in one denomination.

There will always be some heroes of the Faith who will wade through the swamp of Catholic paganism and climb the mountain that leads to Christ. And they will do this because they hear a personal God of love calling them and not because a clerical salesman has invited them to join a religious country club for V.I.P.s.

The Sons of Martha have grown cruel. They have forgotten the gentle rebuke of the Savior and have made practical, worldly wisdom the whole sum of the Faith. Now, when the Church and the world it worships is more maniacally aligned than ever before against all things spiritual, is the time to assert one's belief in the Fairy Prince to whom the Sons of Mary as well as the practical Sons of Martha owe their existence.

Labels: Christ vs. the System, Christless Catholicism, Dostoyevsky and Brother Karamazov, Sons of Martha

Soulless Nirvana

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 2006

In his book, *Solitude and Society*, Nicholas Berdayev makes a distinction between community and communion. Community consists of those organizations, civic and religious, which are formed to facilitate interaction between people who have something in common. Communion, in Berdayev's scheme of things, is something deeper than community. When one speaks from the depths of one's heart to another heart and touches a responsive chord, then, and only then, has a communion taken place.

Communities can facilitate communion or they can destroy it. Berdayev thought the most tragic situation imaginable would be a society that is organized into superficial communities in which the members, in order to avoid the agony of communion, occupy themselves totally with the trivial and

commonplace and become quite content with banality and vapidness. Sound familiar? Yes, we have created the nightmarish society that Berdayev wrote about. While Berdayev, having labored in the Lord's vineyards, now rests in the arms of the Lord, we must try to extricate ourselves from the anti-communal society we live in.

A community betrays the original ideal on which it was founded when it allows its members to affirm the idea behind the community while anesthetizing themselves from the heart of that idea. Let me use the city where I used to reside as an example: As you come into the downtown area, there is a welcome sign which proclaims that the city embraces "our traditions and our families." Those are nice ideals. One can build something on them. But do the stated ideals of the community match the heart of the matter? Does the city really embrace tradition and families? Well, as regards tradition, the city was a predominantly white Catholic city, yet a particular Catholic nun has regularly imported black, non-Christian hoodlums into it in order to follow the dictates of her church. This is hardly in support of the city's tradition. As for families? The tax burden in the city is enormous. When coupled with the spiraling crime rate caused by the city-approved black and Mexican invasion, it is not possible to claim that the city supports families. What the stated ideal was meant to do then was to desensitize people to the fact that they lived in a community which had eliminated the possibility of any real communion of souls.

If a friendship is to be a true friendship, there must be a shared passion. And I don't mean a passion for sailing or seafood or some other trivial pursuit; I mean a passion of the heart that contains all that a person feels about God and his fellow man. In the absence of that shared passion a friendship is only an association. Likewise a community in which the members don't have any real communion is only an outer shell with no core.

Why would a community deliberately subvert its stated ideals and try to eradicate every communal aspect of the community? It does so for the sake of survival. If it is discovered that there is no common, shared, heartfelt passion among the members of the community, the community will fall apart. So it is much better for the survival of the community that every member of the community makes a commitment to banality and vapidness.

The Catholic Church and the mainstream Protestant churches have made the same commitment to superficiality as have our civic institutions and government, eliminating communion in order to insure the survival of community. But by doing so they have cut us off not only from our fellow men but also from God. It is only from out of the depths that we can speak to God. The psalmist did not say, "From my vapid, banal, superficial, self-satisfied being, I speak to you, O Lord."

In theory, a man cannot live in a totally flat, soulless, vapid community, but in practice, Americans seem to have accomplished soulless nirvana. Anesthetized by blood sports, porno, and medical experts, we proudly proclaim our enthusiasm for communities without communion.

One often wants to escape the nightmare by walking through the wardrobe, but the wardrobe doesn't ever seem to open completely. One only gets a glimpse of another world and then the wardrobe closes. But this world of ours is not the real world. The real world has depth and people crying out from those depths to the Lord God.

Labels: Berdayev, true community vs. American pseudocommunity

Who Killed Edward Europe?

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 2006

Cast of Characters

Edward Europe – deceased

Philip Marlowe – narrator/ detective

Flora Plato – later calls herself "Susan Christian" – hat-check girl and dance hall floozie

Aristotle Smarty Pants – Number two man in the Big S's operation. A very clever fellow.

Big Tom Aquinas – A mug working for Smarty Pants

Willie Teilhard – Nicknamed "Slick Willie" – a two-bit confidence man and mug – also working for Smarty Pants

The Big S – the number one man in the operation – his street address is Hell, but he gets around.

William Papal – a hit man who works for Mr. S

My name is Philip Marlowe and I'm a private eye. But I'm not working on the Europe case for money. Ed Europe was my best friend. I want to find out who killed him. And when I do find the ones that killed him, they won't be turned over to the law. I'll deal with them myself. It's part of the code; at least, my code.

Edward Europe was one hell of a man. He hit the ground running in the late 300's. Seeing through his eye rather than with it, he immediately grasped the implications of the Old Testament prophecies and the New Testament story of the God-Man. He was truly remarkable. He had a sixth sense about things, but he was not an egghead. His mind was only a tool that he used, like his broadsword, to serve his heart. I loved the guy. He was the type of man you always hoped you could be. Even if you knew you weren't like him, it was good to know that there was a guy like him.

But there were some dark clouds in Ed Europe's sky. The darkest cloud was a dame – it seems like it's always a dame. This one had baby blue, innocent eyes and a face and figure that wouldn't quit. But she was far from innocent. I tried to warn Ed about her, but it was no use; he wouldn't hear anything against her. She was subtle and very slick. She had started out as a hat-check girl at a night club. Her name was Flora Plato, but when she met Ed, she claimed her name was Susan Christian.

She never said anything that was against Ed's European faith; she just kept telling him how much he could improve his understanding of his faith if he only got smarter. She introduced him to a friend of hers – his name was Mr. Aristotle Smarty Pants. Ed started attending classes with the two of them. And through them, he started meeting all sorts of questionable characters – mugs like Big Tom Aquinas and Slick Willie Teilhard. I knew he was heading for a fall. But what could I do? He loved that dame, but she done him wrong.

Watching Ed sink lower and lower into the abyss was more than I could bear. When I found I couldn't get him to break with Susan and her friends, I moved cross-country to get a fresh start in life. But things were never the same. I took heart from Ed's integralness. He was the real deal. When he was going strong, you had hope that just maybe everything in this wacky world would turn out to make some sense.

I hadn't seen Ed Europe for three years when I got a telegram from him. "Need help. Please come" was all it said. I took the first plane I could get but it was too late. I saw Ed all right, but he was in the morgue with a .45 slug in his head. The coroner said it was suicide, but I know different...

12 years later –

It took some time but I got them all. Well, all but the guy they call the Big S. He's still out there somewhere. He ordered the hit on my pal, Ed Europe. For years I thought it was old Aristotle Smarty Pants who was running the show, but even he worked for the Big S man.

As you probably guessed, Ed's death was not suicide. The actual slug was fired by a mug named William Papal. He's dead now too. I took care of that. But don't worry, he got an even break. I put the revolver on the table between us. It was slightly closer to him than me. I was a shade quicker though.

Susie was in on the murder plot, but she didn't live much longer than Ed. Smarty Pants had Tom Aquinas kill her. She was in the way. Teilhard got too pushy and tried to take over the whole operation, so Smarty Pants had him eliminated too. But when Big Tom refused to kill Teilhard (it turned out they were half-brothers), Smarty Pants had him rubbed out.

I finally caught up with Smarty Pants last month. At first I didn't believe him when he insisted that he wasn't Mr. Big. It certainly had always seemed liked he was running the show. But he showed me some evidence that convinced me that Mr. S is and was behind the whole anti-Europe movement. Yes, I said, 'is' as well as 'was.' Ed may be dead, but his reputation and his legacy are still alive. The Big S wants that legacy and reputation to stand for racism, militarism, sexism and stupidity. But I want Ed Europe's legacy to reflect what Ed was: the only integral Christian man I ever knew.

Yes, he was weak, because he was human, more human than the rest of us. And he never sold out to the Big S. That's why the Big S had to destroy him and why the Big S wants to smear his memory. But I won't forget Ed Europe. As long as I have breath in my body, I will tell the truth about Ed despite the Big S and all of his new recruits.

I've cut out the bourbon and cigarettes and replaced them with pushups, running, and constant target practice with my .45. Oh, I almost forget to mention – I did kill Smarty Pants as well.

I've never been a big reader, but there are a few books and poems that stick in my mind. There are two lines by Thomas Moore which express my feelings about Ed Europe:

*"One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"*

Labels: demolition of Europe, detective short story, philosophical speculation

Savagery

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 2006

I have before me an article from David Duke's web page, titled, "New Orleans Descends into Africa-like Savagery." He points out that the "New Orleans looting, robbery, rape, murder and mayhem is not about food and water. There are many distribution points. Absolutely no one is starving. No one is dying of thirst, save perhaps for a few hopelessly trapped in their attics from the risen waters. No, this mayhem is about morals in a man, not the amount of food in his stomach."

Dr. Duke goes on to draw the obvious conclusions from the New Orleans tragedy: Whites are different from blacks. Without white guidance and control, blacks will always descend into savagery. It is not just permissible, it is essential and morally incumbent upon white people that they support their own race. The fact that they are not doing so is the primary tragedy of the latter half of the 20th century and the beginning of the 21st.

Dostoevsky used the image of the swine possessed by devils to describe the Russian intelligentsia. All of white Europe and European America is possessed by the same devils. There seems to be virtually no hope that the devils will be exorcised. No matter how blatant the savagery of the blacks and their anti-white hatred becomes, self-hating whites still persist in sanctifying black barbarism and demonizing white self-sacrifice and virtue.

I talked of battle lines previously. Well, there is a clear battle line that can be drawn between the black and white. Whereas not all who stand with the white race are Christian all who stand against it are most certainly not Christian. That the Faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith is true in a much more profound sense than Belloc realized.

Those on the pagan right are much more Christian in ethos than the post-Christian whites lurking inside the various churches, but they need to look past the current anti-European churches to the Christians of other eras. It was only a few of the utopian lunatic sects that promoted race mixing and the worship of the noble savage. So why let the Christ-hating, European-hating, modern Christians steer you away from the God-Man?

Our Lord told us that some devils can only be driven out by prayer and fasting. I think the devils inside the white-hating whites are such devils. And by saying that, I do not mean that we should not fight the white-hating whites and the black barbarians; I mean that we must recognize that the antidote to Gnostic Christianity – which is at the heart of race-mixing and black worship because the white Gnostic makes out of his own fantasies a false image of the black – is not paganism but real prayer-and-fasting Christianity.

No black barbarian, no post-Christian white can stand up against a Christian who, having purified the weak vessel that he is through prayer and fasting, fights for His reign of charity. Sir Walter Scott's hero in *The Surgeon's Daughter* marches straight into the valley of the shadow of death because he has that within him that cannot be purchased in the open market or found in any religion, save one.

*Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly,
Left to dews the freshen'd air.
Day his sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;
To the Vizer's lofty palace
One bold Christian came alone.*

Without Christ, there is no mercy. And we only know Christ through the European. It was the European who absorbed the incarnation into his blood. What will the world be like without mercy, without the European? It will be like the New Orleans Superdome.

Labels: David Duke's reportage of New Orleans, prayer-and-fasting Christianity

The Gingerbread House

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 2006

I would dispute those liberals who claim fascism is from the Right; it really has nothing in common, as Nicolai Tolstoy points out in his book, *Stalin's Secret War*, with the Christian right. It is, however, to the right of socialist liberalism. Fascism incorporates some old pagan elements (Mussolini changed his allegiance from communism to fascism, for instance, because he claimed communism lacked virility) that the socialists eschew; therefore, to the modern mind, fascism is to the right and communism is to the left.

Most of 'apocalyptic' literature, warning us of the dangers of totalitarianism, such as Huxley's *Brave New World*, Orwell's *1984*, and Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, warn us of a fascist government (Orwell's *Animal Farm* of course warns us of socialist totalitarianism). But whether the authors warn us of a communist or fascist dictatorship, they all perceive totalitarian societies as based on non-subtle (overt?), masculine force. They all have failed to envision a totalitarian society that was subtle, seductive, and feminine. The most successful totalitarian government in history has been the United States. Using feminine coercion rather than masculine, the U.S. has accomplished much more than Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini or any other 2-bit dictator ever hoped to accomplish.

In *Fahrenheit 451*, my favorite of the apocalyptic novels, Bradbury correctly notes that a totalitarian government must, if it is to maintain itself, kill history. There must be no historical consciousness; there must only be the reigning government, which has always been, and always will be, world without end. In Bradbury's novel, the government kills history by burning all books from the past.

But a colony of rebels keeps the past alive by having each member of their rebel band memorize a book. In the novel, naked force is effective to a certain extent, but it is not all-powerful because there is a resistance movement that could eventually destroy the existing regime.

The U.S. has conquered by using the 'Gingerbread House' technique used by the witch in the story "Hansel and Gretel." Books about the past are not banned, they are simply packaged in scorn and printed with ridicule, while modernism comes in a gingerbread house. And in the modern American gingerbread house, no one has enough sense to realize that the feminine force responsible for the gingerbread house is demonic. In the corner of the house, little Joey Brill is munching on democracy cookies; Joe Average American is eating blood-and-circus candied apples, while Mr. Good Solid Citizen eats constitutional brownies and capitalist donuts. And who is that on the roof? Why, it's the ever-evolving and revolving Sally Cupcake eating the gingerbread house chimney made of progressive dough and feminist icing. Munching on the cinnamon door is race-mixing Lou, and over by the stove is... Well, you get the picture.

The great satanic wisdom of American totalitarianism is this: if you ban the old books and the old traditions, the people might still love them enough to fight for their restoration. But if you give them a gingerbread house to munch on and coat the older books and traditions in monkey vomit, the people will joyfully let the old books remain unread and the old traditions die.

We are in a much more sorry plight than the doomsday prophets predicted. Traditions cannot be simply dug up to settle a contemporary score with an opponent. They can only come to life if they are loved. Pinocchio will always be more relevant than Darwin.

Labels: American totalitarianism

The Poetic Core of Western Civilization

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 2006

“The shift from a fairy-tale appreciation of the Faith as a concrete, personal, earth-shattering experience, to a derivative, philosophical system is subtle and slow but devastating in its effects when it takes hold.”

Arnold Lunn thought it was the truth and the way; Alan Tate thought it was a curse and a blessing; and my college religion professor thought that, love it or hate it, it was the Western tradition. All three men were referring to rationalism.

I concede that rationalism is part of the Western tradition, but I would dispute that it is at the core of the Western tradition. Philosophical speculation has ever been with us, but it is only the philosophical speculators who tell us their speculations are the Western tradition.

Excluding the philosophical speculators who put their speculations into poetic form, such as Dante and Dryden, I would claim that it is the poets who represent the core of the Western tradition. As Walter Scott says: “The marvels and miracles, which the poet blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose as the vehicles of historical truth is always of late introduction. Poets under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations.”

All civilizations start with a poetic core. In the ancient Greek civilization, for instance, the spirit and ethos of their civilization was articulated by Homer. Gradually, over time, philosophical speculators such as Socrates and Plato chipped away at that poetic core until the core was no longer at the center of Greek civilization. The poetic core was pushed to the periphery, and philosophical speculation moved to the core.

When speculative philosophy or rationalism is at the center of your civilization, your civilization has ceased to be a civilization. Many of the external forms might remain, but at heart your society has died. Sexual excess replaces pietas, and an obsession with legalese or bureaucratic minutia replaces genuine concern for truth and justice. In short, you have “a ghastly mess,” and your civilization is ready to be absorbed by a civilization that does have a poetic core. Such was the case with Greece when it was absorbed by Rome, and such was the case with Rome when it was absorbed by the Europeans. Which brings us to the people and the civilization that was (and is) the subject of these wars.

The modern right-wingers, such as Kevin Strom and Charles Maurras, err when they seek to return to the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. Those civilizations were sick with rationalism at the time of their demise. It is the integral, full-blooded Christianity of the early Europeans that needs to be restored. It seems that rationalism works like cancer cells. A healthy body always has a few, but so long as they are few in number, they don't destroy the body. When the cancer cells start to multiply, and the body treats them as normal and the non-cancerous cells as outcasts, the body dies.

The fairy tales of our civilization always include evil wizards and witches who seek to interact with demons and bend the natural world to their will in order to compete on an equal level with God. These men and women were seen, in the old fairy tales, for what they were: evil men and women. Such is not the case today. We are a whole society of wizards and witches. The integral European, be he king, yeoman, or peasant, would react with horror at the thought of a kingdom dominated by witches and wizards. But now the witches and demons rule, and none dare call them evil.

It matters not whether they profess to be born again or to be members of the Roman Catholic Church; if they smile at or participate in the anti-European invasion, they are not Christians. In the

novel, *Count Robert of Paris*, which is set in Greece, Walter Scott depicts a Greek philosopher who desires to subvert the Christian Byzantine empire and reestablish it under sounder philosophical principles. Midway through the novel, Agelastes, the philosopher, gives his apologia for the primacy of philosophy over religious superstition. He derides the Greek gods as childish and unrefined and the Christian God as barbaric and juvenile. Pure, unadulterated reason is the only antidote, he maintains, for such blatant lies and superstitions. And Agelaste's beliefs, put less bluntly now but essentially the same, are the beliefs of modern Europeans. They treat the ancient Christian faith as a childish fairy tale and expound a newer, philosophical Christianity that suites the improved rational man of today.

Both Lunn and Chesterton speak lovingly of the rationalist revolution ushered in by St. Thomas Aquinas. Why? We should be happy because we are now allowed to replace the God-man with rational discourse and demonology? At the poetic core of old Europe was Christ. At the core of the new civilization is Satan, for he always takes center stage when rationalism reigns.

It is no coincidence that black and Aztec civilizations are now highly esteemed by the West and older white civilizations are despised. Since the West has become demonic, it worships other demon civilizations and hates its Christian past. Satan never had to worry about controlling Aztec and voodoo cultures; they were always his; it was the European culture that scared him. Now he has conquered that one, not by a direct frontal attack, but through the old slight of hand game called philosophical speculation.

In keeping with their new satanic religion, the European people have opened their countries up to the devilish cultures of color. It's as if they couldn't quite manage the demolition job alone and needed the help of some sturdy, stout lads of color. And that type of help will always be available. Of course, there might be some weeping when the men and women of the West find out that the material comforts they have enjoyed cannot be indefinitely sustained when the culture that produced those comforts is destroyed.

There is very little Christianity left in the Europeans. We can accurately gauge just how little is left by finding out how individual Europeans feel about the wholesale destruction of the old European culture. If they are completely in favor of the new multiracial world order, then they have no Christianity left in them. It matters not whether they profess to be born again or to be members of the Roman Catholic Church; if they smile at or participate in the anti-European invasion, they are not Christians. For Christianity is a religion of pietas and of depth; it is not a religion for the superficial, "give the world a Coke" crowd.

Satan always comes as the philosophical speculator, the great dialectician. "Why not eat the apple – you won't die. That's just silly, superstitious nonsense." But Satan never penetrated to the core of Christendom until St. Thomas provided him with an entrance pass. Then, starting on the periphery, he wormed his way to the very center.

I think the most overt signs that Satan was gradually gaining ascendancy over Christendom showed up in the nineteenth century. It was in that century that capitalism, Darwinism, Freudianism, and Marxism, all logical outgrowths of the Thomistic revolution, became something more than just fringe movements. But it must also be said that the Christians of that century fought back heroically, interiorizing and deepening the Christian faith as in no other century. It wasn't until the latter half of the 20th century that the Christian counterattack ceased.

All the countries of Europe have been and are currently participating in the great betrayal of sacred Europe. But the United States is the beacon light of the antichrist:

*Send me your Aztecs and your blacks,
Your hate-filled masses yearning to murder and destroy,
We'll shine our light upon the Wal-Mart cluttered shores,
And spew hatred upon all that once was held so dear.*

There is one sentiment that the blood-gutted pagan cultures have never known and the philosophical speculating Satanic culture now disdains, and that is the emotion, which only a Christian of blood feels, that rises up in a soul when he sees his child being threatened. It is a sentiment that includes the desire to protect one's own, but it goes deeper still. It is a heavenly fury.

And it is the Christ Child Himself who is now threatened. He lies helpless in the manger with ravenous wolves all around him. Yes, He is the Lord, but that part of his divinity that depends on our humanity is in mortal danger. The incarnate Christ Child is being ripped to shreds every time the culture of the Christian hearth and the Christian manger are assaulted. That emotion, the feeling of pietas, but yet deeper than pietas, is the emotion at the poetic core of Europe. It is something on which we can build.

*Could every time-worn Heart but see Thee once again,
A happy human child, among the homes of men,
The age of doubt would pass,--the vision of Thy face
Would silently restore the childhood of the race.*

--Henry Van Dyke

Labels: demolition of Europe, fairy tale of European civilization, nineteenth century Christian counterattack, philosophical speculation, poetic vision, rationalism

What Homer Knew and Plato Didn't

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 2006

The right-wing pagans who reject Christianity because it is anti-white are partially correct; the institutional churches are against white people and our culture, past and present. But when the pagans suggest a return to Greece, my question is "which Greece?" If you're advocating a return to the Greek philosophers, you may as well stay with the anti-white Churches because they are the heirs of the Greek philosophical tradition. St. Paul had no luck with the Greek philosophers because everything was speculative to them. They believed in the idea of truth but not in the incarnation of truth. That God could become incarnate was a return to the 'silly' gods such as Zeus and Hera which the philosophers had already rejected. Is it true that an advanced culture never had a sillier religion than the ancient Greeks? That's what the intellectuals, the same ones who admire Greek philosophy, say. But if their religion was so silly, why is the European literary tradition so steeped in Greek mythology? Is it because the European poets are silly too? Well, yes, they are silly to the modern intellectuals; they can be read to produce an effect, an emotion, in the eviscerated academician, but they are not, to the academician, vehicles of truth.

In the last death gasp of a society, the academicians rule. Plato's perfect society is a soulless, lifeless society. The European poets knew this, which is why they called on Homer for inspiration rather than on Plato. And it's ironic that there is more realistic thinking in the metaphors of Homer than in the syllogisms of Plato, just as there is more realistic thinking in the works of Shakespeare, Scott, and Dostoyevsky than there is in the tomes of St. Thomas, Descartes, and Hegel.

If the new pagans prefer Zeus to Plato and St. Thomas, I'm with them. So were the European poets. There is more humanity in the Greek myths than in Greek philosophy, but there is something else that the new pagans overlook. The old European poets deepened the poetry of the Greeks. Homer's Odysseus and Sophocles' Oedipus were not looking for a non-human substitute for Zeus; they were looking for a man-god more human than Zeus. And if the Greek philosophers had not regarded Homer's stories as frivolous nonsense, they would have heard St. Paul's story of Christ's Homeric victory over Satan and fallen to their knees and believed, just as Homer and Sophocles did when they crossed that threshold between heaven and hell and were vouchsafed a vision of the incarnate

God. They knew him at once as God, because they knew, in contrast to the philosophers, that a divine God is a human God.

It's not that there aren't dangers when one follows the way of Odysseus, the way of the man of flesh and blood. Of course there are. There is Circe, there is Calypso, and of course, the Cyclops. But if the heart is alive, there is a chance, a good chance, that the Greek hero will find his way to The Hero. However, the philosopher will never find or see anything; he will be hopelessly lost in a rational maze of his own construction. Yet when the Church condemns paganism, it is generally the paganism of Odysseus that is condemned, not the paganism of the philosophers, which seems to go against Christianity. In order to feel the need for a redeemer, one must still be a man with a heart who sees life "feelingly" and can be moved to passionate repentance for sins done with passion. The philosopher, the man with the disembodied brain, needs no redeemer, for he sees nothing from which he needs to be redeemed. Passion, death, and sin are just ideas that have no real life outside of the mind of the philosopher. He, or more accurately, his mind, is almighty and self-sufficient. He smugly contemplates his own self-sufficiency through all eternity.

The Odysseus type of pagan needs to be converted to a faith that is purer and greater than his own, but since he has a functioning heart there is a good chance he will respond to His sacred heart. In contrast, the philosopher is dead. He cannot respond heart to heart to God because he has willfully constructed mind-forged manacles over and around his heart. Odysseus's paganism would be a step up for the philosopher.

And the conflict persists today. The Kevin Strom pagans are, with their respect for kin and kind, at least human beings, while the various Greek Churchmen who think they have reached the zenith of human perfection, have yet to be born.

Labels: Greek philosophical tradition, human heart, the Hero

Catholic vs. Protestant

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 03, 2006

“The weight of this sad time we must obey; Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.”

—*King Lear*

Once, while working as a police officer, I consulted a lawyer about what strategy to adopt against a low-life, criminal type who was accusing me of brutality. It is a little game the bad guys play: by charging the arresting officer with brutality, they hope to get reduced charges or even an acquittal and then civil suit damages.

After the business end of the discussion, there was a brief human encounter (very rare) between police officer and the lawyer. Off the record I told the lawyer, “The problem with this whole business is that you can’t tell the whole truth. You can’t say, ‘Yeah, I gave the blankety-blank so-and-so a few extra shots after I had the handcuffs on because the blankety-blank so-and-so tried to stick me while I was trying to cuff him, and our lives wouldn’t be worth a nickel if there wasn’t some kind of immediate retaliation for that type of thing.’ But if you say that in court, the opposing lawyer will jump all over you and move for the immediate dismissal of the charges against his sweet angelic client. So you stick to the old formula: ‘I used the minimum amount of force necessary to facilitate an arrest.’”

The lawyer agreed with my assessment and, with rare candor for a lawyer, said, “We are all whores.”

I have seen the same courtroom dynamic at work in the Catholic-Protestant debate. No concessions can be made because each side must win the dialectic argument or be faced with loss of case, loss of face, loss of job. But unfortunately, the dialectic is not the highest form of discourse nor is it the discourse most conducive to the truth. So I would like to move beyond the dialectic and actually say something about the Catholic and Protestant versions of Christianity.

The Catholic Church has the X’s and O’s; they have the ‘smart ones’ on their side. Indeed, I recently heard one convert state that he became a Catholic because Catholics were “so smart.” But the Church’s smartness is its weakness as well. Catholics have everything that Protestants lack: sacraments, Mariology, prestigious theologians, Church fathers dating back to the beginning of Christianity, and an infallible pope. But they don’t have Christ because they have preferred the ‘smart’ Plato and Aristotle to the Son of Man.

Dietrich von Hildebrand once criticized Thomas Molnar for making some mild criticisms of Plato. It was von Hildebrand’s contention that Plato was the vessel from which God had ordained we should receive Christ’s revelation. Hmm... I thought the Jewish people were that divinely appointed vessel. I wonder if von Hildebrand really had ever read Plato with an objective eye. Plato, the birth control advocate, despiser of the poets, and advocate of the Socratic dialectic as the highest form of wisdom, is not a worthy vessel for Christ’s revelation. Nor is the atheistic, bug-collecting, materialist named Aristotle.

It bears repeating that the greatest poet of the Greek culture, Sophocles, said it was better not to be born than to live in the closed, rationalist universe of the philosophers. The “folk” of Asia Minor preferred the mystery religions to that of Greece and Rome. And the people of God, the true vessel of Christ’s revelation, spoke of God in these non-Platonic and non-Aristotelian terms: “Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.” That is the language one uses when addressing a personal God. That is the language of St. Paul, of Shakespeare, and of all Christians who have not succumbed to the Greek heresy.

I’m not saying there were never any Christians in the Catholic Church, but I do think the Church has, over time, become a most unChristian institution. One gets used to hearing our Church leaders

support every radical and vile cause that comes along, but shouldn't that tell us something about the Church?

There is nothing good that one can say about modern Protestantism. It is every bit as anti-Christian as modern Catholicism. And I don't want to go over the Reformation debate again. Neither side is guiltless. What I want to focus on is a surviving remnant of Christians in the Protestant ranks who have no counterpart in the Catholic ranks.

The fringe elements in the Protestant Church, those Fundamentalists to the right of Jerry Falwell, do not have the Faith in its entirety. But they are more Catholic than any Catholics because they have chosen to stay with the Christ of the Gospels instead of the Platonic Christ or the Aristotelian Christ. And the great struggle of Christians in every century, the one which the visible Catholic Church gave up in the 20th century, is the struggle to retain a vision of the one true God rather than a blueprint of the attributes of God. And therein lies the reason for the greater Catholicism of the Fundamentalists: they have maintained, in an imperfect form, a vision of the true God.

Adhering only to one's personal interpretation of Scripture and to the personal vision of Christ derived from that personal perusal of the Gospels is fraught with danger. One has only to look at the devastation in the Protestant churches to see the consequences of the "Scripture alone" approach to Christianity, but the Catholic Church has committed an even graver error than the Protestant churches. The Catholic Church has forgotten that Christianity does start with a personal relationship with the Christ of the Gospels. The sacraments, the wisdom of the clergy, and an infallible pope all exist to nurture and refine that initial, personal vision of Christ. They do not exist to replace that vision with a pagan philosophical system. It was personal contact with Christ that raised Jairus's daughter, not the vaunted wisdom of the Greek sages.

I do not see how one can accept the Catholic Church's claim to be the one true Church so long as that fundamental personal encounter with the Christ of the Gospels is set at naught. The Church needs an infusion of Fundamentalists' blood if she is to live. Theoretically, Christ's blood flows in the Church, but it seems that the blood cannot, or will not, flow in the unholy vessels of the Greek philosophers.

Having experienced the Catholic and Protestant versions of Christianity, I can say that I find neither version to be complete by itself. I see a shore called Christianity. We are given a sailboat with which to reach that shore.

The Catholic sages tell us we don't need the body of the boat or the sail; all we need, they say, is the rudder. Of course with no boat, no sail, and only a rudder, we can never get to the shore.

The Protestants, on the other hand, tell us we don't need a rudder. All we need, they say, is a boat and a sail. Without a rudder to steer, nine boats out of ten do not make it safely to shore. But one out of ten does.

So, it is not a perfect equality. The Catholic Church, to whom everything was given, has nothing. The Protestant Church has, in its despised lunatic fringe, something that the Catholic Church needs if it is ever to reach the shore.

The anti-Christian nature of modern Catholicism has been brought home to me in so many ways. The works of Flannery O'Connor provide just one example: In all of her major novels and in all but one of her short stories, the hero, when there is a hero, is always a Protestant Fundamentalist. When Flannery O'Connor was asked why this was so, she said it was because when a Protestant heard voices, he thought it was God speaking to him, and when a Catholic heard voices, he thought it was the devil speaking to him; thus a Protestant character had more freedom of movement, upward and downward, in which to act out the drama of salvation.

But should this be so? Does a commitment to the Catholic sacramental system mean that our intuitive faculties that hear those inner voices must always be suppressed in deference to the

rational faculties of the Catholic clergy? No, it should not. Such a system kills the romance of the Faith. It kills love, honor, and bravery. In short, it kills the soul. Is there no room in Catholicism for that old quaint notion that what the heart prompts is the echo of the soul? Apparently not. But the Church should make room for such antiquarian notions because now she sits, so cold, so still, on a throne of ice, inaccessible to human beings with hearts that still live.

Labels: dialectic, personal relationship with Christ, poets vs. philosophers

Hatred of the Past

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 03, 2006

As a general rule I do not like the science fiction genre in film or literature, but there is a powerful image that has stayed with me for many years from the movie *Fahrenheit 451*. The hero of the film, having lived in a society that banned all books, comes to the realization that he has been robbed of the past. And without the past, he is present-bound -- bound to the mindset of the present, the mores of the present, and the vision of the present. He sets out to correct his Prometheus-bound condition by reading old books, declaring that he must reconstruct the past. It is a wonderful moment when the hero sits down at a table and starts to read *David Copperfield*.

Now in the movie, the present and future are made triumphant over the past by the actual banning of books written in and about the past. But I would maintain that our current present-and-future-oriented society has succeeded in destroying man's consciousness of the past more thoroughly, because it has been done more subtly than any futuristic totalitarian society ever spawned from the mind of a science fiction writer.

And it is not a question of right-wing or left-wing. Both wings have burned the past from modern man's mind and heart. But they have not done it in the way the sci-fi books generally depict it. They have not suppressed all knowledge of the past and all access to the past as the futuristic sci-fi societies do. Instead they have killed the past by demonizing it, in the case of the left-wing, and de-Christianizing it, in the case of the right-wing.

Let's start with the left-wing. The most deplorable anti-Christian way to treat history is the modern way. Our "historians" treat all those individuals who have lived before us as convenient stepping stones that lead to us, the most advanced and superior of creatures. Of course, those who come after us will be more advanced and superior than we are. And on it goes, with the last generation on earth being the supreme generation everybody else has worked and labored to bring forth. This process, supported by professed Christians, is the most un-Christian of concepts because it denies the individual personality. No human being, in the Christian scheme of things, is a stepping stone for another human being's progress. He is a personality, supreme in his own right, and of infinite value and worth to the personal God who created him. Dickens, one of the great giants of world literature, expressed the Christian view of personality so well in *The Tale of Two Cities*:

"A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it!"

Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in

ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbour is dead, my love, the darling of my soul is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial-places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?"

In the modern leftist view of history, the past is evil. Individuals from the past are only good to the extent that they were forerunners for the future. Thus in literary circles one hears this: "Mr. Old Fogey wrote in silly times but there was a suggestion of bisexuality in his works that helped pave the way for our modern writers." In politics: "Women were mostly repressed in those days but the actress Susie Q. Slut was very promiscuous thus paving the way for the sexual liberation of women today." In the Church: "Christians in those days were generally racists but Father O'Shea performed biracial marriages and supported integration thus paving the way..." And so on and so on...

So the past is used as a morality play for the present. You will be condemned if you are not progressive and forward-looking. Hence, the thing to be is future-oriented. One must always be looking forward to the latest perversion in religion, in politics and in science, in order that one can embrace it and not appear to be backward and unprogressive and therefore damned.

The right-wing, like the left-wing, condemns the past. But where the left-wing condemns the past as evil and the individuals from the past as sinful, the right-wing condemns the past as disordered and the individuals from it as weak. They also look to the future, but unlike the left, they look to a future that has been ordered by the mind of Aristotle and the discipline of the Romans. They, like the leftists, only praise individuals from the past whom they see as forerunners of their vision of the future. Thus right-wingers look to writers who were Christian with a small c and pagan with a capital P as their heroic forerunners.

But to live in either the left-wing's or the right-wing's past-hating world is to live in oblivion. St. Paul stated the Christian case for all of us when he declared, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord;" Hence to be cut off from the past as a living, breathing thing is to be cut off from Christ; the future-worshipping societies of the right and left are Christless. If one does not read Walter Scott or LeFanu in order to receive a breath of the wholesome Christianity of the 19th century but only to see if, on any issue, Scott or LeFanu were forerunners of the modern era, then one has entered the future world where there is no future. Christ and only Christ transcends the past, present, and future. To live outside his reign of charity is to have no past, no present, and no future. That's where *Star Wars* and Aristotle put us – outside His reign of charity, without a home in this universe or any other.

Labels: Charles Dickens, Christian view of personality, Fahrenheit 451, quotation

Uncle Silas: The Funeral

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 03, 2006

It is not easy to recall in calm and happy hours the sensations of an acute sorrow that is past. Nothing, by the merciful ordinance of God, is more difficult to remember than pain. One or two great agonies of that time I do remember, and they remain to testify of the rest, and convince me, though I can see it no more, how terrible all that period was.

Next day was the funeral, that appalling necessity; smuggled away in whispers, by black familiars, unresisting, the beloved one leaves home, without a farewell, to darken those doors no more; henceforward to lie outside, far away, and forsaken, through the drowsy heats of summer, through days of snow and nights of tempest, without light or warmth, without a voice near. Oh, Death, king of terrors! The body quakes and the spirit faints before thee. It is vain, with hands clasped over our

eyes, to scream our reclamation; the horrible image will not be excluded. We have just the word spoken eighteen hundred years ago, and our trembling faith. And through the broken vault the gleam of the Star of Bethlehem.

— by J. S. LeFanu

Labels: Le Fanu, quotation

The Knight and the Miller

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 03, 2006

“Those who look for God only in nature, or judge the universe from what they see in the jungle, are liable to debase even religion, as we have already noted, and are themselves in danger of coming to grievous harm.”

—Herbert Butterfield

As the pilgrims in Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* journey to Canterbury, “the Holy Blissful martyr there to seek,” the Knight tells a tale of courtly love and chivalry in which two knights vie for the hand of a fair lady. When the Knight finishes his tale, the coarse Miller tells a vulgar tale of uncourtly lust, and having told the tale, thinks he has soundly refuted the Knight’s excessively ethereal view of life and love. But where the Knight erred slightly while being essentially correct in his idealization of the young lovers, the Miller erred grievously by completely submerging his characters in the world of gross animal nature.

I see in the conflict between the Knight and the Miller the conflict between Christianity and science. Yes, I know there have been scientists who were Christians and that the Church has stoutly maintained throughout the centuries there is no ultimate conflict between science and religion, but one can’t help noting it is the scientific view of life that leaves man submerged in the Miller’s world of gross animal nature. Every scientific “advance” seems to have done damage to the faith. Newton’s *Principia* in 1687 was more damaging than the Reformation or the Renaissance, just as Darwin’s theory of evolution was the real driving force of Marxism.

I grew up in a world that accepted the scientific worldview as a given. Christianity’s place in the scientific world was a minor one. It was conceded by a large part of the psychological branch of the scientific community that some type of religious orientation, if not too unscientific and too anti-social, was helpful in maintaining one’s emotional well-being, but as a way of explaining man’s place in the universe, religion – and Christianity in particular – was seen as irrelevant and, in some instances, as harmful.

The Christian has a great disadvantage when facing the scientist, because the empirical is always what is most visible. “Show me the soul in a dead body or show me something other than animals copulating in the marriage bond,” the scientist proclaims. And the modern Christian’s answer, if he answers at all, always sounds so timid and frightened.

I would suggest that the scientific worldview, the Miller’s worldview, has prevailed because Christians, following their leaders, have ceased to look on God as a personal, historical God. That archfiend Bernard Shaw, when writing about the new religion he was handing down to the great unwashed in *Back to Methuselah: A Metabiological Pentateuch*, insisted that it had to be metabiological rather than metahistorical, because modern man would not accept a personal God who had entered historical time as their God. So he created a mythical figure, Lilith, as the new Goddess. Yes, it’s back to the Greeks, for whom God is outside of historical time and is impersonal: “May the Force be with you.” This modern obsession with studying man as if he were an animal only (and I hold with George MacDonald that no animal is animal only) is rooted in Aristotelian

dissection-philosophy, and it is false. Man should not be studied as a specimen, as a product of nature, he must be viewed as a personality.

The scientific worldview prevails only because we have let it prevail. It is not the final word. One white moment in any of our lives when stored in the heart rather than studied in the classroom, or one honest reading of any Christian writer of the 19th century is enough to shatter the false science of the Millers of the 20th and 21st centuries.

Our lives are true stories told by a personal God who has placed himself at the center of each story. When we close the storybook and seek to find ourselves and God in the science lab, we become biological specimens instead of individual personalities linked to a personal God.

Labels: conflict between Christianity and scientific world view, personal God

Mock On, Mock On

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 03, 2006

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;
Mock on, mock on, 'Tis all in vain.
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a Gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back, they blind the mocking Eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

– William Blake

Labels: poem, William Blake

A Welsh Coal Miner's Prayer

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2006



Each dawn as we rise,
Lord, we know all too well,
We face only one thing –
A pit filled with hell.

To scratch out a living
The best that we can,
But deep in the heart,
Lies the soul of a man.

With black covered faces,
And hard calloused hands,
We work the dark tunnels,
Unable to stand.

To labour and toil
As we harvest the coals,
We silently pray,
"Lord, please harvest our souls".

By W. Calvert

Labels: poem

Big Fat Liars

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2006

Do you remember the photograph of the three white fireman raising the American flag on September 11 on top of the rubble of the World Trade Center? Well, according to Paul Craig Roberts, a 19-foot bronze statue of the photo is going to be put at the site. But the race of the firemen has been changed. The statue will depict one white fireman, one black fireman, and one Hispanic fireman. When the white father of a fireman who had lost his life in the rubble of 9/11 protested the dishonesty of the statue, he was told: "The artistic expression of diversity should supersede any concern over factual correctness." Such has been the situation in our society, schools, and churches for quite some time. It's helpful to have it so clearly stated at last.

Labels: Paul Craig Roberts, white firemen at World Trade Center

Putting the Pieces Together

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2006

Jeanie Deans is the superlative heroine of Walter Scott's masterpiece, *The Heart of Midlothian*. But there is also a hero of the book, Reuben Butler. He is not your typical hero, being spindly, homely, and possessing none of the martial attributes that heroes often possess. He provides the moral counterpart to Jeanie Deans. Toward the end of the story, the Rev. Butler, who by this time has become a Presbyterian minister, is offered a very lucrative position as an Anglican clergyman. All he needs to do is to abandon his present ministry. This he refuses to do:

He sounded Butler on this subject, asking what he would think of an English living of twelve hundred pounds yearly, with the burthen of affording his company now and then to a neighbour whose health was not strong, or his spirits equal. "He might meet," he said, "occasionally, a very learned and accomplished gentleman, who was in orders as a Catholic priest, but he hoped that would be no insurmountable objection to a man of his liberality of sentiment. What," he said, "would Mr Butler think of as an answer, if the offer should be made to him?"

"Simply that I could not accept of it," said Mr Butler. "I have no mind to enter into the various debates between the churches; but I was brought up in mine own, have received her ordination, am satisfied of the truth of her doctrines, and will die under the banner I have enlisted to." "What may be the value of your preferment?" said Sir George Staunton, "unless I am asking an indiscreet question."

"Probably one hundred a-year, one year with another, besides my glebe and pasture-ground."

"And you scruple to exchange that for twelve hundred a-year, without alleging any damning difference of doctrine betwixt the two churches of England and Scotland?"

"On that, sir, I have reserved my judgment; there may be much good, and there are certainly saving means in both, but every man must act according to his own lights. I hope I have done, and am in the course of doing, my Master's work in this Highland parish; and it would ill become me, for the sake of lucre, to leave my sheep in the wilderness. But, even in the temporal view which you have taken of the matter, Sir George, this hundred pounds a-year of stipend hath fed and clothed us, and left us nothing to wish for; my father-in-law's succession, and other circumstances, have added a small estate of about twice as much more, and how we are to dispose of it I do not know—So I leave it to you, sir, to think if I were wise, not having the wish or opportunity of spending three hundred a-year, to cover the possession of four times that sum."

"This is philosophy," said Sir George; "I have heard of it, but I never saw it before."

“It is common sense,” replied Butler, “which accords with philosophy and religion more frequently than pedants or zealots are apt to admit.”

In the context of the book, I heartily support the Rev. Butler’s decision to stay with the faith he was born with. But then the question I ask myself is “why did I not just stay with the faith I was born with?” And my answer is that Reuben Butler lived in an age when every denomination of the Christian Faith still believed in the Christian Faith. Despite huge liturgical differences, there was still a common belief that Christ was true God and true man and that there was a genuine physical and personal resurrection for those who called on His name. The hodgepodge faith which I received as a child, watered-down Christianity in an American stew, was not enough to sustain me through my college years when the scientific attack on the faith was the reigning orthodoxy. So for me, it was not a case of switching faiths, it was a case of finding the Faith. I didn’t have the options available to me that Rev. Butler did. I couldn’t return to the church of my childhood because there was no church in my childhood. I needed to find a church that was still standing tall. Of course I thought, for a time, that the Catholic Church was the exception to the widespread apostasy of the Christian churches. But I was mistaken; the Catholic Church is the church, in the sense that she is the mother of all the other churches, but in terms of Christian faithfulness, she is the delinquent parent who has led her children astray.

I think the key to the Catholic Church’s estrangement from Christianity lies in her Romanness. I have grown up reading historians who always judge the progress of a civilization by how well that country has Romanized. In Trevelyan’s three volume *History of England*, for instance, he claims that the new roads and the great organization that the Romans left in Britain were a great blessing. Well, maybe. He also states that they left Christianity. But -- and this is the key point -- the Britons, Celt and Saxon, whose gods were personal hero gods, added a personal and emotional content to the Christian faith of the more intellectual and superbly organized Roman Faith.

The Nordic religion was not a religion of dread, or of magic formularies to propitiate hostile powers. Instead of covering its temples with frescoes of the tortures of the damned, it taught people not to be afraid of death. Its ideal was the fellowship of the hero with the gods, not merely in feasting and victory, but in danger and defeat. For the gods, too, are in the hands of fate, and the Scandinavian vision of the twilight of the gods that was to end the world showed the heroes dying valiantly in the last hopeless fight against the forces of chaos—loyal and fearless to the last. It is an incomplete but not an ignoble religion. It contains those elements of character which it was the special mission of the Nordic peoples to add to modern civilization and to Christianity itself.

It is interesting how that idea of Christ as the hero God lived on in the poetic soul of the Europeans. One thinks of that superb vision of Thomas Hughes:

And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives,--through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell forever and ever in perfect fullness.

The organizational aspect of the faith is not the essential element. It is the old conflict between Martha and Mary. The hero-worshipping Europeans had chosen the better part. I see the Protestant reformation as a great effort to restore Christ the Hero, Christ the personal God, to the heart of the Faith. But that effort failed because a Romanized Frenchman simply made Protestantism into another organized parallel to Rome. What was needed was a deepening of the Roman faith, not a competing system. Above every Christian church there should be this warning: To Romanize is to dehumanize.

So the battle continues. The soul of Europe lies with the personal, heroic Christ, not with the organizational, bureaucratic God presented to us by both the Roman and Protestant churches. Deep in our blood we long for the God with humanity who was hated by pagan Rome and dehumanized by Catholic Rome.

Labels: Christ the Hero, Heart of Midlothian, quotation, Thomas Hughes, To Romanize is to dehumanize

In Search of Europe

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2006

In the late 1920s and early 1930s, an English writer by the name of H. V. Morton wrote a series of books in which he went in search of the soul of various European countries. He wrote about England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Italy, and Spain. What makes his books literature rather than mere travelogues is his religious sense. (He also wrote books about St. Paul and Christ.) He looks for the soul of the country he is writing about. I would recommend, to anyone that is truly interested in European history, that they read H. V. Morton. He, like Walter Scott, is infinitely superior to the factoid historians because he looks past the material façades of things to the spirit behind them.

Writing in a better time than now, Morton sees a Europe where Christianity is still a given. I don't know that Europe first-hand as Morton did, for I was born in the post-Christian phase of the European experience. But I know the old Europe and love it through writers such as Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and H. V. Morton. In fact, my life could be summed up as "A Search for Europe." It is an ongoing search. I once thought that Europe and Roman Catholicism were one and the same. But that is not so. Christianity and Europe are one and the same, but Roman Catholicism, in both its Novus Ordo and Tridentine form, is more closely wedded to modern science and modernity than I originally thought. Nor has Protestantism purged the modernist dragon. Europe still bleeds and longs for its lost Christian Faith.

H. V. Morton, who died in 1979, still has a devoted band of readers who admire him for a diversity of reasons. But I admire him because he captures the poetic core of every country he writes about. He says this, for instance, about his native England:

We may not revive the English village of the old days, with its industry and its arts. The wireless, the newspaper, the railway, and the motor-car have broken down that perhaps wider world of intellectual solitude in which the rustic evolved his shrewd wisdom, saw fairies in the mushroom rings, and composed those songs which he now affects to have forgotten. Those days are gone. The village is now part of the country: it now realizes how small the world really is! But the village is still the unit of development from which we have advanced first to the position of the great European nation and then to that of the greatest world power since Rome.

That village, so often near a Roman road, is sometimes clearly a Saxon hamlet with its great house, its church, and its cottages. There is no question of its death: it is, in fact, a lesson in survival, and a streak of ancient wisdom warns us that it is our duty to keep an eye on the old thatch because we may have to go back there some day, if not for the sake of our bodies, perhaps for the sake of our souls.

And later:

The old vicar mounted into the pulpit and talked to his people about the harvest and God's harvest, as I knew he would. His wise eyes, that knew all their sins and the sins of their fathers, and loved them perhaps because of those sins, moved over them as he spoke; and I noticed a subtle change in his manner. As he addressed them he talked with a faint country accent and I realized then better than before how well he knew his people. The little organ whispered down the nave:

*To Thee, O lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.*

*We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary;
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's gold sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected...*

The church emptied. The noon sun fell in bright spears of colour over the old Jocelyns; beyond the porch was a picture of harvest set in a Norman Frame. The rich earth had borne its children, and over the fields was that same smile which a man sees only on the face of a woman when she looks down to the child at her breast.

I went out into the churchyard where the green stones nodded together, and I took up a handful of earth and felt it crumble and run through my fingers, thinking that as long as one English field lies against another there is something left in the world for a man to love.

'Well,' smiled the vicar, as he walked towards me between the yew trees, 'that, I am afraid, is all we have.'

'You have England,' I said.

In his book about Scotland, Morton recounts the story of Prince Charlie and the lost cause:

In the days that follow the news speeds over the mountains. The adventurers reach the mainland. There is much coming and going of Highland chiefs. The heather is alight again! News goes out to the Jacobite strongholds that 'some one' has arrived in Scotland, and the Jacobite chiefs—a prey to various emotions—mount their shaggy ponies and ride secretly to meet a solemn young man addressed as 'M. l'Abbe'. Sometimes those who must not know too much are told that he is an English clergyman anxious to tour the Highlands, and he dresses the part, coming silently among his friends in a plain black coat with a plain shirt, not too clean, black stockings, and brass-buckled shoes. 'I found my heart swell to my very throat,' writes one who saw him. A most unconvincing cleric!

So for days the enterprise hangs fire as the chiefs weigh up the consequences of rebellion. Cameron of Lochiel is the decisive factor. If he hangs back the clans will not rise. He begs Charles to return to France. There is no hope, he says. Then Charles wins him with the first of his many heroic gestures.

'In a few days,' he says, 'with the few friends I have, I will erect the Royal Standard and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince.'

What could you do with such a prince?

'No,' says the gentle Lochiel, 'I'll share the fate of my prince; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power.'

And then this:

An old Highland chieftain, whose name marches through Scottish history behind a fence of pikes, came into Inverness one day and stood looking into the window of a motor-car shop. He thought it would be nice to have a motor-car, but being as poor as only a man can be who declines to sell inherited mountains to Americans, he wondered whether he ought to afford it. He went inside the shop where he was told, to his surprise and delight, that he could have any of the cars around him by paying a small deposit and the rest by instalments. He chose a car with great deliberation and was preparing to write a cheque for the deposit when the salesman placed before him a hire-purchase agree-ment.

'What is this?' asked the chief.

The salesman explained.

'Is not the word of a Highland chief good enough?' he cried, insulted to the very depths of his being, as he stamped indignantly from the shop.

And in his book on St. Paul he warns England and all of Europe of the dangers of Moslem encroachment on the West:

Politicians of Western nations ought not to be eligible for election until they have traveled the ancient world. They should be made to see how easy it is for the constant sea of savagery, which flows for ever round the small island of civilization, to break in and destroy. Asia Minor was once as highly organized as Europe is to-day: a land of large cities whose libraries and public monuments were so splendid that when we retrieve fragments of this lost world, we think it worth while to build a museum to house them, as the Germans have housed in Berlin a fragment of Pergamum and Miletus. Yet a few centuries of occupation by a static race have seen the highest pillars fall to earth, have witnessed the destruction of aqueducts that carried life-giving water from afar, and have seen the silting up of harbours that once sheltered the proudest navies of the ancient world. I cannot understand how any traveler can stand unmoved at the graveside of the civilization from which our own world springs, or can see a Corinthian capital lying in the mud without feeling that such things hold a lesson and a warning and, perhaps, a prophesy.

Throughout his travels Morton makes reference to his service in World War I. Naturally, the war deeply affected him as it did so many others. There is a hope expressed in his books that such a war will never happen again. But of course it did. And this man, with such a deep love for England and for Europe, moved to South Africa. Is that so hard to understand? When you have seen something you loved in its magnificence, it is often hard to view it in ruin. Thank God he died before South Africa caved in to the barbarian hordes.

Morton, in his travels through Europe, reminds me of the Duke in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. He walks incognito through his kingdom, trying to find out who the truly virtuous are and who are merely shamming virtue. Morton views Europe as 'one divine'; he looks past its material façade to the soul beneath. And the one common denominator in every European country that Morton writes about is Christ.

Morton views Europe as 'one divine'; he looks past its material façade to the soul beneath. And the one common denominator in every European country that Morton writes about is Christ.

If you're interested in reading some of Morton's works, I would recommend you start with *In Search of England*. In that book he outlines his basic plan for all the other books. And it is important to note that although Morton is English, he is a poet, so when he writes about Italy, he is Italian, and when he writes about the Welsh, he is Welsh, and so on.

If you want to read the greatest apologetic for European Christianity ever written, read the last chapter of Morton's book, *In Search of Wales*. In the pit of hell, the Welsh coal mining district of South Wales, Morton finds men who have His sacred heart burned into their souls.

'There's a lot of very good work going on in the valley,' said Emlyn, 'in the way of feeding school-children and giving them shoes and things, but only if the father is out of work. Some of the worst cases of hardship I've known have been in homes where the father was trying to keep six children on £2 5s a week and was too proud to accept help from any one...

'There was Bill So-and-So. We worked together in Number Two pit. When you're on a shift you fall out for twenty minutes and eat bread and butter, or bread and cheese, which the wife puts in your food tin. Well, Bill and I used to fall out together and get away from the coal face into the stall, or heading, you see. And we'd sit on each side of the road with our feet on the tram rails and our lamps on the floor. Then we'd open our food tins and eat our food. Now, you've been down a mine. You know that when two fellows are sitting with their lamps on the floor the light only reaches to their knees. I could see Bill's knees. That was all...

'One day we were sitting like this talking when Bill didn't answer. Then I saw his light go over, and he fell in the middle of the tram rails. He'd fainted. So I lifted him and carried him to the pit bottom to send him home, but before I did this I gathered up his food tin. There wasn't a crumb in it! There hadn't been a crumb in it for days! He'd been sitting there in the dark pretending to eat, pretending to me—his pal—Now that's pride, if you like! You may think it's silly, but it's pride, isn't it?'

Emlyn knocked out his pipe on the wall and looked at me for confirmation.

'Yes; but that's surely not the end of the story,' I said. 'A man getting money, no matter how little, doesn't starve himself like that unless...'

'Oh, doesn't he,' said Emlyn. 'When you're on the starvation line you must keep up appearances.'

'Yes, but there was something more behind it.'

'There was. Bill has five children. The week he fainted in the pit was the week they had to have new shoes. Now I'm the only one who knows that. His wife told me. But do you think I'd ever let him know I know? Not blinking likely.'

What Scott does for Scotland and Europe in the late 1700s and early 1800s – that is, makes it come alive for us – Morton does for Britain and Europe in the early 20th century.

Labels: H. V. Morton's religious sense

The Racial Divide

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2006

In a truly sickening age one of the most sickening spectacles to witness (at least for me) is that of a white man using the race card against a fellow white. There is black solidarity, there is brown solidarity, there is Asian solidarity, there is Aztec solidarity, but there is no white solidarity.

There are two ways that whites betray whites. The first way was illustrated recently by some liberal, white, degenerate government-something-or-other during a debate with Pat Buchanan. Buchanan, who is a milquetoast on the subject of immigration, was simply making the point that the Mexican immigration was coming too fast and that the U.S. was not going to be able to absorb the Mexicans. He was not even claiming, as he should, that we should close our borders to all Mexican immigration. The degenerate white liberal sneeringly played the race card, stating that Pat hated all non-whites and that he would not object to the immigration of people of the white race. Just once I

would love to hear a white man respond to that sort of bullying with, "Yes, I would prefer that America restrict immigration to white people because they are my people and because they created this country." But of course Pat would never say that. He very patiently stated that he was simply in favor of a slower Mexican invasion than was envisioned by the liberals. But the sneering liberal won. Pat was a racist. Case closed.

The white race needs to defend itself. But we do not have to become like the colored races to fight them. One does not have to hate, to the point of seeking their annihilation. One only has to love one's own race.

The second way a white traitor betrays his own is by taking refuge in his ethnicity in order to betray his race. This allows the cowardly white to claim minority and victim status along with the people of color. The Irish and the Italians often are guilty of this form of betrayal.

The late Graham John, former head of the New Christian Crusade Church, had ethnicity and race in the proper order when he stated that he was European first and Welsh second. But it is very hard to resist claiming special victim status. The Scotts and the Welsh, though Celt, are lumped with the hated Anglo-Saxons and are therefore never granted victim status. And the Germans? Well, we know about those Germans. They are the only European group that is hated more than the Anglo-Saxons. Interestingly enough, the Spaniards, who are often lumped with the Puerto Ricans and Mexicans, are proud of their white European heritage and seldom claim victim status. The list goes on; you can fill it in as easily as I can. I personally agree with Thomas Dixon Jr., author of *The Leopard's Spots*, when he lumps all whites together:

"Hear me, men of my race, Norman and Celt, Angle and Saxon, Dane and Frank, Huguenot and German martyr blood!"

"The hour has struck when we must rise in our might, break the chains that bind us to this corruption, strike down the Negro as a ruling power, and restore to our children their birthright, which we received, a priceless legacy, from our fathers."

Yes, that is how it should be. It is the white European against the colored hordes. And if you claim you don't like that and you think I'm a racist, then I must tell you that you need to look at the world as it is and you will see that it matters not whether one likes it or not; this racial divide is reality. For the cultures of color certainly hate the white race and seek to destroy it. The white race needs to defend itself. But we do not have to become like the colored races to fight them. One does not have to hate, to the point of seeking their annihilation. One only has to love one's own race. That should be motivation enough to fight for it. When will this white self-hate end? I don't know. But it certainly would be a great blessing if we, the whites who still love whites, could dismantle the white-hating Christian churches, which are not Christian anyway, and dismantle the white-hating schools.

It is significant that the most anti-white organizations are church and school. Both those organizations are concerned with thought. And it is the mind of the white man that has gone so horribly astray. He issued divorce papers to his blood and is now a mind in search of a home. And where is home for the white man? The white man's home is Europe, but not the Europe of Greece and Rome. This is the great and overlooked aspect of the European acceptance of Christianity. There was very little resistance to Christianity among the European tribes. When they heard the word, they embraced it. This was in marked contrast to the Greeks and Romans who clung to their pagan deities, giving only a nominal nod to the Christian God when the Roman emperor happened to be Christian. The Christian faith penetrated more deeply into the soul of the bardic Europeans than it did into the soul of the Gnostic Greco-Romans. If the European is ever to find his true home, he must purge his culture of the Greco-Roman accouterments and return to his bardic European way of perceiving existence. The village church containing the humble suffering servant represents the authentic Europe. The Sistine Chapel and the great cathedrals are magnificent and inspire awe, but they do not inspire the love that the simple chapel does. It is always to the meek and humble that the God-Man appears. And is not that the one constant theme of the European bards?

Shakespeare's forest of Arden, Scott's heart of Midlothian, and Dostoyevsky's tale of three brothers all point to the European way to God.

It may be that some day the colored cultures will see the virtue of European culture and convert, but before that can happen Europeans must appreciate the value of their own culture. It is not the accumulated wealth or any particular philosophy that distinguishes Europe from the colored cultures, it is the blood-relationship, which even the Greeks and Romans lacked, with the God-Man that makes the old Europe unique. And it goes without saying that meekness and humility do not exclude a fierceness in the face of evil.

I know it seems highly unlikely, when looking at the white children with green hair and rings in their noses walking home from the public schools, to believe there was once something called sacred Europe. But if one could only feel, even if just for a moment, what the older Europeans felt, then something might begin again, namely that painful and yet joyous pilgrimage that the old Europeans made from Odin to Christ. And once that journey is completed, the Europeans will rebuild the wall between the European and the cultures of color.

Labels: defense of the white race, race first and ethnicity second, schools and churches in forefront of betrayal, white traitors to their race

All the King's Horses and All the King's Men

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2006

It is difficult to say on what exact date institutional Christianity died, but it is not difficult to see that by the latter half of the 20th century institutional Christianity, Protestant and Catholic, was dead. A wandering pilgrim stumbling through the rubble of institutional Christianity is forced to play detective. Why did this beautiful building crumble? There are fringe groups in both the Protestant and Catholic camps that will give you ready answers. "The building crumbled when we gave up on the Bible," or "The building crumbled when we abandoned the Tridentine Mass."

My own investigations turned me in a different direction from the fringe groups. I think the fringe groups' views were tainted by party-line, vested interests.

I found that putting the rubble together again in order to ascertain how the building crumbled was a futile endeavor. Instead, I looked at the ideologies of the people who had been in charge of the building. Was there one common denominator among them, a common denominator powerful enough to destroy a strong edifice, to which I could point? I found there was. The leadership of the Protestants and the Catholics believed in a force more powerful than God. This belief was in stark contrast to that of Christians living before the 20th century. That new force, more powerful than God, was called science. Now, every word has multiple meanings; science can mean the study of nature, but science as a force, as a substitute religion, means 'reality'. According to the leadership of Protestants and Catholics of our age, if one is thinking scientifically, one is thinking properly or realistically. In contrast, if one is thinking poetically, one is thinking in fantastical and unrealistic terms.

Scientific thinking, as we can see in Genesis, started with Satan. He wanted Adam and Eve to think realistically about the apple. "It won't kill you; it will empower you." And of course St. Thomas, that most realistic and scientific man, wanted us to know God by looking realistically at the natural world. Which leads us to the great rebellion: was a reformation necessary? Yes. The church needed to be redirected. It was heading for the swamp of desolation on the scientific express. But the Protestants did not divert the scientific express, they merely formed another express line. Did St. Paul deny the real presence? No, he did not. So why was it necessary for the Protestants to do so? But did St. Paul make the taking of the sacraments, in the prescribed form, the hallmark of the faith? And did he believe, in contrast to the Thomists, in a personal God above nature whom we could know without reference to nature or canon law?

The key point that a wandering pilgrim detective must keep before him is that Calvinism and Thomism are only explanations of the Christian Faith; they are not the Faith itself. Great saints have come out of both the Protestant and Catholic churches, but they have done so because they have drawn from a well-spring much deeper and purer than the well-spring recommended by their church. Conservatives in the Catholic Church, when they talk of getting back to their roots, go back to the very modern medievals. And conservatives in the Protestant church go back to Mr. Depravity, John Calvin. Why not go back to the original architect who said, “And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.”

The wisest words of the 20th century were written by Herbert Butterfield:

It may be that nature and history are not separable in the last resort, but at the level at which we do most of our ordinary thinking it is important to separate them, important not to synthesize them too easily and too soon, important above all not thoughtlessly to assume that nature, instead of being the substructure, is the whole edifice or the crown. The thing which we have come to regard as history would disappear if students of the past ceased to regard the world of men as a thing apart – ceased to envisage a world of human relations set up against nature and the animal kingdom. In such circumstances the high valuation that has long been set upon human personality would speedily decline.

At the midpoint of the 20th century Butterfield faces the modern dilemma. Man has ceased to look on himself as a creature of God. He now looks on himself as a creature of the natural world in which the Christian God has a part only to the extent that He conforms to nature. This type of thinking completely alters every aspect of traditional Christianity. For instance, I once reviewed a book, by a supposedly conservative Catholic theologian, in which the theologian agonized over the meaning of the resurrection of the body. He rejected out of hand the “Victorian notion” that we met our loved ones, family and pets, in the flesh in the next world. Instead he settled for a combination of Buddhistic life-force concepts and Shamanistic incantations. Why? Because in his polluted brain that sounded more natural. But if one has never ceased to look on God as separate and above the natural process, and one stills looks upon man as a creature of God, then the resurrection of the body seems to be a very simple concept. It means what the simple-minded Victorians and all the simple-minded Christians, such as St. Paul, always thought it meant.

A reformation is needed in both the Protestant and Catholic churches. But it must come from out of the depths. It must come from poor, bare, unaccommodated man seeking his maker, and not from the contemplation of the natural world.

Labels: death of institutional Christianity, Herbert Butterfield, Man as creature of God vs. Man as creature of natural world, quotation, theology is not the Faith

“Only My Blood Speaks”

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2006

I saw a series of articles on the Internet recently that were of great interest to me. A group of Protestants who were united on the issue of white kinship were discussing the “by what authority?” question. They came up with no answers, but they asked the right questions. They agreed that the Bible alone could not be the sole authority nor could Luther and Calvin. It has always struck me as absurd that Protestants reject Papal infallibility only to adopt Calvinistic infallibility. But these Protestants rejected that absurdity. And they also, God bless them, rejected the pretenses of Rome. I think what a sincere Protestant is rejecting when he rejects Rome is the medieval accoutrements, not the Gospel story as told by such men as St. Patrick and Geoffrey of Monmouth. A genuine renewal in the Church will come from the ranks of those white, kinship-based Protestants, for they have two things that the so-called Catholics – let’s call them institutional Catholics – lack. And those

two things are a sincere desire to know Jesus Christ and a determination to stand, alone if need be, with Europe.

A simple story is not of necessity silly and superficial. A simple story can have depth. All of Shakespeare's tragedies, for instance, are based on rather simple stories. And the deepest story of all, the Christ story, is a simple one. And yet what depths are to be found in that simple story!

It has been Satan's task to convince mankind that the complicated golden edifice of philosophical speculation from Aristotle, Plato, Augustine, Aquinas, Calvin, Freud, Darwin, Marx, and de Chardin is the real truth while the simple lead casket containing the Christ story is just dross. Some dross! It is the dross that ennobles all who come in contact with it and it is the dross that maketh the dead to rise.

The European peoples did not abandon their bardic cultures when they embraced Christianity. They simply realized that Thor and Odin were precursors of the True Hero. But their cultures remained bardic. The entire thrust of the speculators of the West has been to turn Western culture into a philosophical one instead of a bardic one. But it is only in the cultures that revere the bard that Christ can find a home. The Christian bard celebrates the hearth, the village, and the humble church. He celebrates the warrior only when the warrior goes forth in support of those sacred sanctuaries.

Faith, in the bardic cultures, is simple and concrete, as depicted by H. V. Morton in his book, *In Search of England*. While traveling through England in 1926, he comes upon a church where the people still believe as their bardic ancestors believed:

"It is, perhaps, difficult for you, a stranger, to understand. You see, we are, in this little hamlet, untouched by modern ideas, in spite of the wireless and the charabanc. We use words long since abandoned—why only to-day I heard a little girl use the word 'boughten' for 'bought'. My parishioners believe firmly in a physical resurrection! They believe that a trumpet will herald the end of the world, and that the bones in this churchyard will join together. So you see they like to be buried on top of their fathers and grand-fathers, because they will rise together as a family. It is, to them, more friendly. Clannish in life and clannish in death. It is a very old and primitive idea. I know other country clergy who are in the same, as it were, box."

It comes down to, for European man, the call of the blood. We should not hesitate to answer that call. The philosophical speculators will tell us that such things belong to our caveman past and that we must evolve beyond it. Not so, at least not for European man. His blood has been linked to Christ's through the blood of his ancestors. It is not some siren or some inhuman creature that calls the European. It is the bard of bards that calls.

If you put a gun to my head and ordered me to say which Church, the Protestant or the Catholic, was the more anti-Christian, I would say the Catholic Church. But it is really not a question of either/or. The Protestants responded to the Thomistic manure heap of philosophical speculation with their own brand of Calvinistic manure. Neither church has preserved the bardic or poetic core of the Christian Faith.

Christ is the sacred harpist of Western Civilization. The European people once danced, cried, lived and died to the sounds of His sacred harp. Why can we no longer hear it? We can no longer hear it because we have left the bardic forest and settled in the philosophic city. If we leave that city of desolation and enter the forest, we will hear, ever so slightly, the sound of a harp. And if we follow that sound, with a heart emptied of all other emotions save the desire to trace that sound to its source, we will proceed through the forest and come upon a cottage by a brook. And then what visions we shall see!

A man, if he is going to be a man, will come to a crossroads in his life. At that time he will hear the din of philosophical speculation which will appeal to his pride. And he will also hear the sound of the harp which will appeal to his blood. If he follows the music of the speculators, the music of the

harp will fade and become, in the mind of the man, a fantasy, a dream, something that has no basis in reality. But if the man answers the call of the blood, he will gradually become so imbued with the sound of the harp that he will be immune to any other claim upon him. He will, like Hamlet, ("It is I, Hamlet the Dane") finally know who he is and to whom he belongs.

All peoples except the European people listen to the call of the blood. But the non-European people have not been Christianized. When they answer the call of the blood, it is a call to shed blood. And now that there are not white men of blood to oppose them, the Mexicans have returned to their Aztec roots, committing hideous barbaric murders, and the Africans have returned to their voodoo roots, committing hideous and atrocious murders. And yet the modern European approves of the blood faiths of the heathens (Aztec art is all the rage in academia), while disapproving of any manifestation of the blood faith of the Europeans. The popular play *Equus*, for instance, depicted the plight of a pathetic, gutted psychiatrist who wondered about the wisdom of "curing" a boy who had a pagan, religious belief in horses. "The boy felt something genuine," the psychiatrist lamented, which was more than he had ever felt. The play was seen as quite wonderful by all the play-going white people. But what if the boy had wanted to return to the Christian faith of his fathers, the faith that was bred in the bone? Would a play with such a theme have found an audience with the post-Christian theater-goers? Of course not.

The entire mound of philosophical speculation that Western man has heaped up and his current obsession with the cultures of color are related. Philosophic speculation has brought a sickness unto death into the soul of Western man. And he thinks the barbarians have the cure, even if that cure brings about Western man's death. The end result of philosophical speculation, whether it is done in the name of religion or in the name of atheism, is suicide. Nothing seems real, and man seems unnecessary. But when one sees the faith through the eyes of the bard, when one gets to the poetic core of Europe, one can see that man is needed. He is needed by God. Certainly God creates us and sustains us, but His humanity, especially His infant humanity, must be defended. And He does have needs. He needs our love. We are tied to Him by ties of blood. If the European could see that, and every European is capable of seeing Christ walking in the sacred woods, he could once again claim his birthright, he would once again be a European.

In a marvelous series of stories for children and the childlike, Kipling places Puck of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* in England. England as seen in the eyes of Puck and his young English companions is an enchanted fairy land. And so it was and is. The fairies have been driven underground and to the furthestmost crags and crannies of Europe, but they are still there. Western man has been asleep, having a nightmare. In that nightmare he constantly tries to touch people and objects, but every time he reaches out to do so the people and objects turn to ideas and they fade away. If the European man awakes, he will see the fairies once again, and they will teach him what he already knows deep in his blood. They will teach him that the sacred woods of Europe come from the wood of the cross and the great King of Fairy Land is the selfsame carpenter who died on a cross at Calvary.

European culture is separate now, and was separate in the past as well, from all other cultures. She is separate now because she alone is rationalist while all other cultures are blood cultures. She was separate in the past because her blood culture was soaked in the blood of the lamb while all other cultures were soaked in the blood of their enemies. Surely a state of grace does not just consist of refraining from the more graphic mortal sins. It must also mean that one has overcome the obstacles that block the path to the living God. The rationalist culture must die and the bardic culture be restored before Christ can be seen on Blake's English green.

I think Walter Scott demonstrates the way individual European men and women should go and the way European culture should go. He got his law degree and could have become a successful lawyer, but the fairy stories of Europe and the history of the European people were burned deeply into his soul. He answered the call of the blood and followed bardic Europe instead of rationalist Europe. And so should we all, but therein lies a great mystery. What can rekindle the fire of a love that has

turned to ashes? From a strict scientific standpoint, the answer is nothing. You can't rekindle ashes. But then the nonscientific Bard of Europe has told us all things are possible for those... But first we must see Him clearly. And then we shall love again and see ashes turned into a "chariot of fire."

There are two European traditions, one of breadth and one of depth. The philosophical tradition is the tradition of breadth. It includes Plato's unholy republic, Aquinas's attempt to naturalize God, and Darwin's attempt to turn man into an ape. The devotees of the tradition of breadth claim the glory of European man consists of his insatiable desire to expand his knowledge through the contemplation and the study of the natural world. Ever-onward means ever-upward to the man of breadth.

The bardic or poetic tradition, which I believe is the true Western tradition, is the tradition of depth. It is not knowledge of the natural world that activates the bardic tradition. It is the human heart. For those who follow the bardic tradition, the human heart, not nature, holds the secrets of the universe.

In the Aquinas-Darwinian tradition of breadth, the call of the blood must be suppressed because it is unclean and a deterrent to the pursuit of true knowledge, which always amounts to an accumulation of facts and observations about the natural world. This type of thinking is currently called 'scientific'. In the bardic-poetic tradition of depth, man's wisdom is viewed as imperfect but not unclean. It can be purified and perfected in the fiery furnace of the human heart. And when purified it becomes the true source of wisdom. It allows us to know God as a personality rather than as a derivative by-product of nature.

To me it seems obvious that the tradition of breadth is the golden casket that Bassania so wisely rejected:

*"Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest. Therefore, then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;..."*

Bravo! Neither the golden tradition of the philosophers and scientists or the silver one of the hard-eyed capitalists is the European tradition. Our tradition, from which we have strayed, is the bardic tradition of the simple lead casket. In that casket are the elves, the fairies, the knights, the ladies, and the Great King of all human hearts.

*: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'nest than does promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!*

Labels: bardic cultures, blood faith, philosophical speculation, poetic tradition

Democratic Tyranny

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

It seems that Bush does not have enough cannon fodder, so the hue and cry for a draft is surfacing again, couched in the words of a scoundrels' last resort – patriotic rhetoric.

It is a sin – in fact, a damnable sin – to waste the lives of American soldiers in an immoral war. The implicit promise that the Commander-in-chief makes to his volunteer soldiers is that he will only ask them to wage war in the country's national interest and in a way that will not disgrace the uniform they wear. Bush has foully violated that implicit promise.

To draft men to do what is already immoral for volunteers to do is to add an infinity of sins to an infinity of sins. But to expect anything but blasphemy and Godlessness from any politician, Republican or Democrat, in this techno-barbarian anti-nation, is an act of folly unprecedented in the annals of civilization.

Labels: immorality of draft

Whatever Happened to Personality?

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

“Modern critics say that Charles Dickens exaggerated. He did not. He happened to live in a world that had not heard of standardization in men or material. What we now call eccentricity was in his day the normal expression of a man's personality; it was an unself-conscious world; a world in which a man was not afraid of being himself. To-day, even in remote villages, outside influences react on a man and tend to whittle down personality to a common denominator. Here and there, however, tucked away in unlikely places, you may find the last outposts of the Dickens world...”

-- H. V. Morton in *The Call of England*

Labels: Charles Dickens, H. V. Morton, quotation

Conversion by Spanish cannon

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

“When Cortes and his small but valiant band of iron men conquered the teeming empire of the Aztecs, he was immediately followed by a train of earnest missionaries, chiefly Franciscans, who began to preach the Gospel to the natives and soon sent home, with naïve enthusiasm, glowing accounts of the conversions they had effected. Their pious sincerity and innocent joy still lives in the pages of Father Shagun, Father Torquemada, and many others. For their sake I am glad that the poor Franciscans never suspected how small a part they played in the religious conversions that gave them such happiness. Far, far more persuasive than their sermons and their book had been the Spanish cannon that breached and shattered the Aztec defenses, and the ruthless Spanish soldiers who slew the Aztec priests at their own altars and toppled the Aztec idols from the sacrificial pyramids.

“The Aztecs, Tepanecs, and other natives accepted Christianity, not because their hearts were touched by alien and incomprehensible doctrines of love and mercy, but because it was the religion of the white men whose bronze cannon and mailclad warriors were invincible.”

-Revilo P. Oliver in *Christianity – Religion of the West*

Mr. Oliver goes on to make the same point in his essay about the other non-European peoples. They nominally accepted Christianity when the Europeans were powerful and went back to their heathen gods when the Europeans were weak.

I have spent the last thirty years of my life dwelling on that fact. The Europeans are the only race of people who accepted Christ when they were powerful. They truly had a personal relationship with Him. He was the Savior, true God and true Man, the fulfillment of their dream of a Hero-God who was good as well as powerful. All other races saw only Christ's power, not his goodness. And yet every major academic institution and media center throughout Europe and America bid us look at life as the non-white nations do. Why should we look at life through their eyes? God is not there, at least not the God of love and mercy that Europeans have bent their knees to for almost the last two thousand years.

Labels: Europeans and Christ, Revilo P. Oliver

En-Dor

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

"Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor." I Samuel, xxviii. 7.

The road to En-dor is easy to tread
For Mother or yearning Wife.
There, it is sure, we shall meet our Dead
As they were even in life.
Earth has not dreamed of the blessing in store
For desolate hearts on the road to En-dor.

Whispers shall comfort us out of the dark—
Hands—ah God!—that we knew!
Visions and voices—look and hark!—
Shall prove that the tale is true,
And that those who have passed to the further shore
May be hailed—at a price—on the road to En-dor.

But they are so deep in their new eclipse
Nothing they say can reach,
Unless it be uttered by alien lips
And framed in a stranger's speech.
The son must send word to the mother that bore,
Through an hireling's mouth. 'Tis the rule of En-dor.

And not for nothing these gifts are shown
By such as delight our dead.
They must twitch and stiffen and slaver and groan
Ere the eyes are set in the head,
And the voice from the belly begins.
Therefore, we pay them a wage where they ply at En-dor.

Even so, we have need of faith
And patience to follow the clue.
Often, at first, what the dear one saith
Is babble, or jest, or untrue.
(Lying spirits perplex us sore
Till our loves—and their lives—are well-known at En-dory . . .)

Oh the road to En-dor is the oldest road
And the craziest road of all!
Straight it runs to the Witch's abode,
As it did in the days of Saul,

And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store
For such as go down on the road to En-dor!

--Rudyard Kipling

Labels: poem, Rudyard Kipling

George Fitzhugh – Taking the trouble to write the truth

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

George Fitzhugh is, in my opinion, the greatest of the native-born American thinkers. R. L. Dabney and Richard Weaver certainly deserve honorable mention, but George Fitzhugh is my hero. On a wide range of topics, including slavery, the Reformation, Shakespeare, and the French Revolution, George Fitzhugh speaks with wisdom.

His defense of the segregated, slave-holding South of the 1850's is particularly inspired and irrefutable. And yet Fitzhugh's defense of the South did the South no good. Those without wisdom and without the correct arguments won. Why? I don't know why truth never wins. Maybe our Lord meant it to be that way. After all, he was the Truth Incarnate and he was crucified.

It is difficult not to just give up any attempt to articulate a coherent true refutation of modernity. "If they didn't listen to someone like George Fitzhugh, why should I, lacking his eloquence, bother to try to convince the invincible?" In other words, why should a man write to mere oblivion? I think a man writes in the hope that in the metaphysical realm his voice is heard. It is a form of prayer, which, as Shakespeare says, "pierces so that it assaults Mercy itself and frees all faults."

From Fitzhugh:

Our Revolution, so wise in its conception and so glorious in its execution, was the mere assertion by adults of the rights of adults, and had nothing more to do with philosophy than the weaning of a calf. It was the act of a people seeking national independence, not the Utopian scheme of speculative philosophers, seeking to establish human equality and social perfection.

But the philosophers seized upon it, as they had upon the Reformation, and made it the unwilling and unnatural parent of the largest and most hideous brood of ills that had ever appeared at one birth, since the opening of the box of Pandora. Bills of Rights, Acts of Religious Freedom and Constitutions, besprinkled with doctrines directly at war with all stable government, seem to be the basis on which our institutions rest. But only seem to be; for, in truth, our laws and government are either old Anglo-Saxon prescriptive arrangements, or else the gradual accretions of time, circumstance and necessity. Throw our paper platforms, preambles and resolutions, guaranties and constitutions, into the fire, and we should be none the worse off, provided we retained our institutions - and the necessities that begat, and have, so far, continued them.

And:

We may be doing Mr. Jefferson injustice, in assuming that his "fundamental principles" and Mr. Seward's "higher law," mean the same thing; but the injustice can be very little, as they both mean just nothing at all, unless it be a determination to inaugurate anarchy, and to do all sorts of mischief. We refer the reader to the chapter on the Declaration of Independence," &c., in our Sociology, for a further dissertation on the fundamental powdercask abstractions, on which our glorious institutions affect to repose. We say affect, because we are sure neither their repose nor their permanence would be disturbed by the removal of the counterfeit foundation.

The true greatness of Mr. Jefferson was his fitness for revolution. He was the genius of innovation, the architect of ruin, the inaugurator of anarchy. His mission was to pull down, not to build up. He thought everything false as well in the physical, as in the moral world. He fed his horses on

potatoes, and defended harbors with gun-boats, because it was contrary to human experience and human opinion. He proposed to govern boys without the authority of masters or the control of religion, supplying their places with Laissez-faire philosophy, and morality from the pages of Lawrence Sterne. His character, like his philosophy, is exceptional - invaluable in urging on revolution, but useless, if not dangerous, in quiet times.

Labels: defense of the South

Augustus Pinochet, R.I.P.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

He took his stand and held it, never yielding unto death.



Labels: Rest in peace, Roland

I See No England

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

H. V. Morton, in his book, *I Saw Two Englands*, and in his book, *Ghosts of London*, saw the Nazi threat as a crisis equal to the Norman invasion. I see no reason to argue with that assessment, but had the Nazi's defeated the English, it would have been almost inconsequential compared to the current colored invasion that Britain is now undergoing. We need to take a look at the various invasions in order to see why the current colored invasion dwarfs all the rest.

Brutus was the great grandson of Aeneas. He led the subjected Trojans out of Greece through the Mediterranean Sea and eventually settled in Britain. Britain was virtually uninhabited at the time; only a few giants occupied the land. One Briton named Corineus became adept in the art of giant-disposal. Geoffrey of Monmouth gives us a description of his most glorious encounter:

Corineus experienced great pleasure from wrestling with the giants, of whom there were far more there than in any of the districts which had been distributed among his comrades. Among the others there was a particularly repulsive one, called Gogmagog, who was twelve feet tall. He was so strong that, once he had given it a shake, he could tear up an oak-tree as though it were a hazel wand. Once, when Brutus was celebrating a day dedicated to the gods in the port where he had landed, this creature, along with twenty other giants, attacked him and killed a great number of the Britons. However, the Britons finally gathered together from around and about and overcame the giants and slew them all, except Gogmagog. Brutus ordered that he alone should be kept alive, for he wanted to see a wrestling-match between this giant and Corineus, who enjoyed beyond all reason matching himself against such monsters. Corineus was delighted by this. He girded himself up, threw off his armour and challenged Gogmagog to a wrestling-match. The contest began. Corineus moved in, so did the giant; each of them caught the other in a hold by twining his arms round him, and the air vibrated with their panting breath. Gogmagog gripped Corineus with all his might and broke three of his ribs, two on the right side and one on the left. Corineus then summoned all his strength, for he was infuriated by what had happened. He heaved Gogmagog up on to his shoulders, and running as fast as he could under the weight, he hurried off to the nearby coast. He clambered up to the top of a mighty cliff, shook himself free and hurled this deadly monster, whom he was carrying on his shoulders, far out into the sea. The giant fell on to a sharp reef of rocks, where he was dashed into a thousand fragments and stained the waters with his blood. The place took its name from the fact that the giant was hurled down there and it is called Gogmagog's Leap to this day.

All this occurred, according to Geoffrey, around 1240 B. C. [For a defense of the historical accuracy of Geoffrey of Monmouth, I refer you to *After the Flood* by Bill Cooper, B. A. Hons.]

If we jump ahead to Arthur's time (450 A.D.), the Britons, later to be called the Welsh, are now Christian and are fighting what will ultimately be, after Arthur's demise, a losing battle with the heathen Saxons. The Britons are pushed back into what is now called Wales. This is the first tragic change of power in Britain. And the Welsh hatred of the Saxons was so great that they could not bear to Christianize them. That was left to Irish monks who had themselves been converted to Christianity by St. Patrick, who was Welsh. In the whirligig of time, the Christian Saxons became allies of the Christian Welsh.

The Norman Conquest was not as great an upheaval for the Britons as the Saxon conquest had been because the Normans were nominally Christian. In addition the Saxon culture remained the dominant one. The Norman rulers adapted the English language and English customs. After the Norman invasion of 1066, the racial and religious basis of the British nation was set. It was racially Celt, Saxon, French and Dane, all white and all Christian.

So, if the Nazis had invaded and somehow managed to conquer the then-unconquerable Britons, the racial mix would not have changed at all as the Germans were white and Saxon and the Christian Faith was the historic faith of the German people. Hitler's Nazism would not have survived him.

But if we look at the current invasion of Britain we see something unprecedented in British history. The colored invasion will not be a slight alteration in British customs; it will be the end of Britain. All her history will be lost, and the "blessed plot" of earth will be no more, for the colored invaders, be they devotees of voodoo, disciples of Mohammed, or followers of Hinduism, are all united in their hatred of white, Christian Britain.

Every country of Europe and every country founded by Europeans is going through something similar. From a straight empirical, data-collecting perspective, it looks like there is no hope for white Europeans. But was white Europe built on empiricism? There is hope in the blood. Christianity is in our blood, and a fierce, warlike defiance of heathenism is also in our blood. If we answer that call, there is no one who can predict with certainty that white Europe will die. Nothing that comes from the spiritual dimension in man is subject to the inexorable laws of math. So, to

conquer the inexorable we must dive down to the depths of our sacred heritage, pluck from it the European gauntlet, and fling it in the collective face of the invading armies of color.

Labels: Corineus and the giants, white Europe

The Ongoing Revolution

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

G. M. Trevelyan, in the third volume of his *History of England*, had this to say about the Industrial Revolution:

The great changes in man's command over nature and consequent manner of life, which began in England in the reign of George III and have since spread with varying degrees of intensity over almost the whole inhabited globe, make bewildering work for the historian. Up to the Industrial Revolution, economic and social change, though continuous, has the pace of a slowly-moving stream; but in the days of Watt and Stephenson it has acquired the momentum of water over a mill-dam, distracting to the eye of any spectator. Nor, for all its hurry, does it ever reach any pool at the bottom and resume its former leisurely advance. It is a cataract still. The French Revolution occupied a dozen years at most, but the Industrial Revolution may yet continue for as many hundred, creating and obliterating one form of economic and social life after another, so that the historian can never say – 'This or this is the normal state of modern England.'

G. M. Trevelyan wrote those words in 1926. He went on to say that we can't approve or condemn the Industrial Revolution; we need to see it develop more before we can judge it. Can we judge it now? I think so. There is no defense for it. Its apologists always cite increased standards of living and the impracticality of agrarian economies, but no one except a few Luddites ever condemned the use of every single machine. The original critics of the Industrial Revolution, who have been proven correct, feared that the machine would become a replacement for God, dispensing graces and benefits to mankind in a way that was more efficient and modern than the old-fashioned guy in the Christian story. "A man that has an automobile don't need Jesus," became the unspoken creed of modern man. The machine separates us from God in two ways.

First, it anesthetizes us by taking us out of the natural order of creation. One need only look at the infernal abortion machines to see this process at work. "Childbirth produces pain; a machine will take care of it."

And secondly, the machine age allows us to worship progress. Instead of looking for the return of our Lord, we look for the coming perfection of mankind when – thanks to the machine -- death, war, and hunger will have ceased.

When machines were set free and allowed to make men dance to what increasingly became Satanic tunes, man was doomed to become the slave of a force he could not control or stop.

Of course modern Christians (isn't that an oxymoron?) never criticize industrialization because they fear ostracization and the Luddite label. But it is not an either-or proposition. Our choices are not 'rampant, Godless industrialization' on the one hand, or 'we all live in caves and eat cave moss' on the other. It is the revolutionary nature of industrialization that a Christian should hate. If the machine age had grown up organically from the needs of a Christian civilization, it would not have been the harmful hateful thing that we see before us today. The word 'organic' is overused today, but it best describes the way in which the machine age should have begun. If a farmer could improve his own family farm through the use of a machine that sprang from his own ingenuity and his own hands, then its use would be legitimate. Compare this to the illegitimate use of a machine: the cotton gin was produced to compete on the mass market with other mass producers. If a physician made use of a machine to perform beneficial operations which would be impossible without one, then the use of such a machine would be legitimate. The machine age ought to have been wedded to

the real lives of Christian people. When machines were set free and allowed to make men dance to what increasingly became Satanic tunes, man was doomed to become the slave of a force he could not control or stop.

Chaplin is not my favorite comedian, but in his film, *Modern Times*, he does give us one of the most enduring and powerful critiques of the industrial revolution. Those giant gears are grinding up more than modern man's body; they are grinding up his soul.

Labels: industrial revolution, Trevelyan

In the Bleak Midwinter

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007



In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, Whom cherubim, worship night and day,
Breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him, Whom angels fall before,
The ox and ass and camel which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But His mother only, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give Him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give Him: give my heart.

--Christina Rosetti

Labels: Christmas, song lyrics

Washington Irving

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007



Some writers for *Middle American News* and the *Occidental Quarterly* have asserted that the United States is not a propositional nation. They say the country is not based on an idea but on European traditions. I would agree that America **should not** be a propositional nation, but I do not think it is entirely accurate to say it is not founded on propositional premises. Surely the majority of the founding fathers did not view the U. S. Constitution as the French Jacobins viewed their constitution, as a 'brave, new world' document, but at least three Americans, Jefferson, Madison, and Franklin, did. And it is the propositional view of the nation, which means we do not have a real nation, that has prevailed.

The acceptance of one's nation as a non-nation, as a propositional nation, does not come unless one has accepted that existence itself is of a propositional nature. The Gnostic, "I think, therefore I am" premise has to become part of the common man's view of life before a Gnostic's concept of nation can become the reigning one. The line from Aquinas to Descartes to George Bush signing over the country to Mexico is a straight line.

As America the nation fades into the dust bin of history, it is somewhat of a cathartic experience to go back and look at a man who viewed America as a nation rather than as a New Tower of Babel.

Washington Irving's success is the very reason that he is often held in slight regard. "He wrote some humorous tales, but nothing profound." But Washington Irving was the first American writer to enunciate the proper, the genuine American patriotism. In Irving's view America was European. Europe's faith was America's faith, and European customs were American customs. According to Irving, all that was different was the habitation and the names. And in many cases not even the names were very different – New York, New England, etc.

Irving was born in New York City in 1783. He had little formal schooling but came from a family of big readers. Like Walter Scott he studied law as a young man but gave it up to write fairy stories. He spent much of his adult life abroad, first in England and later in Spain. During one trip to Britain he visited Walter Scott at Abbotsford. It was Scott who encouraged him to transfer the folk tales of Europe to American soil. The results of that advice can be seen in Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

It is a shame that few Americans read more than "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow"; Irving's tales of Christmas in England, *Old Christmas*, his commentaries on Shakespeare, and his numerous biographical works reveal a man who saw not a brave, new world here in America, but a world that gave European men and women a chance to spread European traditions across a new continent. It is more than just a pity that Americans have chosen the propositional America of Jefferson, Madison, and Franklin and rejected Irving's European America.

From Irving's "Christmas Day":

On our way homeward his heart seemed overflowed with generous and happy feelings. As we passed over a rising ground which commanded something of a prospect, the sounds of rustic merriment now and then reached our ears: the squire paused for a few moments, and looked around with an air of inexpressible benignity. The beauty of the day was of itself sufficient to inspire philanthropy. Notwithstanding the frostiness of the morning, the sun in his cloudless journey had acquired sufficient power to melt away the thin covering of snow from every southern declivity, and to bring out the living green which adorns an English landscape even in mid-winter. Large tracts of smiling verdure contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the shaded slopes and hollows. Every sheltered bank, on which the broad rays rested, yielded its silver rill of cold and limpid water, glittering through the dripping grass; and sent up slight exhalations to contribute to the thin haze that hung just above the surface of the earth. There was something truly cheering in this triumph of warmth and verdure over the frosty thralldom of winter; it was, as the squire observed, an emblem of Christmas hospitality, breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, and thawing every heart into a flow. He pointed with pleasure to the indications of good cheer reeking from the chimneys of the comfortable farmhouses, and low thatched cottages. "I love," said he, "to see this day well kept by rich and poor; it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you; and I am almost disposed to join with Poor Robin, in his malediction on every churlish enemy to this honest festival

*"Those who at Christmas do repine
And would fain hence dispatch him,
May they with old Duke Humphry dine,
Or else may Squire Ketch catch 'em."*

From Irving's "Stratford-on-Avon":

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction, which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

Labels: genuine patriotism, Old Christmas, propositional nation

Harold the Dauntless

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007



xiv.

“Harold,” he said, “what rage is thine,
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior God?—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embattled hosts before my face
Are wither’d by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarine?—
Thou wilt not. Only can I give
The joys for which the valiant live,
Victory and vengeance—only I
Can give the joys for which they die,
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
The brimming draught from foeman’s skull.
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,
The faithful pledge of vassal’s love.”

xv.

“Tempter,” said Harold, firm of heart,
“I charge thee, hence! whate’er thou art,
I do defy thee – and resist
The kindling frenzy of my breast,
Waked by thy words; and of my mail,
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
And God, or demon, part in peace.”—
“Eivir,” the Shape replied, “is mine,
Mark’d in the birth-hour with my sign.
Think’st thou that priest with drops of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark away?

Or that a borrow'd sex and name
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?"Thrill'd this strange speech thro' Harold's brain,
He clenched his teeth in high disdain,
For not his new-born faith subdued
Some tokens of his ancient mood:—
"Now, by the hope so lately given
Of better trust and purer heaven,
I will assail thee, fiend!" –Then rose
His mace, and with a storm of blows
The mortal and the Demon close.

xvi.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground;
But not the artillery of hell,
The bickering lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
Could Harold's courage quell.
Sternly the Dane his purpose kept,
And blows on blows resistless heap'd,
Till quail'd that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evanish'd in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised and bore his Eivir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

Labels: poem, Sir Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott: Down These Mean Streets

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007

I once heard a Catholic professor of literature explain that one needed to read classic works of literature because they built up the natural man to the point where he was ready to receive the supernatural truths of religion. And I once heard a Protestant educator explain that "we don't read literature to learn about the truth. We read literature to hear the truth expressed well." Both the Catholic and the Protestant were blasphemers. They were not blasphemers because they denigrated literature; they were blasphemers because they denounced the truth and the way.

Divine truth does not come to us from outside in predigested church documents. It comes to us from within. The poet – at least the true poet, as distinct from the mere wordsmith – intuitively divine truth from listening to the promptings of his heart and by sympathizing with the yearnings in the hearts of his fellow men. There is more wisdom in the fourth verse of Phillip Brooks's "O Little Town of Bethlehem" than in all the books of philosophy and theology ever written:

*How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven;*

*No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,*

*Where meek souls will receive him, still,
The dear Christ enters in.*

When a religious expert denies that the heart's promptings and not the experts' documents lead us to God, he blasphemes. He blasphemes because he is denying the divinity in man and the humanity in God. The dear Christ cannot enter in to the sterile cold world of the supernatural element devoid of humanity nor through the prophetic element devoid of humanity.

The ancient arduous process of listening and responding to the heart's promptings has now ceased with the modern European man. But there was a time when men went through the process. And from such "convertites there is much matter to be heard and learn'd."

There is a reason why there are no great novels written anymore. And the reason is not because the modern world lacks men and women who can write well. No, there are numerous authors who write well. But it takes more than an ability to write well to put together a great novel. An author must believe, as Dostoyevsky believed, that "Man is a mystery; if I spend my life trying to solve that mystery, I will not have lived in vain" if he is going to write great novels. In other words, a man must believe that there is something in man worth exploring.

A dogmatic Catholic would not be interested in exploring the soul of man because the dogmatic Catholic would claim he already knew the truth about man. Truth comes from outside of a man, from nature; therefore, there is no need to explore man's soul; one only has to cultivate it. And the same is true for the dogmatic Protestant who believes "we know the truth, so we only look for books that express the truth well." The liberal is also part of the anti-humanity triumvirate: "There is no soul; there is only a psyche, so we read fiction in order to interpret the characters' motives in the light of modern psychology." The ultimate compliment a liberal can give a novel is to say that it is "full of psychological insights."

When the external props of Christian civilization were crumbling in the late 18th and 19th centuries, the great authors of that time period went deeper and produced a body of literature, true literature, which has never been equaled and certainly never shall be equaled by the post-Christians of our era. The litany of the greats is too long to list; it begins with Scott and goes on through Le Fanu and Thomas Hughes. All the greats of the 19th century (and I use the term '19th century' loosely because Scott slightly predates it and men such as J. M. Barrie, Kenneth Grahame, and A. E. W. Mason slightly postdate it) bear witness to the reality of the God-man because they took the mystery that was within seriously. But most of the great authors of the 19th century, such as Dostoyevsky and Dickens, who give us a vision of the God-man, do not give us an anchor to help us hold that vision down to earth. It is always in danger of flying away from us and becoming a phantom or an airy nothing. That is because most of the authors of that magnificent century were fighting modernity from within and without. They were fighting the outside forces: Darwinism, capitalism, feminism, and Marxism, and they were fighting the spirit of modernity that was within them. But the great ones, though tainted with modernity, saw the risen Lord standing above the citadels of modernity. One man, however, was not tainted by modernity, and he can supply us with a vision and an anchor for that vision. That man is Walter Scott.

Scott is generally credited with reviving chivalry, and certainly the chivalric code is seldom missing from a Scott novel, but Scott does not view knight-errantry in the same light as do such authors as Ariosto. He gives the warriors of the Middle Ages their due, but his heroes always adhere to a code that is deeper than the medieval code. Scott, following St. Paul and Shakespeare, shifts the emphasis from the pursuit of fame and honor and directs his heroes' efforts toward charity. When driven to the wall, Scott's heroes and heroines reveal to us the wisdom of St. Paul. Jeanie Deans prevails because her faith cannot be broken. It is not based on prophecies which can fail, nor on knowledge which can fail; it is based on that which cannot fail – charity. And Quentin Durward wins the fair maiden not because he prevails in glorious combat but because he forgoes glorious combat in order to perform an act of charity.

It's not that other 19th century authors do not place charity at the center of their visions. They do. But where Dickens often gets sidetracked by democratic delusions and Dostoyevsky by Russian messianism, Scott never wavers from the path of St. Paul. He admires the Highlanders but he does not place his ultimate hope on their political success. There is only one reign worthy of our undivided support: His reign of charity. In Scott's view, political systems come and go, and our support or resistance to them should depend on how closely they adhere to His reign of charity.

In his poetry and novels, Scott eschews the classical approach which consists of feeble attempts to recapture the glory of Greece, and instead embarks on a romantic quest through the human heart. There and there alone is the anchor. In our hearts is the imprint of His heart.

It was Scott's special destiny to take up Shakespeare's mantle and show European man that the journey through the human heart is not a passive journey but an intensely active one. There are so many dragons along the way that must be slain, the dragons of all the seven deadly sins, but above all, the dragon of intellectual pride.

Scott's authorial voice speaks loud and clear through the actions of his heroes and heroines. It is charity alone that can anchor our hearts to His. And that charitable center of our heart cannot be reached by the spiritually weak or the intellectually proud.

Scott, with characteristic modesty, once told a woman who compared him to Shakespeare that he was not fit to tie Shakespeare's shoe laces. But there is a great similarity between the two authors. They both bid us look away from the outward pageantry of life to the romance that is within. And that is extremely rare. Few authors have the courage to embark on the inward journey because they fear that which is within. But the inner journey through the human heart is the real journey that the hero must take. Scott gives us the anchor to prevail against all the forces of hell because he himself is the hero Raymond Chandler was looking for: "But down these mean streets a man must go, who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid."

To those of us tarnished with modernity and afraid (and who is not?), Walter Scott reaches out over what is really only a short span of years and bids us take heart, as Quentin Durward does. Though exiled from his native land, Quentin prevails because he knows that all the enduring graces of home and hearth he takes with him. "Behold the Kingdom of God is within you."

Labels: 19th century authors, charity, human heart, O Little Town of Bethlehem

Educated Idiots

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2007



"Had Shakespeare been as learned as Ben Jonson, he would have written no better than Ben Jonson."

--George Fitzhugh

I have always, possibly because America is not a true nation, considered myself free to adopt as my own whatever European tradition to which I felt drawn. If asked to rank my cultural favorites, I would place the 19th century English first, the 18th century Scottish Highlanders second, and the King Arthur Welsh third. Of the so-called Latin nations, I prefer the Spanish to the Italians and French. But to me, they are all my ancestors.

It has been and still is my contention that all the nations of Europe have betrayed their heritage. The first betrayal was made by Greece. The poetic core of that nation, as articulated by Homer and Sophocles, was forced to give way to the philosophical speculators. And it was the philosophical speculators who thought that St. Paul's vision of the risen Lord was "foolishness." But it was the children of Homer and Sophocles, the men and women with a poetic core such as St. Luke, who embraced the foolish faith of St. Paul.

Recently I heard from an irate man of Greek ancestry who took me to task for criticizing the Greeks. Well, if he had taken the trouble to read all my articles through, he would have seen that I was criticizing the Greek philosophical tradition, not each and every Greek. But yes, I am criticizing the Greek philosophical tradition. And that does seem to rankle nearly everyone.

[Thomas Molnar, echoing Thomas Hughes, once made the following statement about Voegelin: "Voegelin remains a 'Greek,' placing us in the metaxy, the field of force between man and God, but in such a manner that the upward pull remains the experience of a force, not more, rather than the Unknown God, whom Paul met at Athens." In Dietrich von Hildebrand's response to Molnar, he said that Plato was the teacher who prepared the way for Christ. He was not, Hildebrand claimed, a roadblock to faith. His reaction was typical of the attitude then and now toward the Greek philosophical tradition.]

But the Greek way, or more accurately, the Athenian way, is the way of death for the individual and for a culture. The Greek way separates the mind of man from his blood. And wisdom is in the blood not the mind. The Christian churches have been supping with the Athenian speculators ever since the 1st century. It seems that only St. Paul was able to keep the Athenian heresy at bay. It is such an appealing heresy. The idea that we can know God and harness His power through our mind is heady stuff. It thrilled Adam and Eve just as it thrilled Satan. In the past the laity always seemed to be the steadying influence on the clergy. The clergy pushed Gnosticism and the laity resisted. It was not until the latter part of the 20th century that the Christian laity became completely Gnosticized, although we see an advance preview of 20th century decadence in 19th century Paris: "In Paris, when they want to disparage a man, they say: 'He has a good heart.' The phrase means: 'The poor fellow is as stupid as a rhinoceros.'" The end result of philosophical speculation is the Parisian sneer and smirk.

H. V. Morton, in his book about Wales (1932), depicts the Welsh people as the most traditional, the most authentically European people in all of Europe. Despite the fact that no great natural boundary separates them from the rest of Britain, they still retained their own very poetic, very musical language. And they retained their own bardic culture. But if we leap forward to the year 2006, we see a newspaper headline about a man being arrested in Wales for handing out Gospel tracts at a gay pride parade. How did we get from Morton's Wales of 1931 to the Wales of 2006?

Morton supplies us with the answer:

The Englishman in Wales is surprised and rather ashamed to learn that although the idea of a Welsh University was one of Owen Glendower's dreams in the Middle Ages (his letters about it are preserved in the French archives in Paris), the Welsh people had to wait five centuries before a Parliament sitting at Westminster established the University of Wales in the year 1893! Scotland had St. Andrew's University in the Middle Ages; Ireland had Trinity College in the Time of Elizabeth...

The Welsh fell victim to what the rest of Europe had fallen victim to: they fell down and worshipped the Golden idol called education. Education breeds the “scientific method” which kills the bardic culture from which genuine religious faith grows. And yes, I know the Athenians thought highly of the university setting, but the truly great thinkers of Greece were Homer and Sophocles, men whose thoughts were in tune with their hearts and with the hearts of their fellow countrymen.

What happens physically when one goes to a university is the same thing that happens spiritually. One physically leaves the bardic village and goes to a cosmopolitan center. And spiritually the mind separates from the blood. One’s former bardic culture is studied; it becomes a thing outside one’s self, a thing disconnected. It no longer lives. And the most important aspect of a man’s being, his mystic connection to God, is severed forever when he goes through the systematic scientizing process that takes place at a university.

Surely I exaggerate? What would happen to science and development if we didn’t have universities? Isn’t it a question of the right kind of thinking vs. the wrong kind of thinking? No, because isolated thought is not thinking. If a man does not think with his blood he is not thinking. It would be different if men were angels, but we are not. Angelic thinking can be good or bad, depending on whether the angel is good or bad. But when humans try to think angelically, the result is always disastrous.

The check on the Gnostic cosmopolitans was always the villager – the rustic, the yeoman, and the peasant. But the university reached out with its giant tentacles and gradually made the village part of the university. Is there any aspect of modern life that does not involve the university? In every aspect of our lives, the expert, with his specialized training at some university, is ever present.

There is a scene in C. S. Lewis’s *The Last Battle* that depicts a contingent of dwarfs who are unable to partake of a glorious feast because all they can see before them is a dark black hole. They “refuse to be taken in” by anyone who tries to tell them there is indeed a feast as well as a provider of the feast. They are too smart. And of course the dwarfs are us. We are too smart to see the feast and the author of the feast.

It is interesting to note that Lewis, in the *Narnia* books, makes reference to a magic deeper than the deep magic of the White Witch. That magic is, of course, Christianity. But if we perceive reality with the eye rather than through the eye, as the dwarfs and the educators do, we will not have access to the God-man. We will see only what the White Witch and her master want us to see – a black hole. And then our lives will consist of the endless pursuit of commercial interruptions. We will seek out anything that will divert us from the reality of the black hole. But it doesn’t matter what we do; so long as we perceive reality as the ancient Athenians and the educators have perceived it, we will always have the dreaded conviction that beneath the surface of our diversions is a black hole.

It certainly doesn’t appear that European man will abandon the faith of the speculators and return to the older bardic faith of his European ancestors. The speculators have conquered the former Christian Churches and every other major institution of the Western world. And if anyone tries to break through the commercial façade, expose the black hole, and seek out the magic that is deeper than the deep magic, he will find all the forces of the modern world, which are the forces of hell, arrayed against him.

If the modern educators, who pride themselves on their ability to measure and record every aspect of human existence, could put the collective soul of Western man on their soul detection machines, they would not see a single blip on the screen in the last 56 years. There would be no activity; everything would be still.

But one hopes that somewhere, deep in the forest, or high in the mountains, beats a heart that will not yield to the educators nor bend his knee to the White Witch. And that heart will become a flaw in the educators’ machine. And from that flaw will come other flaws. And that great precise recorder of human conformity and sterility will be forced to convey, to the educators, that their perfect,

Godless black hole world is crumbling... well, such is the hope. Mere delusion? The ancient faith of Christians is based on such a "delusion."

After the Romans had conquered Greece, Athens became the school and center of thought for the civilized world. Men had but one set of ideas, but one set of models to imitate in the whole range of the fine arts. Inventiveness and originality ceased, and genius was subdued. The rule of Horace, Nullius addictus in verba magistri jurare ("Not compelled to swear to the opinions of any master") was [re]versed and men ceased to think for themselves, but looked to the common fountain of thought at Athens, where the teachers of mankind borrowed all their ideas from the past. Improvement and progress ceased, and imitation, chaining the present to the car of the past, soon induced rapid retrogression. Thus, we think centralization of thought occasioned the decline of civilization. Northern invaders introduced new ideas, broke up centralization, arrested imitation, and begot originality and inventiveness. Thus a start was given to a new and Christian civilization. Now, a centralization occasioned by commerce and fashion threatens the overthrow of our civilization, as arms and conquest overthrew the ancient.

-- George Fitzhugh in *Cannibals All! Or Slaves Without Masters*

Labels: Cannibals All, Gnosticism, Greek philosophical tradition, Last Battle

The Noose Tightens

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 04, 2007

I first read about the Kevin Lamb story in June 2005. It was one of those stories that made you say, "I knew things were bad, but I didn't know they were that bad!"

In case you missed it: Kevin Lamb was the managing editor of *Human Events*, a supposedly conservative newsweekly. After a phone call from the radical Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC), the editors of *Human Events* gave Lamb his walking papers. What terrible skeleton had the SPLC found in Lamb's closet that made *Human Events* fire him? Was it an extramarital affair? Was it a murder? No, it was something much worse. In his free time Kevin Lamb was writing and editing some articles for the *Occidental Review*.

Now, even if Kevin Lamb were dressing up as a Nazi and attending Hitler youth rallies, he should not have been fired. But the *Occidental Review*? Have you seen that publication? They very humbly and very politely point out that white people have made a few contributions to the civilization that sustains us all.

The rather surprising factor in the Kevin Lamb firing was that it took only one phone call from a radical organization to get him fired at a "conservative" publication. To me the situation emphasizes the fact that things have slid too far to allow for any compromise on the race issue. In the 50's and 60's, it was possible to be polite with well-meaning people who really believed all black people were just like the black people in *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *A Patch of Blue*. But one can't be polite to those people any longer. The issue has become too clear, too deadly clear, to permit country club whites to bask in the warmth of Western culture while simultaneously handing that culture and the people who created it over to savages. It is a war, not one we chose, but a war nonetheless. And in war one must choose a side. The *Human Events* type of white-hating conservatives have chosen to side with the enemies of the white race. I think the old expression, "Well, at least now I know who my friends are," applies here. Or maybe it would be more appropriate to say, "At least now I know who my enemies are."

It was not always thus with conservative publications. In the 1950's and early 1960's *National Review* took an editorial position against the Civil Rights Act and regularly published articles by authors who criticized the black movement and defended segregation. That seems like eons ago now. Today only underground papers criticize blacks and support segregation.

The betrayal occurred because the conservatives were not really conservative. To Buckley and his ilk, only the free market counted. Criticism of the black movement was permitted in the early days because the blacks couched much of their criticism of America in socialistic terminology. It was never the white cultural heritage that *National Review* wanted to defend, it was capitalism. In fact, one could make the case that conservatives are now even more rabidly anti-white than the liberals because the conservatives are more afraid of being called racists than are liberals.

It's all pretty sickening. Tennyson longed for a leader that would not lie. I long for a leader that is not afraid to be called a racist.

Labels: Human Events, Kevin Lamb, race war

The Gnostic Confidence Man

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 04, 2007

Herman Melville's novel, *The Confidence Man*, is set aboard a Mississippi riverboat. On board is a confidence man who manages, during the course of the voyage and in various disguises, to bilk most of the passengers aboard the boat.

“I do not jumble them; they are co-ordinates. For misanthropy, springing from the same root with disbelief of religion, is twin with that. It springs from the same root, I say; for, set aside materialism and what is an atheist, but one who does not, or will not, see in the universe a ruling principle of love; and what a misanthrope, but one who does not, or will not, see in man a ruling principle of kindness? Don’t you see? In either case the vice consists in a want of confidence.”

And it struck me while rereading the novel recently that the Confidence Man is, if not the devil, then at the very least, diabolical. He is able to appeal to each passenger’s weakness, be it vanity, greed, or egotistic altruism. And of course the Confidence Man is all head; he has no heart. The emergence of a heart would be suicide for a confidence man or the devil. The Confidence Man must be a Gnostic.

And in various guises the Gnostic devil has plagued mankind since the Garden of Eden. He comes in various disguises, but his object is always the same: To get man to think in the abstract and then to make that abstracted thought an end rather than a means. If pure thought is the ultimate that man can achieve, then the mind of man is God, and Satan can master that mind.

The Gnostic Confidence Man is not so foolish as to use the same disguise twice. In the medieval ages he came disguised as a Dominican Friar, in the 20th century he donned a lab coat and a clipboard, and in the 21st century he comes in the guise of the expert. He wears a different disguise depending on the area of expertise, be it clerical, academic, or general working class, but he is always in the guise of the expert. And through patience, diligence and cunning, the Confidence Man has extended the reign of the expert over the land that once eschewed the expert, be he alchemist or Thomist.

The Confidence Man has perfected his system. There is no aspect of 21st century life in which you will not encounter him. And yet, because he is so well disguised, you will never know you have encountered him. The Catholic neophyte, for instance, enters the Church and quite naturally wants to do things the right way. But the Church leaders have already been duped into adopting the Confidence Man’s system. Thought is the goal. So the neophyte pursues his studies. And who helps him with his studies? The Confidence Man, of course, in the guise of the kindly Father Catechist.

In business the Confidence Man reigns supreme as well. He stands ready to assist with mortgages, taxes, stocks and bonds. So long as he keeps people pursuing the idea of wealth rather than the blessings of sufficiency, he will be the one with whom they have to deal.

And throughout the modern world the Confidence Man appears to Joe Average Citizen. He might be the school psychologist, the local MD, or an Amway salesman. He’ll don whatever disguise fits the occasion. He is always up to the mark. Of course, it is academia in which the Confidence Man prefers to work. That is the very best place to peddle his wares. But in the end, it doesn’t make much difference. He can create an academic environment wherever he goes. He is in fact a “gol’ darn spellbinder.” And this should be no surprise because he studied under the master spellbinder, Old Scratch himself.

Labels: Devil and academia

For the Greater Good

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 04, 2007

I can identify with a writer for *Little Geneva Report* who claimed he could not listen to Rush Limbaugh for more than a minute. Limbaugh is truly one pig of a man. But he is just a cruder version of Ludwig von Mises and Adam Smith, who both sought to convince the Western world that it was better off with capitalism than it had ever been before under any of the other –isms. And von Mises, because he came after Adam Smith, could show with statistics how much better off Western man was.

The problem with the statistics is they showed an aggregate increase in wealth, but they did not show the increase in poverty and the decrease in the soul of Western man. The great defenses of capitalism from Adam Smith to George Gilder always make the 'greater good for the greater number' argument. I don't think even that argument is correct, but let's just say, for the sake of argument, that this argument is correct. You know what the answer to it is? All the greater good in the world cannot make up for one eight-year-old boy getting up and going to the coal mines to work. Case closed on capitalism.

And the capitalists have never ceased their efforts to atomize the human race. They want no children, no men, and no women, only atoms. When, for instance, various Christian groups compelled the capitalists to allow children to go to school at age eight instead of to the mines, the capitalists counterattacked. They turned the schools into training grounds for the factories. When the neocon, Mort Zuckerman, brags about the docility of the American workers, he is giving a pat on the back to our public school system, which produces moral eunuchs and functional illiterates but successfully turns out soul-dead zombies fully capable of adjusting to the soulless life style of the 'free market.'

And where does it all end? In hell, of course.

Labels: heartlessness of capitalism

Quoting Idiots

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 04, 2007

Pat Buchanan is fond of quoting a priest who responded to Whittaker Chamber's lament about the death of the West: "What makes you think the West is worth saving?" Now, I'm supposed to bury my head, cover myself with ashes, and let the third world hordes replace my decadent, godless people. Well, there are many fallacies in that asinine statement of the priest.

1) No matter how decadent a people becomes, if they are your people, you must stand with them. That doesn't mean you don't fight them; of course you do. But you don't hand them over to foreigners. Kipling's poem "The Stranger" says it all.

2) Yes, Western culture as it stands now is decadent and anti-Christian. But it was the only Christian culture that ever existed. If the barbarian hordes were invading the West in order to restore the older Western culture, you might make a case for the 'Goodbye, Whitey' opinion of Buchanan's priest. But the barbarian hordes hate the older Western culture and have shown themselves to be quite fond of the pornographic culture of the West. They will not Christianize the West; they will simply destroy the white Christian remnant. And only that remnant stands between mankind and the abyss.

3) The people of Europe are my people and, in my opinion, the creators of the greatest culture ever created. But they are not the people of Israel; when they slide, it is not part of God's plan to let the Assyrians in the guise of Mexicans, blacks and Muslims, come in and chastise them. Buchanan's priest would have us all meekly submit to the barbarian invasion because it is God's judgment on decadence. But that's more than we can know. We have to think with our hearts and ask ourselves if God really would want us to sacrifice our loved ones and the cultural remnant of his civilization to the barbarian hordes. Does it seem likely? My heart recoils from it.

Labels: Buchanan, Roman Catholic Church

Bred in the Bone

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 04, 2007

In a marvelous short story, “Bred in the Bone,” by Thomas Nelson Page, the main character lives up to the highest ideals of the Christian faith because his Christianity is “bred in the bone.” That is what is lacking in modern Christendom – Christians who have the bred-in-the bone Christianity.

I once encountered a book by a liberal that was titled, *Without Marx or Jesus*. The author wanted to begin again without those two, in his opinion, false messiahs. I would like to begin, not again, but anew, without Aquinas or Calvin. All change is not, contrary to modern opinion, good. We need to cut down to the bone and rediscover the only Faith that can stand the test of time. But at least it (the Faith) is in our bones. We simply have to abandon the false faiths of the moderns, be they Thomists, Yankees, or psychiatrists. And it is the singular advantage of the white man that he doesn’t have to convert, he only has to revert. The black who has black mischief in his bones, and the Mexican who has the Halls of Montezuma in his bones need to convert.

It is a lonesome road, abandoned by his fellow whites, which the white man with the faith that is bred in the bone must travel. But travel it he must. And at the end of that road he will hear, as Arthur heard,

*Then from the dawn it seem’d there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a King returning from his wars.*

Labels: Aquinas and Calvin, Incarnational Christianity

White Suicide

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 04, 2007

The casualty statistics of the white nations in World War I are truly staggering. The white race has never recovered from that war. In school they told us that the war was a result of entangling alliances and Kaiser Wilhelm’s failure to sign the reassurance pact with Russia. But those events were only logs on the fire. What really set Europe and its satellites aflame was the Gnosticizing of the Western elites. Throughout Europe, and in America as well, the ruling classes had become Gnostics. Christianity was just an idea to them. And they used the Christian men of Europe as chess pieces in their Gnostic games.

In World War I the ruling parties of both sides were Gnostic, but in our uncivil Civil War, which was a precursor of World War I, only the North had adopted the new Gnostic Christianity, which is not Christianity at all. This is the terrible significance of our Civil War. We saw for the first time, on a large scale, the results of Gnostic Christianity.

Labels: Gnosticism, World War I

Nevermore

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 04, 2007

Chilton Williamson Jr. recently stated that “The Hagel-Martinez immigration bill (S.B. 2611) passed in May by the U.S. Senate would, quite simply and certainly, destroy forever the United States, even as the country exists in attenuated form today.”

I agree with Mr. Williamson. And I feel in regards to that bill much as I did when my mother died. I had seen, when growing up, another side to my mother, a non-liberal side. When death came, it cancelled out my hope that somehow the non-liberal side of my mother could be brought into prominence again.

Once the U.S. becomes a non-white nation, there will never be any hope that white Christian culture will be restored. That death might be easier to take if white Europe remained, but the countries of Europe are also passing bills similar to the U.S. Senate Bill 2611.

And all but the worst whites will find it impossible to adjust to the colored world of Babel. So many things half-way-house whites take for granted will disappear. Edgar desperately tried to convince his father that "his life was a miracle." Well, the half-way house whites who would not be convinced that white European culture was a miracle will sadly learn too late that it was indeed a miracle.

The Christian hearth will be no more. A faith which holds that man is something more than nature will also be replaced. In its stead will be a natural religion, a syncretistic religion of voodoo, Catholicism, charismatic Protestantism, and Aztec devil worship.

I think Poe, with his insistent refrain of 'nevermore,' conveyed so well the feeling of desolation felt at the death of a loved one or at the death of something that is sacred. Nevermore.

Labels: death of Christian culture, immigration

The Needle's Eye

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 04, 2007

They bade me come to the House of Prayer,
They said I should find my Saviour there:
I was wicked enough, God wot, at best,
And weary enough to covet rest.

I paused at th' door with a timid knock:
The People within were a silken flock—
By their scowls of pride it was plain to see
Salvation was not for the likes of me.

The Bishop was there in his lace and lawn,
And the cassocked priest,--I saw him yawn,--
The rich and great and virtuous too,
Stood smug and contented each in his pew.

The music was grand,--the service fine,
The sermon was eloquent,--nigh divine.
The subject was Pride and the Pharisee,
And the Publican, who was just like me.

I smote my breast in an empty pew,
But an usher came and looked me through
And bade me stand beside the door
In the space reserved for the mean and poor.

I left the church in my rags and shame:
In the dark without, One called my name.
"They have turned me out as well," quoth He,
"Take thou my hand and come fare with me.

“We may find the light by a narrow gate,
The way is steep and rough and strait;
But none will look if your clothes be poor,
When you come at last to my Father’s door.”

I struggled on where’er He led:
The blood ran down from His hand so red!
The blood ran down from His forehead torn.
“Tis naught,” quoth He, “but the prick of a thorn!”

“You bleed,” I cried, for my heart ‘gan quail.
“Tis naught, ‘tis naught but the print of a nail.”
“You limp in pain and your feet are sore.”
“Yea, yea,” quoth He, for the nails they were four.”

“You are weary and faint and bent,” I cried.
“’Twas a load I bore up a mountain side.”
“The way is steep, and I faint.”
But He: “It was steeper far upon Calvary.”

By this we had come to a narrow door,
I had spied afar. It was locked before;
But now in the presence of my Guide,
The fast-closed postern opened wide.

And forth there streamed a radiance
More bright than is the noon-sun’s glance;
And harps and voices greeted Him—
The music of the Seraphim.

I knew His face where the light did fall:
I had spat in it, in Herod’s Hall,
I knew those nail-prints now, ah, me!—
I had helped to nail Him to a tree.

I fainting fell before His face,
Imploring pardon of His grace.
He stooped and silencing my moan,
He bore me near to His Father’s throne.

He wrapt me close and hid my shame,
And touched my heart with a cleansing flame.
“Rest here,” said He, “while I go and try
To widen a little a Needles’ Eye.”

--Thomas Nelson Page

Labels: poem

The White Deer

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2007

You may lie

On sweet grass by a mountain stream to watch

The last wild eagle soar or the last raven

Cherish his brood within their rocky nest,

Or see, when mountain shadows first grow long,

The last enchanted white deer come to drink

--Donald Davidson

There is nothing a writer can do to explain what he has written to someone who deliberately wants to misconstrue what he has written. But sometimes, very rarely, people ask for explanations because they genuinely want an explanation. For those people I offer the following.

First, I have never claimed that the Christian Faith is only a white man's religion. But I have claimed, and will continue to claim, that I do not believe that the Christian Faith has ever penetrated as deeply into the souls of other races as it has penetrated into the soul of the white race. The white Europeans were the only race of people who adopted Christianity as conquerors. They alone saw Christ as worthy of worship because He was gentle, meek, and kind as well as powerful. All the other races adopted Christianity after they had been conquered. They saw Him only as a God of power, not a God of love.

Secondly, I do not believe that because whites have abandoned their cultural heritage it would be a good thing if whites were supplanted by other more "vital races." I want to see a renewal of the white race, not an extermination.

Thirdly, I take issue with "Christians" who adopt, with glee, the false formula that says, as the white race falls, other races shall rise. In reality, I think the equation reads: as the white race falls, so fall all other races. The idea that white Christian churches can export a new, pure, nonwhite Christianity to other cultures is ludicrous. The Church has not stopped exporting white Christianity to other non-white nations; it has simply stopped exporting healthy, integral Christianity and is instead exporting decadent, liberal Christianity under the guise of a purer, non-racist brand of Christianity.

The myth of the black, noble savage does an injustice to white folk because it implies that the extermination of the white race is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But we must reject that false myth and the much-anticipated (by liberal and conservative whites) invasion of the black Übermensch. For Western culture is irreplaceable, and it provides the only link to a world that is not of this world. As Christopher Dawson writes:

"And the importance of these centuries of which I have been writing is not to be found in the external order they created or attempted to create, but in the internal change they brought about in the soul of Western man – a change which can never be entirely undone except by the total negation or destruction of Western man himself."

And the worship of the black Übermensch will result in the complete negation and destruction of Western man.

Are we, as Christians, obligated to prefer polyglot societies to white societies? The modern Christian says we are, and Brazil is often held up as a model country. But is there some divine intent behind the separation of the races? The fact that the races were separated by God and the fact of the Tower of Babel story seem to indicate to me that God did intend the races to be separate. But of course liberals reject the reality of the Tower of Babel. They must needs reject almost the entire Bible if

they are to hold to their view of polyglot universalism because there is no biblical sanction for their hellish vision.

What the racial universalist misses is one of the most essential elements of Christianity. A key building block for the Faith is a love for kith and kin. One can only love the stranger when one has learned to love one's own kith and kin. To short circuit the kith-and-kin system, which has worked well for thousands of years (why has the Faith diminished as more "enlightened" views of race have gained ascendancy in the churches?), and to replace it with a bloodless racial universalism will ultimately lead to the extinction of the Christian Faith. And we are almost to the point where one could say racial universalism has led to the extinction of the Faith. In the end if the racial universalists get their way, the Christian Faith will be like a preserved corpse: it will still retain its outward form, but there will be no blood in it.

The character of Ratty in *The Wind and the Willows* is able to appreciate Mole's love for his home because he himself has such a love for his own river. There is much to be learned from Rat's devotion to his river. In fact, my own devotion to European culture and to my own race has never been expressed better than by Ratty:

"I beg your pardon," said the Mole, pulling himself together with an effort. "You must think me very rude; but all this is so new to me. So-this-is-a River!"

"The River," corrected the Rat.

"And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!"

"By it and with it and on it and in it," said the Rat. "It's brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It's my world, and I don't want any other. What it hasn't got is not worth having, and what it doesn't know is not worth knowing."

A hopeless provincialism? No, it is a provincialism that leads to something much greater and more universal than the bloodless utopian universalism that is advocated by the Christian race mixers.

Addendum

Samuel Johnson was supposed to have claimed that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. I have often thought that mysticism is actually the last refuge of a scoundrel; after losing the debate, just get mystical with your opponent and tell him your argument defies rational constructions.

And yet although often the refuge of a scoundrel, there are mystical arguments that are valid and are not made because one is afraid of being challenged for one's lack of empirical evidence and one's lack of rationality. This is the reason many quite decent white "racists" often bring in false evolutionary theories to buttress up their case for the white race. They want something solid and empirical.

But the most compelling argument to me for the preservation of the white race, undiluted by other racial strains, lies not in the realm of evolutionary theory, which I do not believe in, but in the mystical realm.

In making my case for the white man, I am going to relate one example from what is a legion of examples. (And if you think a case for the white man need not be articulated, just listen to what is being said about him in all the citadels of 'learned opinion' throughout the world.)

When I worked as a police officer, there was another officer in a neighboring, urbanized borough whom we shall call Dave Mills (not his real name). Dave was a short, stocky, chain-smoking, overweight, fifty-one year-old veteran with over twenty-five years' experience in police work. Dave was a white man. To the best of my knowledge, he never attended any church. Dave also, like the other white officers (and the black ones, too, for that matter) called black people 'niggers.' Dave was particularly anti-Negro, having been longer on the force than the rest of us.

Now, to the incident. Dave had finished his four p.m.-to-midnight shift and was heading back to his station. He was late because he had to finish up with a fender bender accident. On his way back to

the station, he saw a congregation (not a religious one) of young black people. Two blacks in particular caught Dave's attention, a boyfriend/girlfriend pair in their early twenties. The young black male was screaming at the young black woman, who appeared to be pregnant and was screaming back at the male. The screaming match was taking place on a bridge over a large stream. The stream was shallow enough and the bridge high enough to render someone quite dead if that someone were thrown off the bridge.

Dave's first thought was to keep on driving – "Why get involved in some domestic dispute when I'm not even on duty? I'll just tell the guys on the next shift to look into it."

But Dave's second thought, when he had driven about two blocks past the bridge, was "There might not be time for me to tell somebody else; that argument could turn violent."

Dave returned to the bridge. When he got there he saw the same group of black youths as before, but the couple had gone beyond verbal confrontation; the black male had a knife to the woman's throat and seemed to be trying to throw her off the bridge and/or slice her up.

Dave immediately called for assistance. And then he did something that is certainly not standard procedure but was something Dave often did because of his many years of experience. He unloaded his gun before getting out of the car. Why? Because Dave saw that he couldn't shoot the assailant (the bullet might go through him and into the woman) and he also saw that he was going to have to grapple with a man decidedly younger and larger than he. If he lost the wrestling match, Dave knew he would be shot with his own gun. Yes, he could still be stabbed to death, but that, he reasoned, would take longer, and help (he hoped) was on the way.

I, being on the midnight-to-eight a.m. shift in a neighboring borough, and two other officers from Dave's borough responded to Dave's call for assistance. When we arrived, this fat, chain-smoking, politically incorrect, white male had the black male on his stomach (a black male with whom Dave could not have lasted one round in a boxing match) and was attempting to put handcuffs on him.

With help from the other officers and myself, Dave got the male cuffed. Dave was bleeding from knife wounds on his hands and arms. The woman was bleeding from wounds to the face, arms, and hands.

Dave called the ambulance for the woman and held her head in his arms till the ambulance came.

She recovered from her wounds and delivered her baby a few months later. Dave, whose wounds were minor, did not need to be hospitalized. He had undoubtedly saved the lives of the woman and her baby.

I have often pondered about that incident. Why did Dave bother going back to the bridge? He did not have to go back. No one would have faulted him for not looking into a non-incident. So why did he do it? There was a whole host of black youth who didn't get involved, and who, in fact, were cheering for the assailant when I and the other officers arrived. So, again, why?

Well, I'm open to charges of mysticism at this point, but I must insist that the answer lies in the mystical realms. Dave, despite the fact that he was not a member of any Christian church and despite the fact that he probably had a rather hazy, nebulous idea about the Deity, was a blood Christian. Because he was a white man, he had the Faith which had been planted and nurtured in the blood of the white man some 1,500 years ago. That Faith can never be totally eradicated from the blood of the white man, and should never be diluted or supplanted by the blood of other races, even if they are actually Christian, or, as is more likely, if they merely call themselves Christian. The white blood is an essential support for Christianity. Without it there would still be Christian churches, but there would be no Faith left on earth.

The Ancient Rhythms

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2007

It would be difficult to imagine a society more uncongenial to Christianity (save that of Islam) than our present, capitalist, post-Christian society. The capitalist dynamic is diametrically opposed to Christianity. Historically, Christian societies have tended to be agrarian and traditional: “the tilled field and hedgerow, linked to the plowed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingerings, the cultivated garden plot.”

In contrast, Christianity does not do well in societies that,

...pry loose old walls.

Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil O God.

Beat me, hammer me into a steel spike.

Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.

Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into central girders.

Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

--from “Prayers of Steel” by Carl Sandburg

Although there are those who will advise us that we can have Christian skyscrapers, I think we must reject that advice as either maliciously deceitful or stupid in the extreme. Steel-girder societies based on greed and avarice will never be compatible with societies of evening lingerings.

Resistance to steel-girder capitalism, however, seems doomed to failure, because so much effort must be expended in trying to survive and stay above the lower half of the pyramid that one has no energy for counterrevolution. (I don’t see why Enron executives were singled out for running a pyramid scam when all of our economy is based on one.) Nevertheless, since the only alternative to counterrevolution is a surrender to capitalism, even the tired and poor need to be summoned to the counterrevolutionary ranks. One fights for victory, but even in defeat there is the supreme consolation one has saved his soul through the strife against the dragon. This is not always apparent while the battle is raging, but it becomes clear afterward.

The Scottish Highland culture was seemingly dead forever after Culloden. But whenever the Scots want to feel their culture is in tune with divine rhythms and in opposition to the base, materialist, Whig culture surrounding them, they turn to the bagpipes and play a tune that evokes Prince Charlie and the days of the clan over the corporation, the village over the city, the farm over the factory, and the blood oath over the lawyer’s brief.

Likewise in the South, when Southerners want to feel connected to something and someone greater than themselves, they don’t sing songs and write poetry about how they just sold a worthless piece of real estate to a rich widow. No, they sing of Robert E. Lee, of Forrest, and of the Great Cause.

I see the smug capitalist laughing in the corner. “I’ll permit mere nostalgia. Let the Scotsman play his bagpipe in weekend parades and let the Southerner whistle “Dixie” and go to Civil War re-enactments, but just make sure both men are back in the office on Monday.”

Yes, a counterrevolution must be more than nostalgia. But the nostalgia should prime us for the counterrevolution. From whence comes the nostalgia? Why do we yearn for the evening lingerings? Because we have souls. Capitalism needs men without souls for its steel girders, but our Lord only takes men with souls into His kingdom. A steel spike does not to heaven go.

Labels: heartlessness of capitalism, post-Christian rationalism

Rorke's Drift

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2007



I think every European should familiarize himself with the battle of Rorke's Drift. There are many good accounts of the battle – one still in print is *Rorke's Drift* by Michael Glover.

The bare facts of the battle are these: approximately one hundred British soldiers defeated a force of Zulus thirty or forty times their number in defense of a barely defensible fortification in South Africa. Extraordinary bravery was exhibited by the defenders. But extraordinary bravery, as Glover points out, was not unusual in the British army. The lasting significance of Rorke's Drift, for men of European blood, is that a few Christian European men were more than a match for barbarians. And they will always be, 1) if they act like Christian men, and 2) if they dogmatically refuse to even consider that their own culture should not prevail over barbarism.

"Christian" liberals refuse to place any significance, except a negative one, on the European experience in places like Africa and central America, but they are wrong. If they would stop looking for signs of God in the unhallowed charnel houses of academia, they would see Christ in the European past.

Private Alfred Henry Hook stands as a sign of contradiction to the anti-European "Christian" liberal and to the non-Christian world that believes the sacrifice on Calvary was foolishness.

"In the room where I was now there were nine sick men, and I was alone to look after them for some time, still firing away with the hospital burning. Suddenly in the thick smoke I saw John Williams, who had rushed in through a doorway communicating with another room, and above the din of battle and the cries of the wounded I heard him shout, 'The Zulus are all over the place! They've dragged Joseph Williams out and killed him!'"

"John Williams had held the adjoining room with Private Harrigan for more than an hour until they had not a cartridge left. The Zulus had then burst in and dragged out Joseph Williams and two of the patients and assegaied them. It was only because they were so busy with this slaughtering that John Williams and two of the patients were able to knock a hole in the partition and get into the room where I was posted. Harrigan was killed."

"What were we to do? We were pinned like rats in a hole. Already the Zulus were fiercely trying to burst in through the doorway. The only way of escape was the wall itself –by making a hole big enough for a man to crawl through into an adjoining room, and so on until we got outside. Williams worked desperately at the wall with the navy's pick which I had been using to make some of the loopholes with."

“All this time the Zulus were trying to get into the room. Their assegais kept whizzing towards us, and one struck me in front of the helmet. We were wearing the white tropical helmets then. But the helmet tilted back under the blow and made the spear lose its power, so that I escaped with a scalp wound, which did not trouble me much then.

“Only one man at a time could get in at the door. A big Zulu sprang forward and seized my rifle; but I tore it free and slipping a cartridge in, I shot him point-blank. Time after time the Zulus gripped the muzzle and tried to tear the rifle from me, and time after time I wrenched it back, because I had a better grip than they had.

“All this time Williams was getting the sick through the hole into the next room—all except one, a soldier of the Twenty-Fourth named Connolly, who could not move because of a broken leg. Watching for my chance I dashed from the doorway, and grabbing Connolly, I pulled him after me through the hole. His leg got broken again but there was no help for it. As soon as we left the room the Zulus burst in with furious cries of disappointment and rage.

“Now there was a repetition of the work of holding the doorway, except I had to stand by a hole in the wall instead of a door while Williams picked away at the far wall to make an opening to escape into the next room. There was more desperate and almost hopeless fighting, as it seemed, but most of the poor fellows were got through the hole. Again I had to drag Connolly through, a terrific task because he was a heavy man.

“Privates William Jones and Robert Jones during all this time had been doing magnificent work in another ward which faced the hill. They kept at it with bullet and bayonet until six of the seven patients in that ward had been removed. They would have got the seventh—Sergeant Maxfield—out safely but he was delirious with fever and although they managed to dress him, he refused to move. Robert Jones made a last rush to try and get him away like the rest; but when he got back into the room he saw that Maxfield was being stabbed by the Zulus as he lay on his bed.

“We—Williams, and R. Jones and W. Jones and myself—were the last men to leave the hospital after most of the sick and wounded had been carried through a small window and away from the burning, but it was impossible to save a few of them and they were butchered.”

“Greater love hath no man...” Would a non-European risk so much to get his fellow wounded soldiers to safety in the midst of fire and battle? The barbarians leave their sick and wounded.

Also of special note is the fact that the Natal native contingent cut and ran before the Zulus arrived. You cannot expect non-Europeans to fight for European causes.

The movie, *Zulu*, was made about Rorke's Drift in 1960. At that date Hollywood was running scared but was not so scared that they wouldn't depict British soldiers in a positive light. They did invest the Zulus with a nobility they did not possess, but at least they paid tribute to the brave defenders of Rorke's Drift.

There is a special scene in the movie that I always used to show to my students to highlight the difference between a Christian people and a barbarian people.

The Zulus, in preparation for a massive attack, are spread out, exhibiting their numbers and chanting their barbaric war songs. Chard, the British commander, seeing that his men are becoming unnerved by the chanting, tells his Welshmen (the soldiers were predominantly Welsh) to start singing. As the barbarians chant, the Welshmen sing, “Men of Harlech.” What a contrast!

Rorke's Drift has even more significance for the West than Franco's glorious victory over the communists for the simple reason that Third World barbarism, as depicted in *Camp of the Saints*, is currently the greatest danger to the West. The only difference between then and now is that we have no men willing to sing “Men of Harlech” as they shoot down the advancing Zulus.

In Defense

SATURDAY, MARCH 03, 2007

Recalling two past events has stirred me to make yet another defense of the old South, which was, after all, the most important European culture on the North American continent.

I recall reading several years ago an interview with a Southern flag enthusiast who stated that he didn't support what the Confederates had fought for but honored the flag because it was part of his Southern heritage. What rot! Symbols have value because of what they symbolize, and if you can't respect what your ancestors fought for, it's best to abandon the banner they fought under. Why continue to go to church when you're an atheist?

In the same vein, I recall a lynching museum in Georgia being opened several years ago. It was announced that the museum would present a detailed history of all the lynchings perpetrated on Southern blacks by Southern whites. Pardon me if I don't rush down to Georgia to visit the museum. I presume the museum curators claim they are merely presenting the truth about white injustice to blacks. But are they presenting the truth? I say no. What they are presenting is a maniacally, demonically inspired attack on a culture (the European culture) to which white liberals and their black cohorts are indebted beyond any possible hope of repaying.

What you will not be told in the lynching museum is the reason for the lynchings. I'm sure because the South was still Christian during that period most of the lynchings were in response to barbaric crimes. Harper Lee would have us believe that all Negroes accused of crimes were innocent victims of white liars, but she herself is a liar. What about lynchings which stemmed from pure hatred of the Negro? Well, I'm sure some lynchings did stem from pure hatred of the Negro, and those individual acts are to be condemned, but not the Southern culture in its totality nor every single lynching. And it should also be pointed out that there was no hatred of the Negro before the Civil War. During that time, while the North imposed wage slavery on fellow whites the South imposed a more benign, chattel slavery on the Negro. The black man enjoyed better health care and a better family life than the white factory workers in the North.

The hatred for the Negro came after the Civil War, when the whites suffered untold barbarities at the hands of now-ascendant Negro barbarians. Negro virtues, nurtured by whites under chattel slavery, were suppressed, and their vices, enflamed by white carpetbaggers, were given full reign. Another San Domingo was in progress when the Klan stepped in and stopped it. This is one of the most glorious pages in the history of the European peoples, and it is presented – and believed to be by Southern and Northern white liberals – as an infamous period of white history.

The memory of barbarities committed during the black ascendance and the continual efforts of Northern Utopians and Southern liberals to force Negro equality on the whites led to a hatred that had never existed before on the part of many whites toward the Negro.

And of course the South, which represented the European half of our country, was right about the issue of Negro equality. There never has been, nor can there ever be, a nation with two races on terms of equality. One race always predominates over the other. When Negroes have been in the majority, such as in Haiti, they have slaughtered whites. When they are in the minority, they seek to conquer by interbreeding, which they have done in Brazil and are doing in the U.S. And when Negro-ization occurs and the white man is no more, there is only an equality of the dung heap, a hellish nightmare of a dung heap from which there is no hope of redemption.

From *The Leopard's Spots* by Thomas Dixon Jr:

The origin of this Law and Order League, which sprang up like magic in a night and nullified the programme of Congress, though backed by an army of a million veteran soldiers, is yet a mystery.

The simple truth is, it was a spontaneous and resistless racial uprising of clansmen of highland origin living along the Appalachian Mountains and foothills of the South, and it appeared almost simultaneously in every Southern state, produced by the same terrible conditions.

It was the answer to their foes of a proud and indomitable race of men driven to the wall. In the hour of their defeat they laid down their arms and accepted in good faith the results of the war. And then, when unarmed and defenseless, a group of pothouse politicians for political ends renewed the war and attempted to wipe out the civilization of the South.

This Invisible Empire of White Robed Anglo-Saxon Knights was simply the old answer of organised manhood to organised crime. Its purpose was to bring order out of chaos, protect the weak and defenseless, the widows and orphans of brave men who had died for their country, to drive from power the thieves who were robbing the people, redeem the commonwealth from infamy, and reestablish civilization.

Within one week from its appearance, life and property were as safe as in any Northern community.

When the Negroes came home from their League meeting one night they ran terror-stricken past long rows of white horsemen. Not a word was spoken, but that was the last meeting the "Union League of America" ever held in Hambright.

Every Negro found guilty of a misdemeanor was promptly thrashed and warned against its recurrence. The sudden appearance of this host of white cavalry grasping at their throats with the grip of cold steel struck the heart of Legree and his followers with the chill of a deadly fear.

And the capitalist carbetbagger's part in the drama?

"You know Simon Legree, who owns these mills. If a disturbance occurred here now the old devil wouldn't hesitate to close every mill next day and beggar fifty thousand people."

"Why would he do such a stupid thing?"

"Just to show the brute power of his fifty millions of dollars over the human body. The awful power in that brute's hands, represented in that money, is something appalling. Before the war he cracked a blacksnake whip over the backs of a handful of Negroes. Now look at him, in his black silk hat and faultless dress. With his millions he can commit any and every crime from theft to murder with impunity. His power is greater than a monarch's. He controls fleets of ships, mines and mills, and has under his employ many thousands of men. Their families and associates make a vast population. He buys Judges, Juries, Legislatures, and Governors, and with one stroke of his pen to-day can beggar thousands of people. He can equip an army of hirelings, make peace or war on his own account, or force the governments to do it for him. He has neither faith in God nor fear of the devil. He regards all men as his enemies and all women his game."

Labels: Klan, lynchings, Simon Legree

Another Interview with the Young Drummer

SUNDAY, MARCH 04, 2007

Interviewer: I've stored up a lot of questions for you, so if you don't mind I'll skip the preliminaries and just start firing away.

Young Drummer: Go ahead.

Int: I had a conversation with a relative the other day that mirrored hundreds of similar conversations I've had throughout my life. They always trouble me. My kinsman is a member of the Methodist Church. He has a woman pastor who believes that homosexual marriage is completely compatible with Christianity. But that is not what I find disturbing. I'm used to lunatic clergy; what I find disturbing is my kinsman's reaction to the minister. He himself doesn't think homosexual marriage is sanctioned by Christianity, but he is glad that he and his minister agree on the essentials, namely, that Christ is Lord. A Catholic priest once said a similar thing to me in regard to a debate he had with a pro-choice Lutheran. He said he wasn't pro-choice himself, but he didn't view the Lutheran's pro-choice stance as an obstacle to their concelebrating the Mass. (I might add, by the by, that the same Catholic priest thought I was not a Christian because of my views on segregation.)

YD: What is your question?

Int: My question is this: Is everyone who cries, "Lord, Lord" a Christian? Can someone really say – well, of course, they can say it – but can someone really be a Christian and be pro-choice or in favor of gay rights? And what can you say about the faith of someone who can disregard such "minor" differences and still agree on the "essentials"?

YD: There is no exact line separating the Christian from the pagan and the post-Christian, but one can still discern the different sects. There is an instinctive sympathy that exists between Christians, and an antipathy that exists between Christians and non-Christians. Your kinsman is, at heart, with the post-Christians because he does not want the Christian creed to have any connection to reality. If the creed is true, certain principles flow from it. If you deny those principles, you deny Christianity. It is one thing to fail to live up to the principles of one's faith – we all do that – but it is another thing to deny the principles altogether.

Int: To paraphrase Long John Silver, "Those are mighty harsh words, Captain."

YD: You did ask for my opinion.

Int. But are there issues that are too muddled in which we cannot discern a clear Christian cause?

YD: Of course there are, although it is often the case that the issues are more muddled in theory than they are in practice. But, yes, there are such issues. Let's take two examples, very similar in many respects.

First, let's consider the war for the restoration of James III as King of England, Scotland, and Wales. Now, there are circumstances when a King steps beyond the pale of Christian civilization. In such circumstances he should be removed; Richard II and Richard III both fall into that category. But James II was not lawfully deposed. He did nothing as egregious as Richard II and Richard III. Hence, the attempt, by Bonnie Prince Charles, to restore James II's son to the throne was a just cause. But there was room for doubt. Some time had elapsed and stability had been restored. Was it worth the bloodshed to restore the Stuart monarchy? My heart belongs to the Stuart cause, but I can certainly see that there could be Christians, real Christians, on the other side of the issue.

Your own un-Civil War is another example. My heart is with the South – they were in the right – and the North's leaders were most certainly post-Christians, but I think it was entirely possible for a Northerner to participate in the war, fully believing he was doing his duty as a Christian.

Int: So far you've only used examples from wars between Europeans during the Christian era. What about the modern era and wars between Europeans and non-Europeans?

YD: For instance?

Int: The current immigration war. All the Christian churches support immigration. As a matter of fact, they equate a pro-immigration stance with Christianity. It is only the pagan groups who oppose immigration.

YD: I think one can say with certainty that the Christian Churches supporting immigration have entered into the post-Christian stage of Christianity. They have abstracted Christ out of existence. Nothing exists for them outside of their own narrow minds. They've killed the wellsprings of humanity from which genuine religious feelings come. There are no longer human beings in their world; there is only humanity in the abstract.

Int: What about the professed Christians supporting the war in Iraq?

YD: They are a different breed from the post-Christians; they are pagans whose hearts belong to Thor.

Int: But it is the outright pagans who, along with the left, oppose the war.

YD: Yes, which is why one is better off being an outright pagan than a man with a pagan heart who cloaks his pagan desires in Christian phrases.

Int: Let me shift topics and ask about the 'born again' experience. There is a fundamentalist Baptist preacher who has been making the rounds of my neighborhood. Every time he comes to the neighborhood, I invite him in. I'm afraid, however, that I'm a big disappointment to him. I listen to him, I ask him questions, but I do not tell him that I have been born again and that I am assured of my salvation. We are at an impasse when it comes to the born again experience. It boils down to this: I think he definitely has had a very real conversion from heathenism to Christianity, but I do not believe it happened in one blinding moment as he, obviously, feels it has. But I do not question the reality of his conversion as I would question the reality of the conversion of someone like George Bush, for instance. But the Baptist minister does not accord me the same courtesy. He does not accept the validity of my conversion to Christianity in my mid-twenties because I did not have the necessary 'born again' experience. I am still among the unredeemed, which quite possibly is true, although not because I have not had the born again experience.

YD: I think the Protestant born-againers, such as the minister that came to your house, err; but they err by an excess of emotion which, although an error, is a better error than that of over-intellectualism, the error of the Catholic heathens.

Int: If the born-againers could turn down the 'born again' experience a few notches, I would be in agreement with them. I know there are what I would call 'white moments' in one's life where one feels connected to Him and sees "His blood upon the rose," but these moments do not seem enough for the born-again types. But maybe it is just a question of semantics. I was a long distance runner long before it became fashionable. When it became fashionable, I started hearing something about a "runner's high." "Strange," I said to myself, "I've never experienced a runner's high." I had often felt a certain buoyancy or effervescence after a long run but never something as dramatic as a "high." What do you think?

YD: I think that's part of it. They have added an enthusiastic element to what you would call a "white moment" and elevated the white moment to the status of an ecstatic vision. But there is a very definite religious difference there that cannot be brushed away by saying it is only a difference in semantics. They bypass the human element. Your white moments occur when you see, in the hearts of His creatures, a vision of Him. Their born again moment comes direct from God,

sometimes via a human conduit, but still direct from God. That experience is nothing like the experience you are talking about when you talk about white moments.

Int: You're right; I want desperately to have something in common with a group professing to be Christian, but I guess one can't force something like that.

YD: No, you can't.

Int: But you don't completely negate the Protestant's 'born again' experiences?

YD: The word, "Protestant," takes in a large group of people. No, certainly I don't negate every single 'born again' experience. I negate those that seem to produce slimy individuals (for how can contact with the living God produce slime?) such as George Bush and Billy Graham. But I do think the process is more as St. Paul describes it, and he had a truly born again experience, when he says we see through a glass darkly. We have communion with the living God, but it is imperfect. And I think we go from an imperfect, but nevertheless genuine communion, to a non-existent relationship when we try to comprehend God with our minds alone. Then the abstraction game that the Catholic theologians are so fond of comes into play and we have lost God entirely.

Labels: Born-again Christianity, fairy tale mode of perception, Young Drummer

Christian Warriors

SUNDAY, MARCH 04, 2007

I have very little sympathy with big wars to "make the world safe for democracy" or to "liberate foreign nations from tyranny." It is the little wars for family and clan that engage my sympathy, which is why my favorite warriors are men who fought reluctantly and only when family and clan were attacked.

My two favorite Christian warriors are Rob Roy and William Tell. Rob Roy was a simple drover, minding his own business, when the English sought to divest his family of not only their home and property but also of their very lives. This was not to be borne. And Rob Roy made the English wish that they had left him alone. He brought them fire and sword. And, thank God, Rob did not end up like so many other Christian warriors, on the gallows or imprisoned. He died peacefully in the Highlands.

We all know of William Tell, the reluctant counterrevolutionary. "Place a hand on my kith and kin and I'll find you and kill you though all the forces of hell stand in my way," was the sentiment of William Tell. Gessler was doomed from the moment he acted with malice toward Tell's son.

There is an incredible nobility in such heroes as Rob Roy and William Tell, and it is because of what they fought for. The modern wars for democracy and humanity will never produce heroes such as them because the modern wars are not for home and clan; they are for unspeakably foul causes such as democracy and capitalism. There is not one pure breath of mountain air in such causes.

Labels: Rob Roy, William Tell

The Code

SUNDAY, MARCH 04, 2007

During the murder-torture of Teresa Schiavo, the odious phrase, "We are a nation of law," kept coming up. Both Bushes, Jeb and George, used it to avoid doing what any honorable man in a position to do so would have done, namely, stopped the murder-torture of Terry Schiavo.

One could make a case, and I would agree with it, that our forefathers, while maintaining Christian customs, severed, by means of the U. S. Constitution, the connection between Christianity and law. Now in the 21st century, without the benefit of Christian behavior and customs, our law stands alone, secular and supreme.

But in the Christian era of Europe and its satellites, there was an honor code that stood above the law. When the law didn't serve a Christian end, men of honor defied it. If one reads through the novels of Scott or the works of the older historians, one can see that the law often depended on who was in and who was out. Men of honor needed a code that was much less changeable. And it was not the code of the pagan, it was the code of the Christian, exemplified in Nicholas Nickleby's "Stop! This shall not go on," and in the Christian knights of the original Ku Klux Klan who also declared, "Stop! This shall not go on."

If I don't see the honor code, I don't see Christianity. Bush can blab about his 'born again' status all year long, but I know he is not a Christian because he has no honor. He has nothing but the secularized law, and the law, divorced from Christianity, is a whore.

When, in some distant, future time if you are young enough now, you see men of honor riding to do battle against those who would use the law for evil ends, then you will know that Christianity is once again the Faith of Western man.

Labels: honor, Terry Schiavo

Blundering Along

SUNDAY, MARCH 04, 2007

An Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land: you may almost hear the beating of his wings...

--John Bright

I recently spent some time reading about the Crimean War, frequently and quite accurately referred to as the Crimean Blunder. In the essentials there are some striking parallels between the Crimean Blunder and the current Iraq Blunder.

(1) The pretences for the wars were lies.

In the case of the Crimean War, the British claimed that a victory by Russia over the Turks would upset the balance of power in Europe; and if you didn't like that reason, the British warhawks countered with the humanitarian reason: "We are helping the hapless and helpless Turks."

Russia was a third-rate power at best, which their defeat forty years later in the Russo-Japanese war revealed, and incapable of "upsetting" the balance of power in Europe. And as regards the second claim, it was not Britain's business to go to war for anything other than national interest. And the additional kicker, which was not the case in the Iraq war, was that Russia's cause was the humanitarian cause.

The stated reason for our involvement in the Iraq war was to eliminate the weapons of mass destruction. The secondary reason, which became the only reason, was to bring the blessings of democracy (whether they wanted them or not) and megatons of bombs to the Iraqi people.

(2) "God wants this war."

It was a bit of a stretch to make the claim that the Crimean War was a Christian crusade, but the British did it, although Russia, a Christian nation, was fighting for the right to protect Orthodox pilgrims in Turkey, while Turkey was fighting for the right to deny Orthodox pilgrims any rights at all in the Holy Land. In order to make the stretch, Russia was demonized. The British war faction

claimed that Russia's Christianity was only on the surface (there was some justification for that allegation, but Turkey had not even a surface Christianity) and that the Russians were in reality a barbarous people much worse than the humble, peace-loving Turks. It seems like a ludicrous argument, but that is what Lord Langford and others advanced.

In our own Iraq war (in the eyes of the Christian evangelicals), we are fighting a Christian Crusade because the enemy is Muslim. But a genuine Christian knows that killing Muslims just for the sake of killing Muslims is not Christianity, it is murder. And secondly, we are not a Christian nation fighting for Christian principles.

It is easier for us to demonize Saddam Hussein than it was for the British to demonize Russia, but even if it is proved that Saddam Hussein was a demon, does it follow that we have a moral right or a national interest in removing him?

(3) The Press supported the war and those who opposed it were deemed unpatriotic and cowardly.

There were many newspapermen in Britain who had misgivings about the war, but when public opinion seemed to be in favor of the war, they joined the cry for war. The British Quakers opposed the war, but they were largely ignored because they opposed all wars. Two public men, John Bright and Richard Cobden, opposed the war. Cobden believed in a non-interventionist policy in all foreign disputes, but once the fighting had begun, like our own Patrick Buchanan, he thought all criticism of the war should stop.

John Bright's criticism of the war did not cease with the war, for he, quite rightly, did not think support for an impolitic and an immoral war was patriotic. Although Bright was a Quaker, he did not base his opposition to the war on Quaker doctrine; he based his opposition on the conviction that the war served no particular national interest and that to go to war for any other reason than that of national interest was immoral.

Although no one, some twenty years after the war, would have disputed the fact that Bright was correct, he was, at the time, vilified as unpatriotic and cowardly. He was burned in effigy and deprived of his Manchester seat in the general election.

The hard left, represented by such people as the late John Paul II and the Quakers again, were our irrelevant critics of the war. The late Samuel Francis was the patriotic voice of reason that was vilified and called unpatriotic by the liberal and neo-con press.

(4) All citizens were enjoined to support the troops' bravery no matter what they thought of the war.

Tennyson wrote his famous poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in praise of the famous disastrous charge of the same regiment. What are we to make of it? I think courage should always be given a certain respect, but courage in a cause that is wrong is not the type of courage that makes us think of the higher things. William Tell, standing in the mountain pass and firing the arrow that kills Gessler, and the men of the original Ku Klux Klan, standing between the helpless men and women of the South and the Haitianization of the South, demonstrate the type of courage that takes us to a transcendent realm.

Like the Crimean War, the Iraq war does not elevate the participants beyond a certain degree of respect when they perform their duties with courage. The participants are mainly tragic figures, the victims of someone else's blunder.

This is war, -- every crime which human nature can commit or imagine, every horror it can perpetrate or suffer; and this it is which our Christian Government recklessly plunges into, and which so many of our countrymen at this moment think it patriotic to applaud!

You must excuse me if I cannot go with you. I will have no part in this terrible crime. My hands shall be unstained with the blood which is being shed. The necessity of maintaining themselves in office may influence an administration; delusions may mislead a people; Vattel may afford you a law and a defence; but no respect for men who form a Government, no regard I have for "going with the stream," and no fear of being deemed wanting in patriotism, shall influence me in favour of a policy which, in my conscience, I believe to be as criminal before God as it is destructive of the true interest of my country.

-- John Bright

Labels: Iraq and Crimea

The Young Drummer At Bay

SUNDAY, MARCH 04, 2007

"Why do the Old and New Testaments read like fairy tale books and why does our Lord speak in parables if we were meant to theorize about God in the manner and style of the heathen Greeks?"

The late Victor Herman subtitled his autobiography, *An Unexpected Life*. And indeed to go from an American home to the Russian Gulag is certainly unexpected, but I think most of us would probably tack on Herman's subtitle to the book of our own lives. I know I would.

The most unexpected aspect of my life involves the Catholic Church. I never, having once entered the Church, would have thought that I could feel such an intense loathing for it some thirty years later. A day never passes in which I fail to ponder the difference between what I imagined the Catholic Church to be and what it turned out to be in reality. The imponderables and the perplexities of the dichotomy whirl through my head day and night. And unfortunately (or fortunately?), I cannot take refuge in the traditional refuge from Catholicism, namely fundamentalist Protestantism.

I once said that Catholicism and Protestantism needed each other because neither was complete without the other. Well, yes, they do need each other because neither is complete without the other, but even if fused together, they still would lack something. Both lack a poetic vision; both have adopted different systems to block out the poetic vision, but both lack that essential element. Let me define what I mean by poetic vision.

The poetic vision is the integral way human beings see reality, a kitchen sink full of passions, intuitions, sentiments, and ratiocinations. It is messy; it seems unnecessary, arduous, and imprecise compared to pure reason, but it is the way we human beings perceive reality.

When organized religion circumvents the poetic process in order (we are told) to clear a path that leads directly to God, we end up losing God. We lose God because we can no longer see Him.

Human beings are wedded to the poetic. We cannot see reality through abstractions. We can see a distorted reality through abstractions, but we cannot see true reality. It is no tragedy when non-Christian religions adopt distorted, abstracted versions of reality and worship their inhuman and debauched abstractions, but it is a tragedy when the true religion of the God-Man becomes an abstracted false religion of debauchery and inhumanity.

The Catholic Church keeps the poetic or the fairy tale mode of perception at bay by encircling its parishioners with Greco/Roman/Babylonian walls. Theoretically there are gates in the walls leading to the God-Man, but at each gate there is a sentinel. The parishioner wishing to pass through the gate is 'searched' before he is allowed to pass through the gate. If anything that suggests the poetic is found, it is confiscated. Without the poetic vision, the pilgrim parishioner is blind and unable to see God.

The fundamentalist Protestant seems, at first glance, to have solved the Greco/ Roman/Babylonian problem. He has eliminated the Catholic-Pagan walls and sentinels, but there is still a wall and there are still sentinels that keep the poetic vision at bay.

The new wall is the mystical 'Born-Again' wall. Unless one can show evidence of having had a 'blessed assurance' experience with the living God, one is not allowed through the gates by the new sentinels. This is certainly a bit of a contradiction because if one has had the 'Blessed Assurance' experience, why is it necessary to pass through the gates? Nevertheless, those who wish to pass through the gates are still, as in the Catholic-Pagan system, searched for evidence of the poetic. The pilgrim found with poetic contraband is not allowed through the gate. By insisting on the direct infusion of divine grace, the Protestant eliminates the myriad human encounters that authors like Thomas Hughes¹ have written about, which constitute the real divine grace that allows us to be born again. Even St. Paul, who had a genuine born again experience of the kind fundamentalists tell us we all must have to be saved, had other preparatory moments of grace before his road-to-Damascus experience. How do I know that? I know that because St. Paul tells us so in his letter to the Corinthians. Implicit in his "and have not charity" letter is an understanding of the divine-human connection. He reveals in 2nd Corinthians that he understands how the love of one human being for another can lead to a moment of grace in which the lover "can see His blood upon the rose."

If there are good Christians in the Catholic Church, which most certainly there are, and if there are good Christians in the Protestant churches, which most certainly there are, why make all this fuss about their respective systems? I make the fuss because both systems seem designed to eliminate Christianity. While theoretically holding to the Christian creed, they encourage one to abandon one's humanity, one's vision, and thus one's faith. Without a poetic understanding of the creed, faith becomes a problem in geometry instead of a living, vital faith. Some Catholics manage to smuggle contraband bits and pieces of the poetic past the sentinels and thus manage to get a glimpse of the living God. And an even greater number of Protestants, because their system is not as efficient as the Catholic system, manage to smuggle elements of the poetic past the sentinels. But the systems are designed (and the Catholic one maniacally so) to kill the poetic vision of man and hence, kill his faith in the God-Man.

In the stories of her poets and in the faces of her people, the old Europe reflects the true Christianity. Heart responds to heart and vision to vision. How does a Catholic Christian know that a Feeneyite's doctrine is straight from hell even though he can back it up with quotes from 17 different church councils? Because the Catholic Christian's heart rebels against it. He has seen the face of Christ in Christians outside the Church, and no narrow sectarian Catholic heathen can convince him otherwise. And how does a Christian know that he is born again despite the fact that he has not had the proscribed formulaic born-again experience? Because he has had his white moments when he sees, in the many facets of the human experience, the face of Jesus Christ.

The cultural back door is the front door. The European cultural heritage represents the attempt of the faithful to wrest Christ from the sentinels and to hold His pure image aloft for all the world to see. The image of Christ has not disappeared from the world because the Christian churches have failed; it has disappeared because the churches have succeeded: they have succeeded in killing the poetic vision of European man.

The fight for the old Europe is the fight for the faith. Anthony Burgess advised college students to forget relevance and find out who Nausikaa² was. That's not good enough. We must forget relevance and find out who Maud Ruthyn³ was.

1. *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (Puffin: UK, 1984), p. 288: "And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the

strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fulness.”

2. Nausikaa: a Greek maiden who aids Odysseus in his travels

3. The Christian heroine of J. S. LeFanu’s novel, *Uncle Silas*

Labels: European cultural heritage, fairy tale mode of perception, poetic vision

The White Deer Returns

SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 2007

From "Sanctuary" by Donald Davidson

*...you may lie
On sweet grass by a mountain stream, to watch
The last wild eagle soar or the last raven
Cherish his brood within their rocky nest,
Or see, when mountain shadows first grow long,
The last enchanted white deer come to drink.*

I think one of the reasons that liberals hate Hitler so much is because he revealed their big secret of mass hypnosis: if you tell a lie big enough and often enough, most people will come to believe it. For quite some time now all the institutions of our country—the press, the churches, the government, and the civic organizations—have been propagating the lie that the white man and the culture he created is evil. In contrast to the white man, the great liars tell us, stands the black man: pure, noble, and oppressed.

White children are taught to hate their ancestors and to prepare to live a life of reparation for the wrongs done by their ancestors. Black children are taught that everything beautiful is black and that no act of vengeance against ‘whitey’ is too vile or wrong. After all, is not ‘whitey’ the fount of all evil?

How did it come about that the descendants of the creators of Christendom should curse and excoriate their ancestors and refuse to lift one finger in combat against the despoilers or lift one voice in anger against them?

It is very difficult to find an articulation of why the white man is the ‘fount of all evil.’ The ‘fact’ is just supposed to be quite self-evident. If one challenges the unreasoned assumption, one is immediately either marginalized, excommunicated, imprisoned, or killed. But amidst all the noxious anti-white gas, there does seem to emerge some fuzzy apologies for the white man’s guilt.

The blacks hate whites, because they hate all those outside their tribe, but the white-hating whites base their hatred on Christianity. Let’s examine the various briefs against white people by white “Christians.”

1. Liberal Catholics. On the subject of race, the Vatican stands with the liberals. The liberals claim that the whites have despoiled Africa and violated the Christian principle of brotherhood by enslaving blacks. Is there any truth to this charge?

I’m sure that every white who entered Africa did not do so with the intent of helping Africans, but Europe at the time of the African colonization was still largely Christian in its ethos, and the record of Europeans in Africa is astonishing. Wherever they went, tribal warfare was held in check and the corporal works of mercy flourished in areas mercy had never been before. The life of Edmund Hodgson is one among thousands of examples of the truly heroic efforts of whites in Africa:

Northern Katanga was also the territory of a renowned English Missionary, Edmund Hodgson of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, who had been in the Congo for forty years before he was murdered by the Baluba. He was a surgeon, builder and teacher. He founded 157 churches in the Congo, roofing many of them himself. His pay, if it may be mentioned, eventually reached the grand equivalent of £17 a month in Belgian currency, which in the Congo is enough to buy you a good meal and a haircut. He built schools, where for the first time the tribal language was set down in writing. He built a motor launch, which he used as an ambulance; and as the years went by he built several more, giving each one away to the Natives as a new one was finished. He was also a crack shot, ridding the villages of a rogue elephant and marauding lion. On one occasion he was called out to deal with a pride of six lions that were stalking a village, and shot all six of them

the same day. His biggest enemies in the early years - as in the later – were the witchdoctors and secret societies, who of course ruled by terror. Hodgson wrote to the C.E.M. headquarters in England: “The witchdoctors are like banks and bookies. They win every time. To denounce a witchdoctor is the worse sin known.” But, traveling on a battered old bicycle through hundreds of miles of swampland for months at a time, he set out to break them. A fellow missionary said of him: “Often he would walk into the middle of a secret society meeting to rescue the young girls they used for their orgies. He was a mild man, but he would risk any danger to prevent these children being tortured, wading in with his fists if necessary.”

In 1952 Hodgson’s wife died; and he toiled on alone, taking his leave every five years but still having to work to make ends meet. But, following Independence, he saw his life’s work literally going up in flames. He wrote: “This last six months has seen the bottom drop out of this fast-created world. Now there is no Belgian or African authority in this district. The sad part of it all is that it is the innocent ones who suffer...”

Shortly after Hodgson wrote this report he visited the ‘parish’ of the New Zealander, Elton Knauf. He was at something of a loose end now, as his churches had been burned down and he had been forced to leave his own parish by the tribesmen he had spent his whole life slaving for. He and Knauf went on a mercy mission, taking food and medical supplies and even money to distressed villagers. It was in an area where, like his own, nearly all the mission posts had been plundered and burned down. Soon their truck was stopped by Balubas, and the two men were dragged out. The tribesmen offered to let Knauf go. But he refused to leave Hodgson, and so both men were put to death. According to a Christian tribesman it was a slow death, and both men died praying. Unlike the witchdoctors who ruled the people by terror and had survived through the ages, the white men had tried to inspire the people by self-sacrificing example, and had succeeded only in making the supreme one.

Of white men like these, tribute seems inadequate. Silence seems more fitting. But normally, while they are alive, they receive the sort of silence of which Kipling wrote: “The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends.”

--from White Man Think Again! by Anthony Jacob

And what happens in Africa when the kindly restraining hands of the whites are taken off the Africans? What happens when whites tell Africans that they, the Africans, have been right all the time, and when whites rush to condemn other whites as racist and sexually repressed? Does African then return to a Golden Age? History says otherwise:

It turned that in Kongolo nineteen missionary priests had been massacred by the Congolese troops, and that African student priests had been commanded to throw the bodies into the river. One of the student priests related that the bodies had been stripped and their hands cut off, eyes stabbed, and other unmentionable mutilations as well as arrows planted in the bodies.” On hearing of this massacre the late Pope John said his heart was full of grief but that he had “no feeling of hatred—only loving charity and forgiveness.” No doubt he felt the same way about the outrages inflicted on the nuns, forced to dance naked and sing hymns in praise of the Messiah Lumumba before being taken and ravished and subjected to bestial tortures. It appears that nothing, absolutely nothing the black man does will ever open the eyes of the people in Europe. They are determined not to see because if they do see it will mean that they will have to discard their ‘humanism’ and find another philosophy. To deprive them of their liberalism will be like cutting off their hands and feet.

Northern Katanaga is where the cannibal Balubas live. According to a missionary, Mr Burton, of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, cannibalism, which had always been practiced in secret among the Balubas, is now quite openly practiced. In extenuation of African cannibalism, a newspaper

article explained that it had a purely “religious” significance. But Mr Burton stated that there were two types of cannibalism: the ritual type, for ceremonial sacrifice; and the other, which was simply a craving for human flesh. “It is like alcohol—the more they get, the more they want,” he said.

--White Man Think Again!

Did you take note of Pope John’s new interpretation of Christianity that was to become the standard for all subsequent popes? We no longer have to forgive our own personal enemies; we have only to forgive other people’s enemies. And we get to call the victims (and the defenders of the victims) names—names like uncharitable, insensitive, unforgiving, racist, and reactionary.

The record of whites in North America is supposed to be as vile, if not more so, than the record of whites in Africa. But let’s take the whole record. Did the Southern whites take free, happy blacks from the heart of Africa and bring them to a life of torture and barbarism on this continent? No, they did not. They took black slaves, enslaved by other blacks, and made them serfs, under working conditions far superior to that of the Northern factory workers and the serfs of Russia. After fighting and losing a civil war, did the Southern whites continue to segregate whites from blacks and to enforce that segregation with violence if necessary? Yes, the Southerners did. And they should be lauded for their efforts, not vilified. The Southerners had something sacred to protect.

The liberals love to show us pictures of lynched black men, but those pictures don’t tell the whole story. What was the crime of the lynched black man? And if the lynching is unjustified, the lynching record of the Southern whites must be measured against the records of other dominant races and civilizations. How well did the blacks do in Haiti or the Arabs in Arabia? What emerges in the South is an incredible record of Christian forbearance and charity toward a foe who himself would have no mercy were he in power.

And why are the atrocity stories so one-sided? Why do we never see pictures of the victims of black atrocities? Indeed, to bring that up is uncharitable and racist.

And the civil war continues. Who will speak and fight for all the silent victims of black barbarism? Do we care? They seldom die quickly because their murderers have no concept of mercy, which is after all only a central tenet of the evil white man’s religion.

2. Conservative Catholics. There is no difference between liberal and conservative Catholics regarding the present. Conservatives, like liberals, view blacks as wronged and therefore sacred. William F. Buckley, Jr., and countless conservatives like him are a living testament to the two-step process of self-deception. First, one accepts a lie because one is afraid to speak the truth. Then one begins to believe the lie rather than accept the fact that one is a coward.

Conservative Catholics do differ somewhat from the liberals in their view of the European past; they are unwilling to label all white culture as evil, and a few of them will even say some good things about the South. But they all parrot the notion that a defense of European values has nothing to do with a defense of the white man. “The white man has betrayed the faith,” they chortle, “so he must be supplanted by the black man.” Yes, the majority of whites have betrayed the Faith, but are blacks a noble race of savages prepared to take up the white man’s mantle and restore the Christian faith to its former glory? Where is the evidence for this?

It is Islam, not Christianity, which is gaining in Africa; and when African blacks become Christian, their Christianity is a different faith from that of the old European Faith. It is a syncretistic combination of voodoo, animism, and tribalism, which is why those conservatives who push for the immigration of black Christians miss the mark. Black Christianity is not Christianity; the rare black who practices real Christianity is shunned by his fellow blacks as a tool of the white man. Where genuine Christianity still lives among whites, blacks oppose it.

The problem of lapsed, white Christians will not be solved by turning, with false utopian dreams, to the black race. It will be solved by appealing to whites to pick up the mantle of their sacred, Christ-bearing ancestors and to renew the struggle for Christendom.

I have not included Catholic traditionalists in the discussion because traditionalists are outside the human sphere. While there are some human beings in their ranks who just stumbled into traditionalism while trying to escape clown masses, the traditionalist hierarchy cares nothing about race or any issue that “stinks of humanity.” Michael Davies, the chief lay spokesman for Catholic traditionalism in the English-speaking world, revealed all we need to know about traditionalists when he played the race card against an Italian cardinal who argued against selecting a black pope.

3. Liberal Protestants. The liberal Protestants are much like the liberal Catholics; they are fascinated by the black man as a harbinger of death while at the same time they need to believe he is an oppressed noble savage in need of their beneficence. Neither the liberal Catholic nor the liberal Protestant has ever done a thing to improve the black man’s lot or to convert him to Christianity. They merely use the black man as a trump card against fellow whites.

4. Conservative Protestants. The conservative Protestants such as Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson have completely capitulated to the blacks, as have the conservative Catholics.

5. Fundamentalist Protestants. Some fringe Christian fundamentalist groups have held the line on issues such as immigration and mixed marriages. But unfortunately they are a dying breed. Bob Jones of Bob Jones University caved in awfully quick.

6. Conclusion. The white surrender to black savagery was orchestrated by white Christians, but the surrender was not mandated by Christianity.

Such great counterrevolutionary thinkers as Plinio Correa de Oliveira and Thomas Molnar have told us that revolutions succeed when those in authority begin to doubt their own legitimacy. Thus, those in authority fail to avail themselves of the means of supporting their regimes. Similarly, white Christians began to doubt Christianity. They began to doubt its uniqueness, and began to doubt whether there was really anything so extra special about Jesus. Would not Gandhi or Nelson Mandela or Martin Luther King, Jr. serve as well? So Christianity became a major force for egalitarian notions of the universal brotherhood of all men of all faiths.

But when Christian principles are adhered to, Christians should discriminate against those values that are non-Christian, and they should segregate themselves from those who are non-Christian. Richard Weaver makes such a case in *The Southern Tradition at Bay*: “Civilization is measured by its power to create and enforce distinctions. Consequently there must be some source of discrimination, from which we bring ideas of order to bear on a fortuitous world.”

White Europeans have more than a right; they have a duty to preserve white European culture. They cannot do this while teaching their children the evils of the only culture that placed mercy rather than sacrifice at its center.

Labels: Anthony Jacob, the 'big lie', white man

John Tyndall: Lest We Forget

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 2007

In the fall of '05 I wrote a brief R.I.P. for that brave heart of Britain, Mr. John Tyndall. I never met the man personally, but I miss him a great deal. Like Samuel Francis, Mr. Tyndall fought the good fight and suffered much at the hands of liberal and "conservative" one-world globalists. Here, I would like to discuss three different issues that he discussed in his publication, *The Spearhead*, shortly before his death.

1) The issue of repatriation: should the British National Party hold to its policy of expelling all non-whites from Britain?

It was Mr. Tyndall's position, which I agree with, that the BNP should stick to its 'no compromise' position and continue to campaign for the expulsion of all non-whites from Britain. Some young upstarts in the party thought the party should accept the non-whites already in Britain, even allowing them into the BNP, and then campaign on the new policy that no more non-whites be permitted in Britain. They advanced this policy because they thought it was more practical and not because they thought Tyndall's goals were not desirable.

Tyndall's response was that you always should campaign for what you deem as right, being fully aware of its impossibility for the present, because a victory in which you do not achieve your goal is not a victory. I would add that if the British people were brought to a mindset where they could see the wisdom of allowing only whites to come into Britain then they could be just as easily persuaded to gradually relocate all the non-whites. (An exchange with South Africa: their whites for the British blacks would be one possibility.)

2) It is not because of a lack of moderation on the part of its advocates that the white cause is losing in Britain and America.

Mr. Tyndall made this point in a speech he gave during his last visit to the United States. In thousands of talks throughout Britain he found that white Britons were in sympathy with his cause. But they would not support his party. Why? Because, Mr. Tyndall pointed out, his party had no power. People were afraid of losing jobs or being imprisoned for support of the white cause. This is why, Mr. Tyndall concluded, it was necessary for white nationalists to achieve power, and it is why he continued to support the BNP. Unfortunately Mr. Tyndall is right about that. Human beings in the aggregate, but not in every particular, will always go with the powerful rather than the principled. Which brings us to the third issue.

3) Mr. Tyndall had a running debate with an older, counterrevolutionary gentleman. The counterrevolutionary thought parliamentary democracy was over and that white Britons should develop an elite band of white counterrevolutionaries and take over Britain.

Tyndall's response was that there was no support for such a movement and that British nationalists should continue to work for electoral victories. Both the counterrevolutionary gentleman and Mr. Tyndall agreed on the desirability of a white Britain, they just disagreed on the means of achieving it. And I should also note that Mr. Tyndall did not oppose a counterrevolution, like so many American conservatives do, because he thought democracy was sacred or that violent counter-revolution was bad. He opposed it because he thought a white Britain could be brought about electorally and that it could not be brought about by counterrevolution.

On this issue, I both agree and disagree with Mr. Tyndall. On the one hand, it is true that there is no support for a counterrevolution in Britain, but it is equally true that the BNP has had very little success. They win a local election every once in awhile and the liberals and the conservatives get upset, but they never make the sweeping gains necessary to actually have an impact on national policy. And as the country goes increasingly nonwhite, the chances for white victories in elections

have become even more remote. I think white British nationalists should continue to run for office, but they should also start developing a counterrevolutionary movement. There is a time for extreme measures. And if the existing British government does not halt the tide of color, and it certainly appears they will not, then white Britons should prepare extreme measures to deal with the tide of color. It is the most serious invasion they will ever face. When the Saxons supplanted the Welsh, it was a tragedy because the Welsh culture was Christian and the Saxon culture was not. But over time, the Saxons adopted Christianity and formed a Christian culture. They were the superior culture when the largely pagan, partly Christian Normans invaded. And over time the Saxon culture Christianized the Normans. But it will not be thus when the people of color complete their invasion. Only the white European adopts, if he sees it as superior to his own, the religion of the conquered. The nations of color have never adopted the religion of a conquered people. They respect only strength, and a conquered people's religion is seen as weak.

There is such strength in the British people; maybe at the last trump, when the invasion seems almost complete, they will fight for God, kith and kin, and country.

I think the same principles that apply to Britain also apply to the United States. We, after all, are an extension of white Britain. It's difficult to say which country is in a more deplorable state. The similarities are striking. Both countries face a tide of color that their white governments are unwilling to stop. There seem to be greater pockets of resistance in Britain than in the U. S., but neither country seems to have much of a resistance movement. There also seems to be more of an absolute, unshakable, messianic belief in democracy in this country than in Britain. One wishes that the warning of T. S. Eliot would have been heeded – "The term, democracy, as I have said again and again, does not contain enough positive content to stand alone against the forces you dislike – it can easily be transformed by them. If you will not have God (and he is a jealous God), you should pay your respects to Hitler and Stalin."

When the colored tide becomes overwhelming, there will probably be an upsurge of white nationalism in the European people. It will be too late at that point to save America or Europe, but it could be the start of a reclamation effort and a discovery of the roots of the only true civilization the world has ever known.

England's Answer

*Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban,
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;
Stark as your sons shall be – stern as your fathers were.
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.
Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,
That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors –
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,
Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees! –
That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face –
Thus for the good of your peoples – thus for the Pride of the Race.
Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.
Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.
This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom,*

*This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the Southern Broom.
The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.
Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Balking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise – certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!*

--Rudyard Kipling

Labels: BNP, Britain, counterrevolution, democracy, John Tyndall, poem, Rest in peace, Rudyard Kipling, Spearhead

Some Thoughts on *Who Are We?*

SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 2007

Samuel Huntington has created a minor stir in academia by arguing in his book, *Who Are We?*, that the core culture of America is Anglo-Protestant. But he has created only a minor stir because he tells everyone in the introduction to his book that the preservation of the Anglo-Protestant culture, which he admires, does not depend on the survival of the Anglo-Protestant people who created it.

Huntington's view, that the white man is not essential to the maintenance of the white man's civilization, is common among conservatives, Catholics, and neocons. When the late Frederick Wilhelmsen said Western culture had nothing to do with race, he was expressing the common opinion of those who admired the West but did not think the white race was necessary for the survival of the West. It's a seductive theory. I once believed in it myself. But it is false. It is false because the Incarnation is true.

Divinity comes through humanity. It cannot be manufactured in a test tube utilizing the rarefied vapors of the idiot savants of theology and science. A particular people created Western civilization in response to the love of a particular God. To claim that another people can carry the burden of that civilization and defend that civilization is the same as saying that all children should be placed, at birth, in a giant supermarket where they can be distributed at random to anybody who comes into the store. Christianity does not destroy ties of kinship and ties of blood. It deepens them. A curse on all those who would sever those ties which are the ties that bind us to Him.

Labels: giant supermarket, Western civilization, white man

Away in a Manger

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 2007



Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes;
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for Heaven to live with Thee there.

-Anonymous

Labels: Christmas, song lyrics

Dead on Arrival

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 2007

"What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light." --from William Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*

"Since you have a good heart, and are willing to divide what you have, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." – from the Grimm Brothers' tale "The Golden Goose"

In the classic film noir, *D.O.A.*, Edmund O'Brien plays a man who has been fatally poisoned and has only 48 hours to live. In those 48 hours, he attempts to find the "who, what, where and how" of the poisoning.

The existential moral is obvious. We are all D.O.A. from the moment we are born. And, according to the existentialists, all we can do is struggle nobly until we succumb. Well, at least the existentialists spare us the sentimental slop: "Dying is perfectly natural; there is nothing to it." Or how about the Blood, Sweat and Tears line? "There'll be one child born in this world to carry on." It's all sheep-dip. The existentialists are preferable to the false comforters.

However, there used to be a religious Faith that didn't seek to ignore the existential view of life. Quite the contrary, this faith absorbed it, made it its own, and then transcended it. Camus' Sisyphus was transformed into Christ carrying his cross to Calvary.

What the Christian churches have succeeded in doing over the centuries is to take a mystery religion in which the Hero conquered death through divine charity and make it into a Coca-Cola commercial. The existential view of life is not confronted and transcended in modern Christianity; it is simply covered over with artificial Log Cabin syrup.

I have given various names to the artificial 'syruping' process over the years: the 'dislocated intellect', the over-intellectualization of the Faith, Gnosticism, and the Triumph of the Greeks. Since the last is most recent, let's go back to the Greeks.

The existential view of life, which sees man as worth something but doomed to die and sink into nothingness, was presented by Aeschylus and Sophocles. The more cynical view that man was worth little and doomed to die and sink into nothingness was presented by Euripides. Camus is in the Aeschylus/Sophocles line, while Beckett (*Waiting for Godot*, etc.) is in the Euripides line. I side with Aeschylus and Sophocles; I think their view of existence, *sans* Christ, is the more correct one, and I think they represent ancient Greek culture at its best.

Now we come to the intellectuals, the self-proclaimed "the best and the brightest." Plato and Aristotle stand at the front of a long line of intellectual giants who have offered us solutions to the existential dilemma, "I am a man, and I must die." Plato is at his best when he breaks his own injunction against the poets and waxes poetic about the cave, intuiting a divine force. And for this reason he was considered by the early Church Fathers and Christian intellectuals to be compatible with Christianity. Aristotle, on the other hand, was not considered to be compatible by the early Church Fathers: there was no mystical element in Aristotle; he was a straight materialist, the first great cataloguer, an entomologist, a systems analyst man, the man with a white lab coat. Aquinas, at first opposed fiercely by the Platonists, managed to get Aristotle into the Catholic pantheon by showing that the real and the particular were the nuts and bolts of Christianity and not the nebulous mysticism of Platonic philosophy. But both Plato and Aristotle are harmful. And the Church, by attempting to pour Christianity into the faithful using classical cups, over time gradually poisoned the faithful. The salvation process was reversed: we once were saved but now are lost. Or, to use the existential parlance, we are again D.O.A.

To see why the classical-Christian mix has been so damaging to Christianity, let us look back to the Roman Empire shortly before the coming of Christ. What type of religion prevailed? Was it the borrowed Greek religion of Zeus, Hera, Apollo, etc.? No, that religion was given mere lip service. Was it the religion of the philosophers? No, there were some Platonists, Aristotelians, Epicureans, and Stoics among the intelligentsia, but those faiths did not move the masses. The great mass of people were attracted to the oriental mystery religions emerging everywhere throughout the Roman Empire. And what did these mystery religions provide that the philosophic systems did not? Personal contact with the deity.

Even the gods, with whom the believers thought they were uniting themselves in their mystic outbursts, were more human and sometimes more sensual than those of the Occident. The latter

*had that quietude of soul in which the philosophic morality of the Greeks saw a privilege of the sage; in the serenity of Olympus they enjoyed perpetual youth; they were Immortals. The divinities of the Orient, on the contrary, suffered and died, but only to revive again. Osiris, Attis and Adonis were mourned like mortals by wife or mistress, Isis, Cybele or Astarte. With them the mystics moaned for their deceased god and later, after he had revived, celebrated with exultation his birth to a new life. Or else they joined in the passion of Mithra, condemned to create the world in suffering. This common grief and joy were often expressed with savage violence, by bloody mutilations, long wails of despair, and extravagant acclamations. The manifestations of the extreme fanaticism of those barbarian races that had not been touched by Greek skepticism and the very ardor of their faith inflamed the souls of the multitudes attracted by the exotic gods. – Franz Cumont in *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism**

The Greco-Roman gods and the Greco-Roman philosophies failed to reach the deeper regions of the soul; hence, they were abandoned; but the Oriental religions, while allowing for a more personal contact with a human deity, did not fulfill man's need for a humane deity. However, the masses were ready, much more so than the intellectuals, for a personal savior, because of their involvement in the mystery religions. They needed Mithra with humanity. And this is the great insight of Europe's most Christian of writers:

To arouse the hope that there may be a god with a heart like our own is more for the humanity in us than to produce the absolute conviction that there is a being who made the heaven and the earth and the sea and the fountains of waters. Jesus is the express image of God's substance, and in Him we know the heart of God. –

George MacDonald in *The Miracles of Our Lord*

What the Roman masses needed – a humane God who took a personal interest in their salvation – is what we all need, even intellectuals who don't know they need such a God and who would have us accept a different type of God. I see the entire history of the Church as an attempt by the faithful to cling to the personal over the impersonal and to the incarnate God over the Olympian God. In the Catholic Church this struggle manifests itself in devotions to the Sacred Heart, the cult of the saints, and the cult of the Virgin. Unfortunately, the intelligentsia of the Church often intellectualizes the various devotions until the devotions have little of the original spirit left. In Protestantism, the struggle for the personal savior is seen in the fight for the Gospels as the intimate story of the Christ vs. the Biblical exegetical Gnostics who analyze away the religious content of God's word.

Christopher Dawson once said that the Catholic-Protestant wars ended with Europe divided and seemingly estranged forever. But he then went on to say that there was a unity that still existed. That unity consisted of the devotion to classical culture shared by both the Protestant and Catholic intellectuals. Dawson suggested that this was a good thing. I disagree, and I would suggest that the conflict is not between Protestant laymen who believe in the Christ of the Gospels and Catholic laymen who say the Rosary, but between Protestant-Catholic peasants and the Greek intellectuals of the Catholic and Protestant worlds.

The reason I claim that Fundamentalism has outlasted Catholicism is because Fundamentalism has preserved more of its peasant faith than has Catholicism. Because of clerical dominance, the former faithful of the Catholic Church have been more thoroughly Gnosticized than remnant Fundamentalists. More ideological peasantry is needed in the Catholic ranks. Whereas Protestantism has its peasant fundamentalist remnant, Catholics instead have only the Platonic *Novus Ordo* and Aristotelian traditionalism. The former tends to impersonal, Jungian ecumenism and the latter tends to impersonal man-as-insect theology; in both, the personal savior, the God-Man, is lost in Greek vapor.

The old apologists can be forgiven for their over-reliance on the Greek forms. Before Vatican II, the rotting Greek foundations of the Church still seemed strong. But now that the rot is visible, it is not permissible to continue to fuse Christianity with classical philosophy. To do so overlooks the fact

that Christ came to deliver us not only from the barbarism of Isis, Cybele, and Mithra, but also from the tyranny of the academy from which devotees of the mystery religions had sought relief. And in fact, there are devotees of Cybele in the *Novus Ordo* seeking refuge from academic Platonism as well as devotees of Mithra in the traditionalist ranks seeking refuge from academic Aristotelianism. Both groups should seek Christ, and they might still find Him if the Church ever lifts the Greek shroud from His face.

We need, if we are to conquer Greek Gnosticism, to recapture the tragic sense of life. We must turn off the Coca-Cola commercials of the Platonists and Aristotelians and sit with Lear in the hovel and expose ourselves to “feel what wretches feel.” It is a mystery, but it is always in stables and hovels, on our knees, that we see the living God. Tragedy is turned into a triumphant fairy tale ending, but only when we have rejected the Greek way and taken the humbler route through the stables.

Labels: Aristotle, Existentialism, Gnosticism, mystery religions, Plato, tragic sense of life

'Tis the Time's Plague

SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 2007

I am against the Bill Kristol-George Bush war for reasons I have stated often enough. And call me irresponsible, I do not subscribe to the "It was wrong to start with, but now we must not leave," philosophy. Shedding more Iraqi blood and sacrificing more American blood will not magically make wrong right. Besides, we have a real enemy on our border that has declared war on the United States. Why not, if you're going to ask soldiers to risk their lives, ask them to risk their lives in defense of their homeland, instead of corporate American's bragging rights in the Middle East?

Although against the current war, I am not, like the late John Paul II and the Quakers, a pacifist. I do believe there are times when a Christian must kill. But I am in disagreement with the modern, post-Christian justifications for the shedding of blood. The moderns, such as George Bush, believe as Robespierre believed, that if blood is shed in the name of democracy and liberty, the men who shed that blood are absolved from all guilt. I'll go further. They believe that they have performed a holy act and are beyond the ken of mortal men who do not have the courage or vision to perform such sanctified massacres.

Well, 'tis the time's plague when madmen lead the blind. There is currently no Christian organization in existence that wants to give genuine guidance on the important question: When should a Christian kill? The Catholics are Quakers, the Protestants are all over the board, and Catholic traditionalists take the Muslim view of war – kill them all.

Nor are the old Catholic catechisms any help in deciding the difficult question of when a Christian should kill, because they all assume conditions which no longer exist – a sound Church and a moral government – and hence, prohibit an individual taking arms against the state or involving himself in acts of private retribution. But in the absence of Christian government, following the old catechisms, which are based on Aquinas, means there can be no counter-revolutions and no justice against those who prey on the innocent, such as state-sanctioned abortion doctors and black murderers.

As always, it is the Christian poets to whom we can turn for guidance. Hamlet is faced with a situation analogous to that facing a modern European and the modern European America. Hamlet has only an abstracted faith with which to face a situation that calls for a real faith. He must face what Miguel de Unamuno called the agony of Christianity: he must either become human by following the way of the cross or forever remain in the rank of the Gnostics, who would play upon man as if he were a musical instrument.

Hamlet. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

And later, Hamlet, having made his declaration to the world, "This is I, Hamlet, the Dane," shows us that it doesn't matter whether the augurers are right in their predictions. A Christian doesn't heed them. His duty is determined by what's in his blood and his heart, and he must do his duty in spite of dungeon, fire, sword, and augury. Therein lies the great Christianity of Hamlet. And as a Christian, Hamlet fights and kills because the treacherous sword of the Gnostics is "unbated and evenom'd" with that which kills not only the body but the soul as well.

We should note that Shakespeare presents the conflict as it is really played out in modern life. Claudius has the Catholic Faith, if mere adherence to outward forms counts as having the Faith. But the Christian hero, having stripped the false layers of Gnostic skin from his own soul, recognizes the

evil beneath Claudius' pious exterior. The Poloniuses of the world who have settled for a false view of existence do not have the ability to recognize evil; hence, they side with men who are evil but who have achieved success in the Darwinian jungle, for that is the only objective standard they have. And when there is no longer a hero who can recognize evil and fight it, we have a situation analogous to present day America and Europe.

The English author P. C. Wren is anti-modern because he takes the concept of the hero seriously. His heroes are not anti-heroes. Wren often places his heroes in situations where an evil person is able to wreak havoc because conventional society has lost the ability to identify evil. In *Beggars' Horses*, Captain Bartholomew Hazelrigg is faced with a dilemma that would force the computer-trained brains of modern, moral theologians to combust. A thoroughly evil woman has murdered, maimed and destroyed a great number of men who have gotten in the way of her evil designs. Yet conventional society regards the woman as the paragon of virtue. Only Hazelrigg knows what she is and what she is still capable of doing if she is not stopped. He arranges to meet the woman on the moor one day and quickly ends her career in crime.

In *The Man the Devil Didn't Want*, also by Wren, the hero of the novel is faced, like Hazelrigg, with a villainous antagonist whose villainy has not been recognized by conventional society. He is a murderer and a blackmailer. The hero of the novel forces the villain into the Foreign Legion and then takes him into the desert.

"Yrotavál," said I, you attempted to murder me yesterday. Silence! You are doing something worse than murder to my brother. You have driven him to insanity, perhaps suicide. You actually did murder Corporal Bjelavitch and Sergeant Paggallini, and by your own account you have murdered other men. Any Court of Law before which you were tried would convict you and sentence you to death. I am now going to take the Law into my own hands. I sentence you to death."

"It is murder!" shouted Yrotavál, as I drew my revolver from its holster.

"Silence! Stand back!" And I leveled my revolver at his face. "Murder or not, I'm going to kill you—as you tried to kill me."

"You can't prove..." began Yrotavál, his voice high and hoarse.

"No, I can't. Though I know it; and you know it. But I am not killing you for that. I..."

"It is murder! Murder..." screamed Yrotavál. "You talk about me being a murderer and..."

"Murder or execution, Yrotavál, I'm going to kill you now... Even if it brings me down to your level. I have warned you. I have tried to stop you. You've been blackmailing my brother again..."

"It's a lie. It's a lie. I haven't written a word since..."

"That's enough. I know that you have. It was you who persuaded him to sham blindness and you've blackmailed him ever since."

"It's a lie. He began it. He asked me to sham deaf and dumb and..."

"You yourself admitted that it was your idea. You yourself admitted blackmailing him and..."

"I stopped. I stopped when you..."

"About turn!" I roared, and, so strong was the habit of years, the force of mechanical instinct, that Yrotavál almost instantly obeyed.

Should I bid him kneel? Should I bid him pray?

Yrotavál kneel! Yrotavál pray! I thought of Luke. I thought of Rosanne—and pulled the trigger.

With a convulsive jerk and jump he fell forward. Placing the muzzle of my revolver to his ear, I shot him again.

With the entrenching tools I made a shallow grave, thrust his body into it, shoveled the earth and gravel back into the hole, and covered the place with large loose stones.

I was cool, nay cold, collected in mind and calm in spirit.

Having finished my task, I marched back to the poste, taking with me the light pick and shovel.

On the way, I visited the sentry-groups posted to guard the passage of the water-fatigue party to the stream.

"Did you hear a shot?" I asked Corporal Mallen, the American tough guy and Bad Man, for whom I had much admiration and a high regard.

"Sure, Sergeant," he said. "Two."

"Legionaire Yrotavál has been shot," I informed him.

Corporal Mallen appeared to bear the bad news bravely.

"Isn't that just too bad!" he said.

As I turned away and he saluted, a smile flickered for an instant across his grim face.

--from The Man the Devil Didn't Want by P. C. Wren

In reading both accounts of the killing of a human being, my heart soared. Why? The obvious answer would be that I am a heartless, bloodthirsty brute. Well, the reader is entitled to his opinion, but that is not really the reason. My heart soared within me because Wren depicts so well the type of Christianity I believe in. I believe that charity demands sometimes that we must kill. And we cannot hide behind catechisms or social conventions to excuse us from our duty. It sickens me to see the old fairy tales being written without the traditional destruction of the villain at the end. This robs the tale of its Christian content. Evil is real, the devil is the source of it, and human beings, of their own free will, do his bidding. Such individuals must be confronted and in some cases, killed. Charity demands it. Such, I believe, is the express command of our Christian Faith. I will have no part of a Christianity that denies that central charitable tenet.

Labels: Hamlet, Incarnational Christianity, P. C. Wren, Shakespeare, war

Flags

SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 2007

My mother used to give me t-shirts she had bought at various rummage sales. They come with various logos, some of sports teams, whiskey distillers, etc. It would be a mistake then for someone to assume I am a devotee of the sports team or the distillery whose logo I wear on my back; I simply can't afford to turn down a free t-shirt.

One can sometimes place too much significance on symbols. But I do think there is a great deal of significance in the comparison of the Confederate flag, the U.S. flag, and the British flag. The British flag (called the Union flag or the Union Jack) is a combination of the crosses of the patron saints of England (St. George's cross, red on a white field), Scotland (St. Andrew's cross, white saltire on a blue field), and Ireland (St. Patrick's cross, red saltire on a white field). So in Britain one can be in

complete opposition to the current British government but remain a proud, flag-waving Briton because the flag still symbolizes ancient Christian Britain.

Now over to America. Our flag went through various arrangements: the stars were initially set in a circle, and then, by order of President Monroe, they were set in parallel lines. We adopted the colors of the Union Jack but not the crosses. Significant? Or is it of no more significance than my whisky distiller t-shirt? I think Alfred B. Street has described with insightful accuracy the significance of our flag:

The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union; the ring, like the circling serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equality among themselves.

Yes, the new flag symbolized an alien, non-European idea that was to pollute North American and then the world.

The Confederate flag, or more accurately the flag of the Confederate Navy and the battle flag of the Army of Northern Virginia, is a modification of St. Andrew's cross. That symbol is in keeping with the ethos of the South. Their war was a war of a non-revolutionary, Christian society against a non-Christian, revolutionary one.

Labels: crosses, flag, symbols

Betrayal

SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 2007

I will forgive much if a man is sound on the race issue, and I will forgive nothing if he is not; which means I have few friends in the intelligentsia because the white intelligentsia has betrayed their race. And by the term 'intelligentsia' I mean those who make their living with pen and mind, not necessarily those who are intelligent.

The black intelligentsia defends blacks, the Mexican intelligentsia defends Mexicans, the Puerto Rican intelligentsia defends Puerto Ricans, etc. But only the white intelligentsia betrays its own.

The betrayal stems from a secularized Christianity perpetuated by cowardice.

It is the white man who embraced the Christian Faith, lived the Christian Faith, and held the image of the God-Man in the deepest regions of his soul. So, it is no coincidence that the most depraved, secularized versions of Christianity should also come from the soul of the white man. And the betrayal of one's own race, the race which was the Christ-bearing race, is a base perversion of Christianity. The Good Samaritan was able to see the humanity of another because he saw the humanity of his own. He loved his own. He did not wake up in the morning and strangle his wife and children so that he could go out on the highway and help others. No, if he had done that he would not have been the type of man who would help others; he would not have been the Good Samaritan.

Of course, this is not a difficult concept to grasp. In fact, it takes a deliberate, cold-blooded dive into stupidity to so pervert the Good Samaritan parable, which is why I say the betrayal of the white race is perpetuated by cowardice. One does not get tenure if one is "racist," one does not get published in the "higher class" publications, and one does not get the approval of one's peers. But what about truth? What about faith, hope, and charity? How can we credit anything said by a member of the intelligentsia who bases his writing on a lie and a betrayal of his own? Of course, we can't credit anything he says.

If one reads only respectable publications from the mainstream press – periodicals such as the *New Republic* and the *National Review* – and if one only circulates with people in academia or the clergy, one gets the impression that the hatred of whites and the worship of blacks is a universal sentiment that unites all people everywhere. But if one circulates with older white folk in the plus-45 age range who do not work in academia or in the sexier professional jobs, one gets a very different impression. Every time I meet such people (and sometimes, despite all liberal brainwashing, I meet younger ones), the same opinions surface: “We don’t have a crime problem, we have a black problem,” and, “You bet there are cultural differences – they are barbarians.”

Are these older whites simply prejudiced? Yes, they are prejudiced; they are prejudiced in the way they should be. They have a prejudice for truth rather than falsehood and a prejudice for decency over barbarism.

The reason that there must be such draconian methods used to enforce black worship is because it runs so counter to the truth. As with the enforcement of feminism, there can be no tolerance of any divergence from the party line, because the party knows that the slightest crack in the totalitarian system can bring the whole lie-infested structure down.

Very few members, almost none, of the white intelligentsia have dared to defend the white man and attack the black man. Anthony Jacob practically stands alone. He didn’t mind being called a racist, which he was not, nor a Nazi, which he also was not. He loved the older white civilization, and he defended what he loved. I honor him, and I revere him for his love for, and his passionate defense of, the civilization and the people that I love.

It is nothing short of lunacy, or Liberal unrealism, to attempt to meld civilized white men and uncivilized black men into an enduring ‘family unity’. The two cannot mix: and all attempts to make them mix will work gravely to the detriment of the Whites, upon whom civilization exclusively depends. To my mind it is self-evident that the Anglo-Saxon and the kindred peoples are absolutely irreplaceable, and that without them the civilization they engendered and represent would, with the possible exception of one or two curious deviations or malformations, soon cease to exist. Let there be no mistake about this. When we speak of civilization we are referring to that which is wholly our own. There is no other civilization whatever. At best there are one or two minor foreign cultures. At best there are one or two successful foreign copyists of our civilisation’s more material aspects. But there are absolutely no imitators of its moral and spiritual uniqueness, because there are no other people like the Westerners whose possession it is.

From *White Man, Think Again!*

Addendum: I think the abandonment of the white race by conservative Christians is the main indicator that Gnostics own the soul of that group as well as the soul of the liberal groups. A love of kith and kin is at the heart of Christianity as is a belief in the resurrection of the body. Both that love and that belief are eroded when the new ideas of race are adopted.

For this reason I view authors such as Joseph Pearce (one among legions) as politically correct modernists rather than as counter-culture writers. Pearce, in his latest book on Solzhenitsyn, tries to present Solzhenitsyn as a pro-democracy, anti-racist, modern Christian. He excuses Solzhenitsyn from the charge of racism with this quote from Solzhenitsyn:

Much in man is determined not so much by his physical side or by blood but by the spirit... Russia covers large territories with different people mixed together. You cannot trace the blood... He who is Russian is so by spirit, is so by heart, by the direction of his loyalties and interests. So there is a spiritual unifying of people and not a blood-based one.

Who is being disingenuous here? Does Pearce seriously believe that this applies to anyone but Russians and their kindred races? Dostoyevsky, for instance was half Lithuanian. But does Pearce really believe that Solzhenitsyn would like to see Russia overrun with be-bopping Negroes or Moslem Afghans?

“Ah,” you say, you armchair integrationist, “Solzhenitsyn wouldn’t mind if a huge influx of Orthodox Christian Negroes entered Russia.” No, he wouldn’t, but this is the point: a huge influx of Orthodox Negroes is not going to enter Russia. That fantasy is just as ridiculous as the Wilhelmsen-Bozell fantasy of a huge conversion of American blacks.

There are two different ways of abandoning the West. The first way is the way of the liberals: “The West is evil and should be abandoned.” The second way is the way of the conservative Christians: “The West has nothing to do with race.” That is tantamount to saying that the Incarnation has nothing to do with Christianity. To deny the means by which God revealed Himself to man leaves man cut off from God. And to leave the defense and the preserving of European culture to anyone but the white man is to leave the white race and all the other races bereft of the spiritual substance of that culture.

*“King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of kingdom shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass.” And uttering this the King
Made at the man. Then Modred smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and, all but slain himself, he fell.*

From Tennyson’s *Idylls of the King*

Labels: Anthony Jacob, Idylls of the King, Incarnational Christianity, Solzhenitsyn, white man

The Empty Tomb

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 04, 2007

It seems that almost every Easter season nowadays we are treated to a movie whose basic theme is that the Christian faith is a humbug. This year, the movie was a "documentary" that shows us the human remains and burial place of none other than Jesus Christ. Caiaphas and the Jewish leaders, who had more than a passing interest in producing Christ's corpse, couldn't find the body, the Romans couldn't find the body, but some 21st century docu-dramatists did discover the body. Amazing!

Of course if the makers of the documentary or the troglodytes who financed it were really interested in going over the actual case for the physical resurrection of Christ, they could read a book called *Who Moved the Stone?* by Frank Morison. Morison started out as a prosecutor determined to prove that the story of Christ's resurrection was nonsense and ended up as a witness for the defense.

I have an impression, not solely dependent upon this isolated passage in the gospel of the Hebrews, that as dawn approached in that quiet garden, something happened which caused one of the watchers hurriedly to awaken his companions and to proceed to a closer inspection of the tomb. It may have been only the stirring of the trees, or the clanging of a gate in the night breeze. It may have been something more definite and disquieting, such as that which later shook and utterly humbled the proud and relentless spirit of St. Paul. 'He appeared to Cephas... then to the twelve... he appeared to James... last of all, as unto one born out of due time, he appeared to me.' Did He appear also in the first instance to 'the servant of the priest'?

If that were so, then we should indeed have stumbled, almost unconsciously, upon the true answer to one of the profoundest questions which has engaged the thought of the Church from the time of the Early Fathers to our own--viz. why it was that, despite the wavering of tradition concerning the locality of the Appearances, the disciples were so immovably convinced that the Resurrection itself took place in the early hours of Sunday morning.

There may be, and, as the writer thinks, there certainly is, a deep and profoundly historical basis for that much disputed sentence in the Apostles' Creed--'The third day he rose again from the dead.'

But Mr. Morison was a man with a respect for truth and not simply a huckster out to cash in on the anti-Christ market.

It wouldn't do a bit of good though to place *Who Moved the Stone?* or some other similar work in the hands of the docu-dramatists. In fact, it would do little good if Christ appeared in their living rooms. They have lost what Henri de Lubac called a "taste for God." They are not open to any proofs which might indicate that on the third day He did indeed rise from the dead.

We have all lived with the Christ-hating liberals so long now that we take them for granted, like an old set of deck chairs. 'They've been there for ages -- I can't think of a time when they weren't there.' But when you think of the liberals' passionate hatred of the Christ story, it does seem strikingly odd. Why would a person prefer to believe in a meaningless impersonal universe rather than in a personal God who promises eternal life? There is a mystery there, the mystery of the human personality. Why do some choose hell? C. S. Lewis's description of the dwarfs who refuse to be "taken in" by Aslan (in Chapter 13 of *The Last Battle*) is one of the best descriptions I have ever read of the defiant satanic spirit that says, 'I refuse to see the light lest I be forced to serve the light.'

There will always be the defiant dwarfs. We can't convert them, we can only do battle with them. And we must do battle with them for the sake of those who are under their influence, not because they are of the dwarf's party, but because they have not been exposed to any view of existence but the dwarf's view of existence.

The sightless, empirical view of existence represented by the dwarfs is the reigning orthodoxy of the modern age. It was once a minority viewpoint at the periphery of Christendom, but now it is at the center. I know I certainly imbibed the dwarfish viewpoint when I was growing up. By the time I was nineteen, my beliefs coincided with those of Frank Morison prior to his conversion: I had a deep, illogical respect for the person of Christ but could not believe in the resurrection because it was unscientific. But the blinders came off when the poets of Europe taught me to see through and not with the eye, or to put it more bluntly, when I learned that scientific thinking was not thinking at all.

Science is a very narrow field of study. It encompasses only the material world. So if you scientize thought, you will confine human thought to the barriers of the material world. Yet, in the modern world the label "scientific" automatically confers a legitimacy to one's studies or one's thought that would not be conferred if the thought was not scientific. It's a closed circle. Thought that is not scientific is viewed as not genuine and is then disregarded. In addition, any critic of the scientific mode of non-thought is not taken seriously. And the temptation, for someone of religious faith, is to couch one's defense of the Faith in material terms so that one can be taken seriously by the enemy. But of course this plays right into the enemies' hands. You have placed yourself in the position of the woman who was asked by Winston Churchill, "Madam, would you sleep with me for five million pounds?"

"My goodness, Mr. Churchill... Well, I suppose... we would have to discuss terms, of course..."

"Would you sleep with me for five pounds?"

"Mr. Churchill, what kind of woman do you think I am?"

"Madam, we've already established that. Now we are haggling about the price."

How often do we do this -- accept the enemy's scientistic view of the world and then try to argue within the enemy's parameters? The 'women in the military' issue is a case in point. The Christian against the use of women in the military often uses the empirical, scientistic defense against the enemy because the enemy will not listen to any other argument. Indeed in the enemy's world there is no other argument. But what happens when the poetic or metaphysical argument is abandoned? Defeat is the result:

Christian: "Studies show that women are not as strong as men."

Scientized Man: "Strength is not the primary asset of the modern soldier. Besides, with training women can perform up to and above the minimum strength requirements that the Army maintains for men."

I don't have to go through the whole gamut of assertions and counter-assertions. You've heard them all. The argument always ends up as a victory for the materialists, even if he is wrong in all or most of the particulars. He wins because the debate has never left the scientific or material realm.

Let's look at an even more pertinent case, the case study of the pro-lifer vs. the pro-choicer. The pro-lifer has all the material arguments on his side, so he uses them. He shows the pictures of the baby from conception to birth. Behold, it's a living, human being. And yet the pro-lifer loses; abortion remains legal. Why doesn't the scientific, rational materialist accept realistic proof of the humanity of the child in the womb? Because the rational, scientific view of the world is not reality-based. It is an alternative religion. The scientific rationalist is more of a mystic than a Christian. He is constantly making mystic leaps of faith. He leaps over the hurdles of the obvious reality-based differences in sexes, and he leaps over the even more imposing, reality-based hurdle of the living child in the mother's womb. He's a regular leaping Lena.

Now, if one makes the argument in the case of women in the military that it doesn't matter if a woman is 220 pounds worth of Amazonian muscle and a man is 160 pounds of mediocre manhood, the man should fight and not the woman because women are meant, by God, to be the gentle

nurturers and givers of new life, one will lose the debate with the materialist. And if one makes the case in the pro-life/pro-choice debate that innocent human life is sacred because it is created in His image, one will also lose the debate with the rational-scientific man. But in both cases the metaphysical argument is the argument that should be made, first, because it is the true argument, and second, because it will clarify the Christians' position vis-à-vis the scientific rationalist. The materialist is not someone a Christian can debate; he can only be fought with. Someone morally obtuse enough to send women into combat and to murder innocent babies is certainly not somebody with whom one can dialogue.

The scientific materialist is always a Gnostic. Because he sees no animating, spiritual principle in the physical world, he sees no connection between the world of sense and the world of the spirit. The physical world exists only to serve the abstracted mind of the post-Christian scientific man. Thus a woman's breasts, for instance, are simply mounds of flesh. They are not, by virtue of their ability to produce milk, signs of God's intent that those who give life and nurture life in its early stages should be closest to babies during those early years. "Caring for children is merely a physical function," says the rational materialist; "A man can be a nurturer in those early years, after birth of course, just as easily as a woman."

And because the scientific man views the world of sense as inanimate matter only, he places no significance on events that take place in that world. Nor does he view people who inhabit that world as individual personalities. The events and the people only exist to be manipulated and subjected to the mind of scientific man. He can make scientific documentaries about the fiction of the resurrection because he doesn't feel any obligation to connect events that take place in the world of sense to any kind of reality. The concept of truth, the type of truth that is seen through and not with the eye, is alien to the scientific, rational man. He cannot see. What does St. John tell us? "And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

All the various churches have condemned the documentary, but aren't they acting a bit like the girl who allows every liberty but the ultimate one? Beginning with Aquinas and continuing on through the later scholastics and the Protestant theologians, the Christian intellectuals have been systematically scientizing Christianity. Christ is no longer the animator of the material world; He is now viewed as part of that world. Even He, according to the modern Church, must bow to the scientific laws of nature, as the Greek tragic hero ultimately had to bow to the three sisters who controlled the strings of fate.

Is our life a fairy tale or is it not? The message I hear from the Christian Churches is -- Maybe. Yes, in any mainstream church you will hear the proper words. But don't you get the impression that the hierarchy of the Christian churches is much like the Russian communist hierarchy was in their latter days? Members of the hierarchy had to mouth the communist party line because their jobs depended on it, but they really had lost their belief in communism. Does that sound too extreme? I don't think so. Where your treasure lies, there lies your heart as well. What do our clergy cherish? Do they spend their time, like St. Paul, preaching Christ crucified, Christ risen? No, they largely spend their time talking about racial integration and the glories and wonders of the noble black savage. This is because they must fill the void created by their acceptance of the scientific view of religion. If no definite scientific conclusion exists about Christ's resurrection then the Christian faith must be held in abeyance until science gives a definitive verdict on it. And in the meantime the clergy will preach the glories of blackness crucified and blackness risen from oppression.

But we, Christians of the post-Christian era, do not have to bend our knees to black idols or wait for the verdict of scientists before we worship the risen Lord. In the real world, the fairy tale world of the vagabond King from Nazareth, the verdict has already been given. And that verdict says that on "the third day He rose again from the dead."

Labels: Resurrection, Who Moved the Stone?

Thor's Challenge

SUNDAY, APRIL 08, 2007

Reading Laurel's recent post mentioning her Scandinavian background put me in mind of Longfellow's poem, "The Saga of King Olaf." Longfellow is out of fashion these days because his poetry is understandable *and* Christian, but I read this recently to my children and they enjoyed it.

It begins with a challenge from Thor:

*Thou art a God too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!*

The Christian King Olaf accepts Thor's challenge:

*There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armor that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"*

A good read.

Labels: King Olaf, Longfellow

Not Wise Enough

SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 2007

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

--*Twelfth Night*

Imus was one of Liberaldom's court jesters. But a court jester must observe the "mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time..." This Don Imus most certainly failed to do. If he had been a wise court jester he would have known:

1) Black people can say anything they want to say about white people, no matter how mean or derogatory, but white people are absolutely forbidden to say anything remotely mean or derogatory about black people.

2) When black people want to break a color barrier by joining an all-white country club or by entering an all-white beauty pageant, there is no such thing as color. We are all equal. But when a white person makes a joke in poor taste about black women just as he does about white women, then there are black people and there are white people. And the tasteless white prankster is punished.

3) Rule three will help the court jester to adhere to rules 1 and 2: White is evil and black is good. Keep that simple fact before you, Mr. Court Jester, and you will be able to perform safely in the great American Babylonian court.

Addendum: My standards of decency are in line with the Victorians, so 99% of Don Imus's shtick was outside of my acceptable range, but it was truly disgusting to see politicians to whom he had kindly given air time completely turning on him. And for what? For a tasteless remark about black women that didn't even rate a 2 on the 1-10 tasteless meter compared to remarks he had made about white Christians. And the irony is that Imus is a black-worshipping heathen like all the rest of the liberals who have condemned him.

Labels: double standards, Imus

The Whiteman Unchained – Breaking the Chains of Democracy

SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 2007

There was an excellent article published in *Middle American News* (April 2007) by Chilton Williamson, Jr., titled "Our Rulers Are Choosing a New People." Mr. Williamson's point was that the reason our rulers do nothing about the Mexican invasion is because they want a new, nonwhite populace that will be "more docile, more pliant, more rutable." He makes the distinction between a people with a tradition of government and a tradition of being ruled: "suffice it to note here that the Third World immigrants, coming as they do from ungovernable countries, are themselves ungovernable. And being ungovernable, they can only be ruled – unlike the majority of the U. S. population, which can still remember what real government is like, and should be."

Mr. Williamson is certainly correct in his assessment. So wither do we go and what do we do? Magazines like *Middle American News* and *The Truth At Last* usually confine themselves to getting the information about the Third World invasion out to the public. It is helpful to get the information, but unfortunately the writers for these various publications have no solutions to suggest other than political ones. They want us to vote for anti-immigration candidates and to write protest letters and sign petitions. Those type of measures work when those who govern have not declared your race of people as non-people, but when you have been declared a non-person no

candidate will be permitted to run who represents your interests and no letter you write or petition you sign will be taken seriously. There is no solution to the white man's dilemma within the confines of democratic government.

When I was growing up my civic teachers were fond of repeating the quote, "Democracy is a terrible form of government, but all the others are so much worse." But experience gives the lie to that oft-repeated assertion. I have no romantic attachment to the age of hereditary monarchies. The monarchical eras were depressing spectacles of bloody reign changes and bloody wars, but there was nowhere near the bloodshed in the monarchical wars as there was in the democratic wars, and no matter which side won, puritan or cavalier, at the end the nation remained white and Christian.

Now, we can't suddenly turn a switch and go back to a non-Parliamentary, hereditary monarchy (even though I am a direct descendant of Charlemagne and am willing to take the job), but we can start thinking about working outside the framework of democratic government.

Democratic government is no longer a means to an end in the countries of the West. It is the end. Democratic government is the secular Zion that all mankind is supposed to be moving towards, but George Fitzhugh's caveat should be heeded: "We are the friend of popular government, but only so long as conservatism is the interest of the governing class." In the Northern part of our nation it is doubtful if conserving (and what else is there to conserve but Christian civilization) was ever the goal of the governing class. And in the Southern half of our country, conservatism ceased to be the interest after Reconstruction ended. During Reconstruction, the white ruling class was an unrecognized ruling class, but it was still a white Christian ruling class. But the unfortunate re-enfranchisement made the Southerners subject to the very un-conservative Northern governing class. That class's complete triumph was completed during the 'integration by bayonet era' of the 1950's and 1960's.

Even if one disagrees with me about when our ruling class ceased to be conservative, and of course I use 'conservative' in the European sense of the word, not in the liberal capitalist sense, he surely must see that at the present date our ruling class has ceased to be conservative. And he must see, as Chilton Williamson has pointed out, that white Christians are the enemies of the American ruling class. They have declared war on us.

Now, of course we don't have the power to mount a conventional war against the reigning American oligarchy, but we can start looking at ourselves as a conquered people under alien rule. It is ironic that the most law-abiding people in the United States, Christian white people, should also be the most disenfranchised. This has to stop. We are certainly more disenfranchised than the men who screamed, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." And yet we fly the flag and obey the law. White people should not serve in the capitalist military, they should not honor the capitalist flag, and they should seek to undermine every major institution of American culture by any means at their disposal. They must stop being passive observers of the American oligarchy's atrocities. The abortion issue is a case in point: I fully support the actions of Paul Hill, the preacher who shot an abortion doctor and his assistant as they walked to their jobs at the abortuary. However, very few of us have the courage for that type of martyrdom. I know I don't. But there are plenty of things one can do, if one steps outside the parameters of the democratic oligarchy, to undermine the ruling class, although we do have to divest ourselves of the notion that it is white people who must obey the law.

In my twenties (I'm in my fifties now), I was a member of a group of people who met in front of an abortion clinic to protest what was going on in the clinic. Near the clinic was a bench with an advertisement for Planned Parenthood. A member of our group remarked that the advertisement was disgusting. And of course we all agreed with him. I then made a tactical error. I told the leader of our group, a dignified elderly gentleman, that I planned on coming back in the evening and destroying the bench. He was horrified. "You shouldn't break the law," he intoned, and he informed me he would report me to the police if I did. Do you see a disconnect there? After centuries of

“abiding by the law,” white people have an instinctive horror of doing anything outside the law, even if that law has severed all ties to Christ and bound itself to Satan.

Once we divest ourselves of the notion that obeying the law is an absolute good, a whole vista of opportunities opens up in regard to protecting our borders and in protecting our homes. It took the Spaniards 770 years to rid their country of the Moslems, who are now returning. But they made a vow that they would “fight to the knife.” We need to take a similar vow.

Shakespeare is the supreme poet of the West. He speaks to us still, reaching out over the years as if the years were only a few short days. In *Hamlet* he depicts a young King, a legitimate King, who has a quite natural horror of shedding human blood. But as the full meaning of kingship and kinship comes upon him, he courageously, despite augury, does what needs to be done. He realizes that he cannot turn to anyone else to “set it right.” He is the legitimate king. If he won’t fight for legitimacy, who will?

And so it is with the white Christian remnant. We are the legitimate heirs of the civilization of Europe. If we won’t fight for it, who will?

Again, a direct military confrontation is out of the question. But a commitment to look beyond the confines of democratic government is a necessity. If anti-immigration candidates appear, we can certainly support them. But ultimately, it is not from the ruling, democratic oligarchy that we can get help. We will remain a conquered people if we expect aid from that quarter.

None of us know exactly where the lines of our will and God’s grace meet, but one thing is certain: If we don’t venture forth against the dragon, God cannot aid us in the battle. So far, the multi-cultural dragon is undefeated because he has yet to be challenged. I refuse to believe he is invincible.

Labels: counterrevolution, democracy, Hamlet, rule of law

Westerns

SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 2007

The Western has been called America's finest, most original contribution to the world. I would concur. The American West has fascinated such diverse poetic talents as G. K. Chesterton and Dylan Thomas.

Living under a demonic government of the Deists and for the capitalists, Americans had to go West if they wanted to get a whiff of free air that was not already owned by the robber barons. Father Luigi Ligutti describes in his book *Rural Roads to Security* how this Western escape valve was lost:

The entrance of women into the industrial field tended to reduce the wages of men, since men were no longer the sole support of a family; the idea of a family wage for the head of the family was slipping to that of a mere individual wage in competition with women and children. Still labor was not at once shackled by this condition. There was still a possibility of escape, and when escape is possible, liberty is not dead.

Harold Faulkner gives the alternative when he writes: As long as public land could be had at nominal cost, "wage slavery, in the sense that there was no escape, did not exist. If times were hard and wages low, the worker could always go West." (Faulkner, Harold, *American Economic History*, 3rd Ed. New York: Harper, 1935.)

After 1850, transportation underwent marked improvements. Steam railroads increased 300 per cent between 1850 and 1860.

With steam transportation established, the factory system began that forward leap which continued, with but brief lulls during the great panics, through the remainder of the century.

This twofold development, growth of factories and improvement in transportation, was directly instrumental in changing from bad to worse the conditions of labor. Wages tended to become standardized at a minimum, since goods from one city were brought into competition with the same type of goods from another city. Price plus quality capture the market. By established custom the necessary curtailment was taken from wages. Transportation and growth of factories also made profitable the subdivision of labor, thereby creating vast numbers of detail jobs, simple enough to be classed with unskilled labor and each paid the correspondingly lower wage.

The specialized capitalist, alert to the possibilities of saving by division of production, concentrated industry in fewer and larger plants. Labor, long below the ability of housing itself in health and decency, huddled more densely in the industrial tenements. This urbanization of population paralleled the concentration of industry and was, in greater part, due directly to it.

Labor declined rapidly, losing not only ownership of tools, productive property, and control of conditions of labor, but also home ownership as well. Company tenements, company stores, company commodities were being provided, but in a very inadequate manner, and under circumstances that left only a shadow of liberty or recognition of rights on the side of the working people.

Another factor that greatly stimulated urbanization of population was the rapid disappearance, since 1880, of desirable western land obtainable on easy terms. **During the first half of the nineteenth century public land of rare quality was limitless and given on terms that were meant to be an invitation and reward for settlement. Little or no capital was required to secure and work a claim. The disappearance of such public land closed a safety valve of escape from the city and dammed the floods of immigrants in the already close confines of industrial cities.** [Emphasis added]

Urbanization, so rapid and so concentrated, created a host of social and economic problems. Of these the most tragic to human freedom was the increasing depth of helpless surrender to which

an ever greater and greater portion of the nation's citizens was reduced, succumbing to the unscrupulous and liberalistically sanctioned avarice of the "robber barons." Labor had become depersonalized as regards the relations of employer and employee. Corporate ownership and control lodged in the hands of a relatively few. These few, interested primarily in greater profits, better business, and more production, neither saw nor cared to see the laborers, nor still less the slums in which they existed. Public opinion protested, and government took action again and again, but the philosophy of wealth continued unconquered and almost unquestioned except in subconscious thought, and the conditions of labor, even though improved, lagged behind that of the favorites of fortune as far as ever.

When one couldn't escape to the West anymore, to live a life uncontaminated by capitalism, one could at least dream of a different world in the movie theaters of America. The code of chivalry might be dead in the land of the robber barons, but it still existed on the silver screen when Roy Rogers, Gary Cooper, and Wild Bill Elliott rode the range.

Walker Percy, in his novel *The Moviegoer*, describes the feeling many of us have felt when viewing one of the clean and pure Westerns of the pre-1960s:

Fort Dobbs is good. The Moonlite Drive-In is itself very fine. It does not seem too successful and has the look of the lonesome pine country behind the Coast. Gnats swim in the projection light and the screen shimmers in the sweet heavy air. But in the movie we are in the desert. There under the black sky rides Clint Walker alone. He is a solitary sort and a wanderer. Lonnie is very happy. Therese and Mathilde, who rode the tops of the seats, move to the bench under the projector and eat snowballs. Lonnie likes to sit on the hood and lean back against the windshield and look around at me when a part comes he knows we both like...

Clint Walker rides over the badlands, up a butte, and stops. He dismounts, squats, sucks a piece of mesquite and studies the terrain. A few decrepit buildings huddle down there in the canyon. We know nothing of him, where he comes from or where he goes.

A good night: Lonnie happy (he looks around at me with the liveliest sense of the secret between us; the secret is that Sharon is not and never will be onto the little touches we see in the movie and, in the seeing, know that the other sees—as when Clint Walker tells the saddle tramp in the softest easiest old Virginian voice, "Mister, I don't believe I'd do that if I was you")...

The cinematic Western thrived in the 1930s and 1940s in the form of the B-Western. B-Westerns vary in quality. I favor the ones that feature a hero with a moral code written in his heart over the preachy sheriff ones, but the worst B-Western is better than the most critically acclaimed modern movie about a lesbo-policewoman or a sensitive young student who fights a one-man campaign to end hatred and bigotry in the South.

The essential thing in the B-Western and in the good A-Westerns is that the hero supports the code. And by 'code' I do not mean the motion picture code; I mean the code of chivalry. The weak, the poor, the mothers, the fair maidens, and the farmers are defended against the barbarians and the chestless, villainous, capitalist masterminds who live to plunder, rape, and murder.

John Ford's *Stagecoach* (1939), starring John Wayne, was the first A-Western made. (By A-Western, of course, I mean that the movie was a main feature and not just a second feature or Saturday matinee.) The A-Westerns of the 1940s and 1950s that followed generally reinforced the code, but the A-Western heroes of those pictures were more rough-hewn and more flawed than the B-Western heroes and often had to grapple with personal demons as well as with bad guys.

Take the movie *Naked Spur*, starring Jimmie Stewart, for example. In that movie the male protagonist, played by Stewart, tracks and captures a wanted killer. Stewart's character had been cheated out of his ranch by a faithless finance while he was away fighting the war. He is determined to get the money to buy another ranch even if it means buying a ranch with blood money. But by the

end of the movie in the final showdown with the forces of evil, Steward relents and renounces the blood money, thus maintaining the code.

With very few exceptions, the A-Western hero of the 1940s and 1950s maintains the code. But in the 1960s the code has broken down. Instead of watching Randolph Scott standing tall and declaring, "There are some things a man can't ride around," we are treated to a new type of Western. In this Western there is no Christian knight, which is what the cowboy hero was, a "knight without armor in a savage land." There are now only social commentary movies which demonize the white man and deify the Indian (*Soldier Blue*, *Little Big Man*, etc.) and existentialist clap-trap from Italy with anti-heroes such as Clint Eastwood and Lee Van Cleef.

There was, of course, one who took exception to the anti-hero Westerns of the 1960s, and that was John Wayne. He took the code into the 1960s and the 1970s with him. There is an interesting story that illustrates this point. When Don Siegel was directing the final showdown scene in *The Shootist* (1976), John Wayne's last movie, the script called for Wayne's character to shoot one of his antagonists in the back. John Wayne refused to do it. Siegel told him that Clint Eastwood had done it when he, Siegel, had directed Eastwood. John Wayne replied, "Well, I don't do it." The script was rewritten to accommodate John Wayne. A minor difference? No, 'it' makes all the difference in the world.

John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott, Roy Rogers, Joel McCrea, and countless other Western heroes represented a proud, long line of men who supported the code, the code of great knights, swashbucklers, and saints. That code is gone now. Not even our Christian leaders would recognize it, and if they did they would condemn it. But the code existed, and the American Western is one of our reminders that it did once exist.

I have many favorite Westerns. There is *The Searchers*, *Big Jake*, and *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, all starring John Wayne. And there is *The Garden of Evil* and *The Hanging Tree*, starring Gary Cooper. And the list goes on: *Night of the Grizzly* with Clint Walker; *Fort Dobbs*, also with Clint Walker; *The Tall T* with Randolph Scott; and *South of St. Louis* with Joel McCrea.

But the finest and purest of all the Westerns is *Shane*. In almost every other Western the hero gets to ride off into the sunset with the heroine as his reward for virtue and valor. And there is nothing wrong with that. But the character Shane rises to an even higher level. He rides off alone, having faced and killed the villains, to save a family whose joys he cannot share and a way of life for farmers whom he cannot join.

I used to tell my students that we all, as we are growing up, have a Shane in our mind's eye. The pity is that most of us replace Shane with the image of Mr. Wall Street or Mr. Go-With-the-Flow. "Such heroes as Shane are only for storybooks; they are not for real life," the 'mature' adult says. Ah, but they are for real life, at least the only real life that matters.

Labels: chivalry, code, Westerns

My Little Welsh Home

SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 2007



I am dreaming of the mountains of my home,
Of the mountains where in childhood I would roam.
I have dwelt 'neath summer skies,
Where the summer never dies,
But my heart is in the mountains of my home.

I can see the little homestead on the hill;
I can hear the magic music of the rill;
There is nothing to compare,
With the love that once was there,
In that lonely little homestead on the hill.

I can see the quiet churchyard down below,
Where the mountain breezes wander to and fro,
And when God my soul will keep,
It is there I want to sleep,
With those dear old folks that loved me long ago.

-- W S Gwynne Williams

Labels: song lyrics

The Gathering

SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 2007

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marveling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To seek them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle flew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound.
And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor round.

--Sir Walter Scott in *The Lady of the Lake* (Canto Third)

Labels: poem

To Win or Die with Europe

SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 2007

Although underreported, it is now clear that the United States has shown far too little concern for the civilian casualties of Iraq. Should this surprise us? How can a nation that has so little respect for its own peoples' desire for a secure homeland have any respect for another peoples' homeland.

Every American of European ancestry is told from the first hour of his birth that he has been born into a unique nation. His is a proud inheritance. Is it really? It doesn't seem that way to me. I'm proud of the Christian inheritance my ancestors brought over from Europe, but I'm not proud of an anti-nation that respects creed over blood, religious diversity over Christianity, freedom over virtue, and the power of government over the hearth.

Despite the fact that we are told we don't need a homeland founded on a common faith and common ties of blood, many American Europeans still long for one. It is not possible to completely kill the yearnings in a European heart. I know I have always longed for a homeland, which is why I suspect I have always been in sympathy with the Southern side in the Conflict between the States. There was a real sense of the homeland in the Old South. Thomas Nelson Page suggests a reason for this:

The difference between the Southern civilization and the Northern was the result of the difference between their origins and subsequent surroundings.

The Northern colonies of Great Britain in America were the asylums of religious zealots and revolutionists who at their first coming were bent less on the enlargement of their fortunes than on the freedom to exercise their religious convictions, however much the sudden transition from dependence and restriction to freedom and license may in a brief time have tempered their views of liberty and changed them into proscribers of the most tyrannical type...

The Southern, on the other hand, came with all the ceremonial of an elaborate civil government—with an executive, a council deputed by authorities at home, and formal and minute instructions and regulations.

The crown hoped to annex the unknown land lying between the El Dorado, which Spain had obtained amid the summer seas, and the unbounded claims of its hereditary enemy, France, to the North and West.

The Church, which viewed the independence of the Northern refugees as schism, if not heresy, gave to this enterprise its benison in the belief that "the adventurers for the plantations of Virginia were the most noble and worthy advancers of the standard of Christ among the Gentiles." The company organized and equipped successive expeditions in the hope of gain; and soldiers of

fortune, and gentlemen in misfortune, threw in their lot in the certainty of adventure and the probability that they might better their condition.

Under such auspices the Southern colonies necessarily were rooted in the faith of the England from which they came – political, religious, and civil. Thus from the very beginning the spirit of the two sections was absolutely different, and their surrounding conditions were for a long time such as to keep them diverse.

--The Old South

So, in Page's view the North was settled by Europeans with utopian notions and a willingness to impose those notions on others, and the South was settled by adventurous (but less discontented and quarrelsome) Europeans more in tune with the ancient rhythms and evening lingerings of Europe. Certainly that generalization doesn't apply to every individual (Washington Irving, born in New York City, for instance, was not a utopian), but I think Page's assessment is essentially correct.

And our current American oligarchy, instead of encouraging white American school children to feel connected to the land of their ancestors and to their ancestors' faith, teaches them to despise their European inheritance. It's small wonder that white adolescents grow up without any sense of racial pride and see nothing wrong with mixing their blood with that of blacks. In fact they see it as a positive good because in doing so they are killing their European blood ties.

I've written about H. V. Morton on several occasions because I love his books. During a time (1920 – 1950) when other European intellectuals were traveling to the Far East or Africa looking for something novel and exciting, Morton traveled through Europe and wrote about his travels because he correctly saw that the history and the people of His continent were the only really interesting history and people to write about. And that history has been suppressed by the Gingerbread House technique. "The great satanic wisdom of American totalitarianism is this: if you ban the old books and the old traditions, the people might still love them enough to fight for their restoration. But if you give them a gingerbread house to munch on and coat the older books and traditions in monkey vomit, the people will joyfully let the old books remain unread and the old traditions die."

In the works of the great novelists of the late eighteenth century and the entire nineteenth century, the villain is often an Uncle Silas type. He can ape the Christian forms because he has a superior intelligence, but his heart belongs to Satan. But so long as Christian principles rule society, the Uncle Silases have to keep their hatred of Christ and Christians a secret. Now, however, Uncle Silas no longer needs the mask; his type now rules. And they are not going to permit a bred-in-the-bone Christianity to surface again. They will permit Church-on-Sunday/Mass-on-Sunday Christianity to exist because that type of Christianity generally supports Uncle Silas-demonism. And when it doesn't, it is ineffectual because it is not integral. A true bred-in-the-bone Christianity is rooted in European history, European traditions, and European blood. If white European Americans were actually exposed to that type of Christianity, the Uncle Silases would once again be on the periphery of society instead of at its center. It's not a spirit of our "democratic humanity" that we need. White people need a spirit of clannishness. When the fiery cross appears high on the mountain top, we must rally to it. And then, man to man and "in the van," we'll win or die with Europe.

Labels: Christian Europe, homeland, Old South, Thomas Nelson Page

Betraying the Code

THURSDAY, MAY 03, 2007

There was much hoopla over the anniversary of Jackie Robinson's infiltration of the previously all-white sport of baseball. And of course the liberals are right – it was an epoch shattering event. But the liberals are wrong when they view it as a good thing. Robinson's enfranchisement accelerated the Negroization of American sports. And that development resulted in the end of sportsmanship. Sportsmanship, as practiced by Americans, had its roots in the British sporting tradition, which took its inspiration from the principles of Christian chivalry. Winning, in the British tradition, was not as important as adhering to the code. A loser who lived up to the code was more honored than someone who won, but who broke the code.

Jackie Robinson brought his own code, the barbarians' code, into the game of baseball. He took bench jockeying to a new low. Statements about the opposing players' sisters and mothers, which had previously been considered beyond the pale, were part of Jackie Robinson's repertoire.

And of course those black athletes who followed Jackie Robinson were even worse. But the larger the pool of players to choose from, the better your chance of winning and making money. So the marriage between the capitalist and the Negro was consummated with Jackie Robinson's entry into baseball. And what a happy marriage it has been for them.

But what about the white folk? Should we give our blessing to that marriage by watching and attending sporting events where black athletes and white commentators degrade all the virtues of the heart and the soul that white people used to hold dear? When capitalism, the Negro, and sport are combined, the watching of sporting events becomes a vulgar indulgence akin to pornography. Presumably one would refuse to watch a film which approvingly depicted black cannibals cooking and eating white missionaries; why then should we watch all the values of our civilization being undermined in pagan rituals called sporting events?

In Walter Scott's novel, *Old Mortality*, he depicts a period of Scottish history when the Covenanters felt that Charles II was not keeping his promise to grant them religious liberty. They regarded themselves as disenfranchised. The Crown sought to force them to feel enfranchised by requiring them to participate in state sanctioned sporting events. The Crown's effort failed because it only strengthened the Covenanters' resolve not to participate in the sporting events.

Two things emerge from Scott's description of the mandatory participation edict of Charles II:

- 1) Sports are an integral part of a nation's soul. They reflect the very essence of what the nation stands for. If you are at odds with your nation you must divorce yourself from that nation's sporting life.
- 2) The seductive feminine approach (the Gingerbread House technique) is more likely to make converts than the straightforward masculine approach. Instead of forcing the Covenanters to participate in the sporting events, Charles II should have hired a marketing guru to put the proper spin on the events. Maybe a little Scripture reading at the beginning of the events and a few comely maidens, not too indecorous, to give out the prizes... You get the picture.

In point of fact, the Covenanters had nowhere near the cause that we have for divorcing ourselves from our nation's (or more accurately our non-nation's) civic sporting life. But we have eaten the soul-numbing honey of the locusts for so long that we are completely anesthetized. We truly love 'Big Brother.'

Recently a "conservative" military man published a book equating God, the war in Iraq, and football. How telling. Sport is linked to our Faith. What, if we look at American sports, do Americans revere? They revere capitalism and Negroes.

How did we get from the sporting life exemplified in *Tom Brown's School Days* and *The Chariots of Fire* to the pagan spectacles of today? We got there by the same process a man follows when, lured by the prospect of gold, he places a ladder into a mineshaft and climbs down, rung by rung. But surely by now we should see that the gold mine is a pit, and it stinks of sulphur.

Labels: Jackie Robinson

When Only One Side Fights a War

SATURDAY, MAY 05, 2007

On May 20, 1995, an article by Paul Sheehan was printed in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, an Australian newspaper. The article was entitled, "The Race War of Black Against White."

The longest war America has ever fought is the Dirty War, and it is not over. It has lasted 30 years so far and claimed more than 25 million victims. It has cost almost as many lives as the Vietnam War. It determined the results of last year's congressional election.

Yet the American news media do not want to talk about the Dirty War, which remains between the lines and unreported. In fact, to even suggest that the war exists is to be discredited. So let's start suggesting, immediately.

Mr. Sheehan then goes on to list the horrible carnage that has taken place in the black war against whites. The statistics merely confirm what all whites know, but it is chilling to read the actual body count.

Sheehan concludes with an accurate account of the American establishment's culpability in the white genocide:

When all the crime figures are calculated, it appears that black Americans have committed at least 170 million crimes against white Americans in the past 30 years. It is the great defining disaster of American life and American ideals since World War II.

All these are facts, yet by simply writing this story, by assembling the facts in this way, I would be deemed a racist by the American news media. It prefers to maintain a paternalistic double-standard in its coverage of black America, a lower standard.

When I published Sheehan's article about 12 years ago, a gentleman wrote me to ask if I could think of any time in history when there was a war in which only one side was fighting. I couldn't think of any example. Indeed, I think our situation (along with the other European nations) is unique. And of course it is unique because Europeans are unique. We were the Christ-bearers, the only people to accept Christianity in depth and breadth. When we believed in our civilization and the God-Man who inspired it, we were strong and we protected our sacred civilization and our people. And we were respected and feared by the colored people. But as we ceased to believe in our God, we ceased to believe in our civilization and consequently were no longer willing to take the measures necessary to defend ourselves. The coloreds passionately believe in their various pagan faiths but we no longer believe in our Faith. And please spare me the ridiculous suggestion that we jettison Christ and go back to our Greco-Roman heritage. No, we are irretrievably linked to Him, and a curse on those who would wish it otherwise, and as our passion for Him declines so will our love for European civilization decline. In his book, *In Search of England*, H. V. Morton has this to say about Tintagel:

I have all my life thought of Tintagel as one of those places which no man should see. For eight hundred years the story of that king who rides down history on a harpstring has soaked itself into the imagination of the English people. Charlemagne for France; Arthur for England. The story grew here. On this grey rock above the sea, Uther Pendragon took that lovely queen, Igerne; and so began the story that ran through medieval Europe challenging the imagination of poet and writer, gathering strength and beauty, to break at last in the splendid climax of the 'Grail' music...

Tin-tagel!...

At night, with the moon, falling over the tumbled walls, Tintagel seems more dead than ever: the ruins of Egypt leap to life in the moonlight, so do many of our castles and abbeys; but Tintagel is to be found only within the covers of a book. And I thought, as I looked down on it from the other side of the valley, saw the thin line of light run along the walls, picking out a gateway here and a crumbled corner there, that most of us have belonged to that Round Table – so many of us, in fact,

that if Arthur came back to give us youth again and called us out to joyous adventures he would have an army great enough to ride from Camelot to the conquest of the earth.

But he could not make that claim today. Arthur could not find an army to ride with him. In order to do that European man would have to throw away his little paper gods, his constitutions and his catechisms. He would have to place his hand on the sword and swear to fight without ceasing until the heathen were driven into the sea and the true King was on the throne. "But of course that's just silly, impractical nonsense," says the empirical man. Well, it might seem impractical, but it really is the only genuine solution to the white man's dilemma. We have all read the Death of the West books, from Burham to Buchanan. And in the statistical realm, the empirical realm, we are dead. The colored hordes are upon us and they outnumber us. But numbers only matter in the world of the white techno barbarians and the colored barbarians. Since when has a European Christian knight ever been deterred by mere numbers? What did Sir Galahad say?

*My good blade carves the casques of men
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.*

Look who is at the heart of European civilization. Nothing was impossible for the Europeans, from Charles Martel, to Cortez, to Gordon, and the endless legion of the red cross knights of Europe who rode under His banner to do battle with the barbarian hordes. The blood red tide is loosed because we have attempted to stop the bleeding wounds of Europe with democratic antiseptic instead of a fiery cross. Place the cross on the wound, it will heal. However, to do that we need faith. But I think faith comes from love. If we look at Europe, the real Europe, the Europe of the Christian hearth, the evening lingerings, we will love it. And then we will up and ride, and we will fight, not as the heathen fights, until tired or sated, but we will fight without ceasing until Europe is European again and America is European again.

Labels: Christian Europe, race war

The Hero

SATURDAY, MAY 05, 2007

Eugene O'Neill is one of American's greatest playwrights. Although a professed enemy of all organized religion, his plays are permeated by Christianity. His characters are, like O'Neill himself, Christ-haunted and looking for redemption. Three of his later plays, "A Moon for the Misbegotten," "Hughie," and "A Touch of the Poet," are especially well-written plays with great spiritual depths.

It is the play, "A Touch of the Poet" that I would like to use to begin a discussion of the hero. In the play there is one central character (Cornelius Melody) and two major supporting characters (Nora Melody, his wife, and Sara Melody, his daughter). Cornelius Melody had been a military hero in the old country. He now, at age forty-five, runs a tavern in Boston. The year is 1820. Talk of Andrew Jackson and the 'common man' is always in the air. Melody, however, will have none of that. He drinks alone and rides alone on a special charger. When he rises in the morning and feels depressed after a night of heavy drinking, he puts on his old military uniform and recites from Lord Byron in front of the mirror:

*I have not loved the World, nor the World me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd*

*They could not deem me one of such – I stood
Among them, but not of them.*

Cornelius Melody needs a vision of himself as a hero. No matter how low he sinks he can always face the world as long as he believes he is still the hero that he was at the battle of Talavera.

Through a long series of events, Con Melody ceases to see himself in a heroic light and is shattered by the experience. His daughter, who had always sneered at her father's attempt to maintain his heroic image, is surprised to find that her view of existence is altered for the worse when her father ceases to believe in his own heroic image. And of course this was because she had always, despite her outward contempt, believed, in the deepest regions of her soul, that her father was a hero.

It is easy to deprecate Con Melody's rather pathetic attempts at maintaining a heroic self-image. And O'Neill certainly doesn't try to give us a happy ending to the play by showing us Con Melody making a successful 'comeback' attempt. But what O'Neill does is to lay bare an essential truth of existence: our religious vision, our *raison d'être* so to speak, is tied up to our belief in, and our vision of, the Hero. If we lose that vision and belief, we have lost our faith.

I've commented on the demise of the Christian hero before, but I'm returning to the subject again because I believe it is of paramount importance. Our belief in heroes is linked to our belief in Christ himself. And I would submit to you that we do not believe in Christian heroes anymore. We have the straight liberal type like Gandhi (so admired by the late John Paul II) and the liberal-pagan type like Eastwood and Stallone, who use their male chromosomes in defense of liberal causes. But the Christian hero? He no longer walks down the 'mean streets,' which is why the back alley-type of mean streets have become the main streets, traveled by pagan punks, liberal leeches, and capitalistic carnivores.

The Christian hero springs from a culture that is either essentially Christian or from a culture that at least still has a positive image of a Christian society that used to exist. The Zorro figure in Johnston McCulley's *The Mark of Zorro* (1919) springs from an imagination that remembers what a Christian hero should be. Only Walt Disney Studios (the real Disney) managed to recreate Zorro with his Christianity intact. What distinguishes the Christian hero from the modern, liberal and pagan heroes? Well, let's look at McCulley's Zorro.

First, Christianity is in his blood. Zorro doesn't have to consult a moral theology book before he acts, because according to the code of chivalry or (to use the exact term which McCulley uses) the code of the cavalier, right and wrong are self-evident. Years of adhering to a tradition that is bred in the bone and in the blood have made an honorable man's course of action clear.

For instance, when Captain Ramon insults Zorro's swordsmanship, he is content, in contrast to the pagan hero who would kill for such an insult, to merely wound Ramon as punishment. But when Ramon dares to press his attentions on a Spanish lady, Zorro kills the disreputable captain, in contrast to the modern liberal Christian who knows nothing of chivalry and who thinks Christianity and pacifism are synonymous.

Zorro spares Ramon when only a personal insult is involved, and he kills him when the code of the cavalier has been breached. And he does all this without consulting an expert in moral theology or biblical exegesis. Wise blood is always superior to the syllogism. It is also more practical because when you carry your faith in your blood, your hands, unencumbered by heavy tomes of philosophy and theology, are free to carry a sword and dagger.

The second element of a Christian hero like Zorro that is not present in the modern liberal hero is a deep respect for the special mission of women. They are the life-bearers and the nurturers, as well as the inspiration for the hero. The female counterpart to the hero inspires by her fidelity to virtues of the hearth. The hero is the good woman's support and comfort because he defends her rights as wife and mother. But he is seen as the hated oppressor by evil women because he denies them access to the world outside the hearth.

Try to find an image of the hero in any realm of the church or in the world today that excludes the female from the male realm; because not excluding her hurts the female as well as the male. "What about the priesthood?" you say. "Is the female not excluded from that role?" Yes, she is. But only for legal reasons. Christ was a male, so the church authorities have reluctantly kept the priesthood a male domain. But they have given away all the rest of the Pauline teaching. They have supported the role of women in secular society and in the church. They have not defended the women of the hearth nor have they attacked the dragon ladies who have abandoned the hearth.

And we also must distinguish between the Christian and Gnostic view of women. The Gnostic sects, such as the Society of St. Pius X, are spiritually akin to the Muslims, who hate femininity itself. Both deny the spiritual nature of women. They believe women must be kept out of the male sphere of action, not because they have an exalted calling in another sphere, but because their femininity is evil in itself. In their eyes, there is no legitimate Eros, there is only the evil, fleshly act. The act must be tolerated because male warriors and male priests are needed, but the sex that is most intimately connected to the fruits of intercourse must be denied their spiritual role as nurturers and fair ladies who inspire heroic deeds. There is an excess of sex in the Gnostic sects but there is no Eros, and the soul that goes to Gnostic heaven is a masculine one, but one devoid of true masculinity because it is without chivalry.

The third trait of the hero is that he has the ability to properly direct his efforts. He does not worship action in and of itself. His actions must support the reign of charity or else he will not act. The capitalist thinks the Christian hero is lazy because he will not compete in the free market arena. And the pagan considers him cowardly for refusing to enter the lists in order to prove his manhood. Like Don Diego Vega, the Christian hero fights only when issues that directly affect the reign of charity are involved. And then, Zorro rides.

It is important to note that the Christian man of action is not necessarily a military man. In times when the state is Christian, the hero fights for king and country, but when the state is at war with Christ, the Christian hero is an outlaw, such as Zorro, Rob Roy, and William Tell. No matter how bravely a man fights, he is not a hero if he places his sword at the service of an unholy cause.

And finally, whether the hero is Zorro, Shane, Forrest, or von Stauffenberg, he turns our face towards Him. By self-sacrifice, by putting the spiritual above the temporal, the hero, at the last trump, in the twinkling of the eye, when all hope seems gone, rescues us from a purely material vision of life which is death to the soul. The plight of Señorita Lolita Pulido illustrates this point. But to appreciate her dilemma we must try to imagine what it is like to be a Spanish maiden who actually believes death is preferable to the forced attentions of a man without honor, a man who is not a cavalier.

The señorita must be forgiven for lacking the modern enlightened notion that sex is mere friction and of little consequence one way or the other. She finds herself trapped and alone with the evil Captain Ramon.

She fought him, striking and scratching at his breast, for she could not reach his face. But he only laughed at her, and held her tighter until she was almost spent and breathless, and finally he threw back her head and looked down into her eyes.

"A kiss in payment, señorita!" he said. "It will be a pleasure to tame such a wild one."

She tried to fight again, but could not. She called upon the saints to aid her. And Captain Ramon laughed more, and bent his head, and his lips came close to hers.

But he never claimed the kiss. She started to wrench away from him again, and he was forced to strengthen his arm and pull her forward. And from a corner of the room there came a voice that was at once deep and stern.

"One moment, Señor!" it said.

Captain Ramon released the girl and whirled on one heel. He blinked his eyes to pierce the gloom of the corner; he heard Señorita Lolita give a glad cry.

Then Captain Ramon, disregarding the presence of the lady, cursed, once and loudly, for Señor Zorro stood before him.

When we get our last fatal illness we will all hope for a cure, a last minute reprieve from the clutches of death. But in our last illness, the reprieve will not come. Señor Zorro will not be there. Or will he? An embrace is not a kiss. When Señor Death tries to claim his kiss, will we hear the greatest cavalier of all say, "One moment, señor!"?

Without the hero, we would be forever doomed, like Sisyphus, to push the materialist rock up the very material hill. The hero enables us to see beyond the rock and beyond the hill, to a glass mountain of fair ladies and grand endeavors, presided over by the Hero.

Labels: Christ the Hero, Christian Hero, Eugene O'Neill, Zorro

The Equality of the Dung Heap

TUESDAY, MAY 15, 2007

An essential part of our heritage is becoming Negroized. *Tin-Tin in Africa* is banned from sale in the U.S., and *Doctor Dolittle* is rewritten to appease blacks. Howard Pyle's fairy tales are rewritten with blacks rather than white characters, the musical version of *Oliver Twist* has a black Oliver, *A Christmas Carol* gets an all-black cast, Shakespeare's *Love's Labour Lost* has interracial couples, and the list goes on. I'm sure readers could supply hundreds more examples.

It doesn't take a heroic, knightly act of superhuman courage to oppose such assaults on the European cultural heritage. If white people would just refuse to buy new Negroized versions of older classic works and refuse to buy tickets to Negroized movies of *Doctor Dolittle*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Love's Labour Lost*, they could force the white capitalists who produce such mongrelized works of art to cease and desist. But that would require a racial solidarity that whites don't possess.

And I should add that the black productions of white works would not be nearly so offensive if they made some attempt to preserve the spirit of the old works, but they don't. The Negroized versions become new jazzy, be-bop works that insult the original ones.

I remember eating a souvlaki in a Greek restaurant a few years back. It was the Christmas season, and the proprietor of the restaurant, an older Greek fellow, had the radio tuned to a station playing Christmas carols. After a wonderful rendition of "Silent Night" finished playing, a Negroized, be-bop version of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" came on the radio. The Greek proprietor listened in disbelief for a minute and then turned it off.

"Imagine," he said, "Taking a wonderful song like that and destroying it. It shouldn't be permitted."

And of course the proprietor of the restaurant was correct. Such things shouldn't be permitted. But the complete Negroization of white culture has been mandated. The "separate but equal" accommodation, articulated in *Plessy v. Ferguson* (1896), was the South's way of dealing with the fact that an inferior capitalist society had conquered their culturally superior one and had mandated the infusion of Negroes into their society. By providing separate schools, restaurants, swimming pools, and so on, and calling them separate but equal, Southerners hoped to stave off the tragedy of racial integration.

But the liberals, north and south of the Mason-Dixon Line, were not buying "separate but equal." Separate is inherently unequal, the liberals reasoned, in *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka* (1954). And although it is morally wrong to mandate integration, the liberals were right in saying that separate is inherently unequal. Any culture of value is unequal to other cultures. Nineteenth-century European culture is superior to twentieth-century European culture, the Southern culture of the 19th century was superior to the Northern culture, European culture is superior to African culture, and so on.

There can only be an equality in barbarism, because there is no value in barbarism. No one can be higher, in the cultural sense, than someone else in a barbaric culture that has no concept of 'the higher.' In barbarism there are people in power, of course, but they are all equal in the cultural sense. Everyone is equal: they are barbaric. And that is the moral evil of integration. The infusion of barbarism into a civilized society does not elevate the barbarian, it brings down the civilized people.

Twenty-five years ago I first saw a white person listening to Negro rap music. He was retarded. Now, I see white youths listening to Negro rap music on a regular basis; this is called equality.

At its onset, integration was presented by the liberals as the enfranchisement of the disenfranchised. What Christian could object to that? The most courteous, respectful (at least outwardly) Negroes were pushed forward to show the reasonableness of integration and the unreasonableness of segregation. But once the barrier of segregation is broken, a radical change takes place. Joe Louis

evolves into Muhammed Ali, and Jackie Robinson becomes Darryl Strawberry. Our whole concept of sports, leisure, and religion has been radically altered as a result of the integration of Negroes into society.

Occasionally some liberal, now a neoconservative, like Charlton Heston, will say, "Gee, when I held hands with Martin Luther King, Jr., I didn't think I was assenting to the complete dismantling of civilization." But that is exactly what Mr. Heston, who at least had the courage to oppose that dismantlement, was consenting to. Integration is death for civilizations with value. Indeed, everything of value in those civilizations will be destroyed.

Our leaders tell us that we must adjust. We must learn to love the dung heap. No, that is something I will not do. I stand with Alexander Smollet, who, when enjoined to surrender to the seemingly invincible barbarians, said:

"Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollet, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones."

Labels: Negroization of white culture

Judge Priest -- *Back Home: Being the Narrative of Judge Priest and His People* (Grosset and Dunlap: New York, 1912) and *Old Judge Priest* (George H. Doran Co.: New York, 1916) by Irvin S. Cobb

TUESDAY, MAY 15, 2007

The setting of these tales is Kentucky in the early 1900s. The Civil War is a living memory to many of the older inhabitants of the region and is still a significant event to the younger members of the communities. All the stories center around one Judge Priest, a portly judge in his mid-sixties, who fought with Forrest during the War for Southern Independence.

In his autobiography, *Exit Laughing* (1941), Cobb tells us of Judge Priest's origins:

Now Judge Priest, who became a mainstay and a breadwinner for the Cobb family over a stretch of thirty years or longer, was a consolidated likeness, into which I diagrammed elementary parts of three separate persons. In him, as he ambled across a border southern terrain, was a trace of my father, but only mental attitudes here, not bodily aspects; and an occasional touch taken from my former fellow townsman and crony, Hal Corbett, who made a briefened appearance among these strolling memories chapter before last. But predominantly he was a reincarnation of the late Judge William S. Bishop and physically almost altogether was Judge Bishop—the high bald forehead, the pudgy shape, the little white paintbrush of a chin whisker, the strident high-pitched voice which, issuing from that globular tenement, made a grotesque contrast, as though a South American tapir had swallowed a tomtit alive and was letting the tomtit do the talking for him. The habits and the traits embodied in this triple-sided composite portrait mainly were his too: his exterior dovelike gentleness under which deceiving surface lurked a serpent's shrewdness; his deftly concealed manipulations of local politics; his cultivated affectation of using a country jake vernacular when off the bench and his sudden switch to precise and stately English when on it; his high respect for the profession that he followed and for the office that he held so many years; his divine absent-mindedness; his utterly unreasonable fear of thunderstorms.

Touching on these two last-named peculiarities, tales were told. Once when company was present in his home a sudden forked flash in the murky heavens and a great thunderclap sent him fleeing to an umbrella closet under the front stairs where he fastened the door behind him and cowered among the galoshes. His wife pursued him there and through the keyhole she said: "Judge Bishop, I am ashamed of you—you a brave soldier of the war, to behave like a veritable coward before our

guests. Don't you know, Judge Bishop," –the good lady was very religious – "don't you know that if the Lord wants to smite you dead, He will find you, no matter where you hide?"

"Maybe so, Madam, maybe so," came back the muffled answer. "But by Gatlins, I'll put Him to as much trouble as possible!"

In midsummer he went to a bar association meeting upstate. As he was leaving, Mrs. Bishop said: "Judge, I've packed six clean shirts for you and six clean collars so don't you go mooning around, like you usually do, and forget to change every morning." (In those days, before pajamas were ever dreamed of and nightshirts were regarded as being fussy, not to say effeminate, many a cultured Southern gentleman slept by night in the hard-bosomed back-buttoning linen which he had worn through the day.)

When he came home she was waiting for him at the depot with the family buggy.

"You look warm," she said.

"Warm?" he echoed. "I'm parboiled. I'm cooking in my own gravy. I'm broken out with nettle rash like a baby. I think I'm fixing to die."

"Why, the weather here has been very seasonable," she said.

"It wasn't too warm in Frankfort, either," he said. "That's the funny part of it. Seemed to me I got hotter and hotter all the time. Maybe I'm sickening for a stroke or something. Right now I'm sweating like a free nigger at election."

"Right now? Why there's a cool breeze blowing... Judge Bishop, bend over here and hold still!"

She undid a wilted collar and ran an exploratory finger down inside his neckband—down inside six neckbands, to be exact. Obeying orders, he had each morning put on a clean shirt. Only one detail he had inadvertently skipped. He forgot to take off the shirt he'd slept in.

Although set in the 1900s, the best and noblest characters in the tales are the old Confederate veterans and the men and women who support the old ways. The good 'darkies' are the ones who also support the old South. (Cobb is a bit unrealistic on that subject, in contrast to Caroline Gordon's *None Shall Look Back* and Stark Young's *So Red the Rose*.) The villains are the mean-spirited souls of both races and the new breed of capitalist whites.

Not all the stories sing as sweetly as "A Beautiful Evening" and "When the Fighting Was Good," but taken as a whole, the Judge Priest stories give us a pleasant glimpse of a place where community still existed, fragile and disappearing, but still living.

I recommend reading the stories; but even greater (much greater) than the stories is the movie loosely based on the story, "Words and Music." The movie, called appropriately enough, *Judge Priest*, is directed by (who else) John Ford. Will Rogers, a contemporary and close friend of Irvin Cobb, plays Judge Priest. The movie is far and away the best movie ever made about the South and the Great Cause. I don't see how it is possible for one to view the movie without forever being a die-hard Southern partisan.

Labels: Book review

The Four Feathers by A. E. W. Mason (Grosset & Dunlap: New York, 1901)

TUESDAY, MAY 15, 2007

I would be hard pressed to come up with a major author who does not, in some aspect of his work, deal with a military theme. This is quite understandable. Human souls, when placed in the extremities of combat, are often more fully revealed than they are in less intense situations. And it is an author's business to lay bare the soul of man.

But many books with a military theme and setting fail to give us any kind of spiritual revelation. They are often boring, documentary-style books, giving us mere facts about the military; or they are propaganda books designed to show us either an unrealistically horrible or an unrealistically glorious view of the military.

The Four Feathers fits none of these categories, and it contains the best depiction of the military experience outside of Shakespeare that I have ever read.

There are men who fight and fight courageously in this book who are nevertheless moral cowards. And there are men who fight reluctantly and with great fear and trepidation who rise to heroic heights. What A. E. W. Mason really has done, through his protagonist, Harry Feversham, is to show us the moral dimension of heroism. Without that moral dimension, heroism is mere guts, which is pagan, not Christian.

One might admire the pagan hero's courage, but it is the Christian hero who gives us a glimpse of the living God. It is the difference between Robert E. Lee and G. Gordon Liddy. Or in film, it's the big difference between the heroes depicted by Gary Cooper and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and the heroes depicted by Clint Eastwood and Arnold Schwarzenegger. The former are Christian heroes, the latter are merely pagan ones.

I love Harry Feversham. He strikes a blow for every armchair warrior and poet who believes that the warrior bard will ultimately prevail against the foreign Turk and the brutish homegrown bore.

A work like Mason's *The Four Feathers* could not be written today because our Western culture has been eradicated by the dialectic. Masculinity means only one thing now – aggressiveness, and it is permitted and admired only when it appears in the female. And femininity means only one thing now – passivity, and it is permitted only when it appears in the male.

In contrast to the modern, obscene, dialectic depiction of human beings, Mason paints a portrait of human beings with souls, working out their eternal destinies in a world that has not yet surrendered to the dialectic.

There is a passage of incredible poignancy in the book which I must quote. Feversham, in disguise, has gotten himself thrown into an Arab prison in order to rescue a fellow countryman. His countryman, Colonel Trench, is about to strike Feversham because he fears that he will be knocked to the floor and trampled if he doesn't hold his own in the crowded prison.

"Back!" he cried violently, "back, or I strike!" and, as he wrestled to lift his arm above his head that he might strike the better, he heard the man who had been flung against him incoherently babbling English.

"Don't fall," cried Trench, and he caught his fellow-captive by the arm. "Ibrahim, help! God, if he were to fall!" and while the crowd swayed again and the shrill cries and curses rose again, deafening the ears, piercing the brain, Trench supported his companion, and bending down his head caught again after so many months the accent of his own tongue. And the sound of it civilized him like the friendship of a woman.

Ah, how could a modern appreciate that passage? The modern does not believe that there are differences in cultures. How could the sound of a language associated with Christian things hearten

and humanize a man? And stranger still to the modern – how could the friendship of a woman civilize a man? The modern knows only viragos and hard-eyed business women. “Surely, Mason must be from Mars.” No, not Mars, but Christian Europe, which to the modern is more remote than Mars.

Labels: Book review

Dreams

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 2007

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—

The Tempest

It's been a year now since the death of my mother and I've noticed something peculiar, or maybe not so peculiar. When my mother was alive, I occasionally dreamt that she was dead. When I awoke, I was greatly relieved to find it was only a dream. I usually found some pretext to call her after such dreams just to see how she was doing. Naturally, I didn't tell her that I had dreamt that she was dead.

Now, in the past year, I have dreams at least twice a week in which my mother is alive. And of course when I awake there is a great sadness for the obvious reason that reality sets in and I realize, all over again, that my mother is dead.

Now, I'm not saying that the fact that I dream about my mother being alive is some kind of proof that she is alive. But then again, why do we dream such things? Shakespeare's oft-quoted line, "We are such stuff As dreams are made on..." can be given, and often has been given, a negative interpretation. But I have never viewed the quote in that light. If we are such stuff as dreams are made on and we dream that the dead are alive, how can that be something negative? Yes, a dream can also be a nightmare. But then Prospero is pretty explicit that it is a dream. And he concedes that our ending could be despair, but then bids us look up with that incredible, "unless I be reliev'd by prayer..."

Our dreams and our prayers -- Shakespeare, through Prospero, links them. When viewed in that light, it is very comforting, at least to me, to think that we are such stuff as dreams are made on.

Labels: mother, prayers and dreams, Prospero

Speaking of God

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 2007

I once read a debate between John Calvin and a Thomist. I agreed with the Thomist on some points and with Calvin on some others, but when I finished reading the whole debate I was left with a vague feeling of disgust. As with so many things that one reads, I tucked that little debate and my reaction to it back into the recesses of my mind, but it has surfaced again. And now, some 25 years later, I have a better understanding of that vague feeling of disgust. Both St. Thomas and Calvin were brilliant men, and they seem to be in favor of Christianity. But I wonder if either of them is a very good spokesman for it. And I don't mean to be flippant, but I must say that I don't understand, when reading St. Thomas or John Calvin, why God would bother with mortals such as we. He seems so terribly self-sufficient and content without us in Thomism and Calvinism. I don't see God the lover, the God who weeps, in either Thomism or Calvinism. What Richard Weaver said of Socrates -- "One should not talk about one's gods that way" -- could also be said of St. Thomas and Calvin. Did St. Paul talk about Christ the way they did? Did Christ talk about Himself that way?

The Rev. Hislop makes a very good critique of the pagan, Greco-Roman structures of the Roman Catholic Church, but he fails to see the other subcurrent. St. Patrick and thousands like him did not set Europe aflame with tales of Babylon or the Greek philosophers. They set Europe aflame with the Christ story.

What was good and pure about the Protestant Reformation was the attempt to know Christ the lover again, to know Him as St. Paul and as St. John knew him. But He cannot be put into the golden bowl of a narrow theology. The analytic mind cannot comprehend God; He is unknowable when approached by way of the syllogism, but He has made Himself accessible to us through the human heart. George Fitzhugh has written eloquently of that mode of perception: “The problem of the Moral World is too vast and complex for the human mind to comprehend; yet the pure heart will, safely and quietly, feel its way through the mazes that confound the head.”

It's truly remarkable that when we want to get serious about God, we bring out the theologians and start to talk in the mumbo-jumbo of the dialectic. There is no time for that kind of talk anymore. European culture is facing extinction because the intellectual hierarchy of the Christian churches have turned the God of Abraham, Isiah, Jacob, and St. Paul into a solution to a riddle in a philosophical parlor game. In the face of death we need the Christ of whom the elder Thomas Campbell spoke in 1828. He was moved to write an essay, “Christianity is Neither a Theory Nor a Philosophy,” after recovering from an illness that had brought him to the brink of death.

The vain pride of attempting to improve Christianity in the external exhibition of it in the churches, that it might vie in splendor with the pompous exhibition of the Jewish and pagan religions, and the presumptuous folly of explaining its mysteries according to the notions of the heathen philosophy, and finally, of reducing the whole subject of divine revelation into the form of a rational, systematic science, an attempt this, which rendered it as unfit for its primary purpose, the salvation of mankind, as the chemical process of distillation does our vegetable productions for the sustenance of animal life. The sublime productions of Aquinas, Maestricht, and Turretine, are exquisite monuments of this egregious folly. As well might we attempt to imbibe vital heat by embracing a corpse, as to derive spiritual life, light, or comfort, from the perusal of those voluminous works. Do you ask, why? The reason is obvious: these are the works of men, not of God. Not from heaven, to make us spiritually wise unto salvation; but from the pride and folly of man, to make us metaphysically and logically wise unto disputation. Vain man would be wise, though man be born a wild ass's colt (Job XI: 12). Wise, indeed, in his own way; wise above what is written; yea, constructively wiser than God, for he would improve upon his works.

I think Thomas Campbell has honed in on the terrible error we make when we set the Christian God within the confines of pagan philosophy. His uniqueness is blurred when we do that, and consequently we turn hearts of fire into dead embers. Men and women who should be aflame for Christ turn to alternative gods.

The marriage between Christ and Europe has ended in divorce not because He has ceased to love us, but because Europeans have ceased to see Christ as distinct from Socrates and other great thinkers. And wasn't that inevitable when the “best” theologians talk about Him within the context of pagan philosophy?

Pat Buchanan talks about putting a moratorium on immigration. I would certainly like to see that. But there is another moratorium that I would also like to see, and that is one on mumbo-jumbo, scientific God-talk. And then we might be able to see the Christ, the son of the living God, as St. Paul saw Him on the road to Damascus. And then “your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.”

Labels: Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy

The Soul of Honor

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 2007

My name is and was Matt Collins. Well, my full name is Matthew Edward Collins. My death was a bit of surprise to me. I was pretty darn fit for a 61-year-old man. I jogged five miles four times a

week, and didn't smoke, drink, or eat fatty foods. But still I had a heart attack while playing tennis at the Club, and there I was dead. Dead, dead, dead! It was quite depressing. And then came some more bad news. I got the news that there was a heaven but I didn't qualify. If you think flunking an exam or being told you didn't get some job you wanted is bad, just try dying and being told you don't qualify for heaven. And the rap on me wasn't so much that I had behaved abominably while on earth, but that I had not, and I quote, "made any commitment to the good." Well, apparently I wasn't the only one. I was lined up with thousands of others in the same stewpot I was in. (Of course, I don't mean an actual stewpot.) Some angelic type of being gave us all the rundown. It was wall-to-wall people, all jockeying for better positions in order to hear the angelic type guy.

"You have not merited heaven or hell. You are in a kind of limbo right now. You can do nothing more for yourselves. You need a champion to fight him." I looked in front of me and saw an enormous dragon right out of The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad movie.

The angelic type being explained, "Unless a champion comes forth to slay yon dragon, the Dragon of Detached Indifference and Materialism, you will all be sent to hell. Should a champion emerge and defeat the dragon, you will be sent to purgatory, and although you will suffer much there, you will eventually go to heaven. From the time I turn this glass over, you have exactly one hour."

It was a long hour. I didn't have a wristwatch, but judging by the amount of sand left in the hourglass I would guess that we were down to our last minute.

Then he appeared, on horseback, saber in hand, and dressed in the garb of a 19th century British soldier. There was no hesitation as he charged the dragon.

The dragon spit fire and knocked our champion off his horse. But that didn't deter our champion. As the horse took off in the opposite direction, the soldier charged the dragon again. On foot he seemed even less of a match for the dragon than he had on horseback. But the battle, we are told, does not always go to the strongest. The soldier overwhelmed the dragon. He would strike at it with his sword, and before the dragon could retaliate, he would maneuver to another point and strike again. Finally it was the dragon that fell, not the soldier. The champion severed the dragon's head from its body.

Our champion simply waved and slipped away in the mist as we all found ourselves transported to our own little purgatories. Not very pleasant places these purgatorial dwellings, but we now have great hope for the future, thanks to our champion.

"Who was he?" I asked the angelic being, before being escorted to purgatory. The angelic being smiled.

"Well, he was not the Lone Ranger, nor was he one of our angels. He was the last knight of Europe, and his name is Percival Christopher Wren."

His actual pen name was P. C. Wren. There is much that could be said against Wren's novels from a literary standpoint, but I won't say those things because a writer, like a man, must be taken "for all and all," And taken for all and all, P. C. Wren stands as a towering figure in world literature because he took the beau ideal of chivalry further than any other author. The description that best suits him is the one he used to describe the hero of his novel, *Soldiers of Misfortune*: "He loved Chivalry, Truth and Honor, Freedom and Courtesy But Was Head-Strong, Stubborn, Romantical, and Most Unwise."

The Wren heroes possess a sacred sense of honor. They mix with Muslims, Chinese, and Hindus, and they find men and women with great nobility of soul in these other cultures. But the Wren hero knows the hierarchy: There is one culture and one code that stands above the rest – the culture of the European (especially, of course, that of the Briton) and the code of chivalry. The pagan and the

Christian virtues cannot be neatly separated from each other in the human heart, but a man finally belongs, in essence, to either the Christian God-Man or to the pagan gods. Wren, like his heroes, does not preach much about it, but it is Christ and not Apollo who inspires him. The great Wren heroes might admire the Vikings and fight with equal ferocity, but their souls are gentle, and their deaths, like their lives, are Christian.

Wren is often described as a “mere adventure writer,” and therefore is considered to be of little consequence. But the overt adventure in Wren’s novels is only a metaphor for the more intimate adventure of the human soul. Wren is, above all else, a metaphysician. Like Dostoevsky and Shakespeare, it is the human soul that interests him. The military settings that he frequently uses are merely a means to an end, the probing of the human soul. And like Shakespeare, Wren does not probe from an Olympian height. He leads with his heart. Like a fighter who could win with speed and finesse but who chooses instead to stand toe-to-toe and slug it out, Wren suffers with his characters and with us.

Wren is able, in the best of his novels – *Beau Geste*, *Valiant*, *Dust*, *The Bubble Reputation*, *Soldiers of Misfortune*, *Man of a Ghost*, *Worth Wile*, and *The Disappearance of General Jason* – to give us a portrait of the truly good man, as distinct from the merely religious man. He does that by starting from within, with that initial intuition about the spiritual life, and working outward.

In this he differs from the more superficial writers such as Waugh, who start from without and give us a highly stylized portrait of what a religious man, based on the external evidence, should be like. In contrast, Wren makes us say, when reading about the struggles of one of his heroes, “The action of my life is like it, which I’ll keep, if but for sympathy.” The type of authors labeled Catholic or Christian generally write from the script, “I think, therefore I am.” Wren has a different code: “I feel, therefore I am.” And it works because it is closer to reality than the Cartesian code. When some theological statement is wrung from a Wren hero, it comes out organically and stands as an irrefutable truth, because it has come out of the fiery furnace of existence, the same furnace faced by Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego.

In *Beau Ideal*, while they are awaiting execution, a fellow legionnaire, a secularized Jew, tries to get John Geste to explain why he was kind to a man who betrayed him and placed him in the executioner’s block. The Englishman in the following passage is John Geste, brother of the incomparable Beau Geste.

“Tell me,” said Jacob the Jew (or Jacopi Judescu, the Roumanian gipsy). “What was really your reason for the sloppy feeble ‘kindness’ to Ramon Gonzales? ... I am a philosopher and a student of the lowest of the animals called Man... Was it to please your Christian God and to acquire merit? ... Or to uphold your insolent British assumption of an inevitable and natural superiority? ... You and your God—the Great Forgivers! ... ‘Injure me—and I’ll forgive you and make you feel so damned uncomfortable that you’ll be more injured than I am.’ ... Aren’t you capable of a good decent hate or...”

“Yes, I hate your filthy voice, dear Jacob,” replied the Englishman.

“No. Tell me,” persisted Jacob. “I loathe being puzzled... Besides, don’t you see I’m going mad? ... Talk, man... These corpses... Why did you behave like that to Ramon Gonzales? ... He betrayed you, didn’t he? ... I would have strangled him... I would have had his eyes... Didn’t he betray and denounce you after you had found him in the desert and saved his life? ... To Sergeant Lebaudy?”

“Yes. He recognized me—and did his, ah—duty,” was the reply.

“For twenty-five pieces of silver! ... Recognized you as one of the Zinderneuf men he knew at Sidi, and promptly sold you? ... Consigned you to sudden death—or a lingering death—for twenty-five francs and a Sergeant’s favor! ... And here the Judas was—wondrously delivered into your hand—and you ‘forgave’ him and comforted him! ... Now why? ... What was the game, the motive, the reason, the object? Why should a sane man act like that? ... What was the game?”

"No game, no motive, no reason," answered the Englishman. "He acted according to his lights—I to mine."

"And where do you get your 'lights'? What flame lit them?"

"Oh—I don't know... Home... Family... One's women-folk... School... Upbringing... Traditions... One unconsciously imbibes ideas of doing the decent thing... I've been extraordinarily lucky in life... Poor old Ramon wasn't... one does the decent thing if one is—decent."

"You don't go about, then, consciously and definitely forgiving your enemies and heaping coals of fire on them because you're a Christian."

"No, of course not... Don't talk rot..."

"Nor with a view to securing a firm option on a highly eligible and desirable mansion in the sky—suitable for English gentlemen of position—one of the most favorable residential sites on the Golden Street..."

"Not in the least... Don't be an ass..."

"You disappoint me. I was hoping to find, before I died, one of those rare animals, a Christian gentleman—who does all these funny things because he is a Christian—and this was positively my last chance... I shall die in here."

"I expect Christianity was the flame that lit those little 'lights,' Jacob... Our home and school and social customs, institutions and ideas are based on the Christian ideal, anyhow... And we owe what's good in them to that, I believe... We get our beau ideal quite unconsciously, I think, and we follow it quite unconsciously—if we follow it at all..."

"Well, and what is it, my noble Christian martyr?"

"Oh, just to be—decent, and to do the decent thing, y'know."

"So, indirectly, at any rate, you returned good for evil to Judas Ramon Gonzales because you were a Christian, you think?"

"Yes... Indirectly... I suppose... We aren't good at hating and vengeance and all that... It's not done... It isn't—decent..."

"But you puzzle me. What of Ramon the Judas... Ramon who sold you? He was a great Christian, you know... A staunch patron of your Christian God... Always praying and invoking your Holy Family."

"There are good and bad in all religions, Jacob... I have the highest admiration for your great people—but I have met rotten specimens... Bad as some of my own..."

Silence.

"Look here, Christian," began Jacob the Jew again. "If I summoned up enough strength, and swung this chain with all my might against your right check, would you turn the other also?"

"No. I should punch you on the nose," said the Englishman simply.

Silence.

"Tell me. Do you kneel down night and morning and pray to your kind Christian God, Englishman? The forgiving God of Love, Who has landed you here?" asked Jacob the Jew.

"I landed myself here," was the reply. "And—er—no... I don't pray—in words—much... You won't mind asking questions for fear of being thought inquisitive, will you, gentle Jacob?"

"Oh, no... Let's see now... You forgive the very worst of injuries because you are a Christian, but not because you're a Christian... You do as you would be done by, and not as you've been 'done' by... You don't pray in words and hold daily communion with your kind Christian God—you regard Him as a gentleman—an English gentleman, of course—who quite understands, and merely desires that you be—decent, which of course, you naturally would be, whether He wished it or not... And you'll punch me on the nose if I smite you on the cheek—but you don't even do that much to any one who betrays you to a dreadful death... And really, in your nice little mind, you loathe talking about your religion, and you are terrified lest you give the impression that you think it is better than other people's, for fear of hurting their feelings..."

"Oh, shut up, Jacob. You'd talk the hind leg off a dog."

"What else is there to do but talk? ... And so you are perfectly certain that you are a most superior person, but you strive your very utmost to conceal the awful fact... You're a puzzling creature... What is your motivating force? What is your philosophy? What are you up to? ..."

"Well, at the moment, I'm going to issue the water-ration... Last but one..." said the Englishman.

"I can't understand you English..." grumbled Jacob.

"A common complaint, I believe," said the Englishman. The quiet American laughed.

Then later in the same scene, a French legionnaire lies dying:

He desired the services of a priest, that he might "make his soul." On the other side of him, the Englishman and the American did what they could to soothe his passing, and Jacob the Jew produced his last scrap of biscuit for the nourishment of the sick man... He offered to chew it for him if he were unable to masticate...

"It's a privilege to die in your society, mes amis," said the Frenchman suddenly, in a stronger voice. "To die with men of one's own sort... Officers once, doubtless, and gentlemen still... I am going to add to the burden of debt I owe you... But I am going to give you something in return... My dying assurance that you are going to live... I most clearly see you walking in the sunshine, free and happy... Walking towards you a woman—a truly beautiful woman... She loves you both—but one far more than the other... You fight on her account... your weapons are generosity, unselfishness, sacrifice, self-abnegation, the love of a man for his friend..."

The Frenchman has articulated Wren's *beau ideal* and it is a Christian *beau ideal*. In *Soldiers of Misfortune* when Otho Belleme takes it upon himself to leave Oxford to care for a girl "in trouble" whom he has not gotten in trouble, and who is not in any way romantically involved with him, the Dean of Students recognizes whom it is that Otho is imitating:

Otho's interview with the Dean was as peculiar as he had expected, if less painful.

He frankly and fully stated the facts of the necessity for his leaving Oxford, and having done so, he added the truth concerning Victoria, so far as he knew it. The Dean had heard many strange tales in the course of his long and wide experience, and he wondered if this were not the strangest.

"And where are you taking this girl, Mr. Belleme?" he expostulated.

"To my mother, Sir," replied Otho. "I hope and believe that she'll sleep under my mother's roof to-night."

"Well, well, well," mused the Dean, his elbow on his desk, his great head resting on his hand, as he toyed with a pencil and stared unseeingly at the big sheet of blotting-paper spread before him. "I really do not know what to say, or to think, Mr. Belleme. Have you—er—any—er—personal and private interest in this girl—if I may ask the question?"

"None whatever, Sir."

"You are not what is—er—called—ah—in love with her?"

"Not in the slightest, Sir."

"Are you quite sure it is just the purest altruism—the highest and most disinterested charity, Mr. Belleme? ... And aren't you undertaking something more serious than you realize it to be—something of which no one can foresee the end—in making yourself responsible for this poor girl?"

The Dean watched him curiously—his fine and powerful face wearing a look of deep interest.

"Do you quite realize what you are doing in making yourself responsible for her?" he continued. "You know that the world and his wife, —especially his wife, —will think and say and do... They will certainly 'revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you—falsely'—falsely, I firmly believe."

"It may be folly, Sir," said Otho, "but..."

"It is folly," interrupted the Dean. "Great folly... nearly as great as the worldly and social folly of some of those who have left all and followed..."

There are white moments in Wren's novels during which one is taken to that sacred glen where everything is quiet. And in that place, one hears, very faintly but distinctly, the beating of that sacred heart which sustains the world. What more can you ask from a storyteller?

Labels: P. C. Wren, white moments

We are all exiles

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 2007

The South took the hit for every white American back in the 1860s. Now, it should be obvious to all Yankees that we are all Southerners now. We are all exiles.

from "The Beaufort Exile's Lament"

*Your noble sons slain, on the battle-field lie,
Your daughters' mid strangers now roam;
Your aged and helpless in poverty sigh
O'er the days when they once had a home.*

*"Going home! going home!" for the exile alone
Can those words sweep the chords of the soul,
And raise from the grave the loved ones who are gone,
As the tide-waves of time backward roll.*

*"Going home! going home!" Ah! how many who pine,
Dear Beaufort, to press thy green sod,
Ere then will have passed to shores brighter than thine--
Will have gone home at last to their God!*

Anon.

Labels: poem

Black Hell

MONDAY, MAY 21, 2007

The brutal (brutal is too polite of a word, but words fail me) torture murders of the white Knoxville couple, Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom, at the hands of black savages was not unusual. It has been going on in Africa for the past 60 years (see Anthony Jacob's book, *White Man Think Again!*) and in this country for the last forty years. And it will not end until white people become a clan.

I was very disheartened recently when I received an email from a white man who was responding to an article I wrote entitled, "To Win or Die with Europe." In the article I made the point that white people needed a spirit of clannishness rather than a spirit of "democratic humanity." The emailer thought that our common European heritage was an insufficient starting point for a call to arms. Well, if it isn't a starting point, I would like to know what is. Europe and America have destroyed themselves with internecine warfare. Surely it is time to turn our faces to the enemy (they've seen our backs) and stop devouring our own.

I don't know if there is anyone else who feels this way, but I must add that I am sick to the very depths of my soul with the 'wise' counsel of those who suggest we write petitions and support the Republican Party. What has democracy ever done for my people, for white people? Democracy only makes sense if your society is entirely white; voting then means you are only deciding which group of white people to elect. But when the brutish apes outnumber the whites (which, if you count the whites who have betrayed their race, is the case in the United States) then democracy is not an option. Oh, you might write a petition or file a law suit as a delaying tactic, as the communists do when they are not in power, but ultimately the goal is counter-revolution, not democratic reform.

The white-hating whites who even bother to take note of new, brutal murders will tell us that we must understand, we must be patient, we must recognize the complexities of black culture. But it is the antique white man who *does* understand. "Here they come, black as hell and thick as grass," were the words of Private Wall, one of the brave defenders of Rorke's Drift. The linking of blackness and hell is appropriate. The Scots believed that when the devil visited earth he did so in the form of a black man. If not literally correct, the Scots were certainly metaphysically accurate. A society that lets black savages run rampant to rape, murder, and torture is so close to hell itself that one need not quibble over which is the more hellish. They are one. Lieutenant Chard, also at Rorke's Drift, in very simple words tells us what we must do in the face of black savagery: "Never say die or surrender."

Labels: love of one's own, race war, white Europe

The Revisionists' Mother Goose

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 2007

The liberals hate everything traditional. One of their pet passions is children's literature. If they had their way (come to think of it, they have had their way), everything good in children's literature would be banned or rewritten. Following are some Mother Goose rhymes the liberals have already condemned or rewritten, or ones they will condemn or rewrite soon:

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son: The man who beat Tom for stealing the pig was sent to prison for two years, and Tom was sent back out on the street. Tom became a repeat pig thief, and then one day he shot a pig merchant.

Robin Hood and Little John: "Robin Hood, Robin Hood, Telling his beads..." The rosary beads violate the liberal doctrine of the separation of church and state. In the new version, Robin has worry beads.

Jack Sprat: The man who could eat no fat and his wife who could eat no lean both go to a diet counselor, and Jack is told to divorce his obsessive –compulsive wife.

Humpty Dumpty: Sued the King and all the King's Men for not putting a guard rail on the wall.

Georgie Porgie: The boy who kissed the girls and made them cry was charged with sexual harassment.

The Old Woman Under a Hill: She failed to keep her hill dwelling up to the residential building codes; her home was condemned. Rabbits live there now.

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe: She is now serving a jail sentence for child abuse and for failing to use family planning services.

Bobby Shafto: Bobby Shafto is forbidden to go to sea. That is sexist. His sister goes instead. However, an insensitive tidal wave kills Sister Shafto and all hands on deck. Bobby Shafto opens up a beauty shop and combs down his yellow hair.

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater: Peter is now serving time for spousal abuse. Imagine, putting one's wife in a pumpkin shell! Serves Peter right if he never gets out. One odd footnote to the whole sordid affair – Mrs. Peter Pumpkin Eater says she was never happier than in those days when Peter used to slap her around and put her in the pumpkin shell. Odds life.

Just Like Me:

"I went up one pair of stairs."

"Just like me."

"I went up two pairs of stairs."

"Just like me."

"I went into a room."

"Just like me."

"I looked out of a window."

"Just like me."

"And there I saw a monkey."

"Just like me."

The implicit racism of this rhyme is obvious.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary: The mere suggestion that a female could be contrary is indefensible.

Labels: humor

The Racial Link to God

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 2007

In J. J. Pollitt's book, *Art and Experience in Classical Greece*, he points out that after Greece's Golden Age, which was terminated by a plague and the Peloponnesian War, Greek art did not reflect the tragedies that had befallen Greece as a whole nor individual members of their nation. Instead, their art reflected a new obsession with detailed vase painting and ornate, flowery and superficial sculpture. The message was clear: "Humanity equals pain; let us seek refuge in technique and superficiality and block out the horrors associated with humanity."

I definitely see this escape from humanity taking place in the Christian churches of today. We have supped full of horrors, but instead of responding to the horror, churchmen give us formulaic solutions to life's problems that have been worked out in committee by scientists, psychologists, and the Hallmark Greeting Card Company. The church leaders have fled from the man of flesh, blood, and bone, the man who must die, and have taken refuge in an abstracted, utopian vision of man. But their dream man has no concrete existence. He exists only in their abstracted minds.

It is impossible to overstate the negative effect of the shift in the Christian churches from a reality-based faith to a utopian-based one. All the proofs of God's existence hatched from the great minds of the West and all the sacramental rites have their basis in our trust in His humanity. If that vital link to His humanity is severed, we will be men without hope, desperately and pathetically clinging to technique and technology to save us from the void.

I see only one remaining link to the older Christians who believed in a non-abstract, a non-utopian Christianity. That link is race. Yes, I know. To even suggest that there is a racial component to Christianity is to invite comparisons to Mussolini and Hitler. But I would ask those inclined to shout "racism" to look at the bloodless faith of the modern Christian universalists and then ask themselves if such a desiccated faith can really be the true faith. Maybe it is time to examine the claims of those who advocate a blood faith.

At face value, it seems like those who shout racism every time the words white and Christian are coupled are correct. Is not the Faith universal? Are we not ultimately spiritual beings whose bodies shall return to the dust while our immortal souls go to heaven or hell?

Yes, we are spiritual beings, but how has God chosen to reveal that truth to us? He took flesh and became man. He revealed himself to us through the blood. Those who believed in Christ became united to Him spiritually, but the incarnation also taught us that God does not disdain to pass spiritual gifts through the blood.

The European peoples, the white race, accepted Christ en masse and in depth. They built a civilization based on their belief in the incarnation, birth, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, true God and true man. Other peoples of other races have believed the same thing, but no other race has built a civilization centered on that belief. There is a racial wisdom in the blood of the white man that must remain untainted and untouched by the blood of other races lest that blood wisdom disappear from the earth. And when white men do not respond to the call of the blood and they seek other gods, they are traitors to their blood.

What about the other races? What about our mutual descent from Adam? Doesn't that mean we are all brothers and that skin color doesn't matter? Well, that sounds nice, but it seems to me that we always end up with a blasphemy if we start with a universal and work our way down to the particular. If we start with the particular and the provincial, and then move to the universal, we are more likely to arrive at the truth. And the truth is that Christ started His earthly work with a particular woman, a particular family, and a provincial people. And yes, He extended His message to all peoples, but He did not denounce the prophets or the true and the good among His own people in order to advance the Faith. He denounced the Pharisees who had hardened their hearts

against the true spirit of their own faith, but He did not denounce His heritage, divine or human. That is the key difference between what Christ did and what the Christian universalists are doing today. They are not denouncing the modern scribes and Pharisees, the academics of church and school; they are denouncing the good and true Christians of old Europe. And of course one wouldn't expect them to denounce the modern Pharisees because, behold, they *are* the modern Pharisees.

Let me speak frankly because there is no time left to temporize on this most important point. Anyone that truly knows Christ knows only a European Christ. That is because the essential Christ, the real Christ, is revealed only in the European tradition. In the past, the convertite, whether he was an African, a Chinaman, or a Red Indian, saw a European Christ when he converted. But this has all changed. The convertite is just as likely now to see a black Christ or an Indian Christ or a Chinese Christ (usually presented through a liberal European prism), which means that the convertite has converted to some religion other than Christianity. And this is because only the European formed a culture that was intimately connected to Christ.

Paradoxically if Christianity loses its provincial character, it will lose its universal character. In point of fact, this has already happened. One is more likely to find a man with some of the antique Christian virtues intact in a "racist" organization than in any of the Christian churches. And how could it be otherwise? Without pieta there can be no Christianity.

I don't think one should need any other reason to support the white race than the reason that it is one's own race. But in truth our Lord is not a cruel practitioner of liberal "either-or" politics. The liberal white-hating whites tell us that white Christians must self-destruct in order to advance the black man. But if we are stubbornly provincial and racist and support our race, we will be supporting a universal church that offers a vision of a personal god to all races. But if we turn away from our European heritage, which of course we have, and participate in the mongrelization of the white race, then we will witness the creation of a Christ-less Kingdom of Babel.

And all of this stems from a desire, like the one of the vase-painting Greeks of the post-classical period, to flee from the harshness of reality. The Greeks, however, had no comforter. They can be forgiven for seeking to flee from the dark, sinister woods. But the European woods are different. Why did we ever listen to those false prophets who told us to leave the woods? The European woods are sacred because they bring us in contact with hearth, home, and kin, all of which bring us closer to Him. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Labels: blood faith, Christ's humanity, Christian Europe, particular and provincial

Satanic Legions

MONDAY, MAY 28, 2007

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly,
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day his sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;
To the Vizier's lofty palace
One bold Christian came alone.

-Sir Walter Scott

The recent torture murder of the young white couple and the white reaction to it was quite representative of what has been happening in the white European world for the past fifty years. Generally the white victims' deaths are met with silence. In some rare cases, such as that of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom, there is a small protest by some courageous white men. That protest is always accompanied by a larger protest from white-hating whites, many of whom call themselves Christian.

It's difficult to fathom how someone can claim to be Christian and then come out in favor of brutal murder and torture, but that is now the case, and has been for the past fifty years, in the nations that used to comprise Christendom. But are the white haters really Christian? Of course not. And it is a waste of time and effort to dialogue with them, first, because they have the whip hand as the North did after the Civil War, and those holding the whip are not going to dialogue with those under the lash. And second, you cannot dialogue with non-Christians, because such individuals have no desire to seek the truth. They have only a desire to achieve power.

I think the late Pope John's reaction to the torture-murders of some of his own Catholic missionaries in Africa – he was saddened but full of loving kindness for the perpetrators – is the supreme example of the type of professed Christianity that is not Christianity at all. Indeed I think it no less than the worship of Satan.

If you side with Pope John and the white-hating whites who protested against the white protestors in Knoxville, you are standing with the sneering, Christ-hating, Gnostic man-devils that have plagued Christendom throughout its long history. The dauntless European, the true Christian, who follows St. Paul's teaching in 1 Corinthians 13, has always sought to protect the helpless and punish home when the helpless were massacred. To punish home. That is a Christian sentiment. All the Gnostic verbiage by sacrilegious popes and Protestant ministers cannot wash that desire out of the blood of a true Christian.

We must face the reality, however, that there are very few Christians left. The vast majority of whites have united with the colored races to form a culture that can only be described as the incarnation of Satan. It should be clear to us now. We fight against the forces of hell. They are an enemy without mercy, without pity, without love. They are fueled by a hate that passeth all understanding. It is impossible to understand how Satan, who was in daily contact with the Lord God, could still hate Him and hate him enough to form a kingdom opposed to everything holy and Christlike. Where Christ was gentle, Satan was harsh; when Christ rebuked sin, Satan praised it; in everything Satan opposed Christ. And there is an exact parallel in our own times. Whereas the old Europeans adhered to the code of chivalry, the new Europeans call such a code sexist. While the old Europeans believed that Christian men had to fight in the name of the God of mercy against merciless barbarism, the new European sides with the merciless barbarians. Everything is reversed; we live in hell.

And for practical purposes, leaving the dispositions of their souls to God, we must assume that the vast majority of whites will remain implacably opposed to white European Christians. They have been exposed to Christianity through the great poets of the West and in the faces of their European ancestors. And they have spoken with the voice of those who are legion, and they have said, "We prefer barbarism." Granted, it is a kind of techno-barbarism they prefer, with themselves at the top of the social order. The white-hating techno-barbarian could not live for one day with the Aztec or the African in their native environments; what he envisions is a kind of multi-racial series of condos or housing developments with himself in the nicest one. And he certainly doesn't envision that he, the epitome of satanic enlightenment culture, will be devoured by those lower on that satanic food chain which he has substituted for Christian Europe.

In a very real sense, former white Christians have become Judaized, and by that I mean they hate Christians with a hatred that is fueled by religious zeal. Shakespeare has depicted this kind of hatred in Merchant of Venice. When Shylock is offered thrice the bond, he refuses – he will have his pound of flesh:

*"I pray you, think, you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that – than which what's harder? –
His Jewish heart.*

And just as a northern Copperhead can be more southern than a southern liberal, so could a Jew be more Christian than a Christian if, like Shylock's daughter, he converted to the religion that requires mercy and not sacrifice. But the vast majority of professed Christians are now like the vast majority of Jews: they hate the things of Christendom with a passion.

I liken the white Christian's situation to that of the old Western good guy who walks out to fight the bad guy in the final shootout. But when he faces the bad guy, he discovers that there are two more bad guys armed with Winchester rifles behind him, one lurking behind the saloon door and the other poised behind the bedroom window of one of the loose women of the town. Now, if the hero is a man with a fervent belief in the power of democracy and dialogue, he will plead with the bad guy and tell him that "By golly, this just ain't fair." And when that fails, which of course it will, because the bad guy does not believe in fair play and chivalry (that's why he's a bad guy), the hero will plead to all the silent citizens of the town hiding behind locked doors. "Don't you know these are bad guys? Don't you know if you let them kill me that you will be next?" But the "good" citizens already know that the bad guy is a bad guy -- that's why the majority of them like him and why the rest are too afraid to oppose him. So the gunfight takes place and the hero takes two rifle bullets in the back and six Colt .45 slugs in the belly, delivered by the bad guy standing over his body.

But there is another scenario that could also take place. Let's suppose our hero is not one who believes in dialogue or democracy. He knows that the bad guy is deaf to any appeal stemming from the Christian honor code. And he also knows that the townspeople either are against him or are indifferent. So what does he do?

Well, he still goes out to face the bad guy, but being forewarned by his wise blood, he takes measures to ensure that if the match won't be totally equal, at least it will be one in which he has a fighting chance. That's all he wants, a fighting chance, and then let God do the rest.

I'm not far afield when I take us out into the mean streets of the Old West. The Western hero has his roots in Europe. And the European hero is filled with a love for the God-Man, who loves with a love beyond all understanding of the satanic intellect. The zeal which that love inspires can overcome Satan and all his legions. It has in the past.

Labels: Remembering Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom

The New Black Church

TUESDAY, JUNE 05, 2007

I once, when still a member in good standing of the Catholic Church, attended a dinner party which was also attended by a white priest. The priest was the pastor at the church where most of the parishioners were black. When one of the white dinner guests asked him, quite innocently, why he didn't say the rosary before mass in the black church, the priest replied that "devotion to the Blessed Mother was not part of the black faith." Now, the important issue here is not whether you think Catholics place too much emphasis on the Virgin Mary; the issue is white betrayal. Why should a guardian of the faith sacrifice a major devotion rather than offend black people? It was not a case of wanting not to offend the sensibilities of new converts from Protestantism unaccustomed to such devotions, because no white convert was ever exempted from the rosary, nor would he have expected to be exempted. No, what was going on in that parish, orchestrated by the kindly Father Trendy, was the repudiation of European Christianity for a new, black Christianity.

The new creed was never written down, but if put into words it would read: "White European = The Antichrist. Anti-white European = Christian." So, welcome the black Übermenschen faith.

The new black faith was, of necessity, everything the white faith wasn't: it was anti-European instead of European, and it was black rather than white. It suddenly became very Christian to call murderous thugs like Nelson Mandela "great saints," and to support the Africanization of not only Africa, but of Europe and the United States as well. It was good to shout, "Africa for blacks!" – and our clergymen led the cheering section – but it was a very bad thing to shout, "Europe and its satellites should remain white!"

Well, we will soon have the black Europe and the black church that our churchmen seek. But like little children who get sick when they are allowed to consume as much chocolate cake as they demand, the white-hating, white churchmen will sicken and surely die when they are forced to worship in a black-dominated church, because the black faith is not the Christian faith; it is a very cruel faith that knows not charity.

If white Christians truly looked on blacks as human beings instead of fantasy figures, they would see that blacks are "half devil and half child," and they would take the appropriate steps to deal with the demon children. The first step would consist of strong and fierce suppression of their violent tendencies, and the second step would include evangelization and charitable outreach à la Albert Schweitzer. But there should be no step that includes mongrelization and white capitulation to black devil worship.

This is not just some little theory of mine. Look at the evidence. Look at Haiti or New Orleans or any of the African countries. What kind of faith is it that prevails when blacks predominate? It is a faith without the Gentle Savior that the men and women of Europe and the first apostles came to love. In the new faith, we bow down before an African god, a cruel god, a barbarian god.

And of course it is insane and contradictory for the black-worshipping white clergyman to want the black faith to prevail, because if he truly loved the black man (which should not be our main reason for supporting European Christianity), he would want the black man to give up voodoo Christianity and adhere to the faith of the white man. But like the swine in the Gospel story, our white clergymen are determined to plunge headlong over the cliff. We don't have to go over with them, however.

The white betrayal of whites is not confined to liberal clergymen. Even so called conservatives and traditionalists in the Catholic and Protestant churches are quite willing to play the race card in order to advance their own agendas. They fantasize that if they kowtow to a black constituency, they can keep them under control with their superior grasp of the technique of clerical manipulation, and thus be the power behind the tribal hordes. But that will not be the case. The Gnostic liberal and the Gnostic conservative-traditionalist always overestimate their abilities to control events. What will

happen to the Gnostic clergymen was acted out on the silver screen in countless jungle movies. The movie, *Tarzan and the Lost Safari*, starring Gordon Scott (the last decent Tarzan) is a case in point.¹ And I make no apology for taking an example from a simple story because what their “wisdoms could not discover these simple fools have brought to light.”

In the movie, Tarzan, with the aid of a great white hunter, tries to lead the white survivors of a plane crash through the dangerous land of the Opar men. Unbeknownst to Tarzan and the white survivors, the great white hunter has made a deal with the Opar men; he will deliver the whites into their hands in exchange for ivory. But things go awry for the great white hunter. The chief decides to kill him as well as the other whites, reasoning thus: “You betray your own people, you will betray us.” Tarzan, because he is Tarzan, manages to turn the tables on the black Opar men and free all the whites, except the treacherous great white hunter who is killed by the Opar men (he does not win who plays with sin).

In real life, the blacks will indeed kill the treacherous white hunter, but there will be no Tarzan to rescue the rest of the whites.

And again, it is not a question of liberal vs. conservative. When the concrete, personal faith of the God-Man becomes an abstraction to the liberal and the conservative, then both are the enemies of the antique faith of the white man. The liberal churchman sees the black man as the great and pure new Christian who has been on the fringes of European civilization and who has not taken part in the building of it. Hence, he is the only pure one. He has had no connection to the great evil – European civilization.

And the conservative envisions millions of black adherents aiding him in his warfare with the liberal churchmen.² Of course the conservative never imagines that instead of gaining new adherents to his intellectualized version of Christianity, he will end up in the same stew pot as the liberals.

The modern clergy are determined not to see the black man as he really is. And of course that is entirely in keeping with their view of God. They are determined not to see Him as He really is. And there are none so blind as those that...

1. It is amazing how accurate the pre-1960 jungle movies are in their portrayal of blacks. There is always a great white-capitalist or a group of greedy white capitalists who will sell out their fellow whites for gold. And the black natives always want one thing. They want to murder and torture whites. It is certainly remarkable to see how true to their much celebrated African roots American blacks have been.

2. For instance, fundamentalist Henry M. Morris in his book, *The Long War Against God*, plays the race card by equating evolutionists such as Darwin with racism and therefore smearing all “racist” whites as Darwinists and Nazis.

The late Rev. Jerry Falwell regularly equated Southern slavery and legalized abortion as the same type of social evil, thus jettisoning his white Christian ancestors while kowtowing to modernity. And on the Catholic side, Michael Davis of the Latin Mass movement, threw an Italian Cardinal, who spoke out against the election of a black Pope, under the racial bus in order to gain black and liberal support for the Tridentine Mass movement.

Labels: black faith, white betrayal

Dislocation

TUESDAY, JUNE 05, 2007

While reading Slavomir Rawicz's account of his long walk (*The Long Walk: The True Story of a Trek to Freedom*, Lyons Press, 1997), I was struck with certain similarities between his life and that of the fictional hero, Dr. Zhivago, from Boris Pasternak's novel of the same name. Let me briefly describe Rawicz's life as he relates it in his book.

The author was a young Polish army officer in 1939, and while on leave at his home near the Russian border, he was arrested by Russian Communists. The Russians, in their infinite wisdom, knew that all Polish army officers living on the border were spies, so Rawicz was taken to prison and tortured for a year and then sentenced to serve twenty-five years in Siberia.

But Rawicz did not want, for some inexplicable reason, to spend twenty-five years in Siberia, so he and six companions escaped and walked through Siberia, Mongolia, the Gobi Desert, and the Himalayan Mountains to freedom.

The critics hailed Rawicz's odyssey as a triumph of the human spirit, which it certainly is, but I would label it a triumph of the Christian spirit. It isn't the fact that Rawicz and the other men survive that matters most, it is the fact that they survive while maintaining their human dignity that counts. For instance, when a young, attractive Polish girl joins the seven men early in their escape (she had escaped from another camp), all the men treat her in a protective, fatherly fashion. She is not made into a company whore but is instead treated as a Madonna figure.

In addition, when a person falls and cannot continue, the others refuse to go on without him. That kind of deep blood Christianity demonstrated by the seven men and the girl is what makes this book special. (Alas, three men and the girl do not make it.) Incredible survival stories are interesting, but it is the way these men and the girl conduct themselves that sets this survival story apart from other such stories.

One of my favorite sections of the book is the white moment when one of the men, a gentle giant from Latvia, performs a Herculean feat of strength and a supernatural act of charity. After going countless days and nights without food or water, he still manages to carry the young Polish girl through the desert.

"Stick beside me, Slav," said Kolemenos. "I am going to carry her." And he lifted her into his arms, swayed for a moment as he adjusted himself to the weight, and staggered off. He carried her for fully two hundred yards and I was there to ease her down when he paused for a rest.

"Please leave me, Anastazi," she begged. "You are wasting your strength." He looked at her but could not bring himself to speak.

We made a shelter there and stayed for perhaps three hours through the worst heat of the day. She lay still—I do not think she could move. The ugly swelling was past the knees and heavy with water. Kolemenos was flat on his back, restoring his strength. He knew what he was going to do.

The sun began to decline. Kolemenos bent down and swung her into his arms and trudged off. I stayed with him and the rest were all about us. He covered fully a quarter of a mile before he put her down that first time. He picked her up again and walked, her head pillowed on his great shoulder. I can never in my life see anything so magnificent as the blond-bearded giant Kolemenos carrying Kristina, hour after hour, towards darkness of that awful sixth day. His ordeal lasted some four hours. Then she touched his cheek.

"Put me on the ground, Anastazi. Just lay me down on the ground."

I took her weight from him and together we eased her down. We gathered round her. A wisp of a smile hovered about the corners of her mouth. She looked very steadily at each one of us in turn and I thought she was going to speak. Her eyes were clear and very blue. There was a great tranquility about her. She closed her eyes.

Rawicz never returned to Poland to see the young bride that he had married only months before his imprisonment. He does not make it clear whether his first wife was killed by the Communists or whether he was simply unable to get back to her. He merely says she was lost to him. He also never saw his mother and father or his friends in Poland again. He lived in exile in England, and married an English woman who gave him four children. At the time of the book's publication, he was in his eighties.

In comparison, Dr. Zhivago's life spans the last years of the Czars and the early years of the Bolshevik's regime. He is married and working as a medical doctor at the time of Russia's entry into World War I and is conscripted into the Czar's army to work in a hospital near the front. After finishing his work for the Czarist forces, he attempts to return to private life, but after a few years of family life he is forcibly abducted into the Bolshevik army. He eventually escapes by taking a long walk across Russia but never sees his wife and children again. He is also, eventually, separated from his second common-law wife and daughter through the exigencies of the Communist Revolution.

What the fictional character Zhivago and the author Rawicz have in common is that they both are uprooted from a traditional way of life by the new materialist, Communist system. They could not hide themselves in the new system as one could hide in less totalitarian systems. "Is there no escape for him? Couldn't he run away?" "Where could he run, Larisa Feodorovna? You could do that in the old days, under the Tsars. But just you try nowadays."

I suppose one could read Rawicz's book or Pasternak's novel and come up with the American response, "Thank God we are a free country and not a Communist one." But such a response would be off the mark. The essence of Communism is its materialism. When individuals are no longer seen as members of communities, churches, and families, but as consumers, workers, and producers, they have ceased to be human in the eyes of those who rule and have become inhuman cogs in an inhuman machine of government. Dislocated lives such as those lived by Zhivago and Rawicz are the result of such materialism. But we must realize that our own materialistic economic system has perpetuated the same type of dislocation that materialistic Communism has. The methods of coercion differ but the goal of both the Russian Communists and the U. S. capitalists is the same: a Utopian, machine-based society governed by an elect few and peopled by robot-like human beings. The Russian Communists tried the masculine method of coercion: "Do what we say or go to the Gulag." The American capitalists took the feminine approach and seduced their victims first. The seduction has been more successful than the closed fist. In America we do willingly what the Communists had to force their people to do. We send our children to state schools, treat men and women as economic units only, and sever all ties with kith, kin, and place in order to "go where the jobs are."

The question, "Who are you?", used to be answered in the Old Country with an answer like, "I am Michael, son of Jonathan, the blacksmith in the village of Avoca." Now, one answers the question with, "I am Mike, super computer whiz and a child of cyber space." Economic systems can bear a certain amount of dissection and reorganization, but human souls cannot. They are made for the "the tilled field and hedgerow, linked to the ploughed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingerings, the cultivated garden plot." They are not made for the dynamo.

The two great Utopian states, Communist Russia and the United States, have denied the one thing that is necessary for mankind to breath: the human soul. And yet the U.S., having consumed the Russian heresy, has tottered into the 21st century with no signs of repentance. Dislocation, so long as it is not accompanied by the harsh physical suffering of Rawicz and Zhivago, will be looked upon as normal, and those who resist will be labeled as psychologically unstable or even criminally

insane. Thus sickness will be health, and health, sickness, and the deaf will shout warnings to the deaf.

“Then he made John sit in the machine and he himself sat beside him. Then he began pulling the levers about and for a long time nothing happened: but at last there came a flash and a roar and the machine bounded into the air and then dashed forward. Before John had got his breath they had flashed across a broad thoroughfare which he recognized as the main road, and were racing through the country to the north of it—a flat country of square stony fields divided by barbed wire fences. A moment later they were standing still in a city where all the houses were built of steel.”

-- from *The Pilgrim's Regress* by C. S. Lewis

Labels: heartlessness of capitalism, Long Walk, Zhivago

The Romance of Christianity

SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 2007

The great shift from a romantic view of the Christian faith, the most notable exponent of which was St. Paul, to a more classical or philosophical view of the faith was a fateful turning point for Western man. It seemed like such a slight change during the Middle Ages, but the desolation that has come about because of the shift is a tragedy of epic proportions.

The Classicist usually starts from a general premise, takes a panoramic view of humanity, and then forces the individuals seen in his panoramic view to fit into his general premise. Milton, who sets out to justify the ways of God to man, is a perfect example of the classical approach. Milton's is a very ambitious, general premise, but he fails to prove it, and instead makes Satan seem sympathetic. The reason he fails is because he doesn't work from the particular to the general as a Romantic would.

Dostoyevsky, the Romantic, sets out to tell a personal tale of the *Brothers Karamazov*, and in doing so builds up a much more effective case for the ways of God. He does so by not attempting to rationalize the mystery of evil and suffering. In the climactic scene between the atheistic Ivan Karamazov and the believing Alyosha Karamazov, it is not the syllogism which Alyosha uses to confront Ivan's atheism; it is the humanity of Christ that he brings into the lists. In Dostoyevsky's original manuscript this was not the case; he had Alyosha give a reasoned rebuttal to Ivan's atheism. But with his magnificent intuitive sense of the essence of Christianity, Dostoyevsky changed his first draft and had Alyosha stand by the God-Man alone, while Ivan stood by his well-reasoned, impassioned refutation of Christianity.

In my judgment, it has been one of the great errors of Christian apologists over the last three centuries that they have not avoided the trap that Dostoyevsky did avoid. They have followed the path of Milton and attempted to justify the ways of God to man by way of the syllogism. It hasn't worked. It never will. The impassioned atheist will always defeat the Classicist. Only the Romantic's loins are sufficiently girded to do battle with the Ivan Karamazovs of the world. The Classicists fail because they insist on regarding the Christian Faith as something that can be explained by charts and diagrams. Ronald Knox sensed there was something wrong with this type of apologetic and hoped for a better one.

What I am concerned with is our apologetics, and that great work of apologetic, some day to be written, which shall suggest to the reader that in approaching Christian theology he is approaching something that is alive, not a series of diagrams. The hardest part of the author's task as I see it, will be to introduce some human element into natural theology; to prove that God is, and what God is, not merely with the effect of intellectual satisfaction, but with a glow of assent that springs from the whole being; 'did not our hearts burn within us when he talked to us by the way?'

Why can't the Classicist and the charts-and-diagrams theologian be effective? Because they try to go too far with reason alone. They see divinity only in man's rationality but not in the divine intuitions and those "white moments" that bring us to the foot of the Cross. And by trying to go too far with reason alone, they overreach themselves. They give false answers, like Job's comforters, to questions about evil and suffering that are best left to the Alyoshas and St. Francis of Assisi of the world.

I vividly recall a public debate I witnessed as a twenty-year-old college student. The debate was between an Ivan Karamazov-styled atheist and a Thomist. I was quite prepared to side with the Thomist, because I was a very reluctant agnostic at the time, but I had to admit at the end of the debate that the Thomist had not made a very good case for God. By relying solely on the Thomistic proofs for God's existence, he left the more human side of the argument to the atheist. When the Thomist took the panoramic, philosophic view of Ivan Karamazov's seven-year-old girl being beaten with a knotted rope, he left me and most of the audience with a decidedly hostile opinion of

religious faith. “Apparently,” I thought, “there is a type of atheism that is purer and cleaner than some people’s religion.” It was some years later before I saw a different side of God, through the good offices of Dostoyevsky and Shakespeare.

Richard Weaver, steeped in the classics as he was, might seem like an odd man to call forth in defense of Romanticism. But Weaver condemned only the Romanticism of Shelley and Keats, not genuine Romanticism. Any man who says that “Sentiment is anterior to reason,” is very much in line with Romanticism. Weaver goes on to say, “Surmounting all is an intuitive feeling about the immanent nature of reality, and this is the sanction to which both ideas and beliefs are ultimately referred for verification.”

The mistake of the Classicist is not that he classifies; he commits his grave error when he classifies without regard for the initial intuitive feeling which surmounts all of reality. By leaving out that intuitive feeling, the Classicist goes forever around in a circle unconnected to reality, leading nowhere.

There is an epiphany, much like the one experienced by St. Paul, at the heart of all our intuitions. It is the task of the dramatic poets, by their vision, and the saints, by their example, to help us to realize that in the deep recesses of our soul there is a passionate ardent lover who calls us by name.

The classical theologian tells us that such romantic intuitions are pure nominalism: “What you are saying is that nothing is true unless a particular individual feels it to be true.”

No; what I am saying is that if we strip away the artificially contrived rationalizations and the false passions (as distinct from the true), we are ready to respond to the revealed truth of the God-Man. If, on the other hand, we make reason independent from revelation, asserting only reason can prove the truths of revelation, and if we make nature separate from grace, then we have pure reason forever looking at material nature, with no room for the particular human being or the particular God-Man who should be at the center of creation. I see in the Classicists’ separation of nature from grace, and reason from revealed truth, the source of white-hating Christianity and atheism.

Was Karl Adam incorrect when he placed such great emphasis on the false path taken by Western man when the separation of nature from grace occurred? I think not.

Our thought is now divorced from the totality of being, from the wealth of all the possibilities, since it has isolated itself from the creative thought of God. Too little attention has been paid to what Étienne Gilson, in his great book, La Philosophie de S. Bonaventure, has told us about the literally passionate hostility shown by that brilliant Franciscan towards the Aristotelian epistemology taken over by SS. Albert and Thomas Aquinas. At that time in the fight against the Platonist-Augustinian illumination theory, which referred every ultimate and absolute certainty to an inflowing of divine light, and thus linked in the most intimate union created and divine knowledge, human perception was thrown on its own resources, and consequently knowledge and faith, the natural and supernatural, were neatly separated, and it was then that the primary conditions were created in which a world, which was more and more rapidly breaking loose from the primacy of faith, could emancipate all human thought from the creative thought of God. Men artificially mapped out a particular field of reality and called it Nature. They thus awakened and encouraged the evil illusions that the other reality, that of the supernatural, of God, had been brought into apposition with it from without, and that it was a more or less secondary reality. Nature was secularized by being released – from the epistemological standpoint – from its actual union with the supernatural, and the fiction was favoured that Nature was a thing per se capable of complete explanation independently of any outside factor. Thus we have all become secularized in our thought and we have schemata in our hands, or rather in our minds, which do not lead to the Divine, to Christ, but away from him.

– The Son of God

Let me place the dramatic poet, William Shakespeare, and the saint, Francis of Assisi, at the forefront to drive home the case for the romantic vision.

Shakespeare has survived even in these post-Christian times as no other great poet of Europe has. The late Alan Bloom, certainly not infallible but in this instance quite profound, says this about Shakespeare:

[Shakespeare] is the only classical author who remains popular. [Ed: Bloom obviously uses the word 'classical' to indicate an older, traditional poet, and not in the sense in which I use it.] The critical termites are massed and eating away at the foundations, trying to topple him. Whether they will succeed will be a test of his robustness... But it is still true today that all over the world the titles of Shakespeare's plays have a meaning that speaks to common consciousness. Hamlet, Lear, Othello all call forth images in the minds of all classes of men across national boundaries. Perhaps the understanding of, or even acquaintance with, Shakespeare's plays is rather thin, but no one reacts with boredom or the sense that he stands only for bookish edification. This is why the theater is so lively in England and they keep producing such wonderful actors there. Racine and Molière in France, Lessing and Goethe in German, and Dante and Petrarch in Italy have no vitality in the eyes of ordinary young persons. They are dead, merely culture. No normal young person would prefer spending time with one of these great writers to going to a concert of the latest rock group. Shakespeare is practically our only link with the classic and the past. The future of education has much to do with whether we will be able to cling to him or not.

Leaving aside the literary critics, who do not appreciate Shakespeare on any deep level, let us ask ourselves *why* Shakespeare still moves us. The key, I think, lies in the phrase most often used to describe him: "The Gentle Bard." We sense on some deep, often unconscious level of our being, that Shakespeare knows all our faults, all of our blackest sins, and yet he sees something redeemable in us. Shakespeare, Chesterton once remarked regarding *King Lear*, is optimistic about human nature even when he is being pessimistic. Yes, redeemable, worthy of mercy; this is the view of man we get from Shakespeare. We do not get proofs based on the nature of pure essences, we see proofs based on the nature of man. Such creatures as Cordelia, Edgar, and (dare we say it?) ourselves were not made for death.

St. Francis embodied in his person the romantic vision of Shakespeare. His faith was uniquely his own subjective faith, and yet it was grounded in the objective fact of revealed religion. His personal intuitions did not separate him from God, they brought him *to* God. He did not run away from men when he ran to God, he carried them with him and allowed them to see, through him, the face of the living God. And, just as the vision of Shakespeare prompts us to call him the Gentle Bard, so does the magnificence of St. Francis inspire us to think of gentleness and peace, not the peace of pacifism or the peace of unbelief and ecumenism, but the peace that passeth all knowledge.

Labels: Classicism vs. Romanticism, Dostoyevsky and Brother Karamazov, Francis of Assisi, genetics, pologetics, Ronald Knox, Shakespeare, white moments

Plain Folk of the Old South

SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 2007



"The term 'folk' has for its primary meaning a group of kindred people, forming a tribe or nation; a people bound together by ties of race, language, religion, custom, tradition, and history. Such a common tie we call folkways. A folk thus possesses a sense of solidarity and is quite different from a conglomerate mass of people. It has most if not all of the characteristics of nationalism. Indeed, it may be contended with much force that there can be no true nationalism where the population does not constitute a folk."

-- Frank L. Owsley

Labels: Frank L. Owsley, quotation

Ethnic Cleansing and Satan Worship

SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 2007

I recently, while trying to clear my desk of the ever-mounting pile of papers, came across a transcript of a C-Span broadcast from 1999. The broadcast featured a meeting of the Council of Conservative Citizens on the subject of immigration. The speakers varied on their solutions to the problem, but all recognized that America's immigration policy was really an ethnic cleansing policy. "If these shadows are not altered, the white race will disappear" was the consensus of the men present at the forum.

The late Samuel Francis's talk was particularly insightful. He told the story of a group of businessmen in Richmond, Virginia, who decided to put some murals of famous people up on a new canal walk downtown in order to attract tourists to the city. One mural was of the Negro, Gabriel Prosser, who had led a bloody, anti-white slave revolt in Charleston, and another was of the Indian chief who had wanted to kill Captain John Smith. There was also a mural of Robert E. Lee.

This, Samuel Francis said, is what businessmen call "multiculturalism." But it is not what the Negroes call multiculturalism. Multiculturalism for the Negro means black power. Enter on the scene City Councilman Sa'ad El-Amin. (I hope I don't have to tell you what color he is.) El-Amin demanded that the mural of Robert E. Lee be taken down. The businessmen complied, of course. And of course the mural of the bloodthirsty Indian savage and the bloodthirsty Negro barbarian were not taken down. That, Mr. Samuel Francis said, is the reality of the racial war we face today. What whites think is multiculturalism is what the blacks know to be an outright war. "Who will be master?" is all they care about.

I remember there were Catholics at the C of CC meeting who pointed out, with sadness and shame, that Karol Wojtyla was in favor of open borders. But that was completely consistent with his liberal policies on capital punishment and war. We are not supposed to defend our society against murderous thugs (he routinely begged clemency for child molesters), nor are we to defend our race against those who seek to eradicate it.

I checked the C of CC web site after the meeting. The emails from many black folk were not denials of their evil intent but were instead gloating affirmations of their intent to destroy the white race.

It's been almost seven years since that C of CC meeting. How do we stand now? We stand even closer to the abyss. The Catholic and Protestant churches are just as anti-white as they were seven

years ago. Furthermore, there is a maniacally anti-white, Robespierre-type personality in the White House. But ultimately the leaders of the Christian churches must bear the blame for the death of the white Christian peoples. ‘Why not the Jews?’ is a question I’m frequently asked. “Aren’t they manically anti-European?”¹ Yes, the Jews are behind most of the anti-European movements, but organized Jewry is not something new. It has been with us ever since that little child of Bethlehem became the centerpiece of Western civilization. The Jews were not, of themselves, capable of destroying Western civilization; they needed professed Christians willing to denounce Christ. And that is the something new that has emerged in the 20th century, coming to fruition in the 21st century. There’ve always been the Illuminati – and I mean no specific cult when I use that term – who loved knowledge and the power they thought it could bring them more than they loved the Man of Sorrows. But in the 20th century the Illuminati have become legion. Of course this didn’t happen overnight, but it is now a reality. The Christ who is worshipped in the modern churches is not the same Christ to whom the Europeans, prior to the 20th century, bent their knees. To see this is true, one need only refer to the principal historians of every age, the true chroniclers of history: the poets or the bards. The Christianity depicted in the novels of Walter Scott, La Fanu, Ian Maclaren, and so on, is diametrically opposed to the Christianity presented in the modern Christian churches. The older Christianity spoke to the hearts of men who were destined to die but who hoped they were not born to die. The old hymn expressed it well: “The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.”

One’s own death is a very personal thing, and only a personal God, a God who loves in the particular, not in the generic, would bother about the death of one such individual. There was no denial in the older Christianity of the universal nature of Christ’s personal concern for individual human beings. But the great insight of old Europe was that the universal nature of God’s love could only be known through the particular, the personal (which includes the racial), and the parochial. And how did the European gain this insight about God? The same way that Edgar knew about the miseries of his father: “By nursing them.” The first man of Europe had to decide whether to open for the old beggar knocking at his door. At first, he let him in and gave Him a meal and a seat by the fire because his heart was stirred by pity, but as the evening wore on he was conscious of a burning fire, not in the hearth, but in his heart. And behold, the beggar man was Christ the King!

It must have been like this. The everlasting glory of the European is that he and he alone saw that “Mercy was an attribute to God himself.” To have seen that, to have placed the God of Mercy at the heart of his civilization instead of the warrior gods of his ancestors and the bush and voodoo gods of the colored peoples, was the greatest achievement in human history.

Racial identity was different for the old European than it was for the colored people.² The European looked on miscegenation with horror because he was the Christ-bearer. Who would stand up for the God of mercy if he didn’t? And when the whites mixed with the non-whites, as the Spanish did in Mexico, it was a sin against the faith. A true European Christian knows, with a certainty that is bred in the bone, that if he is to remain Christian, and if the church is to remain Christian instead of Babylonian, he must remain true to his Christ-bearing ancestors and remain white.

I recently read the magnificent Drumtochty novels of Ian Maclaren to my children. To leave that Christian world, which one must do when done reading, and to enter the modern world is exactly like leaving Narnia for that hideous modern school, as the children in C. S. Lewis’s *The Silver Chair* must do. I’m not a conspiracy-theorist, but I think there is one conspiracy that has been overlooked: Satan, so lacking in vision and the poetic sense, has an advertiser’s skill in imitation. If he sees something that is successful he apes it. And I think he has very successfully managed, within the Christian churches, to get Satanism accepted as Christianity. The figure of Christ presented in the churches today is really Satan. Certainly no one can be happy who has consciously and completely given themselves to Satan, so I don’t mean to suggest that our modern churchmen and those who follow them have made a conscious pact with the devil.³ They retain certain aspects of the old Christian faith – love of their own family (though not of their own race) and a respect for Christmas – which distinguished the Christians of old. But their vision of Christ is not the vision

that the older Christian Europeans had. The new Satanic Christians see Christ as one who illuminates, not as one who saves. He is a God of the academy, not of the hearth. He is a God of the intellect, not of the heart. He is a God of a multiracial Babylon, not of segregated Christian communities. In short, the new Christ is not Christ, he is Satan.

All societal problems of any weight are at bottom religious ones. When Europe and her satellites were Christian, they were white. And when they ceased to be Christian, they ceased to be white. The black problem and the immigration problem are problems of faith. Europeans must love Him enough to banish the apeish clown who is using His name to perpetuate his filthy, dirty ideas throughout the world. I don't see how it is humanly possible to force Satan, now that he is so comfortably entrenched in the very bowels of Western civilization, into exile. But then I don't see how it was humanly possible to have built a civilization based on mercy rather than sacrifice, to have written *King Lear*, or to have composed *The Messiah*. To the Christ-bearers, everything is possible.

1. Because of his place at the head of the most visible and organized of the Christian churches, the Roman Catholic pope is in a position to do greater harm to Christianity than the Jews are. And I would suggest that if every evil act ever perpetuated against Christians and the Christian church by the Jews was put together, they could not equal, nay, could not even touch the evil that was wrought by John Paul II with his anti-European ethnic cleansing policies. It is so painfully ironic. A utopian mind like that of the late John Paul II's could only have come from a culture that had raised men high enough above the purely animal level to allow them to dream utopian dreams. And yet utopian schemers like Wojtyla dream for the destruction of the civilization that allowed them to dream. Move out of your ivory towers, ye churchmen of the West, expose yourselves to feel what wretches feel -- the Christian laymen, who are devoid of support from churchmen who should, but do not, set up borders to keep heathen philosophies out of the church and who are devoid of support from governments that have mandated the ethnic cleansing of white European Christians.

2. The colored is proud of his race because it is his. And sometimes he loves his own. The antique, white European loved his own because they were his own, but he was proud of his race because of who his race carried on their shoulders.

3. Though not embracing Satan fully, consciously, and completely, I think the modern churchman has very definitely rejected Christ. How else can we explain his refusal to acknowledge the obvious? When European civilization was white it was Christian. Now that it is multiracial, it is not Christian. The result has not been good for white or black.

Labels: antique Christianity, C of CC, Europe as the Christ-bearer, Illuminati, Satan apeing Christ

The Underground Men

SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 2007

The most striking aspect of the Western world today is the absence of white Christian males. Where are they? They have gone underground, because Christian masculinity has been proscribed as illegal.

In olden times, the white Christian male was seen as an essential part of the social structure. He was the spiritual head of his family, loving his wife as Christ loved His church, and the guiding light of his young children. Certainly it is easy to go back through history and find many examples of the failure of the Christian patriarchal system, but you have to be a modern, satanic Christian not to concede that if Christianity is to be taken seriously then the patriarchal family is the main unit of society. But of course Christianity is not the faith of modern man, so the Christian patriarchal system has been jettisoned. What has taken its place?

The technocratic white man currently rules the Western world. But his is a curious rule; he rules a kingdom of unruly barbarians and Amazon warriors by making sacrificial offerings to the barbarians and strategic appeasements to the Amazons. He would rather deal with those two legions of Satan than face Christian men, because his reign of technology and money is directly opposed to Christ's reign of charity. If that reign of charity were to be reinstated, the technocrats' reign would end. And it is the Christian male who traditionally has sallied forth to defend and build His reign of charity.

The technocrat is strategically right, although certainly not morally right: he must favor the barbarians and the Amazons because they are like unto him, as he is like unto Satan. We can understand so much if we keep that central fact before us. The technocrat needs a satanic society if he is to rule.

The white technocrat hopes to keep the barbarians at bay by sacrificing a certain percent of what he hopes will be 'inconsequential' whites. Of course the risk he takes is that he might become a sacrificial victim himself, but still, the risk is small. He is much more worried about the Christian male, which is why he yawns in the face of the torture-murders of whites such as Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom but sends government troops at the first sign of a white protest of the torture murders.

Now the Amazon poses a different problem for the white technocratic male. He can go his entire life and keep the barbarian at bay by offering other whites up for sacrifice and keeping within the confines of his gated community. But he needs (unless he is of the other persuasion) to bring a female into his orbit. At some level of his being he might prefer a Christian woman, but in the cold light of reason he knows he must wed the Amazon, because the Christian woman would expect him to be, horror of horrors, a Christian male. And he proceeds to deal with the Amazon as Satan dealt with Eve. He poses as the Amazon's liberator by presenting to her as rights those things which God forbade her for her own protection. The Amazon is allowed to abort, to fight in the military, and to compete in the workplace. She is allowed to be male in all things, providing she stays a biological female. But since even the technocratic male and the Amazonian female have souls, both are inwardly restless.

The Amazonian feminist who has denounced femininity claims she doesn't want to be seen as simply a body, but of course that is the only thing of interest she has left. The technocratic male has to pretend that he is really impressed with the mind of the Amazon, but he is not. The female mind can only function properly when it is connected to a female soul, and when she denounces her soul in the attempt to be masculine she becomes the very thing she claims to detest – a brainless bimbo. One need only look at all of the pretty plastic female newscasters who pollute the airwaves. They try to look so serious and talk like men, but does any male really take them seriously for any other reason than the fact they are biologically female?

The de-feminized, de-Christianized female is the most dangerous creature on the face of the earth. She has all the power that comes with femininity but lacks any of the moral restraints that Christianity gave to her. Lady Macbeth is rightly regarded as a monster when she asks the spirits of darkness to “unsex me here” and later gives the faltering Macbeth an impromptu pep talk that makes one’s blood run cold:

*I have given suck, and know
How tender ‘tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck’d my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash’d the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.*

But when virtually every woman is a Lady Macbeth, can they still be called monsters? No, not by the men in charge of the society that has spawned the legions of Lady Macbeths. But the Christian underground man can say what she is – a fiend from hell. And who would be married to hell? The technocrat of course. And he pays a prize for his hellish union. The modern Lady Macbeths are fond of saying that a man wants only one thing of them, and that is true of the modern technocrat. Of course he only wants one thing; what else can she offer? But the modern Lady Macbeth wants only one thing from the male as well. She wants him to act aggressively in behalf of her illicit whims. In the case of Lady Macbeth, it meant that her husband had to kill Duncan; in the case of our contemporary, spiritually unsexed females, it means that the white technocrat must aggressively fight for her whims in the technocratic world of bulls, bears, and computers.

The female of the species will never know what it is like to be loved enough to be put in the female’s proper place, the Christian hearth, and the technocratic male will never know what it feels like to have “one whispering silken gown,” across his life. And that is a tragedy. But the technocratic male and the de-feminized female chose their fates. Far more tragic is the fate of the victims (the children who are murdered in the womb or who are spiritually neutered at birth), the ‘collateral’ damage, if you will, of the satanic utopia of the Bill Gates and Nancy Pelosies.

There is a group of white men who are still allowed to graze in the pastures of the upper world. They are to be found leaning over their backyard fences talking about the upcoming hunting season or about next Sunday’s football game. If you want to alienate these white grazers, just bring up some topics like the Mexican invasion, the black war against whites, or George Bush’s plan to eradicate all national boundaries. They’ll run back into their house, turn the TV on, grab a beer from the fridge, and tell their wife that the guy next door is some kind of nut.

As long as the grazers are allowed to shoot off their guns a few times a year and watch the gladiators on TV, they are content. But they don’t realize that they are the ones being fattened up as sacrificial victims for the barbarians of color. If you try to warn the grazers, they will simply burp.

And the sons and the daughters of the grazers are easily siphoned off. The daughters who have the ability are allowed to enter the world of the technocratic males, and the ones who do not are permitted to mate with the barbarians in order to escape the odium of being wedded to a white man with connections to the older, white civilizations.

The sons of the grazers usually cannot become technocrats, because there is very little room at the top of the food chain. The sons are permitted to fight for the technocrats, however. Aggressive, masculine, even warlike behavior is countenanced by the technocrats if the aggressive masculine action is done in defense of the ruling technocratic oligarchy. The Iraq war is a case in point. “Support our troops!” cry the technocrats. Of course they should support the troops: the troops are fighting for them.

Before we come to the underground men, let us pause to acknowledge a few saints. They are the Christian women. Because they are female, they are not, as the Christian men are, banished to the

underworld. They are allowed to stay loyal to the crucified white males, but why should they? They have nothing to gain by remaining faithful, at least nothing in the worldly sense. They are a dying breed. If you are an underground man, and you find such a woman, cherish her.

And now we come to the men who were and are the subjects of these wars. It is easy to deprecate the white Christian, underground male of today if we compare him to men like Robert E. Lee and Nathan Bedford Forrest, but the battlefield is different today, and the enemy is much more formidable than it was in the days of Lee and Forrest. The Christian warrior of today has much more of an internal war than did the Christian warrior of old. If not completely equal, can we not at least say that the heroism of the modern underground Christian man, in his fight to keep his soul unpolluted by the satanic forces surrounding him, is close to the heroism of such men as Lee and Forrest? I think it is. I have known such men. They stand with Cyrano and tell the world that they have held "One thing without stain, Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom, Mine own! My white plume..."

The technocrat might hold the world in his hands, while the white Christian men are banished to the underground. But when the great Cavalier makes his final charge, He will look for the men with the white plumes. And we will be ready to ride with our King in the great and final conflict.

Labels: Amazons, barbarians, grazers, technocrats, white Christian men and women

Not a Nation

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 2007

"America today is not a nation as we in Europe understand the term; it is a collection of diverse, and often warring ethnic communities just occupying the same territory." -- John Tyndall

Everywhere I go I see the "Support our Troops" signs. Is it possible that anyone of white European ancestry believes that the culturally and sexually diverse army of corporate America is fighting for him? Yes, there are some deluded creatures with eviscerated hearts and addled brains that do believe it. They are men who have truly learned to love "Big Brother."

Our country is not a traditional nation. We are an 'idea' nation, which by definition is not a real nation. We were founded on a nebulous idea of liberty. But liberty from what? Well, that would have depended on whom you asked. Some, like Madison and Jefferson, wanted liberty from traditionally interpreted Christianity, while others wanted the liberty to practice their own type of Christianity, and others still simply wanted the liberty to do whatever they pleased. Since one cannot become a pure idea in one generation, Americans have a history of heroic achievements and chivalric deeds. But all such heroic achievements and chivalric deeds sprang from our European roots and our connection to the British nation. As we gradually disconnected from our European roots and became enamoured of the prostitute called the 'American Idea,' we lost touch with the loyalties and passions that make a particular people a nation instead of a blasphemous idea.

A nation has one race, one faith, and one culture. The great war of the 1860s in this country was the last attempt of my folk, the white folk, to become a European nation on the American continent. And now? The immigration rates since 1965 tell the story. White folk do not believe in either a racial or a religious view of nation. But the barbarian hordes do believe in a racial concept of nation. So we will eventually be a nation, but not a Christian nation and not a white nation. We will be a barbarian nation. Yeats described it quite well:

*Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned:
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.*

Labels: barbarian nation, propositional nation, quotation, W. B. Yeats

Bulldog Drummond – A Tribute

SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 2007

I'm very fond of Sapper's (H. C. McNeile) character, Hugh 'Bulldog' Drummond. I like Drummond because he stands in opposition to the intellectual detective heroes such as Sherlock Holmes. Although far from an imbecile, Drummond doesn't conquer through superior intellect; he conquers through sheer British pluck and bulldog tenacity.

Sapper always poked fun at his own and his hero's intellectual capabilities, but he very astutely delineated the metaphysic at work undermining the Western world in general and England in particular in his novels. Drummond is always up against some capitalist who uses the radical dregs of society, letting them think they are accomplishing their purposes, to destroy the old order. Of course, the two-fisted, ale-drinking Drummond always defeats the capitalist-radical coalitions. But somewhere along the line Drummond must have left us, because the sinister coalition has triumphed throughout the Western world. Infinitely more than we need Joe DiMaggio, we need Bulldog Drummond. So put out an S. O. S., calling Bulldog Drummond.

The 'Bulldog Drummond' books:

1. *Bulldog Drummond*
2. *The Black Gang*
3. *The Third Round*
4. *The Final Count*
5. *The Female of the Species*
6. *Temple Tower*
7. *The Return of Bulldog Drummond*
8. *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*
9. *Bulldog Drummond at Bay*
10. *Challenge*

The first four books all deal with Drummond's battles against the evil genius Carl Peterson. The fifth, my favorite, deals with Drummond's battle against the black widow mistress of Carl Peterson, Irma. This book features the most politically incorrect ending in all of literature. The first five books should be read in order; the other books need not be.

After McNeile's death in 1937, his friend Gerard Fairlie kept the Drummond character going, but I have not read the Fairlie books, so I cannot say whether or not they are up to the original ones.

Labels: book list

On Reading

SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 2007

I would like to, as a preface to this post, offer a disclaimer. I am against reading for the artsy, nose-in-the-air reason found in the misnamed, now defunct "Common Reader" catalog: "Only We, of the pure and beautiful class, can understand the joys of reading." Far better to be a non-reading, beer drinking attendee of hockey games than such a reader as the "Common Reader" tried to cultivate.

Having issued that disclaimer, let me hasten to add I do not believe a true integral education can be acquired without the voluminous reading of an enthusiast. No one can get an education from the minuscule amount of reading required by a university "education."

What follows is a discussion of some of the authors that have had a major impact, for good or ill, on me over the years.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Dostoyevsky was the passion of my young manhood, as he has been the passion of so many young men since he first penned his *Notes from the Underground* and the five magnificent novels that followed. The great thing about Dostoyevsky is that he clears away all the rot and leaves one with a clear choice: Christ or the abyss. Konstantin Mochulsky captured the essence of Dostoyevsky's work when he said that Jesus Christ was the one great love of Dostoyevsky's life.

In *Notes from the Underground*, Dostoyevsky hurls his defiance at optimistic, Christless liberalism. He asserts man's free will against the 2+2=4 world of the rationalists. Better to live in a subterranean cellar of nihilism and despair than to adopt the soulless optimism of the new world order.

But Dostoyevsky does not leave us in the cellar. In *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Devils*, *A Raw Youth*, and especially *The Brothers Karamazov*, we go through an arduous pilgrimage that ends at the foot of the cross. And the Christ we see at the end of our journey is a European Christ. Father Zosima's Christianity has nothing to do with Russian Orthodoxy. When Dostoyevsky turned to Christ while in prison, it was not to the Christ of his Orthodox childhood that he turned but to the simple suffering servant of the Gospels. The love of the God-Man was burned into his soul.

Much has been made of Dostoyevsky's anti-Catholicism, but there is no antithesis between Dostoyevsky's Christ and the Christ of Christendom. Dostoyevsky's quarrel with Roman Catholicism was with its rationalism; it was against the smug Grand Inquisitors of scholasticism which he revolted, not the Christian faith itself.

Although I recently read *The Brothers Karamazov* to my children, I must confess that I seldom read Dostoyevsky any more. And that is not because I find him flawed, but because having come to a belief in the God-Man, I need more than a Dostoyevskian vision to sustain my belief in Him. Dostoyevsky spends too much time in the dark, subterranean cellars of nihilism and despair. One needs to take the subterranean cellars into one's account of existence, but too much time therein can make one forget about the other world of light. Dostoyevsky realizes this of course, but has only one hand on the windowsill of religious affirmation, while the rest of his body lives in the dark cellar. All of life cannot be a *film noir* where one infers the light because there must be an opposite of darkness. We need something more; we need to win before we lose. Amidst the tragedy of existence, there must be white moments when one climbs over the windowsill and sees the wonders of His love.

Dostoyevsky's work is not devoid of white moments. He would have understood what C. S. Lewis meant by the term, "surprised by joy." But I need more glimpses of what is beyond the windowsill than Dostoyevsky provides, which is why, in middle age, I read more Walter Scott than Dostoyevsky. Yet, I honor the great Russian and owe him a great debt. He is one of the giants of Christendom.

Miguel de Unamuno

Unamuno has much in common with Dostoyevsky. He also makes the choice clear: Christ or the abyss. But with Unamuno one gets less of a sense of a firm hand on the windowsill of religious faith; he has only one finger on it.

Yet his critique of scholasticism is invaluable, and his "tragic sense of life" must be the starting point for religious faith.

So far as I am concerned, I will never willingly yield myself, nor entrust my confidence, to any popular leader who is not penetrated with the feeling that he who orders men, men of flesh and bone, men who are born, suffer, and, although they do not wish to die, die; men who are ends in themselves, not merely means; men who must be themselves and not others; men, in fine, who seek that which we call happiness. It is inhuman, for example, to sacrifice one generation of men to the generation which follows, without having any feeling for the destiny of those who are

sacrificed, without having any regard, not for their memory, not for their names, but for themselves.

All this talk of a man surviving in his children, or in his works, or in the universal consciousness, is but vague verbiage which satisfies only those who suffer from affective stupidity, and who, for the rest, may be persons of a certain cerebral distinction. For it is possible to possess great talent, or what we call great talent, and yet to be stupid as regards the feelings and even morally imbecile. There have been instances.

These clever-witted, affectively stupid persons are wont to say that it is useless to seek to delve in the unknowable or to kick against the pricks. It is as if one should say to a man whose leg has had to be amputated that it does not help him at all to think about it. And we all lack something; only some of us feel the lack and others do not. Or they pretend not to feel the lack, and then they are hypocrites.

A pedant who beheld Solon weeping for the death of a son said to him, "Why do you weep thus, if weeping avails nothing?" And the sage answered him, "Precisely for that reason—because it does not avail." It is manifest that weeping avails something, even if only the alleviation of distress; but the deep sense of Solon's reply to the impertinent questioner is plainly seen. And I am convinced that we should solve many things if we all went out into the streets and uncovered our griefs, which perhaps would prove to be but one sole common grief, and joined together in beweeeping them and crying aloud to the heavens and calling upon God. And this, even though God should hear us not; but He would hear us. The chiefest sanctity of a temple is that it is a place to which men go to weep in common. A miserere sung in common by a multitude tormented by destiny has as much value as a philosophy. It is not enough to cure the plague: we must learn to weep for it. Yes, we must learn to weep! Perhaps that is the supreme wisdom. Why? Ask Solon.

--from ***The Tragic Sense of Life***

Nicholas Berdyaev

I no longer read Berdyaev's works, but in my early twenties I was his devotee. His great virtue was his emphasis on God-Manhood. This sounds like a rather simple formulation, but Berdyaev emphasized that Christ was the only solution to the riddle of man. Scholasticism, Berdyaev asserted, almost made Christ unnecessary. For since we only intuit God because of our own humanity, it is not possible, Berdyaev maintained, to understand or know God except through Christ:

God is not an absolute monarch: God is a God Who suffers with the world and with man. He is crucified Love; He is the Liberator. The Liberator appears not as a power but as a Crucifixion. The Redeemer is the Liberator, and that not as settling accounts with God for crimes that have been committed. God reveals Himself as Humanity. Humanity is indeed the chief property of God, not almightiness, not omniscience and the rest, but humanity, freedom, love, sacrifice.

--from ***Slavery and Freedom***

Berdyaev also refuted the whole modern European notion of objectivity. All metaphysical truth was subjective, Berdyaev claimed -- subjective in the sense that it was not rational as $2+2=4$ is rational.

The spirit is always subjectivity and in this subjectivity transcension takes place. The objectivizing direction of consciousness leads into another sphere. Objectivization is an apparent attainment of the transcendent. It is precisely the objectivized transcendent which remains in the immanence of consciousness. The objectivizing consciousness remains in a closed circle of immanence, however much it affirms the objectivity of the transcendent, and precisely for this reason that it does affirm that objectivity of the transcendent. This is the clearest confirmation of the paradox that the objective is subjective and the subjective objective, if we make use of that out-of-date terminology.

The conception of the Absolute is the extreme limit of the objectivizing of abstract thought. In the Absolute there are not signs whatever of existence, no signs of life. The Absolute belongs not so

*much to religious revelation as to religious philosophy and theology. It is a product of thought. The abstract being which is in no way distinguished from non-being. You cannot pray to the Absolute. No dramatic meeting with it is possible. We call that the Absolute which has no relation to an other and has no need of an other. The Absolute is not a being, is not a personality, which always presupposes a going out from itself and a meeting with an other. **The God of revelation, the God of the Bible is not the Absolute. In Him there is a dramatic life and movement, there is a relation to an other, to man, to the world. By the precepts of Aristotelian philosophy they have changed the God of the Bible into pure act, and excluded from Him all inward motion and every tragic principle. The Absolute cannot issue from itself and create the world.***

-- Slavery and Freedom

I broke with Berdyaev over his contention, in which he differed with Dostoyevsky, that before the Fall, man was androgynous and would again return to androgyny. That interpretation of the Fall was offensive enough for me to leave Berdyaev behind, but I still respect his work. And I must admit that he and the other Russians, such as Vladimir Solovyov and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, have served me better than the "Roman Catholic authors."

Shakespeare

A Lutheran pastor once confided to me that he was a Christian because of William Shakespeare. He was an old man at the time, and I was a young man, and I soon lost touch with him. But if I could speak to him today, I would tell him that I too am a Christian because of William Shakespeare. And please consider your letters of complaint already written and read, those of you who want to tell me that Christians are made by the grace of God and not by any human agency. I would not deny that all grace comes from God, nor would that Lutheran pastor, but are there not human conduits of God's grace?

Do you recall what Philip said to Nathaniel after he, Philip, had seen Jesus? He said, "We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." And of course Nathaniel was underwhelmed, as we all would have been: "Can there be any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Philip replied, "Come and see."

Philip was a wise man. He didn't try to dazzle Nathaniel with a long recitation of Biblical prophecies pertaining to the Messiah; he simply brought Nathaniel into Christ's presence. And that is what Shakespeare does. By playing Philip to our Nathaniel, he brings us into Christ's presence. He presents us with a most compelling portrait of the heart of Our Lord. Many fail to appreciate this portrait because they are holding on to only a partial faith.

What was the meaning of the Incarnation? Did Our Lord take flesh, dwell among us, suffer, die on the cross, and then rise from the dead, only to reveal to us a philosophical system? Why not simply come to one prophet in a vision? Or why not reveal, through signs and wonders, His recommended system, to a select band of sages who could then teach and disseminate the information to all God's people? Or better yet, why not just send everyone on earth a registered letter with everything spelled out?

No, none of those options could work. The key words, joined, are **God-Manhood**. To reveal only the divine elements of an esoteric system would not have revealed God's full nature. Nor would it have revealed to us our true natures. For in revealing to us that His divinity is linked to His humanity, He also reveals to us that our humanity, which we share with Him, is also connected to His divine life. We know now, after the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, that He "wilt not leave us in the dust"; we are not made to die.

From the moment the veil of the Temple was rent, all philosophical systems were forever subject to Him. Speculative thought must be channeled through hearts connected to His Sacred Heart, or it

becomes mere bagatelle at best and satanic revolt at its worst. In this decadent period of post-Christian history, we find churchmen of every stamp and laity from every walk of life who hold on to an intellectual version of Christianity alone. "Study that catechism, read the Church documents, learn, learn, learn; get the facts about your faith," we hear from all corners. In stark contrast to the get-the-facts men is Gerard Manly Hopkins who grasped the essence of Christianity better than anyone, when he replied to the question, "How can I know God?" with the simple words, "Give alms."

That quite simple answer, "give alms," is the key to so much. It is an excess of humanity, a charitable overflowing of the heart, which brings us closest to Our Lord. The formalists in both the Protestant and the Catholic camps are always trying to get us to shun humanity in favor of philosophical systems, with a Christian flavor to be sure, but without Christ's humanity or our own.

Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice* (which I choose here to represent his works as a whole) presents quite explicitly a vision of Our Lord that does full justice to His humanity without denying His divinity. Indeed, divine humanity is divine not because it is something other than human, but because it is more human.

*But mercy is above this sceptred sway,--
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;*

Yes, God is not something completely alien to us, who can only be conjured up by great magicians and wise men. We are separated from Him, not by our humanity, but by our *lack* of humanity. Shylock is legally in the right if the Incarnation never took place, but he is terribly wrong if it did. Because if the Incarnation really happened, we are assured that to be in full union with Christ we must be more passionate, more humane, more merciful, and more charitable. Shylock's scale, no matter how mathematically precise, will never be correct.

I find it quite heartening to see that Shakespeare still survives and has a certain popularity. And I'm not referring to his inclusion on college syllabi; his plays are not living, breathing things to academics. No, I'm talking about a survival among readers and theatergoers who still have some spark of soul left in them. It is amazing in this Gnostic age that one still sees audiences that can be moved by the Gentle Bard.

And whereas it is quite true that we can all get to heaven without reading Shakespeare, it is also equally true that we cannot get to heaven without going there through, with, and in, Our Lord, Jesus Christ, whose inner life has been so carefully drawn for us by William Shakespeare. Shakespeare provides the proofs. He does not, like Dante, build the reader a cathedral; but he supplies the passion that gives one the desire to enter a cathedral. His vision is deeper than the theologians and the theological poets.

There is an old folk tale with many variations that best depicts the Shakespearean vision. A beggar appears at the cottage of an old man. Though close to starving himself, the old man invites the beggar to share a humble meal. During the course of the meal, the old man feels as if he is on fire, not with a fire that singes, but with a fire that gives him joy and contentment. The beggar finishes his meal and departs. The old man ponders and wonders about the beggar. That night as he kneels to pray, he realizes why he felt himself to be on fire: the beggar was Our Lord. Through humanity comes the Triune God.

I do not overstate the extent of the spiritual crisis we face. Few people believe we even face a spiritual crisis, and the ones who do, recommend more study and more Gnosticism as the solution. Let me suggest a different response.

When I was a schoolboy, my class once took a trip to a local museum. In this museum was a huge man-made heart through which you could walk and observe all the heart's inner workings. Neither I nor my classmates really cared to know about the inner workings of the heart, but we were very

interested in the adventure of talking a walk through a mysterious cave. And if you ignored all the left ventricle and right ventricle nonsense, you could believe that you were going through a mysterious cave.

Well, let's turn that artificial heart into a real human heart. And let's allow the Gnostic to wander with Virgil off into outer space. We shall take Shakespeare's hand as he leads us through this giant human heart. We will go through numerous passages, down deep staircases, and finally, after a journey worthy of Jules Verne's imagination, we will arrive at the heart's center. And, lo and behold! At the center of this human heart we will find another heart. This heart has a wound in it, and it is surrounded by thorns, surmounted by a flame consuming a cross. +

The magic of Shakespeare is that the words he penned four hundred years ago still send tingles and shivers through the spine, so that even in translation they thrill people in countries that were unheard of in the England of his time. Though any more searching literary appraisal than this would be beyond the essentially historical approach of this book, the biggest disservice anyone can do to Shakespeare is to be so dazzled by his works as to argue that they could not have been written by anyone so ordinary as a Stratford-upon-Avon-born actor. The very essence of Shakespeare was his humanity: that he was neither a blue-blooded nobleman nor a university trained academic, but a humbly born player who wanted to give his calling the sort of material that could really make it soar, to reach every level of society. Where he was different from his contemporaries is that he felt with and for others in all their faults and frailties. In Julius Caesar Shakespeare has Julius say of Cassius, 'He is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men', and he could hardly have coined a more appropriate description of himself.

-- Ian Wilson in ***Shakespeare: The Evidence***

Labels: Berdayev, Dostoyevsky, Ian Wilson, quotation, Shakespeare, Unamuno, white moments

Ballad of the Alamo

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 2007

To George Bush and his fellow traitors in Congress.

Lest we forget...

BALLAD OF THE ALAMO by Dimitri Tiompkin and P. F. Webster

In the southern part of Texas, in the town of San Antone,
There's a fortress all in ruin that the weeds have overgrown.
You may look in vain for crosses and you'll never see a one,
But sometime between the setting and the rising of the sun,
You can hear a ghostly bugle as the men go marching by;
You can hear them as they answer to that roll call in the sky:
Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett and a hundred eighty more;
Captain Dickenson, Jim Bowie, present and accounted for.

Back in 1836, Houston said to Travis:
"Get some volunteers and go fortify the Alamo."
Well, the men came from Texas and from old Tennessee,
And they joined up with Travis just to fight for the right to be free.

Indian scouts with squirrel guns, men with muzzle loaders,
Stood together heel and toe to defend the Alamo.
"You may never see your loved ones," Travis told them that day.
"Those that want to can leave now, those who'll fight to the death, let 'em stay."

In the sand he drew a line with his army sabre,
Out of a hundred eighty five, not a soldier crossed the line.
With his banners a-dancin' in the dawn's golden light,
Santa Anna came prancin' on a horse that was black as the night.

He sent an officer to tell Travis to surrender.
Travis answered with a shell and a rousin' rebel yell.
Santa Anna turned scarlet: "Play Degüello," he roared.
"I will show them no quarter, everyone will be put to the sword."

One hundred and eighty five holdin' back five thousand.
Five days, six days, eight days, ten; Travis held and held again.
Then he sent for replacements for his wounded and lame,
But the troops that were comin' never came, never came, never came.

Twice he charged, then blew recall. On the fatal third time,
Santa Anna breached the wall and he killed them one and all.
Now the bugles are silent and there's rust on each sword,
And the small band of soldiers lie asleep in the arms of The Lord.

In the southern part of Texas, near the town of San Antone,
Like a statue on his Pinto rides a cowboy all alone.
And he sees the cattle grazin' where a century before,
Santa Anna's guns were blazin' and the cannons used to roar.
And his eyes turn sort of misty, and his heart begins to glow,
And he takes his hat off slowly to the men of Alamo.
To the thirteen days of glory at the siege of Alamo.

Labels: song lyrics

The Whiteman Unchained, Part II

SUNDAY, JULY 01, 2007

I read R. Jamison's recent post in which he quoted a black columnist's reaction to the white protests of the torture-murders of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom. The columnist's reaction? "Cry me a river."

To say I felt rage would be a gross understatement. I felt something burn within me that went beyond rage. And yet I did not go down to Knoxville, kill the murderers, and beat the columnist to within an inch of his despicable life. Why didn't I? For the obvious reason that I don't possess the superhuman courage to offer myself up for martyrdom. Antique Christians make a mistake when they depict liberals as weak. Liberals often seem weak to those on the right because they will not fight in defense of the things for which old style Christians used to fight. But liberals will fight, and kill, for causes they hold dear. The murder of Paul Hill by liberals is a case in point.

I want to emphasize, however, that I would kill those inhuman murderers and beat the liberal columnist senseless if the liberal state did not stand ready to execute me for such actions. However, I do not refrain because I think my Christian faith forbids it. Indeed, I would claim that my desire to kill the murderers and punish the columnist stems from my Christian faith. So either I or our contemporary Christians are in error, because they certainly would not support my view of Christianity and killing.

I could, if I desired, cite chapter and verse from Catholic and Protestant moral theologians on the subject of a 'just' war, and the prohibitions on an individual taking up arms against the state. But I will not cite from those weighty tomes. And I will not, because, just as our initial intuitions of life are anterior to our rationalizations about life, so are our heartfelt passions, to kill in defense of and to punish home when innocent blood is shed, anterior to the theological commentaries on the subject of when a Christian should kill. The theologians are no more capable of giving us sound advice on killing than a eunuch is capable of fathering a child.

How did men, real Christian men, of the past respond to atrocities committed against their own? They came upon the perpetrators of such deeds and killed them. Sometimes, when Christian men were in power, they punished home with the full weight of the state behind them. But when they were out of power and ruled by satanic forces (as was the South during the "Reconstruction" era), they still found a way to punish home.

There is no escaping it. Either our American European and European ancestors were wrong about Christianity and killing, or our contemporary "Christians" are wrong.

The truth of the matter is that democracy, as Richard Weaver has pointed out, means something much more than a form of government to modern Christians. It is Zion. Read through the rhetoric of one of the first, "new breed" Democratic war mongers, Abraham Lincoln. Though he objected to the excessive zeal of the radical abolitionists, he threw his lot in with them, because both "were moving toward Zion." There is no difference between the secular Zion of the democracy advocates and the worker's paradise of communism. The utopian theory behind both systems states that the people rule. And in both systems, a tiny oligarchy actually rules.

Institutional Christianity is satanic because the churches have bedded down with the whore called democracy. Our satanic democratic government has nothing in common with the town meeting styled democracy of the rural farmers and tradesmen of the 1700s. It is a capitalist oligarchy without room for anything that touches or deals with the spiritual dimension of man.

And the only opposition to the democratic oligarchy seems to come from the ranks of the white pagan groups. White Christians are deterred from action because, despite their grumblings about them, they have an inordinate respect for their clergymen. But the clergymen have placed their hopes in a philosophical system that consists of pseudoscientific meanderings and psychological

hocus pocus. They still call it Christianity, but it is not. If we look at the past with a sincere attempt to understand the spirit behind the traditions of our ancestors, we will be able to judge our contemporaries who claim they support murder and torture because they are democratic and Christian. Understanding tradition is an act of the imagination and the heart. One has to have a desire to see things as the men and women of the past saw things. You cannot simply copy an external ceremony or rite and be united with the past, and what we find when we unite with the past is that Christian men fought and killed in defense of kith and kin.

If we clear away all the cant about "sacred democracy" and break free from clerical domination, we will see that defending our own and punishing those who attack our own is a tactical problem, not a moral one. We have a duty to protect and defend. The only question should be, how do we do so in the face of the most thoroughly satanic governmental power structure ever conceived.

We are in a much more desperate situation than the Scottish people were in after their defeat at Culloden in 1745, and than the South was in during the era of Reconstruction. In both cases in point there was a clannish solidarity among the disenfranchised. The Scottish Highlanders paid double rents, one to the English under compulsion, and a second to their exiled chieftains out of loyalty. And in the South, the Klan was able to rise and ride because there was overwhelming support for their efforts. In the contemporary U.S. and Europe, there is no spirit of clannishness, which is the reason that the white Christian remnant writes anonymous blogs in cyberspace. Such blogging is a step up from hiding in the basement, but our ultimate goal should be the restoration of Christian Europe and the defeat of democratic capitalism and racial babelism.

The modern white man believes that democracy, whether it be democratic socialism or democratic capitalism, is the end of human history. The colored tribes, because they can be ruled by sacrificial offerings of "worthless, non-productive whites," are an essential part of the post Christian's democratic vision. Whether it be McCain's vision of grateful Mexican peons licking his presidential feet or Pope John Paul II's vision of happy, vital Africans kissing his pontifical ring, it is the same fantasy: A high, mucky-muck white liberal presides over large tribal hordes of colored men and women who have enough sense, unlike his fellow whites, to accord him the dignity and honor he deserves. That is their delusional vision. And it should be noted that even fundamentalist Christians, who profess to be against evolution as it pertains to the origin of man, believe in an evolutionary, mystical concept of American democracy; they believe that it is God's preferred system of government and that any previous or contrary system of government is backward and unChristian. But such is not the case. The first European Christian form of government was the clan. And as we move from the clan to monarchy to democracy, we make a descent, not an ascent. The hearth, the village and the field, those are the components of a Christian commonwealth, not the factory, the city, and asphalt. This ludicrous notion that without democratic capitalism we would all live in huts without indoor plumbing is nonsense. We would not have condos or skyscrapers, but we would have houses that were homes with Christian hearths.

The difference between a tribe and a clan is the hearth. In a tribe, fire is necessary to cook with, and both human and animal meats are cooked on the tribal fires. But the hearth fire in a clan is the place where two or three gather together in His name. It has been sanctified because He is welcome there. When many such hearths are banded together, they constitute a clan, which is why it would be an ascent to a higher plane of existence, not a descent, if white people could become clansmen again.

One thing should be fixed in our mind before we proceed against the satanic whites and their barbarian minions. There will be no mercy in them. They have rejected the religion of mercy. In their value system there is no punishment too severe for the undemocratic, unredeemed white Christians. So maybe in the beginning, the fight will have to be with blogs. But when the time is ripe, it **is** Christian to fight and to kill in defense of, and to punish home.

It is important as well that we not let young white men who have a desire to fight with something besides words be siphoned off by satanic, Christ-hating Christians. When society only permits

warlike behavior in defense of satanic causes, it is difficult to stop young men from serving those causes. "It's easy for you to say," the young man says. "Your blood has cooled with age." But I do know what the young white male feels, because my blood has not cooled with age and because I have vivid memories.

I think every police officer, at least those with white blood, has a very basic, rather romantic, notion of his job. He believes that he is Wyatt Earp or some such figure, and that he stands between the bad guys and civilized society. I know I had such notions when I was a young police officer. But the reality was quite different. I was only allowed to act against lower class, drunk and disorderly whites. I was not allowed to act against the more dangerous black criminals. To do so, we were informed (not directly, but implicitly) would bring a host of civil rights organizations against us and could result in our own incarceration. Now in my district there was a black section that we were periodically told to go through and show a police presence. But we were not to respond in any way to what was thrown at us – bottles or words – as we proceeded down the mean streets. On some hot summer nights things got so bad in the district that our sergeant took an entire squad of police officers through the black district. On one such night, a homemade bomb was thrown from one of the houses bordering the street. It hit one of the officers. I felt a rage run through me similar to the rage I feel now toward the black torturer-murderers. Apparently I was not the only officer who felt that rage because that night we didn't crawl. It was a very instructive experience for me. Sneering, smug barbarians became cringing, cowering creatures. The barbarians do not know what to do when enraged white men show a united front.

Although nothing was done that night that was morally wrong, much was done that was politically incorrect. There were repercussions, from white liberals of course, and many officers were made to regret the one night when they responded to what was in their hearts and blood instead of the dictates of white Liberalism.

It might seem that I've muddied the waters. I started with a plea for Christians to break the chains of democracy and to start thinking about fighting and killing in defense of kith and kin, and I ended with a plea to young white men to shun warlike behavior. But of course there is no contradiction. My plea is not for killing for the sake of killing. The barbarians do that. It is a plea for a sense of clannishness among white Christians and a realization of what actions might be necessary to defend the clan. Sometimes defense of the clan will require violent action, and sometimes it will require a loss of a career because that career would require a young man to act with violence against the interests of his clan. If Christian males, for instance, ever get past the blogging stage and really start to show a united front against black and Mexican barbarians, do you think a president such as George Bush would hesitate for one second to send federal troops against them?

What seems like a hopelessly complicated problem in moral theology is not all that complicated. Show me a man with a truly European heart, a heart in tune with His Heart, and he'll know the difference between fighting for the leviathan and fighting for kith and kin. And when white men break free from the mind-forged manacles of democracy, such men will rise and ride when they see the fiery cross.

Labels: cry me a river, democracy and Zion, difference between a tribe and a clan, on killing

What Do Bin Laden, Star Wars, and Harry Potter Have in Common?

SUNDAY, JULY 08, 2007

I must forcefully disagree with those American conservatives who have presented the "war on terror" as a war of the good forces of democracy and freedom vs. the evil forces of Bin Laden and his legions. I see the war as a battle between two evil forces, both diametrically opposed to Christianity, and both heretical perversions of Christianity.

Let's deal with the American heresy first: in the apocryphal gospels, written about the same time as the genuine ones (the alleged gospel of St. Thomas is an example), Christ is depicted as a great magician who goes around zapping things and people. Tricks and gimmicks figure prominently in the bogus gospels. In contrast, the Christ depicted in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John is reluctant to perform miracles. Satan tries to get Him to do miracles just for miracles' sake, and Christ rebukes him. When Christ does perform miracles, it is out of an overwhelming sense of compassion for some individual human being, the daughter of Jairus, Lazarus, the blind man, the paralytic, and so on. His miracles are consistent with the truth that He came to reveal through the miracle, namely that God has a human heart with a love that passeth all understanding. The loving image of Christ was held to be the true one by the majority of Europeans throughout the Christian centuries. But there was always that other view on the fringes of Christendom: the view of Christ as magician and conjurer. The adherents to the magical version of Christianity seek to emulate Christ the magician, not to worship Christ the God-Man.

And it is the modern technocrats who are the heirs of the early magicians. The reason capitalists love Harry Potter and Star Wars is because both celebrate the triumph of magic and technology over Christianity. Who needs a God when one has magical powers and the technology such powers give?

The magician-technocrat is always a utopian. From Robespierre's reign of terror to eliminate terror, to the Yankee's war on "inequality," to the modern American unending war on terrorism, the goal is always a utopian one. Robespierre wanted to purge France of all evil doers, and the North wanted to purge the world of backward, bigoted, reactionary agrarians. The modern American terrorists want to bomb every country that doesn't agree to be a free market democracy. And please, in regard to my last assertion, don't try to tell me the reason we are adding nation after nation to our bombing list is because we are concerned about terrorist attacks in our country. If the technocrats were really concerned about terrorist attacks, they would move to restrict immigration. But that they will not do, since to do so would violate the technocratic creed of "markets without end, amen."

Of course, the technocratic, utopian magicians are no longer on the fringes of Western civilization, they are Western civilization. They dominate even the Christian church. No organized group of Christians opposes them. Some isolated resistance does exist in the ranks of some fundamentalists and in the hearts of some poets, but such resistance is very marginal. Christianity has returned to a minor cult status in the world.

The temptation, if one is opposed to the new dominant, technocratic religion, is to support any movement in opposition to it. Enter the Moslem heresy. But Islam does not hate the West because of its technology; it hates the West because it still believes the West to be Christian. Moslems envy the West's technological power, but they do not oppose the West as liberals claim because of our materialism. Islam followed Christianity, and, like all heresies, took just one aspect of Christianity and made that its 'all' while condemning every other aspect of the Faith. The all-powerful, transcendent God became the Moslems' Allah, while the incarnate God of love became a blasphemy. Watching the Islamic world and the technocratic world clash is like watching a dragon fight a Cyclops. Whichever one wins, it will go bad for the Christian bystander.

The situation of the Christian today is not directly analogous to the Christian of the Roman catacombs. The modern Christian, like the catacomb Christian, is a member of a disdained and

persecuted minority religion, but he is unlike the catacomb Christian in a very profound way. The modern Christian is a member of a religion that once was a dominant religion.

Most of the signs and symbols of the old Christian Faith still exist in bastardized forms, making it much harder for a Christian now to know who his enemies and his friends are. It is also much harder to evangelize, because Christianity is not a new religion as it was in the time of the catacombs but a religion that has been tried and rejected.

Although in the minority, antique Christians could make a very sizeable breach in the enemies' wall if they would stop being fooled by post-Christians who still use the old Christian words and forms to cloak very anti-Christian deeds. Leaving it up to God to judge the disposition of souls, Christians should judge the actions of post-Christian deceivers. When George Bush proclaims he is a Christian and then pursues a "one World" democratic, capitalist faith, he is not a Christian. When the Catholic popes pursue a policy of ecumenism that leads to joint worship with Muslims, they are not believing Christians by any yardstick of any Christian living prior to the 20th century. And when Catholic and Protestant clergy tell us that black voodoo and Christianity are compatible, they reveal to us that they are not Christian and are in league with the enemy.

The first step in any war is to know whom one is fighting. It is possible to defeat Muslims and post-Christian technocrats if one puts them both in the ranks of the enemy, where they belong.

Labels: apocryphal gospels, Islam, post-Christian rationalism, technocrats

Of Peccaries and Wal-Mart

SUNDAY, JULY 08, 2007

A friend of mine moved to Arizona about 10 years ago. At that time, the apartment complex where she moved was inhabited by predominantly white, English-speaking people. Now the apartment complex is inhabited predominantly by non-English-speaking Mexicans and Middle Eastern Arabs.

Besides the daily fear of robbery and assault, my friend must also live with the different customs of those Aztecs from south of the border, one of which is to allow peccaries, a breed of wild pig, to roam the apartment complex.

Nor are those not directly located on the borders immune from the Aztec invasion. (I use the term 'Aztec' because the illegal and legal Mexican immigrant is seldom of the white Spanish breed.) My cousin, who owns a small farm, has told me about a long row of trailers near his land which house the Mexicans who work at the local Wal-Mart. In this particular Wal-Mart, my cousin reported, the workers were not permitted to sit at any time during the working day. They even eat their lunches standing up, and they probably are not even allowed to sit down to die.

No pot-bellied, country club Republican should be allowed to claim he is a capitalist and a conservative. There is nothing conservative about capitalism. The capitalist wants open borders, which destroy nationhood; he wants a low minimum wage, which destroys home and hearth; and he wants an ever-expanding, ever-changing economy, which destroys home, hearth, and nation.

The big-wig capitalists at the turn of the century were called robber barons. Their descendants are even worse. We are entirely too gentle with them considering they have robbed us of something more valuable than money: our European heritage.

*Ere I own a usurper
I'll crouch with the fox
So tremble false whigs,
In the midst o' your glee,
Ye have not seen the last
O' my bonnets and me.*

--Sir Walter Scott

Labels: Aztec invasion, robber barons

William Tell

SUNDAY, JULY 08, 2007

Of the great counterrevolutionary heroes of literature and legend, William Tell is one of my favorites. Despite Carlyle's attempt to make a revolutionary hero of him, Tell will forever be in the vanguard of the counterrevolutionaries.

Why is Tell a counterrevolutionary? Because of what he fights for and who he fights against. He fights first for his family, secondly for his countrymen, and thirdly for the holy Roman Emperor. His quarrel is not with the right ordering of Christendom with a Christian emperor as the overseer of numerous independent Christian states. Tell's quarrel is with a petty tyrant named Gessler. Gessler tramples on the sacred hearth rights of the Swiss people, and by doing so, violates his oath to the Emperor to rule as Christ the King would rule.

Tell, with no political aspirations whatever, does not seek a quarrel with Gessler. He lives the simple life of the mountain folk. But his life is not that of the incomplete woodsman hero of American folklore: Tell is an integral family man. He roams the mountains with his sons during the day, and nightfall finds him sleeping, not Natty Bumppo-style under the stars with an Indian, but under a humble roof with his wife and sons.

Gessler, however, is the type of man who must impose his pettiness of soul on those with largesse of soul. Hence the tyranny of the hat. We all know the result. Gessler begins the quarrel, but Tell finishes it. Because he has a heart on flame with love for his son and for his beloved mountain country, Tell knows it cannot end with the challenge of the apple. It has to end with an arrow in Gessler's heart, or else his children, his wife, and his country will be forever in danger. After the deed is done, Tell, as Schiller describes the scene, appears above the mountain rocks and issues his apologia for the execution of Gessler:

*Tell: Thou know'st the marksman—I, and I alone
Now are our homesteads free, and innocence
From thee is safe: thou'lt be our curse no more.*

Yes, innocence is safe. Tell reaches the pinnacle of heroism. The true hero fights for innocence, for the hearth, for the babe at his mother's breast, and for the babe unborn in his mother's womb. We need William Tell in the 21st century.

Labels: counterrevolution

Tintagel vs. Haiti

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 2007

Samuel Francis was one of the few men who pointed out the ugly lie at the heart of the cultural diversity agenda of our government, our schools, and our churches. When the people in these institutions say "cultural diversity," they claim to mean, "You respect my culture and I'll respect yours." But in reality they mean, "All white culture is evil and must be eradicated from the face of the earth."

And in fact there has never been a nation with multiple races in which one race was not dominant over the other. I think it is better for the white race and for the black race if the white race is the dominant race. I base that politically incorrect sentiment on the historical record. When white folk dominate, if you look at the totality of their actions, an amazing record of noblesse oblige and Christian charity emerges. When the black race dominates, there is unspeakable barbarism and darkness. Read T. Lothrop Stoddard's book, *The French Revolution in San Domingo*, to see the prototype for all black states.

Stoddard begins the book, written in 1914, with his reason for presenting us with an historical account of the revolution in San Domingo:

The world-wide struggle between the primary races of mankind – the "conflict of color," as it has been happily termed – bids fair to be the fundamental problem of the twentieth century, and great communities like the United States of America, the South African Confederation, and Australasia regard the "color question" as perhaps the gravest problem of the future. To our age, therefore the French Revolution in San Domingo – the first great shock between the ideals of white supremacy and race equality, which erased the finest of European colonies from the map of the white world and initiated that most noted attempt at Negro self-government, the black republic of Haiti – cannot but be of peculiar interest.

Yes, it should be of peculiar interest. But it isn't. White people just ignore the warning sign.

When the white citizens of San Domingo foolishly linked their government to that of the French, they suffered through the chaos of the French Revolution in their own country. But the reign of terror in France was a Sunday picnic compared to what happened in San Domingo:

The time was now ripe for the final blow. When the French troops had left the country in November, 1803, Dessalines had promised protection to all white civilians who chose to remain, and shortly afterwards a proclamation had invited all white exiles to return. The favorable treatment accorded those who remained after the departure of Rochambeau induced a considerable number of colonial whites to return to San Domingo. But no sooner was the black leader firmly seated on his imperial throne than those unfortunates discovered their mistake in trusting the word of Dessalines. Scarcely had the new year begun when orders went forth to massacre the white population, and on April 25, 1805, a ferocious proclamation set the seal on this awful proscription and laid down that doctrine of white exclusion ever since retained as the cardinal point of Haitian policy.

The nature of these events is well shown by the letter of a French officer secretly in Port-au-Prince at the time, who himself escaped by a miracle to the lesser evil of an English prison in Jamaica. "The murder of the whites in detail," he writes, "began at Port-au-Prince in the first days of January, but on the 17th and 18th March they were finished off en masse. All, without exception, have been massacred, down to the very women and children. Madame de Boynes was killed in a peculiarly horrible manner. A young mulatto named Fifi Pariset ranged the town like a madman searching the houses to kill the little children. Many of the men and women were hewn down by sappers, who hacked off their arms and smashed in their chests. Some were poniarded, others mutilated, others 'passed on the bayonet,' others disemboweled with knives or sabers, still others

stuck like pigs. At the beginning, a great number were drowned. The same general massacre has taken place all over the colony, and as I write you these lines I believe that there are not twenty whites still alive – and these not for long."

This estimate was, indeed, scarcely exaggerated. The white race had perished utterly out of the land, French San Domingo had vanished forever, and the black State of Haiti had begun its troubled history.

And what happened after Stoddard published his account of the first black attempt at self-government? Did white people take note and take the precautionary measures necessary to ensure the survival of the white race? Of course not. Rhodesia went the way of Haiti, and then [South Africa](#) followed suit largely because of outside pressure from Britain and the United States.

And what about Britain and the United States? They are both endeavoring to transform themselves into larger versions of Haiti, which, to put it mildly, seems rather self-destructive, doesn't it?

And it seems there is always some Christian clergyman who can be seen, torch in hand, running around setting fire to every European virtue. Look! There goes 'chivalry' up in flames. And over there I see 'love of kin' going up in flames. And now I see Father Spirit-of-the-Times setting fire to 'charity' while the whore called Ms. Modern Times looks on and applauds.

And then from the shadows steps an old man, with the eyes of a prophet.

"Think about what you do this day. As Judas betrayed Christ, so do you betray Him when you burn all the fruits of His glorious life and death."

But the crazed clergyman does not heed the old man, and in fact it appears he sees but does not hear him. The applause of the whore is all he hears. So the fire rages and eventually envelops the clergyman and the whore. Before the flames completely engulf them we can see them embracing each other, still enjoying the sight of the old European virtues in flames, but not realizing that they embrace for the last time.

In the morning the old man with the prophetic eyes walks through the rubble and ashes. He weeps. In the distance he sees, through his tears, a tall figure walking toward him. The figure is hooded and wearing the garb of some ancient religious order. He walks right up to the old man.

"Why do you weep?"

"Because I once ruled this very kingdom, or at least one like it. We were one race, one faith, and our swords and our hearts served Him. But we were defeated from within. My own queen and my most trusted knight betrayed me. That was long ago. But I returned, hoping to stop the destruction of this kingdom and these people. But it was too late and they did not heed me. And so I weep, for I have seen it all turn to ashes a second time."

"But you mustn't weep, my king."

"You know me?"

"Yes, I know you. You are Arthur Pendragon. And I have come to tell you that you shall be a king once more. Across the sea, in your own Tintagel, there is a small band of Europeans. They are eating roots and berries and have no knowledge of the true faith. But they are Europeans and they need you. They have that special fire in their hearts. They long to serve a true king, a king who can tell them about the King of Kings, a king who will show them why a sword is shaped like a cross. You must go to those people and be a king once more."

And then a strange thing happened. The old man was an old man no more. He was young again. He was Arthur in his prime.

The monkish stranger walks with Arthur to the shore where a ship waits for him. The ship is manned by an angelic crew. Arthur turns to the stranger.

"I think I know your voice, but I dare not believe what I hope. Are you not my own true knight, the bravest of the brave and the purest of the pure? Are you not Sir Galahad?"

The stranger steps out of his monkish attire revealing a knight in light armour.

"Yes, my king, I am Sir Galahad. And together we will build a nation of one race, one faith, one king, and one Lord."

And so they sailed for Tintagel, to build a new Europe, which was a very old Europe, and to worship a new God, who was a very old God.

--CWN

Labels: Arthur Pendragon, cultural diversity, French Revolution in San Domingo

That Within Which Passeth Show

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 2007

Suspend for the duration all your preconceived notions about Shakespeare received from literary critics and journalists. To understand a real poet, you must strip away all the layers of sludge from around your heart and let it respond to the poet. If we truly have souls, then we have a genuine heart, perhaps unknown to us, that can hear the poetic muse.

Let us meet the poet: he sees, not in a purely rational or clairvoyant sense, but in an intuitive poetic sense, that he stands on the threshold of a new world. This new world is not a better world. It is a world split apart by the Aristotelean-Thomistic separation of reason from grace. And the Protestant reaction to the break has not put the splintered wreck of the faith back together again. Henceforward, that pernicious heresy of the intellect divorced from the heart, the Gnostic heresy, would be a force to be reckoned with.

The poet saw the new force corrupting all of Europe. He saw a new Christianity, crafted onto the old Christianity. This new Christianity, spawned from the isolated intellect, was of necessity a dialectical faith. It set husband against wife, brother against brother, reason against grace, clergy against layman, and the heart against the intellect. In short, the poet saw the complete dislocation of man from the life of God. God would henceforth exist only as an intellectual construct. Man was on his own, left to intellectually conjugate God, but doomed never to know Him again.

But the Bard knew God. Giving his hero the name of his dead son, who was living (he firmly believed) in the arms of his Lord, the Bard launched Hamlet into the world to attack the Gnosticism of the new religion. But he wanted his hero to be a real hero. He wanted his hero to face the heresy of the age and of the future and to defeat that heresy.

Hamlet comes from the University, where students regularly have their heads severed from their hearts and souls. He suffers from the Gnostic disease himself and seems to be at a loss as to how to deal with the ill tidings he has received from his father's ghost. He is scared, confused, and angry. He is out of joint and not capable, as he acknowledges – "Oh cursed spite" – of setting things right.

But by the end of the play he does set things right. How? Because Hamlet loves. If one looks only at external events, Hamlet is a murderer, a usurper, and a cad who drives a young woman to suicide. But we who have followed Hamlet through the maze know differently. Hamlet loved his noble father; those pseudo-theologians who tell us that Hamlet is damned for following the vengeful dictates of his father fail to see how the Ghost's injunctions differ from mere pagan blood-letting ("Leave her to heaven") just as they fail to see how nature and grace blend together in a Christian soul.

Likewise Hamlet loves his mother in more than just the Freudian sense. And Ophelia? Is it possible to doubt that he loved her? No! It is at Ophelia's grave that Hamlet finally puts his own fragmented soul together: "This is I, Hamlet the Dane."

And when Hamlet walks out alone to fight a duel that he knows will mean death, he does so because he accepts that --

[T]here's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

The reason *Hamlet* has held such fascination over the years for the general audience and for the literary critic is that he is the first stage hero to confront modernity. Thus the literary critic will delight in dissecting the 'sicko' who defies modernity, and the base, common populace will champion or condemn Hamlet depending on how far down the modern slope they have traveled. But let us not have any doubt that it is modernity which Hamlet confronts in the person of Claudius.

Claudius is the post-Christian man, the precursor of the anti-Christ. He knows the ways of God, he can ape the good well enough to fool even the elect, but his heart and soul are at the service of the devil.

It is significant that Hamlet, who is a genius, cannot move successfully against Claudius until he ceases to try to combat him with only his own genius. When he gives himself up to Divine Providence and acts in the fullness of his personality as King and son, he defeats Claudius. And between his discovery of his uncles' treachery and his death, Hamlet gives us the definitive refutation of modernity. Remember when Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, acting for Claudius, try to exploit their former friendship with Hamlet in order to "pluck out the heart of his mystery"? Hamlet finds them out with ease and speaks not only to them, but to Claudius and all psychotherapists, neoclassicists, formalist theologians, and Gnostics of the modern world when he enjoins them to "play upon the pipe."

Hamlet. *Will you play upon this Pipe?*

Guildenstern. *My Lord, I cannot.*

Ham. *I pray you.*

Guild. *Believe me, I cannot.*

Ham. *I do beseech you.*

Guild. *I know no touch of it, my Lord.*

Ham. *'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Music. Look you, these are the stops.*

Guild. *But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.*

Ham. *Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mystery; you would sound me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Music, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.*

Yes, only the heart can know the mystery of another heart. To the intellect alone, the heart remains an enigma. Horatio, whose philosophy is inadequate, still has enough heart to pronounce the correct benediction for his friend and King.

Now cracks a noble heart. —good night, sweet prince; And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—

Shakespeare sets the stage for us. The Gnostics will always be at war with the God-Man. They hate, like Satan, anything that is tainted with humanity. So above all, they hate the Incarnation and the civilization that placed the Incarnate God at its center. What Shakespeare tells us in the conflict between Claudius and Hamlet is that we cannot defeat the Claudiuses of the world if we are like unto them. It cannot be brain against brain, Moriarity against Holmes. It must be the integral, heroic man of heart and blood against the disembodied, heartless, bloodless villain — it must be Hamlet vs. Claudius, Tell vs. Gessler, Bulldog Drummond vs. Peterson, and the Scarlet Pimpernel vs. Chauvelin.

The bloodless, chestless men will always be with us. They are the waste products of a Christian civilization; but they should not be at the center of our culture. It is the duty of white Europeans to push them back to the dark fringes of civilization.

Hamlet curses the day that he was "born to set it right." But he ultimately accepts his destiny and he does set it right. The white European hero culture is Hamlet's culture. It is our culture, and it is His

culture. We are called to defend it against the white technocrat, the colored hordes, and against all the forces of hell.

Labels: European hero culture, Gnosticism, Hamlet, modernity

Segregation: A Moral Imperative

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 2007

The late Richard Weaver was a rare scholar. He was a scholar who knew the limits of scholarship and the underrated value of prejudice, intuition, and tradition. In his book, *Language is Sermonic*, Mr. Weaver informs us that every society has "God words," words that when invoked mean more than the literal definition of the word, words that represent what a country holds dear and worships. Weaver thought that 'democracy' and 'pluralism' were two God words in our society. Every society also has its devil words; ours include 'prejudice' and 'authoritarianism'.

The word 'integration' has also become a God word in our society. To merely invoke the word silences all opposition and places a halo on the invoker. And 'segregation' has become a devil word, the invocation of which immediately results in the demonization of the person attempting to use it in a positive sense.

We refuse to accept demonization. Segregation is the bulwark of society; without segregation, society becomes a herd of cattle, a species, without a soul.

To the liberal, 'segregation' connotes Negroes in the back of the bus, cross burnings, lynchings and bigotry. And segregation might very well entail Negroes in the back of the bus, cross burnings, and lynchings, but the motivation for such actions is not bigotry, it is love. If one loves one's faith, he wants to keep the beliefs and values that stem from that faith, pure and undefiled by other faiths. Thus he places a wall between his faith and the faith of others. And when one loves his kith and kin, he wants to keep them segregated from those who are not his kith or kin.

Although it is now regarded as a given that segregation of the races is a bad thing, it is remarkable how reality has confirmed the correctness of the original Southern segregationists. What, following the war, were the fears of Southern whites? They feared that integration would lead to –

- 1) The undermining of their unique civilization, which if not perfect, was at least the closest attempt on the North American continent to incorporate Christianity into a social system. Integration helped undermine that civilization.
- 2) They were afraid that integration would lead to intermarriage, thus threatening the survival of the white race and the civilization which the whites had built. This has happened. I cannot go to any public place anymore without seeing interracial couples.
- 3) They were afraid that integration would lead to a reign of black revenge and terror. This has also happened.

So why are we supposed to genuflect before the altar of integration? Segregation is not evil; it allows one to practice Christianity to its fullest extent. Albert Schweitzer, a man who is never mentioned anymore because he was a segregationist and a paternalist, did more work of Christian charity for black people than any other man or woman of any color, living or dead. But he did so because he had a belief in segregation. Because his white beliefs had been kept segregated from black values, he was able to minister to the physical and spiritual needs of blacks. He could give them the values of his civilization because he, and the men before him, had kept their values segregated.

But what about the brotherhood of man? What about unity and harmony? Well, false unity is not unity. We can all abandon what we hold dear in order to be unified under false principles that nobody really believes in. Or we can adhere to principles that we hold to be true, and segregate ourselves from those who hold contrary principles. Then unity, if it comes, will come from

conversion. "I think those principles and that way of life in their city is better than mine, and I will attempt to turn my own segregated city into one like theirs." And the work goes on till every segregated city has the same principles and the same spirit. Thus, true unity comes only from segregation, not integration. Integration breeds only hatred, spiritual indifference, and intellectual dishonesty.

Labels: false unity, Schweitzer, segregation

Unyielding

FRIDAY, AUGUST 03, 2007

"There are many other ways in which men sin against the Holy Ghost, but this is the worst – to destroy deliberately, for the sake of any kind of gain, that which Christ bought so dearly. How can a man ask for mercy, or how can mercy help him, who would wickedly and willfully extinguish mercy?"

-- William Langland

The difference between the European civilization prior to the 20th century and every other civilization is the difference between heaven and hell. There is an impassable chasm between European culture and all other cultures. And the new European-hating Europeans and the people from cultures of color recognize the distinctiveness of European culture, but they view European distinctiveness quite differently than me. The white-hating whites and their colored minions see the older European culture as distinctively evil. Indeed, they view it as the fount of all evil. And if you believe in a worldwide system of democracy, in which all peoples of every nation and every color vote, then Europe does stand condemned. But in a higher court than world opinion, European culture stands alone in the light, while all the other civilizations (which can't really be called civilizations) stand shrouded in hellish night.

The distinctiveness of pre-20th century European culture does not consist of its material achievements – its science, its exploration, etc. European culture is distinct because of its spiritual depth. During the years I taught English literature, I had many opportunities with my students to view staged productions of Shakespeare's *King Lear*. The students' varied reactions to the play were amazing. Some slept, some made jokes, some were artificially attentive because they thought I'd punish them if they weren't, and some wept and understood. Well, the Europeans wept and understood Christ's passion play, while those of other cultures were either indifferent, hostile, or artificially attentive (like the defeated Aztecs) because of the Europeans' power.

There are numerous theories as to why the Europeans embraced Christ. Some historians point out that the pagan gods of the central and northern Europeans were more humane than the pagan gods of Asia Minor and Rome. Thus, according to this theory, the Europeans were more open to the concept of a loving God than were those of other cultures. And some assert it was simply God's choice: the Europeans were predestined to be the Christ-bearers. But whatever reason, the central fact is this: the Europeans rejected the cruel gods of sacrifice and embraced the God of love and mercy. European civilization was a response to God's love. Certainly, it was imperfect in comparison to God's love for us, but when compared to all the other civilizations... well, there is no comparison.

We are now engaged in a war quite different from the one Stoddard depicts in his book about Haiti. Then, the war was still largely one of white civilization vs. the barbarians of color. Since then, white folk have been engaged in a civil war with a new breed of Gnostic whites, and they have lost the civil war and become a conquered people.

Shelby Foote once stated that the two great geniuses of America's civil war were Abraham Lincoln and Nathan Bedford Forrest. I concur. And the difference between those two geniuses was the difference between the new utopian world and the antique Christian world. Lincoln articulated, as only a genius could articulate, the utopian theory at the heart of the American experiment in democracy, which "brought forth on this continent a new nation, dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." And if all men are not equal, then equality will be forced on the unequal.

In contrast, Forrest represented those early adventurers and Southern cavaliers of whom Thomas Nelson Page wrote. Forrest's wisdom was in his blood, and his wise blood told him that the white man and his culture was inherently unequal to all other men and to every other culture.

Forrest's genius, a genius of the blood, was grounded in the particular. Lincoln's genius was grounded in the universal. And the universal won. Despite Lincoln's personal abhorrence for race-

mixing, it became an inevitable necessity in a world of universals. There can be no black or white, no man or woman, no child or father in the universal world of brotherhood-without-kinship, sexuality-without-masculinity-or-femininity, and families-without-patriarchal-authority.

Lincoln was a mild lamb compared to the white-hating whites who were to follow him. Each successive generation has become more demonic. And why do so many white men hate their own? Because in the new faith, there is no such concept as "these are my people" or "this is my own, my native land"; everything is a walking universal in the new faith. There is an idea about what constitutes the human, but there is no humanity. Therefore, the white-hating heirs of Lincoln must destroy anything that stinks of humanity. And who is more human than the Incarnate God? The new white man must destroy flesh-and-blood white men, because they are the last conduits of a culture that saw salvation in the God-Man who saved particular men and women from sin and death. Flesh-and-blood white men do not accept the culture that worships a satanic messiah promising to free men's minds from the prison of their own humanity and God's incarnate humanity.

The white-hating whites and their colored lackeys will not defeat us unless we cease to maintain our distinctiveness. We are the men of the enchanted forest not the barbarian jungle, the men of the sacred hearth not the cannibal's stewpot, and the men of bardic Europe not scientific Europe. Ah, there's the rub. Being the conduits of God's grace has placed us closer to God but also closer to satanic lightning. If we see our distinctiveness in our intellects instead of our European hearts, we will be completely ineffectual in the great battle against the white-hating whites and their barbarian armies of the night, for we will be like unto them.

To stay distinct, white men must stay true to incarnational, non-abstract Europe. We must be true to the civilization of mercy. What Robert Frederick said of Shakespeare, the most European of poets, is equally true of Europe:

"What the world owes to other poets can be estimated. What it owes to Shakespeare can no more be measured than what it owes to the light of heaven. The withdrawal of the one from the material, or of the other from the world, would alone enable us to understand our obligations to either."

It is not possible to take white, incarnational European culture out of the world and still have a civilization – and by civilization, we mean that which enshrines such things as faith, love, honor, and beauty. The past and the future of mankind on this earth, without old Europe, would be and will be nothing less than a city without light, without hope, and without mercy.

Although I have Welsh ancestors, they are not the main reason I chose to use "Cambria Will Not Yield" as the title for my blog. The lines, "Keep these fighting words before you, Cambria will not yield," speak directly to the European condition. We must keep the vision of Europe, His Europe, before our eyes, and never yield. His Europe is sacred Europe. His Europe is the only Europe for men who have a tragic sense of life, men who realize that mere sacrifice is not enough.

Our civilization, at its heart, is one great prayer for mercy. When the white satanists bid us drink the multi-racial, anti-European brew, they bid us join them in the ultimate sin against the Holy Ghost, for they ask us – no, they demand it of us – to destroy the civilization of mercy. There can be only one answer to such a demand: Cambria Will Not Yield!

Labels: Christian Europe, Forrest and Lincoln, Gnosticism, white man

A Tale of Three Idiots

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 2007

Seven years into the 21st century, it might be useful to look at the three men of the 19th century who had the greatest influence on the centuries that followed. The three men were, and are: Darwin, Marx, and Freud. While no one holds to all of the details of their mad philosophies, all liberals and most conservatives share the basic core assumptions of the infamous trio. What were their assumptions?

Charles Darwin

Charles Darwin is the father of Freud and Marx. Without Charles Darwin there could be no Marx or Freud. Darwin claimed to be a scientist, but like Freud and Marx he was really a philosopher. His basic premise was quite simple: Man's origin can be explained by simply collecting enough facts about mankind's biological life on earth. Darwin claimed he had the facts and was ready to reveal them. The "facts" Darwin "discovered" were these: Man had somehow managed, without outside help, to fashion himself into a hairy ape; then, becoming dissatisfied with his appearance, he decided to make himself into a man. In the course of switching from apehood to manhood, and in doing other odd jobs necessary for survival, man is brought into conflict with other men. This conflict creates "natural selection," which is the process by which the race of man weeds out weak individuals. This fabulous new doctrine was welcomed by the liberals as a refreshing relief from the old (fantastical?) notions of God. Now man was free to live, love, and laugh.

How this new doctrine made man free is not clear to a rational individual. A rational individual would say, "Instead of being created in the image of God with an immortal soul and an eternal destiny, I am now, you tell me, an extraordinary ape with no soul and no eternal destiny. Oh joy, oh bliss." The Russian philosopher Lev Shestov cut right to the heart of the matter when he summed up Darwinism with the following statement: "Man is a monkey, therefore we must all love one another."

Darwin made no scientific discovery. He advanced a philosophic theory as a solution to the riddle of man's existence. As theories go, Darwin's theory ranks as one of the stupidest to come down the pike. Yet, the pseudo-intellectuals and the mass media of the day bought it. In fact, they lapped it up. Why? There are two major reasons. The first I'll call "The Man in the White Smock with a Ph.D." phenomenon. Modern man will believe almost anything if it is presented to him by a scientific expert as a new breakthrough for science. If Joe, the 19th century grocer, tells Mike, the 19th century butcher, that he has a new theory about the origins of man and that it involves monkey bones and evolutionary clap-trap, Mike the Butcher is likely to advise the grocer's wife to have good old Joe packed off to a loony bin. But, if a newspaper man tells Mike the Butcher that a scientific expert with a Ph.D. has just discovered that man is really a monkey, Mike the Butcher will be very impressed and start spouting the new theory to everyone he meets, because he will not want people to think he is out of touch with the latest "scientific discovery."

Why is Mike the Butcher, and why are we, Mike's spiritual heirs, so afraid of appearing unreceptive to the latest scientific discoveries? It is because of Zeus's curse. When Our Lord, the one true God, destroyed Zeus's pantheon of nature gods, Zeus left a curse. "If this God loves man so much as to give him dominion over my nature gods, then let men fight over the mechanical means to control nature, and let them be so fascinated by the mechanisms by which they control nature that they forget the God above nature who gave them the means to control it." Thus spake Zeus.

And thus we sit, like a 6th grade school boy who has learned to simulate a fart by strategic placement of his hands over his mouth, delighted by our ability to pull levers and push buttons. When we talk about God at all, we cloak our language in scientific jargon so that the personal God, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, the God who took flesh and dwelt among us, is obscured by a foul-smelling gaseous fog. And from gaseous fogs come gasbags. That is the origin of Charles Darwin.

The second reason for the wide acceptance of Darwinism is the "Fear of Hell" reason (also known as the "I Don't Look Good in a Puritan Hat" reason). There comes with a belief in Christ a belief in hell. A person with a virile belief in Christ puts the fear of hell well below the love of Christ in his priorities, but a disordered soul usually places the fear of hell at the top of his list. To such a person and to similar collective persons, the doctrine of Darwinian monkeyism came as a relief. If we are all monkeys, then we need not fear hell. Lurking in the heart of many a liberal who proclaims his firm belief in evolution is a secret fear that hell just might be a real place.

Acceptance of the Darwinian solution divests man of his fear of hell, but he also loses his hope of heaven. It would seem to be a rather penny-wise, pound-foolish view of existence, but the Darwinian view of existence is the preferred view of modern man. Even the theologians who wish to reject the logical atheism of the Darwinian solution (Teilhard de Chardin, etc.) hedge their bets by using Darwinian jargon to explain their theories.

So the old gasbag really stumbled onto something with the evolution shell game; and Herr Sigmund continued Darwin's work from a different angle.

Sigmund Freud

Freud was one of the most prolific writers of all time. His works fill library shelves in all corners of the earth, but there is no need to summon every work forth. Freud started with the Darwinian assumption that man was an ape whose essence could be discovered through research. Freud called his research scientific, yet his most significant work as pertains to his religious views, *Moses and Monotheism*, was, by his own admission, "more of a novel" than a work of research.

Moses and Monotheism was written late in Freud's life. I first read the book as a freshman in college; it is a very easy read. Freud accepts as fact the Oedipus myth, and this acceptance was at the core of his psychoanalytical theory. The myth, as we know, was about a man, Oedipus, who killed his father and slept with his mother. Freud claims that the first group of sons on earth killed their father and slept with their mother. This, according to Freud, led to the racial guilt that all men share. Right away, one runs into a problem. I remember asking my religion professor, "Let us accept, for the sake of argument, that Freud's theory is true: the first sons killed their father and slept with their mother. Why should they feel guilty? Guilt is a Christian concept, and man, according to Freud, is an animal. So, why the guilt?" My teacher could not answer my question. Indeed the question is not answerable by reference to any biological theory of man's origin.

Freud, accepting the Oedipus premise as true, went on to theorize about Moses. Moses, Freud claimed, was not a Jew but an Egyptian. This Egyptian Moses led a band of Hebrew slaves into the desert, and once in the desert, the Hebrew slaves slew their Egyptian leader, thus reenacting primal man's murder of his father. Christianity, said Freud, helped alleviate man's guilt by creating a religion where the son offered himself up as a sacrificial victim to the father. Some Christians have praised Moses and Monotheism because Freud presents the Christian religion as an improvement over Judaism, Christianity being better equipped to assuage racial guilt. Such praise is ludicrous. Freud still presents Christianity as an illusory religion, which I hope would always bring out the fighting blood in Christians.

Although few modern psycho-witch doctors accept all of Freud's theories, they do accept his premise that religious belief is illusory and that it is only healthy or unhealthy according to how well it helps an individual "cope" or "become the best he can be" or achieve orgasm or some other nonsense.

We witness the phenomenon of sickness casting judgment on health. Freud really did want to murder his father and sleep with his mother, but that was his problem, not ours. Is Christianity false because Freud was sick? Yet we continue to slavishly kow-tow to Freud's successors. To whom do the Christian churches send their clergymen to determine their "mental fitness"? In our schools, whose language do we use to define personality types? Freud's basic premise remains unchallenged in the citadels of what should be the main opposition.

Karl Marx

While Darwinism remains strong, and psycho-babble mumbo-jumbo has become part of Western culture, it would seem that Marxism is a dying ember. This is not quite the case. While most of Marx's details have been rejected, his basic core assumption has been accepted in virtually every nation in the world. Marx's core assumption was that man was an ape who was controlled completely by economic forces. This is a principle held by both American capitalists and Chinese communists. The only disagreement between the American capitalist and Karl Marx is over the best way to deliver the economic goods.

Can Karl Marx be credited with any positive contribution to Western Culture? No. His critique of capitalism was incorrect. Capitalism deserves the harshest criticism; it is no less godless and atheistic than Marxism, but Marx didn't criticize capitalism for its godlessness. He criticized it for being unable to deliver the economic goods to the great mass of people. On this score, capitalism proved quite superior to Marxism. The legitimate criticism of capitalism has come from the older Christian tradition, from such authors as Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, and the Southern agrarians. Their critique emphasized the inhumanity of treating man as a cog in the wheel of the godless GNP. Read *Rob Roy*, *Les Miserables*, *Hard Times* or *So Red the Rose* to read a legitimate critique of capitalism.

So, the essentially materialistic, mechanistic view of man expounded from different angles of the same triangle by Darwin, Freud, and Marx is still very much with us in the twenty-first century. Is it possible to remain fascinated for so long by the ability to simulate farts? Apparently it is.

Labels: communism, evolution, materialism, psychology as religion

When Black Weds White

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 2007

It's been over ten years since the O. J. Simpson murder case. The liberals then, and now, took no note of the real significance of the case. The case was not an example of how rich celebrities are favored by our court system but of how black juries will never convict black men no matter how hideous their crime. The only difference between O. J. Simpson's murder case and the cases of other black murderers was that Simpson had to wait longer to hear his 'not guilty' verdict than most black murderers have to wait because of his celebrity status. I thought then, and I still think so now, that there were some striking parallels between the Simpson drama and Shakespeare's *Othello*.

Othello is a warrior. In fact, it is Othello's tales of his exploits in the wars that wins Desdemona's love. "She loved me for the dangers I had past." However, having won Desdemona's love, Othello does not ask Desdemona's father, Brabantio, for Desdemona's hand in marriage. Instead, Othello sneaks off with Desdemona and marries her without Brabantio's consent. Desdemona, by agreeing to marry without her father's approval, helps bring about her subsequent murder at the hands of her black husband. By betraying her father, she plants a seed of doubt in Othello's mind; Brabantio warns Othello: "Look to her, Moor, if thou has eyes to see: She has deceived her father, and may thee."

What role does the state play in the tragedy? The state is an accomplice to Desdemona's murder. When Brabantio appeals to the Duke to annul the marriage, the Duke supports Othello because Othello has done good service in the wars, and the Duke needs Othello to do further service in the new wars. The marriage is not annulled, and Othello goes off with Desdemona.

What follows is quite predictable. Iago, who has a grudge against Othello, starts planting suggestions in Othello's mind that Desdemona is not a faithful wife. And the main stratagem Iago uses is to dwell upon Desdemona's betrayal of her father. "She did deceive her father, marrying you... She that, so young, could give out such a seeming, To seal her father's eyes up close as oak."

Othello, finally after a series of contrivances by Iago, believes Desdemona is unfaithful. He kills Desdemona and then himself.

Othello is generally regarded as a magnificent play about the devastating effects of jealousy upon the human soul. However, as is always the case with Shakespearean criticism, the general opinion does not do justice to the complexity of the play. Othello is certainly about jealousy, but it is about so much more. There are two major themes always ignored when the play is discussed. The first is Desdemona's betrayal of her father. It is not fashionable to seek one's father's approval before marriage, so modern critics do not look on Desdemona's refusal to get her father's permission to marry as a fault. But we do regard it as a fault, and so did Shakespeare, and so did Othello. While certainly not deserving to be murdered for her fault, Desdemona is an unwitting accomplice to her own murder.

The second theme ignored is that of blackness. Do not misunderstand me. The fact that Desdemona is white and Othello is black is always noted by the critics, but the black vs. white theme is noted only as it relates to the jealousy theme. The difference in race is advanced as one of the reasons Othello is so susceptible to Iago's suggestions. However, there is another aspect of Othello's blackness that is always ignored, and it should not be. Did Shakespeare choose to make Othello black for a reason? I think he did. Othello's complete transformation over a short period of time from a respected soldier citizen into a primitive savage suggests that the primitive element, present in all men, is closer to the surface in the black man. He can ape the white man's ways, but not having absorbed the white man's religion on any deep level, the black man can very easily revert to his jungle ways.

It is significant that the other two black characters in Shakespeare's plays, Aaron in *Titus Andronicus* and the Prince of Morocco in *The Merchant of Venice*, are both men, like Othello, who can ape white customs but who at heart are savages who view courtship and marriage as an extension of tribal warfare. Thus Aaron asserts:

*Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as the adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs.
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.*

And the Prince of Morocco argues:

*Where Phoebus fire scarce thaws the icicles
And let us make incision for
your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.*

In all three plays, Shakespeare warns us about the dangers of race-mixing. Tamora in *Titus Andronicus* and Desdemona in *Othello* link their destinies with savage blacks. Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* rejects her black suitor, which is why the two former plays are tragedies and the latter is a comedy.

O. J. Simpson, like Othello, had been a warrior. Unlike Othello, however, O. J. Simpson had not fought for his country but for money. Nicole Brown presumably was attracted to O. J. Simpson because of his exploits on the football field and because of the wealth he had acquired while performing there. However, there is another reason now why a white women marries a black man,

and that is to assuage white guilt. No one can accuse a white woman of prejudice if she marries a black man. Anyone who went to college in the late sixties and early seventies could observe this phenomenon in its infancy when it became very chic for young white women to have their own black man.

Nicole Brown, unlike Desdemona, did not marry without her father's consent, but she did start her marriage off with an act of betrayal. She betrayed her race and her heritage, about which, presumably, her parents had never bothered to teach her. By doing this she was an accomplice to her own murder. One thing that the liberals never seem to grasp about race relations is that no black really respects a white person who betrays his own people. A Gordon Scott *Tarzan* movie comes to mind (previously discussed here). The white survivors of a plane crash in the jungle are faced with the difficult task of making their way through an area peopled (much like our American cities) with hostile natives. A great white hunter comes and offers to lead them safely through the jungle. Tarzan also has come along and has offered to help them, too, but the white hunter and Tarzan differ as to the safest route to take. Now, if I had to make a choice between Tarzan and a dubious white hunter, I would choose Tarzan, but the white survivors go with the white hunter. The white hunter, as we could have predicted, already has made a deal with the natives. In exchange for ivory, he will lead the whites to the natives' kitchen pots. When the white hunter delivers up the white people, he gets a surprise. The black chief tells him that he will be the first one killed. "Why?" asks the white hunter. "Because," says the chief, "You betrayed your own people; you will betray us." With her initial betrayal of her race, Nicole Brown put the thought in O. J. Simpson's mind: "You betrayed your own people; you will betray me."

Nicole Brown would not have seen her marriage to O. J. Simpson as a betrayal of her race because of her liberal upbringing, but O. J. Simpson would have seen it that way. If one lists the true hierarchy of cultures present in America, it would run like this:

1. Christian
2. Pagan (Greco-Roman)
3. Savage or barbarian
4. Post-Christian

O. J. Simpson came from the Barbarian class and Nicole Brown came from the post-Christian class. A post-Christian is extremely interested in the savage class but has no interest in the Christian or pagan classes, because the post-Christian has descended too far to be touched by a higher culture. It is the savage's religion of sex and blood that offers post-Christians some hope to escape the vapidness of their passionless lives. Most young whites are post-Christian; they have no interest in Christianity or paganism. Their only aspiration is to someday rise to the class of savages. Their idols are the black athletes or celebrities of the moment.

But a savage will never understand a post-Christian. To a post-Christian, there is no such thing as religion or race; hence, the idea of loyalty to anything is alien to the post-Christian. The savage, lacking knowledge of the highest loyalty – *pieta* – does have a rudimentary knowledge of racial loyalty. So, when a black marries a white woman, he delights in his ability to lord it over the white man by sleeping with a white woman, but in the deep recesses of his soul, he has contempt for a white woman who betrays her race by marrying a black man.

I mentioned that the state, represented by the Duke in *Othello*, was an accomplice to Desdemona's murder. So too was the state an accomplice in the murder of Nicole Brown. In America, as we know, we have no concrete state; we are governed by "The People." And the spokesman for "The People" is the liberal, elitist assortment of professors, media persons, psychoanalytical witch-doctors, lawyers, and other aliens from the human race. This strange liberal elite, which runs our country, has decreed that it is a very good thing for blacks and whites to marry. Forget all the historical wisdom against such marriages, forget the tragedy of broken homes and violent deaths that result from such liaisons; all these things must be swept aside to satisfy the liberals' need for a multi-racial, universalist Christianity without Christ and without humanity. Nicole Brown was fed on such ideas.

Should it be a surprise then that she thought she was performing a noble act when she married O. J. Simpson?

Though parallel in many aspects, there is one very great contrast between Othello and Desdemona's marriage and that of O. J. Simpson and Nicole Brown. Othello and Desdemona's story is the stuff of tragedy. Desdemona descends from the Christian plane to marry a seemingly noble pagan who reverts to the level of a savage under the evil influence of Iago, the post-Christian. Iago is the post-Christian equivalent to the modern, satanic, technocratic Christians. Both Othello and Desdemona have some depth of soul.

In stark contrast stand O. J. Simpson and Nichole Brown. Their story is a sad one – nobody should have to die as she did – but it lacks the dimension of tragedy, because O. J. and Nicole Brown lacked Othello and Desdemona's depth of soul. Their story only assumes tragic dimensions when we view the two cultures they represent. Simpson represented a savage culture cut adrift by a white culture that should have remained a stern parent to the savage child-culture. Nicole Brown represented a once-Christian race that has descended, except for a small remnant, to a level below that of the savage. From this level, the white, post-Christian looks up at the black savage and alternately views him as his ally against the white Christians and also worships him as the harbinger of death.

Labels: Othello, white betrayal

Politically Incorrect T.V. Shows

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 2007

The liberals, you may have noticed, throw terms around like racist, sexist, anti-Semitic, homophobic and fascist in the same way pre-Vatican II popes used to hurl anathemas. The pre-Vatican II popes, however, usually had very meticulously detailed reasons to explain why they felt compelled to hurl their anathemas. The liberals can never explain their anathemas; indeed, questioning the validity of the liberals' anathemas only proves to them that you are completely outside the ken of Liberaldom and therefore outside the realm of humanity. Thus, if you question the wisdom of the civil rights movement, pointing out the meteoric rise in crime that has accompanied it, you are, ipso facto, a racist. If you maintain that a woman's place is in the home and near the hearth, you are, ipso facto, a sexist. If you maintain that any organized body opposed to the Mystical Body of Christ is one that bears watching, particularly since organized Jewry has never been a friend to the Christian West, you are, ipso facto, an anti-Semite. If you maintain that sodomy is not a legitimate life option, you are, ipso facto, a homophobe. And if you think there are better forms of government than that of the American democratic system, then you are, ipso facto, a fascist.

In order to restore some balance to the political correctness debate, I would like to propose some politically incorrect television shows. If we start production on them immediately, they should be ready for the fall season.

1. *The Segregationist* – In a small town in Mississippi lives a God-fearing white man named Billy Bob McCoy. Billy Bob's town is virtually crime-free because it is racially homogenous and because almost every male in the town carries a firearm. However, in the neighboring town trouble rears its ugly head. A liberal bitch from the local area has gone on to Hollywood and become a famous actress. She has just bought the town next to Billy Bob's, and she plans to import blacks into the town. Billy Bob, from the time he was knee high to a grasshopper (he's 36 years old now), has been sending money to churches in Africa in order to feed little black children who have, according to the ads, never eaten. But Billy Bob knows what happens to towns that integrate. He has a wife and four children and he loves his neighborhood. By making a few strategic visits with some of his friends to the actress's house, Billy Bob manages to head off the plans for integration.

At the end of the first episode, we see Billy Bob sitting on the front porch of his Andy-of-Mayberry-type house, playing the guitar and singing "Jimmy Cracked Corn" to his children and some neighbors. In subsequent episodes, Billy Bob journeys to a nearby city and helps his friends keep their golf course segregated. He also thwarts a plan for forced busing from his town to the big city.

[Advice to the Director: It's important to always portray Billy Bob and his friends as kindly, good-natured fellows, and to portray the integrationists as mean-spirited bigots who look on themselves as divinely-appointed ambassadors for integration.]

2. *The Wife Beater* – When John Wolford married Jan McKensey, he thought his life would be one of peaceful contentment. Jan was pretty, God-fearing, and traditional-minded. But after six years of marriage, something was wrong. While John was at work, Jan had started taking the kids, a boy of two years, and a girl of four, with her to some local meetings for women. Every time Jan went to one of these meetings, John noticed she came back seething with resentment toward him and the children.

In the opening episode, John comes home from work early one day and finds his wife in the upstairs bedroom with one of her "lady" friends. John says nothing, but merely closes the door, goes downstairs, gathers up the children, and drives to the rectory of his parish church. He asks to talk with the older, retired priest in residence, named Father O'Connor, who is 86 years old. John, for obvious reasons, does not tell Father Mark, age 28, who answers the door of the rectory, why he wants to talk to Father O'Connor. Father O'Connor has to get around with the aid of a walker, and

he wears a hearing aid, but he still has all of his considerable mental powers intact. It should be noted that Father O'Connor has not gone to any of the Church 'Renewal' courses. When his superiors got around to ordering him to attend, he pleaded ill health, and nobody ever bothered to pursue it any further.

John tells Father O'Connor about his marital problems. Father O'Connor listens and then asks John, "Do you still love her?"

John says, "Yes, I do."

"Then," Father O'Connor says, as he places his hand over John's hand, "you must beat her."

"But how, Father, can I hit my wife?"

"You will not only hit her, you will beat her, that is, if you really love her. If you do not beat your wife, you will be committing the sin of Adam. You will be trying to please your wife outside of God's law. If you do that, you will be placing yourself and your wife permanently outside of God's loving orbit."

As John leaves the rectory, he turns and asks Father O'Connor one last question. "Father, what shall I beat my wife with?"

Father O'Connor replies, "You should beat her with a big, brown belt."

That night John Welford beats his wife and locks her in the cellar. Two days later, he lets her out of the cellar and beats her again. After four months of living in the cellar and being beaten, Jan comes out of the dark cellar and walks into the light. Together Jan and John receive the Holy Eucharist, and except for a few lingering sore spots, Jan is a spiritually and physically restored woman. Every day of Jan's life, she thanks God for sending her a husband that loved her enough to beat her.

In subsequent episodes, Jan and John help other husbands learn to overcome their fears and to beat their wives.

3. *Zorro Rides Again* – In the pilot episode, we meet the great, great, great, great-grandson of Zorro, who starts riding throughout the Los Angeles area, cutting off the heads of doctors who perform abortions. In one episode, the Pope, at the instigation of the liberals, visits Los Angeles and urges Zorro to stop his violent activities and turn himself in to the legitimate government of the U. S. Zorro replies, by means of a flaming arrow, that he will turn himself into the legitimate U. S. government as soon as the country acquires one. In the meantime, Zorro says, "Si, Papa; No, Ratzinger; I will fight to the death."

Every subsequent episode will show Zorro killing abortion doctors and escaping just as the law dogs seem to be closing in on him.

4. *The Fascist* – In this series, we will follow the efforts of a retired American army officer to infiltrate the ranks of the U. S. Army, infuse an elite band of troops with his Fascist ideology, and then lead a counter-revolutionary offensive against the U. S. government.

You get the general idea. Other shows will have such winning titles as *Jack Brito and the Anti-Sodomite Legionnaires*, *The Knights of the Cross Fight Zionism*, and so on.

Tune in this fall to see all these (and more) exciting shows!

Labels: humor

Fields Without Dreams -- Book Review: *Fields Without Dreams: Defending the Agrarian Ideal* by Victor Davis Hanson, Free Press, 1997;

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 2007

Hanson's contention is that the small farm is dead and that capitalism killed it. For those who say, "So what," Hanson would answer that Greek democracy and Jeffersonian democracy all depend on the existence of small farms manned by trusty yeomen. Can we abandon the agrarian principles on which our country was founded and still maintain our country? Hanson says we cannot. Wendell Berry echoes the same thoughts in his book, *Another Turn of the Crank*.

The small farmer is not asking for government handouts, but he is asking for protection from large corporations and protection from unfair foreign trade. Why should the small farmer be protected? Hanson maintains that the small farmer should be protected because he is the heart and soul of the American democratic experiment. The small farmer is in a dilemma when it comes to politics. He is usually a conservative on issues such as pornography, divorce, and sexual permissiveness, but he has done better economically under Democratic regimes instead of Republican. Hanson addresses this dilemma:

Oh, it is true that most farmers now say they 'like' such Republican constriction, the hard dollar, low wages, predictable prices, stasis, and all that. I won't argue with farmers that skeptical Republican administrations may be smarter in dealing with drugs, welfare, the lazy and criminal, and other social ills. But raise farmers, even conservative farmers, usually – predictably – go broke voting Republican, hating the rare Democratic administrations as they become prosperous. So much for homo economicus ... Tell a farmer that: he almost punches you in the face, citing rains, luck, and all sorts of extraneous, superfluous factors for the Carter extravaganza of the late 1970s. He hates you for saying what he knows in his black heart to be true: Democrats inflate and expand; Republicans deflate and constrict. Democrats enrage farmers with their farrago of entitlement and permissiveness; Republicans excite with their stern talk and get-tough threats. But Democrats make farmers rich; Republicans make them go broke.

Hanson makes his case against the unrestricted free market by describing the tragedy of his own small, ancestral farm. His mother, his father, and now he and his brothers have all had to get jobs outside the farm (Hanson works as a Professor of Greek) just to keep it alive. The great raisin crash (depicted in great detail in the book) of 1983 ended the last hope the Hansons had of making a living from their land. Nor does Hanson confine himself to just the story of his own farm. He tells the stories of many other small farmers who were unable to compete with the leviathan. To the Limbaughs who would call Hanson and his fellow farmers 'liberal whiners' who just couldn't cut it in a free-market economy, Hanson replies with this:

All the free-market economists I met who lectured on productivity while ignoring obscene commissions, dividends, and salaries, the Ivy League careerists who pontificated about market corrections and the stabilizing, healthy effect of buyouts, shutdowns, and bankruptcies, were themselves quite a sorry bunch. A pampered lot they were, terrified of the ghetto across the freeway, struck dumb by a hammer and nails, left pale and stammering before the formidable blue-collar white repair man. They preached an awfully stern Darwinism. But even those tanned and fit on their Nautiluses would be the first to go in any jungle their own models might create.

No doubt because of a second career (Hanson considers himself a farmer first) spent with Aeschylus and Sophocles, Mr. Hanson does not feel obligated to end his work on an optimistic note. He makes a few suggestions about things that could be done, but he makes it clear that he doesn't believe anything will be done to help the small farmer. Like a soothsayer from one of Sophocles' tragedies, Hanson tells us, without commercial break, that there will be hell to pay for our destruction of the agrarian way of life.¹

Now, let me mention the major flaw of the book. Hanson's critique of the free-market is just; his defense of the agrarian way of life is noble. However, I would quarrel with the gods he invokes. He states in his preface that he rejects the more romanticized vision of farming presented by Virgil in *The Georgics* in favor of the bleaker vision presented by Hesiod in *Works and Days*. Throughout the book, when he talks about 'Western Civilization' he clearly refers to the Greeks. Well, the Greeks were a fine bunch of fellows, and we owe them much, but the Incarnation is a fact. The Western monks preserved the Greek and Roman works because there was much in them that deserved to be preserved, but to ignore the colossal change in our institutions, in our art, and in our morals that took place since the Incarnation is at best second-rate thought. Agrarianism needs to be defended because it was under an agrarian economy that Christendom flourished, not because the Greeks (as Hanson suggests) flourished under an agrarian system. So, this is a good book, but not on a par with Andrew Lytle's *Eden to Babylon*, in which Lytle defends the agrarian idea from a Christian viewpoint.

1. The poisoned food from China is part of the hell we are paying.

Labels: Book review

Pax Americana

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 2007

The Muslims are to be condemned for their attacks on innocent people, but we should be clear about the cause of the attacks: The US has spent the latter part of the 20th century and the beginning of the 21st meddling in everybody's business in the name of democracy and free markets. Isolationists such as Patrick Buchanan are regularly excoriated by the power brokers in Washington and the media, but it is democratic capitalism that breeds war.

Good Muslims will always hate the infidel, but they would not have killed thousands of Americans if the US was a nation committed to one race (the white one) and one religion (Christianity), without the aspiration to spread a satanic creed (democratic capitalism) around the world.

Which brings me to the subject of patriotism. I agree with Frank Owsley's statement that a country must consist of a people with a common race and religion if it is to be a true nation. The old South qualified as a 'nation' because it was Christian and it was white. But our current, multi-ethnic, multi-faith country is not a nation; we live in an anti-nation. And our anti-white, anti-Christian anti-nation has gone to war against an evil, anti-Christian nation, which does not leave us with anybody to root for.

Labels: democracy, genuine patriotism

The Return of Cybele

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 2007

The post-Christian can never re-enter the pagan world. Christ, mercifully, changed that world. But post-Christians do ape the pagans with intellectualized versions of the old cults. Thus Hitler crafted his new German myth onto the old pagan ones, and the Christian churches have adopted, in intellectualized form, the old religion of Cybele.

A goddess of the earth, called Mâ or Cybele, was revered as the fecund mother of all things, the "mistress of the wild beasts" that inhabit the woods. A god Attis, or Papas, was regarded as her husband, but the first place in this divine household belonged to the woman, a reminiscence of the period of matriarchy...

In the midst of their orgies, and after wild dances, some of the worshippers voluntarily wounded themselves and, becoming intoxicated with the view of the blood, with which they besprinkled their altars, they believed they were united themselves with their divinity. Or else, arriving at a paroxysm of frenzy, they sacrificed their virility to the gods as certain Russian dissenters still do today. These men became priests of Cybele and were called Galli. Violent ecstasis was always an endemic disease in Phrygia. As late as the Antonines, montanist prophets that arose in that country attempted to introduce it into Christianity.

from *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism* by Franz Cumont (1911)

All this proves the old cliché, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." In the later half of the 20th century, Cybele finally was introduced and accepted by the Christian churches.

Labels: matriarchy, post-Christian rationalism

The Line Has Been Crossed

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 2007

I had enjoyed reading those *esprit de corps* military books like *Beau Geste* when I was a boy, and I had always thought that I would enter the military when I got older. But by the time I got out of high school, I considered myself a radical, due to the influence of a very charismatic, political science teacher and the book, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It's just as well; had I remained a *Beau Geste* romantic and entered the military, I would have been quite disappointed because the line had been crossed.

What line? Well, the dates are not written in stone, but they are basically accurate. After World War I (1919), the European peoples (which include the American people) ceased to be Christian on a conscious level. But they still maintained the basic values of Christians; they behaved as if Christianity was true. If you had joined the foreign legion or fought for European values, you could have justified it by saying you were fighting for Christian civilization.

But by the 1960s people no longer acted according to Christian values. The chasm between a Christian's behavior and beliefs and that of a secularist was immense. I need only mention legalized abortion and sexual promiscuity as two examples of the chasm. A secularist of the 1940s was the progenitor of the 1960s secularists, but he would have more in common in the way he behaved with the Christian. Many older liberals were very uncomfortable with the sixties radicals, but what could they say when challenged? They had no metaphysical underpinning for their 'do nots,' which is why the sexual revolution gave way to the pragmatic sexual revolution; if you can't be moral, at least be safe.

I did get a shot at *Beau Geste*-ing it later when I was a policeman in my twenties. There were moments, on the midnight shift, when I felt I was a soldier of the night, standing against the barbarians with a few stalwart lads. It was a good feeling. But it was all airy nothings. My stalwart fellow officers would just as soon knock an abortion protestor on the head as a Negro barbarian. The shared ethos was not there. I came to feel more like a hooker than a soldier.

When the line has been crossed, there is nothing a man can do to support his society that feels noble. His work must be *contra mundum* in a society that has crossed the line or his soul will drown in the slush.

Labels: counterrevolution, post-Christian rationalism

The Sons of Martha

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 2007

I reject the modern Catholic-Quaker notion that Christianity is a pacifistic religion. Christianity is a fighting faith. However, we Christians fight in "defense of" rather than to "stomp on." And I think a Christian must always put himself at that part of the fort at which the enemy has chosen to launch the main body of his troops. It does no good to defend the south wall when the north wall is being besieged.

Currently, it is the white European wall of the fort that is being attacked. Everywhere, the idea that white Europeans, cooperating with God's grace, created a civilization that is worth emulating is under attack, which is why I subscribe to so-called 'racist' publications. The men behind the magazines have good instincts, and they sense where the good lies. But they are Sons of Martha. They need a leader from the ranks of the Sons of Mary who can show them that the bastardized Christianity which has destroyed all that is good and noble in the West can only be defeated by a true, noble, heroic Christianity. Neo-Darwinism and fascism are not sufficient to defeat post-Christian satanism.

The Southern Tradition -- Book Review: *The Southern Tradition: The Achievement and Limitations of an American Conservatism* by Eugene D. Genovese, Harvard University Press, 1994;

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 2007

Mr. Genovese, a former Marxist but excellent historian nonetheless, brings before us an array of Southern agrarians who should be studied but who are generally ignored by mainstream conservative-liberal pundits. Genovese does justice to the varied opinions of M. E. Bradford, Andrew Lytle, Alan Tate, and Richard Weaver while also focusing on the common ideas shared by all the agrarians. While they differed on the subject of what a just government should be, all the Southern agrarians were united in their critique of capitalism – the religion of the Yankee conservatives.

The agrarian critique of capitalism is, in my opinion, irrefutable. The problem with the free-market capitalism of the Buckleys, the Novaks, the Gilders, and the Limbaughs, is that an unrestrained free-market completely destroys the traditional values necessary to sustain a free-market economy. If families, neighborhoods, and God himself is made subject to the free-market, then all is cheerless, dark, deadly, and chaotic. People will turn to socialism or fascism to escape the capitalistic nightmare. And it is indeed a nightmare. Capitalism has shown itself to be more devastatingly destructive of hearth and home than communism or socialism. As dreadful as Poland was under communism, the Polish people did not face as great a danger to their faith and their families as they now face in the form of the democratic capitalism so adored by the late Michael Novak, Wall Street, and Rush Limbaugh. Our benighted nation, far from holding out a beacon light to the rest of the world, instead illustrates the terrible dangers of unchecked human pride. We are indeed a "city built on a hill" – we are a satanic city built on a hill of technology and dead souls.

Yet the free-market conservatives drone on and on, preaching happiness for all, if we would just support the capitalist crusade in Iraq and adopt the flat tax.

The free marketers wish no one ill, but their happy dream of a well ordered international economy of morally indifferent affluence for many and misery for those who cannot compete – a dream that constitutes my own private nightmare – is becoming a reality. We may indeed be on the threshold of a brave new world of affluent depravity for a good many people, perhaps even a majority of Americans. If so, I am glad to be too old to have to live with the worst of what is coming.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Genovese's presentation of the Southern agrarian case against capitalism. I do disagree with him on the issue of racism. While admiring the agrarians, Mr. Genovese deplores their racist support of segregation. Donald Davidson is especially singled out for his opposition to integration. Mr. Genovese is schizophrenic. He fails to understand that without segregation, the values of white Southerners whom he admires, such as Donald Davidson, would be no different from the values of the Northern capitalists, whom he deplores. New south "conservatives" like Newt Gingrich can be part of the New World Order because they are willing to trade Christian civilization for the new multi-racial, free-market world. But it is a spiritually impoverished world that Newt and the integrationists love, and it will come crashing down on everyone's head regardless of color. And then there will be, oh rapture of raptures, equality – albeit the equality of the dung heap.

Labels: agrarian case, heartlessness of capitalism

Hitler Revisited

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 2007

If made-for-T.V. movies and documentaries are any indication of the public's interest and fascination with a subject, then Adolph Hitler is the subject liberals are most fascinated with. Seldom does a week go by without some special on the Führer. Yet for all their fascination with Hitler, the liberals have no understanding of his life or of what he represents.

It used to strike me as strange that the liberals had so little understanding of Hitler, but then I realized that in order for the liberals to understand him and the Nazi phenomenon, they would have to examine their own metaphysic. This they dare not do, because their metaphysic, although diverging at a fork in the road, emanates from the same city as Hitler's metaphysic.

Hitler was not some alien monster from outer space, nor was he a gangster like Stalin or a barbarian like Idi Amin. Hitler was a pagan, as Julian the Apostate was a pagan. Hitler was raised by a devout Catholic mother and an indifferent Catholic father. His childhood was not an unhappy one, but the Christian vision did not inspire him. In this he was not unlike other Austrian and German youths of the early 1900s – Christianity did not inspire them either.

"If men will not have a religion of Christ," William Blake told us, "they will have a religion of Satan." Hitler chose one of Satan's religions for his own, much like his fellow apostate countrymen. The only difference between the apostate Hitler and his apostate countrymen was that he was totally devoted to his new religion, while most of them were indifferent apostates. Hitler chose, like Nietzsche and Wagner (whom he adored), the religion of the ancient Greeks. Of course I don't mean he literally adopted the entire Greek pantheon of gods as his own, but that he adopted pagan naturalism as his own. He sought a return to the gods of the hunt, the field, and the stream. Hitler believed that Christianity had emasculated the German people, and that he, Adolph Hitler, could bring them back to their former glory. This is a very old heresy; the previously-mentioned Julian the Apostate wanted to do the same thing for the Roman empire, namely, restore the empire to its pre-Christian, glory days.

Is this, then, the reason the liberals hate Hitler? Because he wanted to destroy Christianity? Of course not. The liberals also want to destroy Christianity. Do they hate him because he killed a great number of people? No, they do not hate him for that reason either. Stalin and Mao Tse-tung killed more people than Hitler, and the liberals do not hate them. In addition, the liberals have killed more people than Stalin and Mao by way of legalized abortion. So, a little blood for a great cause does not appall the liberals. What does appall them is an anti-Christian ideology that opposes their own anti-Christian ideology. Hitler and the liberals are fighting cousins. What the liberals object to in Hitler is his preference for the racial myth over the liberals' egalitarian, universalist myth.

I think Hitler failed because he did not understand the European people. You can sway most, if not all, non-white cultures by simply appealing to their lust for power. "Follow me and I'll make our race the dominant race in the world," says the non-white demagogue. But white people need something more to inspire them. The pagan Europeans who conquered Rome had power; they had the world in their hands and they found it lacking in substance. They needed something more. And they found something more in the God-Man.

Hitler couldn't mobilize enough European support because he failed to frame his heresy in the form that Europeans were used to. The democratic heresy and the Marxist heresy, because they were post-Christian heresies, were more appealing to the bulk of the European people. So the post-Christian democracies joined with the post-Christian communists to defeat Hitler.

Personally, I prefer the manliness of Hitler's victory-or-death paganism to Stalin's and Roosevelt's slimy universalism, but that, for a Christian, is not really the point. A Christian is not permitted to choose the lesser of two evils. The proper Christian response during World War II should have

consisted of a two-front war, against Russian communism (and its twin sister, American democracy) on the one front, and against Hitler's paganism on the other front. But two-front wars are difficult; only a resolute Christian warrior can maintain such a war. We all tend to pick the lesser of two evils and join in with the more congenial devil. But Christians should know better. In the pre-war days of Hitler's era, the historical record shows that the upper ranks of the pro-monarchy, Austrian-German nobility did know better. They opposed Hitler and the Marxists. (It seems there is some advantage to having a European cultural education that includes more than the catechism. After all, Hitler knew his catechism.)

It is something that gives one pause, this very human tendency to make a pact with the lesser devil. I've never seen it work. The Christian Democratic parties in Latin America and Europe are a disgrace, and I needn't mention the slimy, now largely defunct Christian Coalition in our own country. It is much better to go down fighting a large group of anti-Christian enemies arrayed against you than to be stabbed in the back by a coalition member who suddenly, on the day of battle, decides he hates you more than his other enemy. Or better yet, when one's prayers are pure, because they are not soiled by the desire to please unbelievers, perhaps God will give the victory to the few. Who knows? It's happened before.

Are we now too far afield from the late Führer of the Third Reich? I think not. Hitler is a man we dare not make common cause with, but let us not be deceived into thinking his enemies are creatures of light. They reside in the same city as Hitler – the City of Man-without-God. The Marxist and the Americanist are moving toward a secularized Zion; their eschatology is similar to Christianity except (and the exception is everything) for the absence of Christ. And Hitler bids us return to the Sturm und Drang of paganism.

Hitler seems like the lesser of two evils because, after all, at least in paganism there is a reverence for nature and for something outside of man. Yes, but we must realize that Hitler's paganism, was a post-Christian paganism. The ancient pagan was stuck with paganism until the God-Man came to destroy the pagan gods. Hitler chose the pagan gods over Christ. That is a crucial distinction which we should always have before us. Hitler, if he truly knew Christianity, would not have rejected Christ. In addition, if he truly knew paganism, he would have embraced Christ. Why? Because the two greatest lights of pagan culture – Sophocles and Virgil – both told anyone who bothered to read them that life was meaningless without a God that stood above nature, who guaranteed the spiritual continuance of every creature doomed to go the way of pure nature. Sophocles and Virgil bore witness to the eternal qualities of the human personality. If there was no Christ, then there was nothing but the hell of dumb nature without the life-giving spirit.

In both *Oedipus at Colonus* and *The Aeneid* there are indications that Sophocles and Virgil intuited the coming of the Messiah. If Hitler had really understood pagan antiquity, he would have rejoiced to have lived to see the coming of the Lord, and he would have wielded the sword on behalf of Christian Germany instead of Nietzsche's Übermensch.

Unlike the liberals, I have not had a life-long fascination with Hitler, but a good biography of him by Marlis Steinert (*Hitler*, W. W. Norton, 1997) has set me thinking about the man, or actually I should say, about the boy. It is the young Hitler, not the Führer, who interests me. He had depth of soul; he was not as far gone (and I mean this sincerely) as many students I have had. Hitler had a great thirst for beauty and for the transcendent. He was neither a sadist nor a sensualist. And a boy with Hitler's thirst for beauty is easier to reach than a modern student who has no such thirst.

The question is, why did Hitler find his vision of the Third Reich more beautiful than the Christian faith? Well, there is free will, and Hitler ultimately bears the responsibility for his rejection of Christianity, but he was not alone in his rejection. Europeans have for the most part followed Hitler in this rejection of Christianity. They have not all followed Hitler's way, but most have pursued their own godless courses. In Hitler's case, I wonder if the case for Christianity was ever presented to him; was he ever exposed to Chateaubriand's "The Faith is true because it is beautiful" form of

apologetics? Was he ever taught that what was good in German culture, including the half-pagan, half-Christian Wagner, was a product of Christian culture? I doubt it.

The sad fact is that when the Christian faith is presented in only a catechistical way, it does seem to be a great polluter of life. Many Christians seem to feel that just as poetry had no place in Plato's Republic, it has no place in the Christian churches. But that is throwing the baby out with the bath water, as the saying goes. The poetic of Christianity is the soul of Christianity. If we take out the beautiful and true story of Christ's death and resurrection in favor of a stripped-down, streamlined version more compatible with the bureaucratic-structured man of today, what will be left of Christianity?

Again, Hitler must answer for his own soul as we all must some day, but I, at the risk of being completely misunderstood, must claim that what I see in Hitler's soul, as evil as it was, is not half as frightening as what I see in the souls of so many of our modern "educated" young people. How can it be otherwise – their gods are even more fearsome than Hitler's pagan gods.

The Hitler movies will keep coming. The liberals need him. They need him to continually prove to the world that they, the liberals, are necessary. Without them, the liberals tell us, we will all either become Nazis or be killed by Nazis.

But the dirty little secret that the liberals hide even from themselves is that Hitler is their child. He does not live in the sanctuaries of the right-wing Christians; he lives with the liberals. And they remain fascinated and appalled by Hitler because he is their own wayward child. They are like the free-love advocate who is appalled when his daughter actually practices what he teaches. "Christ is not risen," scream the liberals.

"Then I will resurrect the old German gods," Hitler replies.

"Why wasn't he able to settle for wine-and-cheese parties?" the liberals lament.

The legions of Satan are diverse; once you have rejected Christ, there is no rule that you must choose the politically-correct version of Satanism. Hitler's great sin was that he chose Apollo over Christ, and his minor virtue was that he was not politically correct.

Labels: paganism, poetic vision, post-Christian rationalism

A Cross Can Be a Beautiful Thing

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 2007

Ever since my third oldest son was knee-high to that old grasshopper, he has always wanted to know, whenever I showed a movie to the family, "Who is the hero?" It did my heart good when he asked that question, because I knew that a child with a thirst for heroes was heading in the right direction. And my son did not disappoint me. He has stayed with Walter Scott and P. C. Wren as he entered his teens.

Unfortunately the modern world is very much against heroes in general and against the particular heroes of my son. Why? Because my son's heroes are all knights of Christendom. Some might wear cowboy boots and a white hat instead of armor, but they are all heirs of King Arthur.

When conservatives talk about how we are turning the corner and winning the battle for the hearts of our young, I usually have to fight back the urge to vomit. American popular theater is the movies, and the type of movie hero that our young people pay money to see is not a Christian hero. This does not bode well for our already sick-beyond-belief nation, because only a hero can save us. But if we have lost our appetite for, and our belief in, genuine heroes, then it is quite probable if a true hero did emerge he would be rejected like the one who stands as the ultimate hero of Western culture. As Andrew Lytle tells us, "The hero's most perfect image is, of course, Christ, the man-God."

There are two types of heroes who appear in the modern movie, and neither is a Christian hero. The first type is the sensitive, politically correct man that emerged in the 1960s. He saves whales, fights racism and sexism, goes to sensitivity seminars, and has had a vasectomy. But the new liberal hero is a very dull bird. For the sake of the box office, he has been modified.

The second type of hero is the pagan-liberal. Liberals will allow Joe Sixpack to watch white men do some heroic punching, shooting, and derring-do under one or all of the following conditions:

1) The white hero must be fighting against politically incorrect bad guys such as Nazis (always popular), Klansmen, Southern sheriffs, sexists, Indian fighters, or fundamentalist Christians. Harrison Ford's character in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* is an example of a hero from that genre.

2) The white hero must have a black best friend who accompanies him and shares in the heroic deed-doing. Chuck Norris' *Texas Ranger* T.V. series and the older *Magnum P.I.* series are examples.

3) The white hero must have a female partner who is not feminine and who equals if not surpasses the male hero in every aspect of heroism. Fill in whatever movie you want in this category for they are legion.

The movies with white male heroes are few enough. And when the few ones that do have white male heroes depict them as defenders of Liberalism, the result is not good for the individual viewer or for society as a whole. Contrary to what the "We-are-turning-the-corner" conservatives say, you cannot have a public theater that glorifies only liberal heroes and expect conservative Christian principles to prevail.

I hold to the view that Christendom officially ended after the reign of Charles of Austria of the House of Hapsburg; Christendom had been declining for some time, but it officially ended then. However, remnants of a Christian worldview still survived in Europe and in this country until the 1960s.

Our own popular theater offers proof of the survival of some Christian instincts after the demise of Christendom and before 1965. Looking specifically at the Christian hero, one can see that Hollywood was not so dominated by liberal themes back then as it is now. Consider some of the movies that were once mainstream, popular movies: *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1950), *Shane* (1953), *High Noon* (1952), *Ivanhoe* (1952), *The Quiet Man* (1952), *Stagecoach* (1939), *The Garden of Evil* (1954), *Gunga Din* (1939), *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (1935), *Beau Geste* (1939), *The Fighting O'Flynn* (1949), and the list goes on and on. What is distinctive in all of the movies listed, and hundreds of others from 1930 through 1965, is that the hero either implicitly or explicitly supports a Christian world view. True, *Shane* doesn't sermonize, but it is clear when he is advising Bob to grow up clean and straight, he is not advising him to grow up and become a Tibetan monk or a psychologist.

And in some of the movies, the hero makes it explicit. I must call your attention to a remarkable movie that features the actor who most often played a Christian knight – Gary Cooper. The movie I refer to is *The Garden of Evil*. Gary Cooper plays a former sheriff who finds himself in a bar in a no-where town in Central America. Enter a damsel in distress. Her husband is trapped in a mine shaft somewhere, surrounded by hostile Indians. She will pay a lot of money (it's a gold mine) to any man willing to help her rescue her husband. An assortment of no-goods and half-goods accompany her. We gradually find out that one, Gary Cooper, has not gone along for the money. We find out his real reasons for going, when late in the picture the wife, now a widow, looks for some reason why her husband was placed on a cross to be tortured to death by the Indians. I'm skipping much of the plot, but suffice it to say that Gary Cooper, without growing a halo and without excessive sentimentality, tells her, "A cross isn't always an ugly thing; it can be a beautiful thing. We all have one."

A simple 1950s pot-boiler? I don't think so. In the movie, Gary Cooper's character rose to heroic heights to which no modern movie hero could every come close. The heroes that inspire us, the

stories we tell, are the real test of how our society stands. And our society doesn't stand; it wallows. Until we have heroes that once again see beauty on a cross, we will continue to wallow.

Labels: Christ the Hero, Christian Hero, Gary Cooper, movies

War Means Fighting and Fighting Means Killing

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 02, 2007

When reading the proclamations of La Raza and viewing their demonstrations in which they display severed heads, in effigy, of whites, I think of the words of the old B-Western cowboy hero, Wild Bill Elliot: "I'm normally a peaceable man, but..." And of course that "but" meant "there are some things a man can't ride around."

I love the real Walt Disney. He cast a wonderful bouquet of flowers on my childhood, but his generous white soul cast a false picture, in *The Three Caballeros*, of fun-loving Mexicans south of the border. They are not so fun-loving, unless you call carving up white people "fun."

One thinks of the old ditty, which I'll paraphrase:
Whitey thinks it wrong to fight,
But La Raza thinks it's fun and right.

If only one side fights a war, I don't think we need a military strategist to tell us who the winner will be.

Labels: Aztec invasion

Never the Twain Shall Meet

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 02, 2007

The Michael Vick dog-fighting scandal highlights the extreme differences between the barbarian cultures of color and the white post-Christian culture. The white post-Christians have, for the last fifty years or so, been the criminally indulgent parents of their adopted black man-child. If Blacky got in trouble for raping white women and murdering white men, the indulgent parents excused Blacky, because they understood the horrible nightmares, caused by white people, that made Blacky commit the wayward acts. So, Blacky grows up believing that whatever he does, no matter how heinous, will be, if not countenanced, then at least tolerated by his white parents.

"So why," the confused, angry Blacky asks, "Are my parents so harsh with me over this dog-fighting nonsense?" And of course Blacky cannot be expected to understand the white post-Christian; their world is not his world. Blacky does not feel any need for a humane God; he needs only a powerful God. Whether he professes Christianity, Islam, or Vodoo, the god he worships is always a god of power who can be propitiated through sacrifice. There is no God of mercy in his racial memory bank.

The white post-Christian, however, does have a God of mercy in his racial memory bank, although his mind will not accept the preposterous notion of an incarnate God. And yet the post-Christian retains an incredible longing for a merciful God, so he soothes his longing for that God by making a religion out of some of the merciful derivatives of the antique faith. Such a derivative is a respect and affection for God's creatures. It is very touching to read about how fond that most Christian of authors, Walter Scott, was of his pet cat and pet dog. He loved them in a way no barbarian could possibly understand. But Scott's love for animals was not an unacknowledged derivative of his love for the God-Man; he understood the connection. The modern post-Christian does not.

So of course Blacky is confused, hurt, and angry. His white parents are behaving, as he sees it, irrationally. And Blacky is right about that. It is irrational to hold on to the derivatives of a faith once you have rejected the main tenets of that faith. But Blacky's failure to understand his post-Christian parents' abhorrence of dog-fighting is just one more example of why blacks and whites should not mix.

Labels: barbarians, post-Christian rationalism, segregation

The Flaw in the "Tragic Flaw" Theory

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 09, 2007

Flannery O'Connor once remarked that literary critics were the ones who most often failed to understand her works. That goes double for Shakespeare's works.

One of the critics' biggest errors, as regards Shakespeare, is their attempt to apply Aristotle's 'tragic flaw' theory to his plays. The 'tragic flaw' theory, simply put, is that the protagonist in a tragedy always brings on his own downfall by some tragic flaw.

Using that criterion, the critic can assume an elevated height above the protagonist, psychoanalyze him, and thus avoid any meaningful reaction to the play or to existence.

But the tragic flaw theory is pure rot. Yes, many of Shakespeare's protagonists have tragic flaws, such as Timon and Lear, but others, such as Antony, Hamlet, and Coriolanus, are the noblest characters in the play. It is their nobility, rather than their flaws, that bring them down. And even in the play of *King Lear*, when the title character does possess that Aristotlean tragic flaw, one can find no tragic flaw in Cordelia; one finds only sublime beauty and nobility of soul in her.

Literary critics and Catholic theologians love to use the Greek structures because things are a lot simpler when using the Greek syllogisms. But even the Greek poets are too complex for the Greek structures. So how can one expect to fit the even more complex Christian poets, like Shakespeare, into the Greek molds? Well, I suppose you can do anything you want, if you want merely to be an academic bystander and not enter the real playing field of existence, but then, please stick to potted plants and computers and leave Shakespeare alone.

Labels: literary critics

Uncle Wiggly: An Appreciation

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 09, 2007

Uncle Wiggly is a rabbit gentleman obsessed with adventure, but he has peculiar ideas about what an adventure entails. In Uncle Wiggly's mind, adventure means charity. He is always looking for some human or some animal who needs his help. And help is what Uncle Wiggly almost always provides.

In the story of "Uncle Wiggly and the Poor Dog," he finds a place for a poor dog to live, and in the story of "Uncle Wiggly's Christmas," he helps two human boys have a merry Christmas. He is truly Pickwickian in his indefatigable efforts on behalf of those who need a champion, which makes me suspect the old rabbit gentleman and Mr. Pickwick were acquainted.

In fact, I know they were acquainted, through a mutual friend, the same friend who made blind men see and cripples walk. And that is really what distinguishes the great literature of the West (almost all of which in the 20th century is confined to the category of "children's literature") from the literature of the rest of the world. There is that unmistakable and unique presence in the truly European stories which makes one appreciate the sacredness of the European hearth.

Labels: charity

The American Dichotomy

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 09, 2007

America is the only country, formed by Europeans, which was founded on a false utopian idea. Other countries, like France, sought to replace a traditional government with a utopian one, but they did have traditions and customs prior to their new order.

But even Americans, despite their ignoble, godless constitution, could not eradicate all European beliefs and customs from their lives in one short generation or even in one hundred years. Thus, there is always a great dichotomy in the American people. There are many great individuals walking through our history, individuals like Nathan Bedford Forrest and Robert E. Lee, men who responded to the European in their souls. And there are many demonic individuals, such as Lincoln and FDR, who responded to the utopian ideals of our false nation.

The American writers whom I would label 'great' all follow Melville's lead when he said in Redburn, "All Americans are spiritually European."

Melville

For me Melville's greatness lies in his discomfort with unbelief. He is not Ishmael, who sells out Christianity for thirty pieces of silver and then sleeps quite well. Melville is more akin to Ahab, uncomfortable with unbelief but unable to reconcile the concept of a loving god with the unloving, created world. Ahab goes mad, but Melville keeps nobly on. Although thoroughly versed in the classics, it is the Biblical that inspires Melville. His work is full of fiery prophets with the mark of the Old Testament on them. And in the early and middle works, such as *Mardi*, *Moby Dick*, *Pierre*, *The Confidence Man*, and *Bartleby*, Melville is very much the raging, angry prophet. But his jeremiads give way to Isaiah in "Clarel" and in *Billy Budd*.

Read Melville's work. Was ever a man more organically steeped in Old Testament lore? And were did that Old Testament take him? To the New Testament and to Him.

Billy in the Darbies

*Good of the Chaplain to enter Lone Bay
And down on his marrow-bones here and pray
For the likes just o' me, Billy Budd.--But look:
Through the port comes the moon-shine astray!
It tips the guard's cutlass and silvers this nook;
But 'twill die in the dawning of Billy's last day.
A jewel-block they'll make of me to-morrow,
Pendant pearl from the yard-arm-end
Like the ear-drop I gave to Bristol Molly--
O, 'tis me, not the sentence they'll suspend.
Ay, Ay, Ay, all is up; and I must up to
Early in the morning, aloft from alow.
On an empty stomach, now, never it would do.
They'll give me a nibble--bit o' biscuit ere I go.
Sure, a messmate will reach me the last parting cup;
But, turning heads away from the hoist and the belay,
Heaven knows who will have the running of me up!
No pipe to those halyards.--But aren't it all sham?
A blur's in my eyes; it is dreaming that I am.
A hatchet to my hawser? all adrift to go?
The drum roll to grog, and Billy never know?
But Donald he has promised to stand by the plank;
So I'll shake a friendly hand ere I sink.*

*But--no! It is dead then I'll be, come to think.
I remember Taff the Welshman when he sank.
And his cheek it was like the budding pink.
But me they'll lash me in hammock, drop me deep.
Fathoms down, fathoms down, how I'll dream fast asleep.
I feel it stealing now. Sentry, are you there?
Just ease this darbies at the wrist, and roll me over fair,
I am sleepy, and the oozy weeds about me twist.*

And in "Clarel":

*But Faith (who from the scrawl indignant turns)
With blood warm oozing from her wounded trust,
Inscribes even on her shards of broken urns
The sign o' the cross -- the spirit above the dust!*

*Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate--
The harps of heaven and dreary gongs of hell;
Science the feud can only aggravate--
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell:
The running battle of the star and clod
Shall run forever--if there be no God.*

*Degrees we know, unknown in days before;
The light is greater, hence the shadow more;
And tantalized and apprehensive Man
Appealing--Wherefore ripen us to pain?
Seems there the spokesman of dumb Nature's train.*

*But through such strange illusions have they passed
Who in life's pilgrimage have baffled striven--
Even death may prove unreal at the last,
And stoics be astounded into heaven.*

*Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned--
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow--
That like a swimmer rising from the deep--
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.*

Melville's work is a rich tapestry that must be studied and looked at in its entirety. If you only have read *Moby Dick*, you will not see the whole vision. *Moby Dick* leads to "Clarel" and to *Billy Budd*.

Hawthorne

Some writers write in affirmation of their countries' values and traditions. And if one's country's traditions and values are good, a writer should write in affirmation of them. Hawthorne lived in Puritan New England, and he wrote in opposition. But the man was gentle. He wrote with love of his people, while condemning the excesses of their creed.

The House of the Seven Gables is my favorite Hawthorne novel, but it is the short stories, in their totality, that make me a Hawthorne devotee. In these stories, "Rappaccini's Daughter," "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," and "Ethan Brand" being representative, Hawthorne masterfully lies bare the anti-Christian heresy that can so easily co-opt Christian societies – the pride of intellect, no less subversive or benign when it is pride of one's knowledge of heavenly things. The Puritans, in

imitation of the Pharisees who were so proud of their knowledge of the sacred laws that they couldn't recognize the Author of the laws, cut themselves off from God by severing their link with His sacred humanity. With confidence in their own election, they felt free to ignore the human heart, their link to His sacred heart.

Hawthorne didn't realize it at the time, but he also described the process by which the Catholic Church was divesting itself from God. "We have the documents, we have the correct theology, what need have we of humanity?"

Pulp Westerns

The pulp Westerns of the early 1900's, up through the 1950's, were generally not what one would describe as literature; they were formulaic and repetitive like the B-Western movies, but like the B-Western movies, the Western pulp novels were better than the pretentious, artsy literature of moral eunuchs like Flaubert and Sinclair Lewis. I read a great deal of the pulp Westerns as a boy, and I expected and wanted to read basically the same story over and over again: A tough, rugged cowboy fights successfully for the good against the miserable, bad guys.

Some Western writers took the basic pulp novel formula and elevated it to a higher level. Jack Schaefer's novel *Shane* is an example. Schaefer's work stands as one of the greatest novels of the 20th century. Johnston McCulley, the bulk of whose work could be classified as first class pulp, wrote one novel that stands, like *Shane*, as a great work of literature. That novel is, of course, *Zorro*.

Then there is Owen Wister. His novel, *The Virginian*, is certainly a great work of literature, even though he follows the pulp novel formula.

And finally I should mention Zane Grey. Until Louis L'Amour, whose early novels are decent pulp, came along, Zane Grey was the undisputed King of the Western novel. His work is much better than L'Amour's. Grey's heroes are Christian knights, while L'Amour's are virtuous Romans. My favorite Grey novels (although I certainly haven't read all of them) are *Riders of the Purple Sage* and *The Mysterious Rider*. In both, Grey very convincingly displays male heroes whose fierceness stems from an overwhelming gentleness. They fight because they love much. And such chivalry! Grey's counterpart in England, P. C. Wren, would have approved.

"Collie, listen," said the old rancher, in deep and trembling tones. "When a man's dead, what he's been comes to us with startlin' truth. Wade was the whitest man I ever knew. He had a queer idee—a twist in his mind—an' it was that his steps were bent toward hell. He imagined that everywhere he traveled there he fetched hell. But he was wrong. His own trouble led him to the trouble of others. He saw through life. An' he was as big in his hope for the good as he was terrible in his dealin' with the bad. I never saw his like... He loved you, Collie, better than you ever knew. Better than Jack, or Wils, or me! You know what the Bible says about him who gives his life fer his friend. Wal, Wade was my friend, an' Jack's, only we never could see!... An' he was Wils's friend. An' to you he must have been more than words can tell..."

--from *The Mysterious Rider*

The Southern Writers

The winners write history and also determine what the "good books" are. So outside of Faulkner, I did not have much exposure to the Southern novelists until I was in my twenties, and then I got a chance to read Stark Young, Caroline Gordon, and some of the other lesser known Southern writers. I like the so-called (but not in my estimation) lesser writers better than Faulkner. He, like Conrad, has one foot in the modern world and one foot in the old. I prefer the writers who are thoroughly in the old world, in writing style as well as in spirit.

Which is why my favorite Southern novel is Stark Young's *So Red the Rose*. The novel's theme is unabashedly anti-modern.

A strong and definite professor from a New Jersey foundation for girls in the handicrafts (who had struck Natchez, Agnes McGehee said, only because he had read of the Mississippi steamboats and the fantastic scene of them) was at pains one day to explain to them—he had been brought out to Montrose by Colonel Harrod—how false the reality was compared to the ideal that Southern people claimed for their way of life. "The fact is," said the professor, "it never existed, but Southerners are already busy creating a romantic Old South."

"But," Hugh said, "the point does not turn on whether some old fool of a colonel—or some scatter-brained old lady—is what we think he is—or she is. No, no. The point turns on what we believe in and desire, and want to find embodied somewhere, even in them."

"Whether it is or not," said the professor.

"That's incidental."

"It's romance," said the professor.

"Very well. Then the point is: not what the colonel is, being Southern, but what he would be if he were not Southern."

The professor regarded this remark as mere bombast. He had not been invited to Montrose, but had felt free to call because he was collecting statistics. Collecting statistics was already a new kind of entre. Nobody in the county had heard of statistics, before, but the Negroes were very much impressed. They welcomed investigation so heartily that what had at first seemed to the professor a gold mine of data began to irk him as excessively African detail, as communicative as it was imagined.

-- from So Red the Rose

I should also quote a passage from Caroline Gordon's *None Shall Look Back* – it is one of my favorite 'white' moments:

Rives looked and saw that the door of one of the red-brick houses on the square had opened. A slender woman dressed in black was coming down the path. She had a handkerchief in one hand. A silver spoon glinted in the other. She was coming straight up to the General. Rives heard her voice, low but distinct: "General Forrest, will you back your horse for me?"

The cavalry commander looked down, startled, then lifted his hat and obediently pulled on the reins. The horse, a powerful gray, took two steps backward. The woman bent over and with the silver spoon scooped up some of the earth on which the charger's hoof had rested and put it in the handkerchief, then without a word to the General she walked back up the path, the laden handkerchief clutched in her hand.

The crowd cheered tumultuously and cried, "Forrest! Forrest!"

Forrest was riding toward them. His hat was still off, a lock of black hair had fallen across his forehead. His expression was stern then as if he had just realized what the woman's action meant; he smiled and held up his hand for quiet. The people, he said, must go to their homes. The town was safe, the Yankees would not get it again but the soldiers still had work to do; the detachment of infantry across Stone's River was yet to be dealt with. He let his hand sink to his side. His face resumed its usual stern expression. He was riding off through the crowd, his escort pressing close behind.

The crowd began to disperse. Here and there torches were extinguished. Those that were left flickered palely as the morning light grew. People started and looked at one another when from behind the courthouse a single shot rang out.

Rives, standing with the others, drew in deep breaths of the cool air. He had seen a man led off to die, had just heard the shot that killed him. He knew that he himself would not be standing here in this fresh morning light if the Confederates had not captured the town and his eyes followed the towering figure on the gray horse till it was lost in the crowd. +

Labels: European cultural heritage, Hawthorne, Melville, pulp Westerns, Southern writers

Fairy Tale Apologetics

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 09, 2007

"What I am concerned with is our apologetics, and that great work of apologetic, some day to be written, which shall suggest to the reader that in approaching Christian theology he is approaching something that is alive, not a series of diagrams. The hardest part of the author's task, as I see it, will be to introduce some human element into natural theology; to prove that God is, and what God is, not merely with the effect of intellectual satisfaction, but with a glow of assent that springs from the whole being: "Did not our hearts burn within us when He talked to us by the way?"

— Ronald Knox

I quote Knox because I think his assessment is correct. I have had further proof of his correctness after seeing a book by Peter Kreeft, called *Handbook of Christian Apologetics*, which is lousy with charts and diagrams. Ugh. That type of apologetics, also championed by F. J. Sheed and Arnold Lunn, must be kept on a small shelf in the church basement. When given too prominent a place, such over-intellectualizing of Christianity can send the potential convert into a downward spiral, ending in the Slough of Despair.

I think Knox would have approved of a new apologetics that is a very old form of apologetics: the apologetics of our Lord. His apologetics consisted of a story about a hero (our Lord was the star of His story), woven around dogmas that were illustrated by stories.

Why does the use of stories and parables mark a work as inferior apologetics and lacking in serious moral purpose? In Catholic circles such a work is labeled "natural" and thus inferior to the supernatural works of the Doctors of Theology. But by such a standard, the Gospels would be considered inferior apologetics, and Christ a second-rate theologian.

The false assumption of the Catholic apologist is that reason alone stands unpolluted by original sin. This is false. Our reasoning faculty is not less tainted than our intuitive or our imaginative faculties. It is by incorporating all our faculties into a vision that we can overcome the taint of original sin enough to say that now we at least "see through a glass darkly."

The new apologetics then must be like the old apologetics, showing us a vision of the true God through the use of parable, story, and the image of the hero. When the central dogma of Christ incarnate, Christ crucified, Christ risen is still strongly present in the consciousness of the reader, the story of the Christ-like hero (such as Zorro or the Scarlet Pimpernel) is sufficient without the dogma. But when the central dogma of Western civilization has receded from the consciousness of men, the dogma must be more explicit. C. S. Lewis, in his *Chronicles of Narnia* series, gives us the new-old apologetics for the 21st century. He makes explicit what writers such as Kenneth Grahame, Charles Dickens, Walter Scott, and John Buchan had said implicitly.

There will be many who will quarrel over the artistic merits of a work of literature that makes such an explicit case for the Christian Faith. But such individuals do not understand that all art is religious. There is no such thing as a work of art without a religious vision. The vision is the work of art. What makes a work of art didactic in the pejorative sense is the nature of the religious vision conveyed. Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, *The Secret Garden*, isn't offensive because she writes about God; her novel is offensive because her god is a pantheistic, Buddha-type god.

Catholics are particularly hostile to the new apologetics. The reason Tolkien thought *Narnia* childish and vulgar was because he was raised in the "old" Catholic school (which was, of course, really a very modern school), which taught that art and religion were in separate categories, the one in the natural order and the other in the supernatural order. But that is a false division. God does not only exist on the Mt. Sinai of the theologians, nor should apologetics be left only to the professionals.

C. S. Lewis was a pioneer in the field of apologetics. After discovering the limitations of the more traditional apologetics, which he did quite well, he wrote his great work of apologetics in *Narnia*. He broke through the Thomistic separation of the natural and the supernatural and told us a really true fairy tale, of how we can learn to love God in this world and live happily ever after with Him in the next. He kept it simple for the peasants like me, without compromising the dogma.

There is nothing written in stone that says apologetics must be dull, mathematical, unmetaphorical, unimaginative, and unintelligible. The use of parables and stories in one's apologetics should not disqualify a work from the ranks of "serious" apologetics. In fact, it is my contention that a really effective apologia for the Faith should incorporate the heroic fairy-tale traditions of Europe and the Gospels. And because our current anti-civilization does not consciously recognize the central dogma of our old civilization, the new apologetics will make it clear for whom the cross on the knight's breastplate stands.

Labels: apologetics, fairy tale of European civilization

Why the White Man *Can* Go Home Again

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 2007

It is clear that white Europeans no longer believe what white European pagans once believed, nor what white European Christians once believed. This is why they are helpless in the face of the "passionate intensity" of the barbarians of color. The barbarians still believe in barbarism.

The white man's history includes three cultures: the pagan Greco-Roman culture, the Christian culture, and the post-Christian culture. If he were totally pagan or totally Christian, the white man could easily resist the colored hordes. But the post-Christian has taken parts of paganism and parts of Christianity and welded them into a faithless faith inferior to paganism and infinitely inferior to Christianity. Let us look at the three faiths.

Neither the pagan nor the Christian share the post-Christian's notion of progress. The post-Christian, having jettisoned his belief in the Second Coming, looks forward to a secular, earthly, democratic kingdom of God without God. Each successive generation progresses until the final generation achieves... What do they achieve? They have progressed. Isn't that enough?

In contrast, the Greek pagan looks not to the future but to the past. In the past is the Golden Age, which will come again because of the natural cycle of history: birth, youth, maturity, and death. Spengler, despite his encyclopedic knowledge (or maybe because of it), shares the pagan view of history with the Greeks.

The Christian, like the post-Christian, also looks to the future, but the Christian does not believe in the generic perfectibility of mankind. He believes in the personal sanctification of individuals acting within history, but his faith in the future is based on his belief in the Second Coming of the Lord of History.

The Greek-pagan view of history requires the least amount of faith, which is probably why it appealed so much to Spengler. The elements of birth, youth, maturity, and death can be seen in every civilization, while the idea that mankind is becoming perfect is ludicrous to anyone with the slightest touch of objectivity, and the Second Coming of Christ has not yet occurred. I stand with the Christians, but there is no sense in denying that from a purely Spenglerian, Greek perspective, the Christian view of history is nonsense.

As we might suspect, cultures that differ so widely in their views of history also differ on the subject of God. The Greek pagan gods are cruel (and Prometheus defies them in the name of humanity), but the Greeks found an escape valve in philosophy. If the human mind can systematize and categorize the entire natural world, from which, according to the Greek mind, God emanates, has not the mind of man become God, since that mind can encompass God?

It is this aspect of paganism, which limits God to the confines of the natural world and deifies the mind of man, that the post-Christian has adopted as his own philosophy. And he has grafted that philosophy onto a secularized, eschatological system which measures man's progress by the amount of knowledge he has accumulated about the natural world. This is why scientific thinking is considered the only real thinking in our post-Christian society.

Of course, the profound difference between the Greek and the Christian is their view of God's humanity. The incarnate Christian God is Promethean in that He loves mankind. But instead of stealing fire from the cruel nature gods, He frees us from the nature gods by triumphing over them. Through His birth, death, and resurrection, He defeats the cyclic nature of the pagan system.

So why, we need to ask, do we need the Greek philosophical escape valve if Christ has defeated the cruel gods of nature? The answer is that post-Christians do not believe Christ has defeated the nature gods. They find it too difficult to believe that all human history could hinge on something that cannot be known with certainty by any empirical, scientific test.

The entire European philosophical and theological system is, in my judgment, an attempt to give mankind the scientific certainty that Christ is the Promethean conqueror of the cruel nature gods. That effort reaches its zenith with St. Thomas's historic separation of nature from grace, which paved the way for Teilhard de Chardin and the post-Christian epoch of the white man's history.

The attempt to scientize God, to make Him subservient to a naturalized system that can be controlled by man, is the original temptation to which Adam and Eve succumbed. And the Europeans' descent from Christianity to a pagan-Christian mix was equivalent to a second fall. European civilization was not paradise in the literal sense, but it was paradise in that the incarnate God made Himself available to every European willing to abandon the search for the magic, scientific talisman and walk through the mystic wardrobe door.

The second fall, the Europeans' fall, seems to be irrevocable. But it is only irrevocable if we look at history through the eyes of the Greek, and if we look at God through the eyes of the post-Christian. If we look at history and at God with the eyes of a Christian, we will know there is no distinction between the practical world of nature and the world of grace. There is only His realm of charity and the realm of Satan. Every act that supports His reign of charity, no matter how quixotic it seems, is of vital importance. Europeans used to believe this. That is why they were able to defeat barbarians time and time again, and why they are so helpless before them now. It is not science, that false messiah, which will save European man, it is the suffering servant who cannot be seen, heard, or comprehended by the scientific, theological, or philosophical mind.

There are no white men, no women, no children and no nations in the hybrid, pagan-Christian world of pure mind. But that world does not have to be our world. We can reject it.

Let me speak now with the privilege of anger that Kent claimed in King Lear. Why should we countenance and even revere those who have offered us a magic Greek talisman instead of Christ? By what right does Augustine, Aquinas, or any of those deceivers speak to a man of flesh and blood, a man who must die? Revelation ends with Christ and theology with St. Paul. St. Paul's way, the way of charity, the way of sympathetic communion with the God who speaks to the hearts of men, is the European way, the only way to God.

European man was distinct because he was foolish. He believed a fairy tale about a heroic God Man rather than the meditations of the great philosophers. And every Christian heretic since that glorious rejection has been trying to convince European man that the fairy tale is simply too foolish to be believed. But in many fairy tales there is some kind of magic cloak which the hero places over himself that confers invisibility or invincibility or something else that is beneficial to him yet baffling to his enemies. So let us put on Christ's burial shroud with the sure and certain hope that it will not stink of death and decay but smell like the flowers growing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Oh, to be young and foolish again. To believe, not as the pagans believed, nor as the post-Christians now believe, but as St. John believed, as St. Paul believed, and the European Everyman believed. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Labels: fairy tale of European civilization, Greek philosophical tradition, post-Christian rationalism

Black Hell Continued...

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 2007

Let's contrast two recent events: After the torture murders of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom, we saw a few whites protest the torture-murders, and we saw a much larger group of blacks and whites protest the protest of the torture-murders. "Cry me a river," was the black response," and "We must understand black rage" was the white, post-Christian response. I even think the Pope and Billy Graham immediately called for the pardon of the black torture-murderers. (They didn't? How did they miss that one?)

Now let's segue to the conviction of one (of seven, not six) black "youth" for the attempted murder of a white boy. The rough-tough black boys picked the smallest white boy in the school, knocked him unconscious (from behind, of course), and kicked and beat him in an attempt to kill him.

When an all-white jury convicted one of the angelic blacks of attempted murder, the barbarians of color were outraged, so of course a higher court overturned the conviction. But that cowardly, immoral capitulation was not enough for the black barbarians. They still marched because the black "youth" was still in custody (the only one not out on bail) and also because they wanted to "send a message." And they marched in the thousands while white commentators spewed yellow spinal fluid all over the streets of Jena and the newsrooms of America in their rush to present, with professional acumen and sterling integrity, the heartfelt anger of the black barbarians. One crowning moment of white cowardice came when someone who appeared to be a white clergyman (who else?) screamed, "Please send this boy home to his family."

No, that can never happen, because spawn of Satan do not have 'family.' Only the race of people whom the post-Christian whites have betrayed have a sense of family. All other races have tribal members.

This Haitian-style darkness descending (not so slowly) over Europe and America makes all the blood-splattering horror pictures look tame. White people should drive a stake through the heart of the collective legions of Satan. However, in order to do that, white people would have to believe in good and evil, and unfortunately they have gone 'beyond' good and evil; they have entered that land of pure mind, devoid of spirit and blood.

But what if evil is an objective reality? Will their denial of it make evil non-existent? The white post-Christians' flight from reality has created a virtual kingdom of Satan on earth. It appears that nothing will make the anti-white white see that he lives in Hell. And those "friends" of his, greedily encircling him with cannibalistic glee, are not little black angels, but Satan's minions.

Labels: barbarian nation, post-Christian rationalism, white betrayal

The Sacred Heritage

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 2007

"It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart."

When a man is healthy, he doesn't spend a lot of time pondering his health, but when he is sick he does think about his health. How sick am I? How did I get sick? What will it take for me to recover?

European civilization is sick, and I have spent the greater part of my adult life contemplating its sickness. I have felt for a number of years now that I know the cause of its sickness. In various articles such as "Only My Blood Speaks," The Poetic Core of Western Civilization, and The Lost Thread, I have attempted to expose the serpent that has entwined itself around Europe. That serpent is philosophical speculation. What the philosophical speculators bring to Christianity is a "hedge your bets" type of strategy: "Christ is risen... maybe, but in case He isn't, let's make sure we have a philosophical system to fall back on."

Christianity, however, is not a faith that permits that kind of dualism. When philosophy and Christianity are joined, there is a diminished sense of man's sin and man's need for a loving savior. Sin becomes something that can be cured by the proper use of man's reason. And when sin can be cured by rationality, there is a loss of the tragic sense of life. If the world is ordered so marvelously with pat answers for every contingency of existence, what need is there for the Suffering Servant?

Christianity is a religion of depth. If the riddle of existence can be solved by an encyclopedic knowledge of the natural world, then we need only consult with the men who possess that knowledge; we do not have to plumb the depths in search of a Savior who speaks to us from the depths.

It is to the Europeans that we must turn for a vision of the true God. Their gods were hero-gods. They couldn't conceive of a god in any other form, and when they were told the story of the ultimate Hero-God, they embraced Him. But unfortunately, the transmission of Christianity via the Romans was a mixed blessing. The Europeans heard the story of the great Hero-God, but with that story came the serpent of philosophical speculation. The Greco-Romans had rejected the vision of their bards, such as Sophocles and Virgil, who saw that only a Hero above the nature gods could save man. Instead the Greco-Romans placed their faith in those men who professed to have found the secret of the universe in the mind, and not the heart, of man. They came as missionaries and teachers, but what their convertites and pupils brought to the faith, a realization that Christ was the Hero-God, was of infinite value. If the intellectual elite of the Roman Church had had the humility to learn from their pupils, the division of Christendom could have been prevented. For what was the Protestant Reformation in essence but an attempt by the Northern Europeans (minus Ireland) to reclaim that vision of the Hero-God free from the serpentine entanglements of the philosophers?

But of course a movement that is only a desperate gasp for life can be easily subverted. The same serpent of philosophical speculation that had entwined itself around the Roman Church entwined itself around the Protestant church as well.

The tragic Christ, the heroic Christ of St. Paul, of Isaiah, was the Christ who the 'primitive' Europeans saw when they embraced Christianity. And we need their dauntless spirits if we are to reclaim the true Europe. Noble hearts must respond directly to His heart. "Now his good sword he has drawn; And he has thrown the sheath away," was the war cry of the old Europeans as they joined their Lord in His battle against Satan. It must once again be our war cry.

The current breed of post-Christians are the bastard children of the illicit union of Christianity and speculative philosophy. They have the outward features of human beings, but they have lost touch with the spiritual wellspring of life. Inside they are dead. So they look for renewal from the barbarian races. "They will provide the blood and spirit we lack." But that will never be. The blood cannot function without the spirit or the spirit without the blood. The barbarians lack the spirit

while the post-Christians lack the blood. There is nothing vital in barbarism or post-Christianity. True vitality comes not from the bloodless faith of the philosophical speculators or from the blood-without-spirit faith of the barbarians. True faith comes only from the spirit-infused blood that once belonged to the European.

When the vision is blurred because we attempt to see existence with the eye of the philosopher rather than through the eye of the bard, we kill the blood and eviscerate the spirit. But the eviscerated faith of the modern philosopher is presented to us as a higher faith. All my life I have heard the same propaganda: "There is primitive man who fears lightning and is superstitious. Then there is the man who believes in a human God with a slightly higher ethical code than primitive man. And then there is intellectual man who knows all Gods are just manifestations of the human mind, which is the true God."

The ruling elite in church and society actually believe that they have achieved the highest stage of existence. They worship the great universal mind that is beyond the gods of the pagans and the God of the Christian. Because the fact of modern man's exalted state, by virtue of his elevated "intellectual" notions of God, is such a given to the post-Christian of the 20th and 21st centuries, we need to go back to the 19th century to see a different vision of God.

The great poets and novelists do not just give us their personal visions; they also give us a glimpse of the spiritual under-girding of the society in which they live. And what we see in the late 1700's through the 1800's and into the early 1900's is a titanic struggle for the soul of Europe. The satanic serpent of philosophical speculation finally decided that he no longer needed to slither on his belly and take people by surprise. He could now stand upright and enjoy the fruits of years of slithering, philosophical speculation: Darwinism, capitalism, communism, science and psychology were all creations of the speculating serpent. But there was also a heroic response. European man was not dead yet. An enormous amount of writers saw through the myth of the "higher stage of existence" and threw in their lot with the God-Man. Surely their journeys also reflected the spiritual journeys of many of their countrymen.

With most of the writers, excepting Walter Scott, the post-Christian consciousness was not something they merely observed in others; it was part of their soul. But they, the great ones, fought against it and tried to reclaim the integral vision of the God-Man. Such a vision belongs in the speculators' second stage of existence, but is in reality the only real stage of existence for a truly Christian and truly European man.

The list of knights errant who made the great refusal is very long (see "The Nineteenth Century Way to God"), but I will limit my discussion here to five men: Walter Scott, Thomas Hughes, J. S. Le Fanu, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Ian McClaren.

Walter Scott

With a great many writers it is necessary to forgive much in their personal lives. And that is fair. We are all sinners, and if an author has shown us a glimpse of the eternal through his writings we should mercifully place a veil over his private failings. I know I don't want to hear anything about the personal life of an author I admire unless it is something laudatory. But of course there is always somebody who will take delight in bringing your hero down to earth. "Dickens wrote all those books about happy Victorian families, while he was" You know that type of debunker. I despise that type of attack even when used against an author I don't like. The E. Michael Jones School of Literary Criticism disgusts me. But such critics we will always have with us. Which is why I take particular delight in their inability to lay a glove on one of my heroes, Sir Walter Scott. H. V. Morton says this about him in his book, *In Scotland Again*: "It is a commonplace that we who come after must forgive many a man for his sins because he was a great artist. Scott needs no forgiveness. He was a perfect man." Any discussion of a European comeback must begin with Sir Walter Scott.

Scott saw the beginning of the post-Christian stage of European man. But it was never part of his soul. He did not have to fight, like Dostoyevsky, with the demons that were within and without. He

was the last thoroughly European writer. Christianity for Scott was not a philosophy from which one could take a few maxims to live by. Christianity was that inextinguishable flame that distinguished the European hearth fire from every other hearth fire. Scott's contempt for the fanatics of every denomination was rooted in a respect, nay a reverence, for the Man of Sorrows. And because of this reverence, Scott loved the continent that nurtured and protected the story of the heroic God-Man. He saw in the new world of industrialism and commerce the victory of the serpent. In all of his literary romances he sets the spirit of European chivalry against the speculative serpent. And it is a chivalry that has been shorn of its medieval formalism. It is not the outward, warlike chivalry of the Knights Templar but is instead a deeper chivalry of the heart. A spindly-legged clergyman such as Reuben Butler can practice it just as intensely as a knight like Quentin Durward.

Scott was a conservative of the blood and spirit. He sensed that the ancient ways were best because they were closer to Him. And he did not equate old Europe with one Christian denomination or one political party or one social structure. In Scott's view, what distinguished the old European man from the new breed of European intellectuals was the old Europeans' disdain for abstract reason divorced from the common experience of the European man of flesh and blood. The European everyman did not need to theorize; he knew in his blood, infused with the blood and spirit of the God-Man, what was the best way to live.

An established system is not to be tried by those tests which may with perfect correctness be applied to a new theory. A civilized nation, long in possession of a code of law, under which, with all its inconveniences, they have found means to flourish, is not to be regarded as an infant colony, on which experiments in legislation may, without much danger of presumption, be hazarded. A philosopher is not entitled to investigate such a system by those ideas which he has fixed in his own mind as the standard of possible excellence. The only unerring test of every old establishment is the effect it has actually produced, for that must be held to be good, from whence good is derived. The people have, by degrees, moulded their habits to the law they are compelled to obey; for some of its imperfections remedies have been found, to others they have reconciled themselves; till, at last, they have, from various causes, attained the object which the most sanguine visionary could promise to himself from his own perfect unembodied system.

from Scott's "Essay on Judicial Reform" quoted in John Gibson Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Scott*

Scott completely rejected the "higher stage of development" theories of the new breed of European intellectuals. In his world there was no such thing as a perfect system that could transcend Christianity. His God was always Christ, the Hero-God of the Europeans.

In the introduction to his masterpiece, *Uncle Silas*, J. S. LeFanu says that he tried to write in the spirit of Sir Walter Scott. He succeeds. The character for whom LeFanu's novel is named is the embodiment of the post-Christian man. He knows, intellectually, what Christianity is, so he can talk and behave like a Christian. But in reality he is a believer in the "higher" religion. The Hero-God that speaks to human hearts does not inspire him because he has no heart that can be set aflame.

Of my wretched uncle's religion what am I to say? Was it utter hypocrisy, or had it at any time a vein of sincerity in it? I cannot say. I don't believe that he had any heart left for religion, which is the highest form of affection, to take hold of. Perhaps he was a sceptic with misgivings about the future, but past the time for finding anything reliable in it. The devil approached the citadel of his heart by stealth, with many zigzags and parallels. The idea of marrying me to his son by fair means, then by foul, and, when that wicked chance was gone, then the design of seizing all by murder, supervened. I dare say that Uncle Silas thought for a while that he was a righteous man. He wished to have heaven and to escape hell, if there were such places. But there were other things whose existence was not speculative, of which some he coveted, and some he dreaded more, and temptation came. 'Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall

be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.' There comes with old age a time when the heart is no longer fusible or malleable, and must retain the form in which it has cooled down. 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.'

The heroine, Maud Ruthyn, seems helpless against the ruthless Uncle Silas. But she is saved, not by her intellect, but by her innocence and the grace of God. In a marvelous denouement, LeFanu depicts the working of grace in a character who we would not have suspected of being receptive to God's grace. But Maud's innocence inspires him. He becomes a hero in spite of himself.

So it was vain: I was trapped, and all was over.

I stood before him on the step, the white moon shining on my face. I was trembling so that I wonder I could stand, my helpless hands raised towards him, and I looked up in his face. A long shuddering moan—'Oh—oh—oh!' was all I uttered.

The man, still holding my arm, looked, I thought frightened, into my white dumb face.

Suddenly he said, in a wild, fierce whisper—

'Never say another word' (I had not uttered one). 'They shan't hurt ye, Miss; git ye in; I don't care a damn!'

It was an uncouth speech. To me it was the voice of an angel. With a burst of gratitude that sounded in my own ears like a laugh, I thanked God for those blessed words.

LeFanu saw that the new Europe of science and rationalism was not going to produce a new golden age; it was going to produce inhuman men like Uncle Silas. Only the God-Man, pure and unadulterated by rationalism and science, could prevail against the Uncle Silases of the new Europe.

It is not easy to recall in calm and happy hours the sensations of an acute sorrow that is past. Nothing, by the merciful ordinance of God, is more difficult to remember than pain. One or two great agonies of that time I do remember, and they remain to testify of the rest, and convince me, though I can see it no more, how terrible all that period was.

Next day was the funeral, that appalling necessity; smuggled away in whispers, by black familiars, unresisting, the beloved one leaves home, without a farewell, to darken those doors no more; henceforward to lie outside, far away, and forsaken, through the drowsy heats of summer, through days of snow and nights of tempest, without light of warmth, without a voice near. Oh, Death, king of terrors! The body quakes and the spirit faints before thee. It is vain, with hands clasped over our eyes, to scream our reclamation; the horrible image will not be excluded. We have just the word spoken eighteen hundred years ago, and our trembling faith. And through the broken vault the gleam of the Star of Bethlehem.

Let me just add before leaving LeFanu that I think his Maud Ruthyn and Scott's Jeanie Deans are the two greatest heroines in English literature.

Thomas Hughes

Thomas Hughes' magnificent work, *Tom Brown's School Days*, and the sequel, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, deserve to be placed in the topmost rank of English literature, but they are not placed there because they are so unabashedly Christian. There are three aspects to Hughes' Christianity. The first is charity. In this he is like so many of his 19th century contemporaries. They saw St. Paul's meditation on charity (1 Corinthians 13) as the very essence of Christianity. We know Tom Brown will never go too far astray when we see how he takes care of "little Arthur."

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he

might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of this bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur, and he didn't see what happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

The second part of Hughes' vision is implicit in most of the 19th century authors, but *Brown* makes it explicit, which is unique. Hughes places before us the vital connection between a belief in heroes and faith in the Hero-God. In doing this, he shows us the reason our European ancestors were able to see that Christ the Hero, whose reflection they saw in the faces of their warrior-hero gods, was the true Hero God.

And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell forever and ever in perfect fullness.

And thirdly, Hughes sees, in contrast to virtually every other European of that era or subsequent eras, the limitations of Greek philosophy:

The result of Hardy's management was that Tom made a clean breast of it, telling everything, down to his night at the ragged school, and what an effect his chance opening of the "Apology" had had on him. Here for the first time Hardy came in with his usual dry, keen voice, "You needn't have gone so far back as Plato for that lesson."

"I don't understand," said Tom.

"Well, there's something about an indwelling spirit which guideth every man, in St. Paul, isn't there?"

"Yes, a great deal," Tom answered, after a pause; "but it isn't the same thing."

"Why not the same thing?"

"Oh, surely, you must feel it. It would be almost blasphemy in us now to talk as St. Paul talked. It is much easier to face the notion, or the fact, of a demon or spirit such as Socrates felt to be in him, than to face what St. Paul seems to be meaning."

"Yes, much easier. The only question is whether we will be heathen or not."

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why, a spirit was speaking to Socrates, and guiding him. He obeyed the guidance, but knew not whence it came. A spirit is striving with us too, and trying to guide us--we feel that just as much as he did. Do we know what spirit it is? Whence it comes? Will we obey it? If we can't name it--know no more of it then he knew about his demon, of course, we are in no better position than he--in fact, heathens."

Robert Louis Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson is rightly revered for his *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Treasure Island*, and *Kidnapped*. But the Stevenson canon contains much more. He was one of the greats, who was brought up to revere the third, 'higher' stage of existence, but who rejected it for the second, Christian-fairy tale stage of existence.

In *Ebb Tide*, we meet a man who has reconverted. He was a man of the mind, but he returns to Christian orthodoxy. It is significant that in the two movie versions of *Ebb Tide*, the Christian reconvertite is depicted as a madman. Why, of course. How could a man exposed to the wonders of the 'higher' religion of the mind return to a Crude Fairy Tale? But Attwater does reject the new faith. And his unflinching orthodoxy brings another sinner into the fold: "That's just the one thing wanted; just say, 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief! And He'll fold you in His arms. You see, I know! I've been a sinner myself!'"

It doesn't matter whether a great poet comes from a Catholic or a Protestant background; he always sees that the Christian faith cannot be made into a philosophy. It must always be a faith, with God and the devil warring for the soul of man. Stevenson, in *Thrawn Janet*, gives us a wonderful glimpse of the on-going war between God and the devil. And he makes it clear that a man who has one foot in the third stage of the 'higher' religion and one foot in the Christian stage cannot cope with the devil.

The Reverend Murdoch Soulis seemed like a good young man when he first came into Balweary, but he was "fu' o' book learnin' and grand at the exposition, but as was natural in sae young a man, wi' nae leevin' experience in religion... There was no doubt onyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been ower lang at the college."

Murdoch is not in the final stage when he comes to Balweary. He has only been flirting with it. When he encounters evil incarnate, he is driven back to orthodoxy.

"Witch, heldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you by the power of God, begone — if you be dead, to the grave — if you be damned, to hell."

And for the rest of his life, the Rev. Murdoch Soulis never again flirted with the third stage of religion.

Ian Maclaren

In the 1890's two novels appeared that stand as a final testament to the faith of the European peoples. In *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* and its sequel, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, John Watson (pen name, Ian Maclaren) sets before us an image of Christ that is beyond creed, it is pure unadulterated vision. Our hearts burn within us when reading the Drumtochty novels, and we feel with absolute certainty that "this is Christianity and these people are the true Europeans."

Watson places us in the town of Drumtochty where there are two Presbyterian kirks, the Free Kirk and the established Kirk. But it is not Calvinism that dominates the hearts and minds of the people of Drumtochty. It is Christ. Before there was an Aquinas, before there was a Calvin, there was the Savior.

The town of Drumtochty is a bit of a throwback; there is no one in the town who has completely gone over to the third stage of religion. But there are some who are in danger. And they are brought back to the fold by other Drumtochtians who can see His blood on the bonnie brier bush. One such

individual is the local Dominie who has made a whited sepulcher of the Greek classics. As his prize pupil lies dying, he realizes that it was the pupil who was the true teacher:

"Maister Jamieson, ye hae been a gude freend tae me, the best I ever hed aifter my mither and faither. Wull ye tak this buik for a keepsake o' yir grateful scholar? It's a Latin 'Imitation' Dominie, and it's bonnie printin'. Ye mind hoo ye gave me yir ain Virgil, and said he was a kind o' Pagan sanct. Noo here is my sanct, and div ye ken I've often thocht Virgil saw His day afar off, and was glad. Wull ye read it, Dominie, for my sake, and maybe ye 'ill come to see--" and George could not find words for more.

But Domsie understood. "Ma laddie, ma laddie, that I luve better than onythin' on earth, I'll read it till I die, and, George, I'll tell ye what livin' man does na ken. When I was your verra age I had a cruel trial, and ma heart was turned frae faith. The classics hae been my bible, though I said naethin' to ony man against Christ. He aye seemed beyond man, and noo the veesion o' Him has come to me in this gairden. Laddie, ye hae dune far mair for me than I ever did for you. Wull ye mak a prayer for yir auld dominie afore we pairt?"

There was a thrush singing in the birches and a sound of bees in the air, when George prayed in a low, soft voice, with a little break in it.

"Lord Jesus, remember my dear maister, for he's been a kind freend to me and mony a puir laddie in Drumtochty. Bind up his sair heart and give him licht at eventide, and may the maister and his scholars meet some mornin' where the schule never skails, in the kingdom o' oor Father."

Twice Domsie said Amen, and it seemed as the voice of another man, and then he kissed George upon the forehead; but what they said Marget did not wish to hear.

When he passed out at the garden gate, the westering sun was shining golden, and the face of Domsie was like unto that of a little child.

Yes, "like unto that of a little child." When the Europeans bent their knees to Christ they did so with the faith that was like unto that of a little child. It took centuries for them to become too adult and too intelligent to believe in a fairy story about a heroic God who was God and man.

Drumtochty gets into a man's soul. Once he's been exposed to the town, he can never really leave it. There is something about that town that is antithetical to those who stand poised between Christianity and the 'higher' stage. One young minister is in danger, when his dead Mother's words come back to him.

He had finished its last page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. His hope was that he might be kept humble, and not called to Edinburgh for at least two years; and now he lifted the sheets with fear. The brilliant opening, with its historical parallel, this review of modern thought reinforced by telling quotations, that trenchant criticism of old-fashioned views, would not deliver. For the audience had vanished, and left one careworn, but ever beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hands, and turned to the fire his aunt's care had kindled, and twice he repented and smoothed it out. What else could he say now to the people? and then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Next minute he was kneeling on the hearth, and pressing the magnum opus, that was to shake Drumtochty, into the heart of the red fire, and he saw, half-smiling and half-weeping, the impressive words, "Semitic environment," shrivel up and disappear.

As the last black flake fluttered out of sight, the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet brown eyes were full of peace.

It was no masterpiece, but only the crude production of a lad who knew little of letters and nothing of the world. Very likely it would have done neither harm nor good, but it was his best,

and he gave it for love's sake, and I suppose that there is nothing in a human life so precious to God, neither clever words nor famous deeds, as the sacrifices of love.

The moon flooded his bedroom with silver light, and he felt the presence of his mother. His bed stood ghostly with its white curtains, and he remembered how every night his mother knelt by its side in prayer for him. He is a boy once more, and repeats the Lord's Prayer, then he cries again, "My mother! my mother!" and an indescribable contentment fills his heart.

These short glimpses of the 19th century counterattack do not do justice to the depth and breadth of the resistance. But they do reveal to us the essential touchstone of reality: Men and women of depth, when faced with the tragedy of existence (often brought home to them by satanic 'isms' such as capitalism and communism), return to a Christ-centered Christianity. The philosophical Christ, the theological Christ, is not sufficient. They instinctively know that they need a hero, not a sage. They need the God-Man. They knew it; we don't. That's why there is a chasm between our culture and the 19th century European culture. However, the chasm is not impassable. We simply need to recapture the same spirit as the early Europeans:

*The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?*

Labels: 19th century authors, Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy, European hero culture, Ian Maclaren, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Hughes

Grim Statistics

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 07, 2007

The statistics that we see in the 'Death of the West' publications are pretty grim. One doesn't have to be a prophet to see that the white race is facing the end of the line. It would be somewhat less grim if it were only the white race in America which was finished, but it is a worldwide racial suicide we are witnessing, not just a national suicide.

The late Malcolm Muggeridge used the term 'the great liberal death wish' to describe the suicide of the European peoples. And at first glance that seems like an apt description, for is not suicide a death wish? Yes, it is. But the white liberal death wish is not your typical death wish. The white liberal wishes for the death of white civilization, but he doesn't wish for his own death. The obvious question to ask the white liberal is, "Don't you realize that the destruction of white civilization will also mean your own personal destruction?" The white liberal's answer to that is, "No." And he answers no because he is delusional. He has an Atticus Finch complex. White is evil, black is good, with the exception of Atticus Finch. He has fought the good fight and defended the good darky, and he will be worshipped by the darkies.¹ Every white liberal would deny that such vain impulses motivate him, but it is the reality. Overweening, egotistical pride is what motivates the white-hating white. And he hates, with satanic fury, any individual and any group of individuals that would challenge his delusional faith in his vision of himself as Atticus Finch.

An image has stayed with me from my freshman year in college. It is an image of a T-shirt with a picture on it of a black youth stabbing a white youth. The lettering on the T-shirt said something about slaying the oppressors. One would think that the T-shirt was worn by a black man, but it was not. A tall, blue-eyed, blonde boy (he could have been a poster boy for Hitler's youth movement) wore the T-shirt wherever he went. The young Aryan had a few black friends who he partied with and introduced to his white girl friends. If one of his black friends had actually stuck a knife in him, he would have been (if he lived) shocked and offended, because he was not the white on the T-shirt. That white deserved to be killed; he was 'thee and me.' But Atticus Finch? He deserves to be worshipped. "Stand up, your father is passing."

The white-hating white has abandoned his race because he has abandoned his faith. It is true there are many white-hating whites in organizations such as the Roman Catholic church or the Methodist church or the Baptist church, etc., that claim to have some connection to Christianity, but we cannot countenance such a claim. And we cannot do so because the entire Christian tradition warns us that pride, the overweening pride displayed by the white-hating, church-going whites, is the mark of Satan.

The great evangelist, St. Paul, and the greatest Christian poet, Shakespeare, speak with one voice about man. Man is a self-deceiver, who piles layer upon layer of falsehood over his heart. If he does not see himself as a self-deceiver who needs to clear away the sludge of deceit from his heart on a daily basis, he will destroy himself and those around him. He will be like King Lear prior to his repentance: he will be a great destroyer of himself, his family, and his countrymen.

It is possible for an occasional King Lear-type conversion, but we should note that Lear's conversion occurs after it is too late to salvage his kingdom. Which, I fear, is the only type of conversion that we are likely to see in the ranks of the white-hating whites. And even that type of conversion is highly unlikely. It is far more likely that the white-hating white will maintain his delusion even as the barbarian knife is piercing his heart.

Because the white-hating white worships the image of himself as a glorified Atticus Finch, he does not respond to a clarion call to arms based on the reality of the barbarian threat to the white race. Tell him what happened in Haiti when blacks actually had power, and he will yawn with indifference or scream "racist" at you. "That happened to bad whites, to oppressive whites. In the new world, organized by white Atticus Finches, there will be no oppression, so there will be no vengeful blacks."

If you show him film footage of La Raza screaming for the heads of whites, his response will be the same as it was to the murderous actions of the blacks in Haiti. There is nothing that will alter the delusional mania of the white-hating white.

It is not, as Anthony Jacobs has pointed out, that the colored races are on the march, it is that the white race is on the run. If the white race would stop running, the colored invasion would end. But of course the white race will not turn and fight because the white-hating, white technocrats are the leaders of the colored invasion. They, in their hearts, have said no to the Christian society of the plowed field and the evening lingerings. Their hearts do not "receive Him still" because they have no hearts.

Look at the white technocrats. They are obsessed with theory: the cleric, damning with joyful glee, the "Anglo-Saxon race"; the capitalist, also damning with glee, the "lazy" whites who will not "work" in his sweatshops as he imports thousands of Aztecs to do his bidding. Behind all of this is the delusional belief of the white technocrats that they can achieve divine status by sacrificing white people to the colored hordes. And for a time they will be successful. The coloreds can be appeased by the sacrificial offering of non-technocratic whites. But eventually, when they have run out of white sacrificial victims, the technocratic Dr. Frankensteins will face the monster they have created. And then, they will face the long night of the knives.

I don't quarrel with the statistics compiled by the 'death of the West' authors. I don't need to see the actual numbers to know that they are correct. Everywhere I go, I see the death of the West. There are Mexican trailer camps where there were once white family farms, and black barbarians on every street corner. However, I do quarrel with the 'death of the West' authors who present only the statistical picture without taking the oath on the sword. No white man worthy of the name should view the demise of the white race with Thomistic-Buddhistic quietude. Take the oath, "To the knife." We do not seek to shun reality. The statistics are quite grim. But white men, real white men, are not driven to despair by grim statistics. All we need is a remnant band who will not yield.

1. I, like all school children then and now, was made to read *To Kill a Mockingbird* when I went to school. I liked the book, but what I liked about the book was the account of Scout and Jem's childhood. The Tom Robinson rape trial was of little interest to me. I accepted as a given that the prejudiced white Southerners were bad and that the only barrier to peace and harmony was white prejudice, but still, the Tom Robinson case did not hold my interest. I think the reason was that that part of the book does not ring true. Harper Lee had to make a choice. She could have written a classic novel about childhood innocence confronting the world outside of childhood innocence. But instead she decided to write politically correct but false social commentary.

The real novel, the true novel that she didn't write, would have told the story of two white children who had to learn, as we all do, about good and evil. They would have discovered that the Boogie Man of the fairy stories had a name and a color. His name was Tom Robinson and his color was black. He was guilty of crimes that defied their father's ability to explain. Finally, their father simply told them the story of God and the devil and the final triumph of the God-Man. And until that final triumph, the non-utopian Atticus Finch told them, never take the wall down between our people and the people of color.

Labels: death of West authors, preservation of our race, white betrayal

"Incomparable in Its Symmetry"

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 2007

On the 4th of August, 2007, R. Jamison posted a remarkable speech by John Sharp Williams on the blog *Spirit Water Blood*. Williams was a U. S. Representative and U. S. Senator whose father was killed at the Battle of Shiloh. The speech was published in the *Confederate Veteran* magazine in 1904 (Vol. XII, No. 11, November 1904, pp. 517-521).

The speech is magnificent. It is impossible to imagine any U. S. politician of the last fifty years speaking with such depth and insight.

Let me just quote a few passages to illustrate Mr. William's profound insights.

On the subject of fighting --

"Mere fighting is no virtue; far from it. Indeed, the man who is not great enough and brave enough not to fight when he ought not to is a poor excuse for a man. Speaking for myself, I have no admiration of the professional fighter, whether he be a Texas cowboy or a West Point graduate..."

Williams expresses my own feelings about war and fighting. I have no respect for "our troops" because they are not fighting for a cause I respect.

Why did the South fight? --

"But there was something else, and even a greater cause than local self-government, for which we fought. Local self-government temporarily destroyed may be recovered and ultimately retained. The other thing for which we fought is so complex in its composition, so delicate in its breath, so incomparable in its symmetry, that, being once destroyed, it is forever destroyed. This other thing for which we fought was the supremacy of the white man's civilization in the country which he proudly claimed his own; 'in the land which the Lord his God had given him;' founded upon the white man's code of ethics, in sympathy with the white man's traditions and ideals."

Yes, it is the same today. We are not fighting for free trade, capitalism or the U. S. Constitution. We fight for white civilization.

The great struggle during the "Reconstruction Era" --

"There is no grander, no more superb spectacle than that of the white men of the South standing from '65 to '74 quietly, determinedly, solidly, shoulder to shoulder in phalanx, as if the entire race were one man, unintimidated by defeat in war, unawed by adverse power, unbribed by patronage, unbought by the prospect of present material prosperity, waiting and hoping and praying for the opportunity which, in the providence of God, must come to overthrow the supremacy of 'veneered savages,' superficially 'Americanized Africans' -- waiting to reassert politically and socially the supremacy of the civilization of the English-speaking white race. But what gave them the capacity to do this sublime thing, to conceive it and to persevere in it to the end? To wait like hounds in the leash -- impatient, yet obedient to the call of the huntsman's horn -- which came upon the heels of the autumn elections in the Northwestern States in 1874? What gave this capacity to the 'easy-going, indolent, life-enjoying' Southerner? What if not four years of discipline, training, hardship? Four years which taught the consciousness of strength and mutual courage, the consciousness of capacity for working together, the power and the desire of organization, and which gave them, with it all, a capacity for stern action when required by stern events? But for the war -- the lessons which it taught, the discipline which it enforced, the capacity for racial organization which was born with it -- I, for one, do not believe that conditions in Louisiana, South Carolina, and Mississippi to-day would be very far different from what they are in Hayti, Cuba, or Martinique."

Alas, the fruits of that great victory were squandered. By the 1950's the "veneered savages" were ushered back into white civilization. Yes, it was often at the end of a Northern bayonet, but that doesn't explain the South's capitulation.

In the past, as Williams points out, the white Southerners stood shoulder to shoulder against the racial universalists. What happened? I think the South succumbed to the great seduction. They learned to love Big Brother. It gets rather tiresome to always be *contra mundum*.

And once the incomparable symmetry of white civilization is destroyed, can it ever be regained? The answer is no, if we think like the walking universalists. There is no system, no magic talisman that will restore white civilization. It's not a question of restoring the Latin Mass or voting for a president who is "born again." The princess in the fairy tale remains in a death-like slumber because no one loves her. She will be restored to life when she is loved. The love that brings even the dead to life comes only from those men and women who are connected, through their spirit and blood, with His civilization. Nothing is impossible to such men and women.

Labels: Confederate Veteran, restoration of European civilization, Southern resistance

The Last European. Chapter One of Eight.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 2007

Note to the reader: *The Last European* is a sequel to a novel I wrote a few years back called *The Mortal and the Demon*, but it is not necessary to have read the first novel in order to understand the sequel.

That Gnome was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran

-Scott

I will not presume to take the central part in the drama I intend to relate in these pages, but I hope that I can at least, like Horatio, render an accurate account "to th' yet unknowing world, How these things came about."

Eight years ago at age fourteen, I wrote about something that happened to me between the ages of twelve and thirteen. What happened, in plain English, was that I gave my soul over to the devil through an intermediary, an evil gnome named Rankin. A man named Bulkington placed himself between me and Rankin and the devil. At great risk to himself, Bulkington managed to free me from Rankin and Rankin's superior. I was an atheist prior to my experience with Rankin and a convert to Bulkington's Christian faith after my rescue.

At first I was a member of the Catholic Church because a priest named Father Gordon had attempted to aid me in my struggle with Rankin. But when Father Gordon was removed from his parish for 'disciplinary reasons' which, as far as I could see, amounted to nothing more than a love for Christ and his fellow man, I ceased attending their services. I was seventeen at that time. Since then I have been, for want of a better term, an unchurched Christian. There are a lot of people out there, some well-meaning and some not so well-meaning, who will tell you why you must attend their church. But I prefer having some faith and remaining unchurched to joining a church and losing all of my faith. But I really do not intend to get into a big argument over the pros and cons of church attendance. I just put it out there for those people who don't like to read anything until they know the religious denomination of the author.

Two other people were directly involved in my previous adventure. They were Sean and Mary Fitzgerald. They both are my age and they both suffered for my sake. I consider them my sister and brother just as much as I would if they were blood.

Sean and Mary, like me, were without a father growing up. In Sean and Mary's case, it was because their father died when they were quite young. In my case, my father left my life on the day I was born. My mother handed custody of me over to Mrs. Fitzgerald when I was thirteen, and she now lives in Canada. If you read the first Bulkington narrative, you will know that I was born and raised in Linwood, a town off the coast of Maine, and that my name is James Duncan.

Linwood is a small town with approximately 1,000 people living in it. I moved to Lancaster, a somewhat larger town with a population of 10,000 last year, because I simply couldn't get anything but part-time jobs in Linwood. Lancaster is about 40 miles west of Linwood. I've been a police officer here for the last eight months. The work so far has not been difficult.

Lancaster, although bigger than Linwood, is not a metropolitan area. The police force provides two car coverage, one man per car, twenty-four hours a day. I've made four D.U.I. arrests, six disorderly conduct arrests, and written some fifty plus traffic tickets, but I have yet to handle anything (and I hope I never will) that would get me on one of those reality cop story shows.

Before I explain why, having no interesting cop stories to tell, I've taken pen in hand after a eight year hiatus, I want to say something about the Fitzgeralds and Bulkington.

I did not say a whole lot about Mrs. Fitzgerald in my narrative eight years ago because I didn't know her that well at the time and because I was principally concerned with presenting the true story of Bulkington's encounter with Rankin and the devil. Now, having lived with Mrs. Fitzgerald for seven years, I can see her more clearly. I won't call her a saint because that word has been overused, but I will call her a loving, caring, Christian woman. She married Sean Patrick Fitzgerald, a writer, when he was 50 and she was 30. Six years later, Mr. Fitzgerald died, leaving her with four-year old twins.

She saw the way the world was going and steadfastly refused, despite the constant harassment of school and church, to send her children to school. She educated them at home and kept a roof over her and her children's heads with a home-based arts and craft business and the interest from Mr. Fitzgerald's life insurance policy, which she had invested.

Fidelity and charity are the words that come to my mind when I think of Mrs. Fitzgerald. Fidelity to her dead husband, whom she never regards as dead, fidelity to her children, and fidelity to her Lord. I love the woman. She has shown me an unfathomable charity that I did nothing to merit.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's maiden name was Elizabeth Grenville. She came from High Church, English stock. She never converted to her husband's faith but always joined in on the family rosary and often attended mass with her children until the situation in the Church became intolerable. Of course now she no longer attends either the Anglican or the Catholic churches. Her Christianity runs deeper than the Christianity of the various modern churches.

Mary has many of the qualities of her mother. She is fiercely loyal to those she loves and intensely fierce towards the forces aligned against those she loves. One trait that Mary shares with her father and not her mother is an unquenchable thirst for the stories and folklore of old Europe. Her father wrote his own fairy stories based on the old folklore of Europe, and he also did illustrations for some of the classic tales such as the ones found in the Brothers Grimm. In many ways, but particularly in her love for the old folkways and faith of the European people, Mary is a kindred spirit to Bulkington.

Mary has not changed one bit in the last eight years. Yes, she has blossomed into a full-grown woman, but her spiritual makeup has remained the same. She reminds me (Bulkington introduced me to Walter Scott's novels) of Flora MacIvor from Walter Scott's novel, *Waverly*. In that novel, Flora MacIvor gave her heart and soul to the Stuart cause. When the cause failed, she entered a convent. I think if there were real convents still, Mary would do the same as Flora MacIvor when her cause failed. Only in Mary's case, the cause is not just one royal line, it is the whole of old Europe – the Europe of chivalry, of *noblesse oblige*, and above all, of Christianity. But the cause, in Mary's eyes, is not yet lost. Not as long as Bulkington lives. That might seem like a ridiculous notion, that the European cause and one American fisherman named Bulkington are synonymous, but it would not seem that farfetched to you if you knew Bulkington.

Is Mary in love with Bulkington the man or with the cause he represents? I'm not an expert on such matters, but I know that what Mary loves about the old Europe is that it was anti-abstraction. Old Europe championed the personal God over the abstract gods and the particular human being over humanity as an aggregate herd. So if one fully absorbs old Europe into one's blood, then such a person can never love in the abstract but only in the particular. Am I raving? I don't think so. And in a few pages, I'll tell you why I'm not raving. In the meantime, how would I answer the question: Is Mary in love with Bulkington the man or with the cause of old Europe? I would say both – for the cause and the man are one.

Whether Bulkington feels anything of a romantic nature for Mary is more than I can gauge. But should they marry, I would be delighted. I love Mary, but as a sister. And I love Bulkington as the heart of my heart and the blood of my blood.

It doesn't mean I look on Sean as Sean the lesser if I give him less space in this introduction than the rest. Sean is Sean. He is the straight-forward, "stout lad" type that every Robin Hood and Scarlett

Pimpernel-type band needs if its counterrevolution is to succeed. He would march into hell for my sake, and as a matter of fact he did, some nine years ago.

And now for Bulkington, who was and is the subject of my narrative. I first met Bulkington ten years ago when he saved me from a beating by a local bully. He was thirty then and I was twelve. Today at 40, he seems the same man spiritually and physically that he was at age thirty. He still lives on the outer rim of Linwood, still makes a meager living as an independent fisherman, and still fights battles with the powers of darkness. He was fighting Rankin when I first met him, but Rankin has not been around Linwood for some time now. I think after his failure in the case of James Duncan, he was demoted or something. But I really can't say for sure. Bulkington still does battle with Satan's minions though. He just doesn't fight Rankin any longer.

Why does Bulkington do battle with demons? Because he feels it is his vocation to do so. And why is that, you ask? Well, if you sit back in your easy chair for a few moments, I'll tell you.

I didn't hear all I'm about to relate about Bulkington in one day. He told me bits and pieces of his life story over the course of ten years. What follows is a bare sketch of his life as he related it to me.

Bulkington does not know precisely where he was born. Nor does he know who his parents were. His earliest childhood memories were of a dock along a waterfront. He later came to know that the dock was in Wooten, Maine, a coastal town north of Linwood, near the Canadian border. He grew up like Magwitch of *Great Expectations* as a 'varmint.' Magwitch was a streets-of-London varmint and Bulkington was a waterfront varmint. From a woman, quite old, Bulkington knew his birth date and the fact that his mother was an American of Welsh descent and his father was an American of Scottish descent. Their names were either not known by the old woman or else she didn't care to divulge them.

The old woman (he never knew her name) took care of him as a child, but at her death, which Bulkington witnessed at age seven, he became a child of the wharf. He picked seaman's pockets, fished, and stole to keep going. Why his parents abandoned him is something Bulkington never discovered. Did they both die at sea or in some other accident? Or did they simply leave him with the old woman and relocate? The second alternative seemed too inhuman for Bulkington to accept. He always believed that his parents had died tragically, and that the old, somewhat addle-headed woman had taken care of him to the best of her limited capacity.

So from age seven on, it was a varmint's life for Bulkington. During the warmer months, he slept out, and during the colder months, which are numerous in Main, he figured out what houses he could sneak into in order to get a warm night's sleep in the basement. It seems incredible that in this day and age when everyone is catalogued and numbered someone could grow up as Bulkington did, uncategorized and unsocialized, and without any ties to the community or nation in which he was born.

Bulkington started going to sea as a cabin boy when he was ten. He went out on predominantly foreign ships or fly-by-night American ones that didn't care about parental permission and didn't ask any questions about him. He didn't even have a definite name at the time. The old woman had alternately called him Bill and Ed.

His cabin boy status changed from cabin boy to seaman as he grew up. And he certainly did grow up. By the time he reached manhood, he was 6'8" tall and weighed 265 pounds. He learned to read and write through a fortunate misfortune. At eleven he fell overboard while working on a fishing schooner doing some illegal fishing off the coast. When Bulkington was fished out of the water it was obvious that his injuries were not slight. The captain, a man who knew what his priorities were, shipped Bulkington off to his sister's house in Linwood rather than to a hospital because he feared "questions."

The sister was a 60-year-old retired maiden librarian. During the six-month convalescence period, the Captain's sister taught Bulkington to read and write. When he went back to sea, he went back

with a love for reading and with an undying love and affection for the Captain's sister. He never failed to take two or three books with him on every sea voyage and never failed to stop in and see the maiden librarian when he returned to shore. Linwood became his home base.

Bulkington's taste in reading, which was strongly influenced by the Captain's sister, tended toward the old books. He read all of Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, and the Brothers Grimm. He also read the King James Bible as well, but I don't think he made any conscious commitment to Christianity during those formative years. He was still very much a varmint (his word) despite all of his reading.

He also read tales of the sea, which is how he came to be called Bulkington. At age 14 he read Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*. In that book there is a character named Bulkington who Melville used to symbolize the spiritual side of man. Bulkington, the Bulkington of *Moby Dick*, finishes a long sea voyage and immediately signs up for another voyage.

The Lee Shore.

Some chapters back, one Bulkington was spoken of, a tall, newlanded mariner, encountered in New Bedford at the inn.

When on that shivering winter's night, the Pequod thrust her vindictive bows into the cold malicious waves, who should I see standing at her helm but Bulkington! I looked with sympathetic awe and fearfulness upon the man, who in mid-winter just landed from a four years' dangerous voyage, could so unrestingly push off again for still another tempestuous term. The land seemed scorching to his feet. Wonderfulest things are ever the unmentionable; deep memories yield no epitaphs; this six-inch chapter is the stoneless grave of Bulkington. Let me only say that it fared with him as with the storm-tossed ship, that miserably drives along the leeward land. The port would fain give succor; the port is pitiful; in the port is safety, comfort, hearthstone, supper, warm blankets, friends, all that's kind to our mortalities. But in that gale, the port, the land, is that ship's direst jeopardy; she must fly all hospitality; one touch of land, though it but graze the keel, would make her shudder through and through. With all her might she crowds all sail off shore; in so doing, fights 'gainst the very winds that fain would blow her homeward; seeks all the lashed sea's landlessness again; for refuge's sake forlornly rushing into peril; her only friend her bitterest foe!

Know ye now, Bulkington? Glimpses do ye seem to see of that mortally intolerable truth; that all deep, earnest thinking is but the intrepid effort of the soul to keep the open independence of her sea; while the wildest winds of heaven and earth conspire to cast her on the treacherous, slavish shore?

But as in landlessness alone resides highest truth, shoreless, indefinite as God--so, better is it to perish in that howling infinite, than be ingloriously dashed upon the lee, even if that were safety! For worm-like, then, oh! who would craven crawl to land! Terrors of the terrible! is all this agony so vain? Take heart, take heart, O Bulkington! Bear thee grimly, demigod! Up from the spray of thy ocean-perishing--straight up, leaps thy apotheosis!

From the moment he read that passage, the varmint with the two indefinite first names became Bulkington. The sea was his livelihood, but the maiden librarian was his soul. When he wasn't at sea, he was with her. Her full name was Elizabeth Ashley McKenzie. To Bulkington, Miss McKenzie was the mother he had never had. The old woman who raised him till he was seven, he reflected later, had to have had some good traits in order to have taken care of an orphaned child for seven years, but Bulkington's memories of her were tainted with the memory of her drunken, violent rages. With Miss McKenzie there were no such harsh memories. The only loving kindness he had ever experienced came from Elizabeth McKenzie, which is why Bulkington took her death, when he was twenty, so hard.

When he told me about it he made no attempt to excuse what he became. "I was a wild, enraged man, actually more beast than man, who wanted to strike back at God for killing Miss McKenzie.

And since I couldn't hit back at God directly, I decided to strike back at Him by striking His creatures."

For two years Bulkington carried out his "program of vengeance." He chopped up stones from Fisherman's Point and loaded them into an old army surplus backpack. Then he would run with the pack on his back up and down the rocky hill leading to Fisherman's Point. He did pushups at the top of the hill and pushups at the bottom of the hill. And he ran up and down that half-mile hill at least 25 times a day.

At night Bulkington went into the bars to start fights. He didn't care how many men he fought or how hard he got hit, so long as he got a chance to hit back. And hit back he did. But it started to get too easy. Right from the start he had the size and power to make a formidable fighting man, but as he gained experience he became virtually unconquerable in any type of 'no holds barred' brawl. It didn't matter after awhile whether there were two men, three men, or a small mob; Bulkington after two years experience found that he could defeat his opponents with ridiculous ease. He needed a bigger challenge.

So at age twenty-two, he decided to stop venting his rage on God's creatures and to go after God instead. He signed on to a ship scheduled to be at sea for six weeks. On the second night out, Bulkington slipped overboard and issued a challenge to God. "Take whatever form you will, be it shark or whale or worse, just let me have at you."

Now, I know this all sounds quite absurd to the enlightened 21st century mind, but you must remember that Bulkington was not really a man of the 21st or the 20th century. He certainly knew what we call the facts of life, but he had only a rudimentary knowledge of science. He knew Walter Scott and the fairy stories of Europe, but he knew nothing of the Western philosophical or scientific heritage. And because of his lack of "scientific" knowledge, Bulkington believed, much more firmly than anyone else born in the 20th century, in a personal God. But because of Miss McKenzie's death, he believed in a personal, malevolent God. And he believed that such a malevolent God would accept his challenge and meet him in hand-to-hand combat in the middle of the ocean.

He swam for hours without feeling any fatigue and without encountering any creature of the sea with whom he could do battle. But during the 12th hour of his swim, he had what he described to me as a "Road to Damascus experience."

Bulkington has only told a few people about his experience that night (I was the first person he told), and it's funny – no one is more apt to deride the type of spirituality that needs a daily dose of private revelations to sustain it than Bulkington – but it was Bulkington who was granted a private revelation. He doesn't expect anyone to believe in his private revelation, nor is he offended if they don't, but he has quietly related to a few of his close friends that it was indeed Him he heard and saw that night and not the fantasies of an exhausted swimmer.

As he said, "I was not exhausted; in fact I felt quite fresh. All of my senses were functioning. I was still hoping to encounter Him in the form of some deadly sea creature. Then, from some part of the ocean which seemed miles away, I heard a voice calling my name. It was a gentle but at the same time insistent voice. I strained my eyes trying to find the source of the voice. I found it. It was Him. He was walking toward me. I kept swimming toward Him. When I came to within a yard of him, I stopped swimming and merely treaded water. He was not a shadowy, ghostly figure. He was a man of flesh and blood. And the eyes... I shall never forget the eyes. He didn't speak once I was near Him. He didn't have to. I knew what He was saying. And I knew who He was. I stood up on top of the water and then immediately dropped to my knees before Him. I felt so ashamed. This was the man I had hated? This was the man I had blamed for Miss Mackenzie's death? Oh, No! I knew Him now. I had always known Him. Every line Shakespeare ever wrote pointed to Him; every Walter Scott hero pointed to Him. The great destroyer? No! He was the greater preserver. Miss McKenzie, my parents, and every soul ever born, lived and breathed because of Him. And yet there was an incredible loneliness surrounding Him. He needed my love. Incredible as it might seem, I knew he needed me.

My existence depended on Him, and His existence did not depend on me, but He needed me. All of this and more, more than I can describe, I saw in His eyes.

"I know what people would say if they heard that story, James. They wouldn't believe it, or they would say I had been hallucinating. And I don't blame them. But I'm telling you James, because you were there when He came to me a second time, and because you're my friend. But I've got to tell you, James, that our Faith can't be based on divine revelations. First comes belief, a belief that He planted in our hearts, and then, if He so chooses, comes the private revelations. But the private revelations are useless without that divine presence, His divine presence, in our hearts. He's there. Come hell or high water, He is always there."

Swimming to shore was a feat beyond even Bulkington's capacity, but it was not beyond his capacity that night. He swam back to shore without fatigue. And he walked back to his house in Linwood with the determination similar to that of Saul of Tarsus after he became St. Paul.

There was still the question of "How should I then live?" Bulkington had the zeal to serve His Lord, but what skills did he have? He was twenty-two and he knew how to fish and how to fight. Could the Lord use such a man? Six months later he got his answer. A friend came to him with a problem that involved a devilish gnome named Rankin.¹ Bulkington had his vocation.

It's a funny thing about Rankin. He stayed on the devil's staff for about a year after his failure in the case of, well, in the case of me, James Duncan. But after that he disappeared. For the last eight years, Bulkington had not seen Rankin, nor had I. Bulkington thought the devil had kept him on for a year until he found a suitable replacement. For awhile I was haunted by the thought of seeing Rankin again, but he had long ceased to haunt my dreams when there he was standing right in front of me in the bedroom of my apartment.

"Hello, James. Long time no see."

"Yeah, it has been a long time and I want you to make it a longer time. Get out."

"Now, James, that's no way to talk to an old friend."

"Won't you ever cut out the garbage talk? We are not old friends and you know it. Get out!"

"You're right, that good ol' pal stuff is my traditional palaver, but we're past that. And I'll get out if you say so. But I just thought you'd like to hear about what's coming your way."

I wasn't sure what to do. I wanted him to get out of my sight, but I also wanted to know what he was doing back here again. I decided I had to know.

"What is coming my way?"

"More than you can handle, Mr. James Duncan."

"Don't pull that superior and mysterious nonsense on me, Rankin. The last time I saw you, you were foaming at the mouth and kicking beer cans in impotent rage. And your boss ended up lying flat on his face."

For one instant I saw anger flash in Rankin's eyes, but he quickly got control of himself. And that got me worried. The old Rankin would have indulged his anger and tipped his hand regarding his intentions.

"It's true, James, I suffered a little setback in your case. But let's be honest. You didn't do much. It was Bulkington, not you, who set me back."

"I don't deny that. And it was our Lord who put your master on his face."

"Well, that's true, too. But you must realize, James, that one skirmish does not constitute a war. Your God is not all powerful. He is not holding a winning hand."

"Do you seriously believe that Rankin?"

"Yes, I do, James, and you are going to believe it yourself someday. I'm going to help you believe it. And in order to start you on the road to a new belief, I'm going to be completely candid with you.

"Now, don't get that look on your face. I know exactly what you are thinking. It's that old Shakespeare stuff, isn't it? 'But 'tis strange; And oftentimes to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths, Win us with honest trifles, to betray's In deepest consequence.' But that's not how it works in real life. Shakespeare presupposes that the devil is the bad guy, and that is not so. Look, I'm going to level with you, James."

"I don't trust you for one second, Rankin, but go ahead and level with me."

"Well, it was like this, James. The devil was forced to intervene in your case in a way that was not advantageous to him. So he was boiling mad, if you'll pardon the pun, at me. He replaced me about a year after the incident. I was shipped out for retraining. At first I didn't like it. I was in class with a lot of young devils, little upstarts. And the instructor himself was also younger than I was. But he started to make sense and I started listening.

"I learned that my methods were too old-fashioned. It wasn't necessary for me to get people to deny Christ or to get them to refuse to invoke His aid. All I had to do was to get people to think of him in a new way. A new way that isn't that new any more, but I was not aware of that."

"I don't follow you."

"Well, James, the truth of the matter is that the old Roman way, with some slight modifications, is the new way. Whenever a new god came along, the Romans just included him in the pantheon. So long as the new god was subordinate to the Roman State, he was welcome in the pantheon."

"But the Christians wouldn't accept that."

"No, they wouldn't. Not at that time. But what I didn't realize is that now the Christians are willing to keep their God subordinate."

"Not to the old Rome?"

"No, James, not to the old Rome, but to the only real God there is, to nature. I never really lied to you, James. We do belong to the universe, to the natural universe. Your God is dependent on nature just as much as my God, only my God is willing to submit to nature and use its power while your God tries to defy nature. And He is losing big time. You think you saw something nine years ago. You think Satan is weak. But he isn't. He's growing stronger and stronger while your God is getting weaker and weaker. Soon he will be powerless."

"How can you spout such nonsense? Satan has already lost; he's just playing out the hand. You know that. Everybody knows that."

"Do I? Do you?"

"Yes."

"And who, may I ask, told you that fact?"

"It's traditional Christian teaching. Christ conquered death when He rose from the dead and freed us from the effects of original sin..."

"Stop right there, James. I know the story. But if you take the time to look around you, you'll find that the story has been changing. As that old song says, 'These times, they are a changing.' Even your Christian churches don't put out the old story anymore."

"I don't have much to do with the Christian churches."

"Well, there you are, James. If the Christian churches can't say what Christianity is, why should you be so sure you know what it is."

I was becoming increasingly frustrated with my inability to form a coherent argument to defend what I knew in my heart was true. It was then that I realized the truth of something Bulkington once told me: "You can't debate with the devil, James. He will always win. You either beat a hasty retreat or invoke the aid of our Lord and punch him in the nose." I didn't want to retreat from my own apartment, so I punched the devil's gnome in the nose.

Physically, I'm not the pushover I once was. I stand 6'4" tall and weigh 215 pounds. Sean and I have been following the Bulkington fitness program for the last six years: up and down the rocky hill at Fisherman's point, with pushups in between. But still I was no match for Rankin. After I hit him, he delivered a counterpunch to my belly that dropped me to my knees. He then worked his way behind me and clamped a full Nelson on me, while shoving my face into the floor.

"Don't ever try that rough stuff on me, Duncan. Now here's the rest of the story – Satan owns this earth like he has never owned it before. The churches are his and the schools are his. It's not necessary, as I thought, to bring out dragons and giants. I'm going to send out quite ordinary earthlings against you, your friends, and Mr. Bulkington. But when I'm through with you, you'll be begging me to let you worship at Satan's Shrine."

At this point in his monologue, he let me up.

"Why, Rankin? Why all this bother about me?"

"It's not about you, Duncan. You're nothing. It's about Bulkington. He's the last one. From some stupid string of circumstances, he has grown up with a mind and heart that is straight out of Grimm's Fairy Tales. He is truly the last European. And when old Europe dies, Christianity dies. But it's not enough, they tell me, to just kill him. And that's where the modern training comes in. In order to fight modernity, he'll be forced to adapt to modernity. And then we'll have him. I'm telling you this because you can't do anything to stop it. It's inevitable. It's mathematical. Through you, and Sean, and Mary, the people he loves, we'll get him. Good-bye, Duncan."

He slammed the door.

Well, what was I to make of Rankin's visit? He certainly didn't visit me to renew our fine and beautiful friendship. His visit was obviously an opening gambit in a new assault on Bulkington. But what did he hope would be the result? I was afraid. How does that Psalm go? "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Well, I feared it. There is no use denying it. I prayed, but let me tell you, it's awful hard to believe in the efficacy of prayer when you feel alone against all the forces of hell.

1. See *The Mortal and the Demon*

Labels: The Last European

Capitalism, School Shootings, and Warehouses

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The capitalists made their first breach in the wall of the traditional family when they took the father away from the farm and away from the family business. The second breach was made when they took the woman away from the home to work for wages beside her husband. Massive immigration has made it impossible for the working poor to raise a family on one income. As long as the

capitalists have an endless supply of cheap labor, they will never pay a family wage to one of their workers.

And yet the pernicious poor people will reproduce. And then the warehousing of children begins, and then the shootings in the schools occur, and then several corporate giants donate large sums of money to schools to build athletic facilities to keep the kids off dope and out of trouble. Does anyone see something wrong with this picture?

Labels: heartlessness of capitalism

A Song of the White Men

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Now, this is the cup the White Men drink
When they go to right a wrong,
And that is the cup of the old world's hate--
Cruel and strained and strong.
We have drunk that cup--and a bitter, bitter cup--
And tossed the dregs away.
But well for the world when the White Men drink
To the dawn of the White Man's day!

Now, this is the road that the White Men tread
When they go to clean a land--
Iron underfoot and levin overhead
And the deep on either hand.
We have trod that road--and a wet and windy road--
Our chosen star for guide.
Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread
Their highway side by side!

Now, this is the faith that the White Men hold--
When they build their homes afar--
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons
And, failing freedom, War."
We have proved our faith--bear witness to our faith,
Dear souls of freemen slain!
Oh, well for the world when the White Men join
To prove their faith again!

-- Rudyard Kipling

Labels: poem, Rudyard Kipling

Dauntless Christianity

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 2007

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly,
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day his sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;
To the Vizier's lofty palace
One bold Christian came alone.

– Sir Walter Scott

I have nothing in common with (indeed I consider them my enemies) professed Christians who support integration and massive colored immigration. With such people, one cannot form alliances because they stand for the complete annihilation of the white race.

Opposed to the white (yet anti-white) Christians is the right wing. There is a small right wing in this country and slightly larger right-wing groups in Europe. A Christian can form alliances with such groups because they are opposed to the barbarian takeover of the West. But unfortunately the majority of the right wing opponents of racial Babelism are pagans. They seem to be noble pagans, but they are pagans. It is easy to see why a noble pagan would reject the type of Christianity on display in the organized churches, but if we look at the Christianity of our ancestors prior to the 20th century we can see a religion that is certainly a faith that a noble pagan, such as Harold the Dauntless, would be willing to embrace.

When Christianity thrived in Europe prior to the 20th century, it was as a hierarchical religion. Christ was the Truth, the objective standard for every value on earth. Cultures and individuals were judged according to their adherence to His principles. Whites, by necessity, had to rule because the whites were Christian. Whites, of necessity, had to separate themselves from non-Christians lest they be polluted. If whites had not been Christian, there would have been no reason for the segregation that the right wing pagans quite properly want to revive. So Christianity is the reason for segregation, and it is the reason for the suppression of non-white immigration.

For all its greatness, the Greek civilization was still a pagan civilization. It differed in degree from African paganism but not in kind. There is no reason to segregate pagans. Christianity differs in kind; it is not the same kind of religion as paganism, Greek or African. And the key element that makes Christianity different from paganism is a personal God above nature. We pray to our Father who art in heaven, not to the genes in our biological makeup or to the great bush god in the brush.

Why then, if Christianity is the reason for the separation of the races into a hierarchical structure, are Christians the driving force behind all the anti-segregation movements? Because the anti-segregationists are not Christians. Certainly they have retained some vestiges of Christianity – how could they not retain something of it after two thousand years of tradition – but they no longer believe in Christianity as a religion distinct from and superior to all other religions. Modern Christians have returned to the same religion the right wingers would have us adopt – paganism. It is not quite the pure paganism of the Greeks (I call it techno-barbarism) because it is now colored with the vocabulary of Christianity, but it is paganism nevertheless. And this Christian paganism allows liberal whites to convert the heathen to Christianity because the heathen do not really have to convert. The Europeans have not Christianized the pagans; they have simply, by mixing with the pagan, paganized Christianity. Just take a look at one African mass or a black Baptist revival if you want to see the embodiment of paganized Christianity. Right wingers, if they are genuine men of the right, should seek to restore Christianity as the religion of the white man if they truly want to solve

the “race problem,” because white Christians will segregate and make distinctions between cultures in order that they may all the better protect and serve, like the suffering servant who stands above all the pagan cultures including the Greek.

The historical record makes it clear that Christianity is the white man’s religion. Only the white man put the true religion into practice. There is no concept of charity nor even a word for it in the pagan religions. Does that mean non-whites can never be Christian? No, it means that non-whites can only be Christian when they have Christian whites to imitate. They cannot, on their own, become Christians. This is why whites should never integrate and never eliminate the white hierarchical structure of civilization. The results of the abolishment of the white hierarchy are being painfully revealed in our present Christ-hating, white-hating society.

I sympathize with the right wingers who are appalled at the death of the white culture. They have good instincts. But the restoration of white civilization depends on right wingers picking up the mantle of their white, Christ-bearing forefathers and restoring it to its former position of glory, and not on their invoking the ancient gods of Greece and Rome.

Labels: Incarnational Christianity, paganism, restoration of European civilization

The Last European. Chapter Two of Eight.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 2007

The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
-- Shakespeare

I was in danger of becoming a Bartleby-type figure, unable to leave my room, so it was probably a good thing I had a job to go to. It's amazing that once you've absorbed some Shakespeare into your system, how often his lines come to mind. As I went to work I couldn't help thinking of those words of Hamlet: "If it be not now, then it will come; if it be not to come, then it will be now. Since a man has naught to leave betime, what is to leave betimes? The readiness is all."

I worked the 4 PM to 12 AM shift the day following Rankin's visit. Sean was the other officer on the shift with me. I'd like to work with him every shift, but the way the schedule works out I generally work with him about six shifts per month. Even though he's in another patrol car, it's good to know I've got him for a backup and vice versa.

We had an incident on that shift that I thought was Rankin-related. Sean said (yes, I had told Sean and Mary about Rankin's visit) that it could be just a coincidence. But I wasn't buying the coincidence theory.

What happened was this: six weeks prior to the incident one thousand black Africans were imported to the town of Lancaster. They were imported to Lancaster by the Federal government under some kind of refugee plan. Their own country was embroiled in some kind of civil war where unbelievable atrocities (what else is new?) were being carried out every day. So, a number of small towns throughout the U.S. were selected as new homes for the refugees.

At the risk of sounding prejudiced (and God forbid any of us should be prejudiced), I must say that I don't think the injection of one thousand black Africans into a town of ten thousand white New Englanders is a very good thing. The fabric of every community in America is already fragile enough from the ongoing cultural wars between the New Age zombies (the majority) and the remnant of individuals from the Christian era. To throw one thousand Africans, practitioners of voodoo and cannibalism, into the mix is to pour fuel on the proverbial fire.

But of course the social fabric of our nation is not something our Federal or local governments are concerned about.

I don't say that Rankin used extraordinary means to infest the town of Lancaster, but I do think that he whispered a timely suggestion in some bureaucrat's ear that resulted in Lancaster being selected over some other U.S. towns.

At 9:30 that evening, Sean and I received a call from the radio room reporting that a domestic dispute was in progress at one of the apartment complexes in town. I was closest to the apartments, so I got there first.

It is best, when handling a domestic crisis, to wait for backup if at all possible, the reason being that more times than not there is an aggressor-victim-rescuer scenario that is played out. It goes like this – the police officer arrives on the scene, and the husband is beating his wife (it could be the other way around and it is the other way around more times that is generally known, but let's stick with the slightly more typical scenario). The husband is the aggressor, the wife is the victim, and the police officer is the rescuer. The police officer starts to wrestle with and or punch the husband; now the police officer is the aggressor and the husband is the victim. What role is left for the wife to play? Yes, you guessed it, she now plays the role of rescuer and tries to stick a knife into the arresting officer.

So, I waited for Sean and he pulled up about three minutes after I did. I knocked on the door, keeping my body clear of the door.

"Police, open up, we've had a complaint." There was no answer, so I knocked again and repeated my demand to be let in. This time I got a response. The door was opened a crack, and I saw a black face peering out at me. I didn't have to be Sherlock Holmes to figure out that the apartment was occupied by one of the new African refugees.

"What want?" a masculine voice asked.

"We are the police, and we've had a complaint about a disturbance in this apartment, and we need to come in and check it out."

"No disturbance here, you go away."

"I'm sorry, sir, we must come in. If everything checks out, we will leave. But you must let us in or we will have to break the door down."

The door opened, revealing a very large black man wearing khaki trousers but no shirt. He was sweating profusely which indicated to me that he had been doing something physical in the last half-hour, because it was still winter in Maine during March and the apartment was not excessively heated.

I don't intend to write an essay on police procedures, but I must clarify a few things in order to make what follows intelligible to those unfamiliar with the rules and regulations the police work under regarding domestic violence cases.

The law involving domestic abuse has changed in the last twenty years. The law used to allow for police discretion; if the abused spouse or girlfriend did not want to press charges, no arrest was made. But under the new law, the police officer, if he sees signs of physical abuse, must arrest whether the injured spouse or significant other wants to press charges or not.

In this case there was indeed evidence of physical abuse. When the Mogombi native opened the door to the bedroom, we found a young white woman. I won't describe the bruises. Let's just say they were severe. It was a sickening sight.

When I informed the African that he was under arrest, he went berserk on us. Eventually Sean and I got the cuffs on him but not before we had sustained some bruises and inflicted a few as well. The young woman pleaded with us not to arrest her dream man, but I explained to her why we had to. She didn't seem to comprehend anything I said. I thought she was either on drugs or in a state of shock. Sean suggested that she get some medical treatment for her injuries, but she refused. I didn't like leaving her like that but she was adamant about no medical treatment. What could we do? I put the Mogombi in the back of my patrol car and headed to the station to process the prisoner.

Without the woman's testimony, it was not likely that the Mogombi would spend more than a night in jail. The judge would release him when he came in the morning. But he didn't even spend the night in jail.

At 11:30 p.m. a cadaverous white man in his late forties entered the station. He said he was the Mogombi tribe's lawyer. Where the tribe got the money for their own lawyer is something I'll let the reader speculate on.

"I understand you have Knana Kowanna here under arrest," was the lawyer's opening gambit. "Well, I spoke to the woman involved, and I spoke to Judge Grady. And Judge Grady has signed a release order for Knana. You now have no legal right to hold him.

I wasn't all that surprised. Judge Grady was known around the police station as "Come with the Cash Grady." I once went before him with a D.U.I. arrest. I had the blood alcohol reading listed in my report; it was way above the legal limit, and I had crossed all my Ts and dotted all my Is in

making the arrest. But the verdict came back, "Not guilty." When I asked one of the veteran officers what had happened, he just rolled his eyes and said, "Somebody came with the cash."

I knew Knana should not have been released that night. There is supposed to be a cooling off period when a domestic erupts in violence. But Mr. Cadaverous had a signed release form.

"Okay, you've got the release form so we'll cut him loose. But I think it would be advisable for him to go somewhere besides the apartment to sleep tonight."

"My client can sleep anywhere he likes tonight or any other night, Officer..."

"It's 'Duncan'."

"Officer Duncan, then. He can sleep anywhere he likes."

"Yes, he can. I was only making a suggestion."

"My client doesn't need your suggestions."

"That's fine. There he is." I opened the cell. "Take him out of here."

"What's this? He looks like he has been beaten."

"Hardly beaten, he gave as good as he got, but then I guess you're not concerned about our bruises."

"Is that why you beat him, because you claim he resisted arrest?"

Since I was the arresting officer, Sean had been trying to do some business at the other end of the office, but he heard everything that was said. He couldn't keep quiet any longer. Striding quickly across the room, he addressed Mr. Cadaverous, whose last name was – I'm not joking – Brinkerhoff.

"Officer Duncan explained to you that we didn't beat him. He resisted arrest and we did what was necessary to arrest him. Ask him, he'll tell you."

Knana started to talk, but Brinkerhoff silenced him with a gesture. "We'll see about this."

I could see Sean was at the boiling point, and I should have tried to stop him from speaking, but I didn't. Just as Brinkerhoff and Knana Kwanna were opening the door to leave, Sean called after them, "If you go back and beat that woman, we'll be back for you. And no liberal A.C.L.U. lawyer is going to save you."

Brinkerhoff turned away from the door and walked toward Sean. "I'm beginning to suspect that this arrest was racially motivated. Your concern for the woman in question, who has lodged no complaint herself, probably stems from racial prejudice. You object to interracial couples, don't you, officer?"

"Don't bother answering him, Sean, he's just trying to get you in trouble."

"No, I'll answer him. Listen, Mr. Big Shot Liberal, if the man was a white beating a black girl or if he was a green man beating an Indian girl, or whatever, I would treat it the same. But as a matter of fact, I don't approve of interracial marriages, or interracial cohabitation, or interracial anything. And you know what else? I'd like to stuff all the slimy A.C.L.U. lawyers into trash cans and ship them back to hell."

"Thank you, officer, for that most edifying and illuminating speech. Good night."

"Now you've done it, Sean. He's not going to let those remarks slide. There's going to be trouble."

"Let there be trouble then, James. How far are we supposed to crawl for dirtbag lawyers and filthy savages?"

"I know, Sean. But I'm worried about your job. There isn't a lot of work out there for either of us."

"Well, let's see what comes before we panic."

"Okay, Sean. Are you staying the night with me or heading back to Linwood.?"

"I'll stay with you tonight if it's all right. Maybe I'll get lucky and see your buddy, Rankin."

"Very funny."

Labels: The Last European

Reclaiming White Civilization

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 2007

The "racist" remarks of John Watson hit the liberals hard because John Watson was a member of the liberal pantheon, a Nobel Prize winning scientist. A scientist! One of the elect!

The traditional condemnations by white liberals and black leaders followed quickly upon the heels of Watson's remarks. And of course we know that the white liberal outrage is feigned. They all know Watson's claims are correct; there already have been an infinity of "scientific" tests showing that blacks are less intelligent than whites. The white liberals have been hoisted on their own scientific petards. They made a god of science, and their god constantly embarrasses them by presenting them with findings that support "racists."

This "more intelligent" debate is not something a white European should engage in. It is tempting, when the enemy will accept no evidence that is not empirical, to cite intelligence tests in arguing the case for segregation and white autonomy. But that is not why we should segregate, and defend to the death white civilization. It is the European's spiritual sense of life which sets him apart from the other races. And that spiritual sense of things cannot be quantified or measured by any empirical study. It is simply there, part of the fabric of reality. And when we deny it, we are in a flight from reality.

Which brings us to the professed white Christians. They are adamant that the hatred of the white race and the love of the black race is mandated by Christianity. But did not Jesus Christ claim He was the truth and that same truth would set us free? Is there anything truthful in the liberals' racial Babelism? No, there is not. The races are not equal. The races were not designed to be mixed. And yet the white Christians aggressively assault every white Christian who refuses to bend his knee to the multi-racial idols of liberal Christendom.

In my early, zealous days in the Catholic Church¹, I taught C.C.D. classes on Sunday. I vividly remember going through the various Church Councils listed in the textbook, and explaining what each did. Every council, with the exception of the Second Vatican Council, was associated with the condemnation of a particular false doctrine, which was listed beside its name. But the Second Vatican Council had no such condemnation of a heresy listed by its name. That Council's summation read, "Condemns racism."

That's what it all comes down to? Two thousand years of Church history amounts to "Condemns racism"?

And of course this Christless, black-worshipping Christianity is not confined to just the Catholic Church; the Protestant churches are equally culpable. The Christless Christian churches have spent that "unbought grace of life" that Edmund Burke spoke of. We are no longer in a position of "if these shadows are not altered" our white civilization will be destroyed. Our civilization has been destroyed.

So we are facing a different situation than the white Southerners of whom John Sharp Williams wrote about, and even a different situation than Anthony Jacob wrote about in 1965. We are no longer talking about saving white civilization; we are talking about reclaiming it. Of course, any Spenglerian student of civilization will tell you that no civilization, once dead, has ever been reclaimed. But when talking about European civilization, we are talking about a completely unique civilization. No civilization was ever built on the premise that one man, who was also a God, broke the chains of mortality and rose from the dead. The type of men and women who believed, in the depths of their souls, in that miracle are not men and women who can be defeated by some mathematical, Spenglerian process of history.

That passage from the Psalm 130 always comes to my mind when I think of the white race: "Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O Lord." Spiritual depth is what distinguishes the European from all other peoples, not scores on some pseudo-scientific intelligence test.

Most white people today are soul-dead zombies. I don't say brain-dead, because you can still meet many brilliant, but soulless, white men. But occasionally you meet one of the remnant. Do you recall Kipling's "One in a Thousand"? It always seems like a miracle: "A man with a soul, a European!" Europe was the Round Table and Christ was our Arthur. His knights are certainly a wandering remnant now. But whenever they meet ("where one or two are gathered together in my name"), they form Europe. And from such meetings, a great civilization, the only civilization, will be rebuilt.

European civilization was based on a communion of souls. Whenever depth spoke to depth, He was present. And link by link an invisible chain was forged that bound European civilization together. The white technocrat must prevent white people from forming the type of bonds that would reconnect the chain. Their rule can only continue so long as European culture remains an anti-civilization which worships the generic technocratic man over the man of flesh and blood. Everything that stinks of humanity – ties to kith and kin, loyalty to a personal, humane God – must be systemically eliminated. I don't suggest that there is a conscious conspiracy to eradicate that element of the European, his spiritual depth, which connects him to God. It is more effective than a conscious conspiracy; it is a satanically inspired conspiracy (when the European rejects Christ, he is open to the satanic whisper). In the name of equality, brotherhood, rationalism, science, etc., we must all forgo communion. We must never gather together in His name, because he (the satanic 'he') forbids it.

The reason that only white men are forbidden to form ties of blood is because it was only white men who linked their blood with the spirit and blood of the God-man. That type of blood faith is anathema to the technocratic man, who wants the non-white cultures to be immersed in the pride of blood, because their blood is linked to the altars of the Aztecs and the magic of the voodoo priests. The religions of the colored tribes are generic; they all come from hell. Only the civilization of the European had a religion that was non-generic and personal and that was connected to heaven and not to hell.

This is why the technocratic white must always support the colored, and not the white. His coreligionists are the satanic colored and not the white Europeans.

We cannot see the divine links of the chain being reforged to recreate Europe. But we know the links are being forged every time Europeans of depth, of blood and spirit, come together in His name.

1. Once, after working past the dinner hour at a Catholic College, I stopped at the chapel for the usual reason one stops at a chapel. But I was surprised to see a nun in the chapel (normally, the nuns avoided the chapel.) The nun informed me that I couldn't use the chapel that evening because they, the nuns, were expecting a busload of blacks to visit them. "We are bringing some blacks up from the city," the nun said, with ecstasy in her voice.

Now, you might defend the nuns by claiming, "What is more natural; they are trying to convert the heathen." But that would be disingenuous of you. The nuns were bringing the blacks into the church to worship them. And by so doing, they

were worshipping themselves, for what is the essence of the new Christianity? It consists of taking the correct stance on the racial issue. If you worship blacks, you are a saint, and you then have leave to worship yourself.

Labels: Europeans and Christ, restoration of European civilization

The Feminine Temptation

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2007

*The hart he loves the high wood;
The hare she loves the hill;
The knight he loves his bright sword;
The lady – loves her will.*

Human nature doesn't change, no matter what the social Darwinians try to foist on us. It is always the same old story, a fight for love and glory... And nothing is more eternal than the feminine. But whether the female of the species is a Florence Nightingale or a Lady Macbeth is largely determined by whether the male is a Sir Galahad or a Macbeth.

There is one evil, hatched by the post-Christian technocratic Macbeths, that transcends every other evil ever visited upon Western man. That is the evil of demonic feminism. And white males came to the point where they ceded all of Christian Europe to the feminists by turning from the quest for religious truth to the quest for gold. St. George was forced to give way to Bill Gates.

The female of the species needs certainty, or if you will, security. And that need for security takes precedence over any other consideration. But the male needs the quest. He needs to find out the truth of things, even if finding that truth leads to a loss of security, for he needs the quest more than security. Women have a right to be women, and they have a right to feel secure. But at what cost? Certainly the right to feel secure should not come at the cost of the quest. If we, as men, in order to make our women comfortable, are to avoid all attempts to arrive at the truth of things, what happens to religious faith? It becomes not, "What is true?" but instead, "What is the most secure?" This is the accusation Doystoevsky hurls at the Catholic Church. Using bread to symbolize security, he claims that the Catholic Church exchanged bread for faith in the God-Man. I would agree with Doystoevsky, but I would not exclude the Orthodox and Protestant from the same accusation he hurls at the Catholic Church.

What the bread-for-faith exchange entails is an alliance between the security-conscious female and the practical man. "I wish I had a man who was handy around the house." Well, enter the Practical Priest, St. Thomas being the ultimate practical priest. Using his Summa as an owner's manual and his catechism as a hammer, the Practical Priest gives the daughters of Martha and the sons of St. Thomas the metaphysical security they seek. But we pay a terrible price for that security.

Do you recall the tale, told by Thomas Mann, of an appointment in Crete? A man of ancient Athens sent his servant to the market place to procure a bottle of wine for him. While in the market place, the servant saw Death. Death looked at the servant with a threatening look. The servant returned to his master and told him that he could no longer serve him, as he had to flee to Crete that very day. His master asked the reason for such a hasty decision. The servant replied that he had seen death in the market place and Death had given him a threatening look. So the servant took off for Crete. The servant's master then ran to the market place to confront Death. When he found him, he asked him, "Why did you look at my servant in a threatening manner?" Death replied, "That was not a threatening look, it was a look of surprise. I have an appointment with him today in Crete."

In trying to gain security, we have lost it. By settling for a false but secure faith we have lost the God-Man, who alone brings genuine security. Letting go of the seemingly secure lies we have been told about God is essential if we are to see through that dark glass to the true God. But the inquisitors will not allow it. "Quests are poetic whimsy and very impractical. Why do you need them when the men of wisdom, at the behest of the dark lady, have put the secrets of the universe in a silver rod?" Is it any coincidence that the hard-eyed enthusiasts, the men who worship the savage God, men like Father Feeney, always have a cabal of devoted female followers? No, it is not. Women are attracted to strength. And dogmatic, inflexible, pagan theology seems like the ultimate in strength. The gospel of Christ seems, when compared to the writings of Aristotle or St. Thomas, to be a 'weak sister'

philosophy. But the 'weak sister' philosophy has a deeper strength that will ultimately defeat the seemingly superior and stronger pagan creed.

Christianity survives only where Christians have refused to make it into a philosophy. There are only remnant bands that have resisted the Gnostic temptation. And it is the old temptation of Adam that has made us so susceptible to Gnosticism. On the female side, it was Eve's desire to acquire the strength and power of God, through knowledge, that led to her downfall. And on the male side, it was Adam's acceptance of Eve's limited vision of God that led to his downfall.

A thoroughly Christianized woman is an inspiration, but if we follow the lead of those "practical" women, we will be repeating the original sin of Adam and the sin of Macbeth, but our sin will be worse because we have their sins before us as a warning. How do we know when a woman is an inspiration and when she is a daughter of Eve? That's easy. A Christian woman won't try to impede the quest; she'll inspire the quest. But every time the man, having been vouchsafed a capacity to see beyond the horizon, makes the women's desire, for what her limited vision sees as a secure resting place, the sum total of his striving, he creates a little mini-hell on earth, giving vixen free reign and plunging himself into Merlin's oblivion.

*For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.
Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.*

--Idylls of the King by Tennyson

Labels: feminism

The Last European. Chapter Three.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2007

Ye white walls! Ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white
Although she have them hourly in the flood.
-- Shakespeare

Sean and I were both probationary employees for our first year, which meant that we could be fired without due process or an appeal. Sean was fired when he refused to deny or retract the remarks he had made to Frank Brinkerhoff.

I had the day off after Sean's firing, so I rode over to Linwood to talk with him. Mary, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Sean were all in the living room when I arrived at the house. But after a little chit-chat, Sean suggested the two of us take a walk. We walked toward Fisherman's Point.

"What will you do now, Sean?"

"I don't know."

"Should I resign, too? You did nothing wrong and I really have no desire to work for such a rotten police department."

"Don't resign. All police departments are rotten, James. A police department can't be better than the government it serves. It's the same with the army. I never should have joined in the first place, but it's awful hard to make a living these days without feeling like you're taking a bath in manure. Maybe Bulkington could use some help out on the boat."

"I doubt it, Sean; he barely makes enough to support himself. But, hey, you could still ask him."

"Oh, well, I'll get something. You know, I've thought about what you said about Rankin being behind the Mogombis presence in Lancaster, and the more I think about it, the more I'm convinced that you're right, James. It seems like too much of a coincidence not to be planned."

"He's behind it, alright."

"But if it is Rankin's doing, then he's had his shot at me and succeeded. That means he'll be taking a crack at you or Mary next."

"Yeah, it's not a pleasant thought, is it? I'd be lying if I said I wasn't worried."

It was cold out on the rocks, and I hadn't dressed warmly enough, so I suggested we go back to the house. Mrs. Fitzgerald was in the kitchen when we returned through the front door. We yelled to announce our presence and headed up to Sean's bedroom. Mary was waiting for us there.

"Don't resign, James. You need the work."

"That's what Sean said. You know, it might not be up to me; they might fire me before my year is up. You know how it is – guilt by association. They know I'm friends with Sean, that no-good racist."

Sean and Mary both laughed.

"It's a badge of honor nowadays to be called a racist. You should be so lucky, James."

"Well, Mary, if not for the honor of the thing, I'd just as soon skip it."

"Have either of you two discussed letting Bulkington in on our little dilemma?"

"Not today, we haven't. But we did discuss it when Rankin first came to my apartment. I didn't want to drag him into it because I'd be afraid for him. I'd be afraid that Rankin would finish him this time."

"I don't want to seem mean, James. And I hope you won't take this the wrong way, but you didn't want to bring Bulkington into the picture once before, remember?"

"Yes, I remember, and I'm not offended, Mary. But I didn't want to bring him in before because I thought it would cost me something. I don't want to bring him in now because I don't want him hurt."

"But he is used to dealing with Rankin; why should he be hurt?"

Sean echoed Mary's question: "Yes, why, James?"

"Alright, I'll tell you why. Because Bulkington is not of this century or the previous century. He is something from the past. He's fine – he's more than fine, he's magnificent – when he's dealing with giants or dragons or humanoids from the sea, but how well will he do against modern monsters?"

How will he do against little A.C.L.U. lawyers who will sue him the first time he touches them, or how will he do against a horde of African Zulus or Mogombis armed with the latest assault rifles? I don't think he can cope with what the new, retrained Rankin is likely to throw at him."

Mary walked across the room and looked out the window. "I can see him out in his boat. He never wears more than a sweater. It's thick, but you wouldn't think it would be enough. It gets awfully cold out there on the water." She turned back to us. "You have a good point, James. It doesn't make sense to bring Bulkington into this affair for all the reasons you mention, and for one more."

I asked her what the reason was, and her reply surprised me, but when she articulated it, I saw the logic of it.

"Bulkington is Welsh on his mother's side and Scottish on his father's side, probably Highland Scottish, which means he is pure Celt. All Celts are not Romantics or poets, not by a long shot, but when they are, they become hopelessly committed to their romantic causes and pursue them against all odds and against all commonsense. They march straight at their enemies' guns and go down to defeat, like James the IV at Flodden."

"Then you agree with me. We'll keep Bulkington out of this."

"No, James, I don't agree."

"But that makes no sense, after all you just said."

"I don't presume to know if faith and commonsense are meant to co-exist. It certainly doesn't make sense, commonsense, to bring Bulkington into this mess. He will be out of his element. But then he is Bulkington. The assumption Rankin is making, and the assumption that we are making, is that Bulkington would have to adopt modern methods in order to combat Rankin's modern methods. And by doing so, Bulkington would become de-Christianized or, at the very least, neutralized. And if, on the other hand, he refuses to adopt modern methods, then he will be defeated."

"Yes, that's it, and I can't say that I disagree with that logic, which is why I don't want him involved."

"But James, aren't we being too modern when we look at it that way? The devil is logical. But he is not infallible. He doesn't know about the human heart. Oh, I know he knows about our weaknesses and takes advantage of them. But he doesn't understand that part of the heart that touches His heart. And if we become too logical, then maybe we'll lose that connection to His heart. Bulkington's heart is the heart of old Europe. What that heart will do against the devil's logic is something we can't predict. But possibly if we put our faith in it, things will work out."

"Sean, what do you think?"

"What Mary says makes sense, at least makes sense at one level. And maybe that's the important level."

"It's a leap in the dark. You both know that, don't you?"

"What other choice is there, James? We can't fight Rankin alone."

What else could I say? In my heart of hearts I knew that Mary's last statement, "We can't fight Rankin alone," was true. Bulkington seemed a feeble hope, but he was our only hope.

"Alright, let's tell him."

We stopped by Bulkington's house the next morning. I thought he would be offended because we had not told him about Rankin's visit immediately, but he wasn't. He just laughed.

"So you thought an anachronism like me wouldn't be very effective against the new and improved Rankin. Well, I can't blame you for thinking that way. I don't feel very connected to the modern world, but maybe I can still be of some help."

"What should we do?" Sean asked.

"Live your lives. Don't sit around worrying about Rankin. Oh, I know that is easier said than done. But try not to play into Rankin's hands by wasting all your energy worrying about what Rankin is going to do. I'm sure the Mogombis are here because of Rankin and I certainly think they are going to move against us, one at a time. But we can't just go over and slaughter the whole tribe. We have to wait and see how they are going to attack us."

"I'd prefer to hit them first."

"We can't do that, Sean, because we aren't 100% positive that Rankin is using the Mogombis against us. It's a good, working hypothesis, but we're not absolutely sure."

"And we have a stricter standard regarding civilian casualties than George Bush does."

"That's right, James."

"Are there any extra precautions that you think we should take?"

"Yes, Mary, there is one extra precaution I would recommend, but I don't think you'll like it. I don't think you should go walking by yourself for awhile. I know that might be a bit of an inconvenience but..."

"It won't be a big problem; I'm unemployed now. I can accompany her."

"That's great. My little brother can take me with him when he goes out."

"I'm not your little brother; in case you never knew, we're twins."

"No, we're not; I'm 3 hours older than you."

Things didn't seem quite as bad now that Bulkington was involved. But his parting injunction was sobering.

"James, you take particular care. You'll be quite visible when you're out on patrol. The Mogombis might go for you first."

Two days later the Mogombis struck. I was working the midnight shift. At 4 a.m., I got a call about a disturbance in the rear of the A. J. Reed Appliance Store. The radio room could not tell me if it was a burglary in progress or a fight in the alley behind the store. The other officer on my shift was busy with a prisoner he had arrested for drunken driving earlier on the shift; the paperwork for a D.U.I. is incredible.

When I pulled into the alley behind the store, I saw no one. I then got out to check the locks on the doors of the store, which is standard procedure. The back and front doors were locked and there

didn't appear to be anyone in the store. I was on my way back to the patrol car to report a false alarm when I was struck from behind by a blunt object. I lost consciousness.

When I came to I was in the back seat of a van with my hands tied behind my back. Two black men and a white man were in the front seat staring at me. The white man did the talking.

"Glad to see you're awake. My friends here hit you a little harder than I wanted them to. You don't have to worry about your calls. I called the radio room on your portable there and cleared you. And you didn't get any more calls in the meantime. So we have plenty of time to chat."

"What do you want?"

"Listen, I can have you killed right here if I want, so don't give me any trouble. These men are Mogombis. You insulted them by arresting their chief's son the other night."

"You mean Knana Kowanna?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"And what do you do for the Mogombis?"

"Let's just say I'm a facilitator. I work for their lawyer."

"Yeah, I've met him."

"All this is beside the point. The point is that you, Officer Duncan, have been marked for death. The Mogombis' code demands blood for an insult. But you can avoid death if you bring us the other officer, or to be more precise, the former officer."

"You mean if I set up my friend to be killed, you'll let me live?"

"Yes, in a nutshell, that's it."

"And if I refuse?"

"We will kill you right here and now, and we will kill you slowly."

I certainly had no intention of setting Sean up to be killed, but I didn't see what harm it would be to promise I would in order to gain my release.

"Sean and I are not that close. I'll set him up for you. Where shall I bring him?"

"To the park at midnight tomorrow."

"And if I don't bring him?"

"We'll find you again and it won't be pleasant for you when we do."

After our agreement, they untied me and I went back to the patrol car. It seemed a little strange to me at first that the facilitator had so readily believed that I would sell Sean out. But when I thought about it a little, it didn't seem strange at all. After all, he was making a living by selling out his fellow whites. And isn't the worship of the people of color and the hatred of the white man the one

remaining credo of Europeans? So why, from his perspective, shouldn't I sell Sean out? No, when I thought about it, it certainly didn't seem strange at all.

I didn't say anything to my fellow officers about the incident. They might believe me, but I had serious doubts. They've all been thoroughly indoctrinated. My story, they would conclude, after checking with the powers that be, sounded like the paranoid ravings of an insane racist. Instead of helping me round up the Mogombis and their lawyer, I would be investigated. And while they were busy investigating me, Sean would be killed, because if I told the police the Mogombis would know I had no intention of setting Sean up for them.

There was only one man I could tell. The man I had thought it was best to leave out of the affair.

Bulkington doesn't own a phone, so I asked Sean to give him the details, after (of course) I had given Sean the details of the night's events.

It would be nice to say that I was not scared. It certainly sounds better. But I was scared. To have one individual sworn to kill you is scary, but to have a whole tribe (there is no polite way to say it) of voodoo men sworn to kill you is chilling. I slept with my revolver on my chest, hoping to hear from Bulkington before the midnight deadline.

I awoke at about 3 p.m. to the sound of a rapping at my door. It was not a raven; it was Bulkington and Sean.

"You can put the gun down, James. Sean and I are your friends."

"God, I'm glad to see you."

I had a few battered chairs and a secondhand couch in my small living room. I sat on the couch, and Bulkington straddled one of the chairs, his arms resting on the back of the chair. Sean sat on the other side of the couch.

"I know this thing might seem hopeless to you, James, but it isn't. Oh, it's serious, don't misunderstand me about that. But the situation is far from hopeless."

I felt somewhat better hearing Bulkington talk like that. But I wanted to hear something a little more concrete before I started to become optimistic about my chances of living out the biblical allotment of years.

I think Bulkington sensed that I needed more assurance. At any rate, he got up from the chair and started pacing and talking.

"There are three forces involved here. First, there is Rankin. He is the instigator. But I think he'll stay in the background as long as he thinks the Mogombis are handling things properly.

"Secondly, there are the Mogombis, an African tribe committed to a kind of voodoo that entails the sacrificial deaths of little children and ritualistic cannibalism. They are also fanatically committed to their tribal laws of vengeance. They are serious about wanting either you or Sean as a sacrificial victim.

"Thirdly, there is the A.C.L.U. lawyer. I was somewhat surprised when you told me that the facilitator said he worked for the Mogombis' lawyer. That's a rather frank admission of complicity. He really must feel sure that you have no legal recourse against him. And I must say he is probably

right. No white police officer is going to be believed in the face of the contrary opinions of black Africans and a white liberal."

At this point Sean interposed, "I don't dispute what you say. But it's insane. Doesn't Brinkerhoff realize that if the Mogombis win out, that he will end up in the same missionary stew as the rest of the whites that he is selling out?"

"It's the swine in the Gospels, Sean. Over the cliff they go. Our task is to avoid going with them. And now that they have struck first and made their intentions clear, we are going to strike back. And we need to strike back in a way that will make retaliation an impossibility."

"That doesn't seem possible."

"Well, James, it might not. But just trust me on this. We have a better chance than you think. Now, both of you come with me and we'll get things started."

Bulkington did not own a car; he had come to the apartment in Sean's car. So the three of us took Sean's car to Knana Kowanna's apartment, the same apartment to which Sean and I had gone on the night of the domestic dispute.

I was not in uniform since it was my night off, but I did take my service revolver, two speed loaders, and my off-duty gun, a .32 ACP semi-automatic with me. Sean, having been discharged from the force, was not legally entitled to carry a firearm, but he was carrying one anyway, a snub-nosed .38.

When I offered Bulkington my off-duty gun, he declined. "You fellows take what makes you feel comfortable, but I'll do what I have to do without guns. Don't look that way, James. I don't think it's a moral failing to use a gun. I'm just not familiar with them so I try to get by with dumb luck and this." This was a medium-sized hunting knife that obviously had been worked on to make it a good throwing knife. It didn't seem like much of a weapon with which to go up against a thousand Mogombis.

When we pulled up to the apartment, Bulkington got out of the car almost before it had stopped and with a few long strides was at the apartment door.

"I think we ought to discuss some kind of strategy here. Maybe Sean could go around the side while I..."

"No need."

Bulkington kicked open Prince Knana's door, knocking both door chains and the door onto the floor. Knana came running out of the bedroom with a gun in his hand, but Bulkington was on him before he could fire. He wrested the gun from Knana's hand, twisted his arm behind his back, and then clamped a full Nelson on him as he drove him face down on the floor. I couldn't help but think of the time Bulkington had driven a local bully, who had been tormenting a twelve-year old boy named James Duncan, face down into the sand of Linwood beach.

Prince Knana was a massive man, well over 300 pounds, not all hard muscle, but certainly no butterball. He struggled fiercely, but it was futile. Maybe a gorilla could have broken the hold Bulkington had on Knana, but no mortal man could.

"You've been making a lot of threats against some friends of mine. Apparently you think you can do so with impunity. The fact that you're eating the floor right now should indicate to you that you cannot threaten my friends with impunity."

"Bulkington --"

"Yes, James."

"I don't think he understands English. At least not well enough to follow what you're saying."

"That's not true, James. He is a graduate of Stanford University. I know their academic standards are quite low, but I think they still require a certain familiarity with the English language before they award a diploma."

I was stunned.

"Where did you find that out?"

"I have a friend -- I've mentioned my aunt to you before, James -- who like my aunt was, is a librarian at Linwood Library. She did some research for me. It seems Knana is the intellectual of his tribe. He went to private schools in England and got his undergraduate degree at Stanford. When the turmoil in Zena started up, his father called him home. Then two years later came exile; his side lost the civil war. Now here he is."

"On the floor," Sean interjected.

"Yes, on the floor, for now. But Prince Knana can get up if he agrees to speak English and to refrain from violence."

"Let me up. We'll talk."

Bulkington eased up off Knana's back, and Knana, after rubbing his arms and neck, slid onto a recliner. Sean had Knana's gun.

"Yes, Mr. Bulkington -- which is rather an odd name, don't you think -- I speak perfect English. But I have found it useful to conceal that fact for a time. It is easier to assess the enemies' strengths and weaknesses when they think you're a helpless, bumbling clod. But they shall learn differently, and very soon."

"Who is 'they', pal? Who are your enemies?"

He turned to Sean with contempt on his face.

"The white man is our enemy."

"Even lawyers like Brinkerhoff? He tried to help you."

"Yes, even white men like Brinkerhoff. If they are white, they are our enemies. Men like Brinkerhoff are made to be used and then discarded."

"Why," I asked, "if your enemies are the whites, was it that the whites took you into this country after black men had driven you out of theirs?"

"Those Africans are our competitors, but they are also our co-religionists. We will return to Zena someday and drive them out. All their leaders will be killed, but the others, if they submit to our rule, will be spared. But all whites must die. And they will die. Ndoki commands it."

"Who is Ndoki?" I asked Knana the question, but Bulkington answered it before Knana could reply.

"It's the god of the Mogombis, James. He is a devil god who demands human sacrifice."

"I see no reason to deny it -- yes, he is a devil god; he is our god, a god infinitely above your weak and anemic Christian god. And I am his son, his blood son. My mother slept with Ndoki when the moon blotted out the sun, and I came forth. Chief Omo is not my real father. He is merely the mortal husband of my mother who holds the crown for me until I, the true son of Ndoki, when the time is right, will ascend to the throne."

"And when is that is supposed to take place?" Sean asked.

"One month from tonight when the moon is right."

Sean persisted. "Do you seriously believe that blather?"

"Yes, more than you believe in that fantastic legend of the weak and colorless god-man born of a virgin."

It happened so quickly that it startled me. Bulkington suddenly had Knana by the throat. Knana was struggling, but to no avail. Bulkington seemed oblivious to my shouts and Sean's shouts imploring him to let up.

Then, quite suddenly, Bulkington's blood subsided and he stopped choking Knana. Knana was badly shaken, that was apparent, but when he spoke he tried to keep his calm, so-superior way of speaking.

"That's the third time you, or your friends, have laid unholy hands on me. You shall die for it, and you shall die so painfully and slowly that you will beg us to kill you in order to end the pain."

Bulkington, fully in control of himself now, walked up to Knana and looked him in the eye. "What makes you think we won't kill you right here and now and rob you of the pleasure of seeing us die slow?"

"Because of the code. You look surprised. You didn't think a black man could know about the code, did you? But I know of it. I came to your universities to learn about my enemies."

"But you didn't learn about the code at Stanford."

"No, there I learned about the great white death wish. They have nothing in their souls. The anemic god could not sustain them. They are fascinated by blackness. They worship it. Even if the black man brings death, they still want him to come to their world. They need the black man's power and strength. But those universities like Stanford also have libraries. And I read books about the older white culture. In the old culture, the white men had a code, which came from the anemic god. And part of that code says that you cannot kill an unarmed enemy."

"I almost killed you a few moments ago."

"Yes, I got your blood up when I insulted your god. But you won't kill me in cold blood. You can't because of the code. You are a man of the past. You are a man from the shadows. And you know something -- you are at least a man. I hate you, but I will admit that you are a man. You don't belong with the rest of the white sheep."

"And where do I belong?"

"In the past, possibly the medieval ages."

"No, I lost my enthusiasm for the medieval ages a long time ago. Their Christianity is too modern, too abstract for my tastes. I prefer King Arthur's pre-medieval Christianity and the Christianity of Walter Scott."

"Nevertheless, you are a man of the past, a man without a country or a people. You are a shadow man."

"I have a people, most of whom are dead I grant you, but in my world, which is the real world, the dead are alive. And besides that, there is Sean and James; they are alive, they are old Europeans, and I intend to see that they stay alive."

"No, they must die and so must you. Ndoki commands it. He wills it."

It was quite chilling to hear my own death sentence pronounced so definitely. Of course I knew that we are all under a death sentence, but I had hoped, as we all do, that it would be later rather than sooner.

At the time Prince Knana pronounced our death sentences, it was one hour before the midnight deadline. Bulkington advised Sean to handcuff Knana to the stove. He then ushered us both out into the night air so he could talk to us privately.

"It's not hopeless, fellows. In fact, things are looking up."

"They are? Maybe you could explain why. Not that I'm doubting you, but I would like to know -- and I'm sure Sean would too -- what chance, if any, we have of living past the midnight deadline."

"You've read a lot of Walter Scott, haven't you, James?"

"Yes, I have."

"Have you ever read a short novel of his called The Black Dwarf?"

"No, I haven't, and I don't think I'll have any spare time between now and midnight to read it."

Bulkington laughed. "You don't need to read it tonight. Let me just relate one section of the book to you."

"In the olden days, an old witch was, as witches have always been, in league with the devil. But, as Scott points out, the devil -- though very 'liberal in imparting his powers of doing mischief, ungenerously leaves his allies under the necessity of performing the meanest rustic labours for subsistence.' This particular witch made her living tending geese. When she attempted to get them to market, they, instead of cooperating, plunged into a cool pool of water that was between the market and the witch's dwelling. The witch then hurled an anathema at them: 'Deevil, that neither I nor they ever stir from this spot more.' Well the old witch and the geese were immediately turned into stone right on the spot. Scott presents the tale as evidence that the devil is, was, and forever shall be, a 'strict formalist.' "

"I don't see where you are going with this."

"You don't, James? How about you, Sean?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"Well, it's like this: Scott is right; the devil is a formalist and so are those who serve him. It's a point that is often overlooked. But we, thanks to Sir Walter, are not going to overlook it. We are going to use that very formalism against the Mogombis. I'll challenge Knana, in front of his own people, to pit his god against mine."

"But you know it doesn't work that way. God doesn't defend the right."

"No, James, he doesn't. At least not always. And maybe I should say seldom. But that's not the point. The devil is a literalist. So are his followers. If the Mogombis see Ndoki formally defeated, there is a good chance that they will submit to whatever terms we dictate."

"But you'll be on your own against them."

"Not completely, Sean. There is a line where free will and God meet. I don't know where it is, but it's there. So I won't be alone."

Sean Fitzgerald, Knight, stepped forward. "And I'll be with you."

"Ditto," I said.

"I wouldn't have it any other way. You're both men now. But I'm going to be brutally honest. Neither of you have a chance to come out alive from any contest the Mogombis devise. You stand by in case there's treachery, but if the contest goes according to the agreed upon forms, you two stay out. Is that understood?"

We both nodded our assent.

Labels: The Last European

Citadels of Hate

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 2007

The white-hating whites are quite fond of finding groups of whites who object to the extermination of the white man and labeling such groups as "hate groups." But I don't see any hate in these groups. The worst that one can say about some of them is that they don't make a very articulate case for their cause. But in all of these groups there is no hatred. There is love for their own and a desire to fight those who would attack their own, but there is no hatred.

In contrast, those who do the labeling are full of hatred. The white-hating whites cannot even say the word 'white' without spewing venom. They are maniacally obsessed with eliminating everything that has any connection to white civilization. And if that means exterminating every single member of the white race (with the exception of them), then so be it. The barbarian races of color do not talk about eliminating white power structures and institutional racism as the white-hating whites do. No, the colored hordes are much more direct. They make explicit what is implicit in the white-hating whites' ideology. They want to kill, in the grand Haitian style, every single white person on earth.

It is the maniacal, satanic hatred of white people that has been institutionalized in this country, and not, as the white-haters claim, white racism.

Let's look at the five citadels of power in our country.

1) The government.

In 1965, the Johnson administration shifted the immigration quota of Europeans to non-Europeans from 90% European to 10%. Is this a government committed to white supremacy? No, it is a government committed to the elimination of white people. Is there any candidate today who dares to call for the restriction of non-white immigration? To a large extent, the illegal immigration issue is a red herring, which doesn't mean we should not oppose it. But even without the presence of one single illegal immigrant, we would still be facing a crisis because of the government-sanctioned, legal invasion of our country.

And if we look at the government's successful efforts to destroy white culture through integration, can we draw any conclusion other than the obvious one? Our government has institutionalized the hatred of everything white.

2) The money men.

In a traditional society, the landed gentry are the most conservative members of society. They have a vested interest in the status quo. In such societies, George Gilder's entrepreneur is seen for what he is, a destroyer of hearth and home. When a nation's economy becomes a money economy, the result is always a "Deserted Village":

*Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay*

The landed gentry need a "bold peasantry" if they are to survive, while the capitalist needs soulless "steel girders" to survive. One of the modern age's greatest blasphemies is the coupling of 'capitalist' and 'conservative.' Barry Goldwater was as much a radical as George McGovern. Capitalism is dependent on soulless men, which is why the traditional European white man has been banned from the soulless utopia of the money men.

3) The press.

If an objective observer from another planet came down to learn about our culture by reading our newspapers and magazines, and viewing the mass media circus, he would give the following report:

"Their newspapers are written mainly by white earthlings, but they write predominantly about black earthlings. It seems that white earthlings feel that other white men in the past and most

white men of the present, with the exception of the white earthlings who write newspaper articles, are very bad men who will do terrible things to the good black men if they, the white newsmen, do not keep a careful watch on them. The white newsmen are very vigilante and watchful. They are always exposing something they call 'racism.'

"The mass media (their viewing machines are much more primitive than ours) does much the same thing as the print media. They watch for signs of 'racism' and they constantly show pictures of the good black people at work and play. The black people seem particularly good at bouncing-ball sports, which earthlings seem to value highly.

"The most curious thing of all is that the 'good' black people do not behave in a way that we would describe as good. They do things that our society would call evil. But apparently earthlings have a value system that is quite different from the one we hold to.

Please allow me to come home now, for I am weary of this planet."

4) Academia.

It was recently revealed that the University of Delaware was issuing white-hating instructions to its students. However, the instructions were nothing new; that type of vicious hatred of the white race has been the reigning orthodoxy in academia for the last sixty years. And the draconian methods used to enforce the worship of blacks and the hatred of whites get meaner and more vicious every year. Teachers such as Nikki Giovanni of Virginia Tech who openly espouse the murder of "honkies" are given tenure, and black "student" groups are pampered and protected while white student groups are banned. And the classrooms? It doesn't matter what curriculum is studied, it is all the same, consisting of one central fact: black is good, and white is evil.

5) The clergy.

The present Pope, when he was still a cardinal, stated that the next pope should be black. The "Christian" evangelist James Dobson regularly applauds white people who adopt black children. And white priests and ministers encourage and sanction marriages between the races. But they need to go further. Should not one's liturgical expression of their faith be in line with their stated faith?

Based on what I hear the Christian clerics saying, I have been able to put together a service for them that is more in keeping with their stated creed than the ones they are using at present:

As we enter the Cathedral, we see, at the altar, a large statue of a Buddha-like black man. The parishioners, who are all white, come before the black Buddha statue and prostrate themselves before it. They kiss the feet of the statue and say three Mea Culpa's for their sins against the black race. Then they crawl to their pews. A white minister or priest (whatever you prefer to call him) comes out and leads the congregation in the litany and the creed. The litany is an encyclopedic catalog of whites' sins against the black race which takes up 15 pages in the prayer book and 45 minutes to go through.

Then, before the sermon, whites recite their creed: "I believe in the great black Buddha, creator of heaven and earth, and not in Jesus Christ, the miserable imposter god of my former racist days. I believe in the holiness of blackness, the evil of whiteness, and the everlasting goodness of blackness and the everlasting evil of whiteness, world without end, amen."

The sermon consists of some homely examples of how the gospel of blackness can be applied to everyday life. The minister describes how good children can report their parents when they use the "N" word at home or when their parents fail to gather the family around the hearth fire to recite the anti-white litany of the church. After all, one's faith should not be something that is only a once-a-week Sunday thing.

Every citadel of power in the United States and the Western world is dedicated to the hatred of the white race and the worship of the non-white races, particularly the black race. Why? What is so

different about the white race that makes it a pariah race? The difference involves vision. It is only the European who can see through the outward material world to the real world behind the material façade. Only the European sees the puckish fairies on the green, the angels in the choir, and the Lord of history rising from the dead. There is no hosanna in colored barbarism or techno-barbarianism.

The white intellectual is in a headlong flight from his ancestor's vision of the empty tomb, because he doesn't believe it is empty. He stepped away from Christ and ventured out on his own. Now he is afraid of the dark and thinks science can replace Christ. The barbarian hordes share his hatred for the white race which took him out to a depth that he could not handle.

Every part of white civilization should be fought for. I never advocate Thomistic quietude, but should everything else be taken away, one thing will always remain with the European who refuses to abandon his white blood. And that is his vision of an earthly world that is rooted in heaven. The white man believed, and as a consequence he dreamt dreams and saw visions. The citadels of power are citadels of Satan. They bid us live in a desolate world devoid of everything that the white man used to revere. The European refuses to live in such a world. His world, the world of vision, is the real world. And yes, he will defend that vision against all the world, against the five citadels of power, and against all the forces of hell.

Labels: Europe as the Christ-bearer, liberals are the true haters

The Last European. Chapter Four of Eight.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 2007

There I throw my gage.
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of martial daring
-- Shakespeare

The agreed-upon forms seemed to be a stacked deck. Prince Knana was clad in what I presume was his native garb, which consisted of what I can only describe as a gold-plated loin cloth. He had a spear in one hand and a sheathed knife in his golden embroidered belt. He stood on the top of a hill looking down over Miller's Field, which is about two miles out of Lancaster and is usually deserted. There were four other Mogombis with Knana at the top of the hill. They also had spears, knives, and loincloths. But their garments were not gold-plated; I suppose that was only a privilege of royalty.

It was a chilly night, about 30°, but that didn't seem to bother the Mogombis. King Omo, Knana's foster father (according to Knana), along with a couple of hundred of the Mogombis, lined the field.

Bulkington stood in the field looking up toward the hill and Prince Knana. Sean and I stood on the sidelines near but not next to the Mogombis.

All had been arranged between King Omo, Knana, and Bulkington. If Bulkington lost the contest, ambition's debt (from the perspective of the Mogombis) was paid since the contest was to the death. The key negotiating point, from Bulkington's perspective was Sean and I. The Mogombis wanted Sean and me to die if Bulkington lost the contest. Bulkington insisted that his blood should be sufficient. After a great deal of haggling, they agreed to let Bulkington's death suffice for all three of us. I don't know if this was because they simply planned on killing us at a later date or if they were just being moderate in their appetite for vengeance.

Bulkington advised us to come armed and be prepared for anything. "I hope they'll stick to the agreed upon combat, but we can't count on that. If I lose, be prepared to fight your way home. If I win, watch my back for disgruntled Mogombis looking for vengeance."

At 2 A.M. the contest began. Bulkington was armed with a whaler's harpoon and a throwing knife. The four Mogombis who had been chosen to stand with Knana seemed quite fit. I'll simply designate them as warriors 1, 2, 3, and 4. It might seem odd, but even at that rather crucial moment, I couldn't help but think of *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back*, who brought with him Thing 1 and Thing 2. Knana was more lethal than the mischievous cat, however, and he brought not two but four 'things' with him.

The four warriors advanced down the hill toward Bulkington. Prince Knana was still at the top of the hill. Warrior 1 launched the first spear from a distance of about 25 yards. It missed by a wide margin. Warriors 2, 3, and 4 then charged Bulkington, running abreast of each other with only about a foot between them. Warrior 1 ran slightly behind them. At approximately ten yards distance from Bulkington, the three warriors with spears launched them at Bulkington. All three spears would have penetrated Bulkington's chest if he hadn't deflected them to the ground with a great sweeping movement of his harpoon.

The first warrior had continued running as his three comrades threw their spears. As Bulkington swept the spears away, Warrior 1 leapt on him, knocking him to the ground and the harpoon from his hands. Then I saw the warrior raise his knife, and I saw Bulkington's hand raised to stop the downward thrust of Warrior 1's arm. Bulkington twisted the warrior's knife inward toward the warrior's chest while pulling him forward. Then he leapt to his feet, leaving the first warrior dead on the ground.

He threw his own knife into the fourth warrior's chest. Warriors 2 and 3, seeing that Bulkington was now unarmed, rushed him with their knives drawn.

Bulkington tackled Warrior 3, receiving a knife wound in his upper back as he did so. But he still managed to pick up Warrior 3 and hurl him at Warrior 2. Warrior 2 was surprised by the maneuver and did not step aside quickly enough to avoid impaling Warrior 3 on his knife. Bulkington then picked up his harpoon and drove it into Warrior 2 before he could extricate his knife from Warrior 3.

I had been so busy watching the combat that I hadn't seen Knana leave the top of the hill. But he was now ten yards to the left and slightly to the rear of Bulkington. Bulkington saw him a split second too late. Prince Knana's spear went through Bulkington's left side, going in through the back and coming out to the front. He fell to the ground, face down. With a howl of triumph Knana rushed upon Bulkington to finish him off with his knife.

At this point I had to fight back the instinct to draw my revolver and shoot Knana. It was only the knowledge that the Mogombis would shoot Bulkington, Sean, and me if I violated the rules that kept me from shooting him.

As it turned out it was providential that I refrained from interfering. As Knana lunged forward with his knife, Bulkington suddenly rolled over, clutching the splintered spear in his hand. With one hand he held back Knana's knife thrust and with the other he plunged the spear point into Knana's heart. Then, bloody, weak, and deathly pale, Bulkington stood on his feet.

"Prince Knana is defeated. Nydoki did not protect him. The Mogombis must leave this land." He looked at King Omo. "Do I speak the truth?"

King Omo turned and spoke to his warriors, "Yes, he speaks the truth."

Behind me I heard a shot. A Mogombi with a rifle fell dead. Sean had put a bullet into him as he drew a bead on Bulkington. Bulkington again turned to the chief.

"Do you mean to break your bargain?"

"No," said the chief. "There will be no more fighting. We go."

And to my infinite relief they did go. They took their dead and disappeared, presumably back to their apartments in Lancaster. Hopefully, if they keep to their agreement, they will ultimately end up back in Zena.

Bulkington waited until the Mogombis left the field, and then he collapsed. Sean got to him first.

"James, he's lost a lot of blood. We have got to get him to a hospital."

On the way, we discussed what to say at the hospital. We couldn't think of a thing.

"Let's just get him there and worry about the rest when it comes," Sean decided.

Bulkington lived, but if we had been a few minutes later getting him to the hospital he would have died. It was that close. Neither the spear nor the knife had hit vital organs, so once Bulkington recovered from the loss of blood he was out of danger. Of course, although no longer at death's door he still was far from recovered. The people at the hospital wanted to keep him there at least two weeks for observation, but Bulkington checked himself out the next afternoon, having spent just one night in the hospital.

I was against his checking out so early and so was Sean. But it probably was a blessing because a longer stay might have entailed more scrutiny than we could have stood. While Bulkington was unconscious and on the operating table, Sean gave his name and social security number in place of Bulkington's because Bulkington had no social security number, no driver's license, and no... well no anything actually. It was a risky gamut, but Sean didn't seem that worried.

"Nobody will notice that Sean Fitzgerald is supposed to be twenty-two and that the man on the operating table looks 35 or older. People don't pay attention to that until later."

Sean was right; nobody noticed. But I think they would have noticed had Bulkington stayed in the hospital for an extended period of time. But of course he didn't.

Three days after losing enough blood to full up a Red Cross station for a week, Bulkington was out, pack on his back, running up and down the hill to Fisherman's Point. He was at the bottom doing pushups when I came upon him.

"They told me I'd find you here. Don't you think it's a bit too soon to be doing this?"

"No, why don't you join me?"

"I intend to."

"I didn't think you were wearing that sweat suit because you were going dancing."

"I don't dance."

We didn't do much talking as we were soon both concentrating on breathing, but when we finished running on the hill, Bulkington suggested we go over to his house for a couple of beers. I couldn't refuse such a rare invitation. Bulkington had no moral objections to alcohol; it was just something he generally did without because he was on a rather tight budget.

Once safely ensconced in Bulkington's kitchen since we didn't want to get the living room chairs sweaty, Bulkington pulled a couple of sixteen-ounce beer bottles out from his refrigerator.

"Did you rob a bank or something?"

"No, I just broke into the old cookie jar."

"What's the occasion?"

"A happy termination to Round 1."

"But it's only Round 1."

"Hey, it's still a victory!"

"So, you don't think Rankin is through yet?"

"No, James, I don't. Nor do I think he is going to work through intermediaries for much longer. Despite his retraining, he'll revert to form."

"You know, I think I'd prefer that. At least it's something I'm used to."

Bulkington laughed. "I agree, James. I prefer the old Rankin tactics. But it's quite possible if Rankin fails this time that he'll be through as a working devil."

"You mean they'll demote him to the mail room?"

"Something like that. And his replacement could be a lot worse."

"I should feel nervous about that, but I don't. I feel too good about the exodus of the Mogombis. They have left, every single one."

"Yes, they are good little devotees of their devil god, strict formalists. And I agree with you. I feel too good right now to worry about Rankin or his possible replacement."

It was good to see Bulkington back in harness again. When I thought he was dying I felt as if my soul was exiting my body, leaving only an empty shell behind.

We were both on our second beer when Sean, Mary, and Mrs. Fitzgerald stopped by.

"Mary wanted to see if you were dead."

"Mother, don't say that."

"Well, it's true. She saw you running up and down the hill. You should have heard her – 'He'll kill himself -- somebody's got to stop him!' When James came, she sent him over to stop you, but apparently he simply joined you."

"Well, I couldn't stop him, so I thought I'd run along with him just in case he needed medical attention."

"That's great," Mary said; "the blind leading the blind."

"Ow! That's not fair. I've had some first aid."

She just stared at me in a way that said, 'Don't be ridiculous.'

"Well, we've had our run and nobody died, so why don't you three wait in the living room while I get out of these sweaty clothes. James, I don't know what you're going to do."

"I'll slid down to the house, shower, change, and come back. It's not often we have a gab session at your house."

When I got back, they were all chatting amiably. Mrs. Fitzgerald was asking Bulkington something. "But how can you minimize the mystical component of religion when you have had a number of mystical moments in your life when you saw and heard Jesus Christ?"

"I don't know that I would use the word 'minimize'; I would rather say that the mystical experience was made possible and authenticated by a whole host of human encounters, which might seem mundane when viewed only from the outside. Thomas Hughes describes what I'm talking about infinitely better than I can."

At this point Bulkington got up and took down a copy of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* by Thomas Hughes from the shelf and started to read:

" 'And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of him in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fullness.' "

"Do you see what I mean? Would it really do an individual any good to receive a private revelation from God if he hadn't already seen God in His creatures? How would he know it was God he was looking at and speaking to? It could just as easily be the devil. One only knows with certainty when his heart has bled and loved enough to recognize divinity in humanity."

"Father Gordon once said something much like that to me," Mrs. Fitzgerald said. "I miss that man; it's a pity the Church had no use for a man of faith. It seems that what started out as a small, cabalistic movement on the fringes of Christendom has become Christendom, while real Christianity is now on the fringes. Father Gordon had no problems with the Church when he was teaching scholastic philosophy, but when he started to preach the Gospel, he got into trouble."

"Yes, that's true," Bulkington said with a deep sigh.

"Where did it all go wrong?"

"I don't know, Mary. I suppose Blake said it best: 'Can wisdom be put in a silver rod or love in a golden bowl?' I don't think there was a precise moment when the Faith became a philosophy instead of a Faith. It happened over time. And it is hard not to get infected with the faithless faith of the intellectuals in power in all the various churches."

"Not you. You'll never succumb."

"Nobody's immune to it, Sean. It's in the air we breathe. I cling to the fairy tale mode. That keeps me sane."

Mary, Sean, and I were familiar with Bulkington's views on the fairy tale mode of existence, but Mrs. Fitzgerald was not. She asked for an explanation, and Bulkington was only too happy to provide one, as the fairy tale mode of apprehension was his particular passion.

"I think we make Christianity something other than Christianity when we get away from the very basic fairy tale apprehension of the Faith. What does the Incarnation tell us about the way God reveals Himself? It is through humanity. He placed himself in a fairy tale and presented it to us. He is the Third Dumb Brother, at least 'dumb' in the eyes of the worldly wise, who gives up worldly success to perform an act of charity. But much to the chagrin of his worldly brothers, he becomes, because of his act of charity, the High King of the Land.

"The Christ story is then, in essence, a true fairy tale with Christ in the role of hero. So if we lose our ability to comprehend existence in the fairy tale mode, we lose God."

"Is it what our Lord was talking about when he said we must be like little children?"

"I think so, Mary."

"Would you tell mother your favorite of the Grimm's fairy tales?"

"I'm sure she has heard it before, Mary."

"Not the way you tell it."

"Well, I do add a few things, but I keep to the spirit of the Grimms' tales."

"Please, I'd like to hear it," Mrs. Fitzgerald said quietly.

When the rest of us gave our sincere assent, Bulkington proceeded with the tale.

Labels: The Last European

The Last European. Chapter Five of Eight.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2007

... the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

--John Ruskin

Once upon a time there was a woodcutter who lived in the forest with his wife and three sons. The boys grew in age, as boys will do, and the oldest son came to the woodcutter and said, "Father, I don't want to chop wood all my life. I would like to go out into the world to seek my fortune."

"It is only normal that you should wish so my son. Go with my blessing. Just see that you are never cruel and that you are always honest, and you will be great, no matter what profession you choose."

So, the eldest brother went forth into the world. By and by he came upon an old man, sitting by the side of the road. The old man appeared to be starving to death.

"Please," said the old man. "Could you spare me a crust of bread or something?"

The eldest brother looked at the old man and sneered. "A crust of bread will do you little good, old man. You'll soon die anyway and I need all of my food. Goodbye, old man."

And the eldest brother went on his way. Perhaps we will hear more of him later.

Another year passed and the second eldest brother went to his father. "Father, I don't want to chop wood all of my life. It is time for me to go seek my fortune in the wide world."

"I can't blame you, my son. You have my blessing. Just be sure that you are kind and true and never cruel, and you will be great no matter what profession you take up."

The second brother then went forth. And like the first brother, he came upon the starving old man who asked him for a crust of bread.

"Sorry, old man, I need all the food for myself. You should have planned more carefully; then you wouldn't have to go around begging from other people. Good day to you."

And off to seek his fortune went the second brother. Perhaps we will hear more about him later, too.

Yet another year passed, and the woodcutter went to his third and youngest son.

"Son, you are growing up very fast. Do you want to go and seek your fortune in the great world like your brothers have?"

"No, father, I am happy here in the forest. It is here that I wish to stay."

The woodcutter was surprised, but pleased, to hear this.

"That is fine, my son. Your mother and I will be happy to still have one son at home with us."

But after another year passed, the woodcutter came again to speak to his son.

"My son, the woodcutting no longer provides much money. Perhaps you could find work in the great world for a time and then come back to the forest when there is more work here again."

The youngest son could see that his parents were in a very bad way.

"Do not despair, father. I will go out into the world and bring you and mother enough money to last you all your days."

"That is not important, son. Your mother and I have enough. Just earn enough for yourself and be kind rather than cruel and be honest rather than cunning. God bless you, my son."

And so the third and youngest brother went forth into the world. When he had walked a ways along the road, he came, as his brothers had before him, upon a starving old man.

"Could you spare a crust of bread or something, young man?"

"Certainly, my good sir. I have a whole oat pancake in my satchel and it is more than I can eat. I also have a quart of milk which is more than I can drink."

The third brother then divided up the food and sat down and ate with the old man. After the meal, the third brother told the old man that he had to be going on his way.

"Before you go, young man, I should like to give you something."

"That is not necessary, my good sir."

"Because you say it is not necessary, young man, it becomes necessary. Because you have a kind heart, I am giving you this small golden cross. Do not exchange it for money or anything else. Save it. And whenever you feel surrounded by evil and in danger of losing your life, hold this cross in your hand and say, 'In the name of Him who made blind men see and crippled men walk, make this evil desist.'"

"I will keep this cross with me, good sir. And I thank you."

So saying, the third brother went on his way.

He soon came to a small village. The people in the village seemed to be very poor and ill fed. One man was chopping wood and doing a very poor job of it.

"This is something I can do," the third brother said to himself.

"Hello, good sir, let me do that for you. I can use some exercise."

"I thank you, young man."

The third brother finished chopping the wood in no time, and then helped the man carry the wood to his poor dwelling. Inside, the third brother saw four children, two boys and two girls, all younger than ten years of age, dressed in rags, and with the mark of starvation on their visages. The third brother's heart went out to them.

"Good sir, have you nothing to eat? Doesn't the land around the village grow food?"

"The land around here was once good land," the man replied, "but it is now under a curse. A witch has placed a curse on all the land in the kingdom of King William. And this village is in the realm of King William."

"Why has the witch put a curse on the land?"

"That I do not know. I only know that nothing has grown here for over a year. We have used up all of our supplies. Every day my wife goes into the city to beg for food. We are waiting for her now. Some days she comes back with a crust or two of bread and on other days she comes back with nothing."

"Do they have food in the city?"

"Yes, their storage bins have not been exhausted yet. But the men and women of the city have their own children to look after, so they are not inclined to share with people of the villages, especially when they have no idea when the witch's curse will be lifted. I fear we will be dead from starvation very soon."

Again the third young brother's heart went out to the man and his family.

"You shall not starve. I will go to this King William and find out where this witch is. Then I will go to the witch and make her break the spell she has put on the land. In the meantime, take what food I have."

After giving the family four loaves of bread and a substantial amount of cheese, the third brother hastened to the castle to see King William.

He did not have the usual trouble that one generally has when trying to see a king. This was because King William had given his guards orders that anyone offering to kill the witch of the glen was to be ushered into the Royal Presence immediately. And of course the third brother was offering to kill the witch. The King also had, as all kings must have, a beautiful daughter who was to be given in marriage to the man who could rid the kingdom of the witch.

The third brother thought the King's daughter was very beautiful, but that is not why he wanted to kill the witch. In his mind's eye, he saw the starving children and his heart bled for them.

"I will kill the witch and remove the curse. Only tell me where she lives."

The King's reply was prompt. "The witch lives in the glen twelve miles to the south. If you follow the road that passes the old mill and the abandoned blacksmith's shop, you can't miss finding the witch of the glen."

The third brother started on his way. He did not know, because the King had not told him, that over one hundred highly trained knights had been killed in the attempt to kill the Witch of the Glen. He also did not know that the beautiful daughter of the king had had her lips sealed with a special wax prior to the King's conference with the third brother. This was done because the Princess had told the last few knights who had come to do battle that over one hundred knights had lost their lives trying to kill the witch. The Princess's warning had deterred the knights, which had made the King very angry. It wasn't proper, he claimed, for a young princess to deter young men from seeking to kill a witch.

"But shouldn't they at least be warned of the danger?" the Princess had asked.

"No," the King replied, "that's implicit."

So the third brother went forth to meet the Witch of the Glen. When he came to her dwelling in the Glen, she was (as witches will do) bending over a cauldron and stirring up some hideous brew. The cauldron was only a few feet in front of her cottage, which actually was, at least from the outside, a rather pretty looking cottage.

The witch, who had known for quite some time that the third brother was coming to slay her, turned and asked the third brother what he meant by intruding on private property.

"I've come to make you remove the curse from this land."

"That shall not be. The curse can only be removed with my death, and I don't intend to die."

"I'm sorry you're so obstinate, for you leave me no choice."

With those words, the third brother rushed upon the witch. Now the third brother did not own a weapon, but he had borrowed an ax, because that is what he was familiar with, from his friend in the village.

The third brother was quite strong and quite proficient with the ax. He struck a blow that would most definitely have killed the witch had the blow landed. But the witch raised her hand in the air and erected an invisible shield around her. The axe hit the shield and shattered into a thousand pieces.

The witch then summoned two giant ravens to come and bind the third brother to a tree. Once the third brother was bound, the witch dismissed the ravens and let out a very traditional witchy cackle.

"Now, you fool, you shall die slowly. Inch by inch, I shall peel your skin off," she said as she brandished a long knife in front of the third brother's face.

The third brother was very frightened, but he resolved to meet his fate bravely and not give the witch the satisfaction of seeing that he was afraid.

"Do what you will. We all must die in the end."

"Yes, but your end will be within the next two hours after I have slowly, and oh so painfully, peeled off all your skin."

As the witch sharpened her knife for the peeling, the third brother thought of the cross the old man had given him.

"If I can just loosen these ropes a little bit, I can get a hand on the cross," the third brother thought.

It took quite an effort, but eventually, before the witch had finished sharpening the knife, which had to be extra sharp in order to peel skin, the third brother managed to get his hand around the cross in his pocket.

"In the name of Him who gave sight to the blind and made the lame to walk, I order the evil to desist."

Suddenly a huge bear leapt from the forest and pounced on the witch. Before she could do anything to protect herself, the bear killed her. Then the bear came up to the third brother and with his sharp claws, cut the ropes that bound him. As the ropes fell off, the bear was transformed into the old man with whom the third brother had shared his food on the road.

"More than mere thanks I owe to you, kind and generous sir. You have saved my life and the lives of the starving people of the kingdom."

"No, I have not saved their lives, young man. You have. For you must know by now that I am an angel. And angels cannot act, on this earth, except through human beings. We travel only on invisible streams of charity. If there is no charity in human hearts, we cannot act. Your act of charity has allowed me to intervene in your life. So it is through you that the villagers will be saved from starvation. Now go and tell them that the witch is dead. But do not tell them about me. Tell them -- and it is not a lie -- that through you the witch met her death. And remember the cross you possess, and beware of treachery. Devils work through humans, too, and they have more success, numerically at least, than angels such as I. We need streams of charity and they need rivers of sin."

The whole kingdom rejoiced at the news of the witch's death. The beautiful Princess, who had never been that impressed with the swaggering knights, was smitten with the humble woodcutter's son and quite ready to marry him. But the King was not impressed with the third brother.

"It is not right that a mere woodcutter's son should marry my daughter," he said to himself.

To the third brother he said, "You have done well. My people are once again able to grow food on the land. But marriage to my daughter is out of the question for the moment. You see, I have a cousin who is king of the land bordering this kingdom. His kingdom provides us with access to the sea. If some other king, less friendly to us, would take over my cousin's kingdom, we would no longer have access to the sea, which would be a very bad thing. You can see that, can't you?"

"Yes, I can, but why is your cousin's kingdom in danger?"

"Ah, I'm glad you asked that. His kingdom is in danger of falling to the giants from the North. Every two months or so, they come down from the mountains and attack my cousin's castle. He has

managed to beat them off thus far, but he has lost many knights in battle against them. And many more knights are deserting rather than face the giants every two months. If my cousin's kingdom falls to the giants it will really be impossible for us to send out our merchant ships or to receive goods from other ships that land on the coast of what is now my cousin's kingdom."

"That is indeed a serious situation. I will go forth and make the giants stop raiding your cousin's kingdom."

"Good, good," said the King, who was really thinking as he was saying 'Good, good,' 'What an idiot this woodcutter is.'

So again the woodcutter went forth till he came to the kingdom of the giants. He went boldly up to the largest giant, who was also the leader, and told the giant that he had to stop the raids on the neighboring kingdom. The giant just laughed and reached out to crush the third brother in his hand. But the third brother was not so easily subdued. He quickly lifted his ax and cut off two of the giant's fingers. Now the giant was truly enraged. He ordered five of his best giants to surround the third brother. Then, even though he strove to fight them off with his ax, the five giants overcame the third brother. They then tied him to a spit and started roasting him.

However, the third young brother managed once again to get his hand on the golden cross. "In the name of Him who makes the blind see and the lame walk, I command this evil to desist."

Suddenly there was a great storm, with thunder, lightning, and great torrents of rain. The giants were terrified (thunder and lightning is particularly terrifying for giants because they are so high above the ground), and they started running hither and thither looking for shelter. But they could not escape their fate. Every single giant was struck by lightning. They all perished.

The rain, of course, put out the fire that the third brother was being roasted over. And the little old man -- yes it was he -- came and took the third brother off the spit.

"I seem to cause you a great deal of trouble," the third brother said apologetically.

"No trouble, young man. You are a rare gem in this world."

"I have done nothing that is so wonderful."

"Ah, because you think that is why you are so rare. But my young friend, I again must warn you to beware of treachery, not all in this world are like you."

After thanking the old man profusely, the third brother started back to King William's kingdom.

Now, unbeknownst to the third brother, his two older brothers had been working in King William's kitchen. They had not fared so well after snubbing the old man. Near starving, they had both ended up taking work washing dishes and mopping floors. Often they would say to each other, "This is worse than woodcutting." And they thought of going home. But one thing stopped them. The eldest brother said, "Working in the King's kitchen we hear many palace rumors and secrets. Maybe someday we can turn this to our advantage." The second brother agreed with that bit of wisdom.

The two elder brothers heard all that went on between King William and their brother. They had expected him to be slain by the Witch of the Glen. They were astonished when he came back alive and victorious. So when King William sent the third brother to fight the giants, his two older brothers followed him. They saw him being roasted alive and they saw by what means he was delivered.

"Why should that idiot get all the glory just because he gave a few crusts of bread to that old man? We would have given the old man some bread if had known who he was. Angels shouldn't go around pretending to be starving old men. It's dishonest," the brothers said.

As the third brother ventured back to King William's castle after his encounter with the giants, his two older brothers greeted him. He was delighted to see them. Naturally, the two elder brothers did not tell their younger brother that they had been willing to stand by and watch him roasted on a spit.

After much hugging and rejoicing, the brothers settled down to eat a meal together. When the meal was over, it was too dark to travel any further so the three brothers went to sleep under the stars of heaven.

During the night, the two elder brothers rose up and beat their youngest brother with stout cudgels. Not knowing or caring whether he was dead or alive, they took the golden cross from him and went back to the castle.

Once before the King, they told him of the great battle they had fought against the giants. They had killed them all, they said, after the third brother had broken down and cried, too frightened to fight.

No sooner had the elder brother told their tale than a messenger came from the King's cousin telling the King that all the giants had been destroyed. King William then ordered a great feast to be prepared with the two elder brothers attending as guests of honor.

But although King William was quite willing to give a feast for the two older brothers, he certainly did not want to have either of them in his family. So he resolved to get rid of them by giving them an impossible task. When the feast was over he invited the two elder brothers back to his private chambers where he told them of his problem.

"Long ago a great warrior of our nation subdued a ferocious dragon that had been ravaging the country. He chained the dragon to the walls of a cave that lies on the very edge of our kingdom. Word has reached me that the dragon is about to burst loose from his chains. I want you to go and kill the dragon. It should be easy for two such brave fellows as you."

Now, I should point out that the King had not had a report about the dragon breaking his chains. He simply made it up to get rid of the two elder brothers.

The two brothers talked the matter over between themselves. "We know the magic words and we have the magic cross. Let's go and kill the dragon. There should be a big reward and beautiful princesses in the deal."

So it was agreed. The King promised one third of this kingdom and the hand of his eldest daughter in marriage to the eldest brother. And he promised one third of his kingdom and the hand of his younger daughter in marriage to the second brother. (The King actually had only one daughter, but since he didn't expect either brother to come back alive, he said to himself, 'What the heck, promises are cheap.')

The two brothers set forth then to kill the dragon. After a journey of five days, they came to the dragon's cave. Even though the dragon was not about to burst his chains, he was still a danger to anyone foolish enough to get within fire-spitting range of him. The two brothers cautiously approached the dragon.

"How far can a dragon spit fire?" the second brother asked the first brother.

"I don't know," the first brother replied.

They both had crossbows, so they shot a few arrows into the dragon, but the arrows had very little effect on the dragon. He just looked irritated.

"Let's use the cross," the eldest brother said.

"Okay."

Taking the cross in his hand, the eldest brother said the words he had heard his brother use while being roasted on the spit by the giants. Nothing happened. Actually, something did happen, but it was not what the two brothers expected. The dragon spat fire, and his flaming breath made contact with the eldest brother, who was burned to ashes. In terror the second brother started to run from the cave. But the dragon spat fire at him as well. He felt the flames engulfing him and gave himself up for lost. "Curse that younger brother of mine and the stupid old man," he said, as the flames surrounded him.

But suddenly he felt himself drenched with water and free from the stifling heat of the dragon's flaming breath. Standing before him was the third brother. He had put out the fire by rerouting, with his shield, a stream that flowed through the cave.

"So it's you. Well, I think you should know that you killed our eldest brother with your stupid cross."

"I'm sorry I did not get here soon enough to save him."

"Well, he is dead. Enough about him. Let's get out of here."

"Not yet. I must go back and get the cross."

"Are you crazy? The cross doesn't work. Our brother said the words and held the cross and the dragon burned him up."

"Perhaps our brother did not have the right things in his heart when he said the words and held the cross."

"That doesn't make any difference," the second brother insisted. "He said the words and he held the cross just like we saw you do. It should have worked."

"But I must tell you, my brother, that the angel who gave that cross to me places great importance on what is in a man's heart."

"And I tell you, brother," the second brother was in a towering rage now, "that my heart and our older brother's heart is the same as yours. The old man was just using you to trick us. Or maybe you were in on it with the old man. I wouldn't put it past you. But whether you were in it or not, I know that old man is no angel. He is a devil."

"The old man is good. Now I must go back and get the cross."

The third brother went back and found the cross among the ashes. He wept to see the ashes of his brother. "I must bury him," he said to himself.

When he stopped to bury him, however, the dragon lashed out with his tail and wrapped the third brother up in it, gradually choking the life from him. Now you might be wondering, as I did when I first heard this story, why the dragon didn't just burn the third brother up. Well, he didn't because he was temporarily out of fire. A dragon needs an hour or two, after a large expenditure of flame, before he can spit fire again.

As the dragon was choking the life from him, the third brother grasped the cross and gasped out the words the old man had told him to use. He then felt a great surge of strength shoot through his body. He broke free from the coiled tail of the dragon, leapt to his feet, grabbed his ax from the ground, and before the dragon could clamp his jaws on him, he chopped off the dragon's head.

When the second brother saw the third brother dragging the dragon's head out of the cave, he thought to himself, 'I must figure out a way to steal that dragon's head. Then I can claim the Princess and one-third of the kingdom – or maybe two-thirds since my brother is dead.'

But much to the second brother's surprise, the third brother gave the dragon's head to him.

"You take this head and claim the reward. I have some money which the King gave to me for killing the witch. I will take that money back to our parents and go back to being a woodcutter. My heart is sad because I have buried our brother here in the cave. I am weary and want to go home."

"Yes, you do that. It will be good for you," the second brother said with a delight that he could barely conceal.

So the brothers parted at the crossroads, the one going home to be with his parents, and the other going to the palace to claim a kingdom and a princess.

"Tell Mother and Father I'll send them a letter someday. Bye, bye." To himself he said, 'What a stupid fool that kid is.'

The King gave the second brother a great celebration. And he told him that his daughter (fortunately for the King, one of the brothers was dead, for as we know he had only one daughter) and one-third of the kingdom was his reward. But secretly the King had decided to kill the second brother.

'A dishwasher is worse than a woodcutter for a son-in-law,' the King said to himself.

Now, at the big royal party were acrobats, jugglers, dancing girls, and a magician. The magician did magic tricks, of course, but he also told fortunes. The King thought it would be fun to have his fortune told. The old magician first looked into the King's eyes and then he looked at his palm.

"This is what I see in your future, oh King. I see a deep pit. I see snakes. The snakes are entwined around a man's body. I see a red man commanding the snakes to squeeze harder. The red man is laughing."

"What kind of fortune teller are you, you disgusting old man. Fortune tellers are supposed to tell people good things, especially when they are being paid quite well for their services. So explain yourself before I get very angry with you."

"I do not fear your anger, King William. It is you that should be afraid, for you are the man I see entwined by snakes, and Satan is the laughing man of red."

"Seize that old man and throw him off a cliff," ordered the King.

"Stop," said the old man, throwing off his magician's robes and revealing the garb and person of the starving old man.

The soldiers who were making to seize the old man were stopped in their tracks by bolts of lightning emanating from the old man's hands. When the King saw this, he threw himself on the floor and begged the old man to spare his life.

"Please don't kill me, please don't! And tell me, what can I do to avoid that pit of snakes?"

The old man looked at King William sternly and said, "You must take murderous thoughts from your heart and truly repent. Give up vain glory. I want you to go to the woodcutter's hut. Then I want you to offer him your whole kingdom and your daughter in marriage. But mind you, it must be done with a good heart. Good words, even holy words, when spoken with an evil heart will bring disaster upon the man who speaks them. Remember that."

The King vowed to do as the old man commanded. The old man then turned his attention to the second brother who was trying to sneak out of the palace.

"And you, cringing in the corner, if you want to avoid the pit of snakes, you must go and ask forgiveness of your brother. He will surely grant it, for he has a good heart. But if you do not truly crave pardon, I suggest you say nothing at all. Now go."

The King and the second brother started on their journey to the woodcutter's hut that very night. They traveled all night, and by morning they arrived at the hut.

All night the King had been thinking. 'I really have been a disgrace as a king and as a man. My father did not rule by treachery and deceit. And my mother never taught me to send men to their death rather than keep my promises to them. I have been a scoundrel. I deserve to go to the Pit.'

And he sweated great rivers as he thought of the Pit. He also thought of the cross he had seen in the hand of the third brother. He got off his horse and fell to his knees.

"May He who made the blind to see and the lame walk have mercy on me and forgive me, even though I do not deserve mercy or forgiveness."

After his prayer, the King got back on his horse and continued on his journey. He was still somewhat frightened but he also felt a certain peace that he had not felt since his childhood.

Meanwhile the second brother was also thinking. 'That old man has always been against me. You would think an angel, or whatever he is, could think of something better to do than to act the part of a starving man and deceive poor travelers. I hate him. And I hate my brother too, for plotting against me with that old man. I'll ask for forgiveness now, because they have me over a barrel. But I'll bide my time. When that old man makes a slip, I'll get even with everyone. What's that stupid excuse for a King doing now, groveling on the ground like that? What a stupid ass he is.'

As morning dawned on the woodcutter's hut, it dawned on an unusual sight. The King was on his knees outside the hut, as was the second brother. The third brother came out of the hut, but his parents stayed inside. The old man had visited the cottage during the night and asked the parents to stay in the cottage until their son came to get them.

"I have sinned against God and against you," the King said. "Please forgive me and come and rule the kingdom with my daughter as your wife."

"I will come and rule the kingdom, as my good angel has told me I should. And I will gladly, if she'll have me, take your daughter in marriage. But you mustn't kneel to me. I forgive you with all my heart."

Now it was the second brother's turn, "Dear brother, I have sinned against God and against you. Please forgive me."

As the third brother stepped forward to embrace his brother and forgive him, the ground opened up and swallowed the second brother.

The third brother was overwrought. "Why has this happened?" he sobbed. Suddenly on top of the cottage roof, the old man appeared. But he no longer looked wizened and starved. He looked majestic, with a long white beard and a long white robe.

"Your brother has gone where only the prayers of others can help him. His hate-filled heart would not allow him to truly repent."

"But what shall I tell my good parents?" the third brother asked.

"Tell them nothing now. Later, when the time is right, and you'll know when that time is, you can tell them all."

"Is there hope for any of us?" King William asked.

"Yes, there is hope for all. And more people could see that hope if we had more people like that young woodcutter in the world." Then turning to the woodcutter, "God bless you, my son, rule well."

And then the old man disappeared.

The woodcutter's son did rule well. He kept faith with his heart and with His heart. As for the two elder brothers? Well, we know their earthly fate, but what of their eternal fate? There is always hope.

Mrs. Fitzgerald enjoyed the tale. She had one question, however.

"I want to be clear on this. Why, when the third brother confronted the giants, didn't he use the cross to start with? I can understand why he didn't use it initially against the witch – he didn't know at that point if it would work. But why didn't he use it right away against the giants rather than waiting till he was being roasted alive?"

"Because in the ethics of fairy land, the mortal must initiate the action before the angel can aid him..."

"And let those invisible streams of charity flow?"

"Yes."

We stayed on well into the night talking about big things and little things and everything else in between. It was a wonderful night. As I walked back to the Fitzgeralds' house in the darkness, I thought of what Prince Knana had called Bulkington, "a man of the shadows." Well, maybe he was a shadow to the modern world, but to me he was a knightly John the Baptist who bore witness to the Light.

Labels: The Last European

The Female of the Species

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2007

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside.
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail.
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the careless foot of man,
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can.
But his mate makes no such motion where she camps beside the trail.
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons and Choctaws,
They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of the squaws.
'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those stark enthusiasts pale.
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he must not say,
For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;
But when hunter meets with husbands, each confirms the other's tale—
The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations—worm and savage otherwise,—
Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise.
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest foe.
Mirth obscene diverts his anger—Doubt and Pity oft perplex
Him in dealing with an issue—to the scandal of The Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same;
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast
May not deal in doubt or pity—must not swerve for fact or jest.
These be purely male diversions—not in these her honour dwells—
She the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great
As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate.
And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim
Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions—in default of grosser ties;
Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him who denies!—
He will meet no suave discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild,
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-bear fights,
Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons—even so the cobra bites,
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw
And the victim writhes in anguish—like the Jesuit with the squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer
With his fellow-braves in council, dare not leave a place for her
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands
To some God of Abstract Justice—which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern—shall enthrall but not enslave him.
And She knows, because She warns him, and Her instincts never fail,
That the Female of Her Species is more deadly than the Male.

-- Rudyard Kipling

Labels: poem, Rudyard Kipling

The European Nation

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2007

In C. S. Lewis's book, *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*, Father Christmas is forced to give Lucy a gentle rebuke when she wants to go into combat:

Last of all he said, "Lucy, Eve's Daughter," and Lucy came forward. He gave her a little bottle of what looked like glass (but people said afterward that it was made of diamond) and a small dagger. "In this bottle," he said, "there is a cordial made of the juice of one of the fireflowers that grow in the mountains of the sun. If you or any of your friends is hurt, a few drops of this will restore you. And the dagger is to defend yourself at great need. For you also are not to be in the battle."

"Why, Sir," said Lucy. "I think—I don't know—but I think I could be brave enough."

"That is not the point," he said. "But battles are ugly when women fight."

Kipling expresses the same sentiments as Father Christmas in his poem "The Female of the Species." But let us go further. War is not just ugly when women are brought into it; war is also ugly when it is not local, when it is not, in the narrowest sense of the words, for kith and kin. The Iraq war is an abomination because it is the farthest thing imaginable from a war to defend kith and kin.

When Stalin's good buddy Hitler betrayed him and invaded Russia, Stalin found it necessary to drag some of the Orthodox priests out of prison in order to bless the troops and exhort them to repel the invaders in the name of Mother Russia. Stalin correctly saw that his men were more likely to fight for Russia than for international communism.

Bush and his neocons have attempted and are still attempting a ruse similar to the one employed by Stalin. The Iraq war is not a defensive war. It is an aggressive war to impose democratic capitalism on the people of Iraq. The beneficiaries of a successful termination of the war will be the robber barons of the United States and the government of Israel. And yet the neocon establishment has spared no expense to try to convince Americans that somehow their war of aggression is a war of defense. "We are fighting over there so we won't have to fight here." That is the Madison Avenue-styled inanity that we are asked to swallow. But of course it was because we were fighting over there in the first Gulf war and because we send Israel the money to fight over there that the enemy brought the fight to our shores.

War is always tragic, but it is not always ugly. Our Civil War is a case in point. It was tragic that utopian white men waged a war of aggression on their fellow Europeans in the name of racial egalitarianism. But it was heroic and noble that other Europeans rose in defense of white civilization. And the key words are "in defense of." William Tell is a hero because he kills in defense of; the Klansmen under Nathan Bedford Forrest were heroes as well because they also fought in defense of. Bush and his neocons (or more accurately, the neocons and their lapdog) are inhuman monsters because under the guise of patriotism, they kill for money.

It was George Fitzhugh who said, "We are the friend of popular government, but only so long as conservatism is the interest of the governing class." Now that the radical disenfranchisement of white people at home, and the violent spread of democratic capitalism abroad is the interest of our government is there any reason at all to expect that the U. S. will ever again engage in a war that a white European can support?

Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," asks the question

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!*

And the answer to that is yes. There is such a man. He is the modern Gnosticized white man. He has renounced his own native land for the idea of a democratic, multi-racial, capitalist utopia. And such a...

*...wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.*

A native land consists of a people of one Faith, one race, and one culture. White Americans do not have a native land. We live in a geographic region called the United States, and we are ruled by a capitalist oligarchy that is systematically depopulating the country of white people.

In contrast, the Scotland that Walter Scott writes about in his novel *The Antiquary* is a nation. Toward the end of the book, Scott depicts the reaction of his countrymen to a reported invasion (Scott takes the incident from an actual occurrence) by the French. The invasion report turns out to

be a false alarm, but the threat is very real. Britain is only a few years removed, at the time of the incident, from the Battle of Trafalgar. What is significant about the Scottish response to the threat of invasion is the way every level of their nation pulls together. The landed gentry become captains with their servants in the ranks. The wealthier shopkeepers open up their shops to give supplies to the poor farmers and laborers who have come as volunteers to fight for their nation. And the apologia for the benefits of having a real nation is given by Edie Ochiltree, a beggar, when the Antiquary, a member of the landed gentry, expresses surprise to see that even Edie is preparing to do battle.

"I would not have thought you Edie, had so much to fight for?"

"Me no muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsidies that I gang daundering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play with me when I come about a landward town? Deil!" he continued, grasping his pikestaff with great emphasis, "an I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land."

When a people are a real nation they come together as one, from the beggar to the king, when there is a threat of an invasion. But when a people of a particular country, such as the United States, form divergent groups of warring tribes with no common racial, cultural, or religious heritage, there cannot even be a common consensus on what constitutes an invasion, let alone a successful effort to repel an invasion.

Our neocon government leaders stress that we are at war with Iraq because it is in the national interest. But our country is not a nation so we have no national interest. The Iraq war suits the self-interest of the neocon tribal element of the United States. And the real invasion at our borders, the type of invasion that would have mobilized the Scottish nation in the early 1800's, is countenanced by the white zombies because they view anything that weakens the older European element in this nation as serving their self-interest.

The white European remnant is in no position to wrest control of the government from the white technocrats. But white Europeans are in a position to say, "Your god is not my God and your people are not my people." It starts with a refusal to be absorbed into the non-nation called the United States of America. A European has greater aspirations. If we reject the "American dream" and embrace the European dream of an earthly nation that is linked to His heavenly nation, we will be in line with our European ancestors and we will be serving the true King of all true nations.

Labels: neocon war, true community vs. American pseudocommunity

The Last European. Chapter Six of Eight.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 2007

The celebrated Master of the Templars was a tall, thin, war-worn man, with a slow yet penetrating eye, and a brow on which a thousand dark intrigues had stamped a portion of their obscurity. At the head of that singular body, to whom their order was everything, and their individuality nothing--seeking the advancement of its power, even at the hazard of that very religion which the fraternity were originally associated to protect--accused of heresy and witchcraft, although by their character Christian priests--suspected of secret league with the Soldan, though by oath devoted to the protection of the Holy Temple, or its recovery--the whole order, and the whole personal character of its commander, or Grand Master, was a riddle, at the exposition of which most men shuddered. The Grand Master was dressed in his white robes of solemnity, and he bore the abacus, a mystic staff of office, the peculiar form of which has given rise to such singular conjectures and commentaries, leading to suspicions that this celebrated fraternity of Christian knights were embodied under the foulest symbols of paganism. --*The Talisman* by Walter Scott

That night was a great night, but things didn't stay peaceful for long. Two days later, it happened. I was on duty, Sean was out in the boat with Bulkington, Mrs. Fitzgerald was shopping at the local grocery store, and Mary was back at the house. Someone broke into the house and abducted Mary. I really shouldn't say 'someone'; it was Rankin. He left a note addressed to Bulkington: "No harm will befall your little darling if you do as we say. After all, it's not her who we really want. I hope you can swim because you'll have to swim a great deal if you want us to release the young lady. From the rocks below Fisherman's Point, the jagged ones pointing due north, start swimming. After four or five miles you'll swim into a mist, a very thick mist. Keep swimming through the mist. You'll come to an island with an old castle in the center of it. Come on in. We'll be waiting for you and so will Mary. Follow these instructions to the letter. Come alone and do not use a boat. You swim. Ta-ta for now. -- Rankin"

Sean and I wanted to accompany Bulkington, but we knew it was no use.

"It's no good, fellows, I've got to follow their instructions. But you can stay with Mrs. Fitzgerald and see that she doesn't despair. I really think that Mary will be all right if I keep the appointment. Tell her that. And look for Mary to be coming back."

"What about you? Will you come back?"

"I don't know James. But you're a man now and so is Sean. Stay European, as a favor to me, will you?"

We both nodded our assent.

"God bless you," he said just before he entered the water.

"God bless you," was all I could stammer out. We watched him swim until he was out of sight. And the terrible void in my soul was there again.

Mary had been gone for five days and Bulkington for four days when a boat pulled up to the shore near Fisherman's Point. Two men got out of the boat carrying what seemed to be a trussed up human being. They dropped their bundle on the shore and shoved off for open waters again. Sean and I saw them from the window, and we both went running down to the beach, but the men were gone before we could get to them.

The trussed up human being was Mary. She was disheveled and looked quite shaken, as one would expect, but she didn't appear to be seriously injured. We got her up to the house where an overjoyed Mrs. Fitzgerald started hugging and feeding her all at once.

We gave Mary a half-hour to get cleaned up and nourished before we demanded to know her story.

"Not yet," Mrs. Fitzgerald implored, "She is not rested enough."

"It's all right mother. I feel fine. And I don't blame them a bit for wanting to know everything. I'd feel the same way in their place."

Mary then proceeded with her story.

"Rankin and two other men – I never saw them before – broke into the house, bound and gagged me, and took me into a boat they had moored on the south side of Fisherman's Point. They must have waited till Sean and Bulkington were on the north side of the point because I saw no sign of them.

"They took me to an island with a rather large, medieval-styled castle. It had all the modern conveniences inside, but the outside was exactly like the old castles. It even had a moat. I wasn't physically abused or anything, but I was kept in confinement. The room in which I was confined was a nice bedroom, but the door was locked from the outside, and I was told there would be severe consequences if I tried to escape.

"For three days, despite my demands to be told something, anything, about my captivity, no one spoke to me. I was fed, most of which I didn't eat, but the contact with the person bringing me the food was all the contact I had with anyone during those days.

"On the fourth day, I was taken from the bedroom to what seemed to be the grandest and largest room of the castle, where I was tied to a chair. There were three large tables, placed together in a large U-shape.

"I was seated and tied to a chair on the right-hand side next to Rankin. There were seven men, besides Rankin, sitting at the same table. There were four men and two women at the table opposite ours, to the left of the center table. And there were five men and one woman seated at the center table. The five men and one woman seated at the center table all wore long robes resembling the gowns that professors wear on solemn, academic occasions such as graduations. The people at the two side tables were dressed in normal 21st century clothing, except for Rankin, who had on a very ill-fitting tuxedo.

"I was no longer gagged, so I asked Rankin a few questions, namely, why had I been abducted and when would I be released. Rankin just told me to shut up. He was quite cranky. I have no doubt it was because he was once again, after his failure in the Mogombi affair, being relegated to a subordinate role in Satan's scheme of things.

"I wasn't surprised when Bulkington was brought into the center of the room, facing the center table. I had thought all along that I was merely a pawn in the 'We must get Bulkington' game.

"He was shirtless and barefoot, with loose-fitting khaki trousers on. He was dripping wet. I don't know why they had made him swim to the island. I suppose they wanted him to feel humiliated in addition to feeling physically exhausted.

"He was not tied up, but there were six men, all armed with rifles, forming a semi-circle behind him. He immediately demanded that I be released as was agreed.

"'All in good time, Mr. Bulkington,' said the man in the center of the main table. 'First you must be questioned.'

"'No, first you must untie her.'

The man at the center of the head table simply made a gesture, and I was untied.

"'Now, Mr. Bulkington, we will proceed. My name is Peter Caravaggio. I am a priest of the Roman Catholic Church and a member of a society that is duly authorized by Rome to perform the Tridentine Rite. To my immediate left is Father Jeffery Dunn, a Roman Catholic Priest, also of my order. Next on my left is Dr. Bartholomew Salvador. He received a doctorate of philosophy from the

University of Barcelona, and he now teaches at Holy Cathedral University. And lastly, on my left, is Dr. Susan Kent, a professor of theology at Ignatius University.

"To my right we have another priest. He teaches at the Sorbonne; his name is Father Lafollette. He also belongs to my order. And lastly, on the right is Dr. Benjamin Hewitt, a brilliant mathematician, scientist, and philosopher, who works at the Institute for the Advancement of Science in upstate Connecticut. The rest of the people in attendance,' he gestured toward the other tables, 'are all in some way connected with our organization.'

"And what is your organization?"

"Forgive me; I should have realized that you would have no way of knowing about our organization. We are a religious body of clerics and laymen dedicated to bringing about the kingdom of God on earth. We intend, through the proper use of our intellects, to bring all the various divergent elements of humanity together into one harmonious whole.'

Bulkington pointed at Rankin. 'Is he part of that harmonious whole?'

"Why, yes, he is.'

"Do you know who he serves?"

"Please, Mr. Bulkington, give me some credit. Of course, I know that. He works for Satan. But Satan is an angel, an angel with great intelligence. He is part of the future harmonious whole. That old dichotomy, God or the Devil, is false. Satan believes, as we believe, that the only real divinity resides in intelligence. Without it, we descend to the lowest level on the evolutionary scale.'

"I could tell, knowing Bulkington as I do, that Caravaggio's harmonious whole disgusted him. But he didn't bother debating with Caravaggio.

"I came here as I was told. Now I want her released.'

"And I told you before to be patient. We will release her. But first you must do some listening and some explaining.

"Now, our organization has branches throughout the world. We have over two million official members and over a hundred million people who are under our direction. You might not believe this, but it is true. In a few years, maybe less, we will be in a position to govern the world. Our people are in very high places in every government throughout the world. Once we take control we will be able to thoroughly cleanse the unharmonious elements in every country and thus bring about the kingdom of God on earth.'

"That all sounds great. Now, let Mary go, and I'll go along with her.'

"No, Mr. Bulkington, it is not that easy. You see, you are a major obstacle to us. Yes, don't play innocent with me.

"Your average walking idiot doesn't know about the spiritual life. They would simply advise us to put a bullet in you or have you killed as Rankin tried to do. But the problem is that even if you are physically dead, you will still constitute a problem. The spirit, being a thing immortal, does not cease to exist after death. It still is the animating force behind the man or woman who has died. So the problem isn't one of simply killing you. It goes deeper. You must be converted.

"Rankin, though hopelessly dense in many ways, has grasped the fact that through a strange string of circumstances, you have maintained a Faith in a version of Christianity that is most unpleasant and downright repulsive to those of us in the Tridentine Church of Christ. Your continual adherence to a childish and excessively sentimentalized version of Christianity endangers our cause by sending out negative spiritual rays. This is not science fiction; it is fact. There is no physical resurrection as you envision it. There is only a resurrection of intelligence. The mind will have a body but it will be

an intellectualized body, free from the constraints of time and space. Those who are not intellectualized will not go to hell; they will simply cease to be. But you, Mr. Bulkington, possess a strong spirit. It will not be easy to eliminate you. And while your spirit exists, it hinders our work; it destroys harmony. We have established harmony in every corner of the world but yours. This must not be. You will be converted. The young lady's presence is needed during the conversion process in order to ensure that you do not attempt something foolish. I know more about you than you might think it possible to know. And I know that were it not for the young lady's presence, you would attempt to kill one or all of the men guarding you and then you would proceed against me. So the girl stays until you have gone through the conversion process. Now, are you ready to begin?'

"I tried to get a good look at Bulkington's face at this point, but I couldn't see that well from where I was sitting. I just heard him say, 'Yes, go ahead.'

"First, are you a Roman Catholic?'

"No, I can't in good conscience say that I am. I was baptized in that church because the woman who took care of me as a child was a member of that church. And I tried to follow its dictates for many years. But in the last few years I've felt very estranged from the Roman Catholic Church.'

"I must ask you to be more specific...'

"Is this really necessary?'

"Yes, it is, and if you want that girl to be released, you'll answer my questions.'

"All right. I felt estranged for many reasons: homosexual priests, atheist priests, and so on. But the main reason for my estrangement was a growing sense that the Roman Catholic system, whether it was the Tridentine system or a *Novus Ordo* system, was designed to encourage men and women to put their faith in a scientific, naturalistic system instead of in Christ. There are many more nuances I could go into, but that, in a nutshell, is the essence of my problem with the Catholic Church, although I should add that I certainly have known some good Christians who were Catholic. But I came to believe that they were good Christians despite the system, not because of it.'

"Are you a member of some Protestant church?'

"No, I'm simply unchurched at present.'

"Yet you think you are a Christian and claim to have had visitations from Christ himself?'

"Yes, on two separate occasions I have seen the living God. But I have never said that makes me a religious authority or that one should base his own faith on my private revelations.'

"Do you think God normally speaks to mortals by way of private revelations?'

"No, I don't.'

"Then why should he speak to you that way?'

"I don't know.'

"You don't know?'

"That is correct. I don't know.'

"Do you even know that it was Christ speaking to you?'

"Yes, it was Christ.'

"How can you know for sure?'

"I just know.'

"Are you against our organization?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because your organization is in league with Satan and opposed to Christ."

"That's a ridiculous statement, Mr. Bulkington. It shows you have childish notions about God. Christianity is an evolutionary religion, not a static one. We find out what it means as we evolve. The God of the Hebrews and the early Christians is an anthropomorphic God; the true God doesn't exist in those old fairy stories."

"My God doesn't evolve."

"All right, answer this question: Did Christ found a church?"

"I don't know. Or, to put it more carefully, I don't know what kind of church He founded."

"Is the Roman Catholic Church the Whore of Babylon or is it the Church of Christ?"

"It seems to be little of both."

"Come, come, Mr. Bulkington, that won't do at all. It must be one or the other."

"No, that is a false "either-or" you are creating, and I think you're quite aware of it."

"Well, Mr. Bulkington, it seems clear to me that you don't know much about anything. But let me tell you something. Our organization is doing God's work. We are in complete unity with the Roman Catholic Church. And the Roman Catholic Church is the only church that can bring about the unity of mankind. All the other churches are hopeless, unorganized hindrances. And the very glory of the Roman Catholic Church, its organization, is something, you feel, that makes it anti-Christian. This cannot be permitted. It shall not be permitted. Answer me this – How do you know you exist?"

"That's one of those questions you can't--at least I can't--answer. All I know is that I exist."

"That is where you are wrong. You can't know you exist unless you free your mind. And your mind is tied to sentimental images and to illicit emotions and passions. When you untie your mind and make it free you will be able to rule your sentiments, emotions, and passions."

"What do you expect me to say? I don't agree."

"For the first time in the exchange, I noticed that Caravaggio was showing signs of anger. He beat his hand on the table and raised his voice just short of a scream."

"You must agree, you must see. I have all the weight of the Church behind me. There is no one who is going to practice a religion as set forth by the great Bulkington, fisherman, barroom brawler, and self-styled champion of lost causes. But everyone, every man, woman, and child, will cling to the Roman Catholic Church once they have heard its true message preached by the Holy Society of the Tridentine."

"Then leave me be and let Mary go free. Why are you worried about what I believe if you are so certain of the triumph of the Tridentine Faith that you espouse?"

"I told you, because there must be complete harmony and you are not in harmony."

"I don't see what you see nor do I have any desire to see it."

"You shall see it, that I promise you."

"Caravaggio then made a gesture to the men guarding Bulkington. 'I don't want him mutilated or killed, but I do want you to make sure that he feels pain like no man on this earth has ever felt it before!'

"Then, he addressed the entire assembly, 'We will adjourn for now. I will meet privately with my colleagues. Oh, and I'll also require,' he addressed me, 'your presence and Mr. Rankin's presence.'

"So the panel met. Rankin seemed delighted to be included. As soon as we were seated in the conference room, which was much smaller than the other room, Caravaggio spoke. 'I don't expect the torture alone to convert Bulkington. But it will help to make him more receptive to what will be his ultimate conversion.'

"Your Excellency,' spoke up Dr. Salvador, 'Aren't we spending too much time on one man?'

"I'm surprised that you would ask that question, Dr. Salvador. You know, or at least you should know, that it is a spiritual force that we are battling against. Millions upon millions of individuals without any spirituality do not pose the threat that Bulkington does.'

"I understand that, but I suppose I just forgot it for a moment. It's just that he seems so obdurate; it seems at times like such a waste of effort. But I do agree with you, we must make the effort.'

"We all forget at times, Dr. Salvador. But I hope that we are all in agreement about the problem?'

"As Caravaggio's eyes swept the room, every member of the panel made some sign of agreement.

"I tried to pay attention to the rest of their discussion, because I thought it might be useful to Bulkington, or to us, at a later date. But it was difficult to listen when all I could think of was, 'Bulkington is being tortured.'

"The discussion was a long one, so I can't give you all the details. But it finally came down to this: Bulkington was a threat because he represented the old Christianity, which was a religion which looked on Jesus Christ as a personal God who had come to save individual men and women from sin and death. That faith, according to Caravaggio, was a false perversion of true Christianity. Jesus Christ, according to Caravaggio and his Tridentiners, came not to redeem but to enlighten. The damned were not the sinful, but the unenlightened. The mind needed some kind of body, so the Tridentiners still espoused some kind of resurrection, but it seemed that the heavenly kingdom was only for the enlightened ones. And that kingdom was a kingdom of equals; all were Gods.

"I'm doing my best to describe what seemed like a very complicated system, which, Caravaggio maintained, was nothing more than traditional Roman Catholicism."

"That's rot."

"Yes, it is rot, Sean, but I must admit while I was listening to them, all of whom were educated and articulate, I felt myself drawn to their explanations."

"But surely, Mary," I interjected, "an organization that accepts Rankin and tortures prisoners cannot represent the true Faith?"

"No, James, it can't. I'm just trying to explain how I felt while listening to them. I felt they *might* be right, and that made me despair because then nothing made sense anymore. I think I understand Bulkington better now than I ever did before. I understand why he is so violently opposed to the efforts of professed Christians to make Christianity into a philosophy."

"And what about Bulkington," I asked. "Where is he, and did they ever stop torturing him?"

Mary had been bearing up pretty well, but the flood gate of tears opened up when I asked her about Bulkington. It took some time before she could answer.

"They had a plan. Caravaggio maintained that the only way to convert Bulkington was to enter into his madness as Samson Carrasco did with Don Quixote. Bulkington had to be defeated and in defeat stripped of his faith. At that point, Rankin piped up and started making suggestions. Caravaggio shut him up quickly.

"We shall need you to attend to the physical details of what we propose, but we do not desire your help in the actual planning of the event. You have already demonstrated your inability to handle such a man as Bulkington."

"Rankin looked mad enough to kill after that rebuke, but what could he do? He was under orders.

"They ushered me out of the room after that, so I don't know what they planned for him. They did let me see him, but not talk with him, before I was sent home.

"Everybody met again in the large meeting room. He was brought before the panel by the same six men who had taken him away. He looked ghastly. Not because he was covered with blood – he wasn't – but because his face, particularly his eyes, spoke of one thing, pain. He had been tortured to the extreme limit of human endurance. But even so he raised his arm and pointed to me. 'Now let her go.'

"Quite right, Mr. Bulkington,' Caravaggio allowed. 'We will let her go.'

"So I was set free, but I have no idea what is to become of him."

It was Sean who spoke up. "I'll tell you what will become of him. He'll beat them. No matter what game they cook up, he'll beat them."

I loved Sean so much at that moment. He was, and is, all faith and fire. And I loved Bulkington as much if not more (I had more reason to love him) than Sean did. But I didn't have Sean's faith. Does that mean I didn't have his love? I don't know. But I was afraid of what Caravaggio would do. I thought he might break Bulkington's faith, and by doing so, he would break mine as well.

As for Mary and her mother, they said nothing more. They went to weep and pray.

Since I wasn't due back to work for two days, I stayed in my old room at the Fitzgerald's house that night. It felt good. I thought I wouldn't sleep, but two previous sleepless nights had made me due for a collapse. I fell right to sleep.

I awoke, about four hours later, conscious of a presence in the room. I reached for the .38 special beneath my pillow, but a voice stopped me.

"Don't do that, James; there is no need for it. It's only me, Rankin."

"What do you want?"

I wasn't afraid of treachery on Rankin's part. And that wasn't because I thought he was incapable of treachery. I wasn't afraid, because I knew before he told me that he was there in my bedroom not to harm me but to show me the final page in the Bulkington drama.

"Come here."

I followed and he led me down the stairs, out into the night, and up the hill to Fisherman's Point. Once there he stepped on the rock that he had first stepped on in my presence some ten years ago. When the rocks opened up, I balked.

"I'm not going down there with you."

"You don't have to, James. Just sit down and watch."

A nice cozy chair had materialized just outside of the opening in the rocks. The entrance way was now blocked by a motion picture screen.

"Sit back, James, and I'll show you the end of Mr. Bulkington. I didn't write the script, but I'll be directing the play. I think you'll enjoy it."

Labels: The Last European

The Mind-Forged Wall

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 2007

Lost in all the celebrations, eight years back, of the new century we were entering was the fact that the 21st century is the first of the post-Christian centuries. Christianity was certainly in trouble at the beginning of the 20th century, but by no stretch of the imagination could it be called dead. Now, at the beginning of the 21st century, the old time religion can certainly be certified as dead.

And it is striking to me how easily the intellectuals of both the Catholic and the Protestant denominations have succumbed to Satanism. By isolating man's intellect from his other faculties, they have left him at the mercy of the dialectic, and it is in the dialectic mode that Satan thrives.

Satan's task, when he confronted Adam and Eve in the garden, was to get them to disobey God's command not to eat from the forbidden tree. He needed to engage them in a dialogue if he was to succeed. Once he persuaded Eve, and through Eve, Adam, to look on God's command as something abstract and debatable, he had them both hooked.

That original sin – the pride in our own isolated abstractions and the desire for the power we think our prideful cogitations will bring – is always with us; it is part of our sinful nature. And it must be fought tooth and nail lest it consume us. Yet the very guardians of the citadel of Christ have encouraged us to indulge our sinful appetites to abstract and depersonalize. We have depersonalized man and we have depersonalized the living God. 'Our Father who art in heaven' has become 'Our abstracted, derivative By-Product who art everywhere and nowhere.' When, following the lead of the clergy, we depersonalize God; we have created, to paraphrase Blake, a mind-forged wall between God and man.

The mind-forged wall was built over time by clerics, academics, and self-styled wise men who professed to be Christian but who still thought like Greeks. In the Greek culture the goddess of wisdom sprang from the head of Zeus; she bypassed the blood. In contrast, Christ, the font of all wisdom, came to us through the blood. Therefore, to the Christian, all true knowledge comes to us through the spirit-infused blood of Christ.

The modern Gnostic Christian views any mention of the blood as superstitious and barbaric. His God word is 'reason'; in fact, his God is the rational, autonomous man. Rational man will welcome Christ into his club, but only if Christ agrees to behave rationally. For reason, as Aquinas tells us, is the final arbiter. And if there is a power higher than God, is not that power God? But if we turn from the Greek mode of perception and look at the Hebraic mode of perceiving reality, we see something quite different from the men behind the wall. We see that the spirit of man can only be animated through the blood. Blood without the animating spirit is barbaric, mere voodoo superstition, but when the spirit and the blood are united the mind-forged wall between God and man disappears. And the unholy worship of our ratiocinations is stripped of its religious halo and seen for what it is: blasphemy.

So long as the mind-forged wall of bloodless Christianity exists, there will be a conflict between Christians of the blood and the Gnostic post-Christians in control of the churches. The post-Christians will continue to treat the black man as an object to be worshipped on the one hand (because he has the blood that they lack), and to be converted on the other hand (because he lacks the spirit, which the Gnostic has falsely linked to the intellect, that they possess).

The difficulty in converting the Gnostic post-Christian comes from the fact that the Gnostic has placed himself beyond the ken of humanity. By uniting his spiritual life to the mind rather than to the blood, he has thrown in his lot with the great enemy of mankind. The great poets have always seen Satan as the sneering intellectual, standing aloof from mankind.

And it does little good to hand a Gnostic the Gospel of Christ. He knows the story, but he has redefined it. He is no more open to the Gospel of Christ than he is to a tale from the Brothers Grimm. Both, to the modern Gnostic, are "fun" stories to play mind games with.

Miguel de Unamuno stated the problem clearly. It is first necessary to awaken a tragic sense of life in an individual before he can be convinced to turn to the Gospels and treat them as something other than a series of crossword puzzles. To put it simply – a man needs to believe he is sick before he will seek an antidote for his sickness.

If an individual only looks on death as tragic because it comes too early or because it causes pain and not because it extinguishes a personality, then that individual has no need of a loving, personal God. He needs modern science to prolong life and alleviate pain, but he does not need Christ. Only those who have not forsaken their blood and retreated behind the mind-forged wall can know Christ. Such individuals still feel pain at the loss of the "touch of a vanished hand" and still yearn for the "sound of a voice that is still." One has to feel that Cordelia's death in *King Lear* was tragic before one can feel the joy of Thaisa's resurrection in *Pericles*.

The tragic sense of life is intimately connected to a fairy tale appreciation of life. In the fairy tale, the hero conquers death and lives happily ever after. The modern man has no need for fairy tales, for castles in the sky; instead, he has self-help books and reads success stories. How petty his dreams are and how superficial his yearnings.

To feel abandoned and forsaken by God is a terrible thing. To feel estranged from God because of unresolved problems with some particular sin is also a terrible thing, but to feel no need for God, for the Man of Sorrows and the Risen Christ, is to be in the most unenviable state imaginable. And such is the state of modern man.

All of existence depends on one central issue: Can we feel, with Lear, the true tragic dimensions of Cordelia's death? If the answer is yes, then all else will follow and we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Labels: a force above God?, Gnosticism, tragic sense of life

The Last European. Chapter Seven of Eight.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 02, 2007

Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave
At human woes with human hearts to grieve;
Stern was the law, which at the winning wile
Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile;
But sterner still, when high the iron rod
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of God.

--Walter Scott

Without any additions or subtractions on my part, I'll present what I saw on the screen that night.

Act 1. Scene 1.

A small medieval village, probably in the year 1350 or thereabouts. There is some kind of trial taking place in the town square. One gowned, solemn priest is presiding as a judge.

Cobbler: I think the good father will find her guilty.

Merchant: But she is so young and pretty, I would hate to see her put to the torture or burned.

Cobbler: Father Ramon will do what has to be done.

Merchant: I suppose so, but it seems a pity.

Fishwife: You men are all alike! Show you a pretty face and you're all for mercy. That hussy deserves the stake. And Father Ramon will see that she gets it. It's his duty. He won't be turned from it by a pretty-faced woman.

Father Ramon: Young woman, I have heard the witnesses and examined the evidence. I have no alternative but to pronounce you guilty of heresy and witchcraft and to sentence you to be tortured and then burned at the stake. And yet we might be merciful if you would confess your heresy and repent of your witchcraft.

Elizabeth: My lord, I do not wish to die, and the thought of torture frightens me, but I cannot confess to something I have not done. It is true I obtained a copy of the New Testament and read it to my son, but he was terribly sick and I thought the words of Our Lord might comfort him. And it is also true that I nursed him back to health without the aid of doctors, but that was no witchcraft. I simply fed him broths and garlic instead of having the doctors bleed him. I am no heretic and no witch.

Father Ramon: From your own mouth, you bear witness against yourself. We find you guilty. I sentence you to be immediately taken to the place of torture. And from there you will be taken to the stake and burned. God will not have mercy on your soul because the judgment of this court is the judgment of God. There is no higher court.

A large man, about 40 years old, steps out of the crowd and into the center of the town square.

Bulkington: I challenge the judgment of this court and demand the right, in the name of Jesus Christ, to prove this woman's innocence by trial of combat.

Father Ramon: It is a popular belief that an appeal for a trial by combat cannot be denied, but that, like all popular beliefs, is false. A trial by combat cannot be denied by the civil authority, but we of the Society of the Tridentine are a civil and an ecclesiastical authority. And the ecclesiastical authorities do not have to recognize an appeal for a trial by combat.

Bulkington: Surely the court will make an exception in this case. This woman has no husband and no son old enough to champion her cause. She has had no attorney to speak for her. It seems only fair that she be allowed a champion to prove her innocence.

Father Ramon: This woman is guilty and that is final. There can be no alteration of the verdict. However, this court will consider altering her punishment should you be willing, Sir Knight, to be put to the test, in which case this court would consider changing the woman's sentence from death to banishment.

Bulkington: I accept the conditions.

Father Ramon: I warn you the test will be severe. It might cost you your life.

Bulkington: Still, I accept.

Father Ramon: It is done then. Guards, escort that woman to the jail. Don't worry, Sir Knight, she will not be harmed until your quest ends. If you fail, she dies. If you succeed, she is banished. Now, take her away.

Elizabeth: May I be permitted one word before I'm taken to jail?

Father Ramon: Yes.

Elizabeth (*to Bulkington*): Thank you, sir, with all my heart.

Ramon: How touching; now take her away. Now, Sir Knight, or Sir Pilgrim, or whoever you are. I don't know where you came from nor do I care. You have rashly declared that you are willing to be put to the test. Well, this court now decrees what the test shall be. You will be escorted to the edge of the Forest of Fears. You shall then enter the Forest and proceed through it until you come to the Castle of Horrors. You will bring back the head of the Lord of that castle. No other token will be acceptable. Bring back the head, and you will have achieved the release of the woman. Now go.

Scene II.

Old Friar: What brings you to these woods, good sir? It is not often that these woods are traveled.

Bulkington: I seek the Castle of Horrors.

Old Friar: I have spent eight score years on this earth and five score years have I spent in these woods. I have seen many men pass by seeking the Castle of Horrors, but never have I seen them return. They all perish. Why would you go there?

Bulkington: I seek the Lord of the castle.

Old Friar: Why?

Bulkington: I must kill him.

Old Friar: Again, I ask you, why?

Bulkington: It will free an innocent woman.

Old Friar: I see. Now I know. Father Ramon sent you. What will you do if the Lord of the Castle is a good and true man? Will you still kill him?

Bulkington: No, I will not.

Old Friar: Then will the woman die?

Bulkington: Perhaps, but perhaps I can still save her.

Old Friar: Though not an old man, you seem old enough to know that we must all bend to Providence. There is very little we can control. Go back, give up this foolish quest and pray for the poor woman's soul; that is all you can do.

Bulkington: Is that what five score years of prayer and fasting has taught you? Well, I can't accept that. I know the victory belongs to God, but it seems to me, at least every drop of my blood tells me so, that we are enjoined to give battle.

Old Friar: Those are the words of a child. That woman's life, be she innocent or guilty, is but a speck in this vast universe. It is of no consequence. Nothing is of any consequence except His will. And all is going according to plan.

Bulkington: I suppose that passes for wisdom amongst your fellow friars, but I hear only nonsense. When you talk about the lord, to whom are you referring?

Old Friar: To the Lord of the Universe, to Jesus Christ.

Bulkington: I'm not sure I'm familiar with your Christ. The one I know cares about his children, each and every speck.

Old Friar: There is a force behind the universe that binds even our Lord. We must all bow to it. Father Ramon and the holy fathers of the Tridentine know this; you do not.

Bulkington: If, as you say, there is a force more powerful than Christ, is it to Christ you pray or to the force?

Old Friar: I pray to Christ because he is the intermediary. He carries out the will of the force.

Bulkington: Is this force a benevolent force?

Old Friar: This force is neither benevolent nor malevolent; it is simply the force.

Bulkington: Could you point the way, now, to the Castle of Horrors?

Old Friar: After all I have told you, do you still wish to go to the Castle of Horrors?

Bulkington: Yes, Old Friar, I do, because I do not worship the force.

Old Friar: Well, if you must go, against my advice, please take this magic talisman. It will aid you in your quest and keep you free from harm.

Bulkington: I want no talisman from you, Old Friar. Just point the way to the Castle of Horrors.

Old Friar: Foolish man! If you refuse my help, then go to your doom. There, beyond the stream is a valley. Go down that valley and up to the other side of the hill. Then you will see the Castle of Horrors. And may God have mercy on your soul.

Bulkington: And on yours, blasphemous Friar.

Scene III.

Chorus: Now the intrepid Bulkington has reached the valley that the good, old friar has directed him to. It's quite a descent. In the valley is the cottage of the lovely lady. Maybe she can be of some assistance to the Quixotic Bulkington. We shall see.

Bulkington knocks on the door of the cottage and is admitted.

Lovely Lady: Please enter. You must be tired and hungry.

Bulkington: No, I am seeking directions. I'm looking for the Castle of Horrors.

Lovely Lady: Oh heavens! Why would you seek such a place?

Bulkington: An innocent woman's life is at stake. I must get to the Castle of Horrors.

Lovely Lady: Oh, you men! You always must be seeking something. And what you seek never pleases you when you find it. Stay with me here. In this cottage is all that a man needs.

Bulkington: I need to find the Castle of Horrors.

Lovely Lady: Why? So you can kill? Yes, I know what you have been sent to do. Many men have passed through this valley to the Castle of Horrors. And they all have died.

Bulkington: Who kills them?

Lovely Lady: Some perish in the ascent to the castle, and the rest perish when they meet the Lord of the castle.

Bulkington: And who is the Lord of the Castle?

Lovely Lady: A very great man and a very evil man. This valley once contained a village. Now, only I remain. The women, at least the young ones, he took to his castle. The men he killed. It was a horrible time.

Bulkington: Why are you allowed to remain here unmolested?

Lovely Lady: That I do not know. Perhaps Our Lord preserved my life so I could warn travelers of the dangers of the Castle of Horrors.

Bulkington: No, I don't think that is the reason. I think you are here to aid the Lord of the Castle. Your beauty is too ethereal; it is unreal. I think when a man kisses you, he dies. And many men have died here, have they not?

Lovely Lady: This is raving, complete madness. My kisses cure, they do not kill. Come, I'll prove it to you.

Bulkington: Stand back, or this dagger enters your heart.

Lovely Lady: Fool, go then and meet your doom in the swamps.

Chorus: So Bulkington proceeds to the swamps. If he had had stayed in the cottage, he would have seen the lovely lady return to her true shape and form, that of an old hag.

If you look closely you can see Bulkington in the distance, wading through the swamp. Look! A crocodile is gliding, unseen, toward Bulkington. At the last possible moment, he turns and faces the reptile. The crocodile's initial thrust dislodges the dagger from Bulkington's hand. He is weaponless. The mighty jaws of the crocodile are now open and set to close on Bulkington...

Well, you saw the same thing I did. Bulkington grabbed the crocodile's jaws and forced them to open and open and open, until they broke. The crocodile is dead, and Bulkington has reached the edge of the swamp safely. Now he will ascend the mountain that leads to the Castle of Horrors.

Scene IV. The Castle of Horrors.

A giant stands in front of the castle entrance.

Giant: Stop right there, little man. No one goes into the castle unless I let him go in.

Bulkington: Then stand aside. I have business with the Lord of the Castle.

Giant: I stand aside for no one. You go back to where you came from or die.

Bulkington: I give you fair warning – stand aside or you die.

Giant: Who are you to challenge me?

Bulkington: I am Welsh; I have the blood of Corineus, the giant killer, in my veins. If we fight, you will die.

Giant: We shall see.

Chorus: All the world knows of Corineus's great struggle with the giant Gogmagog. Will this battle equal that one? Let us see.

(The chorus remains silent for one hour.)

Chorus: Well, you saw it. At first it seemed as if the giant would squeeze the life out of Bulkington in no time at all, but he didn't. Bulkington escaped from his grasp and made a series of attacks to the body of the great giant. Many times it seemed like the giant would prevail by crushing Bulkington with one fatal blow. And Bulkington did receive many a blow. His face is covered with blood. But in the end, it was Bulkington who picked the giant up and hurled him off the cliff. He is worthy of his ancestor.

Now, he faces the Castle of Horrors. He cries out to the men of the castle to let down the drawbridge. This they do and Bulkington is allowed to enter the castle. He proceeds, unmolested, to the throne-room. There he meets the Lord of the Castle. The Lord is a portly, cherubic-looking man of about forty-five years of age.

Lord of the Castle: You look a mess, Mr. Bulkington. Let me have one of the servants tend to your wounds.

Bulkington: That's not necessary.

Lord of the Castle: Oh, I see. You do not want to accept the hospitality of a man whom you are about to kill. But I am not worried in the slightest. Why? Yes, I see that question on your face. Because I am innocent. Oh, don't mistake me, I'm not innocent as the newborn is innocent, but I am innocent of the crimes that are attributed to me. I am not a fiend. I do not sacrifice virgins nor do I indulge in wizardry or witchcraft. If you kill me, innocent blood will be on your hands. And a man who goes through what you have in order to spare an innocent life will not take a life to spare a life.

Bulkington: Are you the Lord of this castle?

Lord of the Castle: No, Father Ramon is the lord of this castle. He is the lord of this land. Long ago he decided he needed a Castle of Horrors to send "difficult" men to. The witch in the valley, the swamp, and the giant were all placed there by Father Ramon.

Bulkington: Have others come to the castle to kill you then?

Lord of the Castle: Hundreds have been sent, but you are the first that ever made it to the castle.

Bulkington: Why do you allow Father Ramon to use you as a figurehead?

Lord of the Castle: Because I am a weak man. I did not want to be put to torture. Even though he is my brother – yes, I said my brother – he would kill me if I opposed his will. I am not an intense man. Good food, good music, that is all I crave. I am not an obsessive man like my brother or like you.

Bulkington: You liken me to your brother?

Lord of the Castle: Yes, in one way. In other ways, no. You are like him in that you are both obsessed with God. But you are obsessed with two different visions of God. Your God is, for want of a better word, a cavalier. Honor, love, bravery and all that. My brother Ramon's God is a majestic God, above love, above human honor codes; he is simply the Almighty.

Bulkington: And which vision of God do you believe in?

Lord of the Castle: Oh, I don't believe or disbelieve. I don't think we can ever know about God one way or another. But I will tell you something in confidence: if there is a God, I hope he is like your vision and not my brother's.

Bulkington: Well, you are right about one thing; I can't kill you.

Lord of the Castle: I knew you wouldn't be able to. And I know you feel terrible about that young woman's fate. But there is really nothing I can do to help you.

Bulkington: Will you explain something to me?

Lord of the Castle: Of course, if I can.

Bulkington: Why does Father Ramon send men to kill you?

Lord of the Castle: The men he sends are men that he finds troublesome and wants to dispose of. Since they have committed no crime for which he can execute them, he sends them on a quest that he is sure they will never return from. His pretense for the quest varies but the result is always the same – death.

Bulkington: Then Father Ramon sent me on this quest hoping that I would be killed?

Lord of the Castle: No, in your case, it was different. You see I have my spies too. I have a few friends in my dear brother Ramon's camp. For some reason that I can't quite fathom, my brother Ramon wanted you to succeed. He wanted you to kill me, which makes no sense to me. I do him no harm. In fact, I provide a useful service for him. Nor does he care a fig for the life of the young woman. So, I am confused. Why, this time, did he hope that you would succeed?

Bulkington: This world you live in, what do you call it?

Lord of the Castle: Whatever do you mean? It is earth; there is no other place for mortals.

Bulkington: But there are different parts of this earth and different planes of existence. But let that pass. Apparently the Council of the Tridentine has long tentacles. I think your life was to be a pawn in a cruel chess game meant to bring about my disgrace, though it is hard to believe that men so learned could be so foolish. Did they really think I would simply march in here and cut your head off without trying to find out whether you were an evil or just man?

Lord of the Castle: I think I see a little light. Yes, that much is clear. My death was to bring about your disgrace. And as for their blindness; that's easy to explain. A horse with blinders on sees only what the blinders allow him to see. My brother and the men like him have blinders on their hearts. They could never see what you see or feel what you feel.

Bulkington: You are talking like a man of faith.

Lord of the Castle: No, I am not that. But I will tell you this. When I go into my bedroom tonight I will kneel and pray to the God who may or may not exist, and this is what I will say to that God: "God, please, if you exist, help me to feel what that man Bulkington feels and see what that man Bulkington sees."

Bulkington: You are a better man than you know. God bless you. Now, I must go back and see this brother of yours.

Lord of the Castle: And God bless you.

Labels: The Last European

"Fighting Terror"

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 02, 2007

No utter surprise can come to him
Who reaches Shakespeare's core;
All that we seek and shun is there—
Man's final lore.

--Herman Melville

As the pit-bull neocons and the mad-dog liberals engage in their debate over the success of the surge, one yearns for the witness of one man in the political arena with the moral clarity of the late John Tyndall of Britain. There can be no success, no victory, Tyndall asserted, in a war fought for an ignoble cause. But America has no heroes like John Tyndall.¹ We have only caricatures of human beings called Republicans and Democrats.

In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, the character of Brutus takes it upon himself to explain to the Roman populace why he and his fellow conspirators had to hack Julius Caesar to bits. And his explanation works, at first. Brutus uses an age-old trick of rhetoric: He starts with an unproven assumption and places all those who would disagree with him in the position of defending odious principles:

"Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any speak; for him have I offended, Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply."

The easily persuaded masses reply, "None, Brutus, none."

But after Marcus Antony delivers his rebuttal, that Brutus foolishly in his egoism permits Antony to make, the populace want to tear Brutus apart. Antony undermines Brutus's unproven assumption that Caesar was ambitious and that he therefore sought to make every Roman a bondman.

The Bush administration has shoved their unproven assumptions down the throats of America's easily swayed populace. Only in this instance the Bush administration has cleverly refused to give any Marc Antonys a chance for a rebuttal. "Who is here so base that will be for terror? Who is here that is so un-American that will be against freedom? If any speak, for him have I offended."

I will speak, without Marc Antony's Shakespearean eloquence, but with the anger of a peasant who is being asked to accede to the proposition that black is white and white is black if his feudal lords say so. This the peasant cannot do. For truth is truth to the end of reckoning despite all Neocons and Bushyites.

BUSH'S UNPROVEN ASSUMPTIONS

1) "This is a war against terror. If you oppose it you are in favor of terror."

The response: When the Bush administration says this is a war against terror, they are not being precise. They do not mean they are fighting terror of all kinds, they mean they are fighting Islamic terrorism. But before we proceed to refute that assumption, let's look at the terror the U.S. government is not fighting.

First, there is the terror of abortion. Paul Hill, a man who actually fought terror by killing an abortion doctor, was executed in the Bushyite state of Florida. Is this fighting terror? If terror is indiscriminate violence against innocent human life like the baby in its mother's womb, then who is more anti-terror than the man who seeks to prevent the murder of those innocent children?

And then there is the terror of the one-sided war going on in our major cities. Black terrorists have claimed more lives in the U. S. than the al-Qaeda organization, yet no one in any official capacity has vowed to stop this kind of terror. Far from it, they aid and abet it, passing more and more laws against white self-defense.

And thirdly there is the terror of unchecked immigration. There is no stability, no place one can call home, no safe harbor, when there are no borders that aliens cannot cross.

And are we fighting Islamic terrorism in Iraq? No, we are not. The 9/11 attack came because of our support for Israel and because of our open borders policy. How does killing Iraqis make up for porous borders and a suicidal foreign policy?

2) "This is a war for freedom; if you oppose it you are against freedom."

The response: No nation today is sufficiently Christian to claim a right of conquest. Whether a majority of Iraqis wanted Saddam ousted (which I doubt) or whether a majority did not want him ousted is not the point. We have no right of conquest; Saddam posed no threat to the United States. And what does the U. S. mean by freedom? We can see what is meant if we look at what freedom stands for in this country. Freedom stands for legalized abortion, pornography, and an economic war of all against all in a system referred to as capitalism.

3) "This is a Christian crusade against Islam."

The response: The Neocons and Bush have not advanced this reason for the war, and indeed, they are quick to deny they are at war with Islam. Southern evangelicals and a few military men have advanced this reason. And while these individuals might wish we were a Christian nation at war with a Muslim aggressor, they must not be allowed to get away with such an obscene perversion of the truth. We have never been a Christian nation in the sense that the older, throne-and-altar, European countries were. However, it is true that we once were a Christian nation in the sense that the vast majority of our citizens were Christians. But we are not a Christian nation by creed or by majority opinion at this point of our history. So we have no right to invoke the Christian deity in our war with Iraq.

And secondly, even if we were a Christian nation, we would not have *carte blanche* to kill Muslims. In the Muslim religion killing Christians is a good in and of itself, but in the Christian religion Muslims must be on the march, intent on conquest, in order for Christians to kill them with justification. I think a great deal of the Southern evangelicals reveal themselves to be devotees of Mars rather than Christ in their zeal to make this "war against terror" into a Christian crusade.

One does not have to be a prophet "new inspired" to predict dire consequences for the U.S. as a result of the Iraqi invasion. Such naked aggression always comes back upon the aggressor. The words Henry V used to warn the French Dauphin could certainly be applied to the U.S.:

*Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.*

Yes, before it's all over, we shall all have cause to curse William Kristol's and George Bush's scorn.

1. There were some right-leaning Americans (we have no right-wingers) who, like Tyndall, opposed our involvement in Iraq. But they became, once the war started, much like Hector in Shakespeare's play *Troilus and Cressida*. Hector argues that the Trojans were in the wrong. How could they continue a war that was based on the abduction of another man's wife? And yet, after arguing correctly, Hector succumbs to the warmongers:

Hector. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd, but superficially: not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

And as a result of Hector's capitulation, he is ignobly slain by Achilles and Troy is brought to ruin.

Labels: Iraq War and Shakespeare

The Last European. Chapter Eight of Eight.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 07, 2007

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

--St. Paul

Scene V.

Chorus: And now Bulkington makes his way back to the court of Father Ramon. He descends the mountains and starts through the dismal swamp. This time it is a python that impedes his journey. They wrestle, and Bulkington wins. He proceeds past the lovely lady's cottage and toward the village. By nightfall he reaches the outskirts of the village, but a leopard blocks the road leading into the village.

Leopard: Do you wish to enter the village?

Bulkington: Yes.

Leopard: You don't seem surprised to hear a leopard speak.

Bulkington: I've seen and heard too much to be surprised by a talking leopard.

Leopard: I can't decide whether that is an insult or not.

Bulkington: It was not meant as an insult.

Leopard: Well, it doesn't matter. I cannot let you pass.

Bulkington: But I must pass.

Leopard: The attempt will mean your death.

Bulkington: No, it will mean your death.

Leopard: You seem very sure of that.

Bulkington: I am.

Leopard: You have no weapon.

Bulkington: Still, I will kill you.

Leopard: You know, I think you could, but I will not give you the opportunity. You might as well know – perhaps you already do – that I am Father Ramon. I wanted to stop you before you entered the village.

Bulkington: Why?

Leopard: First, because you might blurt out that the Castle of Horrors is my own invention, thus losing me my hard-earned reputation as the irreproachable defender of justice. And secondly, because you intend to kill me. Deny it if you can.

Bulkington: Why would I kill you?

Leopard: Because you now know that I am the real Lord of the Castle of Horrors. It is my death that will free the young woman.

Bulkington: It's your own doing. You laid the trap. If I had brought back your brother's head the young woman would still have been put to death, wouldn't she? Don't bother to answer – I can see

by your smile that she would have. What kind of men are you Tridentiners? You carry the name 'Christian,' but you're worse than any pagan.

Leopard: Calumny! You worthless dog! Who are you to question God's anointed servants? What we loose on earth is loosed in heaven, and what we bind on earth is bound in heaven.

Bulkington: You are a blasphemer to claim heavenly sanction for acts of barbarism and treachery.

Leopard: I waste my breath to talk with you. You lack the capacity to reason. You are on the level of the dumb brutes.

Bulkington: You are the one who has assumed the form of a leopard.

Leopard: Yes, and that is because I possess the gift of reason. Why did our Lord give us that gift if it was not to use the natural world to bring about a supernatural world? I have studied. I have done the mental work that is necessary to subdue nature, and I have been rewarded.

Bulkington: You are nothing more than an evil wizard who worships Satan and calls him our Lord.

Leopard: Spoken like a true man of ignorance. But enough. I had hoped to scare you by taking the form of a leopard. That was a mistake. But you shall have your trial by combat. On yonder plain, come morning, a dragon will appear. Slay that dragon and the woman goes free.

Bulkington: You will be that dragon?

Leopard: Yes.

Bulkington: If you triumph what good will it avail you? I thought it was my disgrace you sought.

Leopard: Yes, but I must be wary of my own followers. They expect me to bring about your conversion by disgracing you. I'm afraid I'll have to kill you and tell my followers that you converted.

Bulkington: That doesn't sound like a very great success.

Leopard: Well, petty revenge has its consolation.

Bulkington: I once heard the devil, who you say you do not serve, say something similar.

Leopard: Enough of this nonsense. Meet me tomorrow and die with the knowledge that you die alone and in mortal sin.

Scene VI.

Chorus: The next morning. The young woman is tied to the wheel of an ox-cart that has been brought out for the occasion. Father Ramon stands before Bulkington in the form of a dragon. Flanking Father Ramon are two Amazon warriors. Bulkington stands before them. He is unarmed.

Bulkington: I thought I was to meet you in single combat, Father Ramon.

Dragon: No, I decided it would be better if you died at the hands of two females. That will be ironic don't you think? The last knight of Europe, the last white man, must fight two fair maidens in order to rescue a fair damsel. Attack, my lovelies!

Chorus: The battle commences. The Amazons, armed with spear and sword attack the unarmed Bulkington. A spear is thrown into his left arm. He then uses that spear to slay both Amazons. Holding the spear in his right hand, he faces Father Ramon.

Dragon: You are wounded. If you yield now I will grant you your life.

Bulkington: And the young woman?

Dragon: She dies.

Bulkington: Cambria will not yield.

Chorus: The battle proceeds. Never have we seen such a battle. Father Ramon scorches the earth with his fiery breath. The flames never touch Bulkington, however. He keeps moving from one spot of earth to the next, always avoiding the flames. Finally, after an hour of futile flame-throwing, Father Ramon uses his tail, being temporarily out of fire. Twice he knocks Bulkington down with his tail, lacerating his flesh, but he is not able to finish him. After three hours of conflict, Father Ramon again addresses the bloody, exhausted Bulkington.

Dragon: Now, I give you one last chance. Will you yield?

Bulkington: (*in a mere whisper*) 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?'

Dragon: Then die, blasphemer, die.

Chorus: Unable to use his left arm and unable to see out of his left eye, which is swollen shut, Bulkington appears to be at Father Ramon's mercy. And Father Ramon has no mercy. He proceeds, with a determined stride, toward Bulkington. Obviously Father Ramon feels that a quick blast of fire will destroy Bulkington now that he appears too exhausted to move. Look and you can see the jaws opening in order to expel the deadly flames. But what's this?!

As Father Ramon opens his jaws, Bulkington throws the Amazon's spear into the dragon's mouth. Now, Father Ramon is clutching his throat with his dragon claws, trying to extract the spear. It is futile. He sinks to the ground and dies. At his death he once again takes the form of Father Ramon. Bulkington limps over to Father Ramon's body. With a look of revulsion he does what needs to be done in order to free the young woman. After the work is completed, he holds up the bloody head.

Bulkington: Behold the head of the lord of the castle. I have completed the quest; the woman must be released.

Town Constable: Release the woman.

Soldier: Yes, sir.

Chorus: The young woman, upon her release, runs and throws herself at Bulkington's feet. Extremely embarrassed, he begs her to get up and thank God instead of him.

Elizabeth: I do thank Him, noble sire, but I also thank His heaven-sent ambassador. God bless you. You shall always be in my prayers.

Bulkington: Then I am in your debt, young lady. To be always in a saint's prayers – and saint you are for defying the Council of the Tridentine – is a very great blessing. And now, goodbye.

Chorus: And so our little drama ends. We hope it was to your liking. But if it wasn't, the Chorus is not to blame, for we only convey the drama; we do not enact it.

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It was getting close to sunrise when the drama ended. Rankin took the result better than the last time I saw him battle with Bulkington. Maybe that was because this time he hadn't been that involved in the planning of the event. At any rate he seemed almost philosophical about it.

"Oh well, I did all I could. I think next time they'll let me handle Bulkington myself. I'll get him eventually if they just leave me alone."

"I don't think you will ever best Bulkington."

"Don't push me, Duncan. You might not like what I do to you."

"If you have no further business with me, Rankin, I'd like you to leave."

He left with a sneer, and I returned to the house and to bed.

I slept until noon and then headed back to my apartment to get ready for the four-to-twelve shift. As it turned out though, I didn't work the four-to-twelve shift. When I got to the station at 3:30, I was told that I would no longer be working there. At first I thought it was a guilt-by-association firing. Sean was my friend, and he, in their eyes, was a racist; therefore, I must be a racist. But that was not the reason for my dismissal. Everybody on the force, even the non-probationary employees, had been dismissed. It was part of a new Federal plan. Local government was now completely run by Washington. In fact, for all practical purposes, there was no local government. Every post that had been occupied by a local official was now occupied by a Federal official. I should not have been surprised after all that Mary had told me about Caravaggio and his plans. But I hadn't expected him to move so quickly. He must have been planning the coup for years.

After a so-called 'crisis' in the Mideast (I think some Arab threw a rock through a U. S. embassy window), Caravaggio was made the head of a newly created government agency. It was called the U.C.A.M.G.U.A., which stood for – I'm not making this up – the United Canadian, American, Mexican Global Unity Association. With Caravaggio at its head, I'm sure that Tridentine principles will be well represented.

"Where do I go from here?" was the question I asked myself. I was unemployed with only enough savings to pay for two more months' rent. "It's back home," I said; there was no other alternative.

And home for me was the Fitzgerald's houses. They didn't begrudge me my old room back.

"It will only be till I can get another job."

"It's for as long as you like, James. This house, thank God, is paid for. You'll always have a roof over your head."

"James, I guess you know that Bulkington is back?"

"Yes, Mary, I know. They had plans for him, but the plans didn't work out. He didn't look good when I saw him last. Will he – and I'm almost afraid to ask – live?"

"Yes, he'll live. He looks a fright, and he wouldn't let anyone tend to him, but he is up and around."

"What did they do to him, James?"

"Well, Sean, I didn't see the torture part. What I did see was a man contending with a snake, a dragon, a giant, a crocodile, and some Amazon warriors. And in the end I saw a physical wreck. But there was what Robert Louis Stevenson called 'the animating fire of the European' still in his eyes."

"Mother?"

"Yes, Mary, what is it?"

"I know the house is paid for, but do you think they'll take it from us?"

"I don't know. They're capable of anything."

At this point, I excused myself and went looking for Bulkington. It was reassuring to find him, as usual, running up and down the hill to Fisherman's Point. I waited until he was finished before speaking to him.

"May I walk back to your house with you?"

"Sure."

Once he had showered and dressed, he came and sat across from me in his small living room.

"I've no beer to offer you, James. Things are a bit tight right now."

"That's all right. I didn't come over for a beer. I came over to see how you were feeling."

"Well, I won't say I'm fine, but everything seems to be in reasonably good working order. I can't raise my left arm above shoulder height anymore, and I've got a slight limp now, but I can still drag myself up and down Fisherman's Point and do my push-ups, so I guess I'm not that bad off."

"We're all wondering what's next. I mean, will there be widespread land confiscation or even imprisonment for those who dissent from the 'great world order'?"

"I can't say for sure, James. Anything is possible with those guys. But I don't think they'll be too blatant about it yet. The Federalization act was accepted because they have been pushing the terrorist threat business and the benefits of enforced democracy for years. The sheep were ready to be sheared for the sake of security and democracy, but I don't know if they're quite ready to consent to nomadic or dormitory-style living just yet."

"Then we have some breathing room still?"

"Yes, but one also must eat. And employment for people like yourself, who do not fit into the 'harmonious whole' will be quite difficult to find."

"I know that already. I lost my police job."

"I'm not surprised. Why don't you and Sean work with me?"

"How can we do that? You barely make enough to keep yourself alive."

"Well, maybe with you two helping I'll make more."

"Come on, how likely is that?"

"One does what one has to do, James. I don't for one second think my fishing business, which I can't really even call a business, can support you and Sean. But it will look like it does. That's all we need. I'm going to pull a Rob Roy on the powers that be. There'll be enough money. You two just concentrate on the fishing."

"But..."

"There are no 'buts', James. That's the way it's going to be. Consider yourself a fisherman from this date forward."

"Well, when you're not too busy Rob Roying it, what will you do?"

"I'll fish with you and Sean and keep looking for those other pockets of resistance."

"What pockets of resistance? Caravaggio said you were the only pocket of resistance."

"I don't believe that. There must be others somewhere. Caravaggio wants me and those others to feel that we are alone so that we'll despair and give up."

"But suppose he's not lying; suppose you are the last pocket of resistance?"

"Then I'll fight alone. I'd like some company, but I'll fight with or without company."

"You're not completely alone so long as Sean and I are around. What was that St. Paul said? Something about principalities and powers?"

"Yes, I know what you mean, James."

Bulkington did not have a photographic memory, but his total recall of certain long passages from Shakespeare and the Bible always took me by surprise. With a startling and riveting intensity he recited from Ephesians.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with Truth, and having on the breast plate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayers and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."

"Those guys will overreach themselves eventually. I might not live to see it happen, but in the end they'll lose. You get tired sometimes, and sick to death of living in a kind of Gnostic hell, but ultimately we'll win, James. And in between... well, in between there will be some white moments."

Epilogue

I know it is customary to end a story a little more definitively with either a happy or a tragic ending. But the story is an ongoing one. I sincerely doubt that there are any other pockets of resistance to Caravaggio. I think Bulkington stands alone. Possibly I'm wrong about that. I hope so. In the meantime I'll stand with him and so will Sean. Mrs. Fitzgerald will support him in whatever he does. And Mary? She is very close to proposing to Bulkington. That's the only way she'll ever get him to consider marriage. But it won't change him. Nothing will. He will not stop the war against principalities and powers on this side of the grave or the other side for that matter.

He spoke of white moments. I remember one evening several years ago when he explained what he meant by a white moment.

"There are times in a person's life when he truly connects with another human being. His heart touches another heart. In those moments He is present. Those theologians who create an either-or – either we love God or we love man – do not understand. We love in Christ; outside of His love there is no love."

I've had many white moments since I met Bulkington. And I wouldn't trade one of those moments even if, by doing so, I could become the ruler of Caravaggio's harmonious world church. I'll stay with Bulkington and Bulkington's God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul.

Bulkington is always quick to point out that he is not a prophet. He doesn't know how events will turn out. But we are told that prophecies fail. What Bulkington has is a burning, lion-like fire of charity in his heart. And charity, the Apostle tells us, never fails. +++

Labels: The Last European

Galahad

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 07, 2007

'...I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine:
I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went;
And hither am I come; and never yet
Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,

This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side, nor come
Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,
Fainter by day, but always in the night
Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,
And hence I go; and one will crown me king
Far in the spiritual city; and come thou, too,
For thou shalt see the vision when I go.'

--Tennyson

The 20th century intellectuals (it's too early to talk about 21st century intellectuals) were, and are, a pathetic bunch. They failed to come up with one single heresy of their own. Their entire repertoire consisted of 19th century heresies—Darwinism, capitalism, Marxism, and psychiatry. But what the 20th century heretics did do, which the 19th century heretics were unable to do, was to institutionalize the heresies of the 19th century. They were the Roman organizers, and the 19th century heretics were the Greek creators.

Things have become rather staid and quiet now that Satanic values have been institutionalized for so long in the Western world. But an epic battle took place in the 19th century. The works of such authors as LeFanu and Dostoyevsky bear witness to the battle.

And we should note that Satan has changed his tactics in order to adjust to the new order of things. Prior to the 20th century Satan was always trying to undermine European civilization. (He never needed to undermine non-European civilizations because they were always his.) But when Satanic -isms became the ruling -isms of the Western world -- such -isms as capitalism, communism, feminism, and militarism -- Satan became a conservative. He became the great preserver of Western civilization. It is no longer Christ's civilization, it is Satan's civilization. And Satan is vigilant in defense. But is he happy? Can he rest content? No, he cannot. There is one man whom he fears, and I don't mean Christ. Certainly he fears Him. But it is man we are talking about. Satan has confused and beguiled mankind just as he did in the Garden of Eden centuries and moments ago. The Lord is not his immediate concern, because he knows the Lord will not come to mankind unbidden. Satan fears the man who loves enough to once again unite Europe with Him. Which is why he tirelessly keeps the Satanic institutions of the West in working order. He lives in constant fear of the one man who can bring his whole empire crumbling down. And one day he will walk out of a Planned Parenthood abortuary or a Bushyite cabinet meeting and come face to face with his mortal enemy.

"Sir Galahad, you don't belong here. This is none of your business. This doesn't concern you. Why don't you speak?"

"I give you fair warning. There is my gage. Now it begins. To the hilt."

What makes Galahad so dangerous to Satan is his ability to see through the material façade of this world to the spiritual reality behind the façade. Galahad never succumbed to the temptation of pitting his mind against Satan's mind. It was always Galahad's heart against Satan's mind. And that heart, because it was united to His heart, built Christendom.

All those pathetic heresies from the 19th century stem from one heresy, Darwinism. Darwinism is nothing more than the original sin. Man seeks to find a power in nature that is greater than God. Then, when the mind of man encompasses nature, the mind of man becomes God.

The idea of evolution was not invented by Darwin. The Greek philosopher, Empedocles, preceded him by some two thousand years. And Satan preceded Empedocles by... how many years was it? What Darwin added to the equation, which made him widely popular, was the scientific proof of evolution. I'm not claiming he actually did provide scientific proof, but he was perceived to have provided it, and that made all the difference. But the initial joy in no longer being held accountable to a personal God was turned to despair when it gradually dawned on people that the other side of the "there-is-no-God-to-judge-us" coin was "there-is-no-God-to-love-us."

And that's where the creative evolutionists stepped in. The arch fiend, George Bernard Shaw, and that alien from the human race, Teilhard du Chardin, and a whole host of clergymen and academics told us that Darwin was right about the ape-to-man link but wrong about the prime mover of the evolutionary process.¹ There was, the creative evolutionists told us, a force behind the evolutionary process. It was not a personal force, it was not the old man with the white beard who Christians used to believe in; it was an impersonal intelligence. Wow! That sure sounds a lot more grownup and sophisticated than those old Christian fairy tales. But try as they might, the creative evolutionists cannot escape the biological determinism of Darwin. If a personal God did not create man with a divine essence, then there is only the natural world. Man is part of that world and no other. The Shavian creative mind theory, the Jungian 'oversoul', and every other ludicrous theory that man has conceived to supplant the Christian faith all boil down to the isolated intellect of man contemplating the natural world.

When I went to college, I had an English teacher who had his students read Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*. And I had a course in religion in which the professor assigned Teilhard du Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man*. I'm sure those works are no longer read at universities as those old heretics are passé. Once the deification of the natural world has become institutionalized, the mundane daily work consists of more practical and less theoretical books. The 'Worship of Blacks I and II' and the 'Ethos of Feminism' are the type of courses the non-business majors take. One kind of misses the old heretics; they at least had some passion. But of course the old heretics were inconsistent. How can a disembodied brain have passion? Those old time heretics were living on the accumulated capital of one thousand plus years of Christianity. They were living off of that old guy with the white beard. The soul-dead zombies of today are their children, but not one of the old time heretics, if brought back from the grave to gaze on his soulless children, would acknowledge them as his own.

The professor who assigned du Chardin was a perfect example of the old guard heretics. He was a Swiss-German teaching at an American university, and like all those Germans of that era, he had an encyclopedic knowledge of just about everything. He spoke and wrote over eight languages, and although his specialty was religious studies he had published works in science as well. He was an ordained Lutheran minister, but he was not a believing Christian. He thought all religions were "fascinating," and he also loved the playwrights such as Samuel Beckett, who depicted the meaningless of existence so "wonderfully." Being of German descent, he quite naturally considered that modern students, particularly the American ones, were lazy. I vividly recall one lecture in which he went into raptures about the greatness of Samuel Beckett's depictions of the meaninglessness of existence and then diverged to talk about the laziness of the modern student.

After the class I had to ask him the question that had been festering inside of me for the entire semester. "Dr. _____, you are constantly making the point that the students are lazy and won't work, but why should they if they believe what you believe?"

"I don't understand your question."

"Well, if Christ be not risen, if he is just part of the meaningless fabric of mental images man has created to make his existence bearable, then why do anything? Why shouldn't we all just sit on top of the dung heap and weep?"

"Ah, fascinating – yes, the meaningless of existence. I saw a play in Paris once..."

It was hopeless. Centuries of Christianity had formed his habits, and he was incapable of seeing the dichotomy between his love of all things European and his doctrinaire assertion of the meaninglessness of existence.

And let me hasten to add that I was not a young hero from a Walter Scott novel. I was a character from a Dostoyevsky novel. I had an illogical attachment to the person of Jesus Christ, but I was unable to believe in his resurrection because it seemed so unscientific. But I did not find the meaningless world outside of Christ's Europe to be a "fascinating" world.

The universities and colleges present themselves as oases. But in reality one discovers they are deserts. Their glowing course descriptions promising enlightened knowledge are mirages. Their sterility is the result of institutionalized Satanism. And the universities are mirror images of our society. Every aspect of our culture has become part of the university – which is the way Satan wants it – the mind of man contemplating the natural world. Checkmate. But we come again to the one man Satan fears. Sir Galahad has not been checked. And he is fiercer in his love than Satan is in his hate. In His name he has breached the wall. To fight in his company is all a European can ask or hope for. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..."

1. There are those, like the late Rev. Falwell, who are not Darwinian evolutionists, but who are, nevertheless, creative evolutionists. They reject the "man is a monkey" theory of Darwin, but they hold to an evolutionary theory of the democratic man. He is the endpoint of their evolutionary process. This is why that group of people deified George Bush.

Labels: a force above God?, Christian Europe, George Bernard Shaw

Merry Christmas

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 2007

Humor is a very subjective thing. So one is treading on thin ice when he ventures to recommend a book or movie that he thinks is humorous. But one also likes one's friends to laugh. And anyone who opposes the modern anti-European fervor is my friend. So here goes.

All of the following movies and books are in the grand European tradition of laughter. Namely, they induce a laughter that uplifts and does not degrade as the modern, filthy humor does.

The first two items on the list are films starring Laurel & Hardy, filmdom's kings of the old European comedy.

1) *Swiss Miss*

2) *The March of the Wooden Soldiers*

3) *The Wrong Box* by Robert Louis Stevenson. You can't go wrong with this one. This work must be shared. It can be comfortably read aloud over a period of three days.

4) *The Reporter Who Made Himself King* by Richard Harding Davis. The book, written by the man who wrote the short story that the Walt Disney series Gallegher was based on, is also, like *The Wrong Box*, too good not to be read aloud. It can be read comfortably in one or two sittings.

5) One sitting will suffice for Kipling's comic masterpiece, "The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat," which can be found in the short story collection, *A Diversity of Creatures*, or [here](#), online.

I'm posting this well ahead of the 25th to give anyone interested a chance to acquire and read any or all of these comic European masterpieces in time for Christmas.

Merry Christmas!

Labels: Christmas, recommended movies and books

The European Rose

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2007

In a recent phone conversation with my father, he made the remark that he was sick of blacks screaming about discrimination. Now, this might seem like a rather mild protest to those of us on the Kinist right-wing, but it came as quite a shock to me because my father has been a good American liberal for his entire 80+ years on this earth. He never used the 'N' word in his life, he honors Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and he regularly worships black athletes. In fact it was the accusations of racism behind the shooting death of some black football player, by blacks, that finally elicited a protest from my father.

My father is not going to become a Kinist; he has not seen the light, but if my father is expressing mild indignation about the never-ending scolding of white people, then there must be a significant number of white people, not as liberal as my father, who are feeling something akin to rage. It would be a wonderful thing to see that rage turned into a counterrevolution, but that is not going to happen because 1) most of the enraged white people are disenfranchised, and 2) those who are not disenfranchised are afraid to reveal their anger lest they become disenfranchised.

Twice in the last week I have seen the words "wake up" used in reference to the colored invasion. The first instance was in a back issue (1979) of what the liberals would call a 'racist' publication. The magazine asserted in one article that white people were beginning to "wake up." And the second instance was when I heard Pat Buchanan call his new book on the immigration problem a "wake up call." Now, I have nothing against "wake-up call" books or magazine articles; they are helpful and necessary. But I think all the whites who can be awakened have already been awakened. And those whites include the fearful enfranchised whites who are afraid of being "outed" and the disenfranchised whites. What those whites need more than information about the colored invasion is empowerment. They need some means to fight back against the five citadels of power.

What is implicit in the "give them more information" books and articles is that white Europeans must look to some political candidate who supports the white Europeans' interests. But this is not an option for the white European. Let's look at the current presidential candidates. Only two candidates, Ron Paul and Tom Tancredo, are seriously against illegal immigration. And they are not even talking about stopping all non-white legal immigration and rebuilding a segregated nation. So a victory for Tancredo or Ron Paul would only be a tactical, delaying-type of victory; it would not even be a major first step in a successful counterrevolution. And this is the very best we can hope for if we follow the implicit advice of the "get out the information" publications. So we come back to the issue of empowerment. There are enough white people aware of and angry about the colored invasion to stop it if they had power, but they do not have any power. And until that fact changes, information books and articles will not help.

I think white people are doomed to the same fate as Sisyphus if they continue to look on politics as the key to empowerment rather than seeing it as the final denouement of a far greater power struggle. Regarding politics as a thing in and of itself is tantamount to seeing with and not through the proverbial eye.

Although it often seems that politicians are not born of mortal women but instead come straight from the bowels of hell, they are indeed mortal. Their beliefs are formed in the society in which they live. And once those beliefs are formed, they seek to impose those beliefs on others through political means. So the real source of power in a society is the institution or institutions that determine belief.

I would argue that there is only one institution in our society that determines belief, and that is the Academy. And what about the Church? There is no longer any Church; she has been absorbed by the Academy. Throughout Western man's history there has been a conflict between Athens and Jerusalem. Churchmen differed through the centuries over the compatibility of the two. They killed

each other in disputes over the matter. But all is peaceful now because Athens has triumphed. Yes, we still have churches, but they only echo and rubber-stamp what the Academy says. Belief is determined by the Academy. And the Academy has determined that the older, Christian, European culture is evil.

A sizeable minority of disenfranchised working class whites and unemployed whites have not been completely converted by the Academy. They could become part of a white counterrevolution, but they are leaderless. The tiny minority of enfranchised white collar whites who do not share the beliefs of the Academy are the people who should lead the counterrevolution, but they remain in silent disagreement with the Academy lest they become disenfranchised themselves. And the ones who do speak out only recommend actions that are acceptable to the Academy, which places white people in the position of merely voting for a political candidate, such as Ron Paul, whose candidacy constitutes a rear-guard, delaying tactic to cover up a retreat, and not a full-scale counter attack.

A rear-guard, delaying action is noble; a retreating army needs men willing to be the rear guard. But it is suicidal to regard a rear-guard action as an offensive attack, and that is what we do when we place all our hopes in rear-guard political candidates. The political arena is a very narrowly focused arena. The Academy has triumphed, and it is not going to let anyone enter the arena who suggests policies that diverge too sharply from the political views of the Academy. There has been a successful revolution; it will take more than electoral victories to defeat the institutionalized forces of the revolution.

European civilization was built on the concept of church and hearth. Non-European societies had sacrificial altars and tribal dwellings; they did not have churches and hearths. But Satan made a covenant with the Uncle Silas's of the West and created an Academia Satania that has absorbed church and hearth. And the enraged, confused, disenfranchised, white man looks for a hero willing to strike back against the seemingly invincible dragon of Academia Satania.

The European Hero will be an intelligent man, but he will not be an intellectual. He will be a Christian, but he will not equate Christianity with one particular sect or one particular rite. He will be a man of blood and spirit. He will be spiritually in line with William Wallace and William Tell, but his people will not be just the Scottish people or just the Swiss people. His people will be white Europeans who do not worship the gods of the Academy.¹ The anti-white movement is an international movement, so the resistance will be an international movement as well.

The true European everyman's task is to remain loyal while waiting for the Hero. We must not become blasphemers and worshippers of the Golden Calf. It is not the U. S. Constitution, international law, or some economic system that sets the European apart from all other races. It is the hearth and church, sanctified by His blood, which sets the European apart. And that is what the Hero will fight for. And one hero will beget other heroes, and then we will once again see His blood upon the European rose.

1. It seems to me that if our souls are in the proper state to recognize a true European hero, we will also be in a proper state to recognize The Hero.

The Nativity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ

MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 2007



Where is this stupendous stranger,
Swains of Solyma, advise?
Lead me to my Master's manger,
Show me where my Saviour lies.

O Most Mighty! O MOST HOLY!
Far beyond the seraph's thought,
Art thou then so mean and lowly
As unheeded prophets taught?

O the magnitude of meekness!
Worth from worth immortal sprung;
O the strength of infant weakness,
If eternal is so young!

If so young and thus eternal,
Michael tune the shepherd's reed,
Where the scenes are ever vernal,
And the loves be Love indeed!

See the God blasphem'd and doubted
In the schools of Greece and Rome;
See the pow'rs of darkness routed,
Taken at their utmost gloom.

Nature's decorations glisten
Far above their usual trim;
Birds on box and laurels listen,
As so near the cherubs hymn.

Boreas now no longer winters
On the desolated coast;

Oaks no more are riv'n in splinters
By the whirlwind and his host.

Spinks and ouzels sing sublimely,
"We too have a Saviour born";
Whiter blossoms burst untimely
On the blest Mosaic thorn.

God all-bounteous, all-creative,
Whom no ills from good dissuade,
Is incarnate, and a native
Of the very world He made.

Christopher Smart

Labels: Christmas, poem

The Academics' Hymn

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 2007

(sung to the tune of "The Marine's Hymn")

From the Halls of Academia,
To an Indian tepee,
We lie about European history,
In our books, in class, and on TV.
First to fight for diversity and perversion,
And to keep our liberal records clean,
We are proud to claim the title,
The 'Culturally Diverse Academic Deans'.

Labels: humor

Book Review: *The Fateful Hoaxing of Margaret Mead* by Derek Freeman, Westview Press, 1999

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 2007

Freeman's exposure of the false assumptions and faulty "research" behind Margaret Mead's book, *Coming of Age in Samoa*, is certainly significant in view of the sainted status that Liberalism has conferred upon Mead.

The book's weakness is that it is written in the dull academic style of an anthropologist, which is, of course, what the author is. And indeed, Freeman admits, he himself was a Mead enthusiast when he began his follow-up research, until he discovered that Mead's research was flawed and inaccurate. He even includes, in the book, a letter from Mead to himself in which she concedes that her research was inaccurate.

What Freeman unearths is that Samoa was not the uninhibited sexual paradise that Mead described in her book. Mead spent most of her time "researching" the Samoan culture in a Navy hotel and never really lived with the Samoans. She got her information about the sexual practices of young Samoan girls from two girls, who, Freeman reveals, were just indulging in the Samoan custom of telling tall tales. They never dreamed that Mead would take them seriously.

But Mead, who had studied under the cultural determinist Franz Boas, was determined to give her mentor the research he wanted. And the liberal world wanted to believe that there was a tropical paradise devoid of Western cultural guilt about sexual matters.

Mead's ridiculous book should be exposed as the travesty it is, but I should note that Freeman is not on our side (that of the good guys with the Christian crusader outfits on) either. He criticizes Mead's inaccurate research, all well and good, but he also criticizes her for not being up on the latest research which reveals that heredity is more important than culture. This is less acceptable to a Christian than the cultural determinism of Boas and Mead; the Biology-is-Destiny school of thought usually ends up studying apes to learn about man. Christianity rejects the false 'either/or' of nature vs. nurture and instead claims that spirituality determines nature, which then must be nurtured by a Christian culture.

Nevertheless, Freeman's expose is worth reading. It is indeed incredible that a few tall tales told by some adolescent Samoan schoolgirls should be the rallying cry for feminists and part of every textbook in America.

Freeman does mention Mead's early lesbian affair with a kindred academic and her failed marriage, but he doesn't dwell on the details of her private life. Instead he focuses on her research, or rather,

her lack of it. In the end, we are left with a Madame Bovary-type character: too pathetic to hate and too shallow to love.

Some interesting quotes:

This then was the quintessentially Samoan response to which Fa'apua'a and Fofoa had resort when Mead advanced what was to them the ludicrous notion that despite the traditional emphasis on virginity in the fa'aSamoa and within the Christian church, the adolescent girls of Nau'a were, in fact, sexually promiscuous. As Fa'apua'a remarked to Galea'I Poumele, the then Secretary of Samoan Affairs of American Samoa, when he interviewed her in Fitiuta on November 13, 1987: "As you know Samoan girls are terrific liars when it comes to joking, but Margaret accepted our trumped-up stories as though they were true."

If only Mead had arranged to live with a Samoan family in Manu'a, as she easily could have done, she would have known from direct observation just how false were the conclusions set out in her letter to Boas of March 14, 1926. However, because of the Spam and other comforts that she felt she could not do without, she chose to reside with fellow Americans in the United States Naval Dispensary at Luma, where, cut off from the realities of Samoan existence, she relied for the most part on informants who came to visit her there. And so, lacking the experience of Samoan behavior and values, she was quite unable to appraise the tales of Fa'apua'a and Fofoa for what they were.

In The Republic, Plato wondered if it might be possible to contrive a convenient story of magnificent myth that would carry conviction with the whole community. It was just such a myth that Margaret Mead created in Coming of Age in Samoa and although it was based on entirely false information derived directly from her hoaxing on the island of Ofu on March 13, 1926, this myth, after Coming of Age in Samoa had been vouched for by Franz Boas, Bronislaw Malinowski, Ruth Benedict and other cogniscenti, came, in America as elsewhere in the world, to carry conviction with a whole community of anthropological and other cognitively deluded believers. Such magnificent myths, once a sufficient number of individuals have come fervently to believe in them, achieve an aura of invincible propriety and are defended, when challenged, with the utmost vehemence, as were Mead's demonstrably erroneous conclusions about Samoa when, early in 1983, they were seriously questioned for the first time. Indeed, before the year was out the scientific standing of Margaret Mead's Samoan research had become the ruling cause celebre of the twentieth century anthropology.

The liberals' failure to go back and change all the textbooks in which Mead's research is taken as gospel and to rethink their basic assumptions about the glories of a guilt-free, sexually permissive culture tells us something about the men and women who make up Academia Satania. They are not interested in truth; they are only interested in advancing their demonic vision of a society that is a mirror image of hell.

Labels: Book review

A Commentary on *Shakespeare's Kings: The Great Plays and the History of England in the Middle Ages: 1337-1485*

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 2007

The author of *Shakespeare's Kings*, John Julius Norwich, is terrible as an interpreter of Shakespeare's plays, but he is good in his narration of the historical events taking place during the lives of Shakespeare's kings. And since the number of Norwich's interpretations of the plays is minimal, the book can be labeled a good one (with a major reservation about this type of historical narration, which I will address later).

Starting with Edward III of England (Norwich claims that *Edward III* was also written by Shakespeare), Norwich takes us through the turbulent reigns of Richard II (deposed by the noble Bolingbroke, soon to be Henry IV), Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III.

Norwich writes a chapter about each king and then writes a chapter about how the king and the events taking place during his reign are portrayed by Shakespeare. What is remarkable, Norwich maintains, is Shakespeare's historical accuracy. He is not inaccurate in the essentials; what he does do is compress time, combining events that happened over hundreds of years into a shorter span.

If one is familiar with these plays, Norwich's literary interpretations can be quite irritating. For instance, he blithely asserts that *Richard III* is the best of the historical plays. Why? Any one of the plays – *Richard II*, *Henry IV Part 1*, *Henry IV Part 2*, or *Henry V* is superior to the earlier *Richard III*. In addition, Norwich's confident statement that Hotspur is the noblest character in *Henry IV Part 1* overlooks what Shakespeare is doing with Prince Hal. Hotspur has an excessively macho view of honor, a kind of death wish: "Die all, die merrily." Falstaff has an excessively cowardly view of honor: "Discretion is the better part of valor." Only Prince Hal maintains a balance between the doomsday mentality of Hotspur and the cynical cowardice of Falstaff.

But there are many good things about Norwich's history. For one thing, he supports the traditional view of Richard III against Yorkist revisionists such as Josephine Tey. His findings support the views of Thomas More and Shakespeare: Richard III was the murderer of Edward IV's two sons and a thoroughly evil man and ruler. Interestingly enough, Bolingbroke (Henry IV) emerges as the noblest of kings, and yet some would say (not me) that he is the one who started the War of the Roses when he usurped Richard II. I would assert that Richard started the conflict when he abandoned the Christian view of monarchy, which views the monarch as a caretaker for Christ, and adopted the Asiatic and despotic view of monarchy, wherein the king views the whole Kingdom as his personal possession. When Richard indiscriminately started confiscating the lands of his subjects, he in essence abdicated the crown. Bolingbroke had the heart and courage to force him to pay the consequences. Up Lancaster, down York!

The real danger of a book like this is that one can get the impression that Shakespeare's history plays are worth reading because his plays are "essentially" accurate. Not so! One should not read the Shakespeare history plays for mere history; they have an importance beyond history – they are metaphysical plays about men and women with immortal souls.

I had an excellent 'facts and figures' history teacher in college who claimed that any true student of history had to be an atheist. "Any objective view of history forces one to that conclusion," he said. And when reading Norwich's history, one can see what my teacher meant. All the political machinations, all the bloodshed, and for what? For nothing. The pageant of the English kings looks like a glorified demolition derby with no ultimate purpose. But when we read Shakespeare's plays we see a spiritual presence moving in history. Prince Hal might die young and Bolingbroke might never achieve a secure kingdom, but in Shakespeare's plays, father and son share a moment that lifts us out of mere historical time into another dimension, a spiritual one:

KING HENRY.

*O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:*

*To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!*

PRINCE HENRY.

*My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.*

And this is why Norwich's history is mere bagatelle compared to Shakespeare's history plays. That Norwich clearly doesn't understand the importance of Shakespeare's plays is indicated when he claims, toward the end of the book, that religion doesn't play a big part in Shakespeare's plays because Jesus Christ is not mentioned much. Unbelievable! Shakespeare is trying to write about reality. He sees a spiritual dimension in human beings that points toward Him, but he would be false to his profession if he had the characters walking around asking each other if they had been 'born again.' The reason Shakespeare's plays still resonate with us today is because he enables us to see reality clearly. We need vision more than a sermon. The former leads us to the living God, and the latter leads us to an idea about God.

Walter Scott followed in Shakespeare's footsteps. He writes about historical events but also supplies the spiritual undergirdings of the various events. And without those undergirdings, history is just a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing! And of course that is what the

empiricist always concludes about European history – it signifies nothing. (As a matter of fact, that's why European history is only treated as a cautionary tale about the evils of being a white man.) But Shakespeare and Scott are divers. They go below the surface of European history and come to the surface again with a treasure that is of infinite value, the living God.

Labels: Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott

European Identity

FRIDAY, JANUARY 04, 2008

"A person who feels himself deprived of his natural birthright, denounced, exposed to confiscation and death, because he avouches the rights of his king, the cause of his country, ceases on his part to be nice or precise in estimating the degree of retaliation which it is lawful for him to exercise in the requital of such injuries..."

--Sir Walter Scott

There are few spectacles in the world more disgusting than the American electoral process. Candidates parade before the American public in a horrific display of pride, avarice, and greed. It is not a case of trying to pick the least satanic candidate; it is a case, if you choose to vote, of picking which one of the seven deadly sins you prefer: the satanic pride of McCain, the blasphemy of Huckabee, or the fiendish feminism of Hillary Clinton. It really doesn't make much difference. The only prerequisite for participation in the American electoral process is the absence of a soul.

Every European country from Denmark to Australia is in the same democratic boat as the U. S., and we are all hopelessly adrift. It is time to close the democratic chapter of the European peoples' history. No genuine European should object to closing the democratic chapter of our history, because the democratic chapter has not benefited Europeans.

Despite numerous differences, every European country has gone through the following stages of government: A system of tribes or clans, followed by a more centralized monarchy, followed by a republican form of government with either no monarch or with a constitutional monarch, followed by a democracy in which a few individuals rule in the name of the people. Only the first three systems of government, the clan, the monarchy, and the republic, are legitimate forms of government. Each has its strengths and weaknesses, and no one form can be artificially adapted to a country in the hope that the mere external form in and of itself will cure a country's ills. The sickness is organic, and so must the cure be organic.

The great advantage, from my standpoint, of the clannish system of government is the great sense of loyalty to kith and kin that such a system engenders. "Touch any one of my people and no place on this earth will be safe for you." And of course that fierce clannish loyalty is also the disadvantage of that system: "Father, do we really have to annihilate the entire Douglas clan just because Fergus Douglas stole a chicken from the farmyard of Alistair MacDonald?" "Yes, son, the honor of the clan is at stake; how can you doubt it?"

The absolute monarchy has the great advantage of a clear hierarchical line: "I serve the King, and the King serves Christ." But suppose the King is a tyrannical rotter: "I serve the King and the King serves Satan." Somehow that doesn't sound very good.

The republican-constitutional monarchical system also has its advantages. For one thing, there are more peaceful transitions of power in that type of system. And one is less subject to the tyrannical rule of a despotic Richard III or King John. Scott, for instance, despite his Scottish sympathy for the Highlanders and his appreciation for the poetic days of Ivanhoe, thought the republican constitutional monarchy he lived under superior to the clannish or monarchical system. But he was always worried about unchecked Whiggery, which leads us to the one fault, an unredeemable one in my judgment, of the republican form of government. A system of diffused powers can lead, under pressure, to democratic egalitarianism, and democratic egalitarianism is institutionalized tyranny. Since rule "by the people" is an impossibility, a small cabal of men, less democratically representative than either a clannish government, a monarchy, or a republic, holds the reins of power in a democracy. While flying a theoretical flag called "the people," democratic leaders enjoy a despotic rule that would have put Richard III to shame.

The citadels of power in the U.S. present democratic government as the final stage on the road to Zion, because they are members of the ruling elite. But what are the fruits of democracy? Has democracy been good for white, Christian Europeans? No, it has not. In the democratic chapter of European history, we have seen total war on a scale that makes the monarchical and clannish wars look like private quarrels, and we see a democratic egalitarianism that is on the verge of eliminating the white race.

Is it so difficult to see that if white people do not divorce themselves from the ruling democratic oligarchies to form their own separate nation, separate economically, militarily, and socially, they will cease to exist as a distinct people? The democratic delusion is almost universally believed by the European people. Even those on the right wing suffer from it. But if we look the delusion in the face, we can see it for what it truly is, a deadly disease of the soul.

The "prolife" movement is a textbook example of how the democratic delusion destroys the soul. How should a Christian react to the slaughter of innocents? Should he vote for "prolife" candidates who do nothing about legalized abortion once elected or should he support those heroes who go after the murderers? We know what the democracy-loving heretic does. He worships democracy and not the living God, so he takes the democratic path through the woods and ends up entangled in the thorns and thistles of the giant liberal briar patch.

The democratic delusion is also destroying the anti-immigration movement. What needs to be done for white Europeans to survive? It is necessary that Europe and its satellites remain white. So all Europeans that are still European should seek to stop all nonwhite immigration and begin to repatriate all nonwhites. Is there a presidential candidate even suggesting that? Of course not. So if there is no candidate with a European agenda, how will the electoral process aid white people? Every election that is held simply places another nail in the coffin of the European.

I hear the democratic man saying that "It's not possible to repatriate the non-whites; there are too many of them and it would be immoral." But that is exactly the opposite of reality. It is not practical to force a utopian concept of racial egalitarianism on a nation, and it is immoral and contrary to Christianity to build a democratic, multi-racial tower of Babel that is opposed to the will of God. If the white man uses the same ingenuity in repatriation and segregation that he has used in building the Tower of Babel, the race problem could be solved in a genuine Christian fashion.¹

The white man has stepped outside of himself and his own civilization. He looks on the colored invasion as something that is happening to a particular civilization that would be termed European and to a particular type of person who would be deemed a white man. But it is happening externally. The threat of invasion does not affect the white man inside, in his soul, because he has lost his soul. A white man, such as Charles Martel, would not be able to understand the white man of today. When his civilization was threatened by barbarians, he responded with his whole heart and soul to the threat. We certainly have declined. We now obey the democratic oligarchy's command that we refrain from even articulating the dreams and aspirations of white people. We are supposed to be a non-people, so even the articulated concept that European people can have legitimate dreams and aspirations as a particular, distinct people is an anathema to the ruling elite.

The Cyclops makes Odysseus deny his name: "My name is Nobody." And Odysseus finds that intolerable. He must, despite all dangers, reclaim his name again. "Cyclops, if ever mortal man inquire how you were put to shame and blinded, tell him Odysseus, sacker of Troy, took your eye: Laertes' son, whose home's on Ithaka!" Should not a Christian European be capable of equaling the pagan? Can we not step away from the multi-racial, democratic Cyclops and reclaim our identity? We are white, Christian Europeans, who do not bend their knee to false gods, be they democratic or barbarian. Our civilization is His civilization, and we shall not debate its right to exist nor recoil from any measure necessary to defend it. +

1. If one is not too literal minded, he can see a model for repatriation – the South. After Reconstruction ended, the white Southerners essentially formed two separate nations within a nation. I know liberals like to point out that the Jim Crow laws did not start up immediately after Reconstruction ended and that therefore integration was working, but it was precisely because white Southerners saw that voluntary segregation was not sufficient that they sought to give segregation legal sanction. The whole point is, of course, that it is the will currently lacking which prevents white people from defending their civilization, not the impracticality of the undertaking.

Labels: Christian Europe, white Europe

The Law Above the Law

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 2008

Hazleton, Pennsylvania, like many small towns throughout the U. S., has a problem with illegal aliens. The illegals were only asserting their ethnic pride by committing a few rapes and murders. And the cultural bigots of Hazleton responded in a most un-American way to the rapes and murders: they made it illegal for an illegal to work in Hazleton.

A very commendable step, but a Federal court ruled that the law passed by Hazleton to protect its citizens from rape and murder is unconstitutional. And of course the Federal court and the U. S. Government are insane and immoral. But what is our recourse when our own government is insane and immoral? Write a protest letter to our local congressman? No, I don't think so, because that would be the same as seeking redemption from the devil.

When a government forbids legitimate self-defense, that government is in league with those who rape and murder. One has to look to the law above the law in such circumstances. That law is the code of chivalry: "Such things will not be permitted despite all of their laws."

Labels: chivalry, Hazleton

Scandal

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 2008

"Ron Paul Scandal!" the headlines ran. And of course the "scandal" was not an illicit affair or a campaign finance misdeed, it was "racist remarks." The remarks appearing in Ron Paul's newsletter of 1992 were not racist remarks, they were simple statements of fact about the black barbarians in our midst. Ron Paul understandably, but regrettably, tried to get out from under the racist label by dissociating himself from his own publication. It won't work – it never does.

The only consolation Ron Paul can take from the accusation of racism is that it is unlikely to lose him support from his hardcore followers, who have given him about 10% of the vote. But of course his aspiration is to become the president of the United States, not just to make a good showing.

It tells you something about this fine land of ours when men and women such as McCain, Huckabee, Obama, and H. Clinton, who are united in their satanic hatred of everything decent, can actually run for public office and get votes, while a decent man like Ron Paul has to put up with slander and abuse for speaking the truth.

Labels: Ron Paul

William Tell

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 2008

I.

In that fell strife, when force with force engages,
And Wrath stirs bloodshed—Wrath with blindfold eyes—
When, midst the war which raving Faction wages,
Lost in the roar—the voice of Justice dies,
When, but for license, Sin, the shameless, rages,
Against the Holy when the Willful rise,
When lost the Anchor which makes Nations strong
Amidst the storm—there, is no theme for song.

II.

But when a Race, tending by vale and hill
Free flocks, contented with its rude domain—
Bursts the hard bondage with its own great will,
Lets fall the sword when once it rends the chain
And, flushed with Victory, can be human still—
There blest the strife, and then inspired the strain.
Such is my theme—to thee not strange, 'tis true:
Thou in the Great canst never find the New.

- Friedrich von Schiller

Labels: Friedrich von Schiller, poem, William Tell

Tell's Birth-Place

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 2008

Mark this holy chapel well!
The birth-place, this, of William Tell.
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage bed.

II.

Here, first, an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother prest;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers used to pray.

III.

'Vouchsafe him health, O God! And give
The child thy servant still to live!'
But God had destined to do more
Through him than through an armed power.

IV.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk and the fire therein!

V.

To Nature and to Holy Writ
Alone did God the boy commit:
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soared aloft!

VI.

The straining oar and chamois chase
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace:
On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

VII.

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery--the which he broke!

- S. T. Coleridge

Labels: Coleridge, poem, William Tell

The Swiss

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 2008

"I had... all my life loved the mountain better than the plain; had been more pleased to walk than to ride; more proud to contend with shepherds in their sports than with nobles in the lists; and happier in the village dance than among the feasts of the German nobles."

-Walter Scott in *Anne of Geierstein*

I have always had a fondness for the country of Switzerland. Britain was my first love, but after Britain came Switzerland. I have never been to Switzerland nor have I ever made an extensive study of Swiss history. My fondness for Switzerland is grounded solely in my love for the story of William Tell, which might seem to be a rather superficial reason for loving a country. Possibly. But I recently read a history of Switzerland (written by a native Swiss but intended for English speaking readers) that convinced me that the William Tell story and Switzerland are one.

Every European country has had a similar history: each went from being pagan to Christian and from being Christian to post Christian. But I think, without having studied every single European nation, each nation of Europe also has a uniqueness which is exemplified by its national hero. Arthur for Britain, Roland for France, El Cid for Spain, and so on. And Tell for Switzerland.

William Tell is like all European heroes in that he fights in defense of; but he differs from other European heroes as well. Tell is not a warrior by profession. He is a humble craftsman of the mountains and the woods. He genuinely prefers the hearth to battle. Other heroes fight in defense of the hearth but are not really content unless they are in the thick of battle. Tell fights only because he has battle thrust upon him. And then he fights to the death.

A nation can only become that rare entity called a Christian commonwealth when the vast majority of the males in that nation find more romance in the practice of their craft or in the tilling of their fields than they do in battle. The Swiss had their pagan wars and their Catholic vs. Protestant wars just like every other European nation, but the Swiss, unlike every other European nation, had an intense desire to settle their differences and return to their farms and to their trades.¹ They had managed to find romance in the homely virtues of shop, farm, and hearth.

Because the Swiss cherished the homely virtues, they were able to successfully maintain their neutrality in two world wars. And it was not the neutrality of the Quakers that they maintained, it was the neutrality of Tell: "I will be left alone or else I will retreat to my mountains and launch an arrow into the heart of the invader."

The Swiss, alas, like the rest of the European peoples, have betrayed their heritage. They have replaced the spirit of Tell with the spirit of capitulation. When a Christian people no longer see the distinctiveness of their civilization which was grounded in Christianity, then the dry rot sets in: "Why not permit Muslims, voodoo priests, and third world refugees to become Switzers?" Of course, there is a remnant that still believes as Tell believed, and that remnant is Switzerland. And I hope the remnant will reconquer Switzerland just as I hope the tiny remnant in Britain and in the rest of the European nations will also reconquer their own nations.+

1. I'm certainly not suggesting that Switzerland was the only European nation that desired peace. But I think the Swiss had a larger percentage of males who truly wanted to return to their homes and resume their peaceful occupations. And a true appreciation for one's home, as distinct from the defense of the *idea* of the home, is the mark of the European, because he knows who presides over the European hearth.

Labels: homely virtues, William Tell

The Devil and John McCain

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 2008

Shortly before his duel with Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton wrote to a friend and told him that he sensed he was dealing with a man in Aaron Burr who was possessed by the devil. He couldn't quite explain why he felt that way, but nevertheless he did. And I believe he was right. What kind of man, as it came out later, reads love letters, sent to him by his various paramours, to his daughter? A demonic man, that's who.

I don't have any hard evidence against McCain that would indicate that he is in league with the devil, but I do get an overwhelming sense, when I see him or hear him speak, that he is something more than simply a wrongheaded man. I get a very strong sense that I am in the presence of a man in league with Satan.

Although my feelings against McCain run deeper than I can articulate, there are some points that can be articulated. Two of the attributes of the devil are the satanic sneer and the ability to ape the good in order to cloak demonic intentions. McCain certainly possess those two demonic attributes. He sneered at those who opposed his amnesty bill, and he routinely wraps himself up in the flag whenever he is challenged on any issue. John McCain: 'the man of integrity' is the label he has acquired in the media from years of playing up to them, but 'the man who sold his soul to the devil' should be his real title.

A Hillary Clinton presidency would not be pleasant nor would a Barack Obama presidency, but both those individuals are merely the pathetic products of the modern world. They will do little good and much harm, but the harm they do will be done incrementally. In contrast, McCain has the Satanic pride to destroy the world. The nuclear holocaust that Goldwater never intended, except in the minds of the liberal media, under McCain will be a very definite probability.

There are no candidates who represent the interests of white people. A Ron Paul presidency would be a rear guard delaying action, not a counter-attack. In the absence of Ron Paul, is there anybody who can fight a rear guard action? Probably not. I would love to see Pat Buchanan, who is admittedly weak on the race issue, but the only man remotely connected to public life with an ounce of integrity, go to Romney and say, "Make me your vice president, and we'll pound home the free trade issue and the immigration issue and keep the devil out of the White House. But then I'm the same man who wanted Jefferson Davis to fire Bragg, resign the presidency, and turn the country and the war over to Nathan Bedford Forrest. Jefferson Davis didn't listen to me then, and I suspect no one will heed my advice this time either.

Addendum: Back in the Reagan days, I sent a \$50 contribution to his campaign. In return, I got a "personal" letter asking me who I thought he should choose for his vice president. "Because you know," the letter said, "Reagan considers you one of his closest advisers." So I sent off another \$50 and told him to make Pat Buchanan his vice president. And he didn't listen to me! I was shocked and devastated. "I thought I was one of your closest advisers!" I guess those other two close advisers opted for Bush.

Labels: presidential campaign

What Makes a Man Say “Never Surrender” and Mean It?

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 2008

With the cautionary tale of Haiti before their eyes, the Rhodesian whites still turned their country over to black barbarians. And with the example of Rhodesia before their eyes, the white South Africans still voted to place themselves at the mercy of a people who had no concept of mercy. Then in our own country, in the South of the 1950's, the wall that separated the whites from the colored races was torn down. Why did they all cave in? Well, let us first look at the outside forces that turned civilized white African countries into voodoo blood orgies and the South into New Orleans.

The prime shakers and movers in the ‘Onward to Racial Babylon’ movement were the Utopian whites. These people had entered, in their minds, the La La Land of Rousseau. They saw themselves as the great white wizards who would give the noble black savages their freedom, and in return they expected to be worshipped by the people of color. They held the reins of power in the United States and throughout the Western world. Their techniques were childishly (that is, of an evil child) simple. They practiced exclusion and name-calling in order to bring racially recalcitrant nations to heel. “Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, you are a racist, and you can’t play with us!” was the war cry of the Utopians. And it worked. A friend, who had lived in South Africa during the period leading up to the fateful vote for extinction, said that the main reason the average white South African gave for voting to end apartheid was his desire to be included in the Olympics and other Western sporting events. And if we look at the Southern states in the 1950's, we can see the same forces at work. The Southern colleges, prior to the 1950's, used to refuse to play Northern colleges which had blacks on their teams. And until the 1950's, the South refused to play in the national Little League tournament because they didn't want to integrate their baseball teams. But they wanted to be included, so they capitulated.

What makes a people give in to name-calling and ostracization when they have a noble history of resisting much stronger measures in the past? Why did the people who had defended Rorke's Drift and the people who had resisted Reconstruction allow themselves to be led to the slaughter by limp-wristed Utopians? The answer lies in the white man's faith.

That the white man's Christian faith produced men and women who were morally superior to the ancient pagans and the barbarian races cannot be proven in the same way that $2 + 2 = 4$ can be proved. In fact one must still be connected to the older European civilization to be able to see the value of its people. The European Utopian and the barbarian cannot see the value of the older civilization and its people because the barbarian lives in the darkness and the utopian lives in a mind-forged lunatic asylum. But objective reality, which only the European who is still European can see, is that the European people were moral giants in a world of moral eunuchs and moral pygmies. What the Utopians promised to the last of the white holdouts in Africa and to the South was that they could have their faith and the fleshpots of Sodom and Gomorrah too. The Utopians assured them that they would not become pillars of salt when they looked back. They could be part of the racially harmonious Sodom and Gomorrah to which the rest of the white world had already succumbed.

The results were dramatic in white Africa. The white man could not go back to paganism because, though no longer fully Christian, he was still too Christian to be a good pagan. He became a useless pillar of salt. And in the South? It wasn't quite as dramatic, but the results were the same: “He did not die, but nothing of life remained.”

It is painful to go back and read all of the “never surrender” assertions of the Southern segregationists and the white Africans. They seemed to be so determined not to give in, yet they did. In hindsight, it appears there were too many George Wallaces and Strom Thurmonds in their midst, men who supported the white cause when it seemed politically expedient and abandoned it when it became inexpedient. Such men lacked the Christian thing. If we look inside the souls of the

defenders of Rorke's Drift and the men of the Reconstruction Era, we can see what makes a man say "never surrender" and mean it.

The defenders of Rorke's Drift and the Klansmen would not have been able to articulate the reasons for their refusal to surrender to black barbarism. They simply took it as a given – "never surrender, never say die." But the unarticulated reasons for their refusal to surrender stemmed from the Christianity that was in their blood. The antique Christian knew the sinfulness of mixing with the heathen from his belief in the inerrancy of Scripture, which condemned race mixing. And he knew the foolhardiness of surrendering to the barbarian because of his historical consciousness, which stemmed from his belief in a God who had entered history.

When belief in revealed Truth lessens, so does the historical consciousness. "Why not mix with the heathen? It hasn't been done in the past, but the past is not relevant." In the absence of a deeply held religious conviction against race-mixing, the seemingly fierce resistance of the George Wallace, Strom Thurmond type of individual turns from a position of 'never surrender' to one of 'You scratch my white back, and I'll kiss your black a--.' We've all seen how that works.

Robert Louis Stevenson is very underrated as a writer; he has great depth. And through his character Alexander Smollett, a Christian gentleman, he shows us why the Strom Thurmond type of white man caves in, and the Christian European does not. When faced with an ultimatum from the pirates, who seem to have the upper hand, Captain Smollett, replies:

"Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones."

There are two reasons why Alexander Smollett refused to surrender. The first reason is that it simply isn't done. A Christian gentleman, particularly an English one, doesn't surrender to barbarians. And the second reason is that Captain Smollett knew, because he had an historical consciousness, that those individuals outside the sphere of Christianity have no concept of mercy or of a truce with dignity. Thus surrender is a metaphysical and a practical impossibility. When the George Wallace type of white South African and the Strom Thurmond type of Dixiecrat lost their Christian metaphysic, they were open to the idea that capitulation was practical. And thus they joined the barbarians and the Utopians.

The pathology of the white surrender to barbarism cannot be understood apart from Western man's religious struggle. It was his faith that made him separate from the other races, and it was his lack of faith that caused him to seek extinction by blending with the other races. Because they are interdependent, Western man's rush to extinction coincided with his complete rejection of Christianity in the second half of the 20th century. Certainly churches still exist, and some individual Europeans still hold His precious image in their hearts, but the European people, as an incorporate league, have rejected Christ. And it was not Darwin or Freud or Marx that severed European man from Christianity; they were merely additional links in a chain that was started by the medieval scholastics. All of nature, for the pagan, was animated by the gods. There were gods of the bush, gods of the sky, gods of the mountain, and so on. They were gods that could be propitiated in order to gain favor. Christianity dethroned those gods, but gave mankind something greater than nature to worship – a God who loved mankind, a God who desired not sacrifice but mercy. And He was one of us. We shared in His divine essence. God was still immanent, not in nature, but in man himself! How could any pagan lament the death of the nature gods when the alternative was so much better? Certainly not the Europeans. They embraced Christ with a passion. But the scholastic rebellion was the first satanic strike at the heart of the European's faith. God was not immanent, the scholastics said, He was a derivative by-product of reason's contemplation of the natural world. Christ's words, "Behold the kingdom of God is within you," were rejected as bad theology, and the anti-immanence police became the ruling authorities in the Church.

There were many resistance movements – the Franciscans were one prime example. But every time a St. Francis emerged, his movement was codified and emptied of its divine-human element. The Protestant Reformation was also an attempt to reclaim the original divine-human link. But the Protestant theologians re-imposed the prescriptions (God is not immanent) of scholasticism on the Protestant faithful, thus maintaining the dichotomy between a Christian's loyalty to an abstract idea of God, preached by the hierarchy of his church, and his loyalty to the living God. And when the 'Idea God' of the various church hierarchies triumphs, the European's loyalty to his own people perishes. How could it be otherwise? When God is an abstraction, so is man. One cannot be loyal to an abstraction.

European man's battle is with himself. If he conquers the dragon of scholasticism, which is the progenitor of the scientific dragon, he will see his sacred heritage again. And then he will know that his heritage is intimately connected to his faith, which will give him the passion and fire to say, "We shall never surrender," and truly mean it.

Labels: a force above God?, Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy, segregation

Death in the Mountains

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 2008

John Clark concludes an article entitled “Horror on the Border” with these words: “We can only hope that an aroused American citizenry will demand action from this year’s presidential candidates.” Is Mr. Clark serious? The republicans are about to nominate a man who has promised to turn the country over to the barbarian hordes and give us war without end in the Middle East. If you’re playing the ‘lesser of two evils’ politics, Hillary Clinton is the lesser. The aroused American citizen? John McCain couldn’t have been more obviously demonic if he sported the traditional tail and horns. And yet the Floridians voted for him. And the seniors, members of the much-touted ‘best generation,’ voted for the devil man in large numbers. Perhaps the generation that trusted good old Uncle Joe Stalin is not really the ‘best’ generation.

The colossal error in Clark’s article is the reference to American citizenry. There is no American citizenry. We are a nation of warring tribes. We have the technocratic, neo-con tribe, the Mexican tribe, the black tribe, and the Amazon tribe. But there is no white male tribe. A few white males exist, but they are statistically off the radar screen.

There will be no rear guard to protect our flight. So there will be no time to regroup, increase our numbers, and counterattack. The enemy is amongst us, and they are slaughtering the pathetic remnants of our army. We have no choice but to fight. Surrender is not only morally reprehensible, it is impractical. The enemy does not extend mercy to the vanquished. They are the devil’s own, and mercy is not an attribute of the devil.

The time for politics is over. It is now time for Rob Roy and William Tell.

Labels: counterrevolution, Rob Roy, William Tell

“The Love That Once Was There”

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2008

I vividly recall a period in the early years of my marriage when my wife was pregnant and I was unemployed. If you've ever been in that situation, you know how depressing it can be. So I felt very relieved and very fortunate when I found work before the savings account hit zero.

There was a downside to the job I finally came up with. It was in Academia. Academics are generally to the left of center, and I had views that were to the right of center. But I had been raised in a liberal household and attended liberal schools, so I knew enough about liberals to avoid the types of remarks that would have placed me back in the ranks of the unemployed.

I spent four good years at that job. My children were all below the ages of ten, so their problems were easily solved with a kind word and a cookie, and my wife was quite content with our house and our lives. But the roof caved in on me in the form of a new academic dean in charge of my department. He was, of course, a liberal, but that was not the problem. I knew how to get along, for the sake of my job, with liberals. This man was insane, like Captain Queeg of “who stole the strawberries” fame. You could not adjust to his rhythms, because he had no rhythms; his internal clock was completely out of order. He was truly insane. In his first year, he fired and replaced over half of the employees in his department.

There was nothing you could do to stop the mad dean from firing you. He took a dislike to people without reason. And once you became the focus of his hatred, your days were numbered. I got a reprieve from the governor when, after his second year at the university, his personal life imploded, resulting in his dismissal. But during his two year reign of terror, my life was hell because my family's subsistence depended on a madman.

There were approximately forty men and women who were at the mercy of that insane dean, but there will be over 400 million people at the mercy of a deranged madman if John McCain becomes President. We don't know all the evil intentions that lurk in the fiendish soul of John McCain. But we do know some of his intentions already.

- 1) He plans on continuing and expanding the war in the Middle East, and he has not ruled out a nuclear strike in his expansion plans.
- 2) In addition, he plans on bringing back the cannon-fodder draft, democratic capitalism's solution for unemployment and ‘overpopulation.’
- 3) He will reintroduce his ‘amnesty for barbarians’ legislation.
- 4) He will establish hostile, adversarial relations with two of the last great white countries, Serbia and Russia.

And that is only what we know he will try to do. We do not know the rest of the evil that lurks in the heart of John McCain.

Of course the presence of a devil-man such as John McCain is the long-term result of centuries of inroads, by the devil, into Western civilization. But the more immediate cause for the rise of John McCain is the moral failure of conservatism.

When William F. Buckley founded *National Review* in the 1950's, he claimed the magazine's purpose was to “stand athwart history, yelling ‘stop’...” And in the 1950's and early 1960's, *National Review* had some people writing for them such as Whittaker Chambers, Richard Weaver, Donald Davidson, and Russell Kirk, who actually saw America as an extension of Christian Europe and not a ‘grand’ experiment in democratic capitalism. There were also lunatic democratic capitalists within the magazine (Buckley was one) even in the early years, but they maintained an alliance with the cultural conservatives against the communists. But the democratic capitalists were against the

communists for different reasons than the cultural conservatives; the capitalists and the communists were battling, twin brothers. Both had materialistic, Utopian visions of a people's republic ruled by an elite few. They simply differed on the means to achieve their vision. The cultural conservatives, on the other hand, opposed communism because they saw it as a threat to Christian, European civilization.

When the threat of Russian communism died, the cultural conservatives such as Patrick Buchanan, Samuel Francis, and Russell Kirk were purged from the ranks of conservatism. Twenty-two year old economic gurus and radio talk show hosts such as Rush Limbaugh became the leaders of the 'conservative' movement. Those same leaders are now wringing their hands over a John McCain candidacy, but when you create a moral vacuum the devil feels quite free to step in.

The death of the Republican party, which used to provide a small space for cultural conservatives, would not be tragic if the Democratic party provided a moral alternative to the Republicans. But the Democratic party abandoned, many years in advance of the Republican party, their moral core. It was the Democratic party that had stood for the rights of the poor. But they turned their attentions away from charitable outreach to the needy in order to focus on special entitlements for politically fashionable ethnic groups.

I cannot say with an air of existential fortitude, when looking at the possibility of a McCain presidency, I "know the merriment that men know when events have ended in utter disaster." I can't say that, because I have children I want to see grow up "clean and straight" in a world that still has some respect for the evening lingerings of Western civilization. What is to leave betimes? A vision of a civilization connected to Him.

The obstacles the modern white man faces seem insignificant compared to those obstacles that men such as Charles Martel, Alfred the Great, and Hernando Cortes had to overcome. But those men and the men who fought with them had something the modern man lacks: faith. And that type of faith, the faith that inspires men to keep fighting when everything seems hopeless, comes from love. Nothing dies if you love it enough. Isn't that belief at the heart of our faith: "For God so loved the world..." He loved us so much that He refused to let us die. And we don't have a legal, judicial arrangement with Him that says we must pay Him back for His love. His love was freely given; He won't compel us to return it.

The Christ-haters are always looking at Christian Europe -- and commanding us to do the same -- from the outside. And when viewed from the outside, Christian Europe seems no different from any other civilization. There is violence, lust, greed... the usual suspects. But if we look at European civilization from within, as Walter Scott and the European poets do, then we see that European civilization is the Little Welsh Home in which "nothing can compare with the love that once was there."

The neocons, the barbarians, and the liberals all view Western civilization from the outside. The barbarians see it from the outside, because it is not their civilization. And the neocons and the liberals see it from the outside, because they no longer are capable of seeing anything from the inside. They have lost the capacity to love. Life has meaning to them only in the abstract. That is why they must have an impersonal system to sustain them, whether it be democracy, communism, or scholasticism.

All is cheerless, dark and deadly if we look on the democratic process as the final resting point for European man. But if we look on the democratic process as a hideous aberration which we can, and should, walk away from, there is hope. That "incomparable symmetry" of European civilization stemmed from the freely given love of the European people to their Savior. It is not impractical or unrealistic to expect that if their love returns, so will the civilization that was born of their love.

Of course, it is not written in stone that European civilization will be restored. But it is also not written in stone that our modern, racial Babylon is the final destiny for the European people. Love is

a fire that can spread, maybe not as quickly as hate, but it can be more lasting. If we, the Europeans, pit our love of European civilization against the neocon, liberal, barbarian hatred of it, who's to say that love won't finally prevail?

Addendum: Saint Paul said, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." And if our hope is only in the democratic process, aren't we also of all men most miserable?

Labels: Christian counter-attack, restoration of European civilization

Refusing to Live in Babylon

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 2008

What distinguishes this book, *American Statesmen on Slavery and the Negro*, written in 1971 by Nathaniel Weyl and William Marina, from almost every other book on the same topic is the authors' commendable effort to avoid moralistic scolding of whites in general, and to avoid demonizing Southern whites in particular. The authors state in their introduction:

Other contemporary studies of slavery and the Negro suffer from an intense moralistic bias and from the fact that their authors seem more interested in scolding their subjects than in understanding their reasons for their action. The proper business of the historian is not to inflict his prejudices on his readers, but, in the vernacular of modern American youth, "to tell it like it was." As the German historian of civilization, Leopold Ranke, put it, perhaps a bit more eloquently: "Ich will bloss sagen wie es eigentlich gewesen ist." ("I shall merely state how it actually was.") The Greek Sophist, Lucian, once observed: "Historical characters are not prisoners on trial." It may be tempting for the historian to arraign great men, prosecute them and convict them. It panders to his prejudices, inflates his ego and is invariably successful, since they are not present to defend themselves. Nevertheless, it is none of his business.

We believe that the record of the judgments made by American political leaders on slavery and the Negro, their analyses of the underlying problems and their proposed remedies cast light on the difficulty and durability of the problem and its imperviousness to easy solutions. This record now stretches over two centuries which are almost bisected by a civil war that many thought might reduce racial strife in America to inconsequential dimensions. In presenting this record, our purpose is not to place American statesmen in pigeonholes and still less to moralize concerning their doubts and conclusions. It is simply to write down, to the best of our ability, the record of the past in the hope that it may shed light on this vexing topic for the present and the future.

Would that all historians had the same intentions!

The views of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Franklin, Woodrow Wilson, Andrew Jackson, Teddy Roosevelt, and many others are presented by the authors. There was a consensus amongst the statesmen mentioned above and the American public that the slave trade and chattel slavery was wrong, but that miscegenation and integration were abhorrent and would mean the extinction of the white race. Jefferson and Lincoln favored re-colonization, which was made impossible after 1865; and Woodrow Wilson, Teddy Roosevelt, and others favored legal enfranchisement with the strictest segregation possible in terms of social contact. All of these statesmen perceived a danger if the Negroes were integrated into society as if they were simply pigmented white men.

The Civil War erupted, the authors claim, when two minority factions collided, forcing the men in the middle to choose sides. Robert E. Lee was not in favor of chattel slavery as were Calhoun and the radical slavers, but when forced to choose, he chose to fight for his native state. Lincoln was not in favor of full black integration into white society, but when forced to choose between the radical abolitionists who wanted full integration and the pro-slavery contingent, he went with the abolitionists.

What is depressing but true is that the abolitionists won out. Despite the warnings of every single statesman in American history, by 1960 the radical abolitionists had won.

Weyl and Marina suggest a compromise. They recommend full economic and political enfranchisement for Negroes and the right of free association in private schools, clubs, and neighborhoods for whites. And that right of association would have the complete support of the federal government.

They quote a very interesting work by William Graham Sumner called *Folkways*, in which Mr. Sumner maintains that federal encroachment on the folkways of the South made racial antagonism inevitable:

In our Southern states before war... whites and blacks had formed habits of action and feeling toward each other. They lived in peace and concord, and each one grew up in the ways which were traditional and customary. The Civil War abolished legal rights and left the two races to learn how to live together under other relations than before. The whites have never been converted from the old mores... The two races have not yet made new mores. Vain attempts have been made to control the new order by legislation. The only result is the proof that legislation cannot make mores. (p. 384)

The authors go on to point out another factor which no-one today will deal with when they ask the question of why the Negro has not, like other minorities, been raised to a higher level after years of efforts. White oppression is not, in the authors' view, the reason.

These misgivings have, it would seem, been amply justified by the course of events. The United States has undertaken an historically unparalleled effort to raise the Negro by governmental action to the political, cultural, social, and economic level attained by the white man. In the pursuit of this objective, it has spent billions of dollars. It has promoted men to positions for which they are not qualified solely because they are black. It has persuaded universities to admit students who do not qualify educationally or mentally exclusively because of their color. It has filled some of the highest positions in the executive and judicial branches of government on the basis of race and without regard to merit.

The reward the United States has reaped is to be denounced across the world as a racist state and as a recrudescence of Hitlerism. By contrast, the Japanese, who continue to oppress one and a half million Etas, have been silent about their misconduct and it has passed unnoticed. The Indians, who have abolished caste more in name than in fact, remain immune from world criticism even though their untouchables are still largely pariahs. The masochistic traditions of liberal Protestantism, reformed Judaism and modern Catholicism to the contrary, those who publicly display their sores are tagged with the leper's bell. (p. 387-8)

Their advice? Refuse to wear the leper's bell. Instead, they suggest:

Government should continue to act to ensure that no citizen is denied his civil rights or access to public schools, public office or other governmental facility because of race.

In the private sector, individuals should have the right to associate or refuse to associate with anybody they please without interference by governmental authority.

Racial mixing of schools, neighborhoods and residential complexes according to bureaucratically prescribed formulas is an abuse of governmental power. It is the business of the state to see that people are not deprived of their rights because of their race; it is not the business of the state to decide how they should be mixed in relation to race. (p. 390)

If the suggestions of Weyl and Marina had been followed back in 1971, there would not now be any need for a white counterrevolution. But now that liberals have institutionalized forced integration and mandated the worship of blacks, more extreme measures than those suggested by Weyl and Marina will be necessary.

If we want to successfully eradicate institutionalized racial Babylon, we need to understand why such reasonable and beneficial – beneficial for both races – proposals such as those suggested by Weyl and Marina were not adopted by our government.

If, in 1971, you had had the opportunity to sit down privately with the individual congressmen in both the state and federal legislatures, I think you would have found that the great majority agreed

with the analysis of Weyl and Marina. But not one of those legislators would have voiced their agreement with Weyl and Marina in public because democratic governments are not run by majorities. They are run by passionate minorities who are able to convince finger-in-the-wind pragmatists that their cause is the will of the majority or, at the very least, the will of the majority of the future.

The integrationists consisted of two groups of radicals. The first was made up of secularized Christians and secularized Jews. Having lost their faith in a transcendent God, they made a god of the noble black savage. The second group was the capitalists. They were often opposed to the secularized Christian and Jewish radicals on many issues but they were united with them on the integration issue. In fact, it was the capitalists of the late 19th century who killed the back-to-Africa movement. They needed cheap Negro labor in order to keep making exorbitant profits.

The racial secularists and the capitalists had the religious zeal that the pragmatic men lacked. Only a faith can counteract another faith. So in the absence of a Christian resistance movement, the Christless faith of the secularized Christians and Jews and the golden-calf faith of the capitalists won the day. The integrationists threw their gauntlet onto the courtroom floor and no Christian champion picked it up. The integrationist champion then entered the lists unopposed.

Of course now, some 37 years later, if you sat down privately with the members of the state and federal legislatures, 99% of them would not agree with the modest proposals of Weyl and Marina. And that is a sign of a successful revolution: what was formerly the majority opposition now gives internal assent to the enemy.

In 1971, the hour was very late, but it was still possible then to say, "If we act now we can still conserve a significant portion of European America." But white people did not act, and European America was jettisoned. True conservatives, cultural conservatives, must now (they have no choice) become counterrevolutionaries. The revolutionaries started out as tiny minorities on the fringe of Western civilization, and now we, the European minority, must start out on the fringes and in the cellars of the new Babylonian empire, and begin the long, slow, painful reconquest.

The only sure way to get a reputation as a prophet is to never make a prophecy. Then, no matter how events turn out, you smile and nod in a Pumblechookian manner and pretend that the way everything has turned out is exactly the way you thought things would turn out. No one can say for sure that a series of cataclysmic events won't shift the balance of power back into the hands of the Europeans, but one can say that such an occurrence would be highly unlikely. The more likely scenario is that we will have to put in a few centuries of counterrevolutionary work before we see Europe rise from the ashes. But if it be not now, then it will come. Hamlet is right: "The readiness is all." Now, or later, Europe will rise again. It will rise again, because I and other Europeans, "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers," will never let the image of His Europe fade from our hearts. Europe is the friend, our friend, that Thomas Moore wrote about:

*It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.*

*Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
And as fresher flowers the sod perfume*

*Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!*

Addendum: You will know the European Phoenix is about to rise from the ashes when Europeans stop writing books and citing demographics which show how outnumbered Europeans are and instead start issuing orders to tear down the heathen altars. What were the odds against Cortez? Something like 50 million to one? What were the odds against the British in India? 100 million to one, wasn't it? Numbers only matter if you plan on living in a democratic, oligarchical, racial Babylon. And the true European refuses to live in Babylon.

Labels: European Phoenix, racial Babylon, restoration of European civilization

None Dare Call It Sport

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 2008

While Christmas shopping this year, I saw a sports card display with a huge, gold-framed picture of Lou Gehrig. A feeling of awe came over me, quite similar to the feeling I had when I walked into the Sistine Chapel in Italy. I love Lou Gehrig. He represents to me all that sport can be but seldom is.

There were also huge, framed pictures of Michael Jordan and Pete Rose on display, which filled me with disgust. They filled me with disgust because both men, Jordan even more so than Rose, represent modern, Gnostic, capitalist sport. Mere physicality is demanded in modern sport. Whatever gladiatorial spectacle that can please the masses (and therefore make money for the capitalist owners and players) is the order of the day.

True sport is anti-Gnostic and anti-capitalist, because the good and true athlete competes as an integral man, with his body functioning in unison with his heart and soul. The good and pure athlete competes for the same reason a monk prays, so that through self-sacrifice he can save his own soul and others' as well. True sport points to the Creator; it uplifts the spectator as well as the participant, while modern sport defiles and degrades and plunges the participant and the spectator into the depths of self-indulgence and depravity.

Labels: sports

All White Men are Now Collateral Damage

Book Review: *Every Knee Shall Bow: The Truth & Tragedy of Ruby Ridge & the Randy Weaver Family*, 1996, by Jess Walter

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 2008

The Weaver story was finally covered by the mainstream press in 1996—it had become too big to cover up—but it never received big, Rodney-King treatment because the press and the Federal government are controlled by sixties' radicals whose motto is 'No enemies on the left and take no prisoners on the right.' This account of the Ruby Ridge murders, written by a journalist with no particular liking for the Weavers' religious views, is an account of cold-blooded, bureaucratic murder.

The Weavers left Iowa because of the state's hostility toward homeschooling families. They settled in Idaho with their three children (another was born in Idaho). Why did they run afoul of the Federal government? The Weavers did not believe that the age of prophecy ended with the death of John, the apostle. For them, the Bible, especially the Old Testament, was the means through which God spoke to them. The Weavers believed in Christ but called him Yahweh. They ate no pork and believed that the Federal government was evil and that white Christians should form their own separate state.

It was that last belief that caused the Federal government to murder Randy Weaver's wife, Vicki, and his twelve-year-old son, Samuel. Apparently mainstream blacks, like Tony Brown, can advocate that blacks be given a separate homeland and still eat lunch with Newt Gingrich, but if a poor, uneducated yet decent man, like Randy Weaver, believes that whites should have their own homeland, then our government feels it has the right to hunt him and his family down and kill them.

The Weavers had some very good years in the mountains of Ruby Ridge, Idaho. But a spy for the ATF, looking for bigger game, Aryan Nation types, asked Randy Weaver if he would illegally alter some shotgun barrels for him. Randy, needing money to support his family, did so. The ATF then informed him that they would not prosecute him on the gun charge if he was willing to be a snitch

for them. Randy Weaver refused the ATF's offer. They, the wonderful madcaps, then proceeded to bring charges against Randy Weaver. After the preliminary hearing, Weaver's lawyer incorrectly told him that if he lost, the government could take his home. Randy never came back to be tried; he stayed on Ruby Ridge.

When the Federal marshals and the FBI finally went in to Ruby Ridge to get Weaver, an incredible order was given. Never before in the history of the FBI, Walter says, was such an order given; the agents were told that they should shoot anyone seen with a gun. And the FBI knew that all the Weavers, including the children, carried guns.

There were two factors that made the government act in such a cruel, paranoid fashion. First, they made the mistake—and the ATF agents at Waco would make the same mistake with the Branch Davidians—of regarding the Weavers as criminals who would immediately do the streetwise thing, that is, cave in to overwhelming force. They didn't bargain on meeting people willing to die for their beliefs. Second, the agents were able to demonize the Weavers as racist right-wingers with no humanity who could be exterminated like vermin.

The shoot-out left Vicki Weaver dead, Samuel Weaver dead, a Federal agent dead, Randy Weaver wounded, and Kevin Harris, houseguest of the Weavers, wounded. The subsequent trial found Harris not guilty of murder and conspiracy charges, but Weaver served 1½ years on the "failure to appear in court" charge.

The FBI was later fined for funding a massive cover-up during the trial. There were a few suspensions, but no member of the FBI was ever held accountable for the murders of Vicki and Samuel Weaver. (Subsequent to the writing of this book, of course, Randy Weaver sued the Federal government for the wrongful death of his wife, and the Feds settled out of court, paying Weaver \$3.1 million.)

This is a gut-wrenching book to read. The liberal author in his two page introduction draws some conclusions from the whole tragedy that I would not draw, but one is free, after reading this well-written account, to draw one's own conclusions.

My conclusion is that our materialist, democratic, capitalist government uses, in contrast to the masculine approach of the old U.S.S.R., the feminine, seductive method of coercion to get its citizens to mesh in the gears of the mechanized utopia called the U.S.A. But when an individual, or a group of individuals, resists the seductive method, the U.S. government responds with all the fury of a woman scorned and calls out her masculine pit dogs. "Now you can be men again. Destroy those vermin!" Our government cares very little about real crime in the streets but seems obsessively concerned with what is in the minds of its citizens. There must be no bad thoughts about the government or about black people in our heads, or Aunt Samantha (Uncle Sam was demoted) will be very hurt and upset. And she might send some men with helicopters, laser guns, bulldozers, and tanks to visit us.¹

1. The reason the government uses repression is because it works! Without his wife, who was the heart and soul of the family, Randy Weaver adjusted to the norms of society, announcing one year ago: "I am an atheist."

Labels: American totalitarianism

The Amazon, The Mau Mau, and the Devil

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 2008

There are three tribes represented by the remaining, viable, presidential candidates: 1) John 'The Devil Man' McCain represents the Neocon Tribe, 2) Hillary Clinton, the Feminist-Amazon Tribe, and 3) Barack Obama, the African Tribe.

The Neocons' first choice was Rudi Giuliani, but they will gladly settle for McCain because the continuance of the capitalist war in the Middle East is the Neocons' top priority. One cannot appeal to the Neocons' sense of humanity; they have none, but you would think that such learned men, who fancy themselves hard-headed realists, would be able to grasp the simple fact that every country in history that has squandered its money on foreign wars has ended up on the scrap heap of history. But the learned men are not wise men; they are mere caricatures of men who keep reality at bay by hiding on the top floor of the New Tower of Babel Hotel.

Our dear feminist candidate, Hillary, has run into a dilemma. Females, but not femininity, are good and must be supported, especially if they are running for a position that has not been held by a female before. But unfortunately for Hillary, when the liberals demonized masculinity they exempted black males. It is only white masculinity that is proscribed. Ivanhoe is evil, but Nelson Mandela is good. So feminist Hillary has to compete with a black male who is a liberal saint simply because of his color just as she is a liberal saint because of her gender.

Barack Obama is the logical consequence of years of 'noble black savage' propaganda. The only surprising thing about his candidacy is that he was not immediately inaugurated when he announced he was running for President. His candidacy has placed the technocratic white males of the Democratic Party in a bind. They have been extolling the goodness of black and the evil of white for eons in order to get the black vote and to demonstrate to their fellow technocratic whites just how liberal, compassionate, and wonderful they are. But they had always looked on themselves as the Father Moses figures who would lead their black foster children into the Promised Land. They didn't envision that the blacks might prefer their own black Moses. Now technocratic whites such as John Edwards must sit back and watch others lead the faithful to the Promised Land.

Of the three candidates, John McCain is unquestionably the worst. Hillary and Obama love the devil for their own ends, not for himself. McCain genuinely loves the devil for what he is. But the prospect of any one of the three candidates becoming President is a horrific prospect.

There is nothing in the platforms of any of them that indicates they have the remotest idea of what constitutes a civilization. Which is why the tiny remnant of Europeans must not forget what constitutes a civilization: because at some point – we don't know when – after people like McCain, Clinton, and Obama have completely obliterated every last vestige of civilization, it will be necessary for the Europeans to step in and rebuild it. For this reason, we must never become like unto them. We live among them, but we "are not of them."

Labels: difference between a tribe and a clan, restoration of European civilization

William F. Buckley Jr., R.I.P.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 2008

I was saddened when I heard of his death. But I was saddened in an “everyman’s death diminishes me” sense. I did not feel the same sense of sorrow that I felt when Samuel Francis died. With Samuel Francis, I felt one of my own had died, which was not the case with William F. Buckley.

Mr. Buckley certainly doesn’t need my praise in passing; he will have his eulogists. It will be said that no man did more for the conservative cause. I can’t agree with that assessment. I think no man did more damage to the conservative cause. By linking the capitalist faith with conservatism, Buckley destroyed conservatism. It is the liberals who should applaud Buckley, not the genuine conservatives. But the genuine conservatives are gone, and even the liberal fusionist types like Buckley have been replaced by straight capitalists such as Rush Limbaugh.

I was somewhat surprised at the rather brief, perfunctory obituaries William F. Buckley received in the mainstream press. I suppose, at his death, he who had helped marginalize so many of the cultural conservatives, such as Samuel Francis, had become marginalized himself.

Labels: Rest in peace

The English Women

SUNDAY, MARCH 02, 2008

“Women may fall, when there’s no strength in men.” – Shakespeare

A friend recently sent me an interesting newsletter, published in the 1980’s by a group of Englishwomen. It is called, appropriately, *The English Magazine*. The women’s contention, which I completely agree with, is that there is nothing after the early 1960’s that is redeemable in movies, literature, etc.

Some people say that one has only to see a few seconds of a film made in the 1930s to get from it a strong impression of ‘period’—of a world that is, in its style and mannerisms, very different from one’s own. I have the opposite experience. Some time ago, I visited the house of a friend who uses a television machine for watching old films. While watching the film, I was unconscious of any sense of ‘period’, but when the film ended (we watched the credits because the music was so delightful), for a few seconds while my friend fumbled with the ‘off’ switch, I saw a modern young announceress and was at once infused by a powerful sense of period. Here was someone from a world quite other than my own, with a manner and style which, while not entirely unfamiliar, marked her out as belonging to a particular age—the 1980s...

I mention these things to illustrate something of which I imagine most of you are already aware: the fact that people have changed very considerably over the past few decades—that there is such a thing as ‘the modern person’, and that he speaks, thinks, moves, stands and acts differently from his counterpart before the last great war, or even before the ‘cultural revolution’ of the 1960s.

The women also place their finger on something that is overlooked by those hard-charging, right-wing political parties. What the hard-charging politicians overlook is the fact that no counterrevolution will be successful unless a fundamental shift in attitude takes place in the European people. They must fall out of love with modernity and learn to once again love the ‘evening lingerings’ of old Europe. Nothing is more hopeless than trying to get people who actually prefer Clint Eastwood movies to Gary Cooper movies or Harry Potter books to *Chronicles of Narnia* to support right-wing, eleventh hour candidates.

A friend of ours recently came to us in great depression of spirits. She had been tidying an old trunkful of pamphlets, mostly of late-1960s vintage. They had covered a variety of subjects, from Church affairs to decimalization and immigration. Nearly all of them had proclaimed that this was the Eleventh Hour, that the Time for Action was Then, and that, in the words of another poet: --‘Unless something drastic is done...’

Twenty years on it all seemed rather futile. They had mostly been right in their way, of course. Nothing drastic was done, because those who cared had not the power to do anything effective, and most of the predicted disasters came to pass as predicted. Let us have the courage to admit that it is the same today. Traditionalist campaigning of nearly every sort is a waste of effort. In some ways the position is better; in many ways it is worse. We do not deny that the prospects for the middle-term future are distinctly less bleak; or at least, the possibility of some sort of restitution is not quite so closed as it was in those days; but as to the effectiveness of campaigning on large public issues: --that has not changed at all.

If we wish to take advantage of the breaking-up of the great ice-floe of the ‘liberal consensus’, we will do so not by wasting our energies on doomed campaigns, but by preparing a new mode of consciousness, by discussing and developing new ideas and by bringing those ideas into the way we live our lives, from our dress, décor, speech and entertainment to our philosophy, our reading, our moral conduct and our art, so that they may develop into a true ethos.

The ladies are right to insist that nothing worthwhile will be accomplished until we change “our reading, our moral conduct and our art.” But they are wrong, I believe, on one central point. One must -- at least a man must -- still fight the rearguard actions that the ladies view as hopeless. I would be in complete agreement with the Englishwomen if they had said, “It is not a woman’s place to get involved in eleventh hour, political movements; we must work on changing hearts and minds through our art, our moral conduct, etc.”

The problem with eleventh hour groups such as the British National Party and like-minded U.S. groups is that they do not regard their political movements as rear guard movements; they regard their political movements as the main counterattack, which has been disastrous. They keep campaigning and they keep losing because they have put no effort into developing what the Englishwomen call an “anti-modern ethos.”¹ I think this is often because many of the right-wingers are too fond of certain aspects of modernity, such as the change in sexual mores and the technological revolution, to feel comfortable in advocating a return to more traditional ways of living. But I digress; let me proceed with my one caveat regarding the Englishwomen.

Kipling correctly informs us in his poem, “The Female of the Species,” that the female is “launched for one sole issue.” And of course Kipling is referring to giving birth and the rearing of children. But he also is making the point that women are single-issue oriented. They are less able than a man to divide their time and loyalties, which is one of the reasons the feminist movement, by forcing women to divide their loyalties between work and family, has been so harmful to women.

The cultural issue, the restoration of a European mindset and a European heart, is the main issue. And the Englishwomen of *The English Magazine* have made that issue their baby, for which they are to be commended. But they err in failing to see that a man has a different role.² He must keep the central fact before him that the cultural issue, the ‘evening lingerings’ if you will, is the main issue, while at the same time fighting the rear-guard political and military actions. And he must do so because one of the requirements of a counterrevolution is that the people who will constitute the vanguard must stay alive. Let me use the immigration issue, which the English ladies mention, as an example.

Presumably the anti-modern English ladies have roofs over their heads and do not have to sit and write with semi-automatic machine guns on their laps in anticipation of an immediate invasion. But many whites in countries like Rhodesia and South Africa do not have roofs over their heads, and the ones that do live in constant fear of home invasions. And the white technocratic rulers of the U.S.A. and the various European nations have all announced their intentions of moving toward the model of South Africa and Rhodesia. So anything a man can do, by supporting a rear-guard political candidate or by organizing a local undercover vigilante group, is a necessary delaying action. Roland knew he couldn’t win the war by his stand, but he hoped to delay the enemy long enough to give Charlemagne time to mobilize and thus win the war. By all means, we must make it our major focus to form an anti-modern ethos, but we can’t neglect the delaying actions. A counterrevolution must be fought on many different levels. We must know what books to read as well as what ammunition to use.

The Englishwomen are correct about the main issue, and we should keep their insight before us at all times: We have come to the point where we have to hide in basements and where no political candidate even dares talk about white identity, because we have treated the poetic core of European culture as a charming little frill on the sleeve of Europe. But that charming little frill is Cyrano’s white plume. It is European culture. It’s what we fight for and are willing to die for. The technocratic white has lost the ability to see the white plumed rider of Europe, and the barbarian has never seen Him. And we will cease to see Him if we look at the world through the eyes of our enemies. No counterrevolution can succeed if we see with the eyes of the new, enlightened, European technocrat instead of through the eyes of the antique European.

1. The “practical right wingers” remind me of George Boas, a famous professor of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University. During World War II he suggested that the colleges should suspend teaching the liberal arts so that students could “get to the business of learning trigonometry and physics and chemistry.” Russell Kirk’s response to Boas is worth quoting:

It might not be surprising to hear the headmaster of a military preparatory school expounding a doctrine which exalts above his victim the legionary who slew Archimedes; but to listen to this cry of "sound, sound the clarion, fill the pipe" coming from the ivory tower is another matter. It is an opinion which differs only in degree from an important article of faith in the credo of those states now contesting with us for the mastery of the earth, whose intellectual principles we profess to despise. [Kirk had written this essay in 1944.] Before commencing our work of world reformation, it might pay us to consider whether we are going to beat the Nazis and enlighten them, or beat the Nazis and join them. We are fit to weigh this question only if we retain some vestige of the liberal learning so quickly cast aside in one crowded hour of glorious life; and it is to be feared that a smattering of trigonometry and physics and chemistry is not sufficient to make the mind liberal. The physical sciences have their place, a respectable one; but they, primarily, do not win wars; the human spirit still does that; and physical sciences certainly cannot suffice for the men who are to make and maintain a peace, who are to establish liberty and justice, who are to set free the body and the mind.

Some things never change. A few years back I was teaching English literature at a junior college. On my first day on the job, I walked from the parking lot to the main building with another professor. Having ascertained that I was a new instructor, but not having ascertained what subject I taught, he launched into his apologia for the “hard sciences” and the elimination of the liberal arts.

As we parted, each to our respective classrooms, he asked me, “What subject do you teach?”

“English literature.”

He never spoke to me after that. I actually agree with him about abolishing the liberal arts, but not for the same reason that he wanted to abolish them. I think liberal arts courses, such as English literature, should be abolished because they have become mere adjuncts of the psychology and sociology departments. The liberal arts, especially literature, deals with the soul. If they are scientized, they become demonic.

2. I think the author P. G. Wodehouse, whom the English ladies quote approvingly, illustrates the plusses and minuses of *The English Magazine’s* stance. Wodehouse was put under house arrest during World War II for suspicion of being a German spy, which was of course utter nonsense. The real reason for his house arrest was that the Brits in the War Office were miffed with him because of his complete indifference to the war effort. He cared about Bertie, Jeeves, Blanding’s Castle, and nothing else. Certainly in the grand scheme of things, Blanding’s Castle was more important than the British War Office, but if one grants the greater importance of Blanding’s Castle, can we not at least see why the War Office was upset with Wodehouse? Even if the war was an absurdity, with no clearly delineated right side to be on, Britain was fighting ‘in defense of.’ The nation’s survival was at stake, and therefore Wodehouse had a stake in the war.

I can identify with the feelings of the War Office more now than I could have some thirty years ago, when I was a single man. During the recent election primaries it meant a great deal to me whether McCain or Ron Paul (and when Ron Paul failed to gain votes, whether Romney or McCain) won the Republican nomination for President. Yes, I realized all the men were terribly modern, and terribly flawed, but the difference between the contenders and McCain were significant enough to make me passionately in favor of either contender against McCain. I was extremely annoyed with some friends who expressed a Wodehousian indifference to the whole election. They had no children, so one hundred years of war didn’t bother them. Like Mercutio, they were able to jest at scars, having never felt a wound.

Labels: counterrevolution, restoration of European civilization

The European Past is the Present

SATURDAY, MARCH 08, 2008

Every Christmas I have to go through an ordeal for the sake of a few friends and relatives. What is the ordeal? Well, it is not sending out Christmas cards; I don't mind that. And it is not wrapping presents; my wife does that. The ordeal is a trip to the Witch of Endor's little shop of horrors.

Maybe she isn't literally the Witch of Endor, but she gives every indication of being a near relation. The Witch of Endor is a horrible old lady who runs a local book store. Now, most people who run book stores are to the left of center, but very few would rather follow you up and down the aisles trying to interest you in the latest, radical tome from the academy than make a sale. But the Witch of Endor is such a woman. She is a retired academic who doesn't need to make a living from selling books, so she proselytizes. And unfortunately, for me, she has the only book store that sells Dylan Thomas's *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. So if I want to give a friend or relative a copy, I must venture into the witch's cave.

I put up with the witch for 5 straight Christmases without telling her off, and I did not refrain from speaking up because I was afraid she would cast a spell on me. I refrained because I was brought up to respect my elders, even if they weren't my betters. This year, however, I broke down slightly. I didn't curse at the old hag or drive a stake through her heart, but I did tell her in no uncertain terms that with the exception of certain books such as *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, my reading tastes did not go past the nineteenth century. The witch then went into a witchy tirade about the evils of living in the past.

That one cannot, and should not, desire to live in the past is an unchallenged assumption of our culture. If you declared your intention to do so you would be classified as mentally unstable. But nevertheless, I would like to challenge the "You can't live in the past" orthodoxy of our modern Babylonian culture.

In a country based solely on a materialistic view of life, such as the modern U.S.A., living in the past is viewed as insanity. How can one, outside of a science fiction novel, live in the past? One can't in a purely material way. Even Miss Havisham could not physically stay in the past. Time moves on, as the materialists tell us ad nauseum. But time is not supreme in the spiritual realm. C. S. Lewis wisely depicts Narnia as being outside the sphere of mortal time. And Tennyson places God outside of "our bourne of Time and Place."

Certainly a man has to acknowledge that he lives in a particular place and at a particular time, just as one must acknowledge that his earthly body needs food and sleep. But he does not have to, nor should he, live, in the spiritual sense, in a totally debased, soulless, materialistic culture. The human soul needs communion with other souls. And where there is no quickening spiritual life, there is no communion. A man must, if he has a soul, look to the past, the European past, if he wants to live a life of the spirit. The past contains all that makes life redeemable: truth, beauty, honor, love, and faith. Without a spiritual connection to the past, we are doomed to be forever bound on the Promethean rock with multi-racial birds of prey tearing at our livers.

The non-European does not have to be connected to his past in order to thrive, because the worship of dumb nature is impersonal. His ancestors worshipped the savage gods of the bush and so does he. He is connected with his ancestors in faith even if he doesn't know them.

It is different for the white man. He turned from the nature gods to a personal God above nature. If he denies his past and seeks to return to the nature gods, he will lose his identity; he will cease to exist. The modern white liberal and his neocon cousin are perfect examples of the new, non-existent European. They deny any kinship with the Europeans of the past but are unable to return, much as they would like, to the nature gods of the barbarians. They can't be fully barbarian because of their past, which they deny, and they can't be fully Christian because they hate the people and the God of

old Europe. So, they have become a non-people. We have only a remnant of Europeans to work with because the rest have become what is virtually a new species.

We must live in the past because that is where He lives. When Heidi's grandfather comes down from the mountain, he finds faith and comfort with the Christian people of Dorfli. When the seven brothers, portrayed by the Finnish novelist Aleksis Kivi, come out of the forest to be reconciled with the men and women of Toukola, they find Christian men and women to be reconciled with. This is not possible in our modern world, and (what is especially sad) it is not possible in our modern churches. The Protestant and Catholic churches have divorced themselves from the past. They might retain a rite or a hymn from the past, but the spirit, the whole mode of viewing existence which marked the old European, is gone from the churches today as it is gone from the modern world.

Our European ancestors came as conquerors, but still they bent their knees to Christ. They were heroes who were not too proud to acknowledge the true Hero. How is it possible to forsake those heroes for barbarian heroes or technocratic heroes? If we align ourselves with any part of the modern world, we will surely die.

The immortal part of man, his spirit, cannot live with the barbarian or the technocrat. In the past, which is always spiritually in the present, is life, abundant life. Nothing is impossible if we stay linked to the European past. One of my heroes, Sir Walter Scott, once wrote a short novel called the *The Surgeon's Daughter*. The young surgeon's daughter has the misfortune to be captured by Moslems. One man loves her enough to face the entire Moslem world alone, armed only with his love and his faith:

*'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly,
Left to dews the freshen'd air.*

*Day his sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;
To the Vizier's lofty palace
One bold Christian came alone.*

I quote those lines often because I think they express what sets the European apart from all other races. Because he bent his knee, unreservedly, without let or hindrance, to Christ, he was able to understand the miracle of love. The European saw that human love and divine love were intertwined and that the type of miracle which confounds the devil and defeats the evil empires of this world comes only to those whose love is grounded in Him, who is to be found in the European past. If we refuse to sever our link to that past, we will never be bereft of those things the modern world is bereft of: faith, hope, and charity.

Labels: European hero culture, time

The Death of Fatherhood

SATURDAY, MARCH 08, 2008

David Popenoe's stated purpose in *Life Without Father: Compelling New Evidence That Fatherhood and Marriage Are Indispensable for the Good of Children and Society* (Harvard Univ Pr, 1999) is to provide "an analysis of the American experiment of fatherlessness. Drawing from the social sciences, history, and evolutionary psychology, [the book] examines the nature and meaning of fatherhood and reviews the trend, the evidence, and the social consequences of the removal of fathers from families and the lives of their children. Regrettably, as I shall point out, America is the

vanguard of social trends and impulses that are affecting fatherhood and children in all modern societies.”

I find it truly amazing that Mr. Popenoe attempts to prove, through research, what we should already know from tradition, revelation and commonsense: Fathers are necessary. But since we have abandoned tradition, revelation and commonsense, Popenoe tries to fill the void with research.

Is he successful? Well, his research seems convincing to me. But I already believe fathers are essential. I don't think research is going to convince feminists and our feminist society that fathers are necessary, but necessary they are, according to Popenoe. He cites massive statistics that support the view that children (boys and girls) need their biological father to be present in the home and to be an active participant in the child-rearing process. Children who do not have fathers in their daily lives are much more likely (should this be a surprise to anyone?) to become criminals, nymphomaniacs, drug users, and so on.

In Part I (Chapters 1 & 2), Mr. Popenoe discusses the “remarkable decline of fatherhood and marriage” and the devastating effects the decline has had on our society:

The decline of fatherhood is one of the most basic, unexpected, and extraordinary social trends of our time. The trend can be captured in a single telling statistic: in just three decades, from 1960 to 1990, the percentage of children living apart from their biological fathers more than doubled, from 17% to 35%. If this rate continues, by the turn of the century nearly 50% of American children will be going to sleep each night without being able to say good night to their dads.

In Part II (Chapters 3 & 4), Popenoe talks about the father figure in history. He makes many interesting observations in these chapters. For instance, he contends that the father in pre-industrial societies had more moral authority in the home than the industrial age father. From the Victorian age on, fathers began to spend more and more time away from the home. They became breadwinners only. And when their breadwinning capacity was challenged by the feminists in the 1960's, fathers were seen as superfluous dinosaurs of a bygone era. The seeming strength of the nuclear family in the 1950's was a mirage. Once fathers were seen as breadwinners and breadwinners only, they were bound to fade out.

In Part III, the author seeks to explain through “evolutionary psychology” why fathers are necessary. In Part IV, he offers his plan for re-inventing fatherhood. In my opinion, these are the weakest parts of the book. Popenoe takes man's descent from the apes as a given in Part III and seeks to defend fatherhood as an evolutionary necessity. Fatherhood should be defended, but it does not need help from evolutionary clap-trap theories. In Part IV, Popenoe describes his plan for reinventing fatherhood. Part of that plan involves the acceptance of male-female cohabitation as a prelude to marriage. Why? Because in industrial societies, men and women cannot marry till they are thirty when they have had time to acquire technical training for the industrial world, and it is not possible to remain chaste that long. Well, from a Christian standpoint, if certain actions are sinful, they must remain prohibited even if the dictates of industrial society suggest they be sanctioned.

The last example really highlights the weakness of the book: Mr. Popenoe wants more fathers to stay with their families; however, he mentions Christianity only in passing and makes it clear that he doesn't want a restoration of the Christian, patriarchal family. The question is: Is there any way to restore fatherhood without returning to the Pauline concept of fatherhood? Of course, there isn't. Popenoe is like the late pope John Paul II in more than name. He, like the Pope, wants the results of a Christian social order without the imposition of a Christian social order. But feminism is a religion, and one religion can only be supplanted by another religion; it can't be supplanted by research.

A Christian, however, should give the issues Popenoe raises some thought. Why has Christianity in general and Christian fatherhood in particular, done so poorly in industrial society? The answer seems obvious. In industrial society man is seen as a finite object. He is a “steel girder” in the

industrial skyscraper. In Christianity, the real Christianity, man is seen as a recipient of God's grace and a personality of infinite worth.

I was struck by the fact when I was a teacher that so many young men with some masculinity left in them wanted to join the army. They tragically saw no particular virtue in marriage and fatherhood, because they saw only the value our society places on marriage and fatherhood, which is, of course, no value. But it is precisely now, when the barbarians have breached the wall and are among us, that we need Christian men who are willing to fight for the hearth rather than for the neocons. The neocons need mercenaries to fight for their capitalist faith. Christian Europe needs young men who have discovered the moral, counterrevolutionary role of fatherhood.

Labels: fatherhood, industrial revolution

Westerns, Continued

SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 2008

[This is a continuation of an earlier post entitled "Westerns"]

The incarnational culture of Europe was carried across the ocean by men of European blood. With them came the Enlightenment heresy of the disembodied brain as well. In the old Westerns, we see that conflict played out between the men with the code, written on their hearts, and the brainy businessmen with no code and no hearts but many avaricious schemes.

I don't think I could trust any man or woman whose heart didn't warm up to the old Western pictures. And as a corollary, I don't think I could trust any man or woman who actually liked the decadent Clint Eastwood Westerns.

There are so many Westerns filmed during the golden era of Westerns, 1935-1959, that deserve to be mentioned. Let me just list a few.

1. *Good Day for Hanging*, starring Fred MacMurray. Fred MacMurray's character insists, despite the opposition of almost the entire town, that a low-life snake is indeed just that, a low-life snake who must be hanged for the murder he claims he didn't commit but which he did. The liberal worldview that says evil is a mirage and we are all products of our environment is shown, in this movie, to be pure gas.
 2. *Last of the Comanches*. The title of this movie is a bit misleading. It is not a movie about the last Comanches; it is a reworking of John Ford's *The Lost Patrol*. Broderick Crawford keeps a small group of soldiers and civilians together as they face an infinity of hostile (is there any other kind?) Comanche Indians. As in *The Lost Patrol*, the desert brings out the best and the worst in men.
 3. Any Randolph Scott movie. Nobody could stand tall like Randolph Scott. If Trent Lott had seen and absorbed into his blood enough Randolph Scott movies when he was young, he would have said to the media jackals the day after Strom Thurmond's birthday: "I said it and I meant it."
- Randolph Scott was great as the reluctant gunfighter. In countless Westerns, he played a man who wanted to hang up his guns but whose commitment to his friends always drew him back. In *Gunfighters*, a sweet young thing begs him to run away with her and forget the bad guys who have murdered his friends. "I can't. There are too many empty saddles on the fence," Scott replies.
- In *The Tall T*, Maureen O'Sullivan (of *Tarzan* fame) also begs Scott to ride away from the bad guys who have killed his friends. The reply: "There are some things a man can't ride around."
4. Hopalong Cassidy pictures. In sixty-plus pictures, Hoppy adhered to the code. With humor and with grace, he faced down the bad guys. What more could you ask for?
 5. *Lawless Empire*. I single out this B-Western starring Charles Starrett, not because it is better than all the rest, but because there is a defining moment in it that highlights the strength of the B-Western. Without any heavy-handed preachiness, the cowboys get together and start singing a Christian hymn. They are not in church; they are simply going about their work and singing. The naturalness of the scene highlights the fact that the religion of the God-man is in their blood, which is why one B-Western is worth more than the combined output of the French, Italian, English, American, etc., filmmakers for the past 30 years.

Labels: Westerns

Surrendering to the Enemy

SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 2008

The term ‘culture war’ has been circulating for the past 20 years. I really think it is not applicable to our present society. The term ‘war’ implies that there are at least two forces in opposition to each other, and in the U.S.A. of today, there is no counterculture resistance to the democratic, racial, Babylonian culture. When I see packed auditoriums of plus-40-year-old white people cheering hysterically for Barack Obama, I know there is no culture war in the U.S.A. We have achieved cultural harmony.

The socialists and anthropologists have their own definitions of culture. I would define ‘culture’ as the enfleshment of faith. A people gives flesh in their art, their public ceremonies, and in their general way of life to their religious faith. So when a people make drastic changes in their culture, it is a sure sign that they have changed their religious allegiance as well.

It is particularly disheartening to see that the story-telling tradition of Christian Europe has been jettisoned. One can’t point to one work and say, “If a person doesn’t know that story he is no longer European,” but one does get a sense out there in racial Babylon that Satan’s minions have done a pretty thorough brain- and soul-washing. In the last six months, for instance, I have made casual reference to Mother Hubbard, Annie Laurie, Tom Sawyer, the Hound of the Baskervilles, Moses, and the Ancient Mariner. Blank looks were the response to all six references. Again, it is not a question of “I don’t know who the Ancient Mariner is, so I can’t get into heaven.” The seamless garment of European culture has been torn asunder. And if one is not in contact with that culture, one cannot get into heaven; because it is His culture, and no man cometh unto the Father except through Him.

We need to see our faith embodied in a Christian culture. Why did our Lord take flesh and dwell among us if not to show us the Truth enfleshed. And why has Satan chosen the black man as the symbol of Satan’s reign on earth? Because he knows we need to see our beliefs enfleshed, and the worship of the black man is Satanism enfleshed. There is no culture war, but there should be. The choice is clear. It is God or the devil. The old white culture is our Lord’s and the new black culture is Satan’s.

There are moments in the story-telling tradition of the European people when the materialist veil is removed from our eyes, and we see, in the human heart, the image of Christ: God in humanity. We say, when we see such images in a story like *Pericles* or *Pickwick Papers*, “Ah, I have seen that reality myself and felt it as well. I’ll follow that vision through death and beyond.”

Coleridge’s *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is a perfect illustration of the European’s desire to enflesh their faith. The image of the ancient Mariner has haunted the European imagination ever since Coleridge penned it in 1797, because the poem depicts man’s original sin and his redemption in Christ. Let me highlight two magnificent ‘white moments’ from the poem.

In the first, we see the Mariner condemned to carry the albatross around his neck. He has been unable to pray because of the terrible guilt he feels. He knows complete and total loneliness:

*Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.*

*The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.*

*I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.*

*I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.*

Then, out of his desolation, he sees the lowest order of God's creation: some water snakes. But even those lowly creatures assuage his loneliness and he blesses them:

*O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.*

Then, comes the miracle:

*The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.*

Later, much later – “Having penance done, and penance more to do” – the Mariner achieves dry land. The first thing he does is ask to confess. No one who has truly felt the weight of his own sinfulness and yearned for genuine forgiveness can be unmoved by this part of the Mariner's narrative:

*‘O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!’
The Hermit crossed his brow.
‘Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘I bid thee say--
What manner of man art thou?’*

*Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.*

+ + +

In *Shane*, the finest novel of the American West, there are numerous white moments to choose from. But my favorite is not the final showdown, which is admittedly quite splendid. My favorite is the summation by Bob, now a man, in which he tells us of the effect Shane had on him. We can tell by the way Bob speaks about Shane that the effect has been enormous. It would not be an overstatement to say that Shane, by his heroic self-sacrifice, has pointed Bob toward the ultimate hero of Western civilization.

And what was Shane's self-sacrifice? Well, in part it was his willingness to risk his life in the gunfight with the hired killer, Wilson. But there was more than that to Shane's self-sacrifice. Shane underwent a crucifixion when he went out to face Wilson. The life of a farmer, a husband, and a father was closed to him the moment he returned, for the sake of the Starret family, to the ways of a gunfighter. But he chose the way of self-sacrifice, and by doing so, he left a permanent legacy in young Bob's heart which Bob discloses to us at the end of his narrative:

And always my mind would go back at the last to that moment when I saw him from the bushes by the roadside just on the edge of town. I would see him there in the road, tall and terrible in the moonlight, going down to kill or be killed, and stopping to help a stumbling boy and to look out over the land, the lovely land, where that boy had a chance to live out his boyhood and grow straight inside as a man should.

And when I would hear the men in town talking among themselves and trying to pin him down to a definite past, I would smile quietly to myself. For a time they inclined to the notion, spurred by the talk of a passing stranger, that he was a certain Shannon who was famous as a gunman and gambler way down in Arkansas and Texas and dropped from sight without anyone knowing why or where. When that notion dwindled, others followed, pieced together in turn from scraps of information gleaned from stray travelers. But when they talked like that, I simply smiled because I knew he could have been none of these.

He was the man who rode into our little valley out of the heart of the great glowing West and when his work was done rode back whence he had come and he was Shane.

+ + +

In order to fully appreciate a white moment from the work of Herman Melville we need to know a bit of his spiritual history as revealed in his works.

In *Moby Dick* Melville rebels, through Ahab, against God. Ahab's hatred for the white whale is justified in so far as Moby Dick is a surrogate for an impersonal, remote God in the clouds. But Ahab isn't for anything. Where is Christ? Melville is still looking for Him at the end of *Moby Dick*. And he despairs of ever finding him as he writes *Pierre*, *Bartleby*, and *The Confidence Man*.

The years go by, and Melville, great heart that he is, keeps looking for Christ. In "Clarel," a narrative poem about a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Melville finds Christ:

*Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate --
The harps of heaven and the dreary gongs of hell;
Science the feud can only aggravate --
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell:
The running battle of the star and clod
Shall run for ever -- if there be no God.
Degrees we know, unknown in days before;
The light is greater, hence the shadow more;
And tantalized and apprehensive Man
Appealing—Wherefore ripen us to pain?
Seems there the spokesman of dumb Nature's train.*

*But through such strange illusions have they passed
Who in life's pilgrimage have baffled striven --
Even death may prove unreal at the last,
And stoics be astounded into heaven.*

*Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned --
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow --
That like a swimmer rising from the deep --
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.*

+ + +

I do not make a big distinction between literature and film. I regard both as legitimate vehicles for the story-telling tradition of the West. The story is the thing. Having said that, let me proceed to two white moments from film, the first from Walt Disney's *Fantasia* and the second from the 1938 David O. Selznick production of *Tom Sawyer*.

The white moment in *Fantasia* comes after the devil's dance around Witch Mountain. The devil seems haughty and powerful during the dance, but then, suddenly, a look of fear appears on his face. And well he should be fearful, because the candlelight procession has begun. The devout, with candles bright, processing to the hymn, "Ave Maria," are banishing the devil from the world, in the name of Him. What an incredible image!

In the second film, *Tom Sawyer*, we also see the director using light to great advantage. Tom Sawyer has just, in a wonderfully suspenseful and dramatic scene, killed Injun Joe. But it still remains doubtful whether Tom and Becky will ever find their way out of the cave in which they are lost. And then, Tom sees light. He climbs up toward the light and miraculously finds a way out of the cave for him and Becky. As Tom climbs toward the light, one cannot help but draw the obvious conclusion about the scene's significance. Newman described it best:

*Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.*

This scene with the light takes on even more significance because of the previous scene with Injun Joe, who is so filled with pure hatred that he appears like the devil incarnate. If one has faced the devil and complete darkness, then one is more readily able to appreciate the "Kindly Light" than if one has only faced semidarkness and moderate liberals. Why do you think so many Christian converts came out of the horror of the Spanish Civil War?

+ + +

In European white moments, the human and divine meet and we see an image of Christ. Two such moments occur respectively in *Merchant of Venice* and *Measure for Measure*.

In *Merchant of Venice*, Portia is the beautiful and rich Venetian heiress, but she is also, when she assumes the disguise of the learned Balthazar, a stand-in for Christ. Portia, disguised as Balthazar, reveals to us the Divine Nature. We all stand condemned, like Antonio, by "a stony adversary." Yet, at the last moment, Antonio is delivered from his stony adversary, as we hope to be. God is not a lawyer; He is not a Pharisee. His mercy and His justice are compatible. "For charity itself fulfills the law, And who can sever love from charity?" Portia pleads for mercy in that famous speech, which should never be memorized without first reading the play which gives the speech its significance:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,*

*Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.*

The plea is not hearkened to, for Shylock wants only justice. But then we see, revealed as by lightning before our eyes, that justice and mercy, like God's humanity and divinity, are linked. Shylock can no more separate justice from mercy than he can take Antonio's heart without shedding a drop of blood. What a moment! What a revelation!

Portia. *A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
The court awards it and the law doth give it.*

Shylock. *Most rightful judge!*

Portia. *And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The law allows it and the court awards it.*

Shylock. *Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare.*

Portia. *Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.*

Gratiano. *O upright judge! Mark, Jew. O learned judge!*

Shylock. *Is that the law?*

Portia. *Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.*

In *Measure for Measure*, quite arguably Shakespeare's most explicitly Christian play, we again see a character, Vincentio, the Duke of Vienna, who is also a stand-in for Christ. He goes throughout his kingdom in disguise, learning the secrets of individual hearts, and at the end of the play (or more appropriately at the Last Judgment) he steps forward to judge, reward, and extend mercy.

One individual, Isabella, has been accused falsely of all sorts of heinous crimes, yet without false pride in her virtue but with true humility, she has held fast to her faith that "truth is truth to the end of reckoning," and must be fought for in the name of Him who said, "I am the truth and the way."

One saint who says, like Isabella, that truth is truth to the end of reckoning and then backs it up, is worth more in the Kingdom of Heaven than all the false piety and scandalous formalism ever conceived by the pride of men.

Isabella ("when hope seems nearly gone") witnesses the transformation of Vincentio from humble friar to Duke and receives her pardon and reward:

Duke. *Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince. As I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
No changing heart with habit,*

*I am still
Attorney'd at your service.*

Ah, how truly Shakespeare has captured in Vincentio's double role, the heart of Christ. He is prosecutor and judge, but He is also our most aggressive advocate. He knows all the inmost, sinful desires of our mercenary little hearts, sinful desires that we present to the world as virtues. But He also knows the hidden virtues of our heart, virtues which are not recognized or known by the world or oftentimes even ourselves. And if the current of our life runs, like Isabella's, toward Him, He forgives the detours and welcomes us to the marriage feast.

Those white moments from the story-telling traditions of Europe are just tiny snippets from a tradition, which, when viewed in its entirety, constitutes a resounding hosanna to Him.

Satan has dismantled the older white European civilization and replaced it with a black civilization that stands diametrically opposed to anything remotely connected to His civilization. And he has been awfully clever about it. So clever, in fact, that the European people now find themselves the losers in a war they didn't even know had taken place, which was won without a shot fired. The war doesn't have to remain so one-sided, however. Satan is not invincible. He does, after all, have an exact opposite who said all things are possible if they are done in His name. The fight for Christian Europe is, and always will be, the only fight worth fighting.

Labels: Christian counter-attack, white moments

Christ or Thor

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 2008

What a bother all this explaining is! I wish we could get on without it. But we can't. However, you'll all find, if you haven't found it out already, that a time comes in every human friendship, when you must go down into the depths of yourself, and lay bare what is there to your friend, and wait in fear for his answer. A few moments may do it; and, it may be (most likely will be, as you are English boys) that you never do it but once. But done it must be, if the friendship is to be worth the name. You must find what is there, at the very root and bottom of one another's hearts; and if you are at one there, nothing on earth can, or at least ought to sunder you. — Thomas Hughes

There is only a tiny remnant of white people willing to speak up for and defend the white race. For this reason, the white Kinist pagans and the white Kinist Christians have been (for the most part) very careful to avoid excessive criticism of their allies' metaphysics. I think that is a wise policy. So I will name no names in what follows, but I will (to the best of my ability) lay before the right wing pagan the reason why Christ, and not Thor, should lead the Kinist movement.

The pagan right wing place the blame for the demise of the white man on Christianity, claiming it is responsible for white guilt, racial universalism, and egalitarianism. And they are right, up to a point. Organized Christianity, in the latter part of the 20th century, was the inspiration for racial universalism and egalitarianism. If there had been no Christian churches, there would have been no integration, no Mau Mau running for president, and no black people, who were not servants, in England, France, Holland, etc.

The case seems to be closed: Christianity is guilty. But what if I bring up the white Southern Christians of the 19th century? Were they universalists and racial egalitarians? And what about the British in the 18th and 19th centuries? They were Christian, and yet they were not universalists and egalitarians. In fact for the most part, Christian Europeans were opposed to racial egalitarianism throughout most of their history. They viewed Christianity as an apartheid faith. Anthony Jacob speaks for most European Christians of the past when he writes:

Naturally, abominations such as these could never supplant established religion—particularly the religion, Christianity—unless race-mixing were to succeed. None the less people already quite commonly repeat that all religions are fundamentally the same; which they most certainly are not. Politically we already have our full-fledged hybrid faith. Politically we are already the sacrificial victims on the altar of Equality, the victims of the Cult of the Underdog, whose armies of misshapen votaries are chanting their liberal paeans in the Temple of Humanity, and whose brazen deity, a Hinduesque eight-legged Mongrel, is leering down upon us triumphantly through swirling clouds of sanctimonious incense and pseudo-scientific nonsense; representing the victory of quantity over quality, of hybridism over nobility, of shapelessness over shapeliness.

It is surely not wise for the Church to pander to this idolatry. Even if Christianity were to be the religion only of a select few, it would be none the worse for that. Has it ever been anything else but the religion of a select few, and can it ever be anything else? Christianity is the religion of the White and not the non-White peoples, who debase it even where they accept it. They might pay lip-service to it where the white man is strong and his institutions accordingly respected, or where it has obtained a form of superstitious hold over them. But they can no more accept and comprehend essential Christianity than the white man can accept Shamanism. This, above all, makes it all the more reprehensible that the Church, instead of recognizing this, should swing round viciously upon the white man and hold him to blame for it—that white man upon whose unadulterated identity Christianity exclusively depends.

But the right wing pagan intellectual has an explanation for the seeming contradiction between 20th century Christianity and the Christianity of the preceding centuries. The right wing pagan agrees with the modern liberal and declares that the modern Churches are preaching the correct Christianity; they believe it is people like me and like Jacob who have misinterpreted Christianity.

Of course the right wing pagans prefer the conclusions I draw from Christianity to the one's the liberals draw, which is why they disagree with me politely. But they do disagree. Why? They give the following reason for their disagreement: They claim that the original Christianity was a universalist, racially egalitarian faith, and the Germans (by which they mean most of the Europeans) changed, when they embraced Christianity, the faith from a universalist, egalitarian religion, to a home, hearth, and nation type of religion. The Germans, they claim, fashioned a new image of Christ based on their image of the hero-God.

The Nordic religion was not a religion of dread, or of magic formularies to propitiate hostile powers. Instead of covering its temples with frescoes of the tortures of the damned, it taught people not to be afraid of death. Its ideal was the fellowship of the hero with the gods, not merely in feasting and victory, but in danger and defeat. For the gods, too, are in the hands of fate, and the Scandinavian vision of the twilight of the gods that was to end the world showed the heroes dying valiantly in the last hopeless fight against the forces of chaos—loyal and fearless to the last. It is an incomplete but not an ignoble religion. It contains those elements of character which it was the special mission of the Nordic peoples to add to modern civilization and to Christianity itself. – Trevelyan

I certainly prefer the Germanic Christ to the modern churches' vision of Christ, and so do the Kinist pagans. But the Kinist pagans claim that the Germanic Christ is not the Christ of "primitive" Christianity but the Christ of German or European addition. This is false. The Christianity that was preached to the Europeans was not primitive apostolic Christianity, it was Greek philosophic Christianity. The churchmen of the 5th, 6th, and 7th centuries had adopted the Greek philosophical mode of apologetics. These churchmen forgot that St. Paul had failed to convert the Greek intellectuals who wanted to make Christianity into a philosophical treatise. "To the Greeks, foolishness." The Germans did not change primitive, apostolic Christianity; they redirected philosophical Greco-Roman Christianity back to its original primitive apostolic origins and away from the bloodless sterility of Greek philosophy. The Germans certainly never completely purged the Church of its Greek element -- the intellectuals were always waiting in the wings to intellectualize the faith to death -- but they did place Christ the Hero-God back in His proper place as the head of the Church.

In essence, the Kinist pagans agree with the modern liberal Christians: the Christianity that we see espoused in the modern churches (they say) is the true Christianity. What evidence can I show to the contrary? First, there is my own witness. Christ the Hero-God is the God I see when I look "through the eye."

Secondly, there is the witness of our European forefathers. The Kinist pagan respects their creativity in fashioning themselves a new type of Christianity, but he does not respect their intuitive grasp of reality. To them, Christ was real. He spoke to their inmost hearts; He was not a figment of their imaginations.

And thirdly, the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the epistles of St. Paul all confirm the faith of the Europeans. God is presented in the Bible as a Hero-God, not as a philosopher or theologian. You cannot sever the old European from the Faith, because his Faith and the apostolic Faith are one.

We must ask ourselves why the Kinist pagan calls the Greco-Roman Christianity of the 5th, 6th, and 7th centuries the 'primitive Christianity.' Why does he not call it what it was: namely, Greco-Roman Christianity. I think the answer lies in the pagan Kinists' obsession with intelligence tests. The pagan Kinist bases his case for the separation of the races on the superior intelligence of the white man. So, if he denounces the Greek philosophical tradition, he renounces what he views as the distinct, unique feature of European man: his intelligence. But intelligence is a very superficial attribute. It is European man's deep, heartfelt intuitions about the mystery of existence that sets him apart from the other races. His greatness does not consist in the bridges he has built, in the

buildings he has constructed, nor in the machines he has invented; it consists in his vision of God. He saw the true Hero-God and he made Him the focal point of his civilization.

Most alliances where there is no shared religious faith are very tenuous. The Kinist pagan is always worried that the Kinist Christian is going to perceive that modern Christianity is the 'true' Christianity and then abandon the Kinist cause, saying, "Lord, I've seen the light. I once was a racist, but now I'm saved." And to do the pagan Kinist justice, I must say that I've seen such conversions from Kinist Christian to Universalist Christian. On the other side, the Kinist Christian is always worried that the materialist philosophy of the pagan Kinist will ultimately put him in the camp of his materialist, philosophical, liberal cousins.

The problem with the pagan Kinist and the liberal Christian is the same. They see existence through the blinders of philosophical abstraction. Their eyes can only see straight-forward logic. "A religion can only be universalist or local and clannish; it cannot be both." But the poet sees existence quite differently. The poet, who is the true European man, sees that Noah's sons were all his sons but they were not all on an equal footing. Shem and Japheth were separate and distinct from Ham. And St. Paul called all men to believe in Christ and attain salvation, but He showed no desire to abolish hierarchical structures and distinctions between slaves and masters. (See Dabney's book, *A Defense of Virginia and the South*.)

The European at his best always thinks in poetic images. He overcame, in his poetic imagination, the difficulties which the Greek mind had with the Incarnation. The European saw that far from being foolishness, Christ was the only possible solution to the riddle of existence. That a man, who was both man and God, could conquer death and all the forces of hell out of love for a people, whom He loved not as abstractions but as distinct personalities, was logically impossible; but poetically it spoke to the European at the deepest recesses of his being. What is more Kinist than to desire the immortality of the kith and kin we love? And what cause is more important than keeping the vision of the Hero-God who guarantees their (and our) immortality. Let's give the last word to the Gentle Bard.

*Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.*

-- William Shakespeare

Labels: antique Christianity, Christ the Hero, paganism

Our Economy

SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 2008

According to the experts, our economy is not doing well right now, but I don't think it has been doing well for a long time. It all depends from what viewpoint you look at our economy. From my standpoint, our economy was terrible in the supposedly good years of the Clinton administration, and it is terrible now. What do I base that assessment on? Our economic system is anti-family. Although many modern Christians, who are not Christians, think a family can be anything at all – two women, two men, etc. – the Christian family is only one thing: it is a patriarchal family. And by this I do not mean the 1950s patriarchal family in which the father earns the money, plays catch on Saturdays, and leaves the education of the children to the State. Nor is the patriarchal family the one envisioned by the Muslims wherein femininity itself is seen as evil.

I refer to the patriarchy described by St. Paul:

Wives, submit yourselves until your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body.

Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing.

Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

And to the patriarchy described by Katrina, the repentant shrew:

*A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee*

All non-Christian patriarchies, like those of the Muslims, take the first part of St. Paul's injunction, "Wives submit," and leave out the second part, "Husbands, love your wives."

What then is so anti-patriarchal about our present economic system? The unskilled male (and by unskilled, I mean unskilled in the latest technology) cannot, if he can find work at all, support a wife and children on the wages doled out by the capitalist financiers. We are constantly told how the average family income is going up, but the average family income is only going up because it is taken as a given that the wife as well as the husband must work for wages. Often the man has two minimum wage jobs and the woman at least one. "And why not?" asks the capitalist. "Are we not all economic units who live to serve the market Moloch?"

We are quickly going back to those evil days (halcyon days, to the capitalist) when children and women worked in the "satanic mills" because they could be gotten cheaper than men.

Following the logic of capitalism always leads to the transformation of human beings with family, racial, national, and religious bonds, into single digit economic units without ties to any religious, family, or racial group. Theoretically one can do what one wants in one's "free" time, but how can one raise a family when denied the means to do so, or when one must spend one's entire waking existence fighting for the minimum material needs of one's family?

One of the biggest lies told by the free-market conservatives is that they are pro-family. How can the advocates of a market society that makes no distinction between parent and child, illegal immigrant

and native-born, male and female, be pro-family? Only the communists, those children of the capitalists, have been as consistently anti-family as the free-market conservatives.

And what about the labor unions? Have not they, with the support of the churches, been a humanizing influence on capitalism? Yes, they have, but the churches, along with labor, made a crucial error. They sold their birthright for a large pot of lentils. Capitalism is an intrinsically evil system; it cannot be humanized. In exchange for a share of the capitalists' booty, labor joined the diabolists, thinking they could sup with the devil with impunity. But the capitalists have gone global in their unrelenting war against labor. The no-borders policy has killed the small farmer, and the 'move-the-plant-to-Mexico-or-China' policy is destroying labor.

There should be no compromise with capitalism. It must be replaced from without, not temporized with from within. Father Luigi Ligutti, the leader of the Catholic agrarian movement, always stressed that you could not teach your children good solid family values and then send them out into the anti-family capitalist world. The vast majority of children will become what the world is – which is why Father Ligutti stressed the need for a Christian agrarian world in which Christian children would stay pro-family and Christian.

Now those men who have made it in the capitalist world, the diesel engine types like Josiah Bounderby of Coketown and Rush Limbaugh of conservative fame, will assert that the capitalist system is the very best possible system and that only envious 'sickies' (see Ernest Van den Haag's book, *Capitalism: Sources of Hostility* in which he asserts precisely that), who can't 'cut the mustard' criticize capitalism. But the diesel engine types achieve their success at the cost of others' livelihoods and at the cost of their own souls. And even many of the diesel engines must worry about losing their high tech jobs to lower paid techies from another country. After all, the "free" market is no respecter of persons.

Our economy fails to support the patriarchal family, and it also fails on another important level. The work done in our economy kills the souls of the men and women doing the work. The family farm has been replaced by the large, corporate farm, and the family cobbler has become a factory worker in a Payless Shoe Store. But lest we despair, we are told that there are plenty of jobs left at MacDonald's and Taco Bell. Even the high tech jobs that pay well generally consist of making products that are unnecessary, and then convincing people that they will die without them. The type of lying that goes on to sell useless products, which has become second nature to us, debases our culture. C. S. Lewis and Dorothy L. Sayers were the last people I've read who still talked about the soulless nature of work in the 20th century. If a man works at his computer for a company that makes replacement buttons for tuxedos, or if another man works in a factory putting one piece of machinery into a machine with thousands of parts, will either man really have a soul left at the end of his working life? Or if a woman is forced to work outside the home and devote her energies to serving millions every day at MacDonald's, will she still be able to claim a soul that is her own?

The ultimate dream of the capitalist is to wake up in the morning, walk out on his balcony, and see an array of Wal-Marts, hamburger franchises, corporate farms, and ball-bearing factories, all owned by him and controlled by him through the Internet. He will also be a supporter of family values, in the broadminded sense of the term, of course.

We have lived with the notion that there are only two economic systems, communism and capitalism, for so long that we forget that both 'isms' are relatively new. Frank Owsley's work on the pre-Civil War South and Walter Scott's various historical books and historical novels all give us glimpses of societies that at least attempted to arrange their economic lives as if the Christian God had once visited this earth.

"The national dustmen, after entertaining one another with a great many noisy little fights among themselves, had dispersed for the present, and Mr. Gradgrind was at home for the vacation.

“He sat writing in the room with the deadly statistical clock, proving something no doubt—probably, in the main, that the Good Samaritan was a Bad Economist.”

--Charles Dickens in *Hard Times*

Labels: heartlessness of capitalism, patriarchy

Lord God of Hosts, Be with Us Yet

SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 2008

It appears that the lesser devil, Hillary, is about to be eliminated. That leaves us the demonic Mau Mau vs. the demonic technocrat. It's difficult to say who will be worse.

I don't believe, as some Kinists have suggested, that an Obama presidency will 'wake up and mobilize white people.' I would like to see that happen, but I don't believe it will. And I don't believe it, because Americans are the most conformist people on the face of the earth. They think whatever Big Brother tells them to think. The New Orleans debacle a few years back was a case in point. Despite the obvious fact that the black savages were committing horrible atrocities within the Superdome and throughout the city, white America accepted the verdict of Big Brother: "It's only natural considering...." and "You must understand their..."

There is nothing that will make the liberal, white post-Christian give up his black-worshipping faith. And as long as the conformist, anesthetized, white Everyman dutifully complies with the "you must understand" instructions of the American hierarchy, there will be no reaction to anything a black barbarian does, whether he is the president, a mayor, or a street punk.

I think the fateful moment on the heath occurred under the pontificate of Pope John XXIII.¹ Whether you are fond of the Catholic Church or not (and I'm not particularly fond of it), you must concede that the most visible representative of Christianity on this earth is the Pope. And when Pope John said that he had "no feeling of hatred—only loving charity and forgiveness" for the Congolese troops who tortured and murdered white missionary priests and nuns, the new Christianity, the worship of the black man, was given official sanction. Every single white Catholic who still believed that Christ was God and man should have left the Catholic Church at that moment, for the head of the Church had just announced his atheism. And as each individual Protestant pastor performed similar acts of public atheism, their parishioners should have left their respective churches. It makes sense for Rev. Wright's black barbarian parishioners to sit and listen to black, satanic ravings (after all Satan is their master), but why should white Christians listen to it? They wouldn't if they still believed in Christianity. But they have lost their faith. They believe lies because they listen to the Father of all lies as he speaks to them through the mouths of their pastors and the demigods of the media and the academy.

Day after day, week after week, we hear the refrain from white liberals that Obama the great will bring about racial harmony. What does that mean? I suppose if the white liberal thinks about it at all, he envisions a Coca-Cola commercial or a multiracial rock group. He does not envision the New Orleans Superdome, Haiti, Rhodesia, or South Africa. But that is exactly what racial harmony means to the black. It means the harmony that comes after savage blacks have gorged themselves on the blood of the white man. It has always been thus, and it always will be. American and European whites are not immune from the same racial "harmonies" that destroyed Haiti, Rhodesia and South Africa.

Obama's presidential run is only a symptom of the disease; it is not the disease itself. The white-hating disease will be with us, whether McCain or Obama is president. The white liberals abandoned the Christian faith of their European ancestors for the faith of the sneering intellectuals whose prototype is the Archangel Satan. But the one drawback of a faith that is completely abstract is that it is bloodless. So they infused the blood of the black man into their sterile, abstract faith and came

up with a new religion. I think a rather appropriate symbol for the new faith might be a white head, something like the head of the late Adlai Stevenson, on top of the body of some black athlete. But of course that is the white man's new faith. The black man has a different vision. His god is all black and his racially harmonious world does not include any white man.

I know that the right wing pagan would have us counter the black faith with either our superior intellects (but the liberals have that) or with a faith in our blood alone (but the blacks have that). No, it is only through our faith in a God to whom we are connected with our spirit and our blood that we can hope to remove the virulent black plagues from the lands of the European people.

The upcoming presidential election presents us with an "any way you look at it you lose" situation. It's not the lady or the tiger; it's the tiger or the crocodile. The right wing democracy gurus would have us look to our local elections. "Put local congressmen in who will resist the policies of a McCain or an Obama." Yes, we can do that so long as the local elections provide us with any candidates who differ from Obama or McCain, but how likely is that, considering how dependent every local candidate is on the good will of his party leaders?

If I sound like a broken record on the subject of democracy, it is because I have been listening to a broken record for my entire life. Over and over again I hear the voices of practical men telling me that we can turn the corner if we only will unite behind Candidate X. And sometimes our candidate wins and inevitably disappoints by what he fails to achieve, and more often, our candidate loses and his opponent disappoints us in what he does achieve.

When we were children and complained that we were bored, what did our mothers say? Well, admittedly my mother often said, "Then I'll find something for you to do." But just as often she said, "Use your imagination." In other words, "Be a white man." The black man has no imagination, and the white technocrat has abandoned the imaginative life of the spirit for the fun-filled life of the empirical man of science. But scientific thinking is just another form of voodoo. Throughout the Old Testament, continuing through the New Testament, and then through the history of Christian Europe, we see that God reveals himself only to those who see life in the mode of the fairy tale. In the fairy tale, evil is real and is embodied in the devil. And God is real as well and He is the Christ, the Son of the living God. The fairy tale hero does not see life compartmentally. He sees it in its entirety. There is not a practical, worldly realm and an otherworldly, spiritual realm. There is only one realm, the spiritual realm, in which all living creatures play a part in the great conflict between good and evil. The hero doesn't ask, "Is this practical?" or "Is this politically correct?" He asks, "Is it God's will that I give battle?" And if it is God's will, the fairytale hero gives battle, and he lets his imagination, grounded in his heartfelt vision of His Lord, determine the means he will use to fight whatever evil he encounters. "Alfred the Great is past history. You can't do what he did anymore; it isn't practical!" the sensible, politically-minded men tell us. Of course, we can't do exactly what Alfred the Great did, but we can see what Alfred the Great saw behind the material façade of this world. And we can feel the same love for the same God that Alfred the Great loved. And then we can use that vision and that love to defeat those same forces of evil that Alfred defeated. The façade of the enemy and the physical state of the battlefield are always different, but the spiritual components are always the same. It is the same old story: God vs. the Devil. If we give passive assent to the Devil by refusing to fight outside the parameters of the democratic structures of the Devil, we will be unworthy of our European ancestors. They joined their blood with His and fought on whatever ground the enemy fought on, and fought whatever enemy their Lord commanded them to fight. How does that old hymn go? "The Son of God goes forth to war... Who follows in His train?"

1. The fact that the Mother Church has become a whore gives me no pleasure. But it does little good to deny it. Christ has been replaced, in the Catholic Church, by the great black Buddha. And the Protestant churches differ only in degree, not in kind. They, too, have enshrined the Black God in the hallowed place once reserved for Christ.

The Unbreakable Link Between European Culture and Christianity

SUNDAY, APRIL 06, 2008

Summer for the Gods: The Scopes Trial and America's Continuing Debate Over Science and Religion (Harvard University Press, 1998) by Edward J. Larson is not a partisan work; the author is not anti-evolutionist, but he does present an objective account of the Scopes trial and the prior and subsequent liberal and fundamentalist lobbying that went on before and after the trial. The debate is ongoing, and the topic has eternal consequences, so I can think of few non-fiction works more deserving of a reading than this book.

The author gives us a little background about the Christian fundamentalist movement, explaining that it came about in response to modernist interpretations of scripture. He also gives us a brief summary of the Darwinian concept of evolution and its status at the time of the 1925 Scopes "monkey" trial.

What happened in Dayton, Tennessee as depicted by Larson was something very different from the current liberal folklore. The basic facts were these: Tennessee passed a law that made teaching Darwinian evolution as fact instead of as mere theory illegal. The law was on the books but not enforced. By pre-arranged plan, Scopes, an inconsequential part-time teacher, in conjunction with the ACLU, decided to challenge the law. Scopes taught evolution as fact and invited the authorities to prosecute him. They did. William Jennings Bryan, populist, anti-capitalist, and anti-evolutionist, was the leader of the prosecuting team. Ironically, the ACLU was not interested in the religious aspect of the case but wanted to challenge the notion that a state's right to control what was taught in its public schools was not as important as an individual's right to free expression. Larson notes that at the time -- 1925 -- the Supreme Court had not yet discovered the establishment clause of the 14th Amendment which forbade the teaching of religion in the schools. Darrow entered the picture against the wishes of the ACLU. His interest was in the science vs. religion aspect of the case.

The popular liberal view of the case's disposition is that Bryan and the prosecuting team won a minor legal victory while Darrow and company won a great victory for humanity, etc. The actual facts were quite different. Larson notes that people at the time were equally divided about who had won. The fundamentalists thought Bryan had won, and many of the middle-of-the-roaders thought Bryan had at least held his own. Only the most hardened atheist liberals, like H. L. Mencken, thought Darrow and company had won a resounding victory against the fundamentalists.

Two popular works of fiction, however, changed the popular opinion of what actually happened at the trial: *Only Yesterday: An Informal History of the Nineteen Twenties* and the infamous play and movie, *Inherit the Wind*. Both works were shameless liberal travesties of the truth, and Larson presents them as just that.

Larson also gives us the aftermath of the trial. The ACLU, during the Warren era, had more individual rights' decisions go in their favor and against religion than they ever had deemed possible in 1925. Bryan died five days after the trial ended and would be repudiated much later by Jerry Falwell and other Protestants because he was anti-capitalist and because he wavered on the 'twenty-four hour, seven days' creation theory. Scopes, on the other hand, got a free graduate education and a free ride throughout the rest of his life as a result of his accidental, phony, and liberal-credited martyrdom.

Larson points out that the evolution issue has not died. The fundamentalists are still fighting the battle, only now the fight, as Larson points out, is not to keep evolution out of the schools but to put creationism in.

Larson, interestingly, also notes that Roman Catholics were on the sidelines during the evolution debate, their church allowing them some leeway between the liberal position and the fundamentalist one. My own sympathies are with William Jennings Bryan, and I think the Catholics

err when they cozy up to the evolutionists. “He does not win who plays with sin,” or with monkeys, for that matter. I also think of Herman Melville’s thoughts on the subject: “If Luther’s day expand to Darwin’s year, Shall that exclude the hope—foreclose the fear?”

The question always arises, when dealing with the issue of evolution, “Why couldn’t God have set the evolutionary process in motion and when it was completed, breathed life into the first man? Wouldn’t that be just as much of a miracle as the creationists’ story?” Of course it would have been just as much of a miracle, but that isn’t the point. God did not choose that method of producing the first man, that is, if we can trust the scriptural account. Ah, there is the rub. The evolutionists do not trust the scriptural account. And if you were to ask them why they don’t credit the scriptural account of creation, they would claim, as a reason for their disbelief, that the scriptural account of the creation of man is unscientific, which usually ends all argument. Who wants to be unscientific?

In one of his many masterpieces, *Language is Sermonic*, Richard Weaver points out that every society has God words and devil words; these are words that come to mean much more than the dictionary definition of the word. He suggested that ‘democracy’ had become a God word, just as ‘reactionary’ had become a devil word.

I would suggest that ‘scientific’ has become a God word. The dictionary defines it thus: “Of, relating to, or employing the methodology of science.” But the liberals who run our society mean something quite different when they use the word. When they say something is scientific, they mean that it is true, and true in a self-evident, empirically, discernible way. That is why the liberals claim they reject the Biblical view of the creation; it is not scientific. And it is certainly true that the truth of the Biblical account cannot be proved ‘scientifically’; it is a matter of faith. What kind of faith would it be if it wasn’t unseen? But it is equally true that the liberal’s belief in evolution is a faith, not a scientific fact. They accept on faith the existence of the empirical fact of an actual missing link that proves the Darwinian theory. So it is an issue of two competing faiths, not one of faith vs. scientific fact. And when two faiths collide, the final arbiter is the heart of man. What do our intuitions about the nature of existence tell us? Well, we feel in our hearts, and we observe in the hearts of others, a divine presence. From that touchstone of reality, we begin the journey that leads to the foot of the cross. And from that point we accept, on His word, the revealed truth of the creation of the world. It is not scientific fact; it is something more certain; it is faith.

In contrast, the faith of the liberal does not square with reality. Liberals intuit no divine presence in themselves or in other human beings and view the natural world as something that sprang into existence without purpose or design. And yet their faith operates by one absolute, inexorable law: the law of hate. Bryan put it quite well: “The Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection by which the strong crowd out and kill the weak.” All the blather from the liberal leftists about peace and love is just that – blather. Undergirding their faith is hate. Their forerunners, the liberal capitalists, were simply blunter about their social Darwinism.

Now let’s venture beyond the parameters of Larson’s book and look at the fundamentalist movement today and see how that movement helps or hinders the white Christian. The term, fundamentalist, is a relatively new term. Protestant Christians started using it in the early 20th century to distinguish themselves from the Christians who did not believe in the inerrancy of the scriptures. I have no statistics on the subject, but I would guess that initially, in the early part of the 20th century, fundamentalist Christians were a rather sizeable minority nationwide and quite probably a majority in the South. But by the later part of the 20th century and certainly now in the 21st century fundamentalists represent a very tiny minority of those who call themselves Christian.

While agreeing with the fundamentalists on the inerrancy of scripture, I must say that the modern fundamentalists such as the late Rev. Falwell and the prolific author Henry M. Morris (*The Long War Against God*) have preserved Holy Scripture at the expense of Christianity. And I say this because the fundamentalists, as represented by Falwell and Morris, have in the name of creationist theology jettisoned the European cultural heritage. This might seem like a minor thing; after all,

what is a cultural heritage compared to the Holy Bible? But in cutting us off from the European cultural heritage, they have cut us off from the living God who is the source of the Holy Bible. Let's backtrack a little.

Martin Luther, the first fundamentalist, maintained that any man who read the Holy Scriptures with a sincere desire to comprehend their contents could know the truths of divine revelation. In contrast the Catholic Church maintained that no man could know the truths contained in the Holy Bible unless they were properly interpreted by the Magisterium of the Catholic Church. Divine revelation came, in the Catholic Church, from scripture and tradition properly interpreted by the Church. In theory, I agree with the Catholic Church in that it seems rather dicey to allow individuals to pursue the Gospels on their own and come up with a proper metaphysic. But in practice, I agree with Martin Luther, because from personal experience and observation, I have learned that an individual has a better chance alone with his Bible than he does with the 'pope-to-bishop-to-parish-priest-to-parishioner' system. But the fundamentalist and the Roman Catholic have both overlooked the one element of the faith that is anterior to the acceptance of the inerrancy of scripture or the acceptance of the inerrancy of the Church's interpretation of scripture. That overlooked element is the essential element: the human factor. In jettisoning the European cultural heritage, which is done when anyone mentioning the words 'white' or 'Anglo-Saxon' or using phrases like 'white man's burden' is lumped with Hitler, the fundamentalist and the 'inerrancy of the Magisterium' Roman Catholic deprive man of his basic intuition about the nature of reality. Contained within the European cultural heritage is the truth that there is first that divine intimation in our heart and then the sympathetic connection with a divine element in the hearts of our kith and kin. Without that intuition and sympathy, we have no way of knowing or of caring about the truths of divine revelation.

It seems, to the fundamentalist, that he can jettison the 19th century Southern whites and the 'white man's burden' type of Brit of the 18th and 19th century. "They are mere dross, forerunners of Hitler," fundamentalists Falwell and Morris maintain. (The Catholic jettisons Cortez.) "All we need is the Holy Bible." But the Bible is an unopened book, and the Roman Catholic Church is an empty building without the spirit and blood of the old European.

It is ironic that the fundamentalist, who deplores the liberal's faith in evolution, is compact with him on the issue of the European cultural heritage. Both maintain that the European's actions toward other races and his intuitions about the nature of reality were in error. But then how can we have faith in anything? If the one civilization that took Christ into its bosom is not essentially correct about the nature of man and his relation to God, then aren't we all doomed to either Beckett's despair or Montaigne's skepticism?

The fundamentalist is certainly correct; the evolutionists must be opposed. But he is not fundamental enough. Man is a fish out of water if he is severed from his fundamental intuitions about the nature of reality. The European cultural heritage confirms our heartfelt intuition that Christ is the focal point of human history. If we are severed from that heritage of the white man, we will descend to the spiritual level of the apes whom Darwin says are our progenitors. Presumably the fundamentalists would not like to see that happen, but then they should stop trying to Negroize Christianity and return instead to the segregationist, hierarchal, fundamental faith of their European forefathers.

Labels: Fundamentalists, Richard Weaver, scientific view of man, William Jennings Bryan

Clan Europe

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 2008

Richard Nixon was certainly not an integral hero from a Walter Scott novel, and **Ronald Reagan** with his 'city built on a hill' rhetoric and his 'trickle down' economic theories was not a great champion of Christian Europe. Nevertheless, I think both Nixon and Reagan had a residue of traditional, Christian, European blood left in their veins; they were not completely post-Christian. In contrast, Bush Sr., Clinton, and Bush Jr. were and are completely post-Christian. All three strike me as caricatures of human beings, examples of the new technocratic, post-Christian men forged by Satan and incapable of acting in any way contrary to Satan's wishes.

Only the white European can be a technocratic man, because only the white European walked away from paganism. And he can not go back. He can go forward (in a decadent, sci-fi sense) or he can be faithful to his blood and become an integral Christian man, but he cannot become a pagan again.

In a wonderful epic poem, "Harold the Dauntless," Walter Scott describes, through Harold the Dauntless, European man's struggle from paganism to Christianity. Harold's father is a full-blooded, pagan hero.

*List to the valorous deeds that were done
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son!
Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the main.
Woe to the realms which he coasted! For there
Was shedding of blood and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again.*

But even a full-blooded pagan can get tired of all that hacking, hewing, and pillaging.

*Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord;
That which molders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led,
Many wax'd aged, and many were dead;
Himself found his armor full weighty to bear,
Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair.
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad,
And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode.
As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace with prelate and priest;
Made his peace, and stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said.
Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave:--*

*"Thou has murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,
Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd;
Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn;*

*Fiends has thou worship'd, with fiendish rite,
Leave now the darkness, and wend into light:
O! while life and space are given,
Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven!"*
That stern old heathen his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he steadfastly gazed: --
"Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne,
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine."

Count Witikind's conversion is only a tenth-part sincere, and his pagan son is naturally appalled.

*"What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
With thy humble look and thy monkish brow.
Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow?
Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known,
Royal Eric's fearless son,
Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the ax and sword;
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tore,
And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor;
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull,
Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull?
Then ye worship'd with rites that to war-gods belong,
With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the strong;
And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,
Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk..."*

Harold is banished by his father and sets out to carve a pagan name for himself even more fearsome than his father's name. And he succeeds. He stands virtually alone against Christendom and heathendom, and he triumphs. But he was not quite alone. Harold, unknown to him, is beloved. Disguised as a male page, a Danish maid named Eivir remains true to Harold in his disasters and his triumphs. It is when Harold's pagan god threatens Eivir that Harold realizes the inhumanity and the insufficiency of paganism.

*"Harold," he said, "what rage is thine,
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior-God?—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embattled hosts before my face
Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarine?—
Thou wilt not. Only can I give
The joys for which the valiant live,
Victory and vengeance—only I
Can give the joys for which they die,
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
The brimming draught from foeman's skull.
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,
The faithful pledge of vassal's love."*

*"Tempter," said Harold, firm of heart,
"I charge thee, hence! whate'er thou art,
I do defy thee – and resist
The kindling frenzy of my breast,
Waked by thy words; and of my mail,
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,
Shall rest with thee – that youth release,
And God, or demon, part in peace."—
"Eivir," the Shape replied, "is mine,
Mark'd in the birth-hour with my sign
Think'st thou that priest with drops of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark away?
Or that a borrow'd sex and name
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?"
Thrill'd this strange speech thro' Harold's brain,
He clenched his teeth in high disdain,
For not his new-born faith subdued
Some tokens of his ancient mood:--
"Now, by the hope so lately given
Of better trust and purer heaven,
I will assail thee, fiend!" – Then rose
His mace, and with storm of blows
The mortal and the Demon close.*

Just any Danish maiden, so long as she is comely and fair, will no longer suffice for Harold. He loves a distinct personality in Eivir, and he needs the God-Man, who loves distinct personalities, if he is to save Eivir.

Scott held abstract theory in religion in the same contempt he held abstract theory in politics. But he believed in and revered the non-abstract Christianity of Harold the Dauntless. There is no dichotomy, as the 'New Age' pagans would have us believe, between the European Christianity of Walter Scott and the Christianity of the early Church; they are one.

The current group of presidential candidates simply mirror our society. Hillary and McCain are both products of the post-Christian epoch of the white man's history. They have reverted to paganism, but they add an even sicker, technocratic dimension to their new paganism. Hillary is a votaress of Cybele without the sensuality, and McCain is a devotee of Mars without the passion. Cold, sterile abortions and massive bombing raids represent the new technocratic Cybele and Mars.

A demented Mau Mau like Obama could only rise to prominence in a post-Christian society. He alone among the candidates comes from outside the European tradition. He is not post-Christian; he is pure barbarian. He would be imprisoned or exiled in a truly Christian society, but in a post-Christian society, he is a god.

There is one benefit to be derived from living in a society that has gone completely over to the devil. You have clarity. Let me use Nixon and Reagan as examples again. When you see some Christian remnants in such men, you think about working within existing structures and building on that remnant of faith. But you don't know how far to go with a mere glimmer of hope. "At what point do I give up on men on the brink of the abyss of post-Christianity and forge on without them?" When the post-Christian Bushes and Clintons come to power, there is no longer any doubt; one can draw the sword and throw the sheath away.

My experience in the Roman Catholic Church mirrored my experience with American democracy. I kept making excuses for the actions of the pope and bishops, hoping for some glimmer of faith within them with which a man could unite and do battle against the barbarian and neo-pagan world.

But at every turn, they were against the old Europe of the God-Man and for the New World Order of the barbarians and techno-barbarians. And that is a tragedy, but it is better to know that men whom you thought were allies are indeed your enemies than to have false friends at your back.

It has been rightly said of liberals that they make complex issues simple and simple issues complex. The issue of European identity is not complex. It is simple. Black barbarians have never shown the slightest capability of understanding the true Christianity. When they rule, they extinguish mercy and charity, and whether they profess voodoo or Christianity, the practice of their religion always results in barbarism. And the post-Christian technocrat has given us the barbarism of the machine. Under their rule, European man has suffered the same plight as laboratory rats. He has been dissected and then discarded.

It's crystal clear now: good vs. evil. The Europe of Walter Scott and all the unsung, dauntless, Christian Harolds is our Europe. Our enemies are those who oppose its restoration. And those enemies are legion. But what choice is there? If we abandon Europe, we abandon Him. And that would truly be the unpardonable sin.

Of course we will never fight effectively against Satan if we hold back, afraid to fight, because we allow the false, outward piety of his minions to deceive us.

*An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!*

If we have hearts that still bleed at the thought of helpless Christian men and women being tortured by black barbarians, we will strike back against the barbarians, despite the protests of the man holding the mitre. And when George Bush turns his back on the white people at home and launches bombs on innocent civilians abroad, we should oppose him despite his 'born again' exterior. It is not confusing! If we still have hearts connected to Europe, when it was Europe, we will always instinctively strike back at Satan no matter what outward form he assumes. And now, when everything seems especially hopeless, is the time to strike back at Satan and his minions – for the logic of fairyland tells us that it is when hope seems nearly gone that "God's relief by us is surely won."

Labels: Christian Europe, paganism, Sir Walter Scott

The Twin Towers of Atheism

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 2008

There are two separate stories in David Satter's excellent book, *Age of Delirium: The Decline and Fall of the Soviet Union* (Knopf, 1996). There is the story of how the Soviet Union maintained its system of terror against its own citizens; this story is told by the victims, many of whom Satter knew personally. He does an excellent job in presenting the victims' stories, stories that bear repeating. Solzhenitsyn, of course, has already done yeoman's work in depicting the plight of the millions upon millions who were victims of the Communist regime.

The second story that Satter reports is one that has not received as much attention, and it concerns the citizens who remained loyal to the Soviet Union while their friends and family members were sent to the Gulag and psychiatric hospitals. What did they think? Why did they finally cease to believe in the Soviet system? This makes for a very interesting story. Satter went throughout Russia in both the pre-glasnost days and the post-glasnost days. Besides talking to victims of Soviet terrorism, he talked to the average Russian 'Joes,' the ones who had never been sent to prison or to psychiatric hospitals.

What Satter reports is, at first reading, unbelievable; but after reflection, it squares with what one knows about history and human nature. What Satter found was that the average Russian Joe *supported* the Soviet regime; he *believed* the official lie. Russians were willing to put up with bread lines and cramped housing because their government told them conditions were worse everywhere else. They believed the Afghans had invited the Russians into their country to protect them, and they believed that Lenin was a saintly, heroic man.

It was glasnost that changed everything. Gorbachev had no intention of unleashing the forces that would topple the Soviet Union. He was a typical Communist party hack. He thought he could use glasnost as a policy to defeat his enemies within the party, but when the information flow started, when devoted teachers discovered that everything they had been teaching for years was a lie, when citizens learned that Lenin was not a saint but a man with the blood of millions on his hands, when Soviet citizens actually started to visit Western countries – well, then the sacrifices the citizens had made during the years of communism seemed to be worthless. If they were not building the socialist utopia, what were they doing? Where was their metaphysic? Glasnost destroyed the Soviet Union. And the man who ushered it in for his own political reasons, Gorbachev, went down with it.

Echoing what Dostoyevsky and Berdayev have said about the Russian people, Satter maintains that the Russian people need a messianic religion. Russian Orthodoxy was replaced by messianic communism. When the belief in communism was taken away from them with glasnost, the Russian people went looking for a new god:

"In this context, glasnost could not but destroy the Soviet system. It was not that any one revelation proved critical for the regime. It was rather that the very idea of truthful information could only shatter the system of collective delusion that treated the regime as the ultimate arbiter of truth and the Soviet system as the realization of mankind's historical destiny, in which each citizen was privileged to take part. In creating the Soviet Union, the Bolsheviks accepted all three temptations rejected by Christ in the wilderness. But they gained the loyalty of the Soviet people by hiding the fact that they did so in the interests of Satan. The Soviet Union fell because when the long-deceived Soviet people realized, as a result of glasnost, who they had been serving in reality, they threw off their mental bondage to an evil system and began seeking other gods." (p. 418)

Satter makes no predictions as to what new gods the Russian people might seek. There are anti-Western, Russian nationalist factions that talk about building their own 'Star Wars' missiles and conquering Alaska. There are the Western-style materialists, the former Communists, and a tiny minority of Solzhenitsyn-style, Orthodox Christians.

And that last point is the significant one. The majority of Russians did not reject communism in order to return to Christianity, they rejected communism for American jeans and Big Macs. A patriotic Russian Christian now faces, in the seductive American heresy, a more subtle and potentially more dangerous adversary than communism; the American democratic heresy is more dangerous than Russian communism because the American heresy destroys the will to resist. The Russian communists assert, “There is no God,” and send those who contradict them to prison. And in prison many break, but those who don’t become like steel.

In contrast, the rulers of our American democratic oligarchy do not deny the existence of God. Instead they co-opt Him¹: God exists and he is a democratic, racially egalitarian, universalist god. The seductive logic of that assertion tends to produce hapless jellyfish, who flop around and proclaim their contentment. And in order to assure their government and themselves of their “Christianity,” the democratic jellyfish spout racial egalitarian and universalist cant whenever they are asked to speak.

So, we have our own “delirium” in this country. And we need to resist it just as fiercely as the Christian remnant in Russia resisted communism. If we view books such as Satter’s merely as cautionary tales about the evils of communism, we miss the point. The moral of the Russian communist story is that man cannot live without God. And the addendum to the American democratic story is that man needs the living God, not a phony, democratic, multi-racial caricature of God.

1. One gets a picture of two devils sent out from hell to try and corrupt the souls of men. One devil is sent to Russia and one to the United States. The Russian devil goes head-on against God and introduces Marxist atheism. He gets C- results. Satan is not very pleased with him. On the other hand, the American devil does not tackle God head-on. He uses the name of God to sell all his Satanic ‘isms’ – like capitalism and racial universalism. When he reports back to hell, he receives an A+ and is given a promotion.

Labels: American totalitarianism, communism

The River vs. the Open Road

SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 2008

...the innate conservatism of youth asks neither poverty nor riches, but only immunity from change. – *The Golden Age* by Kenneth Grahame

If we can judge by the literature of that century, and we can, the 19th century was the century of war between principalities and powers. God and the devil were going at it hammer and tongs. Melville put it quite well: “The light is greater hence the shadow more.”

European man entered the 20th century spiritually exhausted and very much under the spell of satanic ‘isms. The first world war was one of the most startling proofs of Satan’s new dominance over the hearts and minds of the European people. In sheer number of adherents and societal influence, Satan had triumphed over our Lord. The old Faith still had an influence; it had not been thoroughly eradicated, but it would no longer be the centerpiece of Western Civilization. It would now be an underground faith, hidden in the subterranean vault of the European heart.

In every Christian century preceding the 20th century, there were the Athenian intellectuals who treated the Christian faith as foolish or childish, but the sneer of the intellectuals did not affect the Christian faith of the great mass of European people. In the era of the Enlightenment, for example, despite the deism of the philosophers, the faith of the common people remained intact. It is in the 20th century that we see, for the first time in European man’s history, the great mass of people adopting the faithless faith of the intellectuals.

What does it mean when we say a man has a faithless faith? It does not mean that he flat out denies Christ. What it means is that he hedges on all the crucial doctrines of Christianity. Nikos Kazantzakis, in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, gives us an example of Western man’s faithless faith. In the novel (I didn’t see the movie, but I suspect it was quite different from the novel), Kazantzakis, who revered the person of Christ, presents us with a Christ who is something more than man but also something less than God. Christ does bring Lazarus back to life, for instance, but as a scarecrow Lazarus, not completely alive, and not quite dead. Such is the faith of the modern European.

One doesn’t need an encyclopedic knowledge of ancient civilizations, just a little commonsense will do, to see that when a particular people loses their faith their civilization declines. European civilization retained its vitality when Athenian skepticism was confined to a few intellectuals, but when that skepticism became part of the common culture, the civilization that was once an all-consuming fire became a dying ember.

Of course we can’t artificially recreate the old European faith in order to restore European civilization. That’s not how things work. First comes faith, after which all those things are “added unto” us. But if the European were to embrace Christianity, full and free without let or hindrance, it would not entail the acceptance of a way of life or mode of being that was completely alien to him. It would merely entail the opening of the subterranean vault of his heart and letting his childlike faith in Christ back into the light of day.

It is painfully clear, however, that European man does not want to bring Christianity back into the light. He wants it to remain in the cellar. Yes, occasionally he’ll refer to Christianity when it supports his liberalism, but it is not his guiding light; reason is. And he persists in the belief in his own reason, despite the fact that the evidence is in. Man cannot live a moral life, or any kind of life, when reason alone is his guide.

If, in modern times, they who own the restraint of philosophical discipline alone have not given way to such grossness of conduct, it is because those principles of religion, which they affect to despise, have impressed on the public mind a system of moral feeling unknown till the general prevalence of the Christian faith; but which, since its predominance, has so generally pervaded

European society, that no pretender to innovation can directly disavow its influence, though he endeavours to show that the same results which are recommended from the Christian pulpit, and practised by the Christian community, might be reached by the unassisted efforts of that human reason, to which he counsels us to resign the sole regulation of our morals.

In short, to oppose one authority in the same department to another, the reader is requested to compare the character of the philosophic Squire in Tom Jones, with that of Bage's philosophical heroes; and to consider seriously whether a system of ethics, founding an exclusive and paramount court in a man's own bosom for the regulation of his own conduct, is likely to form a noble, enlightened, and generous character, influencing others by superior energy and faultless example; or whether it is not more likely, as in the observer of the rule of right, to regulate morals according to temptation and to convenience, and to form a selfish, sophisticated hypocrite, who, with morality always in his mouth, finds a perpetual apology for evading the practice of abstinence, when either passion or interest solicit him to indulgence.

--from *The Lives of the Novelists* by Walter Scott

The delusion that reasoning man can function quite well without Christianity was always the delusion of a segment of European intellectuals. And they never were forced to see it for what it was: a delusion. But now that European man en masse has fallen prey to the same delusion, we must look at it. Why, if reason is sufficient, does European man want to prostrate himself before the gods of color? What is missing in his rational self-sufficiency that makes him go whoring after the savage races? He misses a vital faith and he thinks that the blood orgies of the heathen can provide him with the vitality that he lacks. He thinks this because he has cut himself off from the wisdom of his race. The white man rejected the pagans' faith because they saw God only in nature. In contrast, the white man saw that God was the animating force behind nature and His motivating principle was mercy and not sacrifice. When Christianity becomes a philosophy, the neopagan is right: it lacks vitality. But when it is a faith, it has the vitality to renew lives and the world. Let the neopagan who doubts the vitality of Christianity ask himself this question: Who fights the more fiercely for the fair maiden – the Christian knight who loves her or the pagan warrior who wants to possess her for a night?

What the European liberal finds out when he goes a whoring with the “vital natural races” is that “where man is not, nature is barren.” He needs the Christian fairy land, not heathendom. Take a walk through the forests of Arden or share the oars with Ratty on his river. In those worlds, blood is sacred because it is animated by His spirit. And nature is revered because it houses His Kith and Kin.

It is sad that with our Lord's words before us, “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven,” we still turn to “adult” theologians and philosophers for guidance. It would be much better for our souls if we turned to those poets of the West who retained, in the face of the emerging atheism of the 20th century, their childlike faith.

In *The Wind in the Willows* (1908), Kenneth Grahame writes a poetic defense of Christian Europe. The white Europeans in *The Wind and the Willows* are Ratty, Mole, Badger, Mr. Toad, and all those animals who adhere to the same code as the four heroes. In the outer wood are the weasels and the stoats, the savage hordes of color, who do not see, when they view the ancient dwellings of the Europeans, home and hearth. They see only something to be plundered. And they get their chance when Mr. Toad, obsessed with his “cleverness,” decides that “the plowed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingerings,” cannot compare to the open road. And what Toad abandons, the weasels and stoats take. But they can do nothing but destroy, like the blacks in Rhodesia and South Africa; they can't maintain or restore an ancient European dwelling. It is Ratty, Mr. Badger, and the Mole, who help Toad regain his ancestral dwelling. They face the barbarians of color and defeat them. They are greatly outnumbered, but they prevail because they fight for the homely virtues which only the European knows and treasures as his source of strength. The antique

European has no magic talisman. He possesses something of infinitely greater value: a faithful heart. When Ratty declares his love for his river, he describes my love for antique Europe:

“I beg your pardon,” said the Mole, pulling himself together with an effort. “You must think me very rude; but all this is so new to me. So—this—is—a—River!”

“The River,” corrected the Rat.

“And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!”

“By it and with it and on it and in it,” said the Rat. “It’s brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It’s my world, and I don’t want any other. What it hasn’t got is not worth having, and what it doesn’t know is not worth knowing.”

Toad’s open-road philosophy leads us to the savage horde barbarism of the stoats and weasels. Ratty’s river leads us back to His Europe.

Labels: blood faith, intellectual faith, Wind in the Willows

To Whom Shall We Go?

SATURDAY, MAY 03, 2008

“Man must & will have Some Religion: if he has not the Religion of Jesus he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the Synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World ‘God,’ and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God.”

– William Blake

In the old detective movies, there is a basic scenario that must unfold if the movie is to proceed and not end in the first five minutes. There must be a murder, and the police must assume (wrongly) that it is an open-and-shut case. Then the private detective steps in and notices one little detail the police have overlooked. From that detail comes other details, and eventually, after being knocked on the head a few times and shot at, the private detective solves the case and proves that the police were wrong.

Let me cast my college professor, whom I mentioned in “Galahad,” in the role of the police and myself in the position of the private eye. Dr. ____ presented, in two semesters worth of lectures, the case against Christianity. He had once been a Lutheran pastor, but his studies in antique religions, which was the title of his course, made him realize that there was “nothing unique about Christianity, it was just one more manifestation of man’s attempt to deal with his ongoing cosmic complaint.”

But strange to say, I read all the books on the book list and attended all the lectures and came up with a conclusion diametrically opposed to my professor’s conclusion. It seemed to me that the evidence showed Christianity was uniquely true and not just a manifestation of man’s “cosmic complaint.” Before mentioning the detail which led to the other details and which my professor had missed, let me present the case against Christianity that was presented to me.

When I was growing up in the dark days before VCR and DVD players, the slide projector was used as an educational tool and a torture device (Uncle Harry: “Let me show you my slides of our trip to Coney Island”). So in the form of a slide show, let’s look at Dr. ____’s and the Western rationalist’s case against Christianity.

In the first set of slides, we see the ancient Greek religion start out as a ‘god of the bush, god of the stream’ religion and then develop into that marvelous pantheon of nature gods composed of Zeus, Hera, Poseidon, Hermes, etc. But before the first set of slides is over, we see the coming of the philosophers. They deride the gods of the Greek pantheon and attempt to replace them with philosophy and ethics. Their efforts are largely successful. The gods of Olympus remain, but they have been drastically altered. Now they are civic gods who symbolize the various virtues enunciated by the philosopher. No one reveres them any longer as vital, living gods.

The second set of slides is the Roman era. The Romans take the Greek civic gods as their own and formalize the rituals concerning them to an extent that makes the Hebrew Pharisees look informal and casual about their laws. In essence Rome, the system, is now god. But that system was very permissive; so long as the Roman state was honored, one could seek out other gods in addition to the state gods. That permissiveness was necessary, because the Roman gods did not satisfy man’s longing for a personal god who guaranteed immortality.

Now we go to the third set of slides which reveals the mystery religions. They advanced from rather barbaric rituals to a more ethereal plane that rivaled the ethical systems of the Greek and Roman sages. And they had the added element of a personal God who insured the immortality of his or her adherents. And that closed the case as far as my professor was concerned. An ethical system presided over by a personal God, who guaranteed immortality, was the essence of Christianity, he argued, and that essence could be seen in the mystery religions of the ancient Roman empire.

The fact that the police have got it wrong starts out as an intuition: "I can't put my finger on it, but something doesn't feel right about this setup. Maybe it's because I don't want to believe my client, Mr. Christianity, is guilty, but still something seems wrong here." Then one detail that tends to cast doubt on the police's case against Mr. Christianity becomes clear to the detective. And while he is still pondering the first detail, another one comes to the surface, and then another, and soon the whole case against Mr. Christianity comes tumbling down.

The first important difference one notices between the mystery religions and Christianity is that the Christian God does His work of redemption within historical time. There is an actual empty tomb from which Christ emerges. The mystery gods are outside of historical time; they perform their feats of death and rebirth in cosmic time. Those ahistorical gods seem like fantastic dreams, not realities. But why does the fact that those fantasies of the devotees of the mystery religions have some resemblance to the Christ story make Christianity false? Could not we view those fantasies as one indication that God was preparing human hearts to accept the true fulfillment of the dreams and hopes of those who believed in the mysteries?

A second detail that emerges is the ethical one. Even though we can see a development in the mystery religions away from barbarism and toward mercy, they are still very much religions in which the devotee needs to propitiate the god through sacrifice rather than develop the virtues of faith, hope, and charity from within through a mystical connection with Christ. And then we must also note that Christ does not change from a cruel God to a more ethical, kind God; He is always the same: the God of mercy.

The third detail is the most decisive detail, but it is the detail that is not subject to empirical proof. Do you remember the murder trial in the *Brothers Karamazov*? Dmitri Karamazov is on trial for the murder of his father. All the "facts" seem to indicate his guilt. Only his saintly brother Alyosha believes he is innocent, which of course he is. When the prosecutor asks Alyosha why, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, he thinks Dmitri is innocent, Alyosha replies, "I looked at his face." Yes, that is what it comes down to. There are solid rational reasons for belief in Christianity, and they should be stressed, but ultimately the case rests on what happens when we look at Christ.

Do our hearts burn within us when we listen to the story of Attis or Cybele? Do we look at the faith of the devotees of the mystery religions acting in their lives and say, "their faith must be the true faith"? I don't, and I don't think any European prior to the 20th century ever did. It was always Him, and no other. And the devotees of the mystery religions felt the same way. They forsook their gods for Christ. Only the Athenian intellectuals remained obdurate. The case is closed; Christianity is not guilty. It is the one, true faith.

There are many striking parallels, as the historians of religion have noted, between our modern democratic civilization and ancient pagan Rome. We have, like the Romans, a state religion (democracy) that has absorbed the old religion (Christianity), and made what was once a vital faith into a civic religion that serves the state. While our citizenry gives public obeisance to the state religion, they seek other gods, with the exception of those such as Chris Matthews who find the state religion sufficient, to satisfy their need for a vital faith. But there the parallel ends. The gods which modern man seeks are not up to the level of the mystery religions, at least not the higher level. There is no concept of immortality in the modern barbaric faiths. There is no rudimentary stirrings of mercy and compassion; there is only sex and blood. Which is why faith in the Negro trumps all the other faiths; it is the faith most devoid of a spiritual dimension.

Even if the Christian churches did start preaching genuine Christianity again, it is difficult to believe that the current breed of post-Christians would respond to it. But there is such a thing as grace, and European man does have Christianity in his blood. If we could establish some link again with the Europeans who had a vital spirit and blood faith... there are such possibilities.

My conviction that my Athenian professor was wrong came from my exposure, through the literary tradition of Europe, to the person of Christ. Every line Shakespeare wrote, every novel penned by Scott, pointed to Him. Which is why I believe that what is scornfully referred to by the rational apologists as the 'cultural backdoor' is the golden door to His Kingdom. But it is the European culture and only the European culture that holds the keys to the golden door. Spirit, blood, and faith are woven together in the European culture. There is no other culture like it. How can we live outside of it? As the disciple said to our Lord, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Labels: detective movies, mystery religions, person of Christ

“I Know Not Seems”

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 2008

There is an old, kind of folksy story that tells of a city slicker driving up to a farm and asking the farmer, “How do I get to Centerville from here?” The farmer replies, “Well, if I was going to Centerville, I wouldn’t start from here.” Of course, the point is that one must always start from here; our modern civilization is not a good starting point for a counterrevolution, but we are here.

The Europeans were the only race of people that had a “bred in the bone” Christianity. Other races adapted Christianity at certain points in their history and then abandoned it, like a used coat, when it became expedient to abandon it. And the ones that didn’t abandon Christianity officially, such as the Mexicans, simply blended it with their native barbaric religion. The point is that Christianity never reached the blood of the non-Europeans. So when a non-European people stops professing Christianity it doesn’t affect their essential being, as individuals, or as a culture. It is different with the European. If he denies Christianity, he denies his blood. The result of such a denial is racial suicide.

The modern European is currently in the position of Jonah. He desperately wants to escape from his God. He doesn’t want the white man’s burden. But God is in his blood. How do you escape from your blood? You escape by creating a world where the living God, the God of spirit and blood, cannot enter. You create a world of pure mind. In that world, God is whoever you say he is, and his (or her) attributes are whatever attributes you assign to your mind-forged deity. Since the mind-forged deity of the post-Christian was created so that the post-Christian could escape from the living God, every vestige of European culture must be eradicated – in the name of god, of course. This is why race-mixing is encouraged and lauded throughout the Western world. The more the races mix, the further removed mankind gets from the blood of the white man and the living God. The modern clergy will never cease their efforts to mongrelize the world because in their church, the mind-forged church of Satan, race mixing represents the triumph of their god.

If they do not dilute the blood of the white man, there is always the chance that they will have to answer the call of the blood. They will be called upon to do what their ancestors did: to die to self everyday and to take up their cross and follow Him.

It would not be completely accurate to place the white liberal’s hatred of everything white under the “death wish” umbrella. It is a death wish, but it is not a personal death wish. The white post-Christian wishes for the death of European culture, for the death of “racist” white people, and for the death of the very idea of race. But he, the man of the mind, the walking, talking example of a man untainted by ties of blood, wishes abundant life for himself.

One cannot prophesy anything with the certainty of the prophets of the Old Testament. They had a special link to God. But one can prophesy in the Dostoevskian sense. Dostoevsky stated, after being among them but not of them, that the revolutionary element of the Russian Bolsheviks would kill millions upon millions of people, in the name of humanity, if they ever came to power. He also expressed, in the *Brothers Karamazov*, his fervent belief that the Russian people would not accept an atheist government. So he was not a prophet in the old Hebrew sense of the word in that he knew what the future would be. He was a prophet in the “If these shadows are not altered” vein. He knew what the Bolsheviks would do if they got to power.

In that sense, if these shadows be not altered, it is not difficult to prophesy the future. If the anti-white Athenians have their way and the white race disappears as a distinct race, Christianity will also disappear. “When the Son of Man returns, will he find faith on earth?” will be answered with a definitive ‘no’. We need merely to look at actual history, as distinct from liberal utopian theory, to see what will happen. We know that Christianity only penetrated deeply into the culture of one particular people. We know that the other races, with of course some individual exceptions, only adhered to the externals of Christianity because it appeared to be a magic talisman of the

Europeans. But in the secret recesses of their souls, the non-Europeans remained loyal to their heathen deities. So if there are no longer any white men of faith in the world, there will be no Christianity. The heathen will return to unadulterated heathenism and the remaining white hating whites, who had hoped to live forever in an anti-white utopia, will be exterminated. Before the final cleansing takes place, all the governments in the Western world will mandate mixed marriages and outlaw marriages between two whites. (White homosexuals will be excused from the proscription against white marriage.) Let me amend that: in America, it probably won't be necessary to make mixed marriages mandatory, Americans have already started complying voluntarily. They get the message: the white race must cease to exist.

I think we, the remnant, can all agree that we are talking about a counter-revolution and not a conservative movement or a new political party that needs to be formed. Every successful revolution – and the post-Christian whites have engineered a successful revolution – starts by undermining the spiritual foundations of the existing regime. The spiritual foundation of Christian Europe was the incarnate God. The supporting pillars of that foundation were the bonds forged by kinship, race and culture. When those bonds were severed the spiritual foundation was destroyed. And the bonds were severed when white Christians began to believe the propaganda of the Christian philosophers. “Maybe Christ did intend one multi-colored, universalist world church.” This is the Roman temptation. “Become part of the Roman system, and merge with the great universal.”

The Roman system dehumanizes; one's personality is absorbed by the system. And race-mixing dehumanizes; it forces a man to sever his connections to his own kith and kin, which are essential to his identity, and to dissolve himself in the cauldron of the stranger. So a mind-forged system of philosophy and race-mixing go hand in hand. Christian Europe is always the loser when those two satanic forces coalesce.

The Spanish experience in Mexico provides us with a cautionary tale about the dangers of abstract, philosophical Christianity and race-mixing. Cortez and his men were men of blood and spirit; they had the faith. And their successful attempt to destroy the satanic altars of the Aztecs was a magnificent achievement, but the Spanish were also members of a church that placed undue emphasis on the philosophical defense of the faith rather than on the faith itself. In the philosophical realm, incorporation into the system is more important than an internal spiritual conversion. So once the Aztecs expressed external consent to the Roman system, the door was open for mixed marriages and the nullification of all the good the Spanish did by their conquest. Let me hasten to add that I realize the temptations a young Spanish male faced, in the absence of white women; it is only natural to look for whatever women are available. Perhaps it would have been better then, if the Spanish conquistadors had taken our Lord's injunction, “and lead us not into temptation,” seriously and stayed in Spain. For many years I've resisted the thought that the Spaniards should have stayed in Spain, but it is now my firm conviction that the Spanish conquistadors who listened to the call of adventure and went to Mexico were not as great as the Spanish men who stayed in Spain, fathered children by white Spanish women, and consecrated those children to God.¹ And I don't say that for the liberal reason that “the bad Spanish were mean to the Indians.” The conquest was not bad for the Indians; it was bad for white people, just as slavery in our country was not bad because it harmed black people. It didn't harm them; slavery was bad because it harmed white people.

There are those who claim the conquest was necessary because it brought Christianity to the New World. But is it necessary to sleep with native women in order to convert natives? I would think the reverse is true. When the Spaniards mixed their blood with the Aztecs, the end result was a religion that was neither fish nor fowl. It was Aztec at the core with some of the Christian Externals. And it will always be thus when the European mixes his blood with the colored races. He spawns a hybrid religion.

So we are here, facing an unholy alliance of white, Athenian intellectuals and the colored races. They seem like an invincible army. But the antique European “knows not seems.” The ties of kith and kin

bind us to our Lord. Who shall separate us from Him? Certainly not the impious alliance which tells us we must deny our European blood in order to become part of the New World Order.

The true European refuses to be part of the New World Order. He knows that he must remain faithful to his blood because if he, the keeper of the flame that was lit in Bethlehem some 2,000 years ago, joins the new Christ-less Tower of Babel Church, the God who loves with a love "that passeth all understanding" will not be able to find a place to rest His head on this earth. I know the rejoinder: "Christ doesn't need us; he will find a place for Himself." But doesn't that overlook the Incarnation? Didn't He need a woman of faith to be His handmaiden? Didn't He need a foster father? Many a parent has found strength they never knew they had when their child was threatened. Well, haven't we, the Europeans, taken the Christ Child as our own? And is He not being threatened? When they, the satanic legions in the impious alliance, demand that we deny our blood, which is connected to His sacred heart, they threaten Him. If we don't abandon Him, in the incarnate, dependent stage of His humanity, he will not leave us defenseless before our enemies even though they be legion. Such is my belief and such was the belief of the antique Europeans.

1. A nation can only become that rare entity called a Christian commonwealth when the vast majority of the males in that nation find more romance in the practice of their craft or in the tilling of their fields than they do in battle. The Swiss had their pagan wars and their Catholic vs. Protestant wars just like every other European nation, but the Swiss, unlike every other European nation, had an intense desire to settle their differences and return to their farms and to their trades. They had managed to find romance in the homely virtues of shop, farm, and hearth. -- from "The Swiss"

Labels: blood faith, restoration of European civilization

Worse than Death

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 2008

“Such a horrible idea has come into my head, Su.”

“What’s that?”

“Wouldn’t it be dreadful if some day in our own world, at home, men started going wild inside, like the animals here, and still looked like men, so that you’d never know which were which?”

-- *Prince Caspian*

I have always thought the notion that animals are outside of God’s grace and do not inherit eternal life was false. And I believe this notion to be false because I do not believe that God will permit anything human to perish. I have seen sparks of humanity in pets of my own and in the pets of others. There are too many Greyfriars’ Bobby stories not to conclude that animals are worthy of eternal life.

As a general rule, I don’t like nature specials. How many times can you look at a lion killing a wildebeest or crocodiles chomping on a baby hippo? But I recently saw some footage taken by an amateur photographer in South Africa called the “Battle at Kruger” that was actually uplifting. It’s one of YouTube’s most popular videos right now and is really quite extraordinary. It demonstrates, at least to me, that animals, though given less grace to work with than humans, can achieve a higher level of humanity than humans, such as the post-Christian whites of the Western world, who have turned away from God’s grace.

For those who haven’t seen the video, let me give a brief description. Two adult Cape Buffalo and a baby buffalo come near a lion’s pride, which is hiding by a water hole, waiting, no doubt, for something good to eat to come along. They get their wish. The Cape Buffalo run when they see the lions, but it is too late for the baby buffalo. The lions catch up to the baby at the water’s edge and accidentally knock it into the water. As they try to pull the baby out of the water to chomp on it, a pair of crocodiles come along and try to pull the baby back into the water. You can imagine what the baby buffalo must have been thinking: “If not for the honor of the thing, I’d just as soon not be the main prize in this tug of war!” The lions get the baby away from the crocodiles and start to do what lions do with their prey. But then the extraordinary thing occurs. The Cape Buffalo are back! And they have come back en masse. The rather large pride of lions find themselves facing an even larger herd of angry Cape Buffalo. The buffalo disperse the lions in no uncertain fashion, throwing one lion into the air, and rescue the baby buffalo, who is miraculously able to trundle on home with his victorious kinsmen. I’ve been told that this extraordinary sense of solicitude for their own is very typical of Cape Buffalo. Whenever the herd is threatened, they form a perimeter with the babies in the center, the females in the next circle around the babies, and the males in the outer circle around the babies and the females. What does this tell us? Well, it tells me that Cape Buffalo are decidedly more Christian and thus more worthy of salvation than the modern, white post-Christians.

Let us change the social structure of the Cape Buffalo to that of the post-Christian white people and see the results: The Cape Buffalo are living and thriving. They form their protective perimeters when threatened, and in between times, they earn their daily bread and enjoy God’s bounty. But one day two buffalo leave the herd and go off to college. At first the other buffalo are proud: “A Cape Buffalo has never gone to college before.” But the parents of the two collegiate buffalo are not pleased when Mabel Buffalo and Robert Buffalo come home on their Christmas break. They have some strange ideas. Robert, who is a divinity student, tells his parents and anyone else in the herd who will listen, that good, clean buffalo do not form perimeters when the tribe is threatened. They should let lions, hyenas, and jackals prey on the females and the children of the herd. They should do this, Mabel and Robert maintain, because love of the stranger, the outsider, is the first law of Christianity. Robert then proceeds to explain why narrow-minded Cape Buffalo exclusivity is the one sin God will never forgive. When Robert finishes his oration, Mabel sings a new hymn she learned at college. The

hymn extols the beauties of the lion, the nobility of the hyenas, and deplores the evils of the Cape Buffalo.

Now at first, the Cape Buffalo laugh at Robert and Mabel. “There wouldn’t be any Cape Buffalo anymore if you had your way,” says old Silas Buffalo.

“Good,” Robert replies, “the world would be better off if there weren’t any Cape Buffalo.”

“But you’re a Cape Buffalo yourself,” sobs Robert’s mother.

“I don’t consider myself a Cape Buffalo anymore. I’m simply a reasoning, thinking animal. I belong to the universe and to the God of the universe, not to some specific tribe or herd.”

The Cape Buffalo, particularly Mabel and Robert’s parents, are relieved when Mabel and Robert go back to school. “Maybe they’ll grow out of it,” they say.

But of course Mabel and Robert don’t “grow out of it.” And Mabel and Robert’s ideas about the sin of exclusivity and the beauty and wonders of the stranger begin to spread throughout the herd. It becomes very hip among the younger Cape Buffalo to wear T-shirts with slogans like, “Have you hugged a lion today?” and “Stop the hate, Marry a jackal.”

Then one day we see the consequences of the new ‘love the stranger, hate your own’ philosophy. Two females and a baby buffalo stroll up to the water hole for a drink. A pride of lions are also near the water hole. The females, who see the lions, are slightly apprehensive. “Should we run?” asks one female.

“No,” says the other, “That would be an indication that we are bigoted, reactionary Cape Buffalo who do not love and trust the stranger.”

So the two females approach the water hole. The baby, who takes his cue from the adults, happily starts to drink from the water hole. The lions attack. The two female buffalo escape, but the baby is left in the clutches of the lions.

When the two females get back to the herd, the one who was slightly apprehensive (she still has some remnants of maternity in her bosom) says, “Please, won’t somebody help me rescue Oscar?”

The male Cape Buffalo – and there are hundreds of them – just yawn. “Don’t be a prejudiced, exclusivity-oriented Cape Buffalo,” they say. “The lions are not dangerous.”

“But they’ll eat Oscar.”

“What nonsense! They’ll just jostle him a little and let him go. You’re overreacting.”

“Besides, even if they do eat him, you must remember it is part of their culture.”

“Yes, that’s quite right; you can’t blame them for practicing their culture. Besides, when you consider all the terrible things Cape Buffalo have done to lions over the years, you can’t fault the lions for being angry.”

And on it goes. But one Cape Buffalo -- his name is Leonidas – steps out from the herd.

“I intend to rescue Oscar or die in the attempt.”

“You can’t do that! No one will follow you,” says a limp-hoofed Cape Buffalo named Irving.

“I will fight whether others follow or not.”

And Leonidas goes off to fight. Two other Cape Buffalo, whose names have been lost to posterity, go with him. Leonidas and the noble two attack the lion pride and free Oscar. But in the battle with the lions, the other Cape Buffalo, the liberal, ‘enlightened’ buffalo, stab Leonidas and his two companions in the back while they are fighting a rearguard defense against the lions. The baby runs

back to his mother, the apprehensive female, while Leonidas and his brave lieutenants become food for the lions.

The mother of Oscar had an internal conversion that day. She becomes once again a full-fledged Cape Buffalo. She takes Oscar away from the herd into the mountains. And there she teaches Oscar what it means to be a Cape Buffalo. She tells him of the bravery of Leonidas and his two friends. She tells him of the days when Cape Buffalo, every single one, defended their women and their babies and took pride in their heritage.

“Someday, Oscar, when I am dead and gone, you must return to the herd and reclaim them. Lead them back to the ways of the older Cape Buffalo such as Leonidas. And never trust the so-called learned buffalo who tell you the mind-forged lie that there is no such thing as evil and that there is no such thing as a Cape Buffalo.”

When his mother dies, Oscar returns to the herd. But the herd is almost extinct now. Oscar expected to have to fight his way through a whole horde of liberal Cape Buffalo before gaining the ascendancy of the herd, but there is no resistance, just a few feeble Cape Buffalo mumbling in the pasture, “Cape Buffalo exclusivity is bad, the stranger is good, it’s only natural after all...”

Oscar takes a wife for himself, picks out a few young females and young males, and then takes his small herd away from the liberal remnant.

“Now, it begins. In this new land, we will live and die as Cape Buffalo. This I swear before God and on the sacred horn of Leonidas.”

The old adage that charity begins at home is correct. We learn to love at the hearth fire. If we don’t love there, we will not then love the stranger. Love of the stranger comes only when we love kith and kin. And then it comes only when our kith and kin are secure from the slings and arrows of the stranger. The Southern plantation owner could extend ‘cradle to grave’ health care to his darkies only when he was secure in the knowledge that they wouldn’t rape his daughters and murder his sons.

Before the Europeans took Christ to their bosoms, their love for their own kith and kin produced enough fire to heat their hearths. After their acceptance of Christ, their love for each other was so intensified that the fire produced at their hearths was great enough to heat the hearths of the stranger. The liberal, inspired by Satan, wants to put out the hearth fires of the European in order, he claims, to fulfill his Christian duty to the stranger. But is the stranger served by being deprived of the heat of the European fire? No, of course not. Who then is being served? Well, above all, Satan is being served. The liberal, in his vainglory, imagines that he can use the devil for his own ends. But he will suffer the same end that all of his Athenian progenitors have suffered. When your theology is written in hell, you must either renounce that theology or be prepared to go to hell with your theology. The liberals have made their decision. They stand with Satan. We can’t convert them by dialoging with them. We can only counter their infidelity to His civilization with our fidelity. And if any of them have just a tiny remnant of grace left in their hearts, they will respond to our fidelity with baby steps toward the light. But we can’t convert anyone if we’re not strong in our belief that our European heritage is sacred. If we treat our heritage as something shameful and hideous, to be shunned, we will deserve to share the fate of the post-Christian liberals. And that fate is much worse than death.

Labels: Cape Buffalo, kith and kin, love of the stranger

“You Bid Me Seek Redemption from the Devil”

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 2008

I have before me an article by one of those old-fashioned conservatives who is against the demonizing of the white race. He writes that America has Hispanic history months, Asian history months, and black history months (it seems like every month is black history month). The main theme of all the history months is the evil of white people. The author of the article deplores this and suggests that we, the white people, “should seek – via letters to editors, school board members, and other elected officials – to assert not only the truth about America, but also the value of their own identity.”

Granting that the author of the article has his heart in the right place does not his advice strike us as a bit ludicrous? Are editors of newspapers, school board members, and other elected officials going to respond to letters from white people asking them to resist the Asian, the black, and the Mexican invasion? Of course they’re not. Well, let me rephrase that. They will respond. If you are foolish enough to put your name on the letter, they will respond to your letter with some sort of bureaucratic intimidation. You will be either audited, fired from your job, or fined.

The well-meaning conservative is asking us to seek redemption from the devil. Are liberal bureaucrats who make their living exposing the evils of “Euro-centrism” and the virtues of multiculturalism going to respond favorably to a letter extolling the virtues of European culture and the evils of multiculturalism?

Our well-meaning conservative is laboring under a false assumption when he suggests we defeat the devil with a letter writing campaign. The false assumption is that the mark of the white man is an abiding respect for the rule of law. This is not so. There is ingrained in the European a respect for laws that stem from the Christian tradition. But there is also ingrained in the European a disrespect for law when it is not grounded in Christianity. Thomas Nelson page wrote eloquently on this subject when he addressed the Negro question in the post-Civil War South of the 1890’s.

It is charged that the written law is not always fully and freely observed in the South in matters relating to the exercise of the elective franchise. The defence is not so much a denial of the charge as it is a confession and avoidance. To the accusation it is replied that the written law, when subverted at all, is so subverted only in obedience to a higher law founded on the instinct of self-protection and self-preservation.

If it be admitted that this is true, is it nothing to us that a condition exists which necessitates the subversion of any law? Is it not an injury to our people that the occasion exists which places them in conflict with the law, and compels them to assert the existence of a higher duty?

Page’s apologia still stands today. If the law tells us that we must self-destruct as a people then we will defy that law in the name of a higher law.

It has appeared to some that the South has not done its full duty by the negro. Perfection is, without doubt, a standard above humanity; but, at least, we of the South can say that we have done much for him; if we have not admitted him to social equality, it has been under an instinct stronger than reason, and in obedience to a law higher than is on the statute books: the law of self-preservation. Slavery, whatever its demerits, was not in its time the unmitigated evil it is fancied to have been. Its time has passed. No power could compel the South to have it back. But to the negro it was salvation. It found him a savage and a cannibal and in two hundred years gave seven millions of his race a civilization, the only civilization it has had since the dawn of history.

We have educated him; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our aid; but we will not be dominated by him. When we shall be, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk.

The great majority of white people have decided they prefer the reign of Satan to that of Christ. Satan's values are more in keeping with their values. And the colored tribes have always preferred Satan. Those groups of people do not concern me. It is the remnant, Europeans like the conservative columnist who want us to write letters, with whom I am concerned. The white remnant has been beguiled by the democratic serpent. They think that so long as they are allowed to vote, even though there are no truly white candidates to vote for, and so long as they are allowed to write letters to the editor, that there is no need for extraordinary measures against the New World Order. But it is the survival of our race and our faith that we are talking about. The colored hordes and their temporary allies, the white-hating technocrats, have made it clear by what they say they are going to do and what they have already done, that they mean to destroy the white race.

And the white haters have not had to suffer one iota for their anti-white ideology or their anti-white actions. Far from it, they have been rewarded. What would happen if they faced an enemy that took a "whatever means necessary" attitude whenever their race or their faith was endangered?¹ An enemy that does not regard democratic protocol as something sacred? I think the New World Order would start, slowly at first but then quickly, to crumble.

The remnant white man is not deficient in courage. If his home were attacked directly, he would fight. What he lacks is vision. He can no longer see things clearly because he is only looking at life through a rationalist-tinted window. This is the window Satan wants the European to look through, because as long as he sees life through that window he will never act until all is lost. He won't fight those who would destroy his home until they are at his door because his mind can't comprehend the evil nature of his enemies. The rationalist always thinks men do evil when they think irrationally. Therefore he thinks that if he appeals to their reason they can be converted to the path of virtue. But reason is the servant of our passions. If our passions are evil, our reason will serve those evil passions. The desire to destroy the white race is the passion of the colored hordes and the technocratic whites. An appeal to their reason will not deter them. Their passion to destroy must be met by a greater passion, a passion to defend what we hold sacred, our race and our faith.

The pro-life movement, in which I spent many years, is a perfect example of the insufficiency of rational argument against satanic forces. Year after year the pro-life people show pictures of the baby in the womb and present a rationally irrefutable case for the humanity of the child in the womb. But the abortion mills keep grinding and no one seriously contemplates a reversal of *Roe v. Wade*. The only men who seem to understand the abortion issue are those men who are killing abortion doctors.

Since reason only serves the passions of our heart, the appeal for the preservation of the white man must be made to the hearts of the anti-white liberals. And that appeal has been made and it has been rejected. When two factions are fundamentally opposed, where the sacred heritage of one faction is the hated evil of the other, then those two factions are at war. Up to now it has been only the liberals and their barbarian allies who have been fighting. They fine, they imprison, and they kill when they are threatened. We cannot fine, we cannot imprison, we don't have the legal power, but we can kill. That, as Nathan Bedford Forrest said so succinctly, is what war means. It is all well and good to talk about a cultural war, but it is just that, talk, if we don't realize what a cultural war entails. When the Islamic cultures and the European cultures clashed in the medieval ages, they fought a whole series of wars. I believe they were called crusades. When cultures clash there is war, unless one side simply surrenders.

I believe our un-Civil War was tragic because the cultural divide between the North and the South was not so great that it could not have been bridged. But the tragic element in the current cultural war is that the European remnant does not see that no bridge can be built across the chasm that separates him from the white liberal and the barbarians. We are back to the failure of vision. If he could see those things that are not dreamt of in our philosophies -- a God who loves with a love that passeth all understanding and the limitless potential of a faith grounded in His love -- the European would take the "to the knife" vow and would eventually triumph over the liberal and the barbarian.

War certainly means killing, but it doesn't mean the indiscriminate killing indulged in by Timothy McVeigh and the IRA. A Christian rejects 'collateral damage' warfare. Nor does the realization that we are at war mean we should go out and kill the first liberal or barbarian we meet. If we see with blinding sight what we must do to prepare for the war, it quite probably will come to that -- killing liberals and barbarians.² But first we must take the vow in the cave like the Spanish did in 770, we must also use a Samizdat press like the Russian dissenters did, and we must form counterrevolutionary cabals like the revolutionary Marxists did. Above all is the vow in the cave. So long as one faithful white man is alive the war goes on. "To the knife."³

1. I don't think civil disobedience is an option for the white man. The reason being that civil disobedience only works if the existing regime agrees with the civil dissenters. The British wanted to get out of India as badly as Gandhi and company wanted them out. Our federal government wanted a multi-racial society just as much as Martin Luther King Jr. wanted it.

The abortion protesters are a stark contrast. The government wants abortion so those protestors are thrown in jail. It always, or so it seems to me, comes down to the 'seeking redemption from the devil' problem. If you are protesting a demonic policy, such as race-mixing or legalized abortion, your appeal will be heard if, and only if, your government is not satanic. If it is satanic, any person or group of persons who appeal to said government in the name of Him will suffer the same fate that He suffered.

2. It never ceases to amaze me when liberals are allowed to get away with the assertion that they are non-violent. The liberals kill directly in their abortuaries and they kill by proxy in the streets of our cities when they incite (and then excuse) the murder of whites by colored barbarians.

3. Patrick Buchanan in a recent *Chronicles* article states that the white man is finished and that he can only hope that the Asians and the other non-European cultures treat us better than we treated them. I don't think that is possible, Mr. Buchanan, because only in an utopian world could a ruling people possibly treat other cultures and other people better than the Christian Europeans did. There were no Haitis when Europeans ruled. There were no Fu Manchu-type dynasties when the Europeans ruled. When you're through spitting on your ancestors, Mr. Buchanan, try to look through the eye of your own people instead of with the eye of a statistician. I regret every good thing I ever wrote about Patrick Buchanan.

Labels: Christian counter-attack, rationalism

Nothing Is Written: Beyond Statistics

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 2008

It wouldn't be completely accurate to call Patrick Buchanan's recent anti-white ravings in *Chronicles* a betrayal, because he never professed to be a white kinist. He consistently throughout his career condemned apartheid in South Africa and segregation in America. And when he ran for president on the Reform Party ticket, he ran with a black woman as his vice-president. He became the great white hope to some kinists because he refused, until the *Chronicles*' article, to demonize the white race. But Pat Buchanan was never more than a 'lesser of two evils' candidate to anyone who read his books and columns.

The only difference between Pat Buchanan and his liberal brethren is that Pat has a certain nostalgia for things European. He is not completely comfortable with the demise of the civilization of the evening lingerings, but his discomfort is only a wistful thought, not a deep yearning; it can be exorcised by frequent television appearances and good hard work on the 'death of the West' statistical books. So while differing in degree from his colleagues (Buchanan does not show the glee over the death of the West as most of the other liberals do), he still is firmly ensconced in the liberal, anti-European camp.

I must confess that I was a bit surprised by the *Chronicles*' article. I knew Buchanan was not a kinist, but I always thought he had more than just a little respect for the people of old Europe. But ultimately a man goes with his passion, and Buchanan's whole life has been devoted to the rationalist, liberal-conservative cause. He knows the deep magic of the White Witch, but he does not know that there is a deeper magic still. I think it behooves us to look at the Witch's deep magic, the magic of the white European intellectuals, and at the deeper magic still of the antique European.

The deep magic of the white European intellectuals is the rationalist tradition of the West. We don't need to go through the whole litany. It begins with Aristotle and reaches its apotheosis with St. Thomas Aquinas. Everything after Aquinas is a footnote. Modern liberals who deplore Aquinas' faith still adhere to his schema. That schema says reason is the final arbiter of faith.

And what have the white rationalists decided about man and God? They have decided that there is no such thing as man and no such thing as God. There is an *idea* of man and an *idea* of God, but there is no concrete man of flesh and blood and no living God.

The philosophical tradition of the West is pure negation. It ends with non-being. The white power brokers in Europe, America, and the European satellites will continue to try to destroy everything European until the European ceases to exist. They must do this; it is their faith. But it is my contention that their faith is not *the* Faith. Their faith is the mad scientist's faith; it is reason run amuck.

There is a deeper faith than the rationalist faith of the Athenian intellectuals of the Western world. And we needn't go to the Orient, a culture that worships nothingness, to find that faith. It belongs to Europe alone, because only the European has ventured into the enchanted forest. He has faced the witch of the glen and the dragon in the cave. And he found, in the forest, a magic deeper than the deep magic of the philosophers. He discovered the humanity of God. God had a human face! And the European formed a bond with that God and sealed the bond in blood. From that moment on, he never saw life, or fought the battles of life, in quite the same way as the people of other cultures.

It was ever the task of the European to keep the vision of the enchanted forest alive. And it was ever the goal of Satan to obscure the European's vision of the forest. Behind every rational schema, whether that schema mentions Christ or not, is Satan. If he can convince the European that there is no magic deeper than the deep magic, that man need not venture into the enchanted forest to find God, then he wins.

The enemies of the European, those who would deny that there is a chasm between Christian European culture and all others, point to the philosophical link between Europe and the multitudinous barbarian and pagan cultures. They point out the similarities between Boethius and the Greek and Roman sages. And they note the parallels between Buddha and Aquinas. I concede the similarities and the parallels, but the great haters of Europe fail to account for the completely dissimilar and unparallel poetic visions of the Christian European and the barbarian and pagan cultures. The European poets chronicle the soul, and in their chronicles we see visions that cannot be seen by the Athenians of Christian Europe, the pagans of antiquity, or the non-European. What the European visionaries reveal is what He revealed to them when He took flesh and dwelt among us. Every decent impulse in man became intensified and elevated to a higher plane when those impulses were fused with His blood. Affection became love and kindness became charity.

No poet of antiquity or heathendom could have penned these words:

*But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire
Whose wishes, soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.*

--from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* by Walter Scott

Or these immortal lines:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.*

--from *The Merchant of Venice* by William Shakespeare

One thinks of the scene from *Miracle on 34th Street*. "Two letters are hardly proof," the lawyer for the prosecution says. "I can produce more," the lawyer for the defense replies. And I reply to the skeptic's statement, "Two isolated quotes from two poets are hardly proof," that both Scott and

Shakespeare were popular authors. The Europeans who read Scott's books and attended Shakespeare's plays did so because they saw their deepest intuitions about existence expressed in those books and plays. Scott's and Shakespeare's works are accurate chronicles of grace working in the souls of the European people.

I will fight Buchanan and ten million more of his ilk on this theme of Europe. Everything depends on it. God reveals himself through humanity. If the people that took Christ into their hearts are held up to the bar of judgment and found guilty, found to be spiritually inferior to the benevolent, the merciful people of color, then Christ be not risen and we are of all men most miserable.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If you seek the bubble reputation in the heart of Liberaldom, you will end up believing as liberals do. Buchanan has come to believe a lie because he sees the antique Europe with the eye of the liberal utopians and not through the eye of an integral man of Europe. And when you see European history that way, you will always be metaphysically wrong even when you're statistically correct. We don't need Mr. Buchanan to tell us that whites will soon be minorities in formerly white countries. That is obvious. We need Mr. Buchanan, like we need every white man, to stop aiding the enemy and to join the resistance.

The plight of the European is only hopeless if we allow ourselves to be mesmerized by statisticians like Patrick Buchanan. Statistically we are dead. But what has really changed? Haven't Europeans always been a minority? "Not in their own countries," is the obvious reply. Yes, that is something new. But the whole notion of country, of nation, is a European thing. The barbarians don't live in a country; they occupy a land mass. They will never form a country. If they destroy our national boundaries, and what was once Britain or the United States become mere geographical regions, we will form new countries within those geographical regions. No matter how small the territory, where Europeans dwell, there is our nation. And if, like Alexander Smollet, we refuse to strike our colors, the barbarians eventually will fall. They can destroy the outward symbols of a civilization, but they can't create one themselves. The ability and the duty to create a civilization belongs to only one race. The white man doesn't believe in statistics. He believes that a civilization connected to His spirit and blood shall never, while he lives, perish.

Labels: Buchanan, restoration of European civilization

“Of the Same Blood”

SATURDAY, JUNE 07, 2008

“A Man should, whatever happens, keep his own caste, race and breed”

– Rudyard Kipling

Have you ever had an experience in your life that affected you profoundly but that you couldn't write about because you felt you just couldn't do justice to the experience? That has been my feeling about a certain visit I made to Britain some thirty years ago when I was a young man. I still don't feel I can adequately describe it, but I'm now old enough to realize that I'll never be able to do the theme justice, so let me at least stammer at what cannot be adequately articulated.

It was the mid-1970's. I had been in Italy, Greece, and France and found those countries to be beautiful. The Parthenon was fascinating, the Pieta and the Sistine Chapel were moving, and the Louvre in Paris was magnificent. But nothing in Southern Europe affected me as much as the mere act of stepping on British soil did. I felt like Mole in *The Wind in the Willows* (Chapter 5, Dulce Domum): I was home. I was in the country of Shakespeare, Kipling, Scott, Grahame, Dickens, and others, men of my own tongue, of my own flesh and blood, who were wedded in spirit and blood to the same heritage that I was wedded to. The day I was married and the individual births of my six children have been the only moments in my life that can compare with the day I set foot on British soil.

I wasn't born and raised in a cave, so I didn't expect every Brit I met to quote Shakespeare or to say, 'Pip, pip, cheerio,' but I did hope to meet some real Brits. I don't know if the ghosts of Britain alone could have kept my enthusiasm at a fever pitch if I hadn't met some living representatives of the great ghosts of Britain. I was fortunate. The young men and women of my own age were burnt-out cases without personal identities, citizens of a new international community of soulless automatons. But I was able to meet some older Britons who did indeed live up to the finest traditions of the nation of Shakespeare, Kipling, and Scott. One couple in particular made a lasting impression.

I was wandering through the Lake District of England, quite lost but not particularly nervous about it because I had water, cheese, and bread and it was summertime. If worse came to worse, I could sleep out in the woods. Toward evening though, I came upon an elderly woman tending a garden in front of a modest cottage. A cottage in the woods! I asked for directions to the nearest youth hostel. She asked her husband to come out of the house; "He gives much better directions than I do." The husband was just as cordial as his wife. After exchanging a few pleasantries, he informed me that the nearest youth hostel was much too far away to reach before dark and that I should spend the night at their house.

At first I declined, for the usual reasons: "I just couldn't impose on you like that. And besides, I'm a stranger."

The husband's reply still makes me feel like Ratty on the river. "You're no stranger, you Yanks are the same blood as us." Ah, the "same blood." Thomas Fleming would not approve. This 'infantile' old man was talking about ties of blood! But that old Brit was correct. We were of the same blood. I slept in his study that night, surrounded by our common heritage: *Treasure Island*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *The Christmas Carol* – you know the list. That encounter with a true-born Englishman has stayed with me all my life. It affected me much like the reading of *The Wind and the Willows* had. I felt that I knew why God chose to reveal Himself to man through the blood.

The philosopher, the scientist, and the barbarian all separate the life of the spirit from the life of the blood. The philosopher and the scientist see the true life of the spirit in the mind, while the barbarian sees no spiritual dimension in his life, only the blood. But a Christian knows that spirit and blood are not meant to be separated. Christ is our spiritual father and our blood brother. When

a man ceases to care about 'little things' like home, blood, and race, he ceases to be Christian, because it is through those little things that God reveals Himself to man.

Suppose a black man had approached my British friend and asked for directions. And let's say the black man was a naturalized British citizen and a professed Christian. I can say with certainty the black man would have been offered food, he would have been given directions to the youth hostel, but he would not have been asked to stay under the same roof as the English couple. Why? Because the old Brit's Christianity was bred in the bone. He knew that a Christian renders aid as the Good Samaritan did, caring for the stranger but not admitting the stranger to his dwelling.

So much hinges on this question of the stranger. A few years back I read a "conservative" Catholic journal that zealously proclaimed that the sign of the true Christian was the amount of respect which he accorded the stranger. I don't believe that respect for the stranger is the penultimate of Christianity. But let's assume it is. Does respect for the stranger include respect for his heathen religion? Were the Spanish wrong to tear down the altars of the Aztecs? Were the British missionaries wrong to try and convert the African headhunters? And were the British wrong to forbid the Suttee and other colorful customs of the Hindus?

Let's take this argument to the next step. What happens when the African, the Indian, or the Aztec converts to Christianity? Aren't we then obligated to treat them as equals? The Northern European Protestants did not think so. They did not think that the mere affirmation of Christianity made a non-European any less of a stranger. Their Christian faith did not countenance race-mixing. The Spanish and Portuguese Catholics did mix bloodlines with the stranger, but they did so more from a weakness of the flesh than from a belief in the principle of racial egalitarianism. And when they mixed with the stranger, the mulatto was not put on the same level as the white. Until the latter half of the 20th century, with more exceptions in the Catholic countries, the general consensus of the European people was that an espousal of Christianity did not mean an African or an Indian could become a European. And certainly not a Muslim or Hindu. What has changed? How did we get from Thomas Nelson Page's declaration that preserving the integrity of the white race was our primary duty to Thomas Fleming's assertion that those who raved about the survival of the white race were infantile?

We came to this pass because the intellectual elite of Europe abandoned the wisdom of their race and persuaded enough of the peasants (obviously when I use the term, peasant, I am not referring only to those who till the soil) to follow in their train. The liberal-liberal and the conservative-liberal all prostrate themselves before ancient Greece, but they fail to learn from the Greeks. They look on the rationalist tradition of the Greeks as a sure foundation from which to launch their utopian schemes and plans. They completely disregard the moral of the Greek experience because they disregard the wisest of the Greeks, Sophocles. In *Oedipus Rex*, Sophocles depicts a man intelligent enough to solve the riddle of the Sphinx, but whose intelligence is insufficient to ward off fate. It is only the old blind Oedipus who sees, at Colonus, what the rationalists could not and cannot see. Like the blinded Gloucester in *King Lear*, he sees the world feelingly. He sees a God beyond the gods, a God connected to the human heart. It has always been Satan's mission to obscure the divine intimations in the human heart and beckon man to look at God and the world with his mind. That was the original temptation that the first man and woman succumbed to.

Observe, too, what is very important: man had it in his power to destroy the harmony of his being in two ways, either by wanting to love too much, or to know too much. He transgressed in the second way; for we are, in fact, far more deeply tainted with the pride of science than with the pride of love; the latter would have deserved pity rather than punishment, and if Adam had been guilty of desiring to feel rather than to know too much, man himself might, perhaps, have been able to expiate his transgression, and the Son of God would not have been obliged to undertake so painful a sacrifice. But the case was different. Adam sought to embrace the universe, not with the sentiments of his heart, but with the power of thought, and, advancing to the tree of knowledge, he admitted into his mind a ray of light that overpowered it. The equilibrium was instantaneously

destroyed, and confusion took possession of man. Instead of that illumination which he had promised himself, a thick darkness overcast his sight, and his guilt, like a veil, spread out between him and the universe. His whole soul was agitated and in commotion; the passions rose up against the judgment, the judgment strove to annihilate the passions, and in this terrible storm the rock of death witnessed with joy the first of shipwrecks.

- from *The Genius of Christianity* by François R. de Chateaubriand

This has ever been the conflict. Christ restores the harmony of man's being by turning him back to the sentiments of his heart, and Satan seeks to tempt man away from his heart back to his 'illuminated mind.' Christ vs. the Pharisees, St. Paul vs. the Greeks, the Europeans vs. the Scholastics, the poet vs. the scientist, the Kinist vs. the universalist. The rationalistic façade is always different but always rational. The devil is the great mocker, the supreme sophist. He sneers at everything human:

These last great authors have given to the Evil Principle something which elevates and dignifies his wickedness; a sustained and unconquerable resistance against Omnipotence itself—a lofty scorn of suffering compared with submission, and all those points of attraction in the Author of Evil, which have induced Burns and others to consider him as the Hero of the "Paradise Lost." The great German poet has, on the contrary, rendered his seducing spirit a being who, otherwise totally unimpassioned, seems only to have existed for the purpose of increasing, by his persuasions and temptations, the mass of moral evil, and who calls forth by his seductions those slumbering passions which otherwise might have allowed the human being who was the object of the Evil Spirit's operations to pass the tenor of his life in tranquility. For this purpose Mephistopheles is, like Louis XI, endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions, the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification.

--Introduction to *Quentin Durward* by Walter Scott

I once read a book, written for children (like a number of those books written for children, I think it moved me more than it did my children) that told the story of a country boy in Elizabethan England who somehow ended up working at the royal court. When he refused, despite the scorn and ridicule of the city-bred boys and girls, to give up his country songs, one of the nobles of the court applauds him and says, "Quite right, my lad; you should never be ashamed of your home and the things you love."

Thomas Fleming is almost right; it is not infantile, but it is childlike for a white man to care about the survival of the white race. But didn't someone once enjoin us to become like little children? All the things we love – home, kith, and kin – are interwoven into the fabric of the white man's culture. Only a man who has severed his mind from his heart and turned to the worship of his own mind could suggest that we give those things up for lost.

But therein lies the conflict. The children of darkness have given up their religion of the heart for the religion of the mind. This goes against the wisdom of the race. The white man has always preferred the leaden casket over the one of gold and the one of silver; the cottage in the woods to the sumptuous palace; and the blood of the Lamb to the magic talisman. Let the sons and daughters of this 'new age of enlightenment' keep all their magic talismans: rationalism, science, and multiculturalism. The European will stay with the European cottage in the woods that contains the things he loves. And his childlike attachment to the things he loves will keep him bound to the Sacred Heart, Who speaks to men through the little things that the clever men and women have discarded. The old fairy tales are correct: the faithful heart always triumphs over the satanic mind.

Labels: blood faith, Lake District

White-Hating Whites

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 2008

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

--*King Lear*

In the older westerns and jungle pictures of the 1930's, 1940's, and 1950's, the white men who sold guns to the Indians or betrayed the whites to the black cannibals were portrayed as morally reprehensible individuals. But in the 1960's the movies started depicting whites who betrayed their fellow whites as moral giants, far beyond the ken of ordinary, sinful whites. The treacherous, evil gunrunner became the dedicated social worker, and the traitorous white hunter (see *Tarzan and the Lost Safari*) became the self-righteous cleric damning all whites who opposed integration.

The Hollywood movie moguls are always slightly in advance of the average American, but not by much, because they want to make money. If they were too far away from the mainstream, they wouldn't make money. The new movies of the late 1960's reflected the change in the way white people viewed themselves and other cultures. Movies of the '30's, '40's and '50's, by and large, show us a people who were tolerant of the "lesser breeds" but still holding on to the belief that white civilization and the whites who created it were the right sort of people who deserved to be emulated, not demonized.

Of course from the late 1960's on, the constant, unrelenting theme of our popular movies has been the evil of whites and the goodness of the non-white. Given the enormity of the propaganda against the white race, it is surprising that a black wasn't nominated for President even sooner. Maybe the forty years from 1968 to 2008 were needed in order for the old "racist" whites to die out.

I don't know if it's true that rats flee a sinking ship, but humans certainly do. From the late 1960's on we have been treated to the disgusting spectacle of whites trying to disassociate themselves from white culture by pinning the racist label on other whites or by claiming victim status for their white ethnic group. Thus, the editors of *Southern Partisan* magazine spent all their time writing about the evils of segregation and the hypocrisy of those damn Yankees who were, after all, "a lot more prejudiced than we are." Take for another example my parish priest who regularly told his black parishioners that being Irish he considered black people to be his people and not those hideous white WASPs.

With all the white backstabbing going on, one gets the impression he is in a Grade B horror film. One minute, you are standing next to a normal-looking white person and in the next moment, that normal-looking white person has a mouth full of fangs and is trying to bite you in the neck. Just the other day, for instance, I was having a perfectly normal conversation with a man named Patrick Buchanan, when suddenly, without warning, he sprouted fangs and tried to bite me. I quickly got out of range of his fangs and ran home to try and find a suitable wooden stake. Must it be a wooden stake? There simply is no telling who will turn next!

Using the colored races to defeat a white enemy is not something new. The French used Indians against the British in the French and Indian War; Franco used Moorish troops against the communists; and the North used black troops against the Southern whites. But with the exception of our own Civil War, the use of non-European people against Europeans was not an admission, on the part of the European country using colored troops, that the European and the colored were equals. It was simply a breach in the honor code. "I'll use any tactic to defeat my enemy!"

In the latter half of the 20th century, something quite different than a breach in the honor code was taking place. The issue of the colored races became a religious one. It was not a case of "The colored can be used to give us victory over our white enemies." It was not a case of "We must convert the

heathen.” Nor was it a case of “We must grant the colored races the same rights and privileges which we accord to the whites.” None of those cases express the late 20th and 21st century reality. The reality is that it is now required that the colored races, particularly the black race, the race most antithetical to the white race, be worshipped and the white race be demonized. That is the reigning orthodoxy. If a white man wants to remain viable in politics, religion or society in general, he must demonize his own race. Patrick Buchanan is a classic example. It is sad to see a man so desperate for media air time and publishers that he rushes to join in with the demonizers of the white race.

The deifying of the colored and the demonizing of the white was codified in the late 20th century, but it has been a lurking little devil of an idea, waiting to come to fruition, for many centuries. The root of it is to be found in Satan’s intellectual temptation of Adam and Eve. And its formal entry into the heart of the church came with the advent of scholasticism, which reduces Christianity to a propositional, dialectical faith, in which the personality of God and the personality of man are rendered subservient to the idea of faith. Thus, with genuine sincerity and zeal for his faith, James II of England, Scotland, and Wales, could elevate a black man to a status above all the white Protestants of his realm:

Indeed the King’s rage for making converts was driven to such a height by his obsequious ministers, that an ignorant negro, the servant or slave of one Reid, a mountebank, was publicly baptized after the Catholic ritual upon a stage in the High Street of Edinburgh, and christened James, in honour, it was said, of the Lord Chancellor James Earl of Perth, King James himself, and the Apostle James.

-- from Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*

Is faith that simple? Does it only entail the acceptance of a few intellectual propositions and a subsequent ritual purification to make one a Christian? Or is there something else that is necessary? A tradition that predates the scholastics, the tradition of the Gospels and the first European converts, stresses the need for a deeper, more intense involvement with the deity than can be obtained by mere acceptance of whatever official party line is ruling Christendom at the particular moment. Theology changes with the weather, but a deep-seated, heart-felt faith, based on a spirit and blood relationship with one’s kith and kin and one’s God does not change. It endures.

I view the Protestant Reformation, at its deepest level, as a longing to hold on to an unchanging faith. The faithful felt that the Hero God, whom the apostles saw on the way to Emmaus, whom St. Paul saw on the road to Damascus, and whom their Germanic ancestors saw and rescued from the maze of Greco-Roman theology, was in danger of becoming a vague theory about God rather than the living God. Of course, the Protestant theologians quickly returned to theory and away from faith. That is the curse of Adam: we are indeed, as Chateaubriand points out, “more deeply tintured with the pride of science than with the pride of love.”

I think the phrase, “pride of science,” is very apt. It conjures up images of a man in a lab coat, studying his fellow men, and God as well, as if they and He were insects in a jar. It is in Satan’s best interest to keep Western man focused on the things he can quantify, calculate, and collect rather than on the things he intuits when the poetic flame is blazing.

And since that poetic flame only blazed in the European hearth, Satan’s main task is to keep that hearth fire extinguished. Satan knows what the European once knew when the hearth fire was ablaze: The spirit of God comes to man through the blood. Without that conduit, all white men become soulless, bloodless zombies, worshipping the blood of the coloreds in an attempt to reclaim their lost vitality. But the attempt is always futile because the blood of the barbarian has no animating spirit in it. Yet the swinish white men rush headlong over the cliff in their frenzy to worship at the altars of the colored races.

American, pride-of-science whites are not alone in their frenzied rush for the abyss; the European whites have joined them, but it is in America that we can see two very striking examples of the

coalition that has destroyed European civilization. In Presidential candidate McCain, we see the white-hating white who has embraced the soulless, bloodless faith of the pride-of-science men. In Presidential candidate Obama, we see the personification of the soulless faith of blood. Blacks love him because his faith is their faith, and whites worship him because he has the blood that they have denounced.

Liberalism does not just consist of those who are pro-choice and in favor of immigration 'reform,' it also includes all those whites who see no animating spiritual presence in the blood faith of the antique Europeans. When they tell us that we must renounce those "infantile" ties of blood which bind us to a higher civilization than the modern liberal could possibly know, we must renounce them and realize that we are involved in a religious war, not a minor disagreement.

Christians who spout race-mixing propaganda and hurl jeremiads at Kinists are not Christians. They have become Jews, a people hardened against Christ's reign of charity. You cannot argue or debate with such people; you can only war with them.

*I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that--than which what's harder?--
His Jewish heart:*

--The Merchant of Venice

We can expect more defections from white people who either give up fighting because of cowardice or give up fighting because the white liberals have converted them with their unrelenting propaganda. But the white European of the old stock will never betray his own blood, because he is still connected, through his blood, to the older Europe whose people were united in spirit and in blood to Him. And in that Europe He still is the only King with rights of memory.

Labels: blood faith, white betrayal, white traitors to their race

Paul Hill – Lest We Forget

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 2008

The liberals quite naturally are making a fuss over Tim Russert. He was one of their own. It is easy to forget, because we live among them and constantly hear them lauding themselves, just how reprehensible liberals are. They do things, in the name of some higher good, that are clearly the work of Satan. Russert supported pro-abortion Democrats all his life, and yet he was still lauded as a great family man and a “devout Catholic.”¹ He even got to shake hands with the Pope.

The banality of evil is a fitting epitaph for Tim Russert. He calmly, with a good-natured grin, supported Satanism. In stark contrast to Tim Russert is Paul Hill. It’s been nearly five years now since he was executed for killing a state-sanctioned mass murderer. “You won’t kill any more babies,” he told the executioner before killing him. There was no appeal for clemency by Pope John Paul II, who routinely begged for clemency for child molesters, when Paul Hill was tried. There were no media representatives at his funeral to talk about what a fine man he was. But there is a higher court than the U. S. Court, and in that court Paul Hill is honored and revered.

There are two sections of the Gospels that come to mind when reflecting on Paul Hill. The first passage is one that Paul Hill must have read and pondered over a great deal: “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” (Matthew 25:40)

And the second passage that comes to my mind when I think of Paul Hill is: “Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospels’ the same shall save it.” (Mark 8:35)

1. I am sick to death of pro-abortion liberals being lauded as devout. That Christian father who had his home taken away from him by the federal government for publishing the names of abortion doctors on the Web is devout, not Tim Russert. But of course if we redefine “devoutly religious” to suit Satan’s specifications, then the liberals are devout Christians.

Labels: Paul Hill, Tim Russert

Of Mongrels and Commies

Book Review: *Hollywood Party: The Untold Story of How Communism Seduced the American Film Industry in the 30s and 40s*, by Kenneth Lloyd Billingsley, New York: Crown Publishing Group, 2000

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 2008

First of all, the book’s title is a bit of a misnomer. It should be titled, “How Communism Failed to Seduce the American Film Industry in the ’30’s and ’40’s but Succeeded in Doing So in the ’60’s and ’70’s,” for what Kenneth Billingsley presents is a rather surprisingly ineffective campaign on the part of the communists to have a major impact on the type of films Americans viewed. Plenty of screenwriters did become communists, but they never could bring themselves to write the communist propaganda that the Party demanded, mainly because the few propaganda pictures that did get into theaters bombed. Propaganda films were bad box office.

What Billingsley does document for us is the communist influence among Hollywood personalities in the 1930’s and 1940’s. It really is nothing different from what was going on at the universities at the time. The communists would seek out left-leaning liberals like Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart and get them to shill for nice-sounding organizations that were really communist front organizations. In fact, the majority of actors and writers at that time were to the left of center. Walt Disney, John Wayne, Adolph Menjou, Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor, and Ward Bond were notable exceptions.

The book is a “just the facts, ma’am” type of book. The author doesn’t draw any conclusions but does present the reader with enough information to draw his own conclusions. The book is advertised as the “untold story,” but the story has been told often by conservatives, albeit not as often as the leftist version is told by the liberals. Which is why this book is useful: it sets the record straight about the so-called bad old blacklisting days.

However, I must admit that the facts as Billingsley presents them led me to conclude that the House Un-American Activities Committee was one of the stupidest ideas ever conceived. The 1960’s and 1970’s witnessed a huge increase in mainstream communist propaganda films because anyone who opposed them was tarred with the same brush as the ineffectual House Committee and McCarthy.

The old adage that you either have to kill a rat or let it alone should be applied to communists. Either kill them or let them alone. But don’t give them an opportunity to claim martyr status for having suffered a few anxious moments before a toothless board of inquiry.

Quite revealing is Billingsley’s account of the treatment accorded ex-communists who talked to the Committee. Men like Edward Dmytryk and Elia Kazan were victims of an anti-anti-communist blacklist that was far harsher than any so-called right-wing blacklist. Indeed, as Billingsley shows, there was no great persecution. Blacklisted writers could use assumed names, and repentant communists were welcomed back into the fold by the film industry. Only Ward Bond, tough guy that he was, was against letting even repentant communists back into the film industry.

The liberals have turned the blacklisting era into a major propaganda triumph, but this book shows any objective reader that there were real communists in Hollywood during that era who tried to use the film industry to advance their agenda. That they failed was more a tribute to the ’30’s and ’40’s moviegoer who preferred the movies of Alfred Hitchcock (a man hated by the communists) and Westerns to commie propaganda films. Yet, sappy propaganda films did capture the popular imagination during the 1960’s and 1970’s, so perhaps the inability to appreciate a good story goes hand in hand with communism.

This book is valuable in what it can elicit from the reader. I would hope that thoughtful readers would ask themselves why so many actors, directors, and creative people are leftist, and why conservative views do not seem to inspire creative types. I would suggest it is because 20th century conservatives lack a metaphysic. In centuries prior to the 20th, there were always men of the right in the arts and in the military willing to champion the cause of God, King, and country. But no one with any poetic instincts wants to champion free markets and greed. Marxism is a delusion from which great poets such as Whittaker Chambers eventually walk away. But it has an enduring appeal to the lesser poets who quite rightly see nothing inspirational in capitalism.

There is no question the seeds of communist dissension were being planted in the 1930’s, 1940’s, and 1950’s, but the Christian morality of the American populace had not been sufficiently contaminated to produce tangible results. Two things were necessary to make Americans more tolerant of communism. One was a breakdown in sexual mores, which did indeed take place in the 1960’s, and the second was a major change in the United States immigration policies, which also took place in the 1960’s. White technocrats make up the communist elite, but the major resistance to communism also comes from white people. When a nation is mongrelized, there is no longer any resistance to communism.

Labels: Book review

The Rational Lodger

SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 2008

“You have got a rational lodger, who knows how to attend upon himself.” – LeFanu

In the trial scene in Shakespeare’s *Merchant of Venice*, the Jewish merchant expresses his delight with the judge’s verdict, which grants him his pound of flesh, with these words: “A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!”

But when the “upright” judge pushes Shylock’s plea for justice to its logical conclusion and condemns Shylock, it is Antonio’s friend Gratiano who has the last word.

Gratiano: A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

In the same spirit that Gratiano thanked Shylock, I must thank Thomas Fleming for using the words “infantile ravings” to describe those who were concerned about the survival of the white race. With those words Thomas Fleming summed up Liberalism’s brief against Christianity. Please note that I do not say a ‘brief against Kinists’ or a ‘brief against Europeans’ but a ‘brief against Christianity,’ because Christianity is synonymous with those who adhere to the Kinist, European vision of Christ.

I have heard this liberal case against Christianity all my life, so let me translate Fleming’s words for the reader: “There is a higher, purer religion than Christianity as it is presented in the Gospels. The mature, thinking man knows that there is a force beyond the tribal, clannish God of the Bible, and that force can be comprehended by human reason. To interpret the Gospels too literally on subjects like the resurrection of the dead and the divinity of Christ is foolish and childish. A grownup doesn’t do such things.”

This was the first liberal’s argument. He told Adam and Eve it was infantile and foolish to adhere to an arbitrary commandment of a primitive, archaic God when they could use their rational powers to tap into a higher, purer power than God. The Athenians told St. Paul the same thing. It has always been thus. Satan attacks us by appealing to our intellectual pride. “By God, I’m no dummy. I’m not a stupid baby – I’ll adopt the higher religion.” Of course, Satan never uses the same disguise twice. He might appear in a lab coat, a priest’s cassock, or the cashmere sweater of a conservative columnist. But he always uses the same method. He appeals to man’s rational faculties divorced from his heart and blood.

In a magnificent short story called “The Mysterious Lodger” Joseph Sheridan LeFanu presents us with a portrait of the devil that is in keeping with Scripture and the great Christian poets.¹ The devil, when he wants to destroy a family or a community, always takes up lodgings disguised as a rationalist.

A few days after, on my return, I found my poor little wife agitated and dispirited. Mr. Smith had paid her a visit, and brought with him a book, which he stated he had been reading, and which contained some references to the Bible which he begged of her to explain in that profounder and less obvious sense in which they had been cited. This she had endeavoured to do; and affecting to be much gratified by her satisfactory exposition, he had requested her to reconcile some discrepancies which he said had often troubled him when reading the Scriptures. Some of them were quite new to my good little wife; they startled and even horrified her. He pursued this theme, still pretending only to seek for information to quiet his own doubts, while in reality he was sowing in her mind the seeds of the first perturbations that had ever troubled the sources of her peace.

At the heart of the Reformation was a desire to hold on to a basic, elemental faith in the divinity and humanity of the man called Jesus. The rationalist pretensions of the scholastics had sown doubts in the minds of the faithful, which they sought to assuage by returning to their apostolic and European

roots. They were only temporarily successful in their efforts because, as Fitzhugh has described for us,² the philosophical speculators stepped in and rationalized the Protestant protest against rationalism.

It is not, as the rationalist critics of bred-in-the-bone Christianity maintain, that there is no rational component in the bardic or kinist Christianity. There is. But ultimately Christianity is beyond reason. Whenever we try to limit its parameters to what is rational, we destroy that which makes Christianity wholly true and wholly unique.

Our chroniclers, the European poets, have shown us that in every age the devil, disguised as a rationalist, is always present. He claimed the European “intellectuals” first, and then in the 20th century, he claimed the European folk or ‘volk.’ In centuries prior to the 20th, the Christian warrior always rallied the folk against the rationalist elite. However, now that there are no folk, the Christian braveheart stands alone. But then again, not quite alone. He stands in line with noble antique hearts, living still, in the arms of our Lord. What kind of advantage, if any, does that give the modern Christian knight over his liberal antagonists? A great advantage, if he doesn’t break faith with the blood of his ancestors. But if he steps away from his ties of blood and decides to be clever, as Toad does when he motors away from Toad Hall, he will place the devil in a “can’t lose” situation. If the conservative is a rationalist and the liberal is a rationalist, both are in the devil’s camp. The devil wants all of man’s existence to be confined by the rules and parameters of academic study, because he knows that if a man studies the thing he loves on a purely rational basis, he will soon cease to love the object of his study. This is why literary critics know less about literature than anybody else and the reason why modern clerics know nothing about God. Being rationalists they have lost the wisdom of the heart that is necessary for a proper understanding of existence.

In *Great Expectations*, Mr. Wopsle is not taken seriously when he disputes the pompous Pumblechook, who has a theory about the robbery. He is not taken seriously because “he has no theory.” But Wopsle is correct. The bardic Christian is in the position of Mr. Wopsle. He is correct: race and blood are the building blocks of religious faith. But in a rationalist age, or to be more accurate, a satanic age, only the theoretical is real; concrete reality is considered false. The temptation for the Christian is to come up with a theory to combat the liberals’ theories. But if we succumb to that temptation, we will no longer be among them but not of them; we will be *of* them. When the Flemings of Liberaldom tell us that it is unChristian, infantile, and irrational to concern ourselves with the survival of the white race, we will not run and find a theory to justify our existence. We will hold to our ancestors’ faith, the faith that transcends theory, and become even more recalcitrant and unyielding in defense of our race and our faith.

The liberals think they have reached the final, higher stage of faith. They have gone beyond race, beyond the ties of kith and kin that used to bind ‘unenlightened’ Europeans to each other. But the fruits of their higher faith are hideous. You have to be a soulless mutant to live in our modern rationalist anti-culture and actually view that anti-culture as the summit of man’s achievements on this earth. Only a sick, demented rationalist who has concluded, after much research and careful study, that hell is heaven and heaven is hell could possibly rest content with our unholy present.

The gentle bard is right: a man can never say with certainty that he is at the worst. He is worse than ere he was. But the extent of the de-evolution of European man from Christian to rationalist cannot be measured on any human scale. The fall was from heaven to hell. The European had Christ in his heart and blood. He possessed heaven. When he forsook his blood, he lost heaven and gained hell.

Thomas Nelson Page described the white man’s instinct to preserve his race as an instinct “beyond reason.” To the modern liberal that is heresy. But the liberal is married to hell, and there is no instinct beyond reason in hell, because there is no love in hell. The rational lodger is terrified of that loving instinct of God which compelled Him to reach out to man. And he is also afraid that man will respond to God’s overture with a loving instinct that is beyond reason. When the Europeans did in fact respond to God’s love, Satan became the mortal enemy of the European people. He has no

desire to destroy the non-white races because they have steadfastly refused to believe that spirit and blood, God and Man, can be joined. They have always preferred religions of sacrifice to the religion of mercy.

The rational lodger can never rest until the white man ceases to exist, because the white man's blood was animated by His spirit. This is why he lodges in the formerly Christian churches of the white man. He wants them all to be rational so that they will slavishly worship the colored races and destroy the white race, all in the name of God. And that is the key. If man's reason alone is the final arbiter, then reason is God. That is the way liberals think. Reason meant something quite different to the apostles. They were not Thomists! To the apostles, reason was subordinate to the heart. It was used as an aid in articulating the faith, not as a substitute for it. "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." (*I Peter 3:15*).

Yes, something must be in you. There must be an instinct in your heart and blood that is beyond reason which enables you to resist the seductive heresies of the rational lodger and to champion the God born in a manger. The third dumb brother in the fairy tales always in the end triumphs over the rational, clever brothers, because the third dumb brother has that within him which transcends reason: a heart connected to His heart.

In common, everyday English when we say a person is acting "irrationally" we mean to say that he is acting in a way that is not right. "You can't deal with a person who is not rational." And when we say a person is acting rationally we usually mean that he is acting in a proper way. But in the metaphysical realm, it is quite a different story. Stavrogin, in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, is perfectly rational when he commits suicide. The Negro savages who tortured and murdered the Catholic nuns in the Congo were acting rationally; it was in their self-interest to murder the whites. And Pope John XXIII was acting rationally when he forgave the murderers; it was in his best interest, the interest of his rational, satanic, faithless faith, to support the colored race and jettison the white.

In the incredibly prophetic Greek myth, Prometheus, because he loves mankind, steals fire from the gods and gives it to man. And he is punished for his act of charity. In the Christian myth, the true myth, God Himself gives fire to man. He descends to earth and sets hearts on fire. And like Prometheus, He suffers because of His act of charity, but unlike Prometheus, He suffers because He wills it, not because the gods decree it.

The Greeks replaced their cruel gods with a rational philosophy. But then, from whence comes the Promethean fire? There is no fire in rationalism. The Christian hearth contains the fire that lights the world. If you kill the white man's love for that hearth, the world will be plunged into darkness. And if the rationalist were not blinded by his reason, he could see that the only patches of light left on earth are in those places where ancient European hearth fires are still burning. The fires are kept alive by the love of our race, the Christ-bearing race. If we hearken to the new religion of rationalism and vitalism, we will separate ourselves from God. But if we stay close to the European hearth we will be able to counter the assault of the rationalists and the barbarians. We will counter their assault with fire, the fire from the center of the European hearth. +

1. On the basis of two works, the short story "The Mysterious Lodger" and his novel *Uncle Silas*, LeFanu deserves to be placed in the top rank of Christian poets.

2. "A Washington, a Peel, or a Wellington, never 'writes himself down an ass' by appealing to abstract principles to justify measures which are rendered necessary by a thousand minute and peculiar circumstances of the hour, which common sense and experience instinctively appreciate, but which philosophy in vain attempts to detect or to generalize. Common sense never attempts 'to expel' nature,' but suggests and carries through a thousand useful reforms by recurrence to and comparison with the past, and by cautious experimentation. Common sense sometimes errs by excess of conservatism; but it is better to err with Pope, who thought 'Whatever is, is right,' than with Jefferson, whose every act and words proves that he held that 'Whatever is, is wrong.' The Reformation was not the thought and the act of Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and

Erasmus; but the thought and the act of society—the *vox Populi, vox Dei*. Popes and cardinals are not infallible, but society is. Its harmony is its health; and to differ with it is heresy or treason, because social discord inflicts individual misery; and what disturbs and disarranges society, impairs the happiness and well-being of its members.” – *Cannibals All! Or Slaves Without Masters* by George Fitzhugh

Labels: blood faith, rationalism

Jesse Helms, R. I. P.

SATURDAY, JULY 05, 2008

Like Roland and Augustus Pinochet, he took his stand and held it, never yielding unto death.

Labels: Rest in peace

Eternal Europe: The Young Drummer

SATURDAY, JULY 05, 2008

The fairy tales that were collected and recorded by the Brothers Grimm are such an important part of our European heritage. It is no more possible to separate the fairy tales from the European people than it is for a leopard to change its spots.

I often interview the Young Drummer, whose deeds are recorded in the Grimms' tale called "The Drummer." In that story, he travels through the forest of Giants and ascends a glass mountain in order to rescue a fair princess. I have always been impressed by the fact that he embarked on his rescue mission in spite of the fact that it is impossible to climb a glass mountain. Integral men of Europe do not live their lives according to the rules of science.

Interviewer: Thank you for consenting to the interview.

Young Drummer: It's no problem. I enjoy our discussions.

Interviewer: I don't feel particularly connected to my country on any given date, but I always feel particularly unconnected on the fourth of July.

Young Drummer: It seems to be a lot of sound and fury signifying nothing.

Interviewer: Yes, that's it exactly. I don't think that a white man should be celebrating the demise of the white man, do you?

Young Drummer: Of course not. But the white-hating liberals are not celebrating their demise. They believe that they have transcended the barriers of race, sex, and family. What they celebrate when they celebrate cultural diversity on state-sanctioned holidays such as the 4th of July is *your* demise. They celebrate the death of the old Europe and the men and women who are loyal to it.

Interviewer: Is there any hope of winning the white-hating whites back to the fold?

Young Drummer: No, there isn't. Their hearts are stone. They are wedded to Satan and the colored races.

Interviewer: Is the final conflict about to begin then?

Young Drummer: That's more than I know. Many of the signs are there, but it would be presumptuous of me, or anyone, to claim they know the day or the hour.

Interviewer: Europe will never come back then?

Young Drummer: The real Europe, His Europe, is still there, it simply is no longer visible to most Europeans.

Interviewer: It's almost as if Satan has imposed his vision of Europe over the old Europe.

Young Drummer: That is correct. From my standpoint, the standpoint of eternal Europe, you live in Satandom.

Interviewer: I don't dispute that. And we must, while residing in Satandom, keep the vision of the old Europe before our eyes. But aren't we ultimately supposed to turn Satandom back into Christendom? Isn't having a vision of the old Europe only a first step?

Young Drummer: I wouldn't put it that way. You are thinking too much like a modern man when you talk about first and second steps. That implies that vision is something passive and separate from the man. Vision is the man. When European man saw Christ, true-God and true-man, he acted on that belief and built a civilization of "incomparable symmetry." Vision and love are inseparable. We see with the heart, and we act according to what the heart sees.

Interviewer: I don't quite follow you.

Young Drummer: Let me put it this way – when you first met your wife-to-be, you fell in love because of what you saw in her heart. From that love flowed all those masculine impulses that the liberals sneer at: the desire to protect your love, to raise a family with your love, and to grow old (the best is yet to be) with your love.

It was the same way with the Europeans and Christ. They saw something in Christ that they loved. From that love came Christendom. Imperfect by divine standards, just as our love is imperfect compared to His love, nevertheless it was a love and a civilization as different from your modern Satandom, and every other civilization on the face of the earth, as heaven is from hell.

Interviewer: The modern European has issued divorce papers to Christ?

Young Drummer: Yes, he has ceased to love Him.

Interviewer: Is there someone else?

Young Drummer: Yes, modern man has returned to the second oldest faith, faith in man.

Interviewer: Is there any difference then between the barbarians of color and the post-Christian whites?

Young Drummer: There is a difference in degree, not in kind. The difference in degree consists of the different aspects of the religion of man. The colored races worship the blood. Their deities reflect "virtues" that the barbarians see in themselves. What an antique Christian would call savagery the barbarian calls faith.

The post-Christian white also worships himself. But the post-Christian does not worship his blood, he worships his mind. The reason white liberals get so upset when the people you call Kinists mention things like race, blood, and hearth is that such notions challenge the liberal's faith. He believes all wisdom comes from the mind of man and not from the blood of European man united to the Spirit of God.

Interviewer: So the white techno-barbarian and the colored barbarian are united in their hatred of the incarnate God but not united in their reasons for the hatred.

Young Drummer: Yes. The white techno-barbarian, as you call him, worships rationality, which of course becomes the worst type of rationality when it is divorced from His spirit and blood. And the colored barbarian worships only the vital power of his blood, which of course becomes inhuman barbarism without the humanizing influence of His spirit and blood.

Interviewer: What is the result of the union of the technocratic white with the barbarians of color?

Young Drummer: Death for one's civilization and death for the individual souls that adhere to the Christless religions of deified man.

Interviewer: You seldom mention the Jews or the Jewish conspiracy. Is that because you don't believe the Jews are the main threat to Christian civilization?

Young Drummer: First of all, there is no longer any Christian civilization. So I take it that you mean to ask, “Are the Jews the major reason for the demise of Christendom, and are they the main obstacle to the rebuilding of Christendom?”

To both questions, I answer, no. The Jews represent an organized body of people who were and are opposed to Christ’s reign of charity. As such they will always be a danger to Christ’s church and His followers. But the Jews could not have undermined Christian civilization nor could they stop the rebuilding of it if it were not for an organized body of post-Christians who have steeled themselves to resist the light even more fiercely and maniacally than the Jews.

Interviewer: The Roman Catholics?

Young Drummer: Not just the Catholics. The Catholic Church is the worst of the anti-Christian churches because it has the most formidable organization, but all the Protestant churches, like the Catholic Church, have institutionalized the idea that God lives only in the mind of man.

Interviewer: He exists or doesn’t exist according to the whims of man?

Young Drummer: Yes, that is their idea.

Interviewer: I grant that there is no reclaiming the techno-barbarians, but isn’t there a small segment of white people who could, if they saw the Christ you see, be brought back to the European fold?

Young Drummer: There are. Although I don’t see how they will get a chance to see Christ. He exists in the European past as chronicled by the European poets. But the poets are not allowed to go directly to the potential converts. Literary critics and psychologists filter out their contents.

And the Gospels suffer the same fate as the poetic chroniclers of the soul. The content of the Gospels is distilled into a faithless vapor by Roman Catholic theologians and Protestant Biblical exegetes.

Interviewer: You don’t paint a very encouraging picture. There seems to be no hope.

Young Drummer: That’s not what I’m saying. Christianity is the religion of “when hope seems nearly gone, God’s relief by us is surely won.” Look to the European forest. Fight your way through the barbarians. And ignore the white rationalists who tell you that you are childish and racist to look for God in a forest. Then venture into the dark woods. You will meet witches and dragons there, but you’ll also find Him, and He will sustain you in all your battles.

Interviewer: You come from the forests of Bavaria and the world of the Brothers Grimm. Aren’t you just a little bit prejudiced in favor of forests?

Young Drummer: Yes, I am prejudiced. And I intend to stay prejudiced in favor of the European forest, in the sure and certain hope that my ‘prejudice’ will lead me to the King, who sanctified that forest with His blood.

Interviewer: Your faith is my faith and your blood is my blood.

Interviewer and Young Drummer (holding up their swords and crossing them): To eternal Europe, and death to Satandom.

Labels: Europeans and Christ, fairy tale mode of perception, Young Drummer

Good Blood

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 2008

Tirian had never dreamed that one of the results of an Ape's setting up a false Aslan would be to stop people from believing in the real one.

-- C. S. Lewis in *The Last Battle*

It was the fate of the Hebrews to watch what had started out as a small heretical cult from within their nation become a worldwide religion that left them marginalized. How did this happen? The Hebrews forgot what the essence of their faith was: the fact of a personal God. While the Roman civilization was self-destructing from its refusal to accept a personal God, the Jewish faith became marginalized by the same type of refusal. Christ was the fulfillment of the Jews' very personal faith. His rejection was like the rejection of a fiancée, to whom one became engaged after a long exchange of letters and phone calls but, when he showed up at the doorstep, was turned away.

It would seem that there is within man a great desire for a personal God as well as a contradictory desire for an impersonal, less human, and more abstracted God. We desire this, I think, because we sense that to be fully human, as Christ is, is too painful. No other poet has ever come close to Shakespeare in describing the pain and suffering involved in the process of becoming human. And Shakespeare shows us that few make it. We stop somewhere along in the humanizing process, create a false, abstracted image of God, the image closest to the point we have gotten to, and declare that image to be the authentic one.

How then can we ever become fully human if we worship at the altar of a false god? If we are forever playing Julian the Apostate by putting classical wings on Christ's outstretched arms, it would seem that we are doomed to wander forever, like the flying Dutchman, unblessed, unforgiven, and unhallowed. I think the answer lies in the works of P. C. Wren and in the declaration of William Blake:

*This Life's dim Windows of the Soul
Distorts the Heavens from Pole to Pole
And leads you to Believe a lie
When you see with not thro the Eye.*

Yes, we must have a vision, a beau ideal. And we must not accept our actions and thoughts that run counter to the beau ideal as reality because they outnumber our thoughts and actions directed toward the ideal. It is when the white heat is in our hearts that we see the beau ideal and behave like Beau Geste. That is reality; that is the vision that needs to be protected by the entire bureaucratic structure of society and the sacramental structure of the church.

The Catholic Church and the modern Protestant churches have followed the way of the Pharisees and the ancient Romans. The betrothed came to the door and was rejected because of his humanity. And the rejection stems from intellectual pride. We always insist that the voices of the prophets and the reality of the incarnate God be forced to fit our intellectual constructs. And our intellectual constructs are always wrong, because they come from disembodied brains and not the blood. Mary Augustus Evans, the Southern authoress, put it quite well when she said, "Good blood doesn't lie." When we are connected to God by a blood tie, whatever comes from the blood will be pure and true.

Adam and Eve had a filial, blood relationship with God. He was their Father, their progenitor. He certainly loved them, but did they love him? Well, obviously not enough. Satan tempted them, and they severed their blood tie to their father in order to study Him in the abstract. "Does God really mean that we should not eat the apple because it will harm us, or is He secretly afraid it will

empower us?” That type of “studying” led to the loss of Eden. And the same type of study led to the loss of the new Eden.

European civilization was the second Eden. And it was a better Eden than the first, because in the second Eden God revealed Himself in His entirety through Jesus Christ. Of course the European Eden was not the literal Eden of the Bible. There was sin and death in the second Eden, but there was a presence, His presence, in the second Eden that held out the hope that death, the final enemy, would be defeated.

In our modern, anti-European civilization there is no hope that death will be defeated. There is only the hope that science will render death painless. And His presence has been replaced by the presence of Satan.

Herbert Butterfield, in his masterpiece, *Christianity and History*, said,

It may be true that nature and history are not separable in the last resort, but at the level at which we do most of our ordinary thinking it is important to separate them, important not to synthesise them too easily and too soon, important above all not thoughtlessly to assume that nature, instead of being the substructure, is the whole edifice or the crown. The thing which we have come to regard as history would disappear if students of the past ceased to regard the world of men as a thing against nature and the animal kingdom. In such circumstances the high valuation that has long been set upon human personality would speedily decline.

I think we should regard the blood and the heart in the same way. For ordinary purposes there is no such thing as a merely physical concept of human blood and the human heart. Heart and blood are mystical, spiritual entities. You have to overturn all of God’s revelation to man if you deny that heart and blood contain the soul of man and are his connecting links to God.

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

To paraphrase Linus in Charlie Brown’s Christmas, “That’s what Christianity is all about, Mr. White-hating Technocrat.” And all the products of the scientific, rational, modern man have been created to detach man from his heart, which is where the true light of knowledge shines.

To use Butterfield’s term, for ordinary purposes there has only been one civilization of the heart, and that was the European civilization. Liberal-liberals say that civilization was evil. Conservative-liberals say we only need to preserve the intellectual processes and procedures of the old European civilization and not the heart and blood heritage of its people.¹ But the heart and blood of the white man is the soul of European civilization. Without it there is no civilization.

The democratic process, multiculturalism, universal brotherhood, and on and on... are all code words for the rule of Satan. When the white man once again looks to the light of knowledge in his own heart and blood, he will be equipped to fight the only war worth fighting, the war for sacred Europe.

1. Patrick Buchanan is an example of the liberal-conservative. In a recent book he writes about the unnecessary war, the Second World War, but it was only unnecessary if you are a kinist, someone who believes that race and faith bind a nation together. If you believe, as Buchanan and his ilk do, that a nation is based on an idea, then World War II was necessary to defend the idea of the universality of democracy.

Suppose there was a war and only one side was fighting?

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 2008

In the bad old days when South Africa was ruled by whites, if a Negro was even jostled by a white policeman someone in the West would make a movie about that injustice. But now that blacks rule South Africa, it is fine to rape, murder, and torture white people at a rate which makes all the old barbarians like Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun seem like gentle lambs.

If you read a book like H. V. Morton's *In Search of South Africa*, you can't help but be struck by the incredible difference between white-ruled South Africa and black-ruled South Africa. The whites brought European values to a country that knew only bloodshed and horror.

In many ways, South Africa was more European than Europe because the Dutch and English that settled South Africa were more conscious of their European identity, being separated from Europe, than the whites living in Europe. That is why Europeans like H. V. Morton settled in South Africa. Only a demonic maniac could prefer the current South Africa to the older South Africa under apartheid.

Unfortunately, our own nation, which had more than just a little bit to do with the death of white South Africa, is very quickly becoming another South Africa. We celebrate black murderers like Rubin Carter in our movies, while we permit the murder, rape, and torture of white people throughout our nation. Wait -- I err when I use the term 'nation' to describe this geographical area called the USA. A nation possesses a folk with a common religion and race. Whites currently have no nation. That hideous, blasphemous pervert, Ben Franklin, once said, "Where liberty dwells, there is my nation." Well, where white people dwell who believe in Europe, there is my nation.

Labels: propositional nation, South Africa

Counter-Revolution

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 2008

Pinochet's achievement in throwing off Allende's Marxist government in Chile has been compared to Franco's achievement in Spain's civil war. Both men certainly belong in the counterrevolutionary hall of fame, but because of one very important reason Pinochet's achievement seems even greater than Franco's. Pinochet accomplished his counterrevolution without the support of the Catholic Church. I can't think of any other successful counterrevolution in this century since the Church has joined the forces of democracy, progress, and enlightenment. (Which of course translates to the forces of bloodshed and darkness. What was it that Metternich said? "Every time I hear the word 'democracy,' I know a bloodbath is coming.")

The liberals' extraordinarily intense hatred of Pinochet was because of his success. They would certainly hate me as much if I had any chance of mounting a charge like Pinochet, but since I don't they leave me alone.

One could point out, as regards Franco and Pinochet, that they were not very successful counterrevolutionaries because their counterrevolutions did not survive them. Well, that is true, but at least they sallied forth and achieved a modicum of counterrevolutionary glory.

The problem that counterrevolutionaries like Pinochet and Franco have when they try to pass on their counterrevolutionary gains to posterity is that there is no institutional support for their counterrevolutionary ideals. The situation is analogous to a teacher who manages, against the ideals of the educational institution in which he is working, to make a genuine impression on a student. The teacher sees that a student is interested and inspired, but he must watch the inspired student go out of the classroom into a world that is hostile to the ideals he was teaching. The student, after

continually butting his head up against the brick walls of individuals and institutions hostile to the ideals of his former teacher, soon concludes that his teacher was crazy and/or impractical.

Both Franco and Pinochet pointed out to their countrymen the dangers of egalitarian democracy. It made their countries vulnerable to communist usurpation. Both men tried to move their countries to a more hierarchical and a more Christian form of government, but where was the reinforcement for their values? In the absence of a church that would support Christianity, both counterrevolutions failed to survive their authors.

The late Jesse Helms was cast from the same mold as Pinochet and Franco. He was intensely loyal to an older, more European vision of his nation, and he didn't mind being unpopular for trying to stem the modernist tide. But he was one senator against a horde of modernist ones. Quite predictably his noble efforts of resistance came to naught.

In his magnificent history of England, the French author André Maurois points out that the English, unlike the people of France and Spain, never knew an absolute ruler. They always had some kind of multi-tiered system of powers. I would suggest that now, some 70 years since André Maurois published *A History of England*, the English nation as well as its offshoot, the United States, does have an absolute ruler. It is Satan. Once Satan conquered the Christian churches, he was able to penetrate every single tier of the multi-tiered system of the English-speaking people's nation. At every turn we see Satan supporting Satan. School, church, press, and government all form one steel curtain around Satandom. And the most convincing proof of the satanic nature of Western civilization consists of the respect and adulation that European man gives to the black man. When Europe was Christian, the black savage was held in check, just as Satan was held in check. In point of fact, Satan and the black man are coordinate; when Satan is loosed, the black savage is loosed. They are the boogie men who strive when Christ's day becomes Satan's night.

Labels: counterrevolution, Satania

Whatever happened to the European?

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 2008

If you are familiar with the movie *Duck Soup*, you will remember that Groucho Marx portrays Rufus T. Firefly, the ruler of Freedonia. Chico is Chicolini, a spy for another country and one of Firefly's cabinet ministers. There is a scene in which Chicolini answers the phone for Firefly.

Chicolini: Hello! No. No. No, he's not in. All right, I'll tell him. Goodbye... That was for you.

Firefly: I'm sorry I'm not in. I wanted to have a long talk with you. Now, listen here. You give up that silly peanut stand and I'll get you a soft government job. Now, let's see, what have I got in my Cabinet besides mice? How would you like a job in the mint?

Chicolini: Mint? No, no, I no like-a mint. Uh—what other flavor you got? [Phone rings again.]

Chicolini: Hello, hello. No, not yet. All right, I tell him. Goodbye, thank you. That was for you again.

Firefly: I wonder what became of me? I should have been back here a long time ago.

The Marx brothers have captured in this scene modern man's alienation from himself better than Beckett, Ionesco, and all the modern Theatre of the Absurd playwrights. Reason detached from the heart and from revelation can only be a commentator on existence; it cannot be a participant. If the heart is not engaged, a man will remain isolated. And it makes no difference whether the disengaged man is an atheist or a Roman Catholic. His atheism will be only secondhand if he is an atheist, and his Roman Catholicism will be only secondhand if he is a Roman Catholic. His real faith will be in detached, analytical reason. The doctrinal Thomist and the strict atheist are both, in their essential view of existence, compact.

I once watched, astonished, while a conservative Catholic announced to a panel of conservative Catholics meeting to discuss some recent study that stated fathers should spend time with their children, that he intended to spend more time with his children. He needed research to tell him that! What happens if another study comes out and tells him that fathers don't need to spend time with their children? Has the man no affections, no feelings that might give him a clue as to how to behave as a father? No, because the man has been carefully trained to have no feelings. His life depends on the latest research. Albeit since he is a Catholic, he only trusts Catholic researchers, but still, his life is a secondhand one.

I don't mean to single out the conservative Catholic as the only disengaged man. The liberal Protestants have also disengaged themselves from existence. Along with the Catholics, they think that having an expertise in religion or following one who is an expert in religion is a substitute for religious faith. This is not so. In order for a genuine faith to develop, those well-springs of feelings and emotions that engender love must be brought into play, because without love there can be no faith. When faith is solely a mathematical proposition that engages only the mind, it is not a real faith. It can disappear completely with one adjustment of the calculator.

Dostoyevsky was aware of the dangers of detached, analytical reason: Stavrogin and Ivan Karamazov are intensely and maniacally logical. And they are men without faith. Does anything really separate them from the intensely logical, modern, Christian intellectual who can find no place for a sentimental God-man in his documents?

It is not, of course, that reason and faith are incompatible. It is the Humpty Dumpty question: "Who shall be master?" Reason cannot be detached from the rest of man's being; it cannot be the final arbiter. Vladimir Solovyov, in his book *The Crisis of Western Philosophy* and in his lectures *On God-Manhood*, brought this forcefully to the fore.

Western man is like a woman trying to become a man. One looks at her and says, "Doesn't she realize that it is her heart that makes her distinct? Her pathetic attempts to argue philosophy with men makes her a witch." And Western man's pathetic attempts to explain the ways of God to men has left him asking, "Whatever became of me?"

Our Lord is not a theologian or a philosopher; He is a poet. And the Faith must be passed on from one generation to the next with all the subtlety and care one takes (or should take) in reading a poem. One should not dissect it, one should respond to it with one's whole heart, mind, and soul.

We cannot go back to the pagans to get that much needed sense of the sacred in our lives. And who wants to? There is no personal God within the pagans' cosmos. But we can go back to the European woods. Why did we ever listen to those who called our attachment to those woods sentimental? The woods are sacred and will bring us in contact with heart, home, and Him, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished, because theories about the faith are a very poor substitute for Him.

Let us give George MacDonald the last word:

To arouse the hope that there may be a God with heart like our own is more for the humanity in us than to produce the absolute conviction that there is a being who made the heaven and the earth and the sea and the fountains of waters. Jesus is the express image of God's substance, and in Him we know the heart of God.

Labels: alienation, Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy

Book Review: Swift and Sure: Bringing Certainty and Finality to Criminal Punishment by Judge William J. Cornelius, Bridge Street Books, 1997, O.P.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 2008

There is a myth about our country circulating mainly in conservative circles that we are a good, solid, can-do type of nation. We see a problem, and by-gum, we fix it. Well, our crime problem has been spiraling out of control for years, and by-gum, we haven't done a thing to fix it.

Judge Cornelius starts his excellent book by citing the terrible crime statistics that show the United States to be the most violent, crime-ridden nation in the world. And we are, so the good Judge says, because American justice is neither swift nor sure. If justice were swift and sure, we would not have the crime rates we have.

The Judge tells us why abolishing parole, probation, and early release programs could serve as a vital deterrent to crime. He also is against concurrent sentences, the exclusionary law, and Miranda rights. His case for repealing the exclusionary rule is excellent. I wish more Americans knew just how damaging the exclusionary law is. It has no constitutional or moral basis. In fact it is completely immoral. The law punishes the victim of a crime for the alleged procedural errors of police officers. No other nation has such a ridiculous law, which is no doubt one of the major reasons why no other nation has such high crime rates as we do.

Cornelius also shows us how ridiculous the insanity plea has become. If someone was ever upset in their past, they can claim that the recollection of that past made them "temporarily insane." And if the jury doesn't like the victim (as in the Bobbit case), the guilty party will go free. Cornelius recommends we go back to the old English common law of insanity, which would result in a virtual elimination of the temporary insanity plea.

There is chapter after chapter of sound advice in this book. The chapter on revamping our juvenile system, for instance, is quite good. We currently live under a system where juveniles can kill with impunity, and unfortunately, they know it and are killing at growing rates.

Judge Cornelius' positions are, in my judgment, unassailable. His is right. His advice is sound. The only weakness in the book lies in the question Judge Cornelius doesn't ask: If he and any person with a modicum of common sense can see that the Judge's reforms are necessary, why then can't the reforms be implemented? The answer takes one into the religious realm where practical men do not want to go. Doesn't there have to be some metaphysical belief that justice and truth are important in order for high-salaried bureaucrats to be inspired to change a system that is making them rich? In other words, in the absence of a Christian conscience, why should defense attorneys, who make their living getting hoodlums off the hook by catching police in procedural errors, give a particular damn about the fact that child molesters and murderers go unpunished? And likewise, why should policemen, in the absence of a Christian conscience, go after violent black criminals when to do so means loss of employment and at least five years in jail?

Respect for the law is a virtue when a nation's laws have a Christian basis. But when the law is used to serve the Prince of Darkness, Christian men should defy it. On every issue – legalized abortion, the barbarian invasion, black crime, the state takes a position in favor of Satan and against the Europeans of the old stock.

Regimes that have instituted the law of Satan are not toppled overnight. But Christian men committed to counterrevolution have wrought wonders in the past. Our ancestors, such as William Tell and Nathan Bedford Forrest, are quite rightly revered. But shouldn't we also seek to emulate them?

*'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox,*

*And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!*

Labels: Book review, exclusionary rule

The Deserted Village

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 2008

One Christmas time I was in a bookstore where the proprietress felt the need to editorialize to her patrons. Being the only patron at the time, I was treated to her opinions, including a tirade on the insanity and immorality of the capitalist crusade in Iraq. I was certainly able to agree with her on that topic. Thinking she had a soul mate, she then launched into some editorials in favor of all the radical 'isms'.

The woman was evidently in the midst of chemotherapy, so I refrained, at first, from disagreeing with her. But when she persisted, I did, as gently as possible, let her know that we were not on the same page, nor were we soul mates. She was surprised and confused because she thought that since I was anti-capitalist, I must be a radical.

This is a common mistake that Americans make, equating capitalism with conservatism, but it is an especially egregious error when made by a proprietor of a book store where one can find the works of all the great poets of Europe. If she had read less commentary on the poets and more of the poets, she would know 1) that all of the great poets are conservative – they are the defenders of the permanent things – and 2) there are very few poetic defenses of capitalism (Carl Sandburg's work is an exception) because capitalism destroys the permanent things – and in fact the mantra of capitalism is that there are no permanent things and that everything is malleable and changeable.

The law of the jungle is the law of capitalism. The strong devour the weak, and the many overwhelm the few. There is no divine law above free market jungle law in the capitalist world, which is why the Christian poets have always shown that 'ism' so little mercy.

Dickens was the supreme critic of capitalism, but there were others before him. Oliver Goldsmith, author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, was an intensely conservative writer who loved the village church and the small farm. During a five-year period of his life when he made excursions from London to the country, he observed that the large landholders were squeezing out the small farmers, creating a landless, laboring class, setting up an agrarian version of Wal-Mart.

He begins his poem "The Deserted Village" with an apologia for the permanent things as embodied in the simpler rural life (idealized, yes, but an ideal with a basis in reality), and then proceeds to depict the brave new world of free market capitalism that has replaced the old world.

*Sweet Auburn!
Loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,*

...

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green.
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made—
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

...

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind, connubial Tenderness are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so'
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! And oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed,

*Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.*

That capitalism was a radical serpent in the European garden was ever the opinion of the European poets. Capitalism became associated with conservatism in this country largely through the influence of *National Review*. In the early years of that publication there were some writers such as Richard Weaver and Russell Kirk who held genuinely conservative views, but their voices were not the dominant ones. The soul of *National Review* was a capitalist one. And as the magazine acquired influential converts like Ronald Reagan, the magazine became less tolerant of anti-capitalist dissenters and more dogmatically capitalist.

Capitalists always label their critics socialists, but the only way to rid the world of socialism is to rid the world of capitalism because capitalism spawns socialism. Gross inequalities in wealth create a demand for an excessive equality in wealth. The only effective antidote to capitalism is the Christian society depicted by Goldsmith.

Labels: agrarian case, heartlessness of capitalism, Oliver Goldsmith

If Ye Break Faith

FRIDAY, AUGUST 01, 2008

In the modern world all the authors from the past have fallen into neglect. But even before the great denial of everything European, one very great author had already been thrown on to the trash heap. That author is Thomas Nelson Page. He certainly deserved a place in American letters alongside of Melville and Hawthorne and above such pygmy's as Twain, Faulkner, and Anderson. But he was Southern and he was Christian¹, a combination that was most distasteful to the self-anointed arbiters of literary greatness.

Page's work will endure among true Europeans because he writes about the permanent things. He was consciously archaic because he rejected the Godless wisdom of the wizards of science and progress and remained true to the values of old Europe, which he saw embodied in the institutions of the old South. In the closing chapter of his novel *Red Rock*, Page expresses his rejection of modernity, a rejection that he held to throughout his literary career.

In the old stories, the climax used to be considered attained when the young couple became engaged. Like the hero and heroine of the fairy tales of our youth, in that golden land of "Once-upon-a-time," all that was to be told after they became engaged was that "they married and lived happily ever after." In the modern stories, however, this seems to be but the beginning of new adventures. Marriage, which used to be the entrance to bliss unending, appears to be now but the "gate of the hundred sorrows;" and the hero and heroine wed only to find that they loved someone else better, and pine to be disunited. They spend the rest of their lives trying to get unmarried. Nothing is so unconventional as to love one's own husband or wife, and nothing so tame as to live pure and true to one's vows in spirit as well as in fact.

It must be said, at once, that this is not a story of that kind. The people described in it knew nothing of that sort of existence. Any reader who chooses to go farther in this history must do so with the full knowledge that such is the case, and that the married life of the young couples will be found as archaic and pure as that of our first parents, before modern wisdom discovered that the serpent was more than the devil, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil more than a tree of knowledge.

Page wrote poetry, novels, short stories, history and books for children. There is always something to be gleaned from an author like Page. He is one of the many giants that the late nineteenth century produced. Staring at the brave new world of the twentieth century, they bid the European go deeper rather than cosmic.

In *Red Rock*, Page writes about the men and women of the South immediately following the Civil War. If we compare their resistance to the forces of modernity – science, capitalism, Negro-worship, and Christ-less Christianity – to our own resistance, we can see how far we have fallen and where we need to go.

The South after the War was a European, Kinist society. Quite probably the Southern European nation was the most European nation on the face of the earth. Defeated in battle, they won, for a time, the "peace." There were a number of components that allowed the South to defeat the forces of modernity:

- **They did not regard man-made law as superior to God's law.**
When the carpetbaggers' law conflicted with the code of chivalry, the Southern men defied it. In *Red Rock*, the Southern man told their new governors that they had two rules: 1) "If you touch our women, we'll kill you," and 2) "We will not be ruled by Negroes." When those two rules were violated, the Southern men went outside the law.

In contrast, those opposed to black rule and race-mixing today never (except for a few samizdat-press bloggers) recommend going outside the parameters of modern democracy.² Such people do not really believe in the values of old Europe because they put adherence to the democratic process above loyalty to European civilization. Lindbergh was right when he claimed that the modern struggle had nothing to do with political systems; it was and is about race. If you accept the rules of your enemy, who only allows you to vote for a slow death or a quick death, you will be bereft of everything that Europeans once held dear.

- **The women remained loyal.**

Buried somewhere in the pile of papers on my desk is an article by a Book-of-Common-Prayer, old rite, Anglican clergyman. In the article, the reverend, citing St. Paul, says that in every civilization the women are the last to go over to the devil, but when they do go, they are worse than the men. Shakespeare made the same observation in *Macbeth*, and Tennyson echoed the sentiment in the *Idylls of the King*.³

During the Babylonian captivity, which the North called 'Reconstruction,' the Southern women remained loyal to the Southern white males. There was a spiritual symmetry between the Southern male and female. The male's willingness to go forth in defense of hearth and home earned the female's love and loyalty. And her love increased the male's ardor to protect and defend which in turn increased the woman's fidelity.

The testimony of men like Page, as unbelievable as it seems in our modern age, cannot be doubted; the Southern women remained faithful to their men and their civilization despite facing starvation and dislocation. Only a tiny minority broke rank and went with the carpetbaggers and the Negroes. Today it is exactly the opposite. Only a tiny fragment of females, much smaller than the remnant of white males, have remained loyal to the white race.

It is customary to blame the infidelity of the white female on the white male. There is some justification for that accusation; the white male has done little to inspire fidelity. But ultimately, the blame for any sin must be placed squarely on the shoulders of the sinner. White females, with some heroic exceptions, have descended to the lowest level of creation. They were wives and mothers in a civilization consecrated to Him, which is a position above the angels, and they descended from those heights to become concubines to Satan and his minions. "O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!"

- **The white males stood tall.**

There were some Southern white men who cut deals with the usurpers and the Negroes, but in the main the whites stood together, which is why they prevailed.

Today the situation is quite different. Some of the most virulent anti-white groups and anti-white white men are from the South. Witness the Southern Poverty Law Center and Thomas Fleming.

- **Northern opposition to the Southern whites was not a monolith.**

Certainly the men who passed the Reconstruction legislation in Congress and the evangelical Christians who went over to Unitarianism and Negro worship were maniacally opposed to the Southern whites, but there was another element in the North, people who were sympathetic to the Southern white. Let me provide a short anecdote. My grandfather's grandfather fought for the North in the Civil War. He lived well past age 90, so my grandfather had many opportunities to talk with him about the War. And I fortunately had many opportunities to talk with my grandfather about his grandfather. I believe this is called an oral tradition.

What my great, great, grandfather told my grandfather is pertinent to the issue of the Northern sentiment toward the South. "They told me I was fighting for the Union. If I had known I was fighting to free the negroes, I would have joined the other side."

A committed elite always governs, but that elite is dependent on their ability to confuse and dazzle the masses. When their patter no longer confuses and dazzles, they lose ground. Reconstruction ended because the Southern whites stood firm and because the Northern Unitarians were no longer able to convince the great unwashed that the Southern whites ate Negro babies for breakfast and whipped Negro adults in the afternoon.

Let's fast-forward to the second half of the twentieth century. The Unitarian universalists retrenched and went back on the offensive. By 1950, they had succeeded in once again convincing the North, the Midwest, the West, and the rest of the European people that the Southern Europeans were devils. And even the Southern people themselves came to believe in the evils of the old South. It was no coincidence that the British ceased to believe in Britain, the Spanish in Spain, the French in France, etc., at the same time. The South was an extension of Europe; Satan would not attack one without attacking the other.

- **The Christian religion was the source of the Southern white man's love for his race.**

I read an article recently by a white pagan author. Although I shared his desire for the survival of the white race, I did not agree with his analysis of the race issue. He made the point that the love of their own race was embedded deeply in the souls of our European ancestors. But then he went on to state that only Christianity was embedded as deeply in the European soul. I agree that Christianity is embedded deeply in the European soul, but I do not agree with the separation that my pagan ally makes. If you read a novel like *Red Rock* you can't help but be struck by the fact that Christianity and the love of their race was so intertwined in the souls of the Southern whites, that a separation of the two is impossible.

I think we miss something essential if we do not see how love of race and love of Christ are interwoven in the soul of the European. When the European embraced Christ, he did not suddenly lose the virtues he already possessed. Those virtues were extended and deepened. Shame became guilt and kindness was transformed into charity. And pride of race, the desire to see one's race perpetuated became love of race and a desire to see the individual members of one's beloved race survive in perpetuity.⁴ It is true that you should not have to prove that your race is more intelligent, more beautiful, etc., in order to desire its survival. It should be enough to say, "It is my own and I love it." But we must see that such an appeal -- "It is my own and I love it" -- will have no effect on the barbarian or the post-Christian white. They do not view race and love in the same way that the white Christian does. The barbarian does not love his race. He has pride of race; he wants it to be powerful, to be the dominant race, but he does not love it. This is why the weak, in barbarian cultures, are exterminated. They do not enhance the power of the race, so they are not valued. A barbarian will never countenance an argument from a white person which makes an appeal to their mutual love for their own race. The barbarian knows only power and dominance. Why should he agree to the survival of the white race when to him race means power? The survival of another race only diminishes his power.

The post-Christian white will not respond to the appeal, "It is my own and I love it," because he has severed his ties to Christian Europe. The new faith in science, progress, and Satan that the Northern Unitarians of the 1860s were toying with has become the fervent faith of the godless, white, post-Christians of the twenty-first century. They worship their own minds, which they have divorced from their hearts and the heart of God, and they worship the body of man divorced from his soul. Thus the colored barbarian has been accorded a throne in the godless utopia of the post-Christian white man, because he confirms the post-Christian's belief in bodies without souls.

It's clear, from the testimony of Christian soldiers like Thomas Nelson Page, that the struggle for the Christian faith and the struggle for the white race have the same spiritual antecedents. When the battle against principalities and powers is won, so will the battle for the white race be won. +

1. Faulkner gave Northern liberals and Southern liberals the type of Southern novel they wanted. I needn't go into the salacious and gory details. Suffice it to say the stress was placed on the lower depths without sufficient emphasis on the higher levels of Southern culture.

2. I had a running debate for many years with a friend (regrettably, deceased) who thought my insistence that the white race was not going to make a comeback via the democratic process was "overly pessimistic." It now appears to me that I was not too pessimistic but was instead overly optimistic in thinking that rear-guard candidates like Ron Paul had a chance, through the democratic process, to slow down the white decline.

There is a great difference between someone who says that the death of the white man is inevitable and someone who says that there is no hope for the renewal of the white race through the democratic process. This doesn't seem like a hard principle to grasp. But I must conclude that it is, because I hear the "too pessimistic" charge every time I suggest that the white man should jettison democracy.

To me it is not a question of pessimism or optimism; it is a question of reality. Europeans who believe and act like Europeans once believed and acted are a tiny minority in every European country. Hordes of young (and not so young Europeans) grovel at black Obama's feet everywhere he goes. Are such people going to vote for "white" candidates? Of course not.

The reason "can-do" types get so mad at a person like me is because they think I am advising passive surrender to the enemy when I say it is over in terms of a democratic solution for the white man. But this is not the case. I am recommending that we step outside of the democratic parameters, which were parameters constructed by white, technocratic, anti-European bureaucrats, and return to the heroic mode of the antique Europeans. In that mode, political systems were a means to an end and not the end itself.

3. For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.
-- Alfred Lord Tennyson

4. Sonnet 31:
Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

-- William Shakespeare

Labels: Thomas Nelson Page

“Behold, I show you a mystery”

SATURDAY, AUGUST 09, 2008

I hate it when publishers print two different endings for Dickens’ greatest novel, *Great Expectations*. There is only one ending. Dickens was not forced to alter the end of the book; he chose to do it. That he chose to do it after consulting a friend does not invalidate his alteration. That consultation was part of the creative process, so there is really only one ending to the book.

As you know, in what has been termed the original ending, Estella and Pip do not end up together. In the alternate ending, the one that is shown in the movies, Pip and Estella meet again and do not part. The reason the *Great Expectations* alteration displeases the critics is because Dickens seems (to them) to be mixing genres. In most of his other novels he followed the fairy tale motif where the hero and heroine marry at the end. In *Great Expectations*, he was writing what appeared (the critics claim) to be a very un-Pickwickian realistic novel and then he switched to a fairy tale ending. I do not think Dickens is guilty of switching genres. Estella, after much suffering, finds a depth to her soul that she never knew existed, which allows her to love Pip as Pip has always loved her. Such transformations are as rare as deathbed conversions, but are they completely out of the realm of reality? Life in this world is inherently tragic for we all face death at the end of it, but is it completely unrealistic to depict some moments of grace, before death comes, entering into the lives of human beings?

It is only unrealistic if you do not believe that there is such a thing as grace. Did you ever ask yourself why, since they were going to die in the end anyway, Christ healed the sick and the lame? Of course He did it because it was His nature to love, but why did He not suppress that part of His loving nature and save all His love for the crucifixion and resurrection? Because Christ knows that human beings must win before they lose. Every human being must experience some moment or moments in their life when they feel loved. They must, or they will not believe in the ultimate gift of love from the God of love.

Literary critics of the twentieth and twenty-first century should not be allowed to write about novels of the nineteenth century because the nineteenth century novelists believed in the soul, but the twentieth and twenty-first century literary critics do not. It is analogous to C. S. Lewis’s contention that someone who has an *a priori* belief that there are no such things as miracles should not be allowed to debate the subject of miracles. And likewise those post-Christian whites who deny there is such a thing as race are not capable of understanding a white man’s love for his race. What they can’t understand or feel themselves they simply condemn.

The great novelists, from Scott in the late eighteenth century, to A. E. W. Mason in the early twentieth century, all wrote from a Christian worldview. They believed in the soul. And one is struck, when reading through the literature of that time, with how the various writers developed the doctrine of the Incarnation. If we are truly created in the image of God, then God can be found in the hearts of His creatures. This was the implicit Faith of the major writers of the 19th century and it is what makes them so interesting to read in contrast to the writers of our own time. But the winners write history, so the 20th and 21st century intelligentsia has labeled the older writers “immature” and “unrealistic” in contrast to the more contemporary writers who write psychological novels that are more “realistic.” And by continually repeating their lie *ad nauseum* the general public has come to believe it. “Those old dead guys didn’t know anything.”

And every single religious leader across the board from Novus Ordo and traditionalist Catholic to Protestant has turned their flocks over to the same scientized moderns who hate any work of literature that depicts men and women with souls. None truly believe in the Incarnation. They believe, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, that man is as easy to understand as a flute – nay, even easier. Ask them any question and they’ll provide you with an answer from a scientized, addle-brained efficiency expert of a theologian or from a “trained” psychologist and “expert” in his field.

If one does not believe in the God-Man, he will not believe in man, which is why we should be able to see through the façade of the modern clergy. They say they believe in the Christian God, but they deny the Incarnation. When they study man they do not study him as a human being created in the image of God but as a bug or an ape. The modern clergy have mind-forged manacles on their souls that narrow their vision to the point at which they can't see anything but the sewer that runs by the basement window.

If we are created in the image of God, the 19th century writers were right to stress the importance of what takes place in the secret and non-generic recesses of the human heart. Each heart is a kingdom, and what takes place in that kingdom touches other kingdoms and has momentous consequences that affect God's plan for our salvation. He works through humanity. If we stifle the humanity in us, if we turn to bug theology and ape science, then we will have placed our civilization outside of His grace. And of course we have done just that. And He won't return until "we long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." +

Labels: Christian view of personality

The European Soul

SATURDAY, AUGUST 09, 2008

I believe that a nation, like an individual, has a soul. Unlike an individual though, a nation's soul has many collective parts – namely the individuals that live and act in the confines of that particular nation. Once a nation's soul has developed, it can change and alter its essential soul only by a severe wounding of itself. I think all the nations of Europe are currently inflicting wounds upon themselves by doing that which destroys their soul. They are allowing large numbers of people who come from nations with a different soul into their countries. The mix will never work.

Let's take Britain as an example. Britain has allowed a large number of African, Indian, and Asian people to immigrate to Britain. With what result? The very soul of Britain has been shaken, because Britain is, in its essential soul, a white Christian nation. Even if most of the native-born no longer consciously hold to the Christian faith, it is in their blood; they cannot completely rid themselves of it. It is always lurking near them and in them with the potential of returning in full force. But it is different with the African, the Indian, and the Asian. The African soul is essentially voodoo-barbaric -- it has never been Christianized; the Indian soul is Hindu; and the Asian soul is Confucian and Buddhist. If that mix should overrun Britain, the nation will have lost its soul.

France faces a similar situation with the Muslims. Incidentally, the African continent can become Muslim without altering that nation's essential soul, for the Islamic faith is a barbaric one. But should Islam become the dominant force in France, the nation's soul will be lost. This is why decent Frenchmen turn out to vote for Le Pen, and liberals castigate him. Le Pen wants France to reclaim its soul.

Similar wars, fought with varying degrees of success, are being waged throughout Europe. And the wars are more serious than the older wars between European nations were, because in an older war between, for example, France and Germany, the losing country would lose much that is precious but not its Christian soul. Not so in the modern wars of immigration and interbreeding. It is the soul, the Christian soul of Europe that is at stake.

And the United States? We are a unique nation, just as the apologists tell us. We started off by repudiating the soul of our nation when we decided to make Christianity the mistress we saw in private rather than the wife we honored in public and private. The Civil War was fought to decide whether the "great" anti-nationalist, universalist, Christ-hating idea should prevail over the older European vision. It isn't necessary to say which vision prevailed. Because our nation was founded on a renunciation of the European soul, a counter-revolution in this country cannot be based on

“getting back to our foundation” unless one makes it clear that our foundation is not the U. S. Constitution but the Christianity of the ancient Europeans.

The European right-wing unfortunately is not in the majority. Le Pen lost his bid for the French Presidency (in fact, those in power are always trying to throw him in jail), and the British Nationalist Party seldom gets more than 20% of the vote. But at least the European countries have a right-wing! In America we have only liberals – the socialist Democrats and the capitalist Republicans. Fringe movements started by people like Ron Paul are ineffectual because they never look back to Europe for their *raison d’être*. They always cite the Constitution, refusing to listen to the shade of Joseph de Maistre who said, “No nation can subsist on mere paper and ink.”

There will be no counter-revolution in this country until men of European blood put their hands on the sacred sword of their European ancestors and say, “I swear, by the blood of my ancestors, that while I live I will not be ruled by the stranger, and where I live I shall abide by no law that contradicts the ancient faith of my ancestors.” +

Labels: Christian counter-attack, counterrevolution

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, R. I. P.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 09, 2008

It is not possible to do justice to a moral giant like Alexander Solzhenitsyn in an obituary, so let me confine myself to simply stating his importance to me.

I loved his novels, but Dostoevsky will always, in my heart, be *the* Russian novelist. I admired Solzhenitsyn’s courageous criticism of Russian communism, but I can’t say his critique improved on Whittaker Chambers’ magnificent critique, *Witness*. The aspect of Solzhenitsyn’s life that had the most profound influence on me was his criticism of the Western democracies. Fresh from the Gulag, he told the liberals of the West that Christianity, not liberal democracy, was the answer to communism.

I don’t admire a man because he suffers in a prison camp. Plenty of evil men have suffered in prison camps – witness John McCain. I admire a man for his vision. And it was Solzhenitsyn’s insight that the Western democracies were just as anti-Christian as Russian communism that had the greatest impact on my life.

The main character in *How Green Was My Valley* says after the death of his father in a mining accident, “Men like my father can never die.” There are noble souls who live their lives in such a way that one must conclude that the human soul is indeed made of something that never dies. They confirm for us the hope that is in our hearts. That was Solzhenitsyn’s greatest legacy to all of us. +

Labels: Rest in peace

Unto Death

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 2008

I recently read a speech, given in 1995 at an American Renaissance Conference, in which the speaker disagreed strongly with those pro-white advocates who recommended that white people form separate states within the state in order to ensure the survival of a distinct white, European culture. The speaker said that this was tantamount to surrender. There were still, he maintained, enough white votes to bring about a white cultural renewal without adopting what the speaker claimed were unrealistic and drastic measures.

My answer then, and even more so now, would be that looking at a situation realistically and deciding that drastic, non-democratic measures are necessary is not the same thing as surrendering. Was Shane surrendering when he walked into Grafton's saloon to face Stark Wilson?

Shane stopped about three quarters of the way forward, about five yards from Wilson. He cocked his head for one quick sidewise glance again at the balcony and then he was looking only at Wilson. He did not like the setup. Wilson had the front wall and he was left in the open of the room. He understood the fact, assessed it, accepted it.

The first step, before heroic action can be taken to rid the world of rotters like Stark Wilson and Fletcher, is a realistic appraisal of who the enemy is and one's position *vis-à-vis* the enemy. I do not think the American Renaissance Conference speaker had a realistic idea of who the enemy was or a realistic assessment of the white man's position in relation to his enemy. How can one take a realistic stance against the enemy if he has only nebulous notions as to his enemy's identity?

Who is the enemy? The primary enemy is the anti-white white. The reason for the American Renaissance speaker's inability to see that drastic measures were necessary in 1995 (and imperative in 2008) is because he counted too many white-hating whites and their dupes, the grazers, (see "The Underground Men") as candidates for conversion. The white-hating white and the grazers are not, except for an occasional miracle of grace, going to be converted. The white-hating white has gone too far down the slippery slope, and the white grazer has spent too many years eating from the trough of oblivion to ever come back. The grazers are like the Israelites who could not pass muster. A whole generation had to die out before the tribe could enter the Promised Land.

The American Renaissance speaker overestimates the convertibility of the white-hating rationalists because he is a rationalist himself. If he had made a realistic assessment of the white man's plight he would have seen that the white man is facing extinction because he has abandoned his heritage, the heroic, bardic heritage, for a new, magic, talismanic, rationalistic system. This is why the American Renaissance speaker cannot possibly see beyond democratic politics. So long as there are democratic parlor games, he thinks he can out-maneuver and out-wizard the white-hating rationalists. But tis not so. The white man must turn away from the game of dueling wizards and reclaim his heroic heritage. Evil wizards are not defeated by good wizards; they are defeated by the Hero who is pure of heart. The good American Renaissance rationalist and the white-hating rationalist both suffer from a surfeit of rationalism. They are impious. Our ancestors knew that "the problem of the moral world is too vast and complex for the human mind to comprehend; yet the pure heart will, safely and quietly, feel its way through the mazes that confound the head."

The failure of the pro-life movement is very similar to the failure of the white identity movement (to the extent that you can even call it a movement), so it is helpful to look at the pro-life movement. In 1973, at least 60% of Americans, a majority, held the opinion that abortion should not be legal. But there was not a conviction among even 1% of the 60% that those people who wanted to legalize abortion were an enemy. How is it possible to believe that those who favor infanticide are within the ken of white civilization? I don't know, but the "pro-lifers" did dialogue with the baby killers. They dialogued and they dialogued. And while they were dialoguing, the baby killers built up a moral

consensus (or would it be called an immoral consensus?) that abortion was right and proper. And the greatest supporters of rational dialogue with baby killers were the “Christian” clergy.

What would have happened if pro-lifers had refused the democratic approach, if they had refused to dialogue but instead told the abortionist in the strength of their majority, “You shall not commit such atrocities because if you do we will kill you”? I think abortion would still be illegal.

The fight for white civilization has gone the same way as the anti-abortion movement. It has ended in defeat because whites preferred to dialogue rather than fight with an enemy who was beyond the ken of civilization. If a white man can countenance (not just countenance but applaud) the type of murder and mayhem perpetrated on whites by blacks (see Paul Sheehan’s 1995 article in the *Sydney Morning Herald*) for the past fifty years, is he really someone who can be converted by rational discourse? And once again, as was the case in the pro-life movement, it was the clergy who supported the violence of the murderers while counseling the victims and defenders to dialogue and forgive.

The ‘get out the vote and write letters’ white men spend their lifetimes telling white people that they must act. But when small groups of whites try to act, by separating from the anti-white government and forming their own schools, militias, and local governments, the letter-writing advocates condemn them and accuse them of giving up.

I would submit that what the wise speaker for the American Renaissance could not discover, the simple fools who have to live in the brave new world of the technocrats, barbarians, and amazons already know: The great American experiment in democracy is over. It was ill-conceived and has produced evil fruits. But the white race is not finished so long as there are white men left who are connected to the heroic tradition of Europe rather than the democratic tradition.

In the market where I shop there is a young man in his early twenties, who works as a bagger, named Roland. After dealing with him on a ‘thank you for bagging’ basis for a couple months, I branched out. “You have a heroic name,” I said.

Of course he was puzzled at first. He thought I was making fun of him, but then I took the time to tell him the story of Roland, with which he was completely unfamiliar. The young man did not, upon hearing the story, buy a sword and swear to retake the Holy Land, but his face actually showed some animation as the story reached its conclusion. Now whenever I see the young bagger I say, “He took his stand and held it, never yielding unto death!” He always smiles. Why shouldn’t he? I’m talking about his namesake.

I don’t for one moment think I turned that young man’s life around by telling him the story of Roland. It takes an entire lifetime of stories about Roland and other white heroes to turn a young man away from modernity and toward the light of Europe. And that is the point. Why hasn’t that young man been told the story of Roland, of William Tell, of Forrest, of Arthur, etc.? I’m sure he knows who the black heroes are. Our schools make sure of that. And the young black men know who the black heroes are. So at least the modern day Roland has some heroes. But does he have a heritage? If he is only permitted heroes from another race, can the young white man lay claim to any heritage? No, he cannot. He has been branded with the mark of Cain and driven into the hinterlands of our modern civilization.

And what about the young white man’s faith? Thomas Hughes made the observation that our heroes are intimately connected to our faith. The older heroes of Europe pointed to Him. To whom do the black heroes lead us? To the other ‘him’ with the pointy tail.

If the shadows of black hero worship are not altered, there will be, with the exception of a few miracles of grace, no white Christian men. And the shadows will not be altered by letter-writing campaigns which implore the powers that be to allow white men to have a white heritage. Nor will the shadows be altered by attempting to convert the unconvertible, the white academics and the grazers. The shadows will only be altered by a tiny white minority of men, still spiritually connected

to a civilization of white, Christian heroes. The counsel of the practical men who told us to plead for representation and to back Patrick Buchanan-type candidates was wrong. If we had ignored their advice thirty years ago and started the counterrevolution without their assent we would be in a much better position today than we are currently. Democratic politics is the politics of losing slow. But in a war you must, if your enemy is implacable, fight to win.

The practical men, the sons of Martha, always say that a counterrevolution is not realistic. "There is no support for it." A counterrevolution, at its beginning, always seems unrealistic. But is it realistic to hope that the demonization of the white man and the systematic eradication of his heritage can be halted by supporting a pro-white candidate?¹ Of course not.

Let's accept reality and start from there. Government, school, church, Wall Street, and the community at large are all against the white man. Never has one race and one sex been as ostracized by the entire world as the white male is. The white man can either continue listening to delusional friends who tell him to write letters and vote white, or he can start doing what white counterrevolutionaries do. They bind themselves to their fellow white men with hoops of steel, invoke the God who dwells in depths which the heathen and the technocrat cannot understand, and do whatever it takes to undermine every organ of the revolutionary government in power.

When Alexander Smollet tells the pirates that wherever he flies the English flag, that spot of land is England, he is articulating the heartfelt faith of all European men. Wherever European values are fought for and cherished, there lies Europe. If white men are banished to the hinterlands of civilization, the hinterlands become civilization. What we don't want to do is to continue to give aid and comfort to a technocratic-barbarian civilization that has renounced antique Europe. Let the white technocrats and the barbarians of color try to sustain a civilization without our help. They'll self-destruct soon enough. The white man who is in union with antique Europe never surrenders; he takes his stand, never yielding, even unto death. +

1. The absurdity of the advice, "vote white," became self-evident in the recent Presidential primaries in which there were no pro-white candidates.

European Babylon

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 2008

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

-- *The Tempest*

The original Olympic games were an attempt to improve Greek national unity through athletic competition. The modern Olympic Games, started by Baron de Coubertin in the late nineteenth century, were intended as a utopian panacea. It was thought that international competition among amateur athletes from all nations, who competed simply for the love of sport, would reduce wars and bring about a more peaceful and harmonious world. Of course the Baron's utopian scheme, like all utopian schemes, failed miserably. The Olympic Games did not reduce world strife; in fact they intensified it, providing another venue for jingoistic swaggering and chicanery.

And what can be said about the current Olympic Games? They are a perversion of a perversion. The original modern games were supposed to be for amateur athletes only. And in the original modern games, there were not supposed to be any medal counts.

It is a delusion of the European, post-Christian rationalist that tragedies such as war, which are the result of human sinfulness, can be minimized or eliminated by gimmicks such as 'free trade' or 'free love' or 'friendly athletic competition'.¹ And the post-Christian rationalist never gives up his delusion when it doesn't stand up to reality. Oh no, not him, he keeps his comfortable delusion.

Sporting competitions are a reflection of a nation's soul; they are not, nor can they ever be, a substitute for a national soul. And what do the current Olympic Games tell us about the nations of Europe and their satellites? They tell us that the white European nations are very, very sick. The "Dutch" soccer team consisted almost entirely of Africans. The "Belgians" had only two white players on their soccer team, and even the Russian basketball team had a Negro on their starting team.

The European nations have become like their bastard child, the United States: they are now universalist, 'idea' nations who deny the existence of such things as a national soul or individual souls. The post-Christian rationalist – let's call him a PCR – does not look at life with the same eyes as an antique European. When I see a soccer team from a European country that consists almost entirely of Africans, I feel sick to the very depths of my soul. In contrast, the PCR European feels proud when Africans represent his nation because it means his nation has gone beyond race and ascended to a more ethereal plane of existence. But the delusional PCR European does not realize, in the midst of his glee over his nation's lack of bigotry, that the barbarian does not see life the same way that he does. When the barbarian looks at a formerly all-white nation that allows Negroes to represent them in sporting events, he sees a nation that is open to conquest. He doesn't want to be assimilated into a white nation; he wants to conquer it and impose his will on a people too weak to defend themselves. If the black barbarian were wise, he would keep some white rationalists around to sustain the technocratic civilization that the black barbarians depend upon (there is nothing to loot in an impoverished country). But wisdom is not an attribute of the black. It is more likely that

another barbarian people, the Asians, who are intellectually superior to the blacks but just as cruel and anti-Christian, will take the place of the former white rulers. This is already occurring in Zimbabwe.

Which brings us to the Patrick Buchanan assertion about the cruel white man. The white man must rule first and foremost because it is good for white people. But the secondary reason that the white man must rule is because blacks are crueler to their own than the white man is, Asians are crueler to their own than the white man is, and on it goes through every non-white race. The Gunga Dins of the non-white races always support white rule.

The PCR European looks on himself as the endpoint of evolution. Everybody should be like him. And when the barbarian plays in the reindeer games of the European people, the PCR white is delighted. But the antique European sees the PCR white for what he is, a mutation, a distinctly new breed of human who is less than human and who will be washed down the sewer by a tidal wave of barbarians.

And that is a tragedy. Most of us (I know I do) have relatives who are PCR Europeans. We are facing the mystery of good and evil. Why do some prefer to rush headlong over the cliff with the swine rather than to stand in the presence of the living God?

The American Renaissance speaker (whom I mentioned in *Unto Death*) would have us stay in the democratic, multi-racial cultures of the PCR whites in order to win them back through letter-writing and voting. Instead of that, I would suggest we learn from the cautionary tale of Lot. He did not listen when God advised him to separate himself from the people of Sodom and Gomorrah. He thought he could win them over. It didn't work then, and it won't work now. But if we separate from the PCR whites, we will be strong enough to resist the tidal wave of barbarism and the Fu Manchu machinations of the Asians.

I know that the modern, anti-white white, the PCR, does not like it when you refer to the blacks as barbarians and the Asians as Fu Manchus, but what is the reality? Has the black man not proved the wisdom of the prejudiced European everyman of the 19th century who saw the African as a savage addicted to devil-worship and fiendish tortures? And has the Asian not lived up to the older European everyman's image of him as a clever, diabolical foe of Christian Europe? Or have the utopians, such as Pope John XXIII and Rousseau, been proved correct? The wisdom of our ancestors, our Christian ancestors, bid us heed the wisdom of the blood and maintain an impregnable barrier between our race and the barbarian races of color. There is nothing more important than rebuilding that barrier and maintaining it against the world.

In the past year, I have had two experiences that were quite heartening. In the first instance, I was reading *Tom Brown's School Days* with a few of my children. I would read sections of the book and then one of them would read a section. My fifteen-year-old daughter was reading the part of the book where Arthur says his prayers in the dormitory, completely unconcerned about the fact that the really 'cool' kids do not kneel and say their prayers. My daughter could not finish the passage because she was so moved by it that she was in tears.

The second instance was similar to the first one, only it involved my 17-year-old son reciting a passage from Shakespeare's *King Lear*. In both instances my heart soared. You hope, when you have children, that the bond of the blood will become a bond of spirit and blood, but you have no guarantee. When I see my children able to respond and appreciate the depth of a poet who comes from His Europe, then I know that my children and I are bound together by an unbreakable bond that was forged on the cross at Calvary.

The heritage that binds my children and me is the same heritage that once bound millions of Europeans to each other. The mystical body of Christ was not an abstraction, but a reality. But there can be no communion of souls where there is no depth. A black Europe, an Asian Europe, is not Europe, because there is no depth of soul in the barbarism of the African or in the intellectual

aridness of the Asian. The European who doesn't mix with the barbarians, who preserves his culture of depth, can inspire, in some instances, the Asian, and in even rarer instances, the black, to realize a depth in their souls that they never dreamt of. But the European can inspire no one if he mixes with the barbarians, or worse, if he surrenders to them. Then he will not only lose his own soul, but he will also condemn the barbarians to the everlasting night they constantly seek but are only prevented from attaining by the white man.

The presence of black athletes on the sports teams of formerly all-white nations is a reminder to those Europeans who are still connected to old Europe that European civilization was not invaded by barbarians; PCR whites opened the gates of their cities and let them in.

And what has been the result? Christ's civilization has been defiled by a race of Calibans, men "capable of all ill." St. Paul tells us that nothing shall separate us from the love of Christ. And nothing, not the PCR white-hating white or the Calibans of the Third World, will separate us from the civilization consecrated to Him. One faithful heart can inspire others -- and still others -- and then resistance to Satan and his minions will once again become the hallmark of the European. +

1. The Chinese pitchers threw no less than five beanballs at the American team. Someone of a waggish disposition should synchronize the soundtrack of the song "Age of Aquarius" with the video of the maniacal Chinese chucking beanballs.

Labels: Olympic games, post-Christian rationalism, racial Babylon, sports

Women in Combat

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 2008

There are a number of issues currently being debated, which demonstrate, by the mere fact that people consider them debatable, that we are a country hopelessly adrift. No sane human being would even consider using women in combat, and the reason for this is not because they are the weaker sex. Theoretically, one could breed a race of Amazons fully capable of fighting wars. No, the reason is spiritual. Women are the life-bearers and the life-nurturers. Even if a woman never has children, her function in society will be, or should be, one of nurturing. It is part of a woman's spiritual nature. The fact that women can pervert, but not change, their essential natures is no reason to cave in and allow them to do so. All women want to be put in their place, because their place is an exalted one: home and hearth. The more women are allowed to pervert their spiritual natures, the more unhappy and enraged they will become. The cruelest thing a man can do to a woman is to give her what she asks for, rather than what she longs for.

Labels: feminism

More on Paul Hill and the Abortion Wars

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 2008

There were no calls for us to understand Paul Hill's rage when he was tried and executed, and there were no calls for us to have compassion, to look for mitigating circumstances. No sir, Paul Hill must die. "Two Killed at Abortion Clinic" – the irony of the headline was lost on the liberals.

Paul Hill was a great man, the first martyr for the pro-life cause, and he, like most martyrs, was spit upon by his enemies and his so-called friends. God bless him. May "flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

The most gut-wrenching aspect of the abortion wars, for me, is to have to listen to so-called conservatives condemn the 'terrible' acts of violence against the 'kindly' mass executioners who run the abortion clinics. Let us be clear about something, Mr. Conservative – abortion is premeditated murder. It is not the result of misunderstanding; it is the result of a satanic desire to physically dethrone God by destroying His creation. The idea of God Incarnate and the idea of legalized state-sanctioned abortions are diametrically opposed. And there has never been a time in human history when a conflict between diametrically opposed ideas was not settled by a resort to arms. The liberals have marshaled all the instruments of state coercion and state violence to insure that the murder of the innocents will continue. It is a great blessing from God that some men strike back at the infamous leviathan of death once called the United States of America.

Consider the following scenario: A state-sponsored hit squad like the ATF has been assigned to take out all the families in your neighborhood with last names beginning with the same letter as yours. The raids are announced ahead of time, so you tell your friends about it and ask them to help. Your friends say that of course they will help; after all, they are pro-life. So the day of reckoning comes. The ATF surrounds your house and starts blasting away. Your friends, who outnumber the ATF by about 500 to 1, all form a ring on the safe side of the ATF, hold hands, and begin singing "We Shall Overcome" and other such nonsense. When you scream out to the 'pro-lifers' that you don't think you or your family can hold out much longer, the 'pro-lifers' scream back, "We are against violence of any kind, but don't worry, we have a very good chance of passing legislation at the next Congress that will severely limit the number of families the ATF can murder." You scream, "Thanks," and commend your soul to God. The ATF, of course, kills you and your entire family. The pro-lifers go off into the sunset singing songs and feeling good about their non-violent protest of violence.

“Your analogy was as subtle as a sledgehammer,” you say. Well, there is nothing subtle about abortion. It is not a complex issue. If the war against the mass murderers is not just, then the Quakers were right: there never has been nor will there ever be a just war.

Labels: Paul Hill, war

Gay Marriage

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 2008

I once saw a Christian woman -- I believe it was Maggie Gallagher -- before Congress pleading against the legalization of gay marriage. I sympathized with the sentiment behind her plea, but it was and is too late for such appeals. When a society even allows such a subject to be discussed, it is over. Those who would be labeled the extremist lunatic fringe -- the Christian separatist and militia groups, etc. -- have the right idea. We are well past the point where a Christian can expect anything good from the American political process or from the American legal system.

Labels: counterrevolution

Corporate Times

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 2008

It is difficult to understand the ways of God, but sometimes one gets a glimmer of understanding. For instance, I can understand why God did not pick our own time or country as the ideal time and place to enter history. The problems, while not impossible for God to surmount, would have been enormous. First, His earthly father would not have been able to make a living as a carpenter. Joseph would not have been able to make a living, selling his woodwork for a profit in competition with the cheaper woodwork made by Chinese sweatshop labor and sold at Wal-Mart. He would have had to take a job at Wal-Mart during the day and a job as night cook at Denny's in order to keep up the payments on the humble dwelling he shared with Mary and the Christ Child. And Mary would not have been able to be a stay-at-home mom, with taxes and the cost of living being what they are. She would have had to get a job at McDonald's. There would be no paintings of the Madonna with the Christ Child, because the Madonna would have been flipping burgers, and the Christ Child would have been getting slapped around in daycare.

And if Christ had decided, in His infinite mercy, to stick it out through daycare and public school in order to fulfill His mission, there would have been enormous difficulties in spreading the message. St. Paul would not have been able to make a living as a tent-maker because, like St. Joseph, he would have been undersold by Wal-Mart. Hence, he wouldn't have been able to evangelize; he'd have been stuck in two or three dead-end jobs. Oh, he would have tried to get booked on the talk shows to spread the word, but they wouldn't have taken him. Too much of a downer without any marketing skills.

But hey -- the loss of the Christ Child is a small price to pay for the great deals we can get at Wal-Mart, right?

Labels: heartlessness of capitalism

Misunderstood Predators

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 2008

There has been for some time now a movement afoot, spearheaded by tree-huggers, to claim that predator fiends like sharks, snakes, alligators, and crocodiles have been misunderstood, and are

akin to poor, cuddly, pooh bears. No, I say! They are not misunderstood, they are evil – especially the reptiles. When I went to school, it was always the creepy, future convicts that liked to bring snakes to school. Chateaubriand, in his masterwork, *The Genius of Christianity*, had this to say about snakes:

The present age rejects with disdain whatever savors of the marvelous; but the serpent has frequently been the subject of our observations, and, if we may venture to say it, we seem to recognize in that animal the pernicious spirit and artful malice which are ascribed to it in the Scriptures. Every thing is mysterious, secret, astonishing, in this incomprehensible reptile. His movements differ from those of all other animals. It is impossible to say where his locomotive principle lies, for he has neither fin nor wings; and yet he flits like a shadow, he vanishes as by magic, he reappears and is gone again, like a light azure vapor, or the gleams of a saber in the dark. Now he curls himself into a circle and projects a tongue of fire; now, standing erect upon the extremity of his tail, he moves along in a perpendicular attitude, as by enchantment. He rolls himself into a ball, rises and falls in a spiral line, gives to his rings the undulations of a wave, twines round the branches of trees, glides under the grass of the meadow, or skims along the surface of water. His colors are not more determinate than his movements. They change with each new point of view, and like his motions, they possess the false splendor and deceitful variety of the seducer.

Still more astonishing in other respects, he knows, like the murderer, how to throw aside his garment stained with blood, lest it should lead to his detection. By a singular faculty, the female can introduce into her body the little monsters to which she has given birth. The serpent passes whole months in sleep. He frequents tombs, inhabits secret retreats, produces poisons which chill, burn, or check the body of his victim with the colors with which he is himself marked. In one place, he lifts two menacing heads; in another, he sounds a rattle. He hisses like the mountain eagle, or bellows like a bull. He naturally enters into the moral or religious ideas of men, as if in consequences of the influence which he exercised over their destiny. An object of horror or adoration, they either view him with an implacable hatred, or bow down before his genius. Falsehood appeals to him, prudence calls him to her aid, envy bears him in her bosom, and eloquence on her want. In hell he arms the scourges of the Furies...”

It is no coincidence that the snake is so popular in our modern, satanic society.

Labels: Chateaubriand, quotation

Guns

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 2008

The liberals are very serious about guns. We must get rid of them because, the argument goes, guns kill people. It would be much more accurate to say, “Guns don’t kill people, Negroes do.” But if we started saying things like that, we might be admitting that evil rests in the bosoms of men and women and not in inanimate objects.

The definitive statement about gun control comes from Jack Schaefer’s *Shane*:

“Listen, Bob. A gun is just a tool. No better and no worse than any other tool, a shovel – or an axe or a saddle or a stove or anything. Think of it always that way. A gun is as good – and as bad – as the man who carries it. Remember that.”

Labels: quotation, Shane

Satan's Minions

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 2008

A few years before Joseph Ratzinger became Pope Benedict XVI, he announced that he thought the next pope should be black. He didn't say he wanted a specific black cardinal to become pope because he was the best qualified man to lead the Church, he simply said he thought the next pope should be black. Implicit in Ratzinger's endorsement of a generic black for pope was his belief in the sacredness of the black race and the evil of European Christians. Cardinal Ratzinger, now the Pope, is a very modern man; he has left traditional Christianity behind for the new faith in the black man.

One can see the same phenomenon in the nomination of Barack Obama for President. We are supposed to accept as a given that the nomination of a black man for President is a good in and of itself. Why? That is self-evident: because black is good and white is evil.

And why, you ask, is white evil and black good? Because in Satan's kingdom, everything is reversed. Good is evil and evil is good. Satan must eradicate every last vestige of white civilization because that civilization was once connected to Him.

I once got a letter of rebuke from a white woman who was somewhat sympathetic to the cause but who complained that whatever good I did was completely ruined by the extremism of my language. "Why do you call white liberals and blacks, Satan's minions?" My answer to her went something like this: "I call them Satan's minions because I don't believe that the maniacal hatred of post-Christian rationalists (PCR) for their own people, and the maniacal hatred of black barbarians for white people can be accurately described in any other way. It's the old, 'if it walks and talks like a duck...' scenario. If they talk like Satan and behave satanically, then they are Satan's minions."

Labels: post-Christian rationalism

The Whiteman at Bay

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 05, 2008

I do not subscribe to the traditionalist Catholic viewpoint of history which claims that the 13th century was the apogee of Christian civilization, followed by a steady decline in every subsequent century. Nor do I agree with the Protestants who view all of European history prior to the Reformation as the age of darkness, in contrast to the post-Reformation age of light. I have a personal preference (for reasons I have stated in an earlier article) for the 19th century, but I see all of European man's history, prior to the 20th century, as a successful effort, the only successful effort in the history of mankind, to keep Satan at bay. And by saying that, I do not mean to suggest that Satan has not had his individual successes within European civilization. What I am affirming is that Europeans, despite the onslaughts of Satan, had maintained a civilization that acknowledged the light of the world and were aware of their obligations to stay focused on that light.

All dates on a matter such as the decline of the West are arbitrary, but I think 1914 is a fairly accurate date to use when we are talking about the point in history when Satan was no longer being kept at bay. He was loose. And by the mid-1960's he had institutionalized his values throughout all of Christian Europe. So now the white Christian male is being kept at bay by Satan.

As one who is opposed to the reign of Satan, I am concerned about the failure in the last fifty years of every European counterattack. It would seem, judging by the recent European failures to uproot him, that Satan is very difficult to uproot once he has taken up residence in a civilization. But is he invincible? Our ancestors' success against him indicates that he is not.

What then do we lack that our ancestors had? We lack the heroic, integral way of responding to adversity. We no longer see an evil and say, "this must not go on,"¹ and strike out at the evil. Instead, we form "think tanks" and study groups. We spend years of fruitless effort in trying to get someone elected who will address the particular evil we are trying to combat. In short, we are Hamlet prior to his conversion from confused graduate student to the lawful King of Denmark. We are "crawling around between heaven and earth."

Satan wants European man to see life as an intelligence test in which the person with the highest score wins. But when we perceive life as Satan does, we always lose. We lose because we are not angelic beings. When we abstract our minds from our blood, we become like unto Satan, because when we abstract, we "believe a lie."

To abstracted reason, evil appears good because it seems pleasurable, while virtue appears evil because it seems painful. In order to discover that the reverse is true, mankind must resist the pleasures in which their abstracted minds encourage them to indulge and perform the virtuous deeds that their blood, animated by His spirit, calls on them to perform. I have known women who rejected motherhood because they could not stand the idea of pain. And yet what mother does not rejoice when she gives birth? In Shakespeare's poem, "The Rape of Lucrece," Sextus Tarquinius cannot resist his *idée fixe*; he must have the fair Lucrece. With what result?

*Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.
He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;*

*He faintly flies, sneaking with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.*

Our ancestors who built Christian Europe lived life in the heroic mode. They did not feel called upon to match wits with the devil. They felt called upon to defend their souls and their civilization from the onslaughts of the devil. The Christian hero cares only about one thing: Is his cause God's cause? And if it is, he sallies forth and leaves the rest to God.

*There's a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow.
If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to
come, it will be now: if it be not now,
yet it will come; the readiness is all.
Since no man has ought of what he
leaves. What is't to leave betimes?*

Every society has men of courage. But it takes more than courage to maintain a Christian civilization or to mount a counterattack against a satanic civilization. It takes courage and vision. And the "vision thing" of which George Bush senior was so dismissive is what has been lacking and is still lacking in the ranks of the far right.

Twenty-five years ago I would have called the abortion issue the central issue of our times. But now I see that legalized abortion is the result of the anti-European ethos of the modern world. Anti-European whites legalized it and anti-European whites and barbarians of color constitute the unholy alliance that maintains legalized infanticide. Thus, the central issue is the restoration of Christian Europe. From that restoration will come the restoration of laws protecting babies in their mother's wombs and other laws necessary for the welfare of a Christian people. But first there must be a restoration. And that is why the Sons of Martha should never and can never lead a counterrevolutionary movement. The Sons of Martha always get lost in the household details of the movement and lose sight of the real issue of the war. The restoration of white civilization, for instance, cannot be divorced from the issue of the restoration of Christian civilization. But the Sons of Martha divorce the two. They see that there are professed white Christians maniacally opposed to white Europeans and that there are professed white Christians who are in favor of segregation and white sovereignty in white countries. So instead of trying to ascertain who are the true Christians, they treat Christianity as a washout and look for a more practical way to bring people to the banner of White Europe. But in doing so, they leave their movement without a metaphysic.

This fact was made abundantly clear to me a few years back when I read an article by an American Son of Martha in a right-wing British magazine called *The Spearhead*. The author maintained that white people needed a religion of their own to replace Christianity if they were going to combat the anti-European forces arrayed against them. In his Son of Martha logic, religion was something one could simply pick up for pragmatic purposes. "We need a religion to beat the barbarians – let's buy one at the religion store." It doesn't work that way, of course. European man has a religion, he has *the* religion, and it has always been his religion. When the barbarian truly converts to the white man's religion, he supports the white hierarchy. In Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's encyclopedic work on Europe, he tells in the chapter on Britain of an old Indian (the real India) who wistfully yearns for the return of the British Rajah. That old man is the British equivalent of Uncle Remus.

The good news for white folk is that the Sons of Mary have not yet begun to fight. The liberals and the barbarians have only beaten the Sons of Martha. But the bad news is that the Sons of Martha show no signs of stepping down and recognizing that the "impractical" Sons of Mary are the only men who have the vision to lead a successful counterrevolution. The Sons of Martha do not believe that "without vision the people perish." They believe that what rationalism has destroyed, namely Western civilization, rationalism can restore. 'Tis not so, it never has been, and it never will be. Only a faith that holds the purely rational, the purely empirical, and the purely scientific in contempt can

hope to breach the walls and eventually capture and destroy Castle Babylon. +

1. Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body--he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain--it was raised again, and again about to fall--when Nicholas Nickleby, suddenly starting up, cried 'Stop!' in a voice that made the rafters ring.

'Who cried stop?' said Squeers, turning savagely round.

'I,' said Nicholas, stepping forward. 'This must not go on.'

'Must not go on!' cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

'No!' thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupefied by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and, falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

'I say must not,' repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; 'shall not. I will prevent it.'

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually, for the moment, bereft him of speech.

'You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf,' said Nicholas; 'you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I.'

'Sit down, beggar!' screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

'Wretch,' rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, 'touch him at your peril! I will not stand by, and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by Heaven I will not spare you, if you drive me on!'

'Stand back,' cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

'I have a long series of insults to avenge,' said Nicholas, flushed with passion; 'and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!'

He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

--*Nicholas Nickleby* by Charles Dickens

Labels: Charles Dickens, counterrevolution, quotation, restoration of European civilization, Sons of Martha

The Return of the Whiteman

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 2008

I saw just a few snippets of the Democratic and Republican conventions – any more would have been too painful. The two parties make me think of C. S. Lewis’s observation that the devil often invests two seemingly opposite groups with his evil designs in order to fool the struggling mortal into making a choice between two similar evils in different guises. Then, no matter what decision the mortal makes, the devil wins. What were the words of that old song? “Anyway you look at it, you lose.”

In viewing both conventions one can’t help but feel he is getting a glimpse of what hell must be like. We see a bunch of little devils running around celebrating pandemonium. And is there any unifying principle underlying the pandemonium? Yes, there is. The unifying principle of both demonic parties is hatred, hatred for the older, white, Christian civilization of the European people.

The United States is not a nation. The people of the U. S. are not bound by a common religion, a common heritage, or a common race. In the absence of authentic ties that bind, the satanic tribes within the U. S. prey on each other and unite only when the common enemy, the white European, seems to threaten the continuance of their tribal celebrations and rituals.

In reality there really is no group of Europeans threatening the demonic tribes. But the demonic tribes always bring up the possibility of the return of the white man in order to scare other tribes into supporting their tribe. And we should take note of that. The white technocrat, the Amazon, and the colored barbarian have a deep-rooted fear of an organized, committed body of white Europeans. They take their cue from their master.

And at some point, when the white man finally abandons the satanic notions of equality, fraternity, and democracy, he will have to reclaim his civilization. At present, the small remnant of white men who support white people frame their defense of the white man in terms of rights: “The white man has a right to his own culture just as the black, or the Asian, etc. has the right to his culture.” But doesn’t that assume modern democracy is a valid form of government rather than a creation of the devil? What is the reality of the white man’s contact with non-white cultures? The reality is that when the white man acts democratically, trying to incorporate non-white cultures into white culture, the barbarians of color, who do not think in utopian terms, view the white man’s attempt to include them in his culture as surrender. They view themselves as conquerors and proceed to act as they think barbarian conquerors should act. The white technocrat keeps playing the part (and believing it for the most part) of the benevolent Atticus Finch, extending a helping hand to all mankind, while the barbarians of color look on him with contempt and step up their arrogance and brutality at every new “benevolent” gesture of the technocratic white man.

“I’ll respect your culture if you respect mine,” only works when the cultural differences are nuanced differences within a higher, common, religious culture. For instance, an Englishman might prefer the paintings of John Constable, and a Scotsman might prefer the paintings of Horatio McCulloch, but both still share a common race and a common faith from which their cultural heritage is derived.¹ There can be no shared cultural experience between the colored and the white because they do not have a common bond. The only way a white can mix with non-white is if the white gives up his heritage. And of course that is exactly what is happening today.²

It is impossible for a genuine white man to have a “you-respect-my-culture-and-I’ll-respect-your-culture” relationship with the colored races. The barbarian of color does not have any intention of respecting other cultures. The very idea of respect for another culture comes from the Christian white man. And from the white man’s side: do we really want to respect the colored culture? Do they have a right to their culture? No, they don’t. No one has a *right* to be a barbarian. The white man might have to allow the barbarians of color to maintain their bestial civilizations in their own nations, because the cost to white people would be too great in trying to convert them, but no white

man should ever permit one single barbarian of color to exist in a white nation. And please don't tell me it is impossible to remove them. It is quite possible, once the will to protect and defend His civilization becomes firmly re-established in the bosom of the white man.

The white Sons of Martha magazines all tell us that white people will be a minority in the U.S. by 2045. The European Sons of Martha magazines make similar projections for their own nations. And then they urge us to vote the nightmarish vision of pandemonium away. How, pray tell, can we "vote white" when voting white is not an option? Was there a candidate in any national or local election who ran on a segregation platform? Was there a candidate who ran on a "send the blacks back to Africa, the Chinese to China, and the Mexicans to Mexico" platform? Of course not. But the non-whites do run on such platforms. They don't espouse equality and fraternity; they espouse death to 'whitey'.

The American Civil War should have served as a warning, just as Haiti should have served as a warning, to all white people that diversity does not mean harmony and understanding between the races, it means the extinction of white Christians and the triumph of the colored minions of Satan.

Prior to the Civil War there were hundreds of anti-slavery societies in the South. But when the Civil War commenced, the anti-slavery societies disappeared. Why? Because the North did not want to send the blacks back to Africa, they wanted to place the black man on an equal basis with the white man. Every Southern anti-slavery plan called for repatriation of the blacks. The Southerners knew that black freedom without repatriation meant miscegenation and the destruction of European civilization on the North American continent. Why then, when the worst nightmares of the white Southerners have become enshrined into law, do white conservatives still prop up the illicit government of the United States?

During World War II there was an official French government that was largely a puppet of the Germans. And then there was an unofficial government in exile led by Charles de Gaulle. As the French did in World War II, so now should the white European-Americans establish their own government in exile. It need not be (in fact, it should not be) a parallel carbon copy of the satanic American system. Circumstances will dictate the structures of the government in exile. The important thing is to establish a European government that stands in opposition to the United Diverse Government of America.

Most men by the time they reach their mid-fifties, as I have, have buried one or both of their parents and lost some close friends. One sees, if he has just a slight touch of the poet in his soul, that life is fragile and quite unpredictable. There are few things one can really control. But there is the discovery of Hamlet. One's soul is one's own. You can claim your one moment in the sun when a man is called "to say one," or you can let that brief moment pass. The magnificent grandeur of ordinary (ordinary in the sense that they weren't famous) white Europeans of the past was that they did "say one." They consecrated their brief mortal lives to Him and became part, not of some universalist melting pot, but of His Kingdom. Life will always be fragile and unpredictable, but it won't seem meaningless if we dedicate it to the rebuilding of His Europe.

If it is true that Abraham Lincoln just dashed off his Gettysburg Address on the back of an envelope on the train en route to Gettysburg, then he truly was a great genius; it is a magnificent speech. However, despite its brilliance, it is a false speech. Did our forefathers really intend to bring forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal? Quite possibly some of the framers of the Constitution had some such utopian notions in mind. But did the great mass of European immigrants have such notions in their heads or their hearts? No, they did not. They came to this country for a variety of reasons, some secular and some religious, but they all came with the central tenet of European civilization burned into their souls. That tenet was that no man goeth unto the Father except through Him. And their second conviction was related to their first basic tenet. That second conviction was that European culture

had to prevail over the non-European cultures, because in the absence of European rule there would be nothing but pandemonium.

When I look at the Republican and Democratic party conventions, it seems that hell is empty and all the devils are at the conventions. But I know that pandemonium will not ultimately prevail. It is the ordinary Europeans who quietly dedicate themselves to rebuilding His civilization that will triumph. They will triumph because they have that within them that is the antithesis of pandemonium. They have the charity that never faileth. +

1. The European landscape painters I admire, such as Constable and McCulloch, all adhere instinctively to Blake's dictum, "Where man is not, nature is barren." They humanize the natural world and remind us who visited this earth and shed his light on nature.



John Constable, *The White Horse*, 1819, Oil on canvas, 131.4 x 188.3 cm, Copyright The Frick Collection, New York.



Horatio McCulloch, *Evening View from the Bluff*

2. The reason why the capitalist is so gung ho for diversity is that he wants the white man to abandon his cultural heritage for capitalism. He wants to see the colored and the white unite under one glorious capitalist banner. The infamous Coke commercial expresses the capitalist's deepest yearning.

Labels: barbarian nation, democracy

Melville on Reason's Capacity to Comfort a Soul in Distress

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

“For in tremendous extremities human souls are like drowning men; well enough they know they are in peril; well enough they know the causes of that peril; nevertheless, the sea is the sea, and these drowning men do drown.”

--from *Pierre or, the Ambiguities*

Labels: Melville

On Being Progressive

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

“... it will never be know what acts of cowardice have been motivated by the fear of not looking sufficiently progressive.”

--Péguy

Labels: Peguy

Excerpt from *Chronicles of the Crusades*

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

...King Louis also spoke to me of a great assembly of clergy and Jews which had taken place at the monastery of Cluny. There was a poor knight there at the time to whom the abbot had often given bread for the love of God. This knight asked the abbot if he could speak first, and his request was granted, though somewhat grudgingly. So he rose to his feet, and leaning on his crutch, asked to have the most important and most learned rabbi among the Jews brought before Him. As soon as the Jew had come, the knight asked him a question. “May I know, sir,” he said, “if you believe that the Virgin Mary, who bore our Lord in her body and cradled Him in her arms, was a virgin at the time of His birth, and is in truth the Mother of God?”

The Jew replied that he had no belief in any of those things. Thereupon the knight told the Jew that he acted like a fool when – neither believing in the Virgin, nor loving her – he had set foot in that monastery which was her house. “And by heaven” exclaimed the knight, “I’ll make you pay for it” So he lifted his crutch and struck the Jew such a blow with it near the ear that he knocked him down. Then all the Jews took to flight, and carried their sorely wounded rabbi away with them. Thus the conference ended.

The abbot went up to the knight and told him he had acted most unwisely. The knight retorted that the abbot had been guilty of even greater folly in calling people together for such a conference, because there were many good Christians there who, before the discussion ended, would have gone away with doubts about their own religion through not fully understanding the Jews. “So I tell you,” said the king, “that no one, unless he is an expert theologian, should venture to argue with these people. But a layman, whenever he hears the Christian religion abused, should not attempt to defend its tenets, except with his sword, and that he should thrust into the scoundrel’s belly, and as far as it will enter.”

-- Joinville & Villehardouin’s *Chronicles of the Crusades*

Labels: antique Christianity

Sage Advice from Don Quixote to Sancho Panza

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

“Do not make many statutes, but if you make them, try to make good ones and, particularly, see that they are kept and fulfilled; for if statutes are not kept they might as well not exist. Besides, they show that though the prince had the wisdom and authority to make them, he had not the courage to see that they were observed. And laws which threaten but are not carried out come to be like that log which was king of the frogs. He frightened them at first; but in time they despised him and climbed upon his back.”

--Miguel de Cervantes

Labels: Cervantes

Balzac – On New York

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

Alas! The colonel no longer loved anyone in the world except for one person and that person was himself. His misfortunes in Texas, his stay in New York, a place where speculation and individualism are carried to the very highest level, where the brutality of self-interest reaches the point of cynicism, and where a man, fundamentally isolated from the rest of mankind, finds himself compelled to rely upon his own strength and at every instant to be the self-appointed judge of his own actions, a city in which politeness does not exist; in other words, the whole voyage, down to its very slightest details, had developed in Philippe the pernicious inclinations of the hardened trooper. He had started to smoke and drink; he had become brutal, impertinent and rude; he had been deprived by hardship and physical suffering. Moreover, the colonel considered himself as having been persecuted. The consequence of such a view is to make unintelligent people hostile and intolerant themselves. In Philippe's eyes, the whole universe began at his head and ended at his feet, and the sun shone only for him. Finally, life in New York – as seen and interpreted by this man of action – had removed all his remaining scruples in matters of morality.

from *The Black Sheep* by Honore de Balzac

Labels: Balzac

Love's Labour's Lost

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

The liberals have never liked Shakespeare. Oh, I know they give lip service to his virtuosity with words. But they are always uncomfortable with the themes of his plays. They have very little understanding of them, but from the little they do understand they get a vague sense that they are being insulted. They are right.

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare attacks a liberal icon – Academia. As the play opens, the King of Navarre and three young lords have taken an oath:

*You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:*

*If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.*

Part of the oath includes a vow “not to see a woman in that term,” and “one day in a week to touch no food,” and “to sleep but three hours in the night.” All three lords sign the King’s contract, although Berowne signs it with the belief that “Necessity will make us all forsworn.”

It is not my intent to give a step by step exegesis of what ensues after the young men take their oaths. Let it suffice to say that all three men break their oaths, and the cause of the breaking of the oaths is, of course, four young women.

Berowne eloquently defends the breaking of the oaths:

*Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempr'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?*

Having broken their oaths, the young men become ardent lovers and attempt to woo the objects of their hearts’ desire. But things do not work out the way they do in the usual comedy; there is no marriage feast at the end of the play. As Berowne comments:

*Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.*

Why is there no marriage at the end of the play? Because the women, seeing how easily the men have broken their first vow, do not take the men’s new vow of love seriously. They think the gentlemen are merely playing with them, and they respond accordingly. It is only when the death of one of the women’s fathers makes it imperative for all four women to leave Navarre that the four suitors manage to convince the young women that they are in earnest. The women, however, do not accept the men’s offers of marriage without conditions. Each man is assigned, by his respective beloved, a penance. They each must renounce the world for one year and do such works of charity and penance as to “visit the speechless sick,” and “...go with speed, To some forlorn and naked hermitage...”

“Ah,” the reader says, “it serves them right; they are being punished for breaking their vow to study for three years.” No, they are being punished for making satanic vows by being forced to take Christian vows. What was satanic about the first vow? They desired knowledge for self-aggrandizement. For them, knowledge meant power and fame. “Navarre shall be the wonder of the

world; Our court shall be a little Academe...” A Christian renounces the world for the sake of the world; an academic is abstracted from the world for the sake of himself. It is quite fitting that the men, to atone for a satanic renunciation, must show they are capable of a Christian renunciation.

The women in the play are not Lady Macbeths; they are good Christian women who, like Mary, inspire by fidelity and not by attempting to become men. Such women are “the books, the arts, the academes, That show, contain and nourish all the world.”

There is a wonderful symmetry in the male-female relationship when it is working properly. Men need the inspiration that comes from a woman who, in imitation of Mary, is planted firmly at the foot of the Cross. And a woman needs a man to take that inspiration, give it flesh, and reinspire her. A Christian academic, or a Christian monk might renounce the company of women, but he would not do it because he was abstracted from humanity but because he had been inspired by the God-Man to give himself spiritually to all women and to all men.

I am sure the four men of Navarre kept their second vow. How do I know this? The wisdom of the West supports me. The Florence Nightingales of the world always inspire men more completely than the proud abstracted goddesses of wisdom.¹ Because like Mary, their fidelity at the foot of the Cross shows us the pure image of Christ.+

1. It is a hideous perversion of Christianity to make the mother of God a goddess of wisdom.

Labels: Devil and academia, true femininity

Guarding the Bridge

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 2008

“The liberals of the continent, on the other hand, first forsook Christianity, and then set out to cut away the traditions, sentiments, prejudices which they seemed to regard as a mere undergrowth. They did not know that what they were exorcising was their guardian angel...”

– Herbert Butterfield

In the eyes of the Jews, Christianity started out as a small, heretical movement within Judaism. And much to the horror of the Jews, it became the Faith of an entire continent in which the Jews were a tiny minority. But the wheel turns. The Jews are still a minority, albeit an influential one, but Christianity no longer enjoys majority status in European countries. The post-Christian rationalists (PCR) have held the reins of power in Europe and her satellites for the past one hundred years. If one were to make a chart of the Christian and post-Christian centuries of the European, it would look something like this:

400 – 800 Christian with pagan remnants

800 – 1900 Christian

1900 – 1950 Post-Christian Rationalist with Christian remnants

1950 – 2008 Post-Christian Rationalist

And who rules by proxy when the PCR Europeans rule? Satan does. He rules every branch of society, including (or, to be more accurate, especially) our churches.

The so-called fundamentalist movements of the 20th century were a response to the Christless faith of the mainstream Protestant churches. And the Catholic traditionalist movements of the 1960's were a response to the Christless Christianity of Vatican II Catholicism. The Protestant fundamentalist movements were somewhat more effective than the traditionalist Catholic movements, because the fundamentalists tried to return to the Bible, which is a very solid basis on which to base a Christian counter-revolution, while the Catholic traditionalists only hearkened back to Thomism, which was the primary impetus for the original modernist revolt. But both groups failed to remain Christian because they abandoned the cultural heritage of Europe, which was the inspired creation of a people who were wedded to the God-Man.

The Catholic looks to the documents of the Church, as interpreted by the reigning pontiff, as his touchstone of reality, and the Protestant looks to the Holy Bible, as interpreted by the individual, as his touchstone of reality. But both have gone awry, because they have left out what George Fitzhugh called the only infallible authority in Christendom -- the Christian folk. The Gospel of Christ will be only an abstraction, an idea, which can be anything and everything to all men, if it is not given a concrete home in a culture. When we see Christianity embodied in a people, we have a touchstone of reality. We can say, “This is the Faith, and this is not the Faith.” The modern, technocratic man has a vested interest in an abstracted faith that is elastic enough to fit any set of values he creates in his perverted mind. His Christianity is a nebulous Christianity without substance. In contrast, the Christianity of the pre-20th century European was a concrete faith with a clearly delineated core. And one of the most striking contrasts between the older Europeans and the modern technocrats can be observed in their views on race. The pre-20th century European doesn't really have a theory of race, and he doesn't have a theory of race, because his racial identity and his Christianity are inseparable parts of his personality. He could no more separate them than he could separate his mind from his body, which, come to think of it, the modern technocrat does. The older European viewed his body as a spiritual entity. His skin color was part of his body, which contained his immortal soul. Mere corruptible flesh would not inherit eternal life, but his whiteness was part of his personality, which was a thing immortal. Hence the antique white man knew that racial diversity

was spiritual suicide. Diversity destroys harmony in society and in the soul. Who wants to be scattered into a thousand diverse particles of dust?

The technocratic, modern man yearns for diversity. His satanic soul needs pandemonium. He wants the whole world to be one, unholy Babylon which he controls with his intellect; an intellect divorced from his race, his sex, and his God.

In the old private eye films, the police always fail to catch the murderer because they label two connecting events, such as the sudden "accidental" death of wealthy, old Joseph Finsbury and the financial insolvency of his heir and nearest relation, his nephew William Finsbury, as mere coincidence. And we play the part of the dense policemen when we fail to see that the PCR white man's desire for diversity of race stems from his desire to separate himself from his God.

The Christianity our European forefathers embraced was diametrically opposed to diversity. In their pagan days, they were devoted to their hero-gods because they saw them as personalities committed to the struggle to defend the personalities of their devotees in the great battle against the forces of chaos and diversity. Christ did not destroy the hope and faith of those pagan Europeans. He revealed to them, in the fullness of His personality, that He was the fulfillment of their desire for a Hero-God who would sustain them in their battles to maintain their unique and undiversified manhood against all the forces of hell.

The modern, white pagan and the modern, anti-white, white liberal are united in their belief that the Christianity of the pre-20th century European was an interlude, a 1,500-year detour away from the true Christianity. Is that so? How can there be a 1,500-year interlude? No, the Christian poets, who articulate the faith of the Christian folk, and the Gospels themselves tell us a different story of the people of God, the Europeans, and their fight to maintain their faith in the Hero-God. At every juncture of European man's history, Satan was there, trying to get European man to adopt a diverse Christianity, a synergistic Christianity, a faith with room for the Rosicrucian and the barbarian. In the 1500's the people's revolt against the synergistic Christianity took the form of the Protestant Reformation. And when that movement was corrupted by the devil, counter movements, such as the fundamentalist movement, were begun. Satan, however, has countered every Christian counterattack with a master stroke of his own. At present the Christian churches are synergistic Temples of Satan. And the key element of Satanism is racial diversity. There can be no faithful hearts to receive Him still if the people of God, the Europeans, the ones with the faithful hearts, no longer exist because they have become diversified.

History, common sense, and revelation all support the "racist," Euro-centered Christianity of the pre-20th century Europeans. That is why the technocrat must be utopian rather than historical; nonsensical rather than sensible; unbiblical rather than biblical. But the technocratic white man's flight from reality cannot change it. And the reality is that there never has been nor ever can be a black civilization. Blacks can only live and thrive in a civilization governed by whites. What has Africa become since the white man has left? We don't need a crystal ball to know what will happen to a Negroized Europe and a Negroized U.S.A.

In his novel, *Melmoth the Wanderer*, Charles Maturin makes the point that before the devil can lay claim to a man's soul, he must destroy his sanity and his memory. And such is the plight of the post-Christian European. A man who believes only in his own mind is insane. And a man who has abandoned the past in favor of a utopian future is a man without a memory. This is why a Christian European cannot reach the post-Christian rationalist. The PCR European no longer has a soul to call his own; he belongs to Satan.

What will emerge in the formerly European countries that are bereft of white Christian Europeans? Well, there will be no black civilization. Blacks can destroy civilizations, and when they are controlled they can be useful servants in a civilization. But since the PCR whites will not control them, they will destroy the technocratic civilization of the PCR whites. And then the Asians will step in. They are capable of building and maintaining a civilization, but they are incapable of building a

Christian civilization. Every fiendish torture ever used by the white man on his fellow whites was first used by the Asian. They have a genius for cruelty. I know this all sounds so terribly impolite to say, but what has happened in the 20th century to make the European view the oriental as a kindly friend of Christian Europe? It seems to me that what would now be called hideous racist caricatures of Orientals, such as the depictions of Asians in the Fu Manchu novels of Sax Rohmer, paint a ridiculously benign portrait of the Oriental compared to the actual reality of his true nature. But then the PCR whites are not concerned with reality.

Herbert Butterfield once observed that the English people always left bridges to the rear whenever they went forward. They might alter a political structure, but they always maintained their ties to the past throughout the transitions in government. Butterfield approved of that instinct. And in that approval he echoes George Fitzhugh, who maintained, "Throw our paper platforms, preambles and resolutions, guaranties and constitutions, in the fire, and we should be none the worse off, provided we retained our institutions –and the necessities that begot, and have, so far, continued them." Ah, there's the rub. The PCR white man, by embracing racial diversity, has burnt the bridges to the past. The Western Christian tradition was spawned by white Europeans. It cannot be continued by simply preserving a document, or a philosophical treatise, or a political system, from the past. The heritage and the race are one.

The white Christian remnant is almost too small to be called a remnant; let's call it a mustard- seed remnant. The challenge for that mustard-seed remnant is to maintain the bridge to His civilization against all odds. Shakespeare's Agincourt has become every European's battle. "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers" will hold until relieved by the Hero who has taught us that no cause is lost when it is consecrated to Him.+

Labels: Herbert Butterfield, post-Christian rationalism, quotation, racial Babylon

Monsters of the Deep

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 04, 2008

A friend sent me a news item from Canada written by Paul Fromm, director of an organization called Canada First Immigration Reform Committee. Apparently some Tory MP had slipped up and blurted out the truth about third world immigration and crime to the media. And what was so horrendous, but all too typical, about the liberals' reaction to the Tory MP's statement was that no one cared to discuss whether his statements were true or not. The liberals simply said he was racist and called for his resignation. Fromm pointed out that the MP's statement was correct and concluded that truth no longer mattered to the white liberals. "In this super constipated country minorities are so protected from criticism by human rights commissions that even truth is no defence."

It has been thus for quite some time in the Western world. I recall a similar incident I was privy to about 20 years ago. I was working at a university (no need to mention the name because such universities are legion, with cookie-cutter sameness). The powers that be found it necessary to discuss a 'problem student.' I was invited to sit on a panel that was to decide his fate. And what, pray tell, was the student's crime? Did he break into the Dean's office and urinate on his papers? Did he set fire to the R.O.T.C. office on campus? No. Fifteen years earlier students had done such things at colleges and were not expelled. So, what was the young man accused of? He was accused of having made 'racist' remarks in class, critical of blacks. The question in the minds of the liberal panel was not, "Should we expel Student X?" No, the question was, "How can we do it and still seem like liberal, fair-minded, due-process type liberals?" Since I was going to be asked to vote on the fate of this particular student, whom I did not know, I asked if the statements he had made were true. There was an embarrassed silence before one member of the panel confessed that yes, the statements were true. And yet the student was expelled. The official reason was that he had used tacks instead of tape to place a poster on his dorm room wall, but of course that was not the real reason for his expulsion. He blasphemed against the liberals' god, so he had to be cast into outer darkness. I was the only member of the panel to vote against the expulsion, which was quite ironic as every single member of that panel was theoretically more committed to the principle of free speech than I was.

Of course such incidents of white liberal chicanery and dishonesty have become the norm, not the exception now. Big Brother and Big Sister rule with a merciless consistency that makes Orwell's *1984* world seem like a pleasant place to live.

It seems that something momentous has taken place in the last twenty-five years in the Western world as Satan has consolidated his power. Liberals have always loved their own abstractions more than the truth, but in the first half of the twentieth century, they tried to claim their abstractions were true. They delighted in debate and felt quite confident their theories would prevail in the battlefield of ideas. But false ideas are always easier to defend when they have never been embodied in a culture. It was easier for the liberals to claim the black man was just a pigmented white man when his criminal tendencies were kept in check by a white hierarchy. However, when the black man actually was given a chance to show himself to be the wonderful, worshipful human being the liberals claimed he was, the reality, the truth, was quite devastating for the liberal. The white liberal then had two choices. He could give up his abstract, utopian faith in the black man, or he could give up debating the truth and simply punish the people who spoke the truth. Of course the liberal chose the latter. This is the same policy the communists and every other anti-European group have followed: when you have not yet succeeded in making a particular part of your agenda, like racial diversity or legalized abortion, the law of the land, you debate. But when you have achieved your goal and made that which was once forbidden the law of the land, then you forbid, with the full weight of the law, all debate, and punish those who speak the truth about the perversion that has become the law.

The 21st century liberal, therefore, is a lot meaner and less willing to engage in debate than his 1950's counterpart. He is meaner because his ideas have become embodied and are self-evidently wrong, thus forcing him to stay mad-dog delusional every single second of his life. And he is unwilling to debate because he has consolidated his power and doesn't have to debate.

This ugly state of affairs is the result of the de-Christianization of the European man. Butterfield put it quite well when he said that liberals had destroyed their guardian angel when they cut away the traditions and sentiments that came from Christianity.

Edmund Burke was correct when he said the first liberal was the devil. It is sometimes difficult to see just how satanic liberalism is because we do not see its full embodiment in the past. But in our own day, it is crystal clear. We can see Satanism in all its hellish glory. And the primary mark of a satanic society is the abstraction of everything human. Christ humanized every aspect of European culture, and Satan has systematically undermined His civilization by encouraging a spirit of abstraction. When that abstracting spirit takes hold, human beings can be squashed like bugs in the great, abstracted cesspool of life. Babies become 'fetal tissue,' civilians become 'collateral damage,' white men become 'generic men,' men and women become 'generic humans,' and on it goes.

It is a given that our current society is satanic. Since surrender to such a culture is unthinkable, we need to strike back. And the satanic liberals have shown us the place where Satan is most vulnerable. What issue are the liberals concerned with more than any other? It is this issue of diversity. While even "conservative" church men blab on about the irrelevance of race on the one hand and the evils of the white race on the other hand, the liberals, who are legion, are ever-vigilant in putting down every attempt, in word or deed, by the white man, to re-establish his ties to his racial forefathers.¹ The pre-20th century Europeans had a Hebraic relationship with their God which was based on ties of blood. Christ was their King and their kin. When those ties of blood are broken, it makes no difference whether one gives intellectual assent to the idea of Christianity or if one intellectually affirms the meaninglessness of existence, since both affirmations belong to Satan. By what authority do we live? By the word of God, embodied in a particular people and culture. When faith no longer has "a local habitation" in a race, faith becomes a meaningless abstraction, and then "humanity must perforce prey on itself like monsters of the deep."

Richard Weaver made the point in his book *Visions of Order* that Socrates was guilty of undermining the faith of the Athenians. By abstracting the Greek gods and making them part of a dialectical debate, he helped destroy traditional faith in the gods. Philosophy eventually replaced faith. This has always been the essential conflict in the Christian Church. The theologians place God in a philosophical prison and then claim they and they alone possess the key to unlock Him. The European with blood ties to the past, however, knows that God is not to be found in the Gnostic prisons of the theologians and the philosophers. He is to be found at the marriage feast of the antique European in the person of Christ.

The 'idea Christ' of the philosophers is not a concrete personality. He exists only in the minds of the liberals. He is a phantom God who comes to life only when the liberals need him to condemn racism. In contrast, the real Christ, the Hero-God of the Europeans, is always present where genuine humanity is present. He is the enemy of generic humanity and the passionate champion of the human personality. In fact, He can only be known through the human personality. When the white man gives up the most essential part of his personality, his white identity, he loses his soul and his God.

The revolution has been successful. There is no room in the great liberal Utopia for the human personality. Walking, talking caricatures of human beings now inhabit the white countries that used to contain human beings. But in the secret recesses of European hearts who still see with "blinding sight" and still feel connected to His Europe, the counterrevolution has begun. And in a non-utopian future, a future wedded to the European past, we shall see the triumph of our Lord.

1. The white church men constantly tell us there is no such thing as race, but there is such a thing when they demonize the white race, and when they fall on their knees to worship the black race.

These same church men no longer believe in original sin which all mankind inherited from Adam. Instead, they believe that original sin exists only in the white race. In a perverse way, they affirm the humanity of the white race and the inhumanity of the black, when they claim that the white man alone can trace his lineage back to Adam. Scott tells us about the tangled web we weave when we deceive. Let the white, black-worshipping clergyman beware of the tangled web of deceit he weaves when he demonizes the white race and worships the black.

Labels: Christian counter-attack, Satania, truth

The Faith and the Race Are One

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 2008

I've had over 10 years now to adjust to the fact that I need glasses to read, but I still forget to take them with me when I go out. So if I need to read a label at a supermarket (to see how much food, if any, I'm getting with the chemical preservatives) or if I need to read the small print of a book at the bookstore, I have to ask for help from a person who did not forget to bring his glasses. But I'm lucky, considering that every other member of my family needed glasses from junior high school on. My older sister hated to wear her glasses. She believed the old adage that men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses. That little adage almost cost us both our lives the night my sister drove me to basketball practice.

My high school basketball coach thought that we should practice at the same time that we played our games, and we played our games at night. So one night when she needed the car, my sister drove me to practice. On the way, I noticed a car pulling out of a driveway approximately 25 yards ahead of us. I did not, like most people, appreciate back-seat drivers, whether in the front seat or the back seat, so I didn't say anything about the car to my sister. After all, it was a car, not a mouse; how could my sister not see it? Well, my sister was not wearing her glasses, and it seemed, by the rate of speed we were traveling, we were going to collide with the other car. I finally decided, at the risk of being called a back seat driver, that I should mention this fact. "Do you see that car in front of us?" No, she had not seen it. She slammed on the brakes, our car spun around, and we avoided a head-on collision by a hair's breadth.

Now, at this point, the reader, who has better things to do than read boring reminiscences of my high school days (wait till I tell you how I made the winning basket in the big game) is probably wondering what the point of this story is. "Does this lead up to anything?" Why, yes, it does. It is a preface to a reluctant criticism of the leadership of the white, right wing. I hope this criticism will be taken in the spirit in which it is given. We are members of the same family, in the same vehicle, and I would like to prevent the wreck I see coming. Although it is a recent article that has provoked this response, my comments are based on thirty years of observing the white, right wing movement in action.

The white, right wingers' fatal flaw is their lack of a religious vision. Now, I know the white, right wingers talk about our Germanic, Celtic, Greco-Roman, Christian heritage, but that kind of combo-sandwiching of traditions indicates the problem. The Europeans have only one tradition and one faith. When we make that faith and that tradition a side issue, or only one small component among other, more important components, like our genes, we are not responding to existence as the white Europeans of old responded to existence, and we cannot then claim any link to the white Europeans of the past.

It is ahistorical to ignore the white man's Christianity. The New Age white leaders act as though they woke up one morning and discovered they were white. Hence, they prefer the white to the colored race, but they have no appreciation of the white man's heritage, because they don't place any great emphasis on the only thing that ever mattered to the white man, his faith. The lack of a religious vision has paralyzed the right wing. The reason they always prophesy that "white people are beginning to wake up," and always are sadly mistaken in their prophetic utterances, is because they have been seduced by one of the most seductive of all the sirens of modernity, the democratic siren. White Christians cannot campaign merely for equal rights within a secular, Godless utopia; they must rule in a Christian society.

If you try to micro-manage history for a purely secular result, history will always knock you flat on your back. The antique European, the Christian European, who took seriously our Lord's injunction to "Seek ye first the kingdom of God... and all these things shall be added unto you," was able to build Western civilization because his hope was not in this world only. That is the paradox. If you see only this world and act according to that vision, you will fail in this world, but if you act in

accordance with Christ's injunction to "seek ye first," you will succeed in the things that really matter, to a far greater degree than the 'this world only' devotees. In this world only there is nothing but despair. Grim statistics are final and unalterable in such a world, barbarian hordes are invincible in such a world, and white and black, good and evil, are meaningless abstractions in such a world.

The right wingers need to step out of that world. But of course they cannot do so for merely pragmatic reasons. They must see what their European forefathers saw; they must see "their Master in the sky and call on Him to save." Vision cannot be forced; if they do not see, we cannot follow them, for "if the blind leadeth the blind, shall they not both fall in a ditch?"

The sad truth is that the right wing leaders are not sufficiently anti-modern. They differ from the white liberals, because they feel, correctly, that the white technocrat wants to exclude them from the brave new technocratic world of the future. Hence their leadership consists of programs to reawaken whites so they will fight (democratically of course) for their rights in a multi-racial culture.

But by so urging, the right wingers are asking the Christian European to walk away from his heritage. This he cannot do. The reason there is such a disconnect between the white leaders and the white Christian remnant is because the remnant senses the right wing leaders are just as lost in the slough of modernity as the liberals are.

Sometimes two groups can be united in their opposition to a particular group or -ism, but still be in complete disagreement regarding what they are for. Such is the case, for instance, with the Southern agrarian and the communist. Both oppose capitalism, but they differ greatly on the reasons for opposing capitalism, and they differ greatly in what they favor as an alternative to capitalism. Such is also the case with the white, New Age, right wing leadership and the antique Christian. In fact, the contrasts are quite striking.

1) Democratic Government – Christian Europeans adopted republican forms of government when they felt, quite possibly wrongly, that their rulers were insufficiently Christian. They did not view the bastardized corruption of republican government, secular democracy, as a magic talisman that was self-evidently the end of man's search for a perfect government. Far from it. The antique Christian knew that where God was not sovereign, there could be no true government.

2) Other Races. At first glance, the right wing leaders and the older Christian seem to be in agreement. The right wing opposes multi-culturalism and so does the Christian. So they are in agreement, right? No, they are not. The right wingers properly point out that multi-culturalism does not mean, "I'll respect your culture, and in return you respect mine"; it means that the white man must have no culture and must worship the colored cultures. On that there is agreement between the Christian and the right winger. But the right wing whites go on to claim that they believe that the colored has a right to his culture just as the white man has a right to his. All the right wingers are asking for, they tell us, is a niche for the white man in the great pyramid of cultures.

This is not what the Antique European is looking for. He knows that such a thing is impossible. The colored barbarians do not believe in respecting other cultures; they believe in conquering other cultures. If a white plays the 'respect other cultures' game, he will always be the only one playing. And he won't be playing for long.

There is another aspect of the 'respect other cultures' issue. In the modern, decadent social sciences, such as anthropology, we are informed it is wrong to say that someone or some group has no culture. "Everyone has a culture," we are told. But in the non-anthropological sense, there is only one culture. Only the Europeans made the attempt to weave faith, hope, and charity into their culture. From a Christian standpoint, it would be morally wrong to respect the "cultures" of the colored races. Did the Spanish respect the Aztec culture? Did the Brits respect the Hindu culture? No, they respected their God, who called all men to abandon heathen idols and come to Him, and

they respected Him too much to leave individual heathens in perpetual darkness. To subdue and convert, to the extent that such a conversion was possible, was the way of the non-democratic, pre-20th century European. And he would rather fight to the last man than be part of a multi-colored, many-tiered pyramid of nations.

3) Democratic Quakers. I recently saw an article by one of the right-wing leaders in which he warned against the dangers of assassinating Barack Obama. I completely agree with the author on that issue. It would not aid white people if Obama were assassinated. Tyrannicide is not outside the ken of the white European tradition, but Obama is not a tyrant whose death would bring great benefits to the white race. He is a small, little cog in the great liberal machine. Killing him would be harmful to whites.

However, the author in question goes on to condemn all violence under any circumstances. That type of thinking goes against our European Christian heritage. There are things so hideous, such as the murder of a baby in his mother's womb, the rape of our women, the torture-murder of innocent young people like Channon Christian and Christopher Newsome, that they cry out to heaven for redress. You cannot claim to respect the white European heritage and then tell white people to dogmatically renounce all violence. That type of advice is irresponsible at a time when our "laws," passed by white technocrats, have left white people almost defenseless against the barbarians in our midst. I recall a scene in Walter Scott's novel *The Black Dwarf* in which some border raiders have abducted a Scottish lady and taken her across the border. An old man advises the young men not to break the law and be violent. A member of the rescue party replies angrily to him, "Don't talk to us about our heroic ancestors and then tell us to do nothing."

Certainly there are prudential concerns, but violence in defense of Christian men and women and Christian principles should never be routinely condemned. And we should always keep in mind that the white man is in Hamlet's position. They have murdered our King and our Father¹; if we don't set things right, who will?

There is something called a Euro-Conference scheduled for early November. If just one lonely white man meets a lonely white woman there and they subsequently marry and have children as a result, the conference will not have been wasted. But I hope some European leader at the conference will dare to link Europe and Christ and denounce anyone who tries to tear them asunder in either word or deed.

1. Grant me some poetic license here. They have murdered Christian civilization and are murdering His people and His little children. "Let them come unto me." Does not Christ our King and Father suffer when such murders take place?

Labels: antique Christianity, restoration of European civilization, Sons of Martha

A Different World

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 2008

It is really impossible to tell whether McCain, the white-hating, liberal, technocratic egomaniac, or Obama, the radical, white-hating Mau Mau, will do the most damage to white people. The one certain thing is that the anti-white agendas of the previous Republican and Democratic Presidents will be continued and broadened.

I do not believe that an Obama presidency will “mobilize white people.” Why should it? From where will the pro-white, anti-Obama white people come? The churches? They were the first to succumb to the white-hating virus. From our public schools? That idea is laughable. Or possibly from the ranks of the average American Joe? The average American Joe has slid too far down the slippery slope. How are you going to mobilize a man, who regularly worships black people on the television set, into opposing the anti-white policies of a member of the same race that the average American Joe worships? No, counterrevolutions are not brought about by fat, contented hogs. They are brought about by a remnant band of lean and hungry lions. Only those men who have rejected it all, American pie, rock and roll, and Amway, will be able to mount a charge against the liberal leviathan.

In the 1950’s Herbert Butterfield correctly identified the problem with liberals. By cutting away the traditions and sentiments that came from Christianity, they were not, as they thought, moving mankind toward a brighter, purer world, but were in reality moving mankind toward a world in which only the devil, and those possessed by the devil, could feel at home.

The cutting and pruning has been going on continuously for the past fifty years and it is difficult for the liberals to find anything left to cut. But they must claim there is still some European, Christian ‘undergrowth’ left to be cut down, because if all the undergrowth is already gone, why is utopia not here?

St. Paul tells us that the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. The Europeans made that Pauline belief the center of their culture. At the “last trump” at the “twinkling of an eye,” the Hero will step in and defeat the last enemy: “And Death once dead, there’s no more dying then.”¹ The Europeans used to believe that.

In a satanic civilization everything is inverted. The antique Europeans celebrated the death of death at Easter, while the modern post-Christians celebrate the death of Christian culture by honoring the birthdays of satanic figures such as Nelson Mandela and Martin Luther King Jr. And every day is a macabre celebration of death in the satanic abortuaries throughout the Western world.

The liberals always react with glee every time they cut down another piece of Christian ‘undergrowth’ because they think, to the extent that they think at all, that doing so will bring mankind closer to a magnificent future. But it is not in the future that we can see the realization of the liberals’ dream. It is in the past, the past of the non-European cultures. The non-European cultures had, and have, no faith, no hope, and no charity. One lives one’s life in such cultures in a world without forgiveness, because there is no concept of sin, and without mercy, because there is no concept of a divine link between humanity and a merciful God. This is the end the liberals have promised us. And every Presidential election takes us closer to that end.

The liberal future, a world without mercy that worships death, is already here, with one exception. In the future there will be no white technocrats at the top of the food chain, because the white technocrat has made a crucial mistake. He thinks that by denying the existence of race he can remain in Satan’s utopia. But the other races do not deny the existence of race, and the white technocrat will be replaced by the Asian. The orthodoxy of the Orient, the idea of the sovereignty of detached reason, was always the heterodoxy of the West. When that heterodoxy became the European’s orthodoxy, the West became an intellectual counterpart of the Orient.

It is far from a certainty that the European will embrace Christian orthodoxy and rebuild Christian civilization. But it is a certainty that there will be no civilization, in the non-anthropological sense of the word, if the European does not rebuild Christian Europe.

In the current presidential election we are being asked which one of Satan's minions we want to rule us. We are not being asked, as both the Republican and Democratic parties would have us believe, to choose between good and evil. And we can never hope to run a white Christian European for elective office because no white male can run for office unless he denounces his Christianity, his maleness, and his race. (Soon even a white's denunciation of his whiteness will not avail him.)

I grew up in a post-Christian rationalist (PCR) household and went to a PCR school and a PCR church. But I was lucky. The 'Gingerbread House' technique did not work with me. I became exposed, through the works of authors, such as Shakespeare and Scott, to a world diametrically opposed to the PCR world in which I grew up. Once exposed to that different world, I could never go back to the post-Christian rationalist world. I don't know what percentage of the post-Christian rationalists live in Satania because they prefer it to that other Christian world and what percentage live in Satania because they don't know there is any other world. For that reason, I think the Christian soldier's fight is on two fronts. He must see that the other world, the Christian European world, is represented to the inhabitants of Satania, in order that those who might see and then believe can be converted. And he must fight those who have seen and prefer the darkness to the light.

The central fact, from the standpoint of an antique European, about the upcoming Presidential election (and every election in the Western world) is that the election is a celebration of the great satanic void. All the non-European tribes -- the liberal technocratic tribe, the black barbarian tribe, the Oriental tribe, etc. -- are meeting to celebrate the triumph of darkness over light. Christ's apostle, John, put it best when he said: "And the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not." Men of our blood once did comprehend the light. That is why we must try to see with their eyes and feel with their hearts, for that same beloved apostle John tells us that those who are united to His civilization in spirit and blood, "shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it." +

1. Sonnet 146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[...] these rebel powers that thee array;
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

- Shakespeare

Labels: post-Christian rationalism, Satania

In the Land of the Stranger

Reflections on *The Content of America's Character: Recovering Civic Virtue*, edited by Don Eberly

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 2008

In the margin of Herman Melville's copy of *King Lear*, next to the passage in which Edmund, the bastard brother, defends bastards, Melville comments, "There is often a vitality to demonism that mere virtue lacks." The articles in this book underscore Melville's wise observation. After reading through these articles on virtue and character, one is forced to conclude that a person with character and virtue is as dull as a burned-out light bulb. Most of the articles read like chapters from Ph.D. dissertations, and indeed, most of the articles are written by Ph.Ds.

And therein lies the great dullness and weakness of most of the authors. So many of them, with the exception of Keith J. Pavlischek, advance Aristotle as our guide to recovering civic virtue. Here they make a crucial mistake. In an effort to find a non-Christian and therefore non-threatening guide to virtue, most of the authors seize on Aristotle. They forget an important fact: the Incarnation took place. One cannot go back to ethics without Christ once Christ has entered history. As wise as the Greco-Roman sages were, the final vision of their world, as depicted by Virgil, is despair. The "grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome" is ashes without the God-Man. Dostoyevsky correctly diagnosed the problem of modern man when he stated, "Whether a man, as a civilised being, as an European, can believe at all, believe that is in the divinity of the Son of God, Jesus Christ..."

Only one author in this collection of essays faces this issue head-on. In Chapter 8, "The Religious Roots of Character," Keith Pavlischek contrasts Tocqueville's view of America in the 1830's with Solzhenitsyn's view in the 1970's. Tocqueville was amazed that a society with a government that espouses no particular religion should have a people that seemed very religious. Pavlischek quotes Solzhenitsyn, who saw a different America:

Every citizen has been granted the desired freedom and material goods in such quantity and of such quality as to guarantee in theory the achievement of happiness. In the process, however, one psychological detail has been overlooked: the constant desire to have still more things and a still better life and the struggle to maintain them imprints many Western faces with worry and even depression, though it is customary to conceal such feelings. Active and tense competition permeates all human thoughts without opening a way to free spiritual development.

Why the different views? Pavlischek suggests that what appeared to be our strength, the lack of a public religion in the 1830's, turned out to be the Achilles' heel of our Republic. The public orthodoxy that banished all religions gradually marginalized American Christians to the extent that Christianity now has no real influence on public life. This situation, according to Pavlischek, is intolerable:

Of course, a significant portion of the American public dissents from this view. Religions conviction continues to shape their lives and they are increasingly alienated from a legal and political system that trivializes those convictions. Over the next several decades Americans will be forced to reflect seriously on the words of Joseph Story: 'the promulgation of the great doctrines of religion... can never be a matter of indifference to any well ordered community.' Indeed, we may ask whether the real question is not if we will have a community that is well ordered, but, given the lack of a broad-based moral consensus, whether we can have any community at all.

It is impossible to have any community at all, if the individual members of a community do not have a common religion which they desire to see enshrined as the public orthodoxy. And that is why, independent of whether McCain wins the upcoming Presidential election, I think the liberal liberals

who support Obama will ultimately win out over the Rush Limbaugh-type of conservative liberal, for the reason that the liberal liberal has a religion and the Limbaugh liberal does not.

Having lost their faith in the God-Man (the modern liberal has answered Dostoevsky's question with a decisive 'no'), liberals have replaced Him with the black man. There is no escaping that fact.¹ The zeal with which the white establishment has responded to the Obama presidential run can only be described as a religious frenzy. The Limbaugh-neo-con appeal to avarice and greed has been a somewhat successful counter to the liberals' black worshipping faith, but because of his Christian past the white liberal needs a more unselfish sounding faith (and I stress the word 'sounding' because ultimately it is a very selfish faith) than the faith provided by the liberal conservatives.

The new-breed of white man has made his faith the public orthodoxy. A public-spirited citizen of the modern world must worship the black man. And a community organizer is a person who looks for pockets of resistance to the public orthodoxy so that he can eliminate those pockets of resistance. This state of affairs will only end when white people replace the great black god with the God-Man. Impersonal appeals to our Greco-Roman Christian heritage won't be effective. The new Europeans have their new god. We must cling to the old God and we must call on Him by name: "The Christ, the Son of the Living God."

The United States and the collective states of Europe have become the land of the stranger. The Christian European does not feel at home in what was once his homeland. And it is good that he does not feel at home, because this strange new world worships, in the form of the black man, Satan. I recall a Davy Crockett song I used to sing when I was a child. One line still comes to mind with overwhelming force: "In the land of the stranger, I rise or I fall." There is no room for us in this new world – who wants room in such a world? The black worshippers, who represent the new orthodoxy, want to eradicate all religions that are not black-worshipping religions. They will not be dissuaded by reason, by appeals for mercy, or by offers of compromise.

We are in for a long, bloody battle, which is not a very pleasant prospect. But the alternative is surrender to the forces of Satania. That might be less painful in the short run, but in the long run it would be, quite literally, hell.

1. Once again, let's refer to Richard Weaver's book, *Visions of Order*. He points out that Socrates did undermine the Greek religion by talking about the Greek gods in an objective, analytical way rather than as an enthusiast. This is why you hear the various newscasters hurling jeremiads at anyone who does not wax rhapsodic about Obama. One should not, the liberal media tell us, talk about one's god in any terms except those of a laudatory psalmist. I agree with that sentiment, but I have a different God than the PCR whites.

All Through the Night

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 01, 2008

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee
All through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee
All through the night
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping
Hill and dale in slumber sleeping
I my loving vigil keeping
All through the night

While the moon her watch is keeping
All through the night
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night
O'er thy spirit gently stealing
Visions of delight revealing
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night

Love, to thee my thoughts are turning
All through the night
All for thee my heart is yearning,
All through the night.
Though sad fate our lives may sever
Parting will not last forever,
There's a hope that leaves me never,
All through the night.

Labels: poem

Scott's Europe

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 01, 2008

"...you must think of your own household first, or else you are worse even than the infidels." – The Heart of Midlothian

In the 21st century, when it appears that men and women are mere robots controlled by some great computerized creature with a giant brain, it is often hard to imagine that mankind consists of individual personalities connected to a personal God. And of course that is what Satan wants. When the world is finally completely occupied by robotic humans, watching porno movies and blood sports with soulless eyes, he will be complete master.

There is no author who can be read and used as a magic talisman to protect one from the academics. All authors, in the hands of literary critics, can be made into forerunners of modernity. Having said that, let me hasten to add that there is one author, who, if read by a receptive reader genuinely wanting to be exposed to a vision contrary to modernity, can start a man on the path to the full-blooded integral faith of our European ancestors. That author is Walter Scott.

Scott's achievement is truly remarkable. With the exception of the Christian tragedy *Bride of Lammermoor*, he gives us Christian epics. And he gives us a genuine Christianity built from the ground up. He starts with individual personalities and builds up to a vision of a personal God that is

the same God that St. Paul saw and wrote so eloquently about in *1Corinthians 13*. Unlike Dante, Scott does not start with an abstract, cruel idea of God and proceed to expound, as an expert does, on the various attributes of that cruel God. That is not Walter Scott's way. Scott writes as a fellow pilgrim. He doesn't expound a system; he exposes the heart of God by showing us the image of that heart in his Christian heroes and heroines. And through those heroes and heroines, we see a unique civilization that points to that other world, His world.

The liberals take a rather curious stance on the issue of the distinctiveness of Christian, European civilization. On the one hand, they deny that a distinct European civilization ever existed. "It is no different from any other civilization." Then in the next breath, the liberals tell you that the older European civilization was distinct – it was distinctly evil.

And the liberals are not the only group in denial. There is a segment of the religious community that also denies the distinctiveness of Christian, European civilization. They usually cite St. Augustine and tell you that there is no such thing as a Christian civilization. There is the City of God and the City of Man, and never the twain shall meet. But the trouble with that nose-in-the-air, Manichean assertion is that it denies reality. While acknowledging the incredible differences between a man-made civilization and the Kingdom of God, one must see, if he has eyes to see and a heart that still lives, that European civilization did, in contrast to every other civilization that ever existed on the face of the earth, allow mankind to see Christ through a glass darkly. And it needs to be stressed that a theologian who fails to distinguish between heathendom and Christendom, placing them both in the arbitrary category of 'the city of man', is more in line with Buddhism than he is with Christianity.

There is no question that Walter Scott's Christian Europe is the reality, while the liberal's brave new world and the theologians' abstract world are false. But they cling to their false worlds. Why?

The secular liberal clings to his brave new world because in that brave new world there is no judgment, because there is no God to judge. Of course there is no mercy either, because there is no God to extend mercy. The liberal has rejected that world of Adam and Eve, original sin and redemption. He thinks, like Shylock, that being free from original sin he has no need for God's mercy: "What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong." And if the world is not wrong because of original sin, the liberals' reason, then it must be wrong because non-liberals, namely white European Christians, are impeding the onward and upward march to Utopia. So white Europeans who are still European are dragged before the bar of Liberalism and found to be guilty of racism, which is the liberals' word for treason. But at the same time, the liberals assert that there really is no difference between the white and the black. "We are all God's children." Whoops, the liberal can't say that, so he backtracks: "We are all part of the brotherhood of man. But wait – the white man is not part of the brotherhood of man; he is an evil ..." It gets hard for the liberal. All those contradictions give him a headache.

And why does the theologian deny the distinctiveness of the Christian, European culture? The theologian makes his denial in order to preserve his power base. When the veil of the temple was rent, so were the Greek paradigms of thought. Wisdom was not to be found in the abstracted thought of Aristotle but in the sacred heart of Christ. So the folk wisdom of a people connected to the Heart of Christ is superior to the abstracted, cognitive thought of a great philosopher or theologian. The theologians cannot accept that, which is why they deny the reality and the possibility of a Christian culture. If there were such a thing, they would have to subordinate their abstractions to the hearts of a people united to Him.

The liberal and the theologian stumble over the human factor. They are unable to accept the fact that God always reveals Himself to man through humanity. He chose a particular people to carry out His divine plan, and His ultimate revelation was in the form of the God-Man. This goes against the expectations of the liberal and the theologian. In their minds, a God who cannot be known by the

human mind through contemplation or the study of the natural or cosmic world ("May the force be with you") is not a real God.

Whether you believe the Europeans are the actual blood descendants of the people of Israel or their adoptive spiritual descendants, it is clear that only the European people took the incarnate God into their hearts and made Him their King and kinsman. Their civilization was the only civilization rooted in heaven. And now, when we face an election in this country (and similar elections are taking place throughout the European world) in which we are forced to choose between two leaders who despise Christian Europe, it is imperative that we affirm the reality of Walter Scott's Europe. We have ventured much too far from it. It is the time to come home, to the ploughed furrow, the frequented pasture and the lane of evening lingerings.

Labels: antique Christianity, Sir Walter Scott

The Mau Mau Who Would Be King

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 07, 2008



An Interview with the Young Drummer from the World of the Brothers Grimm, in Which We Discuss the Marxist Mau Mau Who Has Become King of Satania

Interviewer: Thank you for consenting to an interview on such short notice.

Young Drummer: That's all right. I don't get many requests for interviews. The Europe of the Brothers Grimm is out of fashion these days.

Int: But that is why I want to interview you. I want to see the modern world through the eyes of an antique European.

YD: And I'm that antique European?

Int: Yes.

YD: Go ahead with your questions.

Int: My country, which is a branch of Europe, recently elected a black man President. I don't know that he will be any worse than the PCR (Post-Christian Rationalist) candidate he defeated or the PCR President he will be succeeding; however, I can't help but be concerned at the symbolic aspect of a black man's presidency. The sons of Ham are not supposed to rule over the sons of Japheth.

YD: It is one step closer to the incarnation of Satan when you actually install a black man as the head of your nation. But you must realize that the white man must have a religion. He has rejected Christianity, so what is there left for him? He must revere something. He feels he can't revere Christ, but he can revere the black man.

Int: It wasn't black men who elevated a black man to the Presidency of the United States. It was white people. How can anything good come out of a people that could do such a thing?

YD: Nothing good will come from such people. They are beyond the ken. You can only work with the tiny scattered remnant of Israel, the last Europeans. They aren't going to announce themselves – it wouldn't be safe – but there are a few left.

Int: Do you place much hope in the 'Great Awakening'? Some of the more conservative white people have told me that the election of a black man to the Presidency will mobilize white people into action.

YD: Why, if the vast majority of white people stood by and watched blacks occupy their schools, their churches, and their homes, would they suddenly awaken when a black man occupies the Presidency?

Int: It doesn't make much sense, does it?

YD: No, it doesn't.

Int: So if there will be no awakening, what will there be -- mere oblivion?

YD: Looking at it rationally, yes, the white man is facing oblivion. But faith is beyond reason. The European who is still connected to sacred Europe feels with certainty that Christ's Europe cannot die any more than He can die. The white man believes the people of Christian Europe will triumph over black-worshipping Satania as long as they don't break faith.

Int: It is my contention that the white-hating liberals and their colored minions have not faced any opposition since the days of "Reconstruction." The 'write letters and vote' crowd does not constitute an opposition.

YD: I would agree with that. The problem with the right-wing, conservative opponents of Satania is that they have no religion to counter the liberals' black faith. They talk about democratic institutions and respecting European values, but they don't do the one thing that is needful. They don't swear on the Holy Rood that such things shall not be and then proceed to act like integral men. An integral man is not just a violent man; he knows that wars are won primarily with spiritual weapons, but he doesn't eschew violence when it is necessary. You can't always petition and vote your way out of a quagmire. I'm not talking about political assassination here, but I am talking about defending white people against the violent acts of the 'get whitey' savages who stalk the new diversified streets of the U. S. and Europe.

Int: Writing in 1887, Thomas Hughes expressed concern about the triumph of democracy. But he thought it could be turned to good account if the practitioners and advocates of democracy still held the Christian God to be sovereign over nations:

Are we, then, to rest contented with this ultimate regal power, to resign ourselves to the inevitable, and admit that for us, here at last in this nineteenth century, there is nothing higher or better to look for; and if we are to have a king at all, it must be king people or king mob, according to the mood in which our section of collective humanity happens to be? Surely we are not prepared for this any more than the Pope is. Many of us feel that Tudors, and Stuarts, and Oliver Cromwell, and cliques of Whig or Tory aristocrats, may have been bad enough; but that any tyranny under which England has groaned in the past has been light by the side of what we may come to, if we are to carry out the new political gospel to its logical conclusion, and surrender ourselves to government by the counting of heads, pure and simple.

– from *Alfred the Great*

Mobocracy could only be avoided if the purveyors of democracy acknowledged that "... there is one throne which they cannot pull down—the throne of righteousness, which is over all the nations; and one King whose rule they cannot throw off—the Son of God, and Son of Man, who will judge them as He has judged all kings and all governments before them."

But they have dethroned Him, and the right-wing conservatives don't even suggest enthroning Him again as a part of their "Great Awakening" program.

YD: The right-wing conservative who wants to restore European culture by returning to the Greeks is in the position of Jonah before he was thrown overboard in the storm. Like Jonah, he is trying to hide from his destiny. God made him the Christ-bearer. If he hides in the hull of the good ship Democracy or the Greco-Roman ship, he will not fulfill his destiny.

Int: I think any person who voted for McCain-Palin is a disordered human being, but I would not say he is devoid of grace. It was possible for a person to be deceived by them. They did put a veneer of religion and patriotism over their ideologies. But it was not possible for a person to be deceived by Obama or Biden. Their Satanism was completely out in the open. If a person voted for Obama-Biden, he is satanic.

YD: I agree.

Int: Then our young people, who voted in the vast majority for Obama-Biden, are satanic?

YD: Yes, they are. How could it be otherwise? Your schools, your churches, and your mass media have been preaching 'Tower of Babel' race-mixing for the last sixty years.

Int: There is a small little church in our town, with the preacher's house right next to it. Now, you would think that the pastor would not want to alienate his congregation by choosing one candidate over another, but the pastor has a large Obama-Biden sign in his front yard.

YD: That's not surprising. It is Obama, the black man, who can provide the PCR with the faith he lacks. Do you remember when Pope Benedict XVI, then Cardinal Ratzinger, said that the next Pope should be black? They have all lost their faith, but they are still white men. And a white man needs some faith that transcends, at least in the articulation, mere self-interest. The black man is content with an openly selfish faith, and so is the Oriental and the men of the other non-white races. But the white man, because he once held the Christian faith, cannot be content without a faith that at least outwardly mimics the Christian faith.

Int: But why doesn't the white man simply hold to the Christian faith? Why should he forsake Christ for Obama and his ilk?

YD: Because the European no longer believes in the divinity of Christ. The scholastic revolt against God has come to fruition. Reason was left alone to defend the field against the onslaught of science, and he was not up to the task. Divorced from the wellsprings of the heart, he withered and died.

Int: The churches did not die, but faith in Christ as true God and true Man did die?

YD: Yes. And once faith in Christ dies there is no longer any reason to do the arduous things that such a faith demands.

Int: For instance?

YD: It is no longer necessary to refrain from, or feel guilty about, such sins as adultery, abortion, or a lack of charity. If one simply loves the black man with all one's heart and soul and mind, he need not worry about hating his fellow white man, murdering babies in the womb, or sleeping with his neighbor's wife. All actions that were once called sins, even sins that cry out to heaven for vengeance, are washed clean and even rendered virtuous if one simply loves the black man.

Int: Ten years ago I probably would have told you that assessment was too extreme, but I'm afraid I agree with you, particularly after witnessing the hysterical adulation that a two-bit Marxist Mau Mau has received from white people in my country and from people throughout the Western world. Even before he was elected President, he was received by European heads of state as if he were a god.

YD: He is a god to them.

Int: Well, he is not my God.

YD: Nor mine.

Int: Then let every white man who is still white, be he Saxon, Celt, Dane, and so on, say with one voice, "The white man will not bend his knee to the great black god. Christ and only Christ is my King."

YD: Amen to that.

Postscript: I think a traitor like McCain is worse than an outright enemy like Obama. So it is with no sympathy for McCain I mention that he probably won the election. There was unbelievable voter fraud, at least unbelievable for a country that prides itself on following the rule of law.

This should tell you why liberals always win and conservatives always lose. The liberals do not care about the rule of law when it involves their faith. "By any means necessary" was their only law when it came to electing Obama President. The liberal-conservatives are incapable of combating that type of zealous faith. They'll form a think-tank somewhere and prove that rigging elections is against the express wish of the Founding Fathers. That will fix those liberal-liberals!

The liberal-liberals, and the conservative-liberals for that matter, must be forced to deal with men who will also use any means necessary, within the European Christian tradition, to enthrone their God. Blake was right: man needs, at least the European man, a religion. The liberal-liberal has chosen Satan. The conservative-liberal, by not choosing Christ, has also chosen Satan. The real right-wing -- the European, Christian right-wing, has chosen as well. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..."

Labels: black faith, Satania, Young Drummer

The Eyes of Faith

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 2008

After the French Jacobins swept away the monarchy, Christianity, and the French nobility, they placed a Parisian prostitute on a pedestal and made her the goddess of reason. The symbolism of that act is perfect. When reason is divorced from revelation, reason becomes a whore.

It came home to me when I saw pictures of the Obama presidential celebrations on the college campuses and the streets of America that Americans are celebrating their own French revolution. They have divorced reason from revelation and gone a-whoring after the savage god. Nothing good can come from a people who celebrate the triumph of heathenism.

Thomas Molnar pointed out in his book *Counter-Revolution* that revolutions first succeed in the minds of the ruling but soon-to-be deposed governors. Years of propaganda from the revolutionaries make the rulers doubt their own legitimacy, and when the moment of crisis comes there is no one left to defend the regime. The triumph of the barbarian hordes took place because there was no one even remotely connected to the Republican Party who equated civilization with Christian Europe. The Republicans never once said they opposed Obama because it was blasphemous for a black barbarian to be president. They opposed him because they claimed they could provide more goods and services to black people with their free market policies than the Democrats could with their socialist policies.

But the Democratic Party was able to find a revolutionary god to go with their economic policy, thus providing their followers with a faith. The Republican Party will go into the dustbin of history because it never found a god. They will make all sorts of excuses for why they lost, and the Limbaugh crowd will plan their new strategies, but it will all come to naught, because they have no faith.

I can hear the liberal-conservative protest: "We go to church. How dare you say we have no faith." I'm sure most of the liberal-conservatives do go to church, as do most of the Obamba-worshipping Democrats. But our churches are not Christian churches. They do not worship the living God in the Christian churches. They worship the civic-virtue god. The liberal-conservatives look on Christ as a hard-charging entrepreneur, very skilled but inferior in power and majesty to the market itself. And the Democrats look on Christ as the Great Gatsby – a nice guy who supports the liberal causes, but certainly inferior in power and majesty to the black man.

The Republicans will be planning their strategies to stage a comeback in 2012. And the Democrats will try to consolidate and extend their power, but both parties have the same goal: to establish a multi-racial, godless utopia. We know that such a utopia is not possible, and even if they were to succeed, the result would be a 1984-type of dystopia. But the white liberal will not be around to see the future, because where he envisions a utopia that includes his enlightened self, the black man envisions a future with a white man in every stew pot. Of course the black man will lose his sacred status when the white man disappears, because the white man has always sustained the black man. Without the whites, blacks will return to the jungle and become the slaves of the Orientals.

If we follow only the Spenglerian logic of history, the European has very little time left. His day is done. He has only a few evening hours left before he must say goodbye, not only to the world stage but to life itself. That is according to Spenglerian logic. But Spengler represents the decadent part of the European's personality. He represents the analytical, speculative man. For such a man there is a discernible logic to the historical process that, once grasped, can be used as a crystal ball to see the future. And the Spenglerian European has been mesmerized by the historical process as a cobra is mesmerized by the snake-charmer's pipe. He sees the death of European man in his crystal ball, and he is incapable of doing anything to oppose what he thinks is the inevitability of history. The only thing he can do is to hasten his extinction by merging his identity with the historical process.

Having lost his faith in a personal resurrection, he can at least be part of the historical process. The post-Christian rationalist is always moving onward – toward what?

The Spenglerian or Greek part of European man's soul has been so dominant for the past century that it is often difficult to believe that he has another side. But the European did not always hold speculative philosophy and mumbo-jumbo speculations about the historical process as the penultimate of Western man's achievement. The Hebraic European man who sees history through the eyes of faith is the true European. The words of a Welsh poem keep coming back to me: "Nothing can compare to the love that once was there." The European loved Christ. It was that simple. Picture the strong Germanic warrior, stronger than the Roman legionaries whom he had just defeated, listening to a monk tell the Christ story. He heard, he believed, and he loved. Clovis reportedly said, when he first heard the story of the Crucifixion, "Oh, if I had only been there with my Franks."

We are here, at the crucifixion of Christian civilization. The dancing in the streets over Obama's election is a celebration of the death of Christian Europe. It took a long time to die, too long in the opinion of the PCR whites and the colored races, but now that it is officially dead, Satan's minions think they are in for one huge satanic bacchanalia.

But suppose there are a few Europeans left who do not see history with the eyes of the Greeks, or with one eye of faith and one eye of reason. Suppose they see with both eyes, and both eyes are fixed on the Man of Sorrows? A different world can be seen with those eyes. In that world, nothing is written. There is no Kismet and no inexorable historical process that grinds to an inevitable conclusion. "Lazarus, come forth!" What a moment! The same God that raised Lazarus from the dead is perfectly capable of raising European civilization from the dead, provided we love like the men and women of eternal Europe once loved. Shakespeare's Henry V put it in good Anglo-Saxon terms when he declared that he and his men were ready for battle because, "our hearts are in the trim..."

Revolutions and counter-revolutions are won and lost in the human heart. Western civilization, the white man's civilization, was built because the European took Christ into his heart. The colored races have never heard the still, small voice that inspired the European. They only saw the outward prosperity of European civilization and sought to make that prosperity their own. This is why the blacks are celebrating the victory of Obama. They think the wealth of the West will be theirs if one of their own is the ruler of the West. Of course it is a delusion. If they truly achieve complete power without any liberal whites to help them, they will be impoverished, as the blacks in South Africa and Rhodesia have become impoverished.

And what are the whites celebrating? They also are celebrating the death of European civilization, but they are not celebrating because they will now become prosperous; most of them are prosperous enough. They want to kill, once and for all, that still, small voice that inspired the antique Europeans. If only that voice, which calls them to a higher destiny than the races of color, would cease, they could be happy. Christ haunts them. Every time they hear His voice, they remember the look He gave St. Peter after the third denial. That look of infinite compassion and love. And that look is something the PCR white wants to banish from the world. "I shall not serve," was Satan's proud boast, and "I don't need your love or compassion," is the white liberal's boast. Far better, the liberal thinks, to turn to a black god who promises deliverance from Christian Europe.

Why does the white liberal want to be delivered from Christian Europe? Because Christian Europe stinks of humanity. The white liberal, for all of his talk about loving mankind, really hates humanity. He believes, with Sarte, that hell is other people. That is why the liberal's utopia is devoid of those cradles of humanity so cherished by Christian Europeans. Babies are murdered in the womb, and patriarchal families are forbidden in the liberal utopia. The reason the liberals want to interject the black man into the classic stories and the traditional cultures of the European people is because Negroization destroys the humanity of a culture. Black integration always leads to the disintegration

of a culture. If the liberal is to avoid the pain associated with humanity and be free to build his sterile, anesthetized utopia, he must kill everything European by blending the European with the black. "Who would be wedded to hell?" The white liberal would, and is, wedded to hell in the form of the black man.

Writing in 1949, Helmut Kuhn said that "Modern man sees with one eye of faith and one eye of reason." I think since that time the second eye, the eye of faith, has closed. Modern man now sees only with the eyes of reason. And it seems rational to avoid pain. But the eyes of faith, the eyes of those first Europeans who wept when they heard the Christ story, can see that the pain and suffering of existence is lessened when we embrace our humanity, not when we seek to escape from it, because in the depths of our suffering humanity, He is there, and He is the only one of us who has truly triumphed over suffering and death. Through Him and in Him, we conquer those two impostors as well.

It is the mission of the remaining Europeans to keep both eyes focused on the Hero-God of our European ancestors. The black gods are devil gods and will take the white man down to an integrated hell. We can only defeat the devil's integration plan by re-segregating Europe and re-consecrating it to Him. A Europe so segregated and so consecrated is the only Europe we should seek, because it is the only Europe worthy of our ancestors who rest in the arms of the Lord. +



Labels: Christian counter-attack, counterrevolution

An Integrated Sewer

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 2008



Long before a people develop a constitution and written laws, they develop traditions and codes of behavior based on their religion. These traditions and codes of behavior are infinitely more important than the paper and ink that comes later in the form of constitutions and codified laws. Since a nation's tradition stems from the people's faith, any subsequent written law must conform to that sacred tradition if it is to be a valid law. Laws are not sacred because they are laws; they are sacred when they codify some aspect of a sacred tradition.

The problem that arises in nations with a long history of codified laws is that the people often retain a respect for the law when the laws of that nation no longer support the religious tradition that formed the nation. Worldly wise revolutionaries in the Western European countries have learned that it is far better to destroy a traditional culture through legal, lawful means than to throw bombs into government buildings. Through trial and error, the revolutionaries have learned that a revolution wrought by law takes longer but is more long-lasting because there is never any counter-revolutionary reaction. In fact, the most passive element of the populace will be the very people who would have opposed the revolution had the revolution been an old-fashioned, violent one. But having made a whited sepulchre of the law, divorced from any religious tradition, the 'conservative' element of the populace simply acquiesces to every hideous aspect of the new, radical, lawful regime. It is no coincidence that the United States, whose people pride themselves on their Constitution and their respect for law, now has the most radical, anti-Christian government on the face of the earth.

Satan does not require a majority or even a large minority to complete a successful revolution in a traditionally Christian nation. All Satan requires is a small minority completely dedicated to him and a lukewarm moral majority on the other side. We are told that the Lord vomits out the lukewarm. And if we look at the history of the Christian West, particularly the United States, we can see why. Satan's minions are the "worst" who are full of the "passionate intensity" that Yeats wrote about. And the "best" are the lukewarm ones who "lack all conviction." Satan's minions cannot be stopped by a middle-of-the-road, lukewarm faith. The devil can always make that type of faith work to his advantage. The abortion wars were a perfect example.

In the early 1970's there was a moral consensus against abortion. But the moral consensus came from a majority who were not intensely against the slaughter of innocents. They thought it was

wrong but not all that wrong: “there are special circumstances under which...” We’ve all heard that song before. What Satan plays on so adroitly is the half-truth. He takes one part of Christianity and makes it the whole. In the case of legalized abortion, he focused on the chivalrous instincts of the European male. It is right to cede to the wishes of a Christian woman on all matters pertaining to the cradle, hearth, and kitchen. But when a woman steps away from the Christian hearth in defiance of God’s law and becomes a Lady Macbeth, is it still Christian to acquiesce to her wishes? Of course not. And only a lukewarm Christian would step back and allow a Lady Macbeth to have her will.

Satandom, like Christendom, was not built overnight. The devil has chipped away at Christian Europe and gradually dismantled it. Having established his rule, he now needs to consolidate it. He is following the same procedure that the Christian Europeans followed. After establishing traditions and codes of behavior based on their religious principles, they then sought to codify those principles into law. Satan has been codifying, through his minions, his religion into law for the past fifty years. Abortion, sodomy, and race-mixing have all been enshrined in law in the Western world in direct contradiction to the sacred traditions and the laws based on those traditions of Christian Europe.¹

If the virtuous majority had had the passionate intensity of the satanic minority, Satan would not now be the king of Western civilization. But now that he is king, it will take a passionate Christian minority to begin the long, arduous process of unseating Satan from his throne. “We few, we happy few, we band of brothers” are no longer fighting in defense of Christendom -- Christendom is dead - - we are now fighting an offensive war against Satandom.

The recent election of Barack Obama to the Presidency of the United States has enormous significance for people of European blood. The election represents a new stage in Satan’s great consolidation effort. By giving sacred status to a mixed-blood Negro, the people of the United States have made a religion of race-mixing. If that new religion is followed to its ultimate conclusion, there will be no Europeans left to maintain a Christian counter-revolution.

There is another element in this ongoing satanic revolution that we must take note of. The worst, having achieved their satanic society without bloodshed because they thought the shedding of blood tactically unwise, will not be squeamish about shedding blood now that they have power. They will continue to preach nonviolence to the lukewarm in the increasingly unlikely probability that a few of the lukewarm might become intense; however, they, with the full weight of the government behind them, will become increasingly violent. And although we few, the last remnant of Europe, can occasionally adopt nonviolent means to counter the devil’s consolidation plans, we cannot be dogmatically nonviolent as the leftists were in their revolutionary takeover, for the reason that the lefties knew Christian Europeans would not use violence against them so long as they invoked the word “law.” But we know that quite the contrary is true for us. They *will* use violence against Europeans no matter what magic word we invoke. Anything that serves Satan is lawful to the liberal. We are at a disadvantage in that regard. But within the limits of Christian warfare, we should be violent when necessary. It is another trick of the devil to encourage, through our “Christian pastors,” the belief that pacifism and a Buddhistic indifference in the face of evil are virtues.

There is one great advantage that a modern man of European blood has over a European of the 1950’s. Now there is clarity. The European of the 1950’s could walk out into the streets of his city and see movies that by and large still supported indirectly, and sometimes directly, the faith on which his nation’s traditions and code of behavior were based. And whatever Christian church he entered would have still supported, at least in word, the faith that made Europe. But at the same time there was a disturbing undercurrent. The European man, in tune with the evening lingerings of European culture, could sense the dike was about to break and release a century’s worth of satanic refuse on his beloved nation.

And now, when everything Europeans held sacred has been defiled, the battle lines are clearly drawn. The European knows what has to be done. He doesn’t have to ask himself whether it is

necessary to draw his sword. There is work enough for ten lifetimes before him. He can draw the sword and throw the sheath away.

I have read most of the 'Death of the West' books beginning with Spengler's, who first started the genre in the early 1900's. But there is only one author who correctly diagnosed the problem of the European. In his book, *White Man Think Again*, Anthony Jacob points out that the white man has not been defeated by an outside force, he has not been overwhelmed by the barbarians; he is in decline because of white liberalism. His destiny is in his own hands, or to be more precise, in his own soul. If he returns, in his heart, to the faith that transcends all constitutions and the historical process, he will once again be what he was meant to be, the Christ-Bearer. And then his children and his children's children will know what it means to live in a segregated culture consecrated to God, instead of in an integrated sewer that empties into hell. +

1. The Fundamentalists from Bob Jones University recently issued an apology for their former strictures against integration and interracial dating. Their capitulation indicates to me the insufficiency of the Scripture-alone approach to Christianity. The devil can cite Scripture for his own purpose if he is allowed to quote Scripture independent of the tradition and culture of the people who made Christ their King and Kinsman.

To whom can we appeal if there are different interpretations of the Scriptures? To the Pope? That solution has its problems as well. The *Novus Ordo* Catholics and the Traditionalist Catholics are constantly fighting it out over the "which pope?" question. So while the Scripture-alone Protestants and the "Scripture and documents as interpreted by the Pope" Catholics are arguing, the Christian everyman needs a guide.

What seems like an insoluble dilemma when posed as a problem in theology is not so great a problem when we see it through the eyes of faith. It is not possible to look at segregated Christian Europe and our modern integrated Babylon and say that integration and Negro-worship is God's will. Is there one ounce of faith in the Protestant or the Catholic who makes such a blasphemous claim?

Well, they've flown their flag of Babylon. We will fly the colors of old Europe and "see them all to Davy Jones."

Labels: Anthony Jacob, counterrevolution, Satania

Book Review: Wanda Gág's works

Snow White and the Seven Dwarves (1938), *Tales from Grimm* (1936), and *More Tales from Grimm* (1947) by Wanda Gág

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 2008



If I were forced to limit my library to a small core of books, I would choose the Bible (KJV), Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, C. S. Lewis (the *Narnia* series), Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, and the collected works of the Brothers Grimm. All except the last work were originally written in English and need no translator. I would definitely choose Wanda Gág as my translator for the Brothers Grimm. She illustrated and translated a number of the Grimm's fairy tales.

Wanda Gág grew up in the German-speaking section of New Ulm, Minnesota. Her ancestors came from the very places in Germany where most of the Grimm's tales were born. She has, in my opinion, not only the genius to illustrate the tales but also the right spirit to translate them. In her own words, she tells us what the fairy tales mean to her:

The magic of Märchen is among my earliest recollections. The dictionary definitions – tale, fable, legend – are all inadequate when I think of my little German Märchenbuch and what it held for me. Often, usually at twilight, some grown-up would say, "Sit down, Wanda-chen, and I'll read you a Märchen." Then, as I settled down in my rocker, ready to abandon myself with the utmost credulity to whatever I might hear, everything was changed, exalted. A tingling, anything-may-happen feeling flowed over me, and I had the sensation of being about to bite into a big juicy pear.

When, four years ago, I was in the midst of a Hansel and Gretel drawing, the old Märchen magic gripped me again and I felt I could not rest until I had expressed in pictures all that Märchen meant to me.

In order to be influenced as directly as possible by the real spirit of these stories, I read them in the original German. I had at that time no idea of writing my own text but I soon found that I wanted

to do this also.

After choosing a group of stories, I made literal translations of them. Some lent themselves easily to this method and came out practically as fresh and lively as they were in the original. This was especially true of those in dialect, for, because of their simple language and many repetitions, they were clear enough for any child to understand. Others, which were smooth, warm and colorful in the original, came out thin, lifeless and clumsy. It seemed evident that in the case of the latter, only a free translation could convey the true flavor of the originals. I hoped it might be possible – and thought it worth trying – to carry over into the English some of their intimate me-to-you quality, and that comforting solidity which makes their magic more, rather, than less, believable.

The fairy world in these stories, though properly weird and strange, has a convincing, three-dimensional character. There is magic, wonder, sorcery, but no vague airy-fairyness about it. The German witches are not wispy wraiths flying in the air—they usually live in neat cottages and wear starched bonnets and spotless aprons. The bear in Snow White and Rose Red is only outwardly bewitched, for a rent in the fur reveals him as a full dressed, flesh-and-blood Prince underneath. The story of the spindle, shuttle and needle is more airy than most, but even here the supernatural agents are not ballet-skirted fairies with wands, but three plain work-a-day objects. Aside from this, many of the stories are folk tales rather than fairy stories—and what could be more substantial than a peasant?

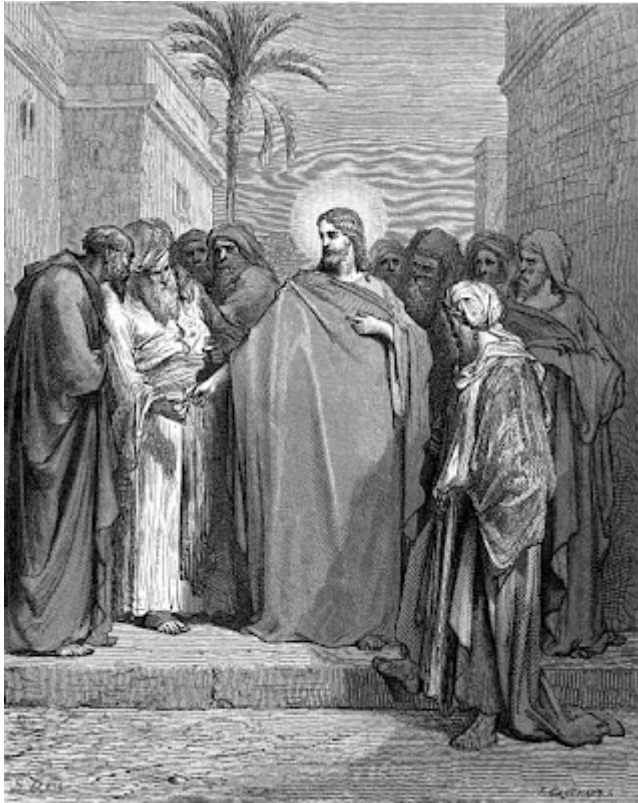
When Miss Gág says that the Grimm's tales do not have a vague airy-fairyness about them, she articulates why I have always preferred the Grimm's tales to the more modern fantasy stories. The European peasant's faith is an incarnational faith. No Star Wars-Harry Potter nonsense for him. And the Grimm's tales are tales for those who are children and peasants at heart.

My copy of *More Tales from Grimm* has the word, 'discard' stamped on the title page. Some modern library no longer wanted it. That speaks volumes about modern libraries and the modern world.+

Labels: Book review

The Face of Jesus Christ

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 2008



“But of what use is a sound currency if the people are lost? And what would be the point of defending the country against foreign attack if the people themselves had become foreign?” – A. Jacob

I want to focus on the recent apology for the “sin of segregation” by the Fundamentalists at Bob Jones University. They apologized for the sins of their fathers, which is always the easiest type of apology because you can condemn someone else while appearing humble and holy yourself.

Let us be clear about what the Bob Jonesers are saying. They are saying that the pro-abortion, pro-sodomy, anti-Christian liberals are wrong about those three moral issues, but they are right about the morality of race-mixing. And their ancestors, who were anti-abortion, anti-sodomy, and Christian, were wrong about segregation. Is that possible? No, it isn't. You must choose, Mr. Backsliding Fundamentalist. Either the faith of your ancestors is wrong and Satanism is right, or your ancestors were right: sodomy, abortion, and race-mixing are wrong and Christianity is true.

At least the liberals are consistent. They condemn all the white man's heritage and make it clear the world will be a better place when there are no white people left on the face of the earth. The Fundamentalists at Bob Jones University want to hold to part of the white man's heritage, whatever part of that heritage that makes them feel good about themselves, and jettison whatever part of the heritage that makes the liberals angry. “Please, Mr. Liberal, tell me I'm being good.” And what do the liberals tell such fawning sycophants? They tell them, “That's a beginning, but keep on jettisoning.” And eventually the Born-Again Integrationist can be seen wandering aimlessly through the desert, sighing wistfully and asking, “Whatever became of me?”

Of course things are even worse on the Catholic side of the coin. There we are forced to listen *ad nauseum* to creatures like Thomas Fleming explaining to us why we should hate our ancestors and subscribe to the new theology of Thomas Fleming.

What is the fatal flaw in the Bob Jonesers' and the Catholic partisans' way? The Fundamentalist says, "Give me my Bible and let the rest go. I don't need the cultural heritage of the European." The Catholic says, "Give me the Church documents and a traditional way of looking at the documents; everything else is dross." What is missing, when we subscribe to either way, is the face of Jesus Christ. Without the cultural heritage of the European, we do not know who or what God is. He doesn't come to us through parchment; He comes to us through humanity. We see His face through His people who joined their blood with His. It is when men give flesh to Holy Scripture and the Church documents that we come to know Christ. If we never saw a charitable act, could we believe in a charitable God? If we never knew a loving father, could we believe in God the Father who loved so much that He gave His only begotten Son?

This idea that the white man and his heritage can be eliminated and the Gospel of Christ maintained is an international phenomenon, not limited to the Catholic and Protestant churches of America. Wherever there are white clergymen, the new gospel that abominates the white and worships the black is proclaimed. And it is nothing more than a cowardly capitulation to the powers of this world. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." Surely the sacred heritage of a people who saw the face of Jesus Christ is not something that Caesar has a right to dispose of at his whim. That heritage comes from God and belongs only to Him.

This worldwide (and by worldwide, I mean the European world) black-worshipping frenzy runs directly contrary to everything white Christians used to believe. A friend, who is not a believing Christian but is very interested in the survival of the white race, recently asked me if I was in agreement with those who cited some medieval theologians that stated the black was not fully human, in order to justify abortion for blacks. My answer was that I didn't see why the matter was so difficult to understand. The Bible story of Noah's sons seems to be theologically sound and in accord with the realities of life. The sons of Ham are part of the human family, but their extreme proclivities toward the baser things of life must be held in check. They must be ruled by a more responsible and Godly race. So of course they are human, and of course they shouldn't be allowed to abort.

Whites shouldn't support the murder of black infants in the womb; they should build a society in which blacks are held in check by a dominant white Christian culture. The banned Disney movie (that is, the real Walt Disney) *The Song of the South*, which is admittedly highly idealized, demonstrates the way blacks, when subservient to a white Christian culture, can become decent, God-fearing individuals. If that movie were made today, Uncle Remus would have a white wife and go around molesting small children of both colors.

In this country prior to the Civil War, white liberals talked about liberating the black man so they could elevate him. And maybe some of those deluded souls believed such nonsense. But now it is apparent that the white liberals wanted to "liberate" the black in order to eradicate Christianity. They don't want to end the sex and blood orgies of the black man, they want to join in.

It's important that we don't let the white clergymen and their followers rest content in their palatial half-way houses. If they want race-mixing, then they, not us, should be forced to take the consequences. They should live without the sure and certain hope of the Resurrection. They should live without seeing the face of Christ in His people. And above all, they should live with the black man in the hellish nightmare world in which he feels quite at home.

The white man who still cherishes his heritage has spent the last fifty years trying to win the liberal whites back and convert the blacks. That strategy hasn't worked. And most whites whom I encounter that are not liberals have embraced suicidal despair because they think there is nothing left for the white man but death. But I think there is life for the white man if the remnant would stop buttressing up the black-and-white cookie civilization of the West. The black-and-white Church is not our church, because it is not a Christian church, and their nation is not our nation, because it is a multi-racial nation that belongs to Satan. Let Satan support his church, and his minions support

his nation. It's time for the white liberal and the black man to worry about the white counter-revolutionary, and not for the white man to sit cowering in his house wondering when the multi-cultural police will come for him.

Every Thanksgiving Day my family and I watch the movie, *A Miracle on 34th Street* (1947), with Edmund Gwenn and Maureen O'Hara. The New York City that magically comes to life when Santa Claus walks among them is a white city. It is a city of almost every crime and every sin known to man, but there is redemption and grace in that city because there are white people there. And the one sin they are not guilty of is race-mixing. What does the poet say? "Say not that the struggle naught availeth." If we give up on the white race, we will never again see the face of Jesus Christ. He will become a phantom that haunts our nightly dreams but fades away in the light of day.

Labels: defense of the white race, white traitors to their race

An Unreasonable Proposal

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 06, 2008



Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate --
The harps of heaven and the dreary gongs of hell;
Science the feud can only aggravate --
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell:
The running battle of the star and clod
Shall run for ever -- if there be no God.

...

Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned --
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow --
That like a swimmer rising from the deep --
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.

--Herman Melville

I spoke with a conservative relative recently who told me an all-too-familiar story. He had sent his daughters to college and they became mad-dog radicals. Of course, I sympathized with my cousin, but I was rather surprised at his surprise. If you give someone an injection of the typhoid virus, aren't they going to come down with the disease?

When the AIDs epidemic hit, conservatives and right-wingers were quite properly outraged when the governments of the West refused to close down the gay theaters and bathhouses. "Isn't it just common sense," the conservatives argued, "to minimize the spread of a disease by destroying the breeding grounds for the disease?" But the powers that were, and are, could not bring themselves to discriminate against sodomites.

And yet the same conservative, who can look at life realistically enough to advocate the closing of the AIDs breeding grounds, would look on someone who advocated shutting down the whole educational establishment from grade school through college, including the surrogates for the academy, our churches, as mad.

I am such a madman. Originally our colleges were the churches, in that they were founded by different Christian sects to further their versions of the faith. The Lutherans had their colleges, the Baptists theirs, the Catholics theirs, and so on. But gradually, every single college founded by a

Christian denomination became the ardent advocate for the religion of that guy with the horns and the tail. And the colleges extended their influence to their parent churches. So why should a parent be surprised when his children come back from college or church with academic AIDs? In most cases, the disease is fatal, although there have been some miracle cures.

For the past thirty years, I have heard the ‘Don’t give up! Keep writing those letters and voting’ conservatives say, “The hour is late, but we will win over the American electorate.” And yet they never talk about eliminating the breeding grounds of Negro-worship and radicalism. Does anyone seriously believe that white Christian Europeans can have any influence on society when the schools and churches preach a theology totally opposed to white Europeans? The English women of *The English Magazine* were right: nothing will change unless hearts and minds are changed. So we must eliminate the institutions that are destroying the hearts and minds of our young, and old, for that matter. (Everyone must go to church or college; don’t forget those night courses for Grandma.)

Of course you cannot, with a wave of a magic wand, disestablish the schools and churches of our land. But the beginning of their disestablishment begins with the conviction that they need to be dismantled. In the past, Europeans have done wonders when they saw what had to be done. I have every faith that if even a small minority of Europeans asked for Gods’ aid and then made a heart and soul commitment to destroy Satan’s schools and churches, they could do it. However, if there is no movement by the Europeans to destroy the schools and churches, nothing good will happen in the war against Satan and his liberal brethren.

It seems that the European has forgotten the wisdom of his race. When he believed in the story of Adam and Eve, he knew that man’s desire to attain equality with God through knowledge was the primary temptation of mankind. As his belief in original sin and his desire for a redeemer diminished, he replaced the love of God with the abstracted study of God. Then that study of God turned into the study of the natural world in which man was the superior of the fairy tale God of the Bible and a co-equal with the god called Nature.

The essential conflict between God and the devil has taken place over the Hebraic and the Greek concept of God. God wants us to look on Him as the hero of a fairy tale. Through great sacrifice and heroism, He saved us from the devil. In contrast, the devil wants us to look on God as the Greek philosophers looked on God – as an impersonal, remote force that reveals itself through nature and can be known by the study of the natural world. And throughout his history, the European has been close or distant from the Christian God to the extent that he was able to resist the Greek temptation. It all comes down to a very basic question: Do you believe in God’s fairy tale or in man’s science?

St. Augustine tells us in his *Confessions* that one of the biggest obstacles he had to surmount before converting to Christianity was his uneasy feeling that Christ’s Gospel was intellectually inferior to the philosophy of the Greeks and the theology of the Manicheans. This has always been the conflict inside of the European soul. The first Europeans who embraced Christ wrested Him from the clutches of those who thought they could make Christ into a rationalist. But the temptation to rationalize the living God and make Him part of the natural world, and therefore subordinate to the reasoning man who could master nature, has always lurked in the rationalist element of the European people.

Since the rationalist can see no other world but the natural world, his god must be of this world only. Which is why the French Jacobins chose a Parisian prostitute as their goddess, and the European people of today have chosen the collective black race as their god.

It seems as if the advocates of a natural, “rational” religion have won the day. And I certainly don’t expect to see the Europeans return to eternal Europe during my lifetime. But there is one factor that we shouldn’t overlook. There has been no real opposition to the rationalist, black-worshipping moderns. The only resistance to the rationalists has come from other rationalists. The ‘Write letters and vote’ conservatives have never seen existence in the Hebraic or fairy tale mode. “What rationalism has destroyed, rationalism can restore,” has been their mantra. The type of miracle that

brings the dead to life does not occur in a rationalist universe. We don't know what kind of wonders we might see if we break through the rationalist prison wall and step into the fairy land of our European forefathers.

Chesterton called Charles Dickens the last of the great men. What he meant by that was that Dickens still believed in an integral universe, where God was still God, and the ugly brothers, nihilism and rationalism, could only be seen cozying up with low lifes on the fringes of civilization.

I disagree with Chesterton. Dickens was certainly a great man, but he was not great in the sense Chesterton meant. Dickens' faith, like Dostoyevsky's, had to pass through the rationalist furnace of doubt before it could come out into the light of day. And like Dostoyevsky, Dickens always retained an element of the rationalist in his soul. But such is the taint of every European of the 20th century. There is no shame in it. But if we are to successfully defeat the new satanic, multiracial forces arrayed against the European, we must leave every last trace of nihilistic rationalism behind.

The term, 'the last great man,' could be more appropriately applied to Sir Walter Scott. He lived and wrote when the twin devils of nihilism and rationalism had infected much of the intelligentsia. But he took his case to a Christian people, who still rejected rationalism and clung to the Christ of faith. Scott provided the type of leadership a Christian people needs. He didn't espouse a particular party platform but urged them, through his stories, to live life in the heroic vein. He single-handedly revived chivalry in the English-speaking world. And it was not a chivalry confined to one class or one profession. It was a profounder, cleaner chivalry of the heart. Jeanie Deans practiced it when she walked from Scotland to London to beg pardon for her sister, and Quentin Durward practiced it when he gave up military glory to aid a helpless matron.

That we are not called upon to study God in the abstract but to love Him by taking up our cross and following Him, is something every Scott hero and heroine has enshrined in their hearts. And the glorious cross all true Europeans carry is the cross of spirit and blood. All heathendom can live in blood orgies without the life sustaining spirit with which He infused all of Europe. And the rationalists of Christendom can live without the blood ties that make God a reality instead of an airy nothing without a local habitation and a name. But the European must and will have a civilization consecrated to Him, spirit and blood. Throw away all the charts and diagrams and polls that say the European must fade away and hand the world over to the multitudinous hordes of the devil. There is one thing missing in the charts, diagrams, and polls. No one can measure or quantify the effect of one human heart joining with the Divine Heart. That special synergy has, in the past, produced miracles that confounded the rationalist predictions of gloom and death. The men and women with the faithful hearts are the last Europeans. So long as there is one faithful heart left, Europe lives.

Labels: Christ the Hero, fairy tale mode of perception

Casey

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2008

I have always hated the poem, "Casey at the Bat." I see, in the sneering mocking of the hero in that poem, the decadence of the liberal: "There are no heroes, only puffed up false ones."

Well, Casey, like "Rake" Windermere, comes back. In two poems, one by Grantland Rice, and one by Clarence P. McDonald, Casey shows himself to be the hero that I, and other children and childlike men, always knew him to be.

In Rice's poem, Casey has fallen into despondency after his famous failure.

*He soon began to sulk and loaf, his batting eye went lame
No home runs on the score card now were chalked against his name
And the fans without exception gave the manager no peace,
As one and all kept clamoring for Casey's quick release.*

Then the pitcher "who had fanned him in the pinches" comes to town. No one expects anything from Casey when he steps to the plate, once again, with the game on the line.

*The pitcher smiled and cut one loose- across the plate it sped;
Another hiss, another groan. "Strike one!" the umpire said.
Zip! Like a shot the second curve broke just below the knee.
"Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud; but Casey made no plea.*

*No roasting for the umpire now -- his was an easy lot;
But here the pitcher whirled again -- was that a rifle shot?
A whack, a crack, and out through the space the leather pellet flew,
A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.*

*Above the fence in center field in rapid whirling flight
The sphere sailed on- the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight.
Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, ten thousand threw a fit,
But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.*

*O, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun,
And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun!
And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall,
But Mudville hearts are happy now, for Casey hit the ball.*

L'Envoi

*There is no sequel to this plot, except in Mudville's square
The bronze bust of a patriot -- arms crossed -- is planted there.
His cap is cocked above one eye -- and from his rugged face
The sneer still curls above the crowd -- across the marketplace.*

*And underneath, in solid bronze, these words are graved in flame --
"Here is a man who rose and fell -- and rose again to fame --
He blew a big one in the pinch -- but facing jeering throngs
He came through Hell to scramble back -- and prove a champ belongs."*

My favorite Casey poem, however, is McDonald's, called "Casey, Twenty Years Later." In this poem, twenty years have passed. Casey's former team is playing, and losing, to a rival team. Due to injuries during the course of the game, Casey's old team finds itself short a player. They call for a volunteer from the stands. I love the last line of the poem:

*"Is there within the grandstand here" - his voice rang loud and clear
"A man who has the sporting blood to be a volunteer?"*

*Again that awful silence settled o'er the multitude.
Was there a man among them with such recklessness imbued?
The captain stood with cap in hand, while hopeless was his glance,
And then a tall and stocky man cried out, "I'll take a chance!"*

*Into the field he bounded with a step both firm and light;
"Give me the mask and mitt," he said; "let's finish up the fight.
The game is now beyond recall; I'll last at least a round;
Although I'm ancient, you will find me muscular and sound."*

*His hair was sprinkled here and there with little streaks of gray;
Around his eyes and on his brow a bunch of wrinkles lay.
The captain smiled despairingly and slowly turned away.
"Why, he's all right!" one rooter yelled. Another, "Let him play!"*

*"All right, go on," the captain sighed. The stranger turned around,
Took off his coat and collar, too, and threw them on the ground.
The humor of the situation seemed to hit them all,
And as he donned the mask and mitt, the umpire called, "Play ball!"*

*Three balls the pitcher at him heaved, three balls of lightning speed.
The stranger caught them all with ease and did not seem to heed.
Each ball had been pronounced a strike, the side had been put out,
And as he walked in towards the bench, he heard the rooters shout.*

*One Mudville boy went out on strikes, and one was killed at first;
The captain saw them fail to hit, and gnashed his teeth and cursed.
The third man smashed a double and the fourth man swatted clear,
Then, in a thunder of applause, up came the volunteer.*

*His feet were planted in the earth, he swung a warlike club;
The captain saw his awkward pose and softly whispered, "Dub!"
The pitcher looked at him and grinned, then heaved a mighty ball;
The echo of that fearful swat still lingers with us all.*

*High, fast and far the spheroid flew; it sailed and sailed away;
It ne'er was found, so it's supposed it still floats on today.
Three runs came in, the pennant would be Mudville's for a year;
The fans and players gathered round to cheer the volunteer.*

*"What is your name?" the captain asked. "Tell us your name," cried all,
As down his cheeks great tears of joy were seen to run and fall.
For one brief moment he was still, then murmured soft and low:
"I'm the mighty Casey who struck out just twenty years ago."*

Labels: poem

The City of David is the City of Europe

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2008



It is certainly helpful, if one is a Christian and therefore an historian, to have some kind of dating system or chronology to distinguish one period from another. One can say to a fellow Christian, “I dislike the 18th century rationalists,” and the fellow Christian will know what you are talking about. He will know that you are talking about a certain group of thinkers that spewed out nonsense between 1700 and 1800.

But historical dates can be misleading rather than helpful when they become magic symbols with a quasi-mystical significance, as the year 2000 became for many infidels and pseudo-Christians. In a normal reading of history, the event determines the significance of the date, not the reverse; that is, the date does not determine the meaning of the event.

I think it is significant that the leaders of the Christian world chose to end the century in which wizardry replaced Christianity, with a celebration of wizardry rather than Christianity. The churchmen paid homage to an age. I wish they had hurled their defiant ‘no’ to the century, but I was not asked for an opinion. Why do I say the churchmen have ceded Christianity’s place on the royal throne to wizardry? I say this because the Christian churches have caved into the scientistic view of the world. And the scientistic view of the world is akin to the wizard’s view of the world. The wizard and the churchmen seek to harness God’s power through a technique rather than by loving God and seeking Him through the quest. In the traditional way to God, the way of the West, the hero prevails because he has “that within which passeth show.” He helps the blind beggar; he kills the ogre that is persecuting the villagers; he responds to God’s grace in an integral way, the human way, the way of the Cross.

Contrast the old hero’s methods with those of the modern churchmen. In their view we can skip the quest. If we tap into the power of the universe by accepting a view of evolving mankind and the Church, we can become co-equals with God – we can be “masters of the universe” with greater strength and power than even a WWF wrestler. But haven’t we, if we accept the vision of the new churchmen, already said in our hearts, “There is no God”? Yes, we have. When one seeks God in the

evolutionary process, one has left the Christian God behind. And outside of Christ there is no God. God is a personal God, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, or He is not God at all. The promise of harnessing the power of blind, dumb nature may excite modern man, but it should send cold chills down the spine of any Christian with even a remnant of faith left in his soul.

And please, let us not pretend the modern emperors of the Christian half-way houses are clothed. They still use traditional phrases, but their meaning when using them is something quite different from that of the saints of old. On every substantive issue, the modern clergy have departed from Christianity. And they justify each departure with the explanation, "We have evolved more." Capital punishment is no longer necessary because we now have evolved beyond that point; Christian states are no longer necessary because we have evolved beyond the need to look on the Christian faith as the one true Faith that must be protected; borders in the Church and in nations are no longer necessary because the concept of white folk is racist; and feminism must be supported because it is better that millions of babies be aborted than one feminist should think the modern churches are not evolving institution that deplore patriarchy.

I recently, while shopping at a local grocery store, saw an all too familiar sign of the times. In front of me was a grotesquely fat white girl with four black and white children. She paid her bill with food stamps and labored her way out to her vehicle, a very expensive, new model van.

Now my white pagan neighbor, who regularly worships black athletes on T.V. and proudly declares his lack of any racist tendencies, would condemn the fat, white girl. He would condemn her for being on food stamps and driving an expensive van, which is clearly in violation of the food stamp program. And he would be mad at the government that allowed her to get away with it. But he would not be bothered about the mixed blood offspring.

My anger was directly related to the mixed blood concubinage. If I had seen a married white couple with four white children using food stamps, I would have been pleased to see that my government was actually doing something worthwhile, supporting white nuclear families, with our tax dollars. But of course, that is just a fantasy. Neither our local, state, or federal governments will ever again do anything to support white families.

When faith in Jesus Christ dies, the charitable impulses that went with that faith become demonic urges. Genuinely Christian welfare programs used to link the life sustaining necessities of food and shelter with moral regeneration. Our souls inhabit bodies so the body must be served, but it is ultimately the soul that we must claim for Christ; this was the motto of those old Salvation Army type churches.

'Tis not so today. Since there is no sin, except the sin of white racism, there is no need for redemption in Christ. You can buy redemption on the cheap by simply renouncing, if you happen to be white, your whiteness. (If you are not white, then you are already a god and you have no need to renounce anything.) And having once renounced whiteness, you can become part of Satan's kingdom -- after all, the U. S. Government is a very important limb of Satan -- and start receiving the benefits of membership.

The Christmas season is a very depressing time of year for me. And that is not because of the "blatant materialism" of the stores such as Wal-Mart. Outright paganism of the Wal-Mart variety is not that depressing. It is the Christian clergy who have replaced faith in Christ with faith in social progress, which always translates to the worship of the black savage, that depress me. Christmas is a family and church affair. The family part I still have, but as regards the church, I cannot celebrate the birth of the God-man with a group of individuals who spend the other 364 days of the year asking -- no, demanding -- that I renounce my faith in a flesh-and-blood Messiah born in the city of David to the virgin Mary, in favor of a faith in a god of shadows and uncertain origin who appears only to condemn racism and then disappears again in the liberal mists.

Fitzhugh was right. The problems of existence are too complicated to solve with our minds. The peasant's heart responds to the simple words of the apostle whom Christ loved: "And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard..."

The story of Bethlehem was the guiding light of Europe for 1500 years. Why should I or any other white European forsake that light for the darkness of Satan's black hell?

Labels: Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy, Christmas, churches as halfway houses

Obama's Black Night

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2008

It was the night before the coronation
And throughout every liberal house,
Every white-hating white was excited and waiting,
Lest he be called a racist louse.
The Obama posters were hung by the widescreen TV with care,
In the hopes that the Obama
Would soon appear there.

Two quality, white, liberal children rested in their beds,
While visions of the black messiah
Whirled in their heads:
Two freeze-dried hippies called 'Mom' and 'Dad'
Took long drags on the weed,
And felt quite glad;
It seemed like they had only dozed for the length of a slight faint,
When there came upon the widescreen TV a brown man,
With a face like a saint.
Away to the window Mom and Dad flew like the wind,
"He is here!" they both yelled,
(Both were quite stoned), "Now our lives can begin,"
And being stoned can make one feel gloom,
But the sight of Obama's smile
Cheered up the whole room.

As his coronation speech ended,
Obama said with a jeer,
"The white God is dead,
It is Satan's New Year.
This election has shown me you prefer me in His stead,
So settle yourselves to a long, hellish night."
The liberals all shouted with glee,
As Obama faded from sight,
"The Light was a fraud,
We prefer Obama's black night!"

Then those words appeared on the screen,
Nobody knew where they came from,
No human agency could be seen:

"AND THE LIGHT SHINETH IN DARKNESS, AND THE DARKNESS COMPREHENDED IT NOT."

Labels: poem

One Man's Sentiments

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2008

"A great many of those who 'debunk' traditional or (as they would say) 'sentimental' values have in the background values of their own which they believe to be immune from the debunking process." – C. S. Lewis in *The Abolition of Man*

I majored in literature when in college because I liked literature. That of course was a very foolish thing to do. If you enjoy literature, the worst thing you can do is to make it your course of study at a university. The academics hate the antique authors of Europe and will do everything in their power to persuade the young student to give up reading such childish, sentimental authors as Walter Scott and Thomas Hughes and start reading the really 'serious' authors like Flaubert, Joyce, and Proust.

But what one very quickly notices about the liberals is that while they are making fun of Ivanhoe's chivalry and Rowena's purity, they are having wine and cheese parties for avant-garde poets who write page after page of drivel about their existential angst and their bathroom habits. The point being that the liberals who deride my sentiments about old Europe get all sentimental and gooey about some contemporary, anti-white white poet or a Third World savage.

The liberals are currently getting bedecked and begowned for the coronation ceremony of a black Mau Mau. They will weep great tears of joy and recommend that all those who do not share in the joy of Obama's coronation be cast into outer darkness. But it is they who have cast themselves into outer darkness. I'll stay with the God of Tiny Tim, the God who made the blind see and the lame walk.

Labels: liberals are the true haters, white Europe

The White Cross

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 2008

Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low.

The hope and expectation that the end of the historical process will have a happy ending is a uniquely Christian concept. It is in complete contrast to the cyclic world view of classical paganism. The post-Christian rationalist (PCR) who has jettisoned his belief in Jesus Christ as true God and true Man still holds to a view of history that could only come from a Christian culture. However, the post-Christian rationalist's faith in progress and the future is very different from the hope and expectation of a European Christian. The Christian hopes for the second coming of Christ in which individual persons will be saved or damned. The PCR white hopes for the perfection of mankind on this earth and the earthly damnation of all those who would impede mankind's progress toward a secular utopia.

The PCR white man has looked at the Christian faith and declared it null and void. And the Christian concedes that the Christian faith is beyond the purely rational. But is the liberal's faith in the perfection of mankind on this earth a rational belief? No, it is not. The consistent rationalist is Dostoyevsky's Stavrogin, who hangs himself, fully rational to the end. Unfortunately, or fortunately depending on what you think of liberals, most PCR whites do not follow their rationalist faith to its logical conclusion. They settle for a rationalist, fantasy faith in the progress of mankind, always moving onward. Toward what? "Toward the perfection of mankind," the liberals tell us.

When Christian eschatology becomes divorced from faith in Christ, the original inspiration for Christian eschatology, there is no limit to the evils that can spring from such a secularized process. It's not just communism that owes its inspiration to a secularized, historical schema. The democracy-worshipping, one-world, one-race liberals of the Western world also are inspired by the eschatology of a faith they have abandoned.

And it is important that European Christians see that the worship of the black man is part of the new Christ-less eschatology of the modern post-Christians. If mankind is to progress in the aggregate, everything that is personal and individual must be eradicated. In the liberal utopia, mankind has a soul but individuals do not. And what is more personal, more individual, than a man's ties to his own kith and kin? The destruction of the racial ties that bind human beings together is an essential part of the depersonalizing process of PCR whites. They must depersonalize every aspect of the white man's existence in order to form an impersonal, homogenized, multiracial utopia.

The worship of the soulless barbarian races is an essential part of the PCR's faith, because the barbarians are the shock troops for the new religion. Obama was not elected President because liberals were drawn to his personality, he was elected because of what he represented: the soulless, depersonalized face of the new world order.

In Shakespeare's play *Henry IV Part II*, the character Morton informs the Lord Northumberland that a second rebellion against the King has a better chance of success than the first because it has the support of a Bishop, who "turns insurrection to religion." This is what we should never forget about the PCR whites. They have turned insurrection against Christ into a religion, using the same eschatology and symbols of Christianity but for a wholly different and evil purpose.

The new Christ-less Christianity has been around long enough to have become the unspoken, instinctive faith of the liberal. Young liberals, who don't even know the meaning of the word

eschatology, act according to the Christ-less eschatology of their satanic progenitors, such as Comte, Hegel, and Marx. Comte more than Marx or Hegel has been the model for the modern liberal. Comte thought the Catholic Church's organization and hopeful message of a happy ending to the historical process was something that was worthy of emulation. (He didn't like the Protestant version of Christianity because of its "evangelical anarchy.") But what he liked about Catholicism was its "system," not its "Christianity." Comte's new faith is the faith of the modern liberal. The liberal believes in an organized social and political structure that promises present comfort and future earthly bliss for those who purge themselves of the unruly Christian aspects of Christianity. Although there are elements of the new faith that some churchmen are not fond of, they have never sought to be the dust in the gears of the new, mechanized church of Christ-without-Christ. They have accepted the basic secular premise of liberalism ("There is no God") while remaining uneasy about some of its manifestations such as legalized abortion and legalized sodomy. But ultimately the churchmen are moving with the liberals to a secular Zion.

There is only one force on earth capable of defeating liberal zealots fueled with the enthusiasm of the ancient crusaders, without the faith of the ancient crusaders. That force is the man of Europe, the Christ-centered man. The pre-Christian Viking hero of the new age right-wingers is not the man to "set things right." The pagan's sword is sheathed when the pagan's appetite for rapine and plunder is sated. The Christian hero's sword is never sheathed until he has "built Jerusalem, In England's green and pleasant land."

My own views on the Scottish Jacobites are the same as Sir Walter Scott's views. I admire their courage and their loyalty to their Chieftain, but ultimately it would not have been good for Britain to have had another Stuart monarch. The Stuarts did not have a gift for governing. But the Scottish cavaliers did leave the European with something of lasting value; they are a sterling example of fidelity. And now that the ranks of faithful Europeans have dwindled to numbers resembling a clan rather than a nation, we should support our clan with the same ferocious loyalty and courage with which the Scottish cavaliers supported their clan.

The Southern cavaliers of America took the Scottish Highlanders' rallying symbol of the burning cross and made it their symbol. But it became more than just a rallying sign for one group of Scottish clansmen, it became a call for all faithful white men to stand and fight for the faith and the race. It was the Frenchmen in Haiti that first felt the brunt of the white rationalist and barbarian hatred of the white. They perished to the last man, woman, and child. Then the Southern men faced the hatred of the same satanic coalition of PCR whites and black barbarians. They prevailed against that coalition because they rallied to the cross of fire.

It is striking that no matter what European nation you look at, the problems are the same. White-hating white rationalists are uniting with the barbarians to destroy white European civilization. (Although it is probably more accurate to say the PCR whites and the barbarians are uniting to destroy the remaining Europeans. They have already destroyed European civilization.) Which indicates to me that no matter how far flung he is, by land or sea, the white European who still adheres to the faith of old Europe is a member of a clan. And if he is faithful to that clan, he will prevail over the forces of ruin and death. But he will not prevail if he leaves the European clan to become a Viking warrior, like the new age right-wingers, or to become a halfway-house Christian, like the Bob Jones University men. It must be all or nothing. The European must respond to the fiery cross if Europeans and Europe's faith are to survive. The great Swedish playwright August Strindberg, who went through his own personal battle with the demon of rationalism, shows us the way. He had the words, "O Cross, Be Greeted, Our Only Hope" inscribed on his tombstone. The White man's cross is his racial heritage. The PCR white, having abandoned that cross, insists that every white man do likewise. And our answer to that demand is, "Never."

Labels: Christian counter-attack, post-Christian rationalism

Polytheistic Hell

SATURDAY, JANUARY 03, 2009



And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine: and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters. -- *Matthew 8: 32*

If we just look at the surface of organizational Christianity, the Christian faith seems to be alive, and if not prospering at least holding its own. But if we go just a little below the surfaces of the various Christian churches, we can see that the Christian faith is very far from thriving or holding its own. There has been an incredible shift in emphasis in the Christian churches. Every Christian church was originally founded on the belief that Jesus Christ's entrance onto the historical stage (birth, life, death and resurrection) was the colossal event of human history. All of mankind's existence hinged, Christians believed, on that earth-shattering event. But the new emphasis of the religious intelligentsia is on what Christianity has in common with other religions and what Jesus Christ has in common with other religious leaders. How often have we heard Christ lumped in with Gandhi, Socrates, or -- in the ultimate insult -- coupled with Nelson Mandela or Barack Obama? Christ's importance as a religious leader is not denied, but Christ's special identity as the Son of God, the Lord of history, is being denied. What has taken place in the latter half of the 20th century and in the beginning of the 21st century is a world-wide apostasy. The Europeans have returned to polytheistic atheism. They don't deny Christ; they simply place Him on an equal or subordinate level with other gods. And of course that type of non-denial is really the deepest, the most blasphemous denial of all. Christ is the one true God. He is not a religious leader or a great prophet.

The hierarchies of the Christian churches almost never say it explicitly, but what they imply by the causes they support and the people, such as Obama, whom they worship, is that the Christ story in its unadulterated form is too irrational and fantastical for a rational person to believe. They will place the man called Jesus in a place next to Gandhi and slightly below Obama, but they will not grant Him divine status. "The original, un-amended Christ story, you must know by now," they tell us, "is ridiculous; it's against nature." And that is really what is at the crux of the race issue. The white liberals want to return to nature and the polytheistic gods of the colored races.

When the white man believed his God was the true God, he was a racial segregationist. He sought to preserve the integrity of his race because in doing so he was preserving the integrity of his faith. When he ceased to believe that his God was the one true god, he sought to blend with the colored races in order to be part of a natural religion that appeared so much easier than Christianity.

It will not be tragic if the white man discovers that he can never really be happy in the natural, polytheistic world of the non-white races. The real tragedy would be if he was comfortable in their world, because if that becomes the case the white man will have lost his soul.

Right now the white liberals, who are legion, are imitating the swine that St. Matthew describes. They are rushing headlong for the cliff and an ocean perishing. And there is a dynamic energy to their insane rush that can only be resisted by a faith that is just as dynamic as their faith. Halfway-house Christians like the Bob Jones University potentates and the late John Paul II, who think they can run with the swine right to the edge of the precipice and then turn back, will go over the cliff with the swine.

I don't think white people can ever be comfortable in the polytheistic religions of the "natural races." I think, for the white man, there is only Christ or the abyss. And it certainly seems like the white European has chosen the abyss. Maybe 'chosen' is not quite the proper word for it implies more of a conscious choice on the part of the white man. It would be more accurate to say that the white man feels compelled to plunge headlong into the abyss. Satan is obviously the one who is doing the compelling, but the post-Christian does not believe such stuff and nonsense. One thinks of the French writer André Gide, who remarked, 'I don't believe in the existence of the devil, but of course that is what the devil wants me to believe.'

I spent a number of years in the pro-life movement before I realized that abortion would remain legal until the white man repudiated the abortion which spawned legalized abortion. When the white man aborted Jesus Christ from the womb of European civilization, it made every womb a potential death chamber for God's children. Without a safe dwelling place in a culture that honors mercy and not sacrifice, the Son of Man cannot enter in. In the barbarian cultures He is relegated to the status of a minor deity.

For my entire adult life I have listened to the church men, conservative and liberal, tell us that it is no great tragedy that Europeans have abandoned the Christian faith. Asia and Africa will pick up where the Europeans left off. Is this the case? Organizational Christianity might have gained some converts in those continents, but can an honest man really claim that Asia or Africa have become Christian continents like Europe was once a Christian continent? No, an honest man cannot make such a claim. But a clergyman who has traded in his belief in Christ as the Son of God for a belief in Christ as a religious leader can and does make such a ridiculous claim. What the modern clergymen are telling us is that it is better that the whole world should be enveloped in a polytheistic hell than that they should be forced to give up their belief in a harmonious, one-world-one-race-and-many-gods faith. The post-Christian rationalists (PCR) talk about diversity, but the only type of diversity they support is a diversity of gods. Muhammad, Buddha, Obama, and Gandhi – we know the litany. Christ usually comes in somewhere in the lower tier because after many years of association with white Europeans, His reputation has been soiled in the eyes of the barbarians and the post-Christian rationalists.

Let us be clear about old Europe and the brave new world we are facing. The central event that created and sustained the European for centuries was the incarnation of Jesus Christ. The central event that sustains the new world order is the abortion of Jesus Christ from the womb of European civilization. We have not evolved to a higher form of Christianity. We have de-evolved. There is not and never shall be on this earth a purer, truer vision of Christ than the vision articulated by the hearts of Europeans who saw and believed. And I'm not referring to any one theologian or religious sect; I'm talking about the Europeans who saw through, not with the eye. To the barbarian and the PCR white, the Athenian woods are merely woods. To the European they are an enchanted forest

containing fairies and spirits that come to life on a midsummer's night and carry out His command that charity and mercy shall hold sway in His civilization.

In the polytheistic world of the barbarians and the new age whites, individual men and women do not, once dead, come back to life. Nor do the natural gods of the heathens and PCR whites. They come back in different forms like the seasons but then they die again to be replaced by other gods. But in the Christian faith, the Christ, the God of the European, has broken the bonds of the natural cycle of birth, maturity, death and decay. He can once again become the center of European civilization because He is the only God who cannot die. Yes, the white man aborted Him, but He waits only for the faithful hearts to invite Him back. And He will come because He always responds to the cry from the depths of the human heart. He is one of us; He is our brother and our God.

We don't need great numbers to restore European civilization. God always works from the particular to the general. Adam stood in for all humanity. One small tribe of people was chosen to bring forth the Christ. And one God-Man was the redeemer of all mankind. It is fidelity to the faith that is needed, not a Mongol horde or a democratic majority.

Our race is the outward symbol of an inner spiritual dimension. It is not a mere pigmentation of the skin or an insignificant accident of nature: "...the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb." The European has a destiny. He is the Christ-bearer. If he stays close to the incarnational things of Europe, his home, his race, and the non-polytheistic Christ of faith, he will emerge from the seemingly overwhelming tidal wave of color, tattered and scarred, but victorious.

Every modern heresy, such as race-mixing, abortion, and sodomy, has been sanctioned under the umbrella of an evolving democratic system that is supposed to be self-evidently the process by which mankind, minus the recalcitrant white Europeans, will enter into the secular kingdom of the god who is not a god. Even those evangelicals who reject ape-to-man evolution have accepted the premises of democratic evolution. It is the task of the European to repudiate every single link in the evolutionary, democratic chain. You can't take even one step with the swine. And why should we even consider it? Where is the evidence that the purveyors of democratic evolution have evolved to a higher stage of existence than our European ancestors? Are the PCR whites and the races of color the end product of the evolutionary process? In any other aspect of life besides the accumulation of scientific facts has liberal democracy brought forth the promised demi-gods of the earth? Is the Obama superior to Gordon, Hillary Clinton to Florence Nightingale, Jackson Pollack to Michelangelo, the Beatles to Beethoven, and J. K. Rowling to Shakespeare? And on and on we could go. Our modern Babylon gives the lie to all those who would justify such blasphemies as race mixing under the guise of the evolving democratic process.

The polytheistic gods and their followers are like the swine. They are legion and they have no humanity. In contrast, the European's God is one God and He has a human heart. He is the soul of humanity. Certainly the antique European is recalcitrant; he refuses to run with the swine. And if he remains steadfast in that refusal, he will eventually see the triumph of His sacred humanity over the swinish herds of a polytheistic hell.

Labels: Christian Europe, Europe as the Christ-bearer, post-Christian rationalism

Above the Sceptered Sway

FRIDAY, JANUARY 09, 2009

Lord have mercy upon us.
Christ have mercy upon us.
Lord have mercy upon us.

Introduction

I'm more familiar with the Roman Catholic tradition than I am with the Protestant or Orthodox traditions, so I chose a Roman Catholic priest for the following interview. But I don't think the other Christian churches are devoid of their own Father Trendies. What I see in all the Christian churches is a battle between polytheistic atheists and halfway house Christians. The halfway house Christians don't like all the radical conclusions the Father Trendy types draw from the premises of halfway house Christianity, but once you go halfway down a slippery slope it is only a matter of time before you go all the way down. The antique European stays away from the slopes altogether.

This interview is a composite of actual opinions and statements of liberals that I've known and had inflicted on me over the years. Only the names have been changed, etc.

Father Trendy is 63 years old. He was ordained a priest in 1973. Five of his most famous books are: 1) *Vatican II: The Hope, the Promise, and the Call* (1980), 2) *I Jogged with God* (1983), 3) *Beyond Christianity: A Syncretistic Look at Buddhism and Christianity* (1990), 4) *Sodomy and the Catholic Tradition* (2001), and 5) *The Emerging Black Church* (2007)

Interviewer: In a recent article for *Radical Catholic* magazine, you stated that a spirit of conservatism was sweeping the Church. I do not see that spirit. Would you explain what you mean by 'a spirit of conservatism'?

Fr. Trendy: Pope Benedict still speaks in the language of what I call patriarchal Christianity. He still uses anarchic terms like 'God the Father' and 'Christ the Lord'. Those are tribal terms, not universal terms for modern man.

Int: I don't quite understand your meaning.

FT: The Bible, particularly the Old Testament, but also the New, is a reflection of a particular time period and a particular people's – a tribal, nomadic people – concept of god. It is not a magic book that is relevant, without modification, to modern man.

Int: So you reject the notion that the Bible is divinely inspired?

FT: I reject the traditional notion of divinely inspired scripture. I do not reject the notion that a life force inspires works of creative literature.

Int: And that is how you view the Bible, as a work of creative literature?

FT: Yes.

Int: If you reject the authority of the Bible, what is your touchstone of reality? Is it the Pope?

FT: No, of course not. Benedict is the head of an organization called the Roman Catholic Church, but he is not the head of the evolving church of the holy spirit.

Int: Who is the head of that church?

FT: There is no head of that church. We are all evolving to our own omega points. No bogeyman authority figure from the Dark Ages can guide an evolving human being. Pope John Paul II was

beginning, at the time of his death, to understand that concept. The present Pope doesn't seem to grasp it.

Int: I must say that I don't grasp it either. The faith you describe sounds less substantial than Casper the Friendly Ghost.

FT: I'm afraid you just don't understand things of the spirit.

Int: Well, we'll let that alone for the present. Let me ask another question. Don't you ever get tired of trying to keep up with the latest trends in liturgy, theology, and sexual practices?

FT: It is difficult, but if one is to stay in touch with humanity, one must stay in touch with the times.

Int: I don't agree. There can be no humanity if there are no concrete men of flesh, blood, and spirit. The integral, true man does not drink from the well of modernity. He takes his life-sustaining drink from a well that is not subject to the ever-changing water of the ever-changing times.

FT: All things change. That is the law of life.

Int: I would call it a law of death. And didn't Christ conquer death?

FT: Evolve, evolve, evolve – that is our sublime mission.

Int: I refuse to evolve.

FT: Then you are doomed to extinction.

Int: If nature is supreme, as you seem to imply, then yes, I am doomed to extinction. But you are also doomed, aren't you? If Christ be not risen... You know the implication, don't you?

FT: No man will become extinct who is part of nature. He doesn't die, he simply returns to his source.

Int: Not to his Maker?

FT: No, that is a primitive, out-dated concept.

Int: What is the significance of Jesus Christ to the Catholic Church?

FT: He was our founder. He taught us how to evolve.

Int: But you have evolved beyond Him now?

FT: You put it rather crudely, but yes, we have evolved beyond Christ. We still respect him for having shown us the way. But these concepts are probably new to you and therefore hard to grasp.

Int: No, they are not new. I've been through the university system. But while at the university, I also came across the European poets. And in their works, I saw the reflection of a face. Do you have any idea whose face I saw?

FT: You saw the face of a tribal god of one particular group of people who occupied a geographical region called Europe.

Int: No, I saw the face of the one true God. And having seen that face in European culture, I looked for confirmation of the truth I had seen. I went to a priest who was teaching at the university, and I asked him how I could verify the vision. The priest said something very interesting. He did not drag out the party line and tell me to read the Baltimore Catechism and the latest papal encyclical. He told me to read the Gospels. It was good advice, because the Christ of the Gospels and the Christ of the European people are one and the same. I don't think it is possible to evolve beyond that vision. That vision is reality.

FT: I would say that it is one man's fantasy.

Int: It is not just my vision.

FT: All right, I'll grant you that. It is a fantasy of a whole group of people who used to occupy the continent of Europe. They were a distinctly insular and cruel people.

Int: I know your views on the Europeans. But before we discuss your book, *The Emerging Black Church*, let me go back to a book you wrote in 2001 called *Sodomy and the Catholic Tradition*.

FT: All right.

Int: You stated in the book that sodomy could be very beneficial for one's soul under the right circumstances. Could you elaborate on that statement?

FT: I would be happy to. Sodomy is an expression of love. Love is from the divine essence. Love between consenting adults is always life-enhancing and, therefore, holy.

Int: That's a rather disgusting syllogism. Do you really believe it?

FT: Of course I do. It is the essence of the true Christianity.

Int: Sodomy?

FT: No, love.

Int: Then any physical act between two consenting adults is a life-enhancing, loving act, and therefore the act is Christian?

FT: Yes.

Int: Suppose a man decides he loves his neighbor's wife. And suppose that love is reciprocated. If they act on their mutual attraction, is that interaction life-enhancing and therefore Christian?

FT: Yes.

Int: But what if the woman's husband does not think his neighbor and wife have participated in a life-enhancing act? Suppose he thinks his neighbor is a scoundrel and his wife is a slut?

FT: The husband would be wrong. He would be looking at the whole thing from the antiquated prism of conventional non-evolutionary Christian morality. If he had a properly evolving Christian perspective, he would understand that the truly loving relationship does not entail the stifling of another's life-enhancing acts.

Int: But isn't the husband suffering when his neighbor sleeps with his wife? Can something be life-enhancing if it destroys the life of another human being?

FT: The husband only suffers when he sees life through a false prism.

Int: So it's his own fault if he suffers, because he doesn't see the world properly?

FT: I wouldn't put it quite like that, but, yes, that is essentially correct.

Int: How about rape, then? If a man rapes a woman, is that a life-enhancing act and therefore a Christian act?

FT: Most definitely not.

Int: But it is life-enhancing, is it not? Let's suppose the man loves the woman he raped.

FT: No, the act cannot be life-enhancing because the man did not get the woman's consent.

Int: But in the case of the adulterous couple, they did not get the husband's consent.

FT: That's different; the husband was not looking at life through the proper window.

Int: Well, couldn't we say that about the hypothetical rape victim, she was just not looking at life through the proper window?

FT: No, we couldn't; you're making a mockery of my words. I don't believe you really want to have a serious discussion.

Int: Is it possible to have a serious discussion with a man who could write this passage. I quote from a book you wrote called *Language and the Objective Correlative*: "There is no real connection between the words we use and objective reality, because there is no such thing as objective reality. All reality is relative. The spiritual principle of life is that the spirit is a relative concept. Words as they have been traditionally used are jailers, used to keep us prisoners in charnel houses of objectivity." End quote.

FT: I stand by those words. But I don't think that passage is relevant to the issue of sodomy, which is what you said you wanted to discuss.

Int: I wouldn't think you would see the relevance of the passage. But it is relevant to everything we have been discussing. If we cannot know anything but our own ever-evolving minds, then we become shadows that simply pass over the earth like an evening mist. We are without a god, without an identity, and without human fellowship. But as a consolation, we can be sodomites and adulterers because in the land of pure, evolving mind, there is no such thing as sin.

FT: You have twisted everything I've said. The evolving minds that you deprecate have given us mercy. For the first time in the history of mankind, man, at least the evolving man, knows what it feels like to be free of guilt and free of a vengeful god that sees evil in every life-enhancing act.

Inter: You have no right to use the term 'mercy'. Mercy is only given to those who believe in the Christian God. What we always come up against is the essential question: Is Christ the Son of God? If He is, then far from being a vengeful, cruel, antiquated faith, orthodox Christianity is man's only hope to actually know what it is like to be loved by a merciful God. In your scheme of things, there can be no mercy because there is no God to extend mercy. But you do keep the concept of sin.

FT: That I categorically deny.

Int: Yes, you do. The sinners are the recalcitrant Christians, like the husband of the unfaithful wife, who still hold on to a belief in God, sin, and redemption.

FT: You're not going to try to justify the story of Adam and Eve and original sin?

Int: I don't have to justify it; the reality of life confirms it. Melville once remarked that modern man, in rejecting original sin, was rejecting the one tenet of Christianity that was most obviously true.

FT: Don't quote a white European to me.

Int: The white Europeans whom you deplore showed us the face of Jesus Christ. And that face is a merciful face. To whom can we turn for mercy if not to Christ? And to what people can we look, if not to the white Europeans, to see the mercy of God embodied in a culture? The barbarians have no mercy and the post-Christian rationalists like you have eliminated the divine source of mercy.

FT: I must stop you there. The white Europeans have defiled the earth. Our only hope is to embrace the black race and...

Int: I've read your book, you needn't go any further. But I wonder if you have ever looked at the Gospels with an open heart, or looked at the Western cultural heritage from any vantage point other than a hate-filled, Olympian vantage point. There is a remarkable synergy between the Gospels and the European poets who were inspired by His presence in their civilization. You claim that you and

like-minded, evolving men invented mercy. The European tradition gives the lie to that blasphemous claim.

FT: Again, I must protest.

Int: No, you've had your say, in countless lectures which I've had to sit through.

FT: You've never attended one of my classes.

Int: Yes, I have, for you and your ilk are legion. You exist in every university throughout the Western world and you haunt the airwaves and print mediums of the world. So just this once, you're going to be lectured to.

In the deceptively simple parable of the prodigal son, we have all the elements of Christian drama. The drama of the Greeks was the drama of fate. Oedipus's triumph consisted of the way he played the cruel hand which fate dealt him. In Christian drama, the triumph and tragedy consist not in the drama of fate, but in the drama of free will. There are no Grecian goddesses of the fates spinning our destinies; our wills are free, and we can send ourselves to perdition or be astounded into heaven. Such is the substance of Christian drama.

The prodigal son has lived all his life in his father's house but has never really known his father. If he had, he would never have left him. It is only when he is completely outside of his father's house that the prodigal son appreciates what he had but never knew. The prodigal's plight illustrates a point Chesterton made in his book, *The Everlasting Man*: "Now the best relation to our spiritual home is to be near enough to love it. But the next best is to be far enough away not to hate it."

So, the prodigal son returns. His father is not content to simply wait for his son to get to the house. When he sees him, "yet a great way off," the father runs to his son and showers him with kisses. The father is like our Lord, who is just waiting for us to make the slightest move in His direction, and He will pursue us as an ardent lover pursues his beloved. One can hear the father using the words Francis Thompson ascribes to Christ:

*"All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"*

The prodigal son returns to his father's house with the love that "casteth out fear," and on bended knee with true contrition says, "I have sinned against heaven and before thee, I am not worthy to be called thy son." The father, much to the chagrin of animal rights' advocates, kills the fatted calf.

Our joy in the return of the prodigal son is mitigated by our sadness at the spiritual state of his brother. On merely face value, the brother seems in good shape. He, unlike his prodigal brother, has stayed in his father's house. He has not "devoured his substance with harlots," and he has kept the commandments. Yet his soul is a knot of vipers. He is angry with his father for celebrating his brother's return. His anger reveals that he does not love God or his neighbor. If he loved God, represented by the father, he would not think to have been separated from the father was a great joy for his brother; and if he had loved his neighbor, represented by his brother, he would rejoice that his brother was once more united with the father. I would not venture to say that the prodigal's brother is damned, but I do think we are meant to see that the brother's soul is in dire straits.

The prodigal's brother has been practicing only the externals of the Faith. There is nothing in his heart. It is a great error to sneer at any mention of the heart, as many traditionalist groups do, and falsely label the heart as an invention of the liberals. The liberals have hardened their hearts to Christ more thoroughly than any of the formalist religious sects that the liberals are so fond of caricaturing. But it is clear from the parable of the prodigal son and so many of Christ's other parables, that the heart, the interior soul, is central to a man's faith. If a man's heart is right, the externals will generally be there too. But all of the externals can be in place, and a man's heart can

still be a knot of vipers. A house, no matter how beautiful its outside walls, is an empty shell without a hearth fire.

Let us proceed from the prodigal son to that heroic knight of charity: Mr. Samuel Pickwick, Esquire, the founder and President of the Pickwick Club. Mr. Pickwick, as we know, wandered throughout England accompanied by his trusty manservant, Sam Weller, and by his fellow Pickwickians, trying to extend the reign of charity throughout England. Mr. Pickwick's greatest adversary is Mr. Jingle. Jingle wanders throughout England cheating widows and fleecing the poor. Mr. Pickwick repeatedly tries to bring Mr. Jingle to justice and is repeatedly thwarted in his attempts. Toward the end of the book, Mr. Pickwick, who has been unjustly cast into prison by the law firm of Dodson and Fogg, meets Mr. Jingle; Jingle is a fellow prisoner. Mr. Pickwick has quite rightly sought to bring Jingle to justice, but when Pickwick perceives that Jingle has had more justice than even Jingle deserves, he forgives Jingle and saves him from starvation. Their meeting is worth witnessing:

'Come here, sir,' said Mr Pickwick, trying to look stern, with four large tears running down his waistcoat. 'Take that, sir.'

Take what? In the ordinary acceptance of such language, it should have been a blow. As the world runs, it ought to have been a sound, hearty cuff; for Mr Pickwick had been duped, deceived, and wronged by the destitute outcast who was now wholly in his power. Must we tell the truth? It was something from Mr Pickwick's waistcoat-pocket, which clinked as it was given into Job's hand, and the giving of which, somehow or other imparted a sparkle to the eye, and a swelling to the heart, of our excellent old friend, as he hurried away.

--from Pickwick Papers by Charles Dickens

Mr. Pickwick, upon his own release from prison, facilitates Jingle's release, and procures a job for Jingle. Those of us who know Mr. Pickwick are not surprised, but it is an act of mercy that only a man of Pickwick's nobility would have performed. Just as Quixote rides on that lonely road in Spain, so does Mr. Pickwick ride the lonely roads of England; however, the roads are not as lonely because of Mr. Pickwick.

From England and Mr. Pickwick, we go to France and Jean Valjean. You know the story: Valjean serves nineteen years in prison for stealing a loaf of bread. When he gets out, he is an embittered, vengeful man. He stays the night at the home of a saintly cleric (there were a few back then) named Bishop Bienvenu. After dinner, he steals the bishop's silver plate and flees the house. A couple of gendarmes bring the captured Jean Valjean back to the bishop's house in the morning. The bishop, instead of renouncing Jean as a thief, asks him why he forgot to take the silver candlesticks, since he, the bishop, had given him both the plate and the candlesticks the night before. The gendarmes leave, and the bishop speaks to Jean Valjean:

"Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of this promise, stood confounded. The bishop had laid much stress upon those words as he uttered them. He continued, solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother; you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

--from Les Misérables by Victor Hugo

The bishop is a truly remarkable man. But Jean Valjean proves to be an equally remarkable man. He responds to the mercy shown to him, by becoming, during the next forty years of his life, a dispenser of mercy. The transformation that takes place in Jean Valjean's soul illustrates a profound truth of the Christian Faith. In theory, it should be enough for all of us that our Lord, in the ultimate act of mercy, gave up his person to suffering and death to atone for our sins. But if one of the heirs of the

apostles does not, at some time, show us mercy, we will never believe in the author of mercy. "See how they love one another," used to be said about the early Christians. It will always be a sign of a sect when the opposite is said, "See how they hate one another."

In the encounter between Bishop Bienvenu and Jean Valjean, the grace of God is triumphant because there is a willing dispenser of mercy and a repentant sinner. In the parable of the unmerciful servant (*Matthew 18: 21-35*), the grace of God is not triumphant because the servant who receives mercy -- "And the Lord of that servant being moved with pity, let him go and forgave him the debt" -- is not truly repentant. He thinks his master is a fool for forgiving him his debt. How do we know this? Because the servant goes out and demands a pitiful sum, in comparison to what he owed his master, from his fellow servant.

And his fellow servant, falling down, besought him, saying: Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he paid the debt.

Now his fellow servants seeing what was done, were very much grieved, and they came and told their lord all that was done.

The unmerciful servant has nothing in his heart. He knows only the externals of the Faith. He knows how to go on bended knee to his lord to ask for a favor, but he has no idea of the meaning of a bended knee. As a result:

Then the lord called him; and said to him: Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all the debt, because thou besoughtest me:

Shouldst not thou then have had compassion also on thy fellow servant, even as I had compassion on thee?

And his lord being angry, delivered him to the torturers until he paid all the debt.

So also shall my heavenly Father do to you, if you forgive not every one his brother from your hearts.

There is a danger, in secular times like our own when the idea of God's judgment is laughable to most people, of over-emphasizing God's wrathful nature in order to compensate for the rampant secularism. One can see this overcompensating tendency in many of the traditionalist sects around today. Mere reaction, however, is never the answer to rampant secularism. The answer is always integral Christianity. The greatest act of mercy, especially in times of persecution, that our pastors can perform is to preach the pure and unmitigated Gospel of Christ. This point is illustrated for us in Henryk Sienkiewicz's magnificent novel, *Quo Vadis*.

The setting of the novel is Nero's Rome. Late in the book we witness the Christians, who have been herded together by Roman soldiers, about to face death in the arena. A precursor of the Jansenists, a priest named Crispus, speaks to the Christians.

"Bewail your sins for the hour has come. Behold, the Lord has sent down flames to destroy Babylon, the city of crime and shame. The hour of judgment has struck; the hour of wrath and disaster is here. The Lord promised to come, and He will soon be here. He will not come as a meek Lamb Who offered His blood for our sins, but He will come as a Judge Who in justice will hurl sinners and unbelievers into the pit. Woe to the world! Woe to sinners! There will be no mercy for them. I see You, Lord Christ! Stars are falling upon the earth, the sun is darkened, the earth opens its gaping maw, the dead rise from the graves but You are triumphant amid sounds of trumpet and legions of angels, amidst thunder and lightning. I see You, O lord, O Christ!"

Understandably, Crispus's words do not comfort the Christians. The ungodliness of the godly Crispus leads the Christians to despair. But suddenly the voice of Peter is heard.

At that moment a calm and reassuring voice was heard. "Peace be with you!"

It was the voice of Peter the Apostle who had entered the cave a moment earlier. At the sound of his voice terror dissipated as if by a miracle. People rose from the crowd. Those who were near the Apostle fell on their knees before him as if seeking protection. He stretched out his hands over them and cried, "Why are you troubled? Who can say when the final hour will strike. The Lord punished Babylon with fire but His mercy will be on those whom baptism has purified and you, whose sins are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, will die with His name on your lips and peace in your hearts. Peace be with you!"

After the merciless words of Crispus, the words of Peter feel like a balm on all present. Not the fear of God but the love of God was more important to them now. These people loved Christ about Whom they had learned from the Apostle's narratives. Not a merciless judge but a mild and patient Lamb was their God. A God Whose mercy surpasses all understanding, surpasses all wickedness that man can perpetuate. This was great comfort to them all. A great solace and thankfulness filled their hearts.

In the exchange between Crispus and St. Peter, we can see vividly illustrated the difference between heresy and Christianity. The Christian preaches mercy to the repentant sinner, but the heretic preaches wrath and judgment for all but himself.

Closely allied to the Jansenist mentality which preaches hell with such joy, is the Feeneyite mentality. God's grace must work through the channels they demand or else He is no God. Christ's promise to the thief on the cross, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise," stuffs the lie down the Feeneyites' throats. Christ cuts through all the red tape and takes the good thief to heaven with him. This does not negate the sacramental system, nor does it mean we should all plan on a deathbed conversion; it simply means that the ways of God are not the ways of man, and that one cannot put "love in a golden bowl."

If one looked only at the externals of the good thief's life, one certainly would never have known him. But Christ did know him. He knew of the titanic struggle that took place in the thief's heart. He knew of the subterranean current of grace that was hidden from the rest of mankind. The current was so strong that our Lord decided that the good thief belonged in heaven. Who are we, and who are the Feeneyites, that presume to judge our Lord? "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

I have refrained from using any images of mercy from the works of Shakespeare because that task would demand a separate book. But I would be remiss if I didn't quote Portia's immortal speech from the *Merchant of Venice*. She confronts the unrepentant Shylock with these words:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;*

*And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.*

What Portia so eloquently explains, my poor, soul-dead Father Trendy, is that we see God most clearly when we practice the virtues that His only begotten Son taught us to practice. Tom Brown might have become a Viking-type pagan, or worse, a post-Christian rationalist, if he had not extended mercy and protection to a poor fatherless boy who was placed in the same dormitory with him. When Arthur's mother expresses her thanks to Tom, he understands the link between God, mercy, and the civilization of the white man, which you, Father Trendy, and your ilk have done so much to destroy.

Arthur's mother got up and walked with him to the door, and there gave him her hand again, and again his eyes met that deep, loving look, which was like a spell upon him. Her voice trembled slightly as she said, "Good night – You are one who knows what our Father has promised to the friend of the widow and the fatherless. May He deal with you as you have dealt with me and mine!"

-- from Tom Brown's Schooldays

I read that work once a year with my children, so I always know that passage is coming, yet still I can't hold back the tears.

And that, Father Trendy, to paraphrase Linus, is what Christianity and Western culture are all about.

FT: I'm not impressed by reactionary drivels... You struck me!

Int: There is no such thing as striking another person. You are trying to place me in a "charnel house of objectivity."

FT: It hurt!

Int: It was life-enhancing for me; maybe you are not looking at life through the proper prism.

FT: I think I'll need dental work!

Int: Then, I guess the interview is over.

Labels: antique Christianity, charity, white moments

Once Upon A Time

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 2009

“Since you have a good heart, and are willing to divide what you have, I will give you good luck.” – from “The Golden Goose”

For most Europeans born before 1960, the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm were an integral part of their lives. My mother owned a large set of children’s books and the Grimm fairy tales figured prominently in those books. When my mother died, my father asked me if there was anything I wanted among my mother’s possessions. Yes, there was. It was the books with the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm.

I think the story of Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm reveals to us the reason for the demise of European civilization and also shows us the way to the full and complete restoration of European civilization. Both brothers were scholars who wrote books for other scholars, on such subjects as mathematics, grammar, and law. But the younger brother, Wilhelm, had a passion for the fairy tales of the Germanic folk tradition. He saw that the tradition was dying, so he set out to make a written record of the tales. His incredible efforts on behalf of that magnificent tradition were depicted in an excellent movie, produced before the decadent age of movies, called *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*. At the end of the movie the two brothers both journey to the city of Berlin, where the older brother Jacob is supposed to receive an award for his various scholarly works. Upon their arrival there is a small delegation of pompous-looking pedants waiting for Jacob, while thousands upon thousands of children line the streets waiting for Wilhelm and implore him to “tell us a story!” – which he does. The passing years have proved the wisdom of the children. Who remembers the scholarly works? It is the fairy tales that have endured.

What the children who greeted Wilhelm were doing, and what subsequent Europeans who preserved the fairy tales collected by Wilhelm Grimm and ignored the scholarly tomes were doing, was choosing “that good part.” The Sons of Martha have always been dominant on a day to day basis in Western civilization, but the ethos of Mary, who loved much, was the spiritual undergirding of European culture. The Europeans were unique. At the core of their civilization was something that never existed before or since in any other civilization. There was a faith in a fairy-tale ending to life for the men and women with faithful hearts. At the last trump, in the twinkling of an eye, The Hero would step forward and defeat the forces of evil. The antique Europeans did not work on and on “waiting for the light.” They had seen the light and they kept His promise, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,” in their hearts.

The hope that life is truly a fairy tale with a happy ending belongs to the European alone. Other peoples have always been welcome to share that hope, but they have never chosen *en masse* to incorporate the light of Europe into their cultures. And “off this stage we have shown,” (see The White Cross) that the white liberal has kept a faith in the future but has divorced it from the faith in the God-Man. Such a faith is the complete antithesis of the fairy-tale faith of the Europeans, because without The Hero there can be no fairy-tale ending to our lives or to the historical process.

The European is in such a desperate plight today because he no longer believes that the world of the Brothers Grimm is the real world and the world of the scientist is the make-believe world. He has lost the ability to see past the physical façade of the natural world to the spiritual world behind the façade. Liberalism is a disease of the soul; it is a virus that destroys vision. “I see nothing at all,” Hamlet’s mother says while in the spiritual presence of her late husband, “yet all that is, I see.” And the liberal sees no spiritual dimension in the culture of the European; he sees only racism and admires only science. The liberal and the barbarian are united in their blindness to the light and their hatred of the light. But they are different in a way that neither the barbarian nor the white liberal fully understand. The barbarian hates the white for the simple reason that he is a barbarian. He has never known any world but the natural world. He has never known a God above the nature

gods. But the white liberal cannot, by simply denying the existence of spirit and blood, change the fact that His spirit and blood were woven into the fabric of the white man's culture. Hence the liberal's hatred of the white is more intense than that of the barbarian. The liberal's hate is beyond a natural antipathy. His hatred is fueled by the satanic desire to eradicate that which can never be fully eradicated, the memory that the path through the European forest once led to an enchanted cottage blessed by the Son of God. The liberal's hate is unending, and his alliance with the colored races is unbreakable, because he must keep the image of the European forest and the God-Man who shed his beneficence upon it from ever coming back into his consciousness. The liberal's memory of his Christian antecedents must be ruthlessly and violently suppressed lest he be forced to see the God he dare not look upon.

The blood red tide that Yeats wrote about is cresting. A policeman in England is suspended for being a member of the British Nationalist Party. A teacher in Canada is fired because it is discovered that he is a Christian of the Old School. And in America, the first Western country to place a Mau Mau on the throne, when whites protest the torture-murder of white people by blacks, the U. S. government monitors the protesters. And so it goes, on and on to the Nth degree.

And yet the "practical" men of the Right urge us to petition, vote, and beg for mercy from the liberals and barbarians, in order to stop the white-hating mania of modern Satandom. "And God forbid," they scream at us, that we should try to separate from Satandom. "That would be giving up!"¹ But who is giving up? It is the practical men, the same men who would have dismissed the Grimm's fairy tales as mere frivolity and taken the grammar book to bed with them. The practical men suffer from the same disease as the liberals. If they were well, if they saw life in the fairy-tale mode, they would realize a religion which has no spiritual dimension cannot be defeated by democratic platforms also devoid of any spiritual dimension. They would also see that a people who have returned to the savage gods are never going to extend mercy to those who champion the God of Mercy. No, the practical right wingers of the pagan variety and the 'get out the vote and write letters' variety have not given up. They have never been in the fight. The fight is "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of the world..." And it takes a man, a hero, who is wedded to sacred Christian Europe, body and soul, to do battle with and triumph over the powers of darkness.

The plight of the Christian European is worse than it seems, and it is better than it seems. It is worse because the Christian European's allies have the same 'this world only' philosophy that his enemies have. The right wing pagan invokes Thor and tells us that the older Christian European was either a fool, a dupe, or a coward (see "Christ or Thor"). The democratic conservative of the *Middle American News* variety worships the democratic process and sees no hope for the white man unless he can win liberal whites back and prevail at the ballot box. But Thor is simply a nature god; he is incapable of inspiring a counterrevolution. And since the liberals are not going to "come back," it would appear, by the lights of the Christian European's pagan and democratic allies, that the white man has fought his last battle. Just write 'Finis' on his gravestone.

Now, let us look at reality, which is always less depressing than the statistics of the materialists. The reality is that the European fairy tales, which tell us the natural world is merely a reflection of a deeper spiritual dimension to life, are true. There is a malevolent, evil, supernatural being who roams the earth seeking the ruin of souls. And there is a Hero who is God and Man who fights with us and for us, against the evil one.

It seems stunningly imbecilic to me that the modern European thinks that he is wiser to the extent that he distances himself from a fairy-tale understanding of, and a fairy-tale response to, existence. Fortunately there are still some Europeans who believe in fairy tales. Which is why things are not as dark as they seem. Numbers are not important to a hero from the Brothers Grimm stories. It wouldn't even occur to him to count how many liberals, Negroes, and Mexicans blocked his entrance to the castle in which the fair maiden was held captive. Nor would he wait until he had a

large majority of supporters. The hero sees only what must be done and he ventures forth. “Let others follow if they choose!”

If you would like to believe in the fairy tale of a European resurrection but find it all too fantastical to believe, just look at the tapestry of Christian Europe. The liberals have woven their own satanic tapestry to replace the Christian one, but they cannot unweave the tapestry of Christian Europe. And that cloth tells a story of a people who were so inspired by The Hero that they built a civilization based on the unscientific belief that man is more than nature and divine charity can raise the dead.

For the sake of their souls, we wish white liberals would forsake liberalism and return to sacred Europe. But we don't need them in order to reconquer Europe. We need only to reject all magic talismans, whether pagan or democratic, and stay wedded to the really true fairy tale of the third dumb brother, who set out to make His fortune in the world while holding on to the rather quaint notion that charity never faileth. Against all odds He prevailed over ruin and death. And we shall also prevail if we look past the false materialist façade of the modern world and embrace the fairy-tale reality of the suffering servant who turned out to be the Crowned King of Fairyland.+

1. If the European does not separate from mainstream Liberalism in church as well as in society, he will be swallowed up by the leviathan and his children's children will not know there was once a non-materialist civilization consecrated to the God-Man. And we cannot merely campaign for an equal portion of the satanic pie. Satan does not permit diversity in his kingdom. The faithful whites must separate, grow strong in spirit, and then reconquer Europe for Christ the King.

Labels: Christ the Hero, fairy tale mode of perception, fairy tale of European civilization, materialism

Serious Play

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 2009



“Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.”

-- Shakespeare

When my children were younger and my mother still alive we used to play, whenever we visited Nana and Pop-pop, what we called the ‘mountain lion game.’ My mother would put on a yellow sweat suit and chase the children, who were supposed to be baby mountain goats, around the playground. At a crucial point in the drama, when hope seemed nearly gone, the daddy mountain goat (I got to play that role) would come forward and drive the mountain lion off the cliff. Of course to my mother and me it was a game, but not to my children. They had looks of abject terror on their faces when the mountain lion was closing in on them and looks of ecstatic joy when the daddy mountain goat drove the lion off the cliff. On some level of my children’s consciousness they surely knew that their Nana was not a deadly mountain lion and their father was not a large mountain goat, but the overwhelming reality for them during the duration of the game was that Nana was a mountain lion and I was the daddy mountain goat. So what was a game to me was serious play to them.

And it struck me back then, and even more so now, that their serious play was a reflection of the way they viewed existence. There were very deadly monsters in the world who meant them harm, and father figures who could keep them safe from harm. They always wanted to play the mountain lion game, despite their terror during the initial attack of the lion, because they believed that the daddy mountain goat would ultimately defeat the mountain lion.

We don’t change much when we go from children to adults, not in our essential personalities. “Adults” do what my children did: we engage in serious play in which we act out our vision of existence. A crisis occurs in a culture when what used to be serious play to a people becomes meaningless prattle to their descendants. Such a crisis, I would argue, has occurred in European civilization. Great works of art such as Michelangelo’s Sistine Chapel and Shakespeare’s *King Lear* are no longer treated as the serious play of the European people. They are regarded in much the same way that our European ancestors used to regard Egyptian hieroglyphics or the Hanging Gardens of Babylon: interesting artifacts of a past civilization but not something that touches the inner man. I first became aware of the dichotomy between the pre-modern Europeans and the modern Europeans when I majored in English literature at a modern university. Works that made me weep were treated by the professors of literature as examples of a particular era when people said such and such things and believed certain things, but they did not touch the modern man; he followed a different drummer.

It took me a number of years to realize what should have been obvious to me. The entire artistic output of European man, the serious play, is either implicitly or explicitly about the birth, life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. If you no longer believe that Christ is exactly who He said He was, the serious play of the people who did believe in Christ will strike you as a mere frivolity or a topic for abstract study.

Of course as C. S. Lewis pointed out, the liberals do have their own sentimental values or serious play that has replaced the serious play of their European ancestors.¹ In literature, for instance, works that reflected a Christian worldview were relegated to artifact status, and the social novel became the serious play of the liberals. A totally different view of existence emerged from the new serious play.

If all mankind is tainted with original sin, there is an element of humility in every social movement. A man realizes that he, as well as those opposed to him, are human and fallible. So there is some mercy, even for his opponents, in a man who believes in the whole Christian story. Not so with the modern liberal. If there is no original sin shared by all mankind then the happiness of mankind is being impeded by one particular group of people. Such a people must be opposed and eradicated so the perfection of mankind can take place. The white Christian male has become, to the white liberal, the fount of all evil in the world.

The faith in the perfectibility of mankind once antique Christianity and the white Christian males are eliminated has become the unquestioned Orthodoxy of the modern world. But like any new ideology it needed its apologists and its proselytizers. Novelists such as Sinclair Lewis and John Steinbeck articulated the new religion while the academics became the conduits for the new faith. And artifact literature is seen as relevant to the extent it supports the new Orthodoxy. Thus a work like Charles Dickens' *Hard Times* is praised for its critique of white capitalists, but the book's critique of Marxism and the main character's belief in Christianity is thrown into the garbage bin of irrelevancy. Likewise, *Uncle Silas*, one of the great works of Christian literature, is called "a Gothic horror story" because that is the only aspect of the book that a modern post-Christian rationalist can take seriously. The ancient faith of the white race is not something that a post-Christian rationalist takes seriously.

The serious play of the new liberal is a seamless garment. In the visual arts, everything that depicts man as an autonomous, isolated atom in a meaningless universe is praised, while magnificent works of art like Michelangelo's *Pieta* are praised for their technical virtuosity but still relegated to the artifact category in terms of social relevance. I had an experience in my junior high school art class that's a perfect example of the new play vs. the old play. My art teacher was fresh out of art school and imbued with all the latest ideas about what constituted good art. She gave me and the rest of her students three months to come up with a creative masterpiece. She was available to advise us if we felt the need for advice, but we were encouraged to be "creative" and "self-reliant." I frittered away my time in class, talking about sports and playing 'hangmen' with some other students. Suddenly, or so it seemed to me, the three months were up and I had one 45-minute period in which to come up with a masterpiece. I splattered some paint on a canvas, with an emphasis on the more somber colors, and called my 'painting' "The Void." Without much hope of getting even a D- on the painting, I handed it in. But lo and behold I received an A+ for my magnificent work! The teacher couldn't praise me enough. It was a work of "surrealistic genius." I blush to acknowledge it, but for one fleeting moment I came close to believing my teacher. Maybe I was a genius. But when I saw the painting another student had done, I knew with absolute certainty that my painting was garbage. Kathy (I've forgotten her last name) had turned in a wonderful painting of a local pond she often visited with her family. The various members of her family were depicted in the picture, fishing, spreading out a picnic lunch, and so on. It was a beautiful painting. Kathy had a real gift. She received a B- for her efforts. The teacher told her that her painting lacked creativity. I wonder if Kathy believed her and learned how to become an avant-garde painter of garbage. As for my masterpiece? I threw it away in the trashcan on the way home from school.

Is it even necessary to talk about the revolution in music? Let one example suffice. I think Bach, with the possible exception of Handel, is the most explicitly Christian of the great composers. I remember one Christmas looking for a copy of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* for a friend who I thought would appreciate it. When I found a copy I was delighted. But the blurb on the back of the album, written I'm sure by a musical 'expert,' was quite offensive. The expert praised Bach's music to the skies but then threw in a little editorial: "We need not share Bach's faith in order to appreciate his music." Oh really? Can a spiritual eunuch appreciate a Christmas oratorio? Bach's Christian faith inspired him to compose his music. The post-Christian rationalist's desire to have an aesthetic experience inspires him to listen to Bach. The two feelings are not compatible; serious play is antithetical to intellectual masturbation.

The Brit who said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton was correct. Sport is part of the serious play that defines and forms the soul of a nation. Thomas Hughes vividly depicts, in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, the inspirational potential of sport when it is superintended by Christian men such as Arnold of Rugby. The young men of Britain during the time of Thomas Hughes learned the code of chivalry in their athletic contests. That type of serious play produced heroes such as Henry Havelock, the liberator of Lucknow.² Duty, Honor, Faith; such was the code. But such heroes are no longer honored today because our serious sporting-type play encourages different values. We honor racial diversity, androgyny, capitalism, and barbarism in our sport.

The most striking aspect of the new play of white liberals is the unreality of it all. Negro savages are given the parts of statesmen, women are assigned the parts formerly reserved for men, and the personal God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul, is replaced by nature. The liberals have codified the surreal. And because their world is so unreal, they must suppress every manifestation of reality. Everything from the European past is put in a museum and labeled racist and/or sexist. If a white man tries to bring the values and the faith of old Europe out of the museum and into the light of day, the reigning liberals will suppress, by whatever means necessary, the antique white man's attempt to interject European reality into the kingdom of liberal surrealism.

In the European fairy tales the knight, armed with the sword of truth and the shield of virtue, prevails against the witches, the wizards, and the dragons. He prevails because his faith, the ancestral faith of the European, provides him with a sword and shield. If he had proceeded against the wizards, witches, and dragons, with the sword of Thor and the shield of democracy, the sword would not have been able to penetrate to the dragon's heart, and his shield would have withered in his hand. What does the psalmist say? "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee."

Our ancestors, in the serious play of their art, their literature, their music and their folklore, bequeathed us a sacred treasure, a treasure much more precious than gold. They left us a vision of the one true God, and neither He nor His culture is meant to be a museum piece. "Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?" Can't we see the Hero through the mists? And can't we hear His voice calling from the mountain top? And don't we remember that our ancestors were the Christ bearers? If we see what they did, and hear what they heard, how can we not respond? I can hear the voice of Henry Havelock again: "Over two-hundred of our race are still alive in Cawnpore; with God's help we shall save them or die." There are thousands upon thousands of our race with souls that yearn for the lost Europe. With God's help we shall restore it to them or die.+

1. "A great many of those who 'debunk' traditional or (as they would say) 'sentimental' values have in the background values of their own which they believe to be immune from the debunking process." – C. S. Lewis in *The Abolition of Man*

2. After taking Cawnpore, where they found the whites had been murdered to the last man, woman and child, Havelock and his men went on to Lucknow where thankfully they were not too late, as depicted in this poem by Robert Traill Spence Lowell:

"The Relief of Lucknow"

*Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.*

*To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.*

*There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.*

*She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh, then please wauken me."*

*She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.*

*It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.*

*I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden; but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.*

*There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke:*

*"The Hielanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Oh! I ken it weel;
It 's the grandest o' them a'!*

*"God bless the bonny Hielanders !
We're saved! we 're saved! " she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.*

*Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back; -- they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?*

*They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and that far-off roar,
Were all, and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.*

*But Jessie said, "The slogan 's done;
But can ye hear it noo?*

*"The Campbells are coming"? It's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"*

*We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.*

*It was not long ere it made its way,
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.*

*It was the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne."
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.*

*And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.*

*That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.*

*And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."*

Havelock died shortly after the liberation of Lucknow. He was always the perfect example of a Christian soldier. When his dear friend, Outram, asked if he needed anything to ease his pain, Havelock replied, "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." He died, not knowing that he had become a legend in Britain:

*Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than an old cathedral gloom.
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight;
England's banners o'er him waved,
Dead he keeps the realm he saved.*

In 1901 Archibald Forbes wrote these words about Henry Havelock:

"So long as the memory of great deeds, and high courage, and spotless self-devotion is cherished among his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely grave beneath the scorching Eastern sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death, be regarded as one of the most holy of the countless spots where Britain's patriot soldiers lie."

Needless to say, Britons no longer regard the grave of a 'racist imperialist' as sacred. But I do, and I'm sure He does. And He is the only one Havelock ever sought to please.

Labels: antique Christianity, defense of the white race

Of Decadence and Decay

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 2009



“The love of woman and womanliness is a masculine characteristic, and the love of man and manliness is a feminine characteristic... [I]t is almost impossible for a woman to irritate a real man, and as to the woman, a man is never quite contemptible, never altogether rejectable, as long as he remains a man.” -- Isak Dinesen

That our society is decadent is self-evident. But if the question, “Is our society decadent?” were put to the American public, you would get an assortment of answers, ranging from, “Hell, no,” to, “The polls say that 90% of all Americans believe in God,” to, “70% of the American people believe promiscuity and stealing are wrong.” In short, there would be no agreement on the subject of decadence. Which is, of course, what one would expect; no society, having achieved decadence (maybe ‘dis-achieve’ would be a better word), is able to identify decadence. To the decadent, health is sickness and sickness is health.

Climbing out of the mire of decadence is not easy for an individual. And it is even more difficult for a society, because a decadent society has lost all connection to reality. The nerve endings are dead. Faith is gone and hence all the sentiments that elevate the human soul are gone as well. An individual living in a decadent society, who has managed to take his first baby steps out of the decadent swamp, will find himself isolated, marginalized, and possibly institutionalized. He will find individuals willing to criticize symptoms of the disease, such as child porn and legalized abortion, but those same individuals will draw back in shocked dismay if he criticizes modernity itself. That we are marching ever onward toward the light, despite some unpleasant detours, is an article of faith for modern man.

Satan is a very clever fellow. He does not make societies decadent by attacking God directly; instead he attacks the connecting links God has to His creatures. And one of the primary links is the divinely ordained, differentiated sex roles. Indeed, a significant indication of a decadent society is the complete blurring of the sex roles, and one of the key signs of a civilized, Christian society is clearly defined sex roles designed to support the patriarchal family.

The patriarchal society was in fact the creator of those moral ideas which have entered so deeply into the texture of civilization that they have become a part of our thought. Not only the names of piety and chastity, honour and modesty, but the values for which they stand are derived from this source, so that even where the patriarchal family has passed away we are still dependent on the moral tradition that it created. – Christopher Dawson in *The Dynamics of World History*

I don't think it's possible to overestimate the evils that are wrought in a society when God's benevolent ordering of the sex roles is put aside in favor of liberal utopianism. And it is halfway-house Christians who want to retain a faith in God, while destroying all of mankind's connecting links to God, who allow the liberals to substitute Cybele for Christ.

The late John Paul II was a textbook case of the schizophrenia of half-way house Christians. The late Pope praised the feminist movement, saying it had championed "the dignity of women." In his weekly audience of November 29, 1995, he called feminism "in great part legitimate," and said it had added to a more "balanced vision of the question of womanhood in the contemporary world." He further went on to say that feminism had reacted against everything that has "impeded the value and full development of the feminine personality" (from *Inside the Vatican*, January 1996). Gloria Steinem couldn't have said it better.

Let me defend my critique of the halfway-house Christians, such as John Paul II, who support feminism. Who was the human conduit Satan used to transmit his evil to Adam? Eve, of course. She fell because she made a bargain with the devil, who claimed he could make her equal to God. And Adam fell because he feared the loss of Eve's love so much that he was willing to love her outside of God's love.

Staying true to his poetic nature, the Lord God counter-balanced Adam and Eve's sins with the faithfulness of the Virgin Mary and Christ. Eve was a conduit for Satan, and Mary was a conduit for Christ. Mary, in contrast to Eve, who desired equality with God, desired only to be the handmaid of the Lord. Christ, in contrast to Adam, never consented to any request outside of God's orbit. "Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men."

Who is a man imitating when he calls our attention to the "great contributions of the feminist movement"? He is imitating the old Adam. His love for the feminists is illicit; it debases him and the feminists because it separates both from God's love. Feminism in its very essence goes back to the old Eve. The spirit behind the movement is a desire to make a deal with the devil in order to obtain equality with God. It is positively ludicrous to mildly chide the feminists for their stand on abortion and then go on to praise feminism to the skies, as if abortion is just an inconsequential part of the feminists' agenda. Abortion is the feminist agenda! How can they obtain equality with God if they do not control life in the womb? Their soul mate is Satan, who promises them divine equality if they will do his bidding and unsex themselves. Lady Macbeth -- "Unsex me here!" -- is the patron saint of the feminists.

The triumph of feminism in society and church has left society and church without any moral authority, because there can be no authority without masculinity. And ironically, there can be no femininity either, because femininity needs masculinity to survive, just as masculinity needs femininity. All decadent societies (Sophocles, Virgil, and Shakespeare wrote eloquently on this topic) lose the ability to distinguish between a man's and a woman's divinely appointed sex roles. It is Satan's wish that such divine distinctions be blurred, because once the blurring takes place, a society becomes decadent and loses all sense of God's redemptive grace.

As with all modern innovations, we must ask who is being served by feminism? Are Christian men and women benefiting from feminism? Certainly not. Are the feminists benefiting? Of course not. Nothing, not the right to kill their children in the womb or the right to hold jobs formerly reserved for men, will appease them or make them happy. They denounced their souls when they became

feminists, and only a 'road to Damascus' experience can release them from the feminist hell in which they live and in which they expect others to live as well.

A story from the Brothers Grimm, "The Fisherman and His Wife," reveals the true aims of feminism, and man's inability to ever make women happy by appeasement.

As you recall, a fisherman catches an enchanted fish. The fish begs the fisherman to put him back in the water. The fisherman, being a kind-hearted soul, throws the fish back. But upon his return home and after telling the story to his wife, the fisherman is berated by his wife for not demanding a wish from the fish. So, the fisherman returns to the sea and repeating the sin of Adam calls, "Flounder, flounder of the sea, Come, for I am calling thee! My wife, whose name is Isabel, Has a wish against my will."

Each subsequent wish is granted, and every wish is not good enough for the fisherman's wife. She goes from a cottage to a palace, and from being a fisherman's wife to Queen, Emperor, and Pope. With her last wish, she demands to be God. Presto change-o! She lands back in her shack and is once again just a fisherman's wife.

Of course we all know the reason a man acquiesces to a woman, even though he knows, in his heart, that she is wrong. Chaucer's Wife of Bath lays it right out in the open. But every Christian male knows that he can't do the bidding of a Lady Macbeth, no matter how compelling the reward for acquiescing, and no matter how unpleasant the punishment for a refusal, because to do so places his soul and the woman's soul into Satan's realm. Patriarchy and Christianity are of necessity linked. Feminism and Satan are irretrievably linked as well. The former link must be restored, and the latter must be destroyed.

Feminism, like so many of the heretical -isms, had always lurked on the outskirts of Christendom. You could find its adherents in witch's covens and the surviving underground cults of Cybele. But in the later half of the 20th century, feminism became mainstream, and patriarchal Christianity became an underground, proscribed religion. And it is significant that institutional feminism had its roots in the 'civil rights' movements of the late 1950s and 1960s. Radical women working in the civil rights movements saw themselves as even more disenfranchised than the black man. But because the black man was also 'victimized' by the white male, the feminists always reserved their criticisms for the white Christian male rather than the black male. The feminist silence during the O. J. Simpson trial was deafening.

If we just look at the stated beliefs of the feminists, their alliance with the black males seems ludicrous and inconsistent. If they are against masculinity, shouldn't they be against every single male, no matter what the color? But when dealing with men, and even more so with women, we must, if we want to truly understand them, go beneath the surface of their stated beliefs to the spirit that motivates them. And at the spiritual level, the feminists and the blacks are united. Both groups despise femininity and worship pagan masculinity. We are back with Lady Macbeth. She asks Satan to "unsex her" and make her heart as cold and merciless as a pagan male warrior. And she will only give her husband conjugal rights if he forsakes his Christian masculinity for a perverted and savage pagan masculinity.

*MACBETH: We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.*

*LADY MACBETH: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time*

*Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would',
'Like the poor cat i' the adage?*

*MACBETH: Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.*

*LADY MACBETH: What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.*

So true femininity, the type of femininity that Christian European poets used to rhapsodize about, is demonized along with the masculinity of men like Alfred and Tell, who fought and killed in defense of, rather than out of blood lust or desire for material gain. Only pagan masculinity remains, in the blacks, in the feminist Lady Macbeths, and in the white males who kill in the abortuaries at the behest of the feminist Lady Macbeths.

The black and the feminist revolts are compact in their ideological roots. Both movements are anti-European and anti-reality. The black revolution runs counter to the traditional Christian European view of the black man as the descendant of Ham, the lascivious son of Noah, who needed to be held in check by his more godly brothers. And the black movements which advocate black supremacy, under the guise of racial equality, directly contradict the historical reality that whenever blacks rule, Satan reigns. The pigmentation of the black's skin is not just an insignificant coloring. It is a warning from God; we dare not let darkness rule the light.

The contrast between the traditional European view of women as the life-bearers and life-nurturers, and the modern view of women as masculine pagans with female body parts is best exemplified by the contrast between the Virgin Mary nursing our Lord and the rock singer Madonna... well, we know what she does. It is not possible to be reconciled to, or to live with, people who prefer the later image of women to the former. And which image conforms to reality? Is Madonna the end product of the liberal's utopian dream?

The assault on Christian Europe is diverse, but the source of the assault is not diverse. There is one, demonic personality behind each assault. Only a people connected to Him can resist the assaults of that other 'he,' the malevolent 'he.' When we refuse to sever our links to Him, by resisting the new feminist and black ideologies, we are fighting the good fight and being true to Christian Europe. +

Labels: barbarians, decadence, feminism, paganism, true femininity

The European Woods

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 07, 2009

“Warrior! thou, whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part.
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denial.”

The most striking thing to me about the liberal Protestant, the fundamentalist Protestant, the Novus Ordo Catholic, the traditionalist Catholic, and the white neo-pagan groups is the one common faith they all share. This belief transcends their differences and keeps them from ever really diverging too far from modernity. Their commonly held faith is a belief in experts.

What has disappeared from all three camps, Protestant, Catholic, and neo-pagan, is a very European way of facing the numinous. It is true Europeans of old had their scholarly experts, their theologians, men who lived apart and studied the sacred books, but those experts did not determine what belief should be, nor did they mistake their own expert commentary (at least the non-heretical ones did not) on the Deposit of the Faith to be the Faith itself. The scholars of yore were kept in place by a religious peasantry, from whose ranks the scholars themselves often came, that placed a greater priority on the journey itself than on travelogues about the journey.

With the demise of the European peasantry, the reign of the experts began. The Christian Faith became a second-hand thing. It now only exists to the extent and in the way the experts say it does. And the modern European, lacking a blood faith, is at the mercy of the experts without any means of escape.

When I speak of the faith of a peasant I do not mean to suggest that only those who till the soil can possess such a faith. I am referring to all Europeans who experience the Faith firsthand. They have never come to believe, as Quentin’s father in *The Sound and the Fury* believes, that all tragedy is secondhand. The peasant journeys into the dark woods of existence with the intuitive knowledge that he will most certainly meet with witches, goblins, and other fiendish creatures. But he also knows, in his blood, that if he perseveres, he will see a light in the forest that will lead him to The Light; therefore, journey through the dark woods he must.

The modern European is a reed for every speculative philosophic wind that blows past the window of his brain. Because he no longer journeys through the dark woods, he is dependent on the experts. If he wants to receive knowledge of the light he must find an expert on the subject of “The Dark Woods.” But the experts have never gone through the woods themselves; they have second-hand knowledge of the woods based on their speculative theories about the nature of the woods. The modern Christian everyman takes the findings of his special, denominational expert and declares his tentative faith, pending further research by his experts, in the light that shineth in the dark woods.

And what killed the peasant faith (the only type of faith worth having) of Western man? It was the serpent of philosophical speculation:

“The vain pride of attempting to improve Christianity in the external exhibition of it in the churches, that it might vie in splendor with the pompous exhibition of the Jewish and pagan religions, and the presumptuous folly of explaining its mysteries according to the notions of the heathen philosophy, and, finally, of reducing the whole subject of Divine revelation into the form of a rational, systematic science, an attempt this, which rendered it as unfit for its primary purpose, the salvation of mankind, as the chemical process of distillation does our vegetable productions for the sustentation of animal life. The sublime productions of Aquinas, Maestrich, and Turrentine, are exquisite monuments of this egregious folly. As well might we attempt to

imbibe vital heat by embracing a corpse, as to derive spiritual life, light, or comfort, from the perusal of those voluminous works.

– from “*Christianity is Neither a Theory Nor a Philosophy*” by Father Campbell

The pagan peasant climbed the cosmic tree that connected heaven to earth. But his connection was only to something cosmic and impersonal, to some Star Wars-type of ‘force.’ It was Christ who personalized the pagan cosmic tree by submitting to a crucifixion upon that tree. After Christ, faith is always personal; it is never cosmic or derivative. It is always down the ‘mean streets’ or through the dark woods that a man must go. He must imitate in some fashion the example of his Lord.

As I mentioned in a previous article, “The Poetic Core of Western Civilization,” the shift from a fairy-tale appreciation of the Faith as a concrete, personal, earth-shattering experience, to a derivative, philosophical system is subtle and slow but devastating in its effects when it takes hold. Only a small remnant of the ancient Jews recognized Christ as the Savior because only a small remnant had a blood connection with their own Jewish faith which He could develop into a burning flame. The Pharisees were not atheists. In fact, they were ‘experts’ on God. Should not that give us pause when we hand ourselves over so willingly to the “religious” experts of today?¹

I come back to my original assertion that all the neo-pagan, and Christian organizations, liberal, conservative, and traditionalist, have abandoned the integral European response to existence. “Since truth is a given,” they say, “we do not have to look for it. The journey through the dark woods is unnecessary.” Literature is no longer a shared journey with a fellow traveler through the dark woods; it is simply a poetic rendering of truths already known. And psychology, moral theology, and scholastic philosophy have removed the necessity of a more affective study of the human heart.” This is a complete reversal! There has never been anything like it before in the history of Western culture.

In healthy Christian times, the peasant hero often consults with a wise magician before entering the woods, but he knows that ultimately it is he and not the magician who must face the witch, the ogre, or the dragon. All the wisdom of the wise magician cannot equal the wisdom gained by the Young Drummers and Amadans of the Dough, who venture into the dark woods and down the ‘mean streets.’ The truths of revelation must be put to the test. Are they true or mere abstractions? We will never know for sure if we don’t break free of the experts and start the journey through the woods. Yes, they are often dark and foreboding, but the peasant senses that the darkness leads to a light that provides a warmth never felt or even hinted at by the experts.

Flannery O’Connor once made a statement that speaks to this ‘peasant vs. expert’ issue. She said that it was professors of literature who most often failed to understand her stories. I have noticed this phenomenon myself. It is professors of literature, for instance, who most consistently misunderstand Shakespeare. Even some of those who appreciate him, like Allan Bloom, Harold Bloom, Bernard Levin and Goddard, generally do not understand his works.

And I would add a corollary (which Flannery O’Connor should have taken note of, because it might have kept her from a misplaced admiration for Teilhard de Chardin). The corollary is that professors of theology (the experts), both clerical and lay, are generally the people who least understand religion. Why is this? Because religion, like literature, is a complete worldview. It cannot be studied in a compartmentalized way. One cannot approach the religious experience with only the analytical burner turned on in one’s brain. One must approach it with one’s whole heart, mind, and soul. (Who once said something about loving with one’s whole heart and mind and soul?) But the religious experts, like the literary ones, do not approach their subject with the integrality necessary to give an accurate depiction of the religious experience. We receive from them a distorted view of religious faith. And we desperately need to see the Faith whole and unperturbed.

Norman Cantor, in his book *Medieval History*, points out that the modern world begins in the medieval age. He thinks that fact is a credit to the much-maligned medieval age. I think it is a

damning indictment. But Cantor is right; the modern world does begin in the medieval ages for it is in the medieval ages that the reign of the expert begins.

Three radical changes were necessary to prepare the way for the expert. First, reason had to be freed from original sin so that a reasoning class of men could rule. Theoretically all were still infected with original sin, but in practice the thinkers, the reasoners, were free of it because they used their minds – in contrast to the peasants, who were full of all sorts of emotions and passions that rendered them incapable of knowing God without the aid of the reasoning men.

Once freed from original sin, the reasoning men needed something to analyze, which brings us to the second part of the modernist revolution – the separation of reason from revelation. No longer is revelation something that is seen in its entirety, inspiring love and awe. It now must be filtered through the analytical lens of the reasoning men, who will point out the rational, practical, and necessary parts of it to the peasants.

And what then occurs, when the reasoning men take over, is a Christianity that rejects Christ. Dostoyevsky depicts this type of Christianity in the ‘Grand Inquisitor’ chapter in *The Brothers Karamazov*. The Inquisitor’s essential complaint against Christ is that His religion of freely given love is too impractical, too irrational. He, the Grand Inquisitor, has improved Christianity – he has made it rational and practical. But the rational, practical *quid pro quo* religion of the Grand Inquisitor is not His religion and it is not ultimately satisfying to men and women with souls. The Inquisitor’s religion is a good solid religion for the practical everyday necessities of life, but it leaves the soul without the white moments that it needs for survival.

Now, I know the response of the Javerts in the various Christian churches: “Our Lord set up a hierarchical structure of reasoning men to hand revelation down to the faithful.” A hierarchical structure, yes, but was it meant to be a hierarchical structure of Pharisees and technocrats? I don’t think so. Our Lord founded His Church on third dumb brothers. He knew the Pharisees were too “educated” and too practical to accept Him. St. Paul, the greatest of the apostles and a highly educated one as well, was a great persecutor of Christians until Christ’s revelation turned him into a third dumb brother. There has been a satanic reversal in the Church. Pure intellect alone will always focus on Satan and turn men’s eyes away from the Redeemer.

The third change that completed the medieval revolt (it would be more accurate to say the Thomistic revolt) was the separation of grace and nature. When men were seen as having separate spiritual and physical natures, the door was opened to study men as mere biological specimens only. Man’s physical nature could now be studied as if it had no animating spiritual principle. True, the Thomists didn’t deny God, but by denying a divine link between God and man’s human nature, they sowed the seeds of modern man’s isolation from God. The existentialist revolt of the 20th century was a necessary revolt against the disembodied, computerized God of the scholastics. Where the existentialists erred was in rejecting the Christ, who alone can save us from the inhumanity of the computer god.

There can be no faith in men without faith in God. And there can be no faith in God unless one views existence as a fairy tale journey through the mysterious dark woods rather than as a classroom filled with experts on God dispensing information about His nature. One can find the devil as well as God in the woods, but that is the chance one takes if he wants to see the living God. In the expert-dominated classroom, there is never a genuine encounter with God. And in the 21st century, the great mass of people exists without any contact with God. In earlier centuries it was only some isolated intellectuals who lived, like Malvolio, in prisons of their own minds, but now the great mass of people have become intellectualized (which is entirely different from becoming wise) and live enslaved by “mind-forged manacles.”

Of what does the glory of the West consist? Is it really the rationalist heritage of Greece and St. Thomas? No, that heritage seems too similar to the ‘you shall be as gods’ heritage of the old Adam.

The Old Testament prophets, the apostles, and the European poets all point to a different heritage, the heritage of the third dumb brothers, the fools for God.

I once had a professor in college, a lapsed Jew, who was always lamenting the fact that he, and all of us, had lost our sense of the sacred. "But what can we do about it," he would always add; "We are all Hegelian rationalists now." But are we? I certainly acknowledge that we live in a world that is imprisoned by Thomistic-Hegelian rationalism. But there is the poetic revolt. Existence contradicts the religious rationalists such as St. Thomas and the secularized rationalists such as Hegel. If the trip through the dark woods reveals that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their rational systems, are we not then entitled to assume that the rational schemes are mere fictions and the fairy tales are the reality?

At least my Jewish professor lamented the loss of the sacred. The current breed of post-Christian, modern pagan, and Christian rationalists, who have replaced Christ with a rational system (even if He figures somewhere in the system) are worse than my former professor. And they have taken on all of the secularized Jews' instinctive hatred for the culture of the European who still has a fairy tale connection to Christ. This is why you see creatures such as Thomas Fleming reserving his venom for Kinist-type Christians. His faith is in a rational system, so he hates all those who view God in poetic rather than in rational terms. To an antique European, Christ is Hero, Liege Lord, Blood Brother, and King. He is not an emaciated accountant who merely rubber-stamps his approval on a series of documents drawn up by the experts.

The "problem" of the modern European is one of vision. He needs to see that the fairy tale mode of existence is true. Then he will start to behave like the heroes of old Europe behaved, before the Europeans became too intelligent to believe in fairy stories about enchanted cottages in the woods and a God-Man who sanctified the woods with His blood.+

1. Heresies always come from the academy. It is a delusion of the various religious bodies that they can create their own academies that are devoid of heresy. Whether they be Protestant or Catholic, they always end in heresy, because they start out with the false assumption that wisdom can indeed be put in a silver rod.

P. C. Wren Again

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 2009

I love P. C. Wren because I love Otho Belleme. And I know that P. C. Wren poured his soul into that character. We first meet Otho as a young child in the book, *Soldiers of Misfortune*, and we follow him from childhood to young manhood in *Soldiers of Misfortune* and in the sequel, *Valiant Dust*. Prophetically, Otho fights against two of the greatest enemies of Christian Europe. In *Soldiers of Misfortune*, he fights in the boxing arena a colossal black barbarian who has been trained by a white turncoat to show the world what great soldiers the black Senegalese can be. The fight scene marks what is probably the last time a European writer presents a conflict between a black and a white as a conflict between two spiritually antithetical forces, with the white man representing the forces of good and the black man representing the forces of evil. Otho is aware of the metaphysical nature of the fight.

Still, one might take heart from that, and hope to distress and bother him again, even to the point of administering the coup de grâce... and perhaps this M'bongu, while a marvel at fighting a winning fight, might not be so good in a losing one? There might be more lion-like élan than bulldog tenacity in his make-up... possibly "more teeth and claws than guts," as Joe would say.

Yes, there was a hope that though an English gentleman's strength and insensibility might be inferior to those of a Negro, his spirit might be superior...

Yes, Otho and the men of Rourke's Drift knew how to fight barbarism.

In *Valiant Dust*, Otho must fight the Muslims. And he fights them without becoming like unto them. Nothing, not the desert, the Arabs, nor the black Sengalese can change or alter the innate chivalry of the English Otho Belleme.

Wren is an amazing man. It was extraordinary when Scott picked up the gauntlet and charged through the early 19th century like a medieval knight-errant, but to champion chivalry in the 20th century, as Wren does, is miraculous.

All heresies stemming from Christianity seek to replace the incarnational apologetics—in which the Divine reaches out to man through his humanity, and man gets to the Divine through His humanity—with corporate systems-analysis apologetics. In corporate systems-analysis apologetics, man reaches the divine through a superior system of reasoning. The great value of an author like Wren or Scott is that they put us back on course. We get to God through man. And if we see a character in a novel striving for the heroic, and if that striving strikes a chord in our own hearts, well, then we feel connected to Him. We do not feel connected to Him if we read a corporate spreadsheet, put out by a theologian, which tells us the universe is being run by a CEO named God.+

Labels: P. C. Wren

Sir Walter Scott Again

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 2009

I recently saw a recommended reading list put out by some organization that purported to be Christian. Walter Scott was not on the list. Such an admission is... Well, I'm at a loss for an adequate analogy, so I'll have to settle for some inadequate ones. It would be like leaving Babe Ruth off the list of great homerun hitters or leaving Saint Francis of Assisi off the list of great saints.

Scott, like P. C. Wren, is undervalued as a writer because he believed in chivalry, a code replaced in modern times by psychology. Scott never takes sides against the Catholic Stuarts and for the King George Protestants, nor against the Covenanters and for the King George Anglicans. He lets the

reader take sides, but Scott's authorial voice does take sides on the issue of chivalry. The noble characters have it, and the bad ones don't.

Scott is credited with inventing the historical novel, but that is a mere literary trifle compared to his real achievement. Scott's achievement consists of the Christian vision conveyed in the totality of his novels and poetry. His Christianity is strikingly pure and elemental. The villainous characters pursue knowledge, wealth, and power, while the heroic characters cling to the intangible values of loyalty, love, and charity. Throughout his novels and poetry we see the words of St. Paul embodied: "The letter killeth and the spirit giveth life." Scott always looks backward to a nobler time when antique Christian virtues were practiced. In contrast, the new age that Scott describes is dominated by lawyers and Pharisees. And by 'lawyers,' Scott means those with a lawyer's mentality; for not all lawyers in Scott's works have a lawyer's mentality.

I think Scott, like Shakespeare, will always need to be read by Christians. He shuns the merely theological Christianity for the deeper incarnational Christianity. His Christianity is organic; he gets to Christ through the human.

Scott is often depicted as the conservative in contrast to Dickens, the radical. But this is incorrect. Both writers are conservative in the good sense, in that they espoused a basic non-modern Christianity and opposed the new order of capitalist greed and avarice. It is just that by the time Dickens was writing, capitalism had become so entrenched that opposition to it seemed more like radicalism than in Scott's time.

My favorite work of Walter Scott is whatever book of his I am reading currently. But if pressed to come up with favorites, I would say that "Harold the Dauntless" is my favorite of the epic poems, and *The Antiquary*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Quentin Durward* are my favorites among the novels.

Scott, in his numerous novels about the ill-fated Stuart kings, gives us a very poignant and moving depiction of the heart-rending desolation of exile. Take the novel *Redgauntlet* for example. When the Great Cause is truly lost, the title character leaves Scotland forever, still loyal to his lawful King. One does not have to be a Jacobite to identify with Redgauntlet. Cannot we, the Christian remnant, see ourselves in the present day as being in the same position as Redgauntlet? Having championed the cause of the old antique Christianity, a Christianity where race and kinship mean something, are we not exiles from our own Church just as Redgauntlet was an exile from Scotland? When looked at in this light, Redgauntlet's parting is particularly poignant.

The general drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. 'It is now all over,' he said, 'and Jacobite will be henceforward no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts, and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto.'

'And now I shall not need it,' said Redgauntlet. 'I leave England for ever; but I am not displeased that you should hear my family adieus.--Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you, that though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance--a change, however,' he added, looking around him, 'which sits more easy on honourable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on their sleeve, and others in the heart. You will, from henceforth, be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father--of all that belonged to him--excepting this, his good sword' (laying his hand on the weapon he wore), 'which shall never fight for the House of Hanover; and as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean. Bless you, young man! If I have dealt harshly with you, forgive me. I had set my whole desires on one point,--God knows, with no selfish purpose; and I am justly punished by this final termination of my views, for

having been too little scrupulous in the means by which I pursued them.--Niece, farewell, and may God bless you also!"

And God bless you, noble Redgauntlet!

And who but a real Christian, a Christian in the blood, could write so well of true love?

*But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.*

*True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.*

*It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;*

*It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;*

*It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.*

--from "Lay of the Last Minstrel"

It has been said that all English literature is a footnote to Shakespeare. Sir Walter Scott would not disagree; his work is filled with Shakespearean references and Shakespearean themes. But I would add that Scott makes a magnificent footnote and a necessary companion to the great bard. +

Labels: Sir Walter Scott

Love Talks with Better Knowledge

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 2009



I try not to think of the Catholic traditionalists (who are not traditional) very often, because they are such a depressing bunch of post-Christian Christians. But I often get drawn into indirect contact with them in the form of a phone call or letter from an old acquaintance still connected to the movement. This last time, however, it was a front page article in the local newspaper that brought back all my old memories of the 'trads.'¹

The article reported that a local traditionalist group was alleged to be involved in financial chicanery and unspeakable sexual practices. I believe the accusations because I know the trads, but accusations are not proof. One should shun the trads because of their anti-Christian theology, not because of unproven accusations about their sex lives.

And the essence of trad ideology, whether it be that of Lefebvre, the Fraternity of St. Peter, the Society of St. John, or Mr. Independent Trad, consists of the elevation of human reason to a pinnacle above revelation and the elimination of the humanity of Christ.

When Uncle Andrew, the evil magician in C. S. Lewis's *The Magician's Nephew*, dreams of remaking Narnia over in his own image, he knows there is only one obstacle in his way: Aslan, the Christ Figure. "The first thing is to get that brute shot."

"To get that brute shot": that is the essence of traditionalism. Christ is the brute who stands in the way of the rule of the magicians. And that is all religion means to the traditionalists: "Who shall be master?"

Traditionalism, like modern, *Novus Ordo* Catholicism, is not based on Christianity but on modern Gnosticism wherein technique replaces religious faith.

The Dutch fairy tale, "The Two Wishes," retold with slight variations in other European fairy tales, illustrates the traditionalist heresy quite well.

In the tale, Saint Peter comes back to earth to take a walk among the Dutch villages and see how the "people are faring." On this particular Christmas Eve night, St. Peter knocks at the door of a prosperous-looking house. A middle-aged woman opens the door and quickly slams it again in St. Peter's face.

"Beggars! I'm tired of answering the door to beggars!"

St. Peter trudges on through the snow until he finds a humbler thatched cottage. A bent little woman answers the door.

"Good woman—" *Saint Peter began.*

Before he could go on, she cried, "Oh, you poor soul! Your shoes are wet and there's snow on your shoulders. You must be cold to the bone. Come in! I've a bit of a peat fire, and a pot of broth—not much to offer you on a night like this, but you're welcome to what I have."

Saint Peter went into the small room where a meager fire burned on the hearth. But it was warm and pleasant, and the little old woman bustled about her kitchen, pouring the broth into an earthen bowl, cutting a slice from a homemade loaf, and bringing a pair of old slippers for Saint Peter to put on while she dried his shoes beside the fire.

After a while, he got up to go, but she said warmly, "Oh, no, you can't go out in this weather! Wait till morning—perhaps the snow will have stopped by then, and the sun will warm you. My son is away; you can have his bed. Come, I'll light the way."

Saint Peter could not persuade her to let him go on. She saw to it that he was comfortable, and then went to put more peats on the fire.

In the morning she gave him breakfast, and before he left her he said, "You have been very good to me and made me welcome. I cannot repay you, but I can grant you a wish."

"Oh, sir!" she cried.

But he held up his hand. "Do not make your wish now. Think about it a while, and when you have a good wish, say it aloud, and it shall be granted."

With that he was gone, and the poor woman spent half the morning trying to think about what she would wish for. Then her eyes fell on the big, old-fashioned loom in the corner of the room. Her husband, who was dead, had been a weaver, and there was still a piece of unfinished cloth on the loom, just as he had left it.

"I ought to measure that cloth," she thought. "I wish I knew how much there is." Then she stood still. There was her wish. She said aloud, "May the work I begin tomorrow morning continue all day."

Next morning she began to measure the cloth. When she had twelve yards, she cut it off and rolled it up neatly. Then she saw that the pattern had changed, and the colors were different. She measured that, and there was another twelve yards. She cut it off and rolled it up neatly and set it beside the first roll. She measured and measured—every twelve yards there was a different texture, a different pattern, a different color. The rolls grew and grew. She stacked them along the wall and then in piles on the floor.

The neighbors who came to see what she was doing could hardly get the door open. All day she measured and measured, and the cloth continued to roll from the loom. By nightfall the cottage was so full that she could scarcely get from the loom to the stove. There was enough cloth to last a lifetime. There was enough to sell in all the neighboring villages and towns. She would never want for money the rest of her life.

When the cranky rich woman hears about the good fortune of the poor widow, she is envious. She waits till the next Christmas Eve, determined that this time St. Peter will get a different reception from her.

It was Christmas Eve again when he returned. The moment she heard a knock that snowy evening the woman was sure it was the stranger. She flung open the door before he could do more than knock once.

"Come in, come in!" she cried. Her house was swept and garnished and polished. A delicious meal was cooking on the stove. "It's a bad night to be out. You must rest before the fire, and have supper with us... This is my husband. See, he will take your cloak and dry it. Dirk, get some more fuel for the fire, and set another place at the table, and see that the big bed in the guest room is warmed."

Saint Peter said he really could not stay. "I only stopped to ask my way," he said.

But she would not hear of his leaving. "In the morning will be time enough. It's dark; you would not be able to see the path. Supper is ready, and it's a cold night."

So Saint Peter stayed, and the next morning he thanked her. "I cannot pay you," he said, "but whatever you do first tomorrow will last all day."

The woman fairly danced with joy. She ran back into the house. "He said that whatever I do first tomorrow will last all day! This is what I hoped for! Oh, that foolish widow—measuring cloth! I will count money. There will be so much money before the end of the day that we shall be rich forevermore! First, though, I must make bags to put it in. If I get up right after midnight to make the bags I can begin counting my money by daybreak."

She could hardly sleep for excitement. As soon as the clock struck midnight she leaped out of bed and put on her clothes and grabbed her scissors. She would have to work fast to make enough bags to hold all the money she intended to count.

As soon as she had cut up some old material she began on another piece, and when she had enough pieces she decided to sew them up at once. But, oddly enough, she couldn't stop cutting! She took the sheets off the bed and cut them up, and the curtains from the windows. Her husband hurried out, "Woman, have you gone crazy?"

"I can't stop," she answered him. "I can't keep these scissors from cutting!"

She cut up the bedspreads and the rugs and the tablecloths. She cut up her petticoats. Then she took her husband's suits, one by one, and cut those to pieces. The poor man ran about, begging her to stop, but nothing could stop her. She snipped off her bonnet strings and then cut up the bonnet itself. She opened her wardrobe and cut up all her dresses. The napkins went next, and the towels, and the aprons, and the downstairs curtains. She wept in anger; her husband was bellowing in rage. But all day long, as long as there was anything to cut, she cut it up.

"Now I know what that stranger meant!" he shouted at her. "The first thing you did today—and you, you stupid, began the minute after midnight!"

Of course the moral here—the moral of many great fairy tales—is that the inmost heart, not the outward show, is what counts. One cannot substitute technique and intellectual acumen for the virtues of the heart.

To those who have become used to dueling-documents apologetics, it seems frivolous to bring fairy tales into a religious debate. But the European fairy tales represent the wisdom of our race. If the inner logic of the traditionalist movement goes against that wisdom, can the movement really be traditional?

The great deceit of traditionalist priests is that they outwardly try to appear anti-modern yet continue to infect their parishioners with the modernist mindset necessary for their successful triumph. They must inject into their adherents the Uncle Andrew virus: "The first thing is to get that brute shot." All neophytes must empty themselves of all humanity and learn to look on God as devoid of all humanity as well. At that point, they will be ready to receive the true wisdom from the traditionalist gurus.

The true test comes when the trads speak of Him, the great lover, as the great hater—of the marriage bond, of the possibility of the salvation of more than a few, of all things human. If the neophyte swallows this he is no longer a neophyte but a traditionalist.

The great folklorist, William Shakespeare, speaks to the traditionalists in *Measure for Measure*. In the play, the Duke, in disguise, listens to the rogue, Lucio, defame him.

LUCIO.

Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

DUKE VINCENTIO.

You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO.

Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE VINCENTIO.

What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO.

No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

DUKE VINCENTIO.

Wise! why, no question but he was.

LUCIO.

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE VINCENTIO.

*Either this is the envy in you, folly, or mistaking:
the very stream of his life and the business he hath
helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better
proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own
bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the
envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier.
Therefore you speak unskillfully: or if your
knowledge be more it is much darken'd in your malice.*

LUCIO.

Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE VINCENTIO.

*Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with
dearer love.*

Yes, no matter what traditional forms cloak traditionalism's sinister doctrines, love talks with better knowledge and knowledge with dearer love. +

1. When you make a mistake as big as I did, in becoming associated with the trad Catholics, it is quite easy to become a Montaigne skeptic: "Since I have been certain I was right in the past and then discovered I was wrong, I cannot be certain that any decision I make in the future is correct." That type of reasoning is a satanic trap. The devil wants us to think we can never really know what is true and what is false.

But we can know; God has not left us bereft of guidance. Christ is at the center of our hearts. He is our touchstone of reality. I joined the traditionalists because of the liberalism of the *Novus Ordo*, not because I loved their church. When I saw how satanic the trads were and how they sneered at the Man of Sorrows, I left their church.

The answer to Vatican II liberalism is not traditionalism, nor, in my opinion, should we renounce all of Catholic history as un-Christian. In my heart I feel that the Catholic and Protestant churches are like a husband and wife who have separated but have not sought a divorce because they know in their hearts that they are mystically united. This is not the ecumenism of "You abandon your faith and I'll abandon mine and then we can be united in our disbelief." It is the ecumenism that says all things are possible for those who believe in the Lord. I have no faith in denominations, but every faith that the men and women who genuinely seek Him shall ultimately be united in Him.

Labels: traditionalism

Winning Friends and Influencing People

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 2009



“Alone, yes! – But why stand against the world?”

Over the years I’ve mostly received negative feedback on the articles that I write, which is one of the reasons I am always surprised when I get a complimentary letter. But complimentary or negative, I always used to respond to every letter I received when I was a young man. I now only acknowledge the complimentary letters, and I ignore the critical ones. I do this for three reasons.

- 1) When I was young, I had a much greater respect for the rational, argumentative, dialectical type of apologetics. Now, I’ve come to believe that such debates are futile.
- 2) There is simply not enough time to write and then spend four to five extra hours a week responding to criticisms of what I have written.
- 3) In the Internet age, there are more ‘skim readers’ than ever before (quite possibly there are no human beings under 40 who have actually read a book or even an article from beginning to end). Someone will read two sentences of an article and, based on that reading, will fire off a skim-reader hate letter. I think we all would prefer to be liked, or even adored, rather than hated, but I am quite willing to be hated for my beliefs. What is intolerable is to be hated for something that I don’t believe but that a skim reader thinks I believe based on his two-sentence reading of something I wrote.

So let me launch into a summation of the major criticisms I’ve received over the years, which won’t clarify anything, because the skim readers who I am addressing won’t read more than two sentences of what I write. In fact, they haven’t read this far. Then why bother writing? Because I am headstrong, romantical and most unwise.

I like to think of myself as a man of the right. It sounds solid, substantial, and principled. But judging by the criticisms I get from the right wing, I think I’ll find another moniker.

Complaint #1: “You are weak on the Jewish issue.”

One irate woman even told me once that I was a Jew, which was news to me, because I always thought I was of Welsh-German descent without any Jewish ancestry. But weak on the Jewish issue? What do my right wing critics mean? As near as I can gather, it is a combination of my oft-stated assertion that the Jews were not and are not the greatest threat to Christian Europe; my reluctance to give unequivocal support to the ‘no ovens’ theory; my refusal to view the Arabs as the ‘good guys’ in the Jewish and Muslim dispute; and my insistence on regarding Jewishness as a spiritual state rather than biological destiny.

Wow, those are some indictments. And I probably haven’t covered them all. Let’s start with the ‘Jews are not the greatest enemy’ assertion: I think that organized Jewry in its modern secularized form and in its more Orthodox religious form has always been a major threat to Christian Europe. One need only mention the Jewish strangleholds on the banks in Europe and America to prove that the Jews have an inordinate, an instinctual hatred of Christian Europe. But I think an avowed, even a maniacally hostile enemy in front of you is preferable to the wolf in sheep’s clothing in back of you. The greatest enemy of Christian Europe is now the Christian churches. The Jews would not have sufficient power to destroy individual Christians and Christian institutions if Christians had not become more hostile to Christianity than the Jews are. I’ve noticed that liberal southerners now hate the old white South more than northerners do; so it is with liberal Christians. In compensation for their old Christian days, they hate Christians even more than the Jews. And I do make a distinction between secularized Jews and Orthodox Jews. The vast majority of Orthodox Jews hate Christian Europe, but there seem to be more Orthodox Jews, such as the late Will Herberg, willing to support Christian Europe than there are “Christians” willing to support Christian Europe.

The ‘no ovens’ theory refers to the Holocaust problem. I don’t see why the right wing is so obsessed with proving that there were no ovens used to kill Jews. That terrible barbarities were done to Jews *and* to Christians, who were not guilty of anything other than being Jews and Christians, is (or so it seems to me) undeniable. That the Jews have lied about the number of Jews killed; that the Jews have been unconcerned about all the Christians killed; that the Jews have made, and are still making political hay over their “victim” status also seems to be undeniable. But whether Jews were beaten to death or gassed in ovens, or whether the Jews were starved to death or gassed in ovens, does not change the fact that barbarities were committed against them at the command of an anti-Christian, neo-pagan named Adolf Hitler.

The United States at the behest of Israel committed, and is still committing, terrible atrocities in Iraq. The Jews have committed and are still committing terrible atrocities in Palestine against the Moslems. But isn’t this a case of a big bully picking on a little bully? Are the Arabs a benign, peaceful people? Is Islam a faith of charity and mercy? Where, in the right wing, is the traditional, Christian European antipathy for Islam? Why is support for the Arabs any less repulsive than support for Israel? Does anyone doubt for a second that if the Moslems could gain the upper hand in Palestine they would commit the same atrocities on the Jews that the Jews are currently inflicting on them? What is sadly lacking in the Palestine dilemma is a Christian presence. If there was such a thing as Christian Europe and it was still strong, this is what Christian Europe would say to the Muslims and the Jews: “Neither of you have a right to Palestine. It belongs to Christ. But as a concession to erring human nature, we will permit both of you to live and worship in Palestine, providing you follow our rules.” You can fill in the rules yourself.

And if there was a Christian Europe but Europeans were not strong enough to control the Moslems and Jews? Then the European states, which would include the United States, would simply say, “A plague on both your houses.” But a Christian monarch would no more support the Moslems against the Jews than he would support the Jews against the Muslims. The modern television evangelists who think that the interests of Israel and Christendom are one and the same are insane, but so are the right-wingers who think Islam and the Christian West can become two peas in a pod.

I've noticed that almost all the pagan right-wingers and a sizable amount of the Christian right-wingers take the view that once you are born a Jew, you stay a Jew no matter if you claim to have converted to Christianity or not. A traditionalist priest, as distinct from a traditional Christian, once condemned a Christian author I was fond of, because he claimed the man had a Jewish ancestor some eight generations back.

Shakespeare, often condemned for anti-Semitism because of his play, *The Merchant of Venice*, actually gives us the traditional Christian view of the Jew, which differs markedly from the views of the right-wing Christians and the New Age, right-wing pagans. Shakespeare shows us what a man becomes who belongs to a religious sect that has hardened itself against the God of mercy. He hates The Light and those who worship The Light: "I hate him for he is a Christian." But Shakespeare also emphasizes that there is redemption for the Jew if he will become a Christian. Jewishness does not have to be a permanent condition. In the play, Launcelot, who impregnates a negress, presents the literalist interpretation of Jewishness, while Jessica gives the traditional Christian view:

Launcelot Gobbo. *Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.*

Jessica. *And what hope is that, I pray thee?*

Launcelot Gobbo. *Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.*

Jessica. *That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.*

Launcelot Gobbo. *Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.*

Jessica. *I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.*

What is the key element of Judaism? Their hatred for Christ and the people who built a civilization based on their love for Christ. The New Age pagan, the Christian rationalist, as well as the post-Christian rationalists of the Catholic and Protestant bodies, all hate Christ and the Europeans who still honor His civilization. So who is the unredeemed Jew? Shylock and the modern Christ-hating Christians, but not Jessica.¹

Complaint #2: "You hate Catholicism."

Let us first be clear about the difference between a Christian's hate and the barbarian's hate. If I say I hate Bernard Shaw, which I do, it does not mean that if he were alive today I would want to kill him or torture him, as a Negro barbarian would want to do to his enemy. Now if Bernard Shaw led an army that was determined to force the Shavian faith on me by violence, then I would respond with violence. But in the absence of a declared war on his part, my response to Shaw's evil religion would be a spiritual one since my hatred of him was, and is, a metaphysical hatred, which is much stronger than a barbarian's hatred, but not as bloody.

With that qualification, let me say that yes, I do hate Catholicism in its modern *Novus Ordo* form and in its traditionalist form. Is there any other kind of Catholicism? I think there is if one looks to the Christian Church prior to the medieval ages and to the Anglican Church prior to the 20th century. But let us leave that alone for the present.² Why the hatred for the two modern manifestations of Catholicism? The *Novus Ordo* church is the end result of nontraditional traditionalism, so let me start with the traditionalists. What the 'trads' are preserving and espousing is the doctrine that spawned Vatican II, that made the Protestant Reformation necessary, and that has given birth to modern liberalism (see 'The Lost Thread' and 'The Scholastic Heresy'). They have institutionalized the sin of the old Adam and made it the Christian faith. In their view the Church as

an institution does not preserve the deposit of the Faith handed down by the apostles. It does something entirely different. By ignoring its own tenets it placed an inordinate amount of responsibility on one man. Karl Adam was absolutely correct when he said that the Church should not be dependent on that one chosen theologian to explain the Faith.³ And I would add that what the Church did, when they traded Christ for St. Thomas Aquinas, was the same as what Adam and Eve did. Satan told Adam and Eve that true wisdom did not come from an intimate relationship with God, it came from pure reason's contemplation of the natural world. And that satanic doctrine, through the good offices of St. Thomas, became the primary doctrine of the Catholic Church. The *Novus Ordo* church was simply the result of following the Thomist formula to its logical conclusion that would have horrified St. Thomas: the mind of Man is God. How can you not hate such a doctrine?

Complaint #3: "You are hostile to Protestantism."

Yes, in my zealous Catholic days, I was hostile to Protestantism, but I must emphasize that I was never a Feeneyite, nor will I ever become a Protestant version of a Feeneyite.⁴ What I am in absolute sympathy with is the Protestantism of Lady Alice Avenel as depicted in Walter Scott's novel, *The Monastery*. She doesn't know about John Calvin or Martin Luther; all she wants is to get closer to Christ. And she reads the forbidden book, the Gospel of Christ. For this she is reprimanded and denied the Gospel of Christ.

Alice of Avenel represents what is good in the Protestant Reformation. And unfortunately a reformation was needed, because the Church authorities of that time did not have the sense to simply form another order as they had done with St. Francis of Assisi.

But what of John Calvin? I have never known a good Christian who was a strict Calvinist. The good ones modify his doctrines and place Christ's gospel above John Calvin, while the mad-dog lunatics who look and act like John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame follow the logic of total depravity to its ultimate hellish conclusions.

Without a doubt Calvin's total depravity doctrine was a reaction to the semipelagianism of St. Aquinas. Both theologies are monuments of "egregious folly." Thankfully the Christian folk of Europe have rejected both follies.

The complex problems, such as the place of Mary in the Church, and the meaning of such terms as 'transubstantiation,' will never be solved by the theologians. They will be solved by the Christian folk who genuinely seek Him in their hearts.

Complaint #4: "Fairy tales and poets and all that literary nonsense has nothing to do with religious faith."

First, fairy and folk tales of the Europeans are a very good source of religious faith. They represent the only true form of democracy, the democracy of tradition.

And secondly, a great poet such as Walter Scott gives us not only his own vision of the Faith, he also depicts for us the religious vision of his people.

In contrast the theologian does not give us a vision, he provides us with his thoughts about God. And it is just one particular man's thoughts about God. He speaks for no one but himself and demands that every man, woman, and child should adhere to his philosophy of God.

The non-integral, rationalistic, theological Christianity of the schools has rendered Christians defenseless against the organized onslaught of the Jews and the Christ-hating Christians. And Christians are helpless because the philosophical undergirding of both the Protestant and Catholic churches denies that there is any indwelling grace within man. He has only dumb nature as his guide, which is the liberals' guide as well. When the theological Christian quarrels with the liberal post-Christian, they are quarrelling over trifles; they really agree on the essentials. The men of faith

are never theologians or theological Christians. They are Europeans who see Christ's banner and no other, and they have already overcome the world because they, like Ratty, have never left their home. "Through Him, with Him, and in Him..." +

1. In the recent conflict between the grand inquisitor bishop of the SSPX and the liberal, Jewish inquisitors I see that it is indeed true that the devil never rests. (I wish he would take a break now and then.) "Choose," the devil says. I choose neither. But for the same reason Whittaker Chambers thought the convicted communist Alger Hiss should not be denied a passport because he was a convicted communist, I do not think the SSPX bishop should be denied the right to "deny the Holocaust." As some blogger recently stated, "The Jews are not that smart." If they were they would realize that by calling attention to a marginalized bishop within a marginalized sect of the Catholic Church, you only give a sectarian, religious zealot celebrity status far beyond anything he ever had before.

It is not for denial of the Holocaust that the bishop should be anathematized. He and his whole organization should be anathematized for denying the humanity of God. The Jews, having abandoned their faith, now have only one faith, the Holocaust. And they protect their new faith. Where are the Christian voices that protect their faith? Why was the SSPX never condemned for the right reasons, for their refusal to acknowledge that God has a human face and a human heart?

The Christian gospel announces primarily not an ascent of humanity to the heights of the divine in a transfiguration, an apotheosis, a deification of human nature, but a descent of the Godhead, of the divine Word, to the state of bondage of the purely human. This is the kernel of the primitive Christian message. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"; he "emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, and in habit found as a man" (Phil. ii. 7). Hence it is just as important to establish that Christ is full and complete man, that for all the hypostatic union with the Godhead, he possessed not only a human body but also a purely human soul, a purely human will, a purely human consciousness, a purely human emotional life, that in the full and true sense he became as one of us, as it is to establish the other proposition, namely, that this man is God. Indeed, the doctrine of the divinity of Christ first acquires from the other doctrine—Christ is full and perfect man—its specifically Christian imprint and its specifically Christian form; its essential difference from all pagan apotheoses and saviour gods.

--from *The Son of God* by Karl Adam

I've grown up reading all the ecumenical books that say a Christian should make alliances with every organization that affirms God. That's too broad of a tent for me. Such a tent includes Muslims, SSPXers, Druids, African voodoo devotees, and so on. But if we limit the tent to those who believe in the divinity of God and His humanity, we won't have an overwhelming coalition of numbers but men and women with faith in the one true God.

One final note on this SSPX-Rome-Jew conflict. To the Pope: Williamson never hid his views on the Holocaust. If you didn't want him and his organization back in the Church, you should not have lifted the excommunication. But having once welcomed the unrepentant sinner back to the fold, you should not then have immediately thrown him to the wolves.

To the SSPX: What kind of organization sells out their own for a paltry pat on the head from the liberal powers that be? A lap-dog, soulless organization.

To Williamson: Abandon the God of the SSPX and appeal to the God-Man of Christianity, the only one to whom we can turn for mercy when a Christ-forsaking, Christ-hating world no longer even knows the meaning of the word.

2. It's more than interesting that the British people, after the terrible debacle of Henry VIII and his wives, when forced to decide about the best means to inspire devotion to Him, chose to link to the early Church fathers rather than the scholastics, and to stress the Gospels over the Church fathers.

I think this was a wise choice, because the Scholastics were the wise men who told us we needn't enter the dark woods; we needed only their wise heads. In contrast, the early Church fathers only advised us about the journey; they didn't tell us that it was unnecessary. They would not have been in the least offended therefore that the Gospels were given priority over their advice.

When I was a young man, I thought that the source of modernity was Protestantism. When I became an older man, I realized that scholasticism was the source of modernity. When Protestants also abandon the Gospels, they become scholastics and therefore modernists, which is why I have always claimed that the conflict is not between Catholic vs. Protestant but between peasant vs. wizard.

3. "Too little attention has been paid to what Etienne Gilson, in his great book *La Philosophie de S. Bonaventure*, has told us about the literally passionate hostility shown by that brilliant Franciscan towards the Aristotelian epistemology taken over by SS. Albert and Thomas Aquinas. At that time in the fight against the Platonist-Augustinian illumination theory, which referred every ultimate and absolute certainty to an inflowing of divine light, and thus linked in the most intimate union created and divine knowledge, human perception was thrown on its own resources, and consequently knowledge and faith, the natural and supernatural, were neatly separated, and it was then that the primary conditions were created in which a world, which was more and more rapidly breaking loose from the primacy of faith, could emancipate all human

thought from the creative thought of God. Men artificially mapped out a particular field of reality and called it Nature. They thus awakened and encouraged the evil illusion that the other reality, that of the supernatural, of God, had been brought into apposition with it from without, and that it was a more or less secondary reality. Nature was secularized by being released – from the epistemological standpoint—from its actual union with the supernatural, and the fiction was favoured that Nature was a thing per se capable of complete explanation independently of any outside factor. Thus we have all become secularized in our thought and we have schemata in our hands, or rather in our minds, which do not lead to the divine, to Christ, but away from him...

"Western eyes are grown old, and can no longer see the whole reality; or rather they have been ruined by long and bad usage. By having been concentrated on the world of mere phenomena their capacity to see the superterrestrial and the Divine has been weakened. Hence the evil does not so much lie in our bad will, certainly not in the difficulty of the Object, in the mysterious, paradoxical nature of the Christian message, but in the fundamental make-up of the modern European. **He has forgotten how to see.**"

--from *The Son of God* by Karl Adam

George Macdonald put it more simply and more poetically:

I will go further: To arouse the hope that there may be a God with a heart like our own is more for the humanity in us than to produce the absolute conviction that there is a being who made the heaven and the earth and the sea and the fountains of waters. Jesus is the express image of God's substance, and in him we know the heart of God. To nourish faith in himself was the best thing he could do for the man.

And Shakespeare puts it better still:

*Thy bosom is endearèd with all hearts
Which I, by lacking, have supposèd dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie.
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone.
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.*

4. Father Feeney was a Catholic priest who claimed there was no salvation outside the Church. He was excommunicated by Pius XII, and his excommunication was lifted by Paul VI. I'm sure Protestants have Father Feeney types in their respective churches as well, men and women who take one small aspect of the faith and make it the cornerstone of a new, cruel religion. In Father Feeney's case, he took "Pharisaism to a new level of genius."

Labels: "yeah I get a lot of complaints"

Breaking the Chains of Superficiality

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 2009



“For the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of an host, but strength cometh from heaven.”

This past summer I got the news that my best friend from my grammar and high school days had died. I was of course surprised and saddened. I hadn't seen Chris or spoken to him since the summer of our senior year in high school when he was on his way to France and I was off to college. On the surface we were rather unlikely friends. He was an honor student, I was not. I was an athlete, he was not. But we shared a certain contempt for, what I shall call it? Let's call it a contempt for the Thomas Gradgrind, 'just-the-facts-ma'am,' educational establishment, and we also shared a love for the poets of print and stage.

I don't remember if it was one of the last times or the very last time I talked with Chris, but I do recall that we had differed on the issue of radicalism. In his senior year Chris had gotten heavily involved with radical politics. He even wore an anti-Vietnam War armband at graduation. In contrast, I did not have the slightest interest in politics. I was too young to see the difference between us then, but looking back on our friendship now I realize that Chris was more of a 'True Believer' than I was. He believed, or wanted to believe, in the radical 'isms'. But I had the same contempt for the Left as I did for what passed as the conservative establishment. In other words, my temptation was nihilism while his was utopianism. But I was very fond of Chris, probably fonder of him than he was of me. He was the type of person who made friends easily.

I heard of Chris now and then through his brother and some mutual friends. He did the Henry Miller routine, living the avant-garde life for many years. About the time of my marriage, I heard he was back in the United States. I was anything but a radical by then, so I thought I would give him some time to divest himself of his avant-garde ways and then I would contact him and talk about how we had both come to believe in the King of Poets, the Christ.

But it was not to be. I got immensely busy raising a family and never did contact him. When I learned of his death, I desperately wanted to find out something about his later life. Against all reason, I just knew that in his later years Chris had become a believer in the Christ of antique

Europe. When he had time to reflect on who it was that inspired so many of the poets of Europe, he would, I told myself, most certainly have become a believer. Well, there is always the hope something miraculous went on between Chris and God during his final hours, but the exterior evidence, the organizations to which he belonged, the job he held, all indicated that he had stayed a clichéd radical all of his days.

His death saddened me, but the fact that he had not become what I just knew he would become, was beyond sad. It was devastating. I've had this experience twice now in my life, when I thought that I was heart-and-soul in union with a friend, and then found out we were miles and miles apart. How does that happen? I don't know. I do know that there can be no true friendship if one has not gone through what Thomas Hughes describes in *Tom Brown's School Days*:

However, you'll all find, if you haven't found it out already, that a time comes in every human friendship when you must go down into the depths of yourself, and lay bare what is there to your friend, and wait in fear for his answer. A few moments may do it; and it may be (most likely will be, as you are English boys) that you never do it but once. But done it must be, if the friendship is to be worth the name. You must find what is there, at the very root and bottom of one another's hearts; and if you are at one there, nothing on earth can, or at least ought to, sunder you."

Of course there was a huge difference between Hughes' traditional society and the one in which Chris and I grew up. In Hughes' world, which was passing away when he wrote *Tom Brown's School Days*, there was no such thing as the adolescent or 'teen' years. You had your boyhood and then manhood. At some time in your boyhood, you had to decide for good or evil. Were you going to adhere to the principles taught in your boyhood or were you going to go against those principles and forge a new lifestyle and a new faith different from that of your kith and kin? In contrast, the society in which Chris and I grew up did not encourage going down to the depths of one's soul to see what was there. We were encouraged to make career decisions that were practical but not to make those ultimate decisions that turn a boy into a man. "Be true to the dreams of your youth," Melville wrote. And he was right, in the context of a traditional society. In such societies boys form the ideals and beliefs that they will carry into adulthood. But in a non-traditional society, the final years of boyhood are called adolescence, and a boy is encouraged to believe that his childhood was a lie and his manhood will be a sham if he gives up the narcissistic dreams of his adolescence. And no true friendship can be formed when one or both of the friends are in a permanent state of adolescence. If I had not been an adolescent, I would have seen that Chris and I were miles apart, as far apart as Tolstoy, whom he adored, and Dostoyevsky, whom I idolized. But of course we both lacked the necessary powers of discernment to realize that.

It is not a little thing, this failure to get to the heart of oneself and to the heart of those we would call our friends. It is a tragedy. And when we perpetuate adolescence into our adulthood, as King Lear did, our personal tragedy has a ripple effect in society and spawns an infinitude of personal tragedies. The adolescent utopian, when he becomes a teacher, creates more utopian adolescents. And the adolescent, utopian politician creates a whole class of adolescent, utopian adults and calls them his constituents. And on it goes until a society becomes an organized state of permanent adolescence that has no principle to live by except the principle of superficiality. Depth in thought and feeling is forbidden. Any religion is tolerated so long as there is no depth to it. So all religions are tolerated except the one true religion, and all cultures are tolerated except the one culture based on the religion of depth.

And it is not only genuine friendships that disappear under organized, adolescent superficiality. Marriages based on love disappear. There is no "secret sympathy, The silver link, the silken tie, Which heart to heart, and mind to mind, In body and in soul can bind."

How can a man or a woman raised to believe life is an eternal, superficial adolescence unite in a marriage that means something?

The European Christian, the incarnational Christian, must be very careful about this modern business of uniting with a non-Christian, superficial group in order to combat a common enemy. It's a fearful thing to face a multitude of enemies alone, but if we water down our faith, our religion of depth, to be more compatible with our unfriendly allies, won't we lose God's aid in the battle and our souls as well? Organizational, 'idea' Christianity, neo-paganism, organized Jewry, and black barbarism, are all opposed to European, incarnational Christianity. If we pick one anti-Christian group to help us against another anti-Christian group, what have we gained?

I'm not very computer savvy, so I don't always see everything that is put out by white Europeans, but I recently saw an article on the *Vanishing American* blog with which I wholeheartedly agree. In fact, it was the only article I've seen in many years with which I could wholeheartedly agree. And I think that is because there are very few incarnational Christians left and because those incarnational Christians still living and breathing do not use the Internet.

The *Vanishing American* quotes Drew Fraser as saying that spiritual problems must have spiritual remedies, not political ones:

It is high time for Anglo-Saxons to secede culturally, economically, spiritually, and theopolitically from the transnational corporate welfare state. It makes far more strategic sense for Anglo-Saxons to reclaim control over the Anglican Church from the neo-communists who presently infest it than to waste time, energy, and other scarce resources breeding a new generation of power-hungry white nationalist politicians.

Anglo-Saxons have been brought low, turned into the pathetic practitioners of the WASP lifestyle, by the spiritual disorder I call Anglo-Saxon Anglophobia. Spiritual problems require a spiritual remedy; they cannot be solved by political action. For Anglo-Saxons, an excessive faith in political theology is a large part of our problem.

The ethnogenesis of the Anglo-Saxons presupposes their spiritual regeneration, in England and throughout the Diaspora. The Church of England created the English nation in the Dark Ages of medieval Europe. In the new Dark Age it must fall to the Church to save the Anglo-Saxon peoples around the world from the satanic forces to which they have become enslaved.

To wage that battle the Church will have to become the nucleus around which an regenerated Anglo-Saxon ethnoreligious community can begin to crystallize. The Church would have to embrace not just those who pray but also those who work to feed, clothe, and shelter their Anglo-Saxon co-ethnics as well as those who fight to defend the territorial and ethnocultural integrity of the Anglo-Saxon race against its enemies."

Amen to that.

And I applaud the author's awareness of the fact that our pagan "allies" are not really our allies:

But I find this growing movement in opposition to Christianity among many nationalists and ethnoconservatives to be troubling. I find it so not just because I take the attacks on my God, my faith and the faith of my ancestors personally, but also because it is harmful to our cause. Would the anti-Christians purge us from their number because we don't toe the secularist or post-Christian or neo-pagan party line? Would they take action against Christians should they ever attain power? I am beginning to think the answer is "yes" because of the vitriolic nature of their diatribes against Christianity. For some of them, Christianity is the object of hatred because it is said to be an 'alien, Semitic religion', not one intrinsic to Europe. This is the line Nietzsche used, if I remember correctly.

It is more than troubling, it is a call to arms. It always is a mistake to assume people can't possibly mean what they say because what they say is too stupid or too horrendous. The true hearts among the neo-pagans will, like Harold the Dauntless, find their way, like all noble souls do, to Christ. But there is nothing a Christian European can gain by allying himself with neo-pagans. If the neo-

pagans settle for neo-paganism because they claim Christians are weak, they are settling for that superficial reading of history because they want to settle for it. Mere fighting is not anything special. Every race, religion, and country has fighting men. It is what a Christian fights for that makes him unique. But the evidence is there for anyone who wants to look at history objectively; when Christians have to fight they are quite capable of fighting:

In these days when our wise generation, weighed down with wealth and its handmaid vices on the one hand, and exhilarated by some tiny steps it has managed to make on the threshold of physical knowledge of various kinds on the other, would seem to be bent on ignoring its Creator and God altogether—or at least of utterly denying that He has revealed, or is revealing Himself, unless it be through the laws of Nature—one of the commonest demurrers to Christianity has been, that it is no faith for fighters, for the men who have to do the roughest and hardest work for the world. I fear that some sections of Christians have been too ready to allow this demurrer, and fall back on the Quaker doctrines; admitting thereby that such “Gospel of the kingdom of heaven” as they can for their part heartily believe in, and live up to, is after all only a poor cash-gospel, and cannot bear the dust and dint, the glare and horror, of battle-fields. Those of us who hold that man was sent into this earth for the express purpose of fighting—of uncompromising and unending fighting with body, intellect, spirit, against whomsoever or whatsoever causeth or maketh a lie, and therefore, alas! too often against his brother man—would, of course, have to give up Christianity if this were true; nay, if they did not believe that precisely the contrary of this is true, that Christ can call them as plainly in the drum beating to battle, as in the bell calling to prayer, can and will be as surely with them in the shock of angry hosts as in the gathering before the altar. But without entering further into the great controversy here, I would ask readers fairly and calmly to consider whether all the greatest fighting that has been done in the world has not been done by men who believed, and showed by their lives that they believed, they had a direct call from God to do it, and that He was present with them in their work. -- Alfred the Great by Thomas Hughes

There is currently no Christian opposition to the Leviathan. Coalition groups led by neo-pagan and/or ‘get out the vote, write letters’ men do not constitute an opposition. In their desire to be ‘practical,’ in their desire to be ‘realistic,’ they are the most impractical and unrealistic men alive. They are not practical because they keep screaming at the powerless to wake up and do something. The powerless are fully awake, but they need a leader to lead them, not a hysterical screamer telling them to wake up. And the neopagan and letter-writing groups are unrealistic because in their efforts to be realistic, and therefore democratic and inclusive, they have cut themselves and their would-be followers off from the wellspring of life. Before Christianity became a propositional faith for the European he based all of his actions on his faith. If he fought it was in the name of his faith, and when he set up a government he modeled his government on his faith. It is not realistic to have a government independent from the faith of its people. Europeans would be much better off if we chose a Christian king and started to rebuild from that base than we will be trying to put Christian square pegs into the round holes of democratic capitalism of the state and corporate variety.

Unrealistic and impractical you say? No, if a people have the faith to choose a Christian king it will be a sign that they have the faith to follow a Christian king:

But what if the special function of the king is precisely this of sympathy with the masses? Our biblical training surely would seem to teach that it is. When all people are to bow before the king, all nations to do him service, it is because “he shall deliver the poor when he crieth, the needy also, and him that hath no helper.” When the king prays for the judgments and righteousness of God, it is in order that “he may judge Thy people according unto right, and defend the poor.” When the king sits in judgment, the reason of his sentence, whether of approval or condemnation, turns upon this same point of sympathy with the poor and weak,--“Inasmuch as ye have done it, or not done it, to the least of these my brethren.” From one end to the other of the Bible we are face to face with these words, “king” and “kingdom;” from the first word to the last the same idea of the king’s work, the king’s functions, runs through history, poem, parable, statute, and binds them together...

To those who look on the Hebrew scriptures as mere ancient Asian records, which have been luckily preserved, and are perhaps as valuable as the Talmud or the Vedas, this peculiarity in them will seem of little moment. To those who believe otherwise—who hold that these same scriptures contain the revelation of God to the family of mankind so far as words can reveal Him—the fact is one which deserves and must claim their most serious thought. If they desire to be honest with themselves, they will not play fast and loose with the words, or the ideas; will rather face them, and grudge no effort to get at what real meaning or force lies for themselves in that which the Bible says as to kings and kingdom... -- Alfred the Great

Life, the Christian always believes, has a deeper meaning than can be seen on the surface. If a man, a Christian man, settles for the superficiality of modernity, or even if he plays fast and loose with the truth by hedging his bets and spending half his time with modernity and the other half with Christianity, he will succumb to the modernist sickness.

Often, when we have recovered from a long illness but are still very weak from the effects of the illness, we feel better than we felt before the illness. The exhilaration of finally being well and whole again more than offsets the fact that it will be some time before we have regained our full strength. That is how the European will feel when he recovers from his illness. He was sick from a surfeit of superficiality in his religion, in his politics, in his culture. When he returns to the deeper things, he will start to regain his strength.

In the avant-garde world of superficiality there is no reverence, no pietas, no respect for the deeper things. But in Christian Europe (before Christ became an idea instead of a God), the King, the sword, and the woods were sacred. The King and the sword served Him, and the European woods sprang from the same wood that He consecrated with His blood. We haven't gotten smarter because we no longer believe in kings, swords, or sacred woods. Quite the contrary, our brains can still tabulate the amount of facts we know about the natural world, but we no longer can see past our noses because the heart, having been treated like a poor relation for so many years, is no longer connected to the brain.

There is a wonderful scene in the 1930's version of *Mutiny on the Bounty* when Fletcher Christian (played by Clark Gable), having taken all and more than a man should take from a tyrant, says, "We'll be men again if we hang for it." Wouldn't we, the European males, like to be integral men again? It's not impractical or suicidal to walk away from the soulless, superficial world of the modern automatons. We will never 'win them over' or be allowed to live in their world, and we will lose our souls. If we refuse to live in their world and struggle to regain the strength that our ancestors once had, we may perish in the struggle (though it is by no means certain that we shall), but we will have saved our souls. On the one hand, there is certain physical and spiritual death. On the other hand, there is possible physical death and certain spiritual life. Let us listen to King Alfred on his deathbed, speaking to his son:

"My dear son, sit thou now beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. My son, I feel that my hour is near, my face is pale, my days are nearly run. We must soon part. I shall to another world, and thou shalt be left alone with all my wealth. I pray thee, for thou art my dear child, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people; be thou the children's father, and the widow's friend; comfort thou the poor and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, my son, govern thyself by law, then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all things shall be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and so He shall help thee the better to compass that which thou wouldest."

We are his sons. +

Labels: King Alfred

Thy Life's a Miracle

SATURDAY, MARCH 07, 2009



Men must endure,
Their going hence
even as their coming hither;

In the great debate between the Franciscan Bonaventure and the Dominican Aquinas, I stand with the Franciscan. St. Francis's way to God, through vision, through a heart-to-heart relationship with Christ our brother, trumps Aquinas's system (inferring the existence of God through the contemplation of the natural world) every time. And I have noted that the British writers who came from a nation that successfully resisted the over-legalistic and overly rationalistic Roman system were the most Franciscan of all the great writers.¹ The works of Shakespeare, La Fanu, and Scott, for example, are the embodiment of the visionary, heart-to-heart response to God and to God's world that St. Francis espoused. The tragedy of the modern European is that he has abandoned the affective, sympathetic way, or what I call the fairy tale mode of apprehension, for the intellectual, Gnostic approach to existence. Even at this late date if we shift our focus and pay attention to our forefathers, those British Franciscans, we can overcome the Gnosticism of the modern age.²

Every Christian century has had its Hamlets, men who were willing to risk everything in combating the Gnostic dragon of modernity. But by the twentieth century the Gnostic dragon had grown to such proportion that the combat against him seemed almost hopeless. Boris Pasternak's character, Dr. Zhivago, is much like Shakespeare's Hamlet, but Zhivago lacks Hamlet's vitality. Zhivago faces a world that is in an advanced stage of Gnostic trichinosis. The people around Zhivago no longer even remember what a non-Gnostic world or a non-Gnostic person was like. And we can't look on Soviet Russia as something separate from the rest of the democratic West. The underlying philosophy of East and West is the same: Gnosticism.

Zhivago is an unlikely hero, being an adulterer and a derelict, but Pasternak is not making a case for adultery or sloth. Zhivago is a moral hero because, despite his sins, he is still trying to hold onto a vision of humanity that holds the particular human person above the abstract principle of humanity. This makes him an unfit companion for the walking, talking, cardboard humans that inhabit his world. He tells them:

"Microscopic forms of cardiac hemorrhages have become very frequent in recent years. They are not always fatal. Some people get over them. It's a typical modern disease. I think its causes are of a moral order. The great majority of us are required to live a life of constant, systematic duplicity. Your health is bound to be affected if, day after day, you say the opposite of what you feel, if you grovel before what you dislike and rejoice at what brings you nothing but misfortune. Our nervous system isn't just a fiction, it's a part of our physical body, and our soul exists in space and

is inside us, like the teeth in our mouth. It can't be forever violated with impunity. I found it painful to listen to you, Innokentii, when you told us how you were re-educated and became mature in jail. It was like listening to a circus horse describing how it broke itself in."

"I must stand up for Dudorov," said Gordon. "You've got unused to simple human words, they don't reach you any more."

"It may very well be, Misha. But in any case, you must let me go now. I can hardly breathe. I swear, I'm not exaggerating."

The modern world has institutionalized the worldview of Hamlet's archenemy, Claudius, who thought that the mystery of man could be solved by intellectual dissection. If Claudius were alive today, he would send Hamlet to two psychiatrists called Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

If I were to claim that Freud is psychiatry and psychiatry is Freud, most modern psychiatrists would disagree. They would cite their rejection of the Oedipus complex, penis envy, and Freud's extreme emphasis on the early childhood years. But Freud's essential premise, that man is a glorified ape that can be examined, probed, and analyzed like a laboratory specimen in order to be "cured," is the same as that of all the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts that now say they reject Freud.

And because of Freud's atheistic rationalism, I do not think it is possible to fuse incarnational Christianity and psychology. I know Isaac Stern, the psychiatrist and Roman Catholic convert, advocated such a fusion in his work, *The Third Revolution: A Study of Psychiatry and Religion*, but I do not think the Church's attempt to fuse the two has produced anything beneficial to Christendom. In fact, I think the contrary has been the case. The Church has, under the influence of the psychoanalytic movement, overestimated the healing powers of reason and the conscious mind, which is why the late John Paul II consistently claimed that murderers and child molesters could be rehabilitated.

In addition, the Church's concept that the individual is responsible for his own sin has been, under the influence of psychology, seriously undermined. Instead of blaming an individual for his sin, we now blame social pressures, and/or family influences. I don't deny that individuals have gone to psychiatrists and been helped with some personal problem, but those individuals were helped because the psychiatrist or psychologist overcame the limitations of his discipline to reach out and help a fellow human being. But I completely reject the notion that an individual could be helped in any way, except to slide more easily down to hell, by a trained psychiatrist or psychoanalyst using the insights of his profession.

I think we must, when talking about psychiatry, go beyond the essentially evil condemnation we would hurl at the computer or the automobile, and label the science of psychology as intrinsically evil.

Nor do I think Jung is a psychologist who is "friendly" to Christianity. He was a Freudian, who studied under Freud and then broke with him. And the cause of the break was interesting. It was on the subject of religious dreams and imagery. Freud maintained that all religious belief, especially belief in the Jewish or Christian Faith, was a sickness. He developed this point brilliantly in his book *Moses and Monotheism*. As a story, the book makes for an incredible read, but it so obviously intentionally malicious and lacking in rationality that one stands aghast and asks, "How can a man who claims to believe in scientific objectivity have written such an emotionally charged, fictitious critique of Judaism and Christianity? This man obviously needs psychoanalysis himself."

You know the thesis that Freud put forward to explain away Judaism and Christianity: A tribe of young men, existing in the primeval mists of time, got together, killed their father and then slept with their mother.

The Jews, Freud contends, repeated primeval man's sin by killing their father, Moses, in the desert. Christianity was successful, again according to Freud, because it allowed for the relief of the guilt

complex from which mankind suffered for the primeval killing of the father. The son died at the request of the father, thus making up for the initial murder of the father.

Of course, Freud's whole theory falls apart when one simply asks the question, "Why the initial guilt? Why, if man is only a glorified ape, should he feel guilty about killing his father and sleeping with his mother?" When Freud projects a feeling of guilt onto primeval man, he assumes a spiritual dimension to man's existence that is derived from the religion which he says is a sick delusion.

While still accepting most of Freud's theories, Jung rejected the notion that religious belief was necessarily a neurosis. He found in his study of dreams that all people had dreams with religious symbols in them. Was everybody then neurotic? Yes, Freud said. No, Jung said.

On the face of it, it would seem that Jung is the friend of religious faith, and that the believer and the seeker can cozy up to him for warmth and protection. "There, there, you are not neurotic or sick like Grandpa Freud says. It is perfectly all right to believe what you believe. Just trust Papa Jung. Here is a candy bar." And indeed, many Catholic priests and Protestant ministers have cozied up to Jung.

But I would rather have an enemy like Freud than a friend like Jung. I'll never forget the excitement with which I read Jung's book, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, and that by his disciple, Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Nor will I ever forget my disappointment – actually 'depression' would describe it better – when I finished the books. Jungian psychology is just pantheism. "Your religion is okay, Mr. Hindu, and yours, Mr. Christian, and yours, Mr. Moslem, and everybody else's. We are all part of the great cosmic force..." Blah, blah, blah. Just another form of atheism, but more dangerous than Freud's because it presents itself as benign. I remember screaming at Jung, after reading *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*: "Are you not man like me, subject to death and decay like me? What think you of Christ and His claim, 'I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die'?"

And to Campbell: "If Christ is not the Hero, above all other heroes, the one to whom the rest of the heroes point, of what use is the hero's journey? For what purpose does he sally forth?"

Jung and the Jungians are a pantheistic dead end. There is no personal element in their 'cosmic force,' and hence no real religion either; nor is there any real religion in all of the psychiatric desert.

It's all a closed world if we allow the Claudiuses of psychiatry, of philosophy, of theology, of science to assign us a part in their kingdom of the dead. The purveyors of modern Gnosticism come in diverse colors. But they all come from the same multi-colored, seamless garment. The propositional Christian, the Jew, the neo-pagan, and the black barbarian are all united in their hatred of incarnational Christianity, which was not only the religion of St. Francis and Shakespeare, it was the religion of the ordinary European for thousands of years. I don't see what new revelation the current bred of Gnostics are in possession of to make me or any other European reject the God who took flesh and dwelt among us. +

1. And, therefore, once the Roman conquerors had glutted their first rage for plunder, their main effort was to induce their Western subjects to assimilate Latin life in all its aspects. Their success with the Gauls was permanent, and became the starting point of modern European history. But in Britain, after a great initial success, they had complete ultimate failure. 'From the Romans who once ruled Britain,' wrote Haverfield, the great student of the archaeology of the occupation, 'we Britons have inherited practically nothing.'

2. I love the British Franciscans because they seem so focused on Christianity as an incarnational faith rather than as a dialectical philosophy. So many seemingly insoluble problems of dialectical philosophy, such as how God can be both universal and particular, and how He can be both God and Man, are resolved in the person of Christ. Le Fanu expresses this so well in his novel *Uncle Silas*:

Next day was the funeral, that appalling necessity; smuggled away in whispers, by black familiars, unresisting, the beloved one leaves home, without a farewell, to darken those doors no more; henceforward to lie outside, far away, and forsaken, through the drowsy heats of summer, through days of snow and nights of tempest, without light or warmth,

without a voice near. Oh, Death, king of terrors! The body quakes and the spirit faints before thee. It is vain, with hands clasped over our eyes, to scream our reclamation; the horrible image will not be excluded. We have just the word spoken eighteen hundred years ago, and our trembling faith. And through the broken vault the gleam of the Star of Bethlehem. The psalmist reminds us that we walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The saints and poets of incarnational Europe show us that He walks with us through that Valley to the Mountains beyond it.

Labels: fairy tale mode of perception, Gnosticism, psychology as religion

The Fiery Furnace

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 2009



*It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;*

The very best way to discern whether one belongs in a particular Christian organization is to determine whether the organization's image of Christ is compatible with your own. "What think ye of Christ?" is indeed the question of these wars. When the dialectal approach to religion rules as it currently does in the organized churches, it becomes very hard not to choose the lesser of two evils because two false evil images of Christ are the only images presented. I found that I was not in sympathy with the liberal Catholics or with the traditionalist Catholics. The liberals claim Christ is like Mr. Softie (of ice cream fame), and the traditionalists claim he is like Mr. Murdstone of David Copperfield. But is He with either of these groups?

The liberals would have Him be soft on sexual license, soft on non-believers, and soft on them. But they do make one exception: when people do not accept their vision of a 'Mr. Softie' Christ, the liberals demand that 'Mr. Softie' hurl the non-believers into outer darkness.

The problem with the 'Mr. Softie' Christ is that He ends up not being strong enough to raise Himself or His followers from the dead. He becomes a kind of Great Gatsby: the nicest man in the world, but a hopeless, powerless figure. This type of Christ suits the liberals' purposes until they are faced with a situation, such as their own death, or the desired condemnation of a conservative creed, at which time they are left out in the cold by their image of Christ.

What the liberals fail to see is that there are occasions when Christ must be tough in order to protect the soft. Those who are soft in their faith must be protected from aggressive Jews, Muslims, neo-pagans, secularists, etc. Hence the ecumenism of a John Paul II-type is a base betrayal of the flock. The physically soft, such as babies in the womb, must also be protected. To fail to be tough in order to protect their softness would run counter to the true image of Christ. He would be tough in their

defense. But the liberal Christian will not accept toughness (except when dealing with those with conservative creeds) from their 'Mr. Softie' Christ.

The traditionalists commit a grave error on the other side of the spectrum. Their God is certainly tough. He doesn't take any stuff and nonsense from anyone. And they, in imitation of their God, are tough guys too. They are not 'nice guys' – in fact their lack of 'niceness' is their badge of honor. But just as niceness without doctrinal firmness makes the liberal Christ a 'softie', so does firmness without charity make the traditionalist Christ an anti-Christ, because what the traditionalists fail to comprehend is that Christ was tough for a soft reason.

The liberals are partly right: Christ is merciful, He is forgiving. He did come to save and not to condemn. And yes, the traditionalist is right about Christ's toughness: He did come to define, condemn, and judge. The traditionalist doesn't err because he claims those tough attributes belong to Christ, he errs when he designates the softer qualities as liberal and therefore not part of Christianity.

Is it so difficult to comprehend that the Man-God is tough and strong because he is meek and mild? Yes, it is too difficult, I have noticed, so long as one clings to the dialectic: If $A=B$, and $B=C$, then $C=A$. To the dialectician, bent over his computer, toughness and softness do not compute. Either God is tough with all the attributes of toughness, or He is soft with all the attributes of softness.

But in real life, as distinct from the dialectic, it is quite easy to comprehend a tough God who is soft. We can comprehend such a God by examining our own striving for the heroic ideal. Melville, in his magnificent novel, *Pierre*, has his hero, who is about to be married, exert himself in various manly exercises, imagining as he does so, that he might be called upon in the future to protect his meek and mild bride-to-be.

Once more, the sweet unconditional thought of Lucy slid wholly into his soul, dislodging thence all such phantom occupants. Once more he rode, he walked, he swam, he vaulted; and with new zest threw himself into the glowing practice of all those manly exercises, he so dearly loved. It almost seemed in him, that ere promising forever to protect, as well as eternally to love, his Lucy, he must first completely invigorate and embrown himself into the possession of such a noble muscular manliness, that he might champion Lucy against the whole physical world.

One can see that Pierre is trying to become tough for gentle reasons.

Chesterton tells us in one of his works that on his wedding day he went out and purchased a revolver. What an excellent instinct! Like Pierre, Chesterton had the desire to be tough in order to protect softness.

What the liberal Catholic and the traditionalist both try to do is banish all decent Christian feelings from our hearts and souls so that they may plant their new religions in our minds. The liberal Catholic tries to convince us that our nobler instincts to fight for and protect the soft are base, un-ecumenical, and pagan, while the traditionalist tries to tell us that all those Pickwickian instincts of love and charity have nothing to do with Christianity. We must work, we are told, to squash such instincts and cultivate the toughness of a 'tough guy' God. (Although I must note that the traditionalists, like the liberals, permit one exemption from their creed. The traditionalists prefer a tough God until they need mercy and forgiveness, and then, they too want 'Mr. Softie'.)

Now the devil would like us to choose between traditionalist (always distinct from traditional) and liberal Christianity because both versions of Christianity present a distorted view of Christ that serves the devil's purposes. He preys on spiritually sick individuals who have no blood faith and hence no touchstone of reality. He is like an evil conman hanging around the lonely hearts' clubs hoping to bilk lonely women out of their savings. And it is quite lonely without a church, without community. But if one's church and community is without Christ, won't our loneliness in such a church and such a community be all the more acute?

Loneliness is now the permanent condition of an incarnational Christian in the modern world. There is no remedy for it. But the Christian's loneliness can be lessened if he stays connected to the traditional, nonsectarian faith of the European people. The reason the traditionalist and liberal churches cannot support a Christian is because they have abandoned tradition. The traditionalists think tradition consists of Church documents and the works of older theologians. And they cite those documents and those theologians against the liberals' new documents and new theologians. But tradition means so much more than one theologian's ideas or one set of documents. Tradition is the faith of a people in its entirety.

The people's art, their loves, their social structures all express how they feel about God. If a modern Christian finds the older European tradition to be in line with his faith, he should cling to that tradition and reject the Christ-less faith of liberal Christianity and modern traditionalist Christianity. He will still feel lonely, but he will no longer feel God-forsaken. And in traditional European Christianity, there is no Mr. Softie or Mr. Tough Guy. There is only Jesus, true God and true man. His power and his mercy are indivisible and infinite.

I think that the distorted portraits of Christ painted by the modern liberals and the modern traditionalists are the end result of a change in the soul of the European. The focus in a healthy, functioning, Christian soul is on the God-Man, but in a sick, unhealthy soul the focus is on oneself, particularly on those aspects of one's life that shows one to be of the elect. The modern Christian is constantly checking the list to make sure he is fit, tanned, and chosen, because a man who has been dialectically severed from the inner life of God has only outward signs to convince him that he lives in the light. The only difference between the various denominations is with what they choose to verify their elect status.

Thus liberal Catholics are very concerned with having correct opinions on the subject of Negroes and women's rights, but they are very little concerned with adultery and abortion. The conservative Catholics are very concerned about obedience to the Pope, but they are not in the least concerned about the rights of Christ the King or the defense of kith and kin. And the traditionalists are very concerned about the rite of the Mass, but they are not in the least concerned about their inhumane, Christ-insulting creed. It is the feeling of election which has become paramount, and not a respect and love for the living God.

But if modern Christians would look to the older European culture, they would find a remedy for their sick souls. In the traditions of maidenly virtue and hierarchically structured institutions, the liberals would find an answer to their problems of gender and race. In the chivalric traditions of Europe, the conservatives would see how one can be martial yet gentle. And in the daily lives of the European folk, the traditionalists would find a burning light of charity to ward off the dark Nestorian night.

The European people, in structuring a society around the idea of the God-Man, put their faith to the test in the furnace of reality. When their faith came out unscathed, it gave us a touchstone of reality that we avoid at our peril.

True Europeans are in line with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego:

Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, ye servants of the most high God come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, came forth of the midst of the fire.

What is the unique feature in that account? Is it the fact that the three men were willing to face fire for their God? No, that is a rare thing but not unique. The heathen have courageous men among their ranks who will face fire for their gods. The unique feature in the account is, of course, that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego did not burn. Their faith withstood the test of fire. This so impressed Nebuchadnezzar (apparently he was more easily impressed than modern churchmen) that he proclaimed:

Therefore I make a decree. That every people, nation, and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other god that can deliver after this sort.

Well said, Mr. Nebuchadnezzar. He has punctuated a point that is overlooked by modern Christians: One's faith must be based on reality. Feel-good slogans geared to convince us of our elect status won't cut it. Nebuchadnezzar used to run around with banners about the sun god's warmth and beneficence, but after witnessing Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego's astonishing survival, he became a raging, un-ecumenical convert to the true faith.

Existence is a fiery furnace. We can put our faith to the test during our lives here on earth, like our European forefathers, or we can 'Skip to the Lou' and hide from reality with feel-good slogans. But at the hour of our deaths we will still have to face the fire we avoided our entire lives. King Lear, after living a life based on the wisdom of Hallmark greeting cards, had to face the fire:

You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave—Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound, Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears do scald like molten lead.

Labels: charity, dialectic, Incarnational Christianity

At the Last Trump

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 2009



*All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!*

“We are enow yet living in the field, To smother up the English in our throngs, if any order might be thought upon.” Thus spoke the Duke of Orleans at the battle of Agincourt, but of course no order was thought upon, and the French suffered one of the biggest ‘upset’ losses in military history.

The cry of the conservative, nationalists for the past thirty years has been the same as that of the Duke of Orleans: “There are still enough white people left to turn back the colored tide if whites will only band together as a racial unit and vote white.” And if wishes were horses, then beggars would ride. White people are not going to band together and act as a racial unit, because they are a unique race of people; they, and they alone, built a Christian civilization, and they, and they alone, have built a post-Christian civilization. No white solidarity movement can be successful that does not take the white man’s religion into account. You can’t simply condemn it, as the neo-pagans do, nor can you leave it aside and put your faith in the democratic process, as the ‘Founding Father’ type conservatives do. Christ is our Promethean fire; without Him there is no hearth for the European.

The difference between a pagan’s love for his own race and a Christian’s love for his own race is a difference in intensity. Just as shame turns to guilt and kindness to charity in a Christian culture, so does pride of race turn to love of race in a Christian culture. What is missing in the pagans’ pride of race is a fully developed appreciation for the human personality. Only the Christian can be fully aware of the divinity within man, because only the Christian is linked to the divine personality.

Even though there are great differences in degree between the white pagan gods and the black barbarian gods, they all, in the end, are of the same kind: they are nature gods. Pagan man is ultimately alone in the jungle. He has the sun in the morning and moon at night, but he has no personal God who cares whether he lives or dies. Love for one’s race under such a canopy is a futile, desperate, despairing love. “I can’t survive death, but my race will survive and keep my name alive.” Who cares about such a survival? Only the incredibly superficial. The men of depth, such as Sophocles, say, “It is better never to have been born than to suffer such a fate.”

The white man could not rest content with paganism. He stepped away from the heathen gods and went looking for the God above the gods. The blind Oedipus called his brethren to see beyond Mt. Olympus, beyond Aristotle, beyond Plato, to the God who set the apostles’ hearts on fire on the road

to Emmaus. The traditional faith of the European, and still the faith of the traditional European, was that He and He alone is waiting for us at the crossroad of life and death. As Le Fanu so eloquently says, we have only His promise and no other. The nature gods, seemingly so full of life and vitality when we are full of life and vitality, are lifeless and mute when our life's blood has ebbed and we are in our death agony. Then it is only His life and His vitality that sustains us and His voice that we hear, which brings us to the great divide. The Thomistic revolt, as the great Russian Vladimir Solovyov pointed out, is a return to nature; the revolt constitutes a denial of the link between God and man. God is no longer in man; He is in nature. And man is once again alone with only nature as his comforter. Of course man still has the idea of God, but he no longer possesses God. God still imparts to human hearts, but if men's hearts are closed because their minds are bound by nature, He cannot enter in.

The modern anti-white, anti-Christian Christian is simply carrying the logic of scholasticism to its ultimate conclusion. One doesn't have to reject God in order to be a modern Christian atheist. One merely has to reserve the right to make God anything which the individual, autonomous man wants Him to be. And man also becomes whatever the modern scholastic wants him to be. I was forced to confront this type of post-Christian Christianity when I was involved in the pro-life movement. If one took a Christian peasant's view of the matter, the abortion issue was quite simple: abortion was murder. "I was cast upon thee from the womb: thou art my God from my mother's belly." But to a Thomist who has no touchstone of reality, no blood relationship with God, but has only his unaided, rational contemplation of the natural world, it is not simple. Let's listen to a "conservative" Thomist, Will Lester S. J., using Aquinas to justify legalized abortion:

The traditional, philosophical argument for man's life beginning at the moment of fertilization centers around the theory that the "form" of the material being, which gives the body life and guides it through development, must be one and the same throughout the beings' existence. But since the "form" of the developed man is demonstrably the intellectual soul, that soul must be present from the moment of fertilization and that moment must mark the beginning of man's life as a human with all his rights. However, I am inclined to deny the need for a material being having one and the same soul throughout its existence. Rather I think Aquinas was correct in saying, "At first the embryo has a soul which is merely sensitive (capable of sense perception) and when this is taken away, it is supplanted by a more perfect soul which is both sensitive and intellectual." (Summa, I, q. 76, a.3, ad 3...)

It is certain of course, that an intellectual soul is immaterial and subsistent and therefore cannot be generated; it can only be created. A sensitive soul, though, can be generated. Now, it seems to me that a sensitive soul, generated by humans, should suffice for human bodily development; then, after the brain developed sufficiently, the sensitive soul would be supplanted by an intellectual one bringing human life.

For one thing, it seems unreasonable that an intellectual soul which needs a material brain for its peculiar activity would be present before the brain would be usable even for the most rudimentary tasks. But without an activity peculiar to itself, the soul would have no sufficient reason for existence and therefore could not exist. The fact, too, that identical twins are formed by the splitting of what was once a one-cell, fertilized ovum argues against the one-cell zygote having intellectual soul. After all, an intellectual soul can neither co-inform the same body with another intellectual soul nor be split into two.

Also, the supplanting of a less perfect soul for the more perfect is consonant with the theory, which seems to be definitely true, that brain death constitutes the death of man. Except the process is in reverse. When the body can no longer be useful to the intellectual soul, that soul leaves; yet the body still accommodates a less perfect soul capable, at least, of nourishment.

Supplanting also appears to be accepted on principle by traditional theologians who rather unanimously allow for a limited evolution. They work on the supposition that if evolution were a

fact and man evolved from an animal, the souls of a male and female near-human animal were finally supplanted by two intellectual souls and the resulting two persons became the parents of us all.

Furthermore, scientists Arthur Hertig and John Rock tell us, and their statements seem to be scientifically accurate, that 58% of all fertilized human eggs are lost within the first two weeks. They simply do not make it down the fallopian tubes or are not properly implanted on the wall of the uterus. (Later some 11% more are lost. Only 31% actually come to birth.) Now it seems unbecoming God's providence that all those one-cell and few-celled beings which are lost should be immortal humans.

If my conclusions are correct, then direct, intentional abortion at the earliest stages of development would not be the moral evil of murder but of illicit birth control.

--from *Morality Anyone?* by William Lester, S. J., Arlington House, 1975

Contained in Lester's convoluted justification of abortion is the reason why the white race is committing suicide. The mind of man, when detached from the Promethean heat of Christ's loving heart, can and does make itself an artificial fantasy world. Reality is what the mind of man says it is. If autonomous man declares a baby is not a baby, then it is not a baby. And conversely, if autonomous man says there is no such thing as race, then there is no such thing as race. Babies and white people can be summoned or eliminated at a whim. When a baby is chosen, then it exists. When it is not chosen, it is a fetus. White people are a race when liberals want a race to blame the ills of mankind on; white people are not a race when liberals want to integrate schools and intermarry. Then, of course, there is no such thing as race. It's all quite neat, if you're a modern, post-Christian rationalist. Your fantasy world is the world.

Where does all this leave the European, incarnational Christian who knows that babies are babies no matter how un-intellectual they are; and that race does matter just as Christ's incarnation matters? It leaves him on the outside fringes of the civilization built by his ancestors, who believed as he did about race and about God. And nothing will make the incarnational Christian an insider again. White Christian Europe is no more. It is no longer the eleventh hour; the clock has struck midnight. Antique Europeans are now a minority in a new Babylon.

To say I bleed and weep for the death of Christian Europe would be a gross understatement. I have no words to describe my feelings on the subject. But no amount of bleeding or weeping on my part will bring Europe back. Or will it? Is there really a distinction between the poetic realm and the practical realm? In the poetic realm, His realm, nothing that is eternal dies. So Europe still lives just as Professor Kirk's old home in the country still lives:

"Why!" exclaimed Peter. "It's England. And that's the house itself—Professor Kirk's old home in the country where all our adventures began!"

"I thought that house had been destroyed," said Edmund.

"So it was," said the Faun. "But you are now looking at the England within England, the real England just as this is the real Narnia. And in that inner England no good thing is destroyed."

By declaring that eternal Europe still lives I am not in anyway trying to diminish the tragedy of the emergence of a new Babylon where Europe once was. But I am pointing out that there is no conflict between the practical measures a white European should pursue in order to cleanse his nation of liberals and barbarians and the poetic connection he should maintain to eternal Europe. The European must see the conflict in its entirety, as a war against principalities and powers. While doing everything he can in the temporal realm, he must realize that no matter how outwardly unsuccessful his efforts may seem it is of eternal significance that he remain faithful in his heart and soul to eternal Europe. Never abandon the white plume, because it is through the white plume of Europe that we stay connected to Christ.¹

The neo-pagan, the conservative nationalist, and the liberal have all returned to the worship of Baal. The two former groups want to dispute turf rights with the barbarians of color while the later group wants to blend with them. But all three groups have left Christian Europe behind. The good Christian Duke and his loyal followers have been banished to the Forest of Arden, where they are beginning to learn that "Sweet are the uses of adversity..." It is better to stand with a few kindred spirits, or even to stand alone, than to worship the merciless gods of nature.

Love cannot be forced, and the sad fact is that the modern European detests the God whom his ancestors loved. One can try to excuse them by saying the churches misrepresented Christ and it is only the misrepresentation which the modern European hates. But the true face of Christ is present in the culture of the older white Europeans, and modern Europeans hate that culture. So we are faced with a tragedy. The Europeans were the true Jews, the faithful remnant who saw Christ and believed. Now they have become the pharisaical Jews who have hardened their hearts against Him. What chance does an incarnational Christian have against such implacable foes? Well, what chance did He have against the same foes? And are we not His people? Surely if we are as faithful to His Europe as Ratty is to the European river we will not be forsaken.² There is no ultimate conflict between practical truth and poetic truth; the two seemingly contradictory modes of existence are blended together in the beautiful poetry of the Christian faith, which begins in a lowly manger and ends in His heavenly Kingdom. +

1. CYRANO. I can see him there -- he grins --
He is looking at my nose -- that skeleton--
What's that you say? Hopeless? -- Why, very well!
--But a man does not fight merely to win!
No -- no -- better to know one fights in vain!
...You there -- Who are you?
A hundred against one --I know them now, my ancient enemies--

[He lunges at the empty air.]
Falsehood! ... There! There! Prejudice --
Compromise --Cowardice -- *[Thrusting]*

What's that? No! Surrender?

No! Never -- never!
... Ah, you too, Vanity!
I knew you would overthrow me in the end --
No! I fight on! I fight on! I fight on!
[He swings the blade in great circles, then pauses, gasping.]
[When he speaks again, it is in another tone.]
Yes, all my laurels you have riven away
And all my roses; yet in spite of you,
There is one crown I bear away with me,
And to-night, when I enter before God,
My salute shall sweep all the stars away
From the blue threshold! One thing without stain,
Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom
Mine own! --
[He springs forward, his sword aloft.]

[The sword escapes from his hand; he totters, and falls into the arms of LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.]

ROXANE. *[Bends over him and kisses him on the forehead.]* --That is...

CYRANO. *[Opens his eyes and smiles up at her.]*
My white plume...

2. "I beg your pardon," said the Mole, pulling himself together with an effort. "You must think me very rude; but all this is so new to me. So--this--is--a--River!"

"The River," corrected the Rat.

“And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!”

“By it and with it and on it and in it,” said the Rat. “It’s brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It’s my world, and I don’t want any other. What it hasn’t got is not worth having, and what it doesn’t know is not worth knowing.”

Labels: Incarnational Christianity, post-Christian rationalism

So Ancient and So New

SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 2009



“The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.” – *The King of the Golden River*

There are things we understand organically, things that are inside of us, and other things we can only comprehend from the outside, by observation. Let me use the example of homosexuality. When I was a young man, thankfully homosexual men were still in the closet. In fact, I don't think in my teen years I could have given an accurate definition of a homosexual. By the time I entered my college years, however, homosexuals were being encouraged to come out of their closets, and I was then forced to acknowledge that, strange as it might seem to me, there were men who desired to be with men in the way I desired to be with women. But as a heterosexual I was not a minority of one, so I don't recall being particularly upset that some men were not heterosexual.

It was a different case with my religious orientation. I lost and regained my childhood faith while in the belly of the beast called academia. My “teachers” undermined Christianity, but in the Library there were antique books that existed side by side with those of the despoilers. Men like Walter Scott, William Shakespeare, and Le Fanu told a different story than the philosophical speculators. My nihilism then gave way to the very elemental faith -- let's call it the ‘Little Town of Bethlehem’ faith -- of my European ancestors.¹

Man is a very social animal. Having come to believe in that faith which is “so ancient and so new,” I sought fellowship, not only in church but in society. And in both church and society I had to confront the fact that what I believed about God and the European culture, which showed me the face of Christ, was not the organic belief of any of my fellow Europeans.

The new Europeans had broken with the past that was the source of my new found faith. The Europeans of the older times looked on the Christian faith as an epic poem with Christ as the Hero. Through His incarnation, crucifixion, death, and resurrection, He revealed to men the humanity of God and the divine element of humanity. Man was the centerpiece of God's creation, a personality of infinite value. But in the new Christianity, which cut across all denominational lines, Christ was the

great Illuminator; He came not to set hearts on fire, but to enlighten men's minds. The new Christianity was a mathematical system, and the elect were the men who could figure that system out.

I've never been able to understand, from inside, why mathematical, cosmic Christianity is more appealing to modern Europeans than the poetic, fairy tale Christianity of the Europeans of the past. But I have to acknowledge that it is because that is the faith they preach and practice.

Let's place the faith of our European ancestors up against the faith of the modern Europeans. Our ancestors believed that heaven visited earth in the form of Jesus Christ, and through a divine act of charity He bound our hearts to His heart. All that we know of God and our fellow man comes from our hearts which He set on fire. This is why the folktales of the European people always stress the miraculous powers of a human heart that is connected to the divine heart: "Charity never faileth."

In contrast to the way of charity, the way of the Third Dumb Brother of the European fairy tale, is a religion that exalts the superior intellect. God does not impart to human hearts, He enlightens human minds, or at least some human minds. "You too can become one of the illuminated" is the call to which modern Christians respond. And in such a religion there is no need to stay connected to a particular people's past. In fact there is no such thing as a people, either as a group or as individuals; there is only illuminated minds connected to other illuminated minds. The white man is not committing suicide because he has lost his mind; he is committing suicide because he has lost his heart. It is in the coffin he built for the fairy tale faith of his European ancestors.

I found the folklorists of Europe left a trail of bread crumbs that led back to the cottage of the Son of God. Their apologetics of the hearth and the heart was the same as the one He used when He walked the earth. His apologetics consisted of a story about a hero (our Lord was the hero of His story) woven around dogmas illustrated by stories.

Why does the use of stories and parables mark a work as inferior apologetics and lacking in serious moral purpose? In illuminated circles such a work is labeled "natural" and thus inferior to the supernatural works of the Doctors of Theology, but by such a standard the Gospels would be considered inferior apologetics, and Christ a second-rate theologian.

The false assumption of the illuminated apologist is that reason alone stands unpolluted by original sin. This is false. Our reason is not meant to be separated from the rest of our being; it is only when we seek Christ with our heart, soul, and mind, that we can attain a vision (through a glass darkly) of the true God.

Genuine apologetics must be like the old apologetics of our Lord, showing us a vision of the true God through the use of parable, story, and the image of the Hero. When the central dogma of Christ incarnate, Christ crucified, Christ risen is still strongly present in the consciousness of the reader, the story of the Christ-like hero (such as Zorro or the Scarlet Pimpernel) is sufficient without the dogma. But when the central dogma of Western civilization has receded from the consciousness of men, the dogma must be more explicit. C. S. Lewis, in his *Chronicles of Narnia*, gives us the new-old apologetics for the 21st century. He makes explicit what writers such as Kenneth Grahame, Walter Scott, and Joseph Le Fanu were saying implicitly.

There will be many who will quarrel over the artistic merits of a work of literature that makes such an explicit case for the Christian Faith. But such individuals do not understand that all art is religious. There is no such thing as a work of art without a religious vision. The vision is the work of art. What makes a work of art didactic in the pejorative sense is the nature of the religious vision conveyed. Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, *The Secret Garden*, is not offensive because she writes about God; her novel is offensive because her god is a pantheistic, Buddha-type of God.

Many Catholics are particularly hostile to fairy tale apologetics. The reason Tolkien thought Narnia childish and vulgar was because he was raised in the "old" Catholic school (which was of course really a very modern school), which taught that art and religion were in separate categories, the one

in the natural order, and the other in the supernatural order. But that is a false division. God does not just exist on the Mt. Sinai of the theologians, nor should apologetics be left to the professionals.

C. S. Lewis's regress was a regress to fairy tale Christianity. After discovering the limitations of the more traditional apologetics, which he did quite well, he wrote the great work of Christian apologetics in *Narnia*. He broke through the Thomistic separation of the natural and the supernatural and told us a really true fairy tale of how we can learn to love God in this world and live happily ever after with Him in the next. He kept it simple for the peasants like myself, without compromising the dogma.

There is nothing written in stone that says apologetics must be dull, mathematical, unmetaphorical, unimaginative, and unintelligible. The use of parables and stories in one's apologetics should not disqualify a work from the ranks of "serious" apologetics. In fact, it is my contention that a really effective apologia for the Faith should incorporate the heroic fairy tale traditions of Europe and the Gospels. And because our current anti-civilization does not consciously recognize the central dogma of our old civilization, the new apologetics will make it clear for whom the cross on the knight's breastplate stands. It stands for the Christ, who was and is the source of the blood faith of the non-illuminated European people. +

1. There are two types of faith that I can honestly say entered my blood. The first was the fairy tale Christianity of my childhood and my adulthood, and the second was nihilism, which is more an absence of faith, of my late teens and early twenties. All other modes of thought and feeling I understand as an outside observer.

Rationalist Christianity does not move me in the slightest. Nor do the various nature religions. And neo-paganism? If man is merely a biological specimen as the neo-pagans maintain, then why should I care whether white or black vegetable matter predominates over the other? A person's skin color matters only if his racial identity is part of his soul, which is a thing divine and which belongs to God. "Nearer My Genes to Me" is not a very inspiring hymn.

Labels: 19th century authors, C. S. Lewis, Christ as the original Third Dumb Brother, European hero culture, fairy tale mode of perception, fairy tale of European civilization, poets vs. philosophers

Beyond the Cruel Thorns

SATURDAY, APRIL 04, 2009



After many, many years a brave young prince came into that land. An old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns, and how a beautiful palace stood behind it in which a very beautiful princess, named Rosebud, lay sleeping along with all her court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many, many princes had come and had tried to break through the thicket, but had become entangled in the cruel thorns and perished.

But the young prince said, "I am not afraid. I will go and see this lovely sleeping beauty."

Writing in 1944 Herbert Butterfield made the point in *The Englishman and His History* that whenever the English had a revolution it was to restore their "ancient Saxon liberties." Butterfield goes on to say that no two Englishmen could agree on the exact starting date of the ancient Saxon liberties, nor could any two Englishmen agree on exactly what the ancient liberties were. Nevertheless, the English people always rebelled in the name of the ancient liberties. Butterfield thought that this uniquely English way of rebelling had been very beneficial to the English people, because by citing the ancient liberties when they revolted they always kept a bridge to the past. Dickens described the very conservative English style of change in *Nicholas Nickleby*:

The first act of Nicholas, when he became a rich and prosperous merchant, was to buy his father's old house. As time crept on, and there came gradually about him a group of lovely children, it was altered and enlarged; but none of the old rooms were ever pulled down, no old tree was ever rooted up, nothing with which there was any association of bygone times was ever removed or changed.

In contrast to the English, the French, in 1789, burnt all their bridges to the past. And in every subsequent revolution they revolted in the name of the future, not the past. The French revolutionists were the forerunners of the modern liberal who asks, "Why should we maintain bridges to the past?" We should not, if we believe as the liberals do that in the past is racism, sexism, puritanism, etc. But if we believe that the past contains the social customs and codes of behavior that stemmed from Christianity, then we as Christians should want to maintain the bridges to the past.

Unfortunately what Butterfield admired in the English people, an innate conservatism that kept them connected to the past, no longer exists in the English people. They have joined the French, the Americans, and the rest of the European people who have jettisoned their pasts in the name of an utopian future. The principles of the French revolution are now the principles of every European country.

The essence of the French Revolution was its godlessness. Reason, who, as Unamuno tells us, is always a whore, was made into a goddess, and abstract humanity was triumphant over the

individual men of flesh, blood, and bone.¹ Speaking for the opposition was Edmund Burke: “I hate abstractions,” and Sir Walter Scott:

*An established system is not to be tried by those tests which may with perfect correctness be applied to a new theory. A civilized nation, long in possession of a code of law, under which, with all its inconveniences, they have found means to flourish, is not to be regarded as an infant colony, on which experiments in legislation may, without much danger of presumption, be hazarded. A philosopher is not entitled to investigate such a system by those ideas which he has fixed in his own mind as the standard of possible excellence. The only unerring test of every old establishment is the effect it has actually produced, for that must be held to be good, from whence good is derived. The people have, by degrees, moulded their habits to the law they are compelled to obey; for some of its imperfections, remedies have been found, to others they have reconciled themselves; till, at last, they have, from various causes, attained the object which the most sanguine visionary could promise to himself from his own perfect unembodied system. (cited in *The Conservative Mind* as: Lockhart, Scott, III, 305-6)*

Whenever the satanic principles of the French Revolution predominate, there is race-mixing and atheism. They are inseparable, because Satan hates the incarnate, Christian culture of the European people. Faith cannot exist in the abstract. It must have a local habitation. It must take root in a people. If there is no such thing as a distinct people, then there can be no distinct God. Genuine, concrete, non-abstract human beings are the conduits for God’s grace; generic humanity is without grace. The Europeans no longer see Christ as the one true God because they no longer see anything in the particular. Abstracted, desiccated liberals do not see Europeans as a unique people with a special heritage. And they do not see the Christian God as a unique God separate from all other gods. There are no distinctions! Everything and everybody has been blended into a universal melting pot. But of course “some are a little more equal.” In the absence of Christianity, the unbrave rationalists rule without mercy or pity:

The Législatif had not been long in session when tidings of the great negro rising in San Domingo began to arrive in France; tidings coupled with frantic appeals for aid which grew in intensity and volume. Blanchelande’s initial report on the situation estimated six thousand regular troops, fifteen thousand stand of arms, and an immense matériel of war as the absolute minimum required to save San Domingo from destruction. And these colonial appeals were vigorously endorsed by the Civil Commissioners recently sent from France. Their very first letter emphasized the need of large and speedy succors, and their recommendations grew more insistent with every despatch sent home. When on February 20, 1792, the Colonial Assembly drew up an appeal for twenty thousand troops, the Commissioners appended their earnest endorsement. “Twenty thousand men,” it reads, -- “this figure, we certify, is but the absolute necessity.”

*But against these appeals the Jacobins and the “Amis des Noirs” set themselves like flint, and in fact succeeded in preventing the despatch of any real aid to San Domingo. They first denied the existence of the insurrection, declaring it a ruse to assure a Royalist asylum over-seas; then, when forced to admit the fact, they branded it as the work of émigrés. “The massacres,” cried Brissot triumphantly, “began on the 21st of August; -- just at the moment when the news had arrived of the King’s flight to Varennes. Evidently they were organized by the Counter-Revolutionists.” Month after month frantic letters and petitions poured by hundreds into the Hall of Assembly, and these not only from over-seas, but also from thousands of Frenchmen reduced to ruin and trembling for the lives of kindred in San Domingo. These appeals, coupled with the horrors contained in every report from the island, might well have moved hearts of stone; --but not the hearts of the Jacobin opposition. Time after time a grim tragi-comedy was enacted on the floor of the Assembly. Some fresh batch of reports and petitions on San Domingo would move moderate members to propose the sending of aid. Instantly the Jacobins would be upon their feet with a wealth of fine phrases, patriotic suspicions, and a whole armory of nullifying amendments and motions to adjourn; -- the whole backed by gallery threats to the moderate proponents. And in the end, nothing would be done. -- *The French Revolution in San Domingo* by T. Lothrop Stoddard*

The white liberals in America and Europe look at Obama's ascendancy to the Presidency and say, "See, nothing bad happens when blacks rule; in fact, that good darkie is doing everything we tell him to do." What the liberals (and I need not say 'white liberals' because liberalism is alien to every other race) fail to comprehend is that black people respect only power. They will go with whoever has power. And Obama realizes that white liberals are still the ruling power in the United States. So long as he goes along with what his white masters want, he will be petted and stroked, loved and worshipped by his indulgent white masters. But if you were to place the Obama in South Africa or Rhodesia, you would see exactly what the French witnessed in San Domingo and exactly what the white South Africans and white Rhodesians are witnessing now: the wholesale extermination of whites. The American and European liberals who are now over 60 years of age will probably never live to see the night of sorrows when their "good" darkies take off their masks, but their "quality" children and grandchildren will. And then, those children and grandchildren will call upon white men to save them. Will there be any left by that time? There will be if we, the white Christian remnant, have left behind sons who believe in the non-abstracted Europe of Walter Scott and Edmund Burke, and not the abstract, dystopian Europe of Liberalism.

Of course there may never be a dramatic apocalyptic extermination of the whites. There is already an incremental extermination going on now which might be sufficient. We are seeing, in this monster called the modern world, cruelty beyond anything the world has ever witnessed before. On the one hand the barbarians are loose again, after centuries of being restrained by Christian Europeans. And on the other hand, in addition to the barbarian cruelty, is the cruelty of the new white techno-barbarian. He doesn't kill with the blood lust of the barbarian. He kills with cold, bloodless detachment. His new religion of reason is beyond love and mercy. He can consign a whole race, his own race, to death and oblivion. He can consign millions upon millions of babies to die in abortuaries. And he can calmly watch millions of 'collateral damage' human beings be executed in saturation bombing raids. All this the modern techno-barbarian can do because he is no longer a European; he is an inhuman man of the future. He is the *Übermensch* of Nietzsche's demented dream.

Against the nightmare world of modernity stands the last European, the Christian hero. He is now a rogue male. His hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him. Since he has not burnt his bridges to the past, he is in possession of a secret that the barbarian and the liberal and even Satan himself can never possess. The Christian hero knows that the hopeless causes are not hopeless. They only appear hopeless to those who see Christianity from the outside. The prince in the fairy tale story of "Sleeping Beauty" is undeterred by the thicket of thorns because he possesses the knowledge of all Christian heroes: his King and kinsman will never abandon him; 'Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world.'

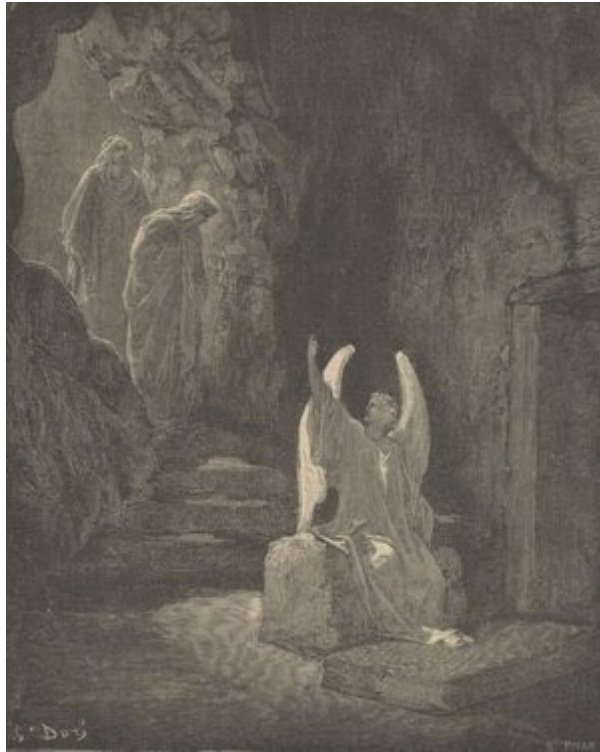
1. "Whatever Reason may tell us—that great liar who has invented, for the consolation of failures, the doctrine of the golden mean, the *aurea mediocritas*, the 'neither envied nor envying' and other such nonsense—whatever Reason may tell us—and she is not only a liar but a great whore—in our innermost soul, which we now call the Unconscious, with a capital U, in the depths of our spirit, we know that in order to avoid becoming, sooner or later, nothing, the best course to follow is to attempt to become all."

-- *Abel Sanchez* by Miguel de Unamuno

Labels: Christ the Hero, Europeans and Christ, fairy tale of European civilization

Easter

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 2009



I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep.

I see that the liberals of *Newsweek*, with the impeccable good taste we can expect from liberals, ran a lead article on the decline of Christianity. The “conservatives” immediately responded with their rebuttals, saying that “76% of Americans were still Christians.” This is not a complex issue. Christianity is not just in decline, it no longer is the faith of more than a small percentage of Europeans. I think the confusion arises when we simply count those who attend Christian churches and then proclaim the attendees Christians. But the rationalist Christianity of the churches is not Christianity. One frequently hears from such “Christians” that they don’t believe in Christ’s resurrection from the dead, original sin, or the divinity of Christ; nevertheless, they call themselves Christians. “After all, who’s to say what constitutes a Christian?”

There is no absolute date when Christianity ceased to be the faith of the European people. I use 1914 as the date when Christianity was no longer the faith of the vast majority of the Europeans, and 1965 as the date when the Europeans abandoned the morals, such as chastity and respect for life in the womb, which stemmed from a belief in Christianity. Every evil of the modern world – legalized abortion, sexual promiscuity, the West’s suicidal surrender to the colored races, the Moslemization of Europe – all stem from the fact that Europeans no longer believe that Christ rose from the dead.

There is no simple cure for the unbelief of the modern European. It’s not a case of handing out more Bibles or writing more books such as Frank Morrison’s magnificent *Who Moved the Stone*. The European’s heart is stone; he is not interested in hearing the case for Christ. Why? Shouldn’t everyone be interested in Christ’s resurrection from the dead? Is it not the only event in history that should command the attention and interest of the entire human race? In the face of death, what hope have we but our faith in Him and the resurrection of the dead?

Take, he said, the belief in immortality, which, according to some men, is a matter of mild indifference. It is really a belief which affects our whole conception of the human race. Consider, he said, the carnage of war, with its pile of unnumbered corpses. It must make some matter to us whether, according to our serious belief, each man has died like a dog, and left nothing in the way of a personal existence behind him, or "whether out of every Christian-named portion of that ruinous heap there has gone forth into the air and the dead-fallen smoke of battle some astonished condition of soul unwillingly released."

- John Ruskin quoted in W. H. Mallock's *Memoirs of Life and Literature*

What has happened in the past one hundred years to make Europeans discard the faith of their ancestors? Maybe we can answer that question if we ask the reverse question: What made the Europeans believe in Christ's resurrection from the dead? They believed because they loved Him. He set their hearts on fire with His life and death. The Europeans ceased to believe when they lost the capacity to love. And we lose the capacity to love when we detach our minds from our hearts. Unamuno put it so well -- detached reason is indeed a whore. What was Satan, who roams the world seeking the ruin of souls, trying to accomplish by tempting Adam and Eve? He was trying to destroy the filial heart-to-heart relationship they had with God. And he succeeded. He got them to think about God as a competitor. He enjoined them to fix their minds on the forbidden fruits of the natural world in order to become God's equal. The modern European has reverted to the ethos of the old Adam, and he has institutionalized original sin. Because he no longer believes in original sin, he is incapable of seeing the consequences of seeking to be God's equal.

The older European civilization was not utopia. It was only a pale imitation of the kingdom of heaven. But it was in line with God's kingdom. The values that Europeans held dear were the same values He held dear. Can the modern European make the same claim for the civilization which he has built? Is God a race-mixer, an abortionist, an atheist? What is the hymn of the modern European? His hymn is, "Science has spoken: The dead shall not be raised, and we have no need to be changed, for we are perfect. The corrupt are the recalcitrant Christians and they shall be changed or slain."

In contrast, let's listen to the voice of the antique European:

"The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

Let me close with a fragment from Andrew Lytle's memoir, *A Wake for the Living*:

These men and my ancestors and their neighbors are all ghosts now. All of them await somewhere the union with their true substance. I have not in pagan fashion called their shades up to lap the blood of life and reveal secrets I would like to know. But I do ask of them a compassionate sympathy for my ignorance in recalling them to mind. I ask it in language I can never imitate but only invoke, for our inheritance in the life Everlasting.

"Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening into the house and gate of Heaven, to enter into that gate and dwell in that house, where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light, no noise nor silence but one equal music, no fears nor hopes but one equal possession, no ends nor beginning but one equal eternity, in the habitation of thy Majesty and thy glory, world without end. Amen."

Labels: Europeans and Christ, Resurrection, Who Moved the Stone?

White Hearts

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 2009



...that among the sundry and manifold changes of the world,
our hearts may surely there be fixed, where as true joys are to be found...

Of all the wise things Edmund Burke said, I've always thought that his statement, "The first liberal was the devil," was the wisest. Burke was not exaggerating to make a point; he was being quite serious when he identified the devil as the founder of liberalism. At the core of Satan's faith and the liberal's faith is a spirit of intellectual abstraction that abhors humanity. God loved mankind so much that He sent His only begotten Son, and Satan and the liberal hate mankind so much that they seek to make a world in opposition to God's out of the inhuman abstractions of their minds. And the liberals, with Satan's guidance, have done a pretty fair job of creating a world that is in complete opposition to the world our Lord would have us live in.

One can see in his mind's eye a minor devil coming to *the* devil somewhere in the early Middle Ages and asking for some advice:

Minor Devil: The Europeans are misbehaving. They are taking His incarnation quite seriously.

The Devil: I have one word for you: abstract.

MD: Could you elaborate on that?

TD: Encourage philosophical speculation.

MD: What's that?

TD: Where do such ignoramuses come from? Do I have to spell out everything for you? Get these stupid mortals to look at the natural world. Flatter them. Tell them they're brilliant, and their reason is the most exalted thing on earth. But never insult God directly. In fact, tell them that it is their abstracted reason alone with which they can know god.

MD: I don't see what good that will do.

TD: I do, and that should be enough for you. But if you must know, I'll tell you. They will soon stop looking to God for guidance, and they will look to nature and their own minds for guidance. And that's when I'll step in.

MD: It seems so futile.

TD: Patience, it will all work out. I see a time coming when the Europeans, who are our greatest enemies, will willingly sever all filial ties to Christ our enemy by making Christianity into an abstraction. And I see a time when the Europeans will sever all filial ties to their Christian past by blending with and worshipping the races of color.

MD: They will never do that; you're just dreaming.

TD: Shut up and do as I command; you're a stupid little devil who can be easily replaced.

Butterfield had a name for the liberals who tried to make individual human beings conform to the utopian abstractions of their minds. He called them "super Gnostics." But a liberal by any name will still stink of the sulphurous pit. The liberal has severed his mind from his heart and by doing so he has cut himself off from the heart of God. A man with a disembodied brain is a reed for every intellectual wind that Satan sends his way. But a man whose heart is joined with the Lord's heart is more than a match for the satanic winds.

The sign of the true God is His humanity. The mark of Satan is his inhumanity. And humanity is personal not generic. In fact, it is through generic humanity that Satan attacks individual human beings. Robespierre was a humanitarian, an anti-capital capital punishment zealot. In the name of humanity, he felt compelled to kill thousands of individual men and women. And in the 20th century, it was the satanic lovers of generic humanity that set up the Gulags and the abortuaries.

When the institutions of one's society are conservative, when they support the permanent things, a man should support his society. But when a society has institutionalized the satanic hatred of all things human, a man should be a counter-revolutionary. And the most counter-revolutionary thing a man can do is to cling to the "tilled field and hedgerow, linked to the plowed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingerings, the cultivated garden-plot;" the little things, the human things, that are our links to the incarnate God. Our race is important because it is part of our humanity which is connected to His sacred humanity. Our culture is important because it was a result of the union of our humanity with His humanity. Satan bids us look away from the incarnational aspects of European culture in order to destroy our faith in God and our faith in our own humanity. In Satan's world, which is the modern world, God is an idea devoid of humanity, and man is a universal without a particular race or personality.

Throughout the old and new Testaments, God talks about those who have hardened their hearts against Him. It seems to be the one sin that cannot be forgiven, because the man with the hardened heart does not feel the need for forgiveness; he only sees other sinners who impede his attempts to make the world conform to his idea of a perfect universe. The liberal will always be at war with the Christian European because his world is Satan's world and the European's world is Christ's world. The merciless and the merciful will forever be in conflict.

There is no appeal to the merciless that will move them. They have hardened their hearts into finely chiseled granite. The conservative nationalist publications try to wake up liberals by showing them the results of their policies and their effect on individual human beings. That doesn't work because the liberals do not see or care about individual human beings. They don't care about the murder of white people. They care about the idea of the noble savage and the multi-colored society. In the face of the atrocities in the New Orleans Superdome, the liberals were not angered by the black savagery, they were only angry at the whites in the surrounding areas who armed themselves against the black

barbarians. Such actions of self-defense are viewed by the liberals as heresy, because in the liberals' satanic utopia there are no bad black men, only racist whites.

Modern Liberalism was built patiently and carefully by a satanic mind infinitely more brilliant than any mortal man. Miss Havisham in Dickens' novel *Great Expectations* educates Estella in exactly the same way Satan has educated the liberals.

'I begin to think,' said Estella, in a musing way, after another moment of calm wonder, 'that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which she has never once seen your face - if you had done that, and then, for a purpose had wanted her to understand the daylight and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry?'

Miss Havisham, with her head in her hands, sat making a low moaning, and swaying herself on her chair, but gave no answer.

'Or,' said Estella, '- which is a nearer case - if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as daylight, but that it was made to be her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her; - if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry?'

Of course Miss Havisham cannot be consistent; she wants Estella to be hard toward everyone and everything but her. Satan is consistent. He doesn't want the love of his liberal children; he only wants their obedience. And he has that.

No appeal to white self-interest will work, because liberals have no race or faith. Only a man who believes that his race is an element of his personality which is connected to his God cares about the extinction of his race. The white race did not conquer the world because individual whites were smarter, swifter, or stronger than the people of other races. They conquered because they loved their God while those of other races only propitiated their gods. The summons of the fiery cross will only be answered by men with hearts of fire. One particular, personal God, and only that God, is capable of setting hearts on fire. No matter how small the white remnant, and no matter how numerous the foe, the men with the hearts of fire will keep Satan at bay until He comes to lead the final charge.

I once, while traveling in England, attended an Anglican service in which the old *Book of Common Prayer* was still in use. One prayer in particular made a deep impression on me, because it expressed what I felt in my heart: the futility of philosophical speculation and the invincibility of a heart centered on Him.

Almighty God, which dost make the minds of all faithful men to be of one will: Grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where as true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. +

Labels: Christian counter-attack, Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy, preservation of our race

The Last Great Fight of All

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 2009



“Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether...”

I don't follow the news on a daily basis, because it isn't very pleasant or necessary to witness every single dying gasp of a terminally ill nation. But I did see a snippet of one of the recent 'tea parties,' during which Glenn Beck interviewed a white Texan who had shot two illegals that were attempting to rob his neighbor's house. The Texan, I believe his name was Joe, seemed like a decent fellow who regretted that the housebreakers had made it necessary for him to shoot them, but he did not regret taking action against the banditos.

Beck quite rightly applauded Joe's actions, but then he moved on to interview someone else, a conservative pundit. The pundit and Beck talked about how wonderful the 'tea parties' were because they were lawful and non-violent, in contrast to those protests by radicals in the 1960's, which often were unlawful and violent. Does anyone see a problem with Beck's and the pundit's logic? First, did Joe defend his neighbor's property by taking a vote among his neighbors and presenting the results to the banditos? "Hey, you fellows, 92% of the residents think it is wrong for you to break into my neighbor's house, so will you please leave? If you don't, my neighbors and I will have a rally, at which we will wave signs around that say 'housebreaking is wrong'."

I know the rejoinder to this: "Joe shot people who were breaking the law. You can't act unlawfully or violently against a lawful government." But is self-defense and defense of one's kith and kin wrong if a man is defending kith and kin against the government? On his deathbed, Alfred the Great told his son to "govern himself by law." But Alfred is referring to the law of God which he, Alfred, had made the law of the land. Is there any trace of Christianity left in the laws of the United States or the laws of the European countries? It seems to me that the formerly Christian nations of Europe and her offspring have institutionalized liberalism, which is to say they have institutionalized Satanism. Are we then obligated to meekly demure while the liberal governments systematically eradicate non-liberal, white Europeans?

And what about the Sixties' radicals that Beck and the pundit mentioned? Did their more violent and unlawful rallies work? Yes, they did. The demands of the radical blacks, the radical feminists, and every other radical group that broke the law and used or threatened to use violence became the law of the land.

The tea parties remind me of the Contract with America during the first years of the Clinton administration, a gimmick created by a Republican liberal to gain some leverage on a democratic liberal. But the Contract with America movement was a movement within liberalism. And so are the tea parties. There might be some genuine white, non-liberal Europeans at the tea parties, but the leaders of the tea parties are part of Liberaldom. The reason such leaders always fail while their more radical brethren, such as the feminists and the barbarians succeed is because of the Kerensky vs. Lenin phenomenon. When you are a radical, as Kerensky the socialist was, you have committed yourself and your followers to a vision of an ever-changing, ever-leftward and upward movement toward Utopia. But if upward and leftward is good, then even more upward and leftward is better. Lenin had the moral upper hand on Kerensky, just as the more radical liberal coalition of socialists, feminists, and black barbarians have the moral upper hand on the liberal capitalists. The Republicans want to stop at democratic capitalism while the radical liberals want to keep moving leftward and upward. The radicals always win such wars because their democratic capitalist opponents are always on the defensive. You can't stop and get off the liberal locomotive half-way or three quarters of the way before the final destination. If you want an economic system where no one has capital except capitalists, you must keep on the train until you come to the final stop where only the government has capital. If you want a democratic egalitarian system with tolerance for all religions, you can't stop the train from pulling into the abortuary at the end of the station. You can't have just a little bit of liberalism.

Fitzhugh correctly pointed out that we could, "Throw our paper platforms, preambles and resolutions, guaranties and constitutions into fire, and we should be none the worse off, provided we retained our institutions – and the necessities that begot and have, so far, continued them." Ah, there's the rub. We have lost our institutions and necessities that begot them. Our institutions were Christian institutions and the necessity that begot them was our faith in Jesus Christ. The tea party protestors are not meeting to demand that we place Christ at the center of a white European nation. There was no call for the deportation of colored barbarians. There was no call for the destruction of the abortuaries and the organizations that sustain them. I heard only a plea for economic justice, which is certainly a legitimate plea. But if the restoration of white Christian Europe doesn't take place first, how can there be any economic justice? Do you expect the minions of Satan to be just? Do you expect them to be merciful?

I spent some years of my youth involved in the pro-life movement. The movement was a failure because the leaders of the movement refused to treat the abortion issue as a war between Christ and Satan. They treated it as a misunderstanding, something that could be resolved within the framework of liberal democracy. "If we educate them about fetal life they'll understand." They do understand, just as the liberals understand that whites in South Africa and Rhodesia are being butchered like aborted babies in their mothers' wombs. The liberals know what they are doing; they are destroying the white race and they are taking control of the procreative process. They, not God, will decide who the chosen people are, and they, not God, will decide who dies in the womb and who sees the light of day.

And of course, the carnage in South Africa and Rhodesia has spread to all the formerly European nations. Can it be halted by any force within liberalism itself? No, of course not. Only men from the old Europe can stop the bloodletting. When white men meet, it should not be to wave protest signs and plead for inclusion into Satania; white men should meet to take oaths of fealty to a Europe that seems dead but is only sleeping:

*Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.
Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.*

The liberals have invoked Satan, and he has responded to their invocation. But he acts for his own ends not for theirs. What God should the white man invoke? If we throw off the false messiahs of science and democracy, we will find the same God our ancestors swore fealty to waiting to lead us against the satanic coalition of liberals and barbarians. Of course we can't merely state His name and make the liberals disappear. Divine grace does not work that way. But the cross is also a sword. If we join our hearts to His sacred heart, we will possess the only weapon capable of penetrating to the heart of the liberal dragon.

Labels: blood faith, restoration of European civilization

Abide with Me

SATURDAY, MAY 02, 2009



“When the philosophers abandon the metaphysical threshold, it falls to the poet to take upon himself the role of metaphysician: at such times it is poetry, not philosophy, that is revealed as the true ‘Daughter of Wonder’...” -- St.-John Perse

The United States government’s reaction to Mexican Swine Flu was, “We will not close off the borders.” That reaction is the exact opposite reaction of my neighbor: “We should close off the borders.” Why is there such a dichotomy? The dichotomy exists because the United States government is the official voice of Liberaldom. And in Liberaldom the death of individual white human beings is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The survival of the generic earth and generic humanity is the abstract good in which liberals believe. For this reason they will always be at odds with the Christian Everyman, who only respects, like his God, individual human beings.

The late Malcolm Muggeridge called liberalism a death wish. And it is, to a certain extent. The liberals wish for the death of individual white Christian Europeans, but they do not wish for their own deaths. Will the barbarians make the distinction between liberal and non-liberal white people? No, they will not, but the liberals think they will. The murder and torture of whites is taking place throughout Liberaldom, and the white hierarchies of Liberaldom rejoice at every murder. Nothing that happens to white people touches them.

The liberal’s death wish is a wish for thy death, not his own. In fact, the liberal fears death more than any man has ever feared death before. That is why he has built a world of abstractions where death can be abstracted out of existence. If there is no such thing as a God-Man, then there is no such thing as a divine element within human beings. In such a case then there are no individual personalities with unique individual souls. There is only humanity in the aggregate. And mere humanity, without a soul, can be anesthetized. If one does not fear the extinction of the personality, if one does not long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still when a loved one dies, then there is only one reason left to fear death: pain.

And this is why science and the liberal are so inseparable. To a Christian the pain of death is caused by the extinction of a personality. The pain is lessened and then conquered through faith in the redeemer: “Death, where is thy sting?” The liberal has extinguished faith and lost his sense of the uniqueness of individual human beings. All he wants from God is a pain-free death and then oblivion. In return for a painless death, he worships the God called ‘Science.’ And that scientific God shows signs and wonders, in contrast to the Christian God who refused to show even His own Son one sign or wonder as He was dying on the cross. But the Europeans needed no outward sign or

wonder, because He was that sign and wonder. The men of Europe need no scientific magic talisman; we need only His sacred heart.

The antique European is tempest toss'd. He needs a safe harbor, some place to recover from the slings and arrows of Liberaldom. Then, having recovered, he can gird up his loins, shout 'Claymore,' and return to the battle. The poets of Europe know where the safe harbor is. It is in the human heart, connected to His heart.

Since "super Gnostic" liberalism has become the reigning philosophy in church and society, the Europeans with hearts that still live have been banished to the hinterlands. And the end result of the triumph of the Gnostics has been the end of charity. The initial wellspring of feeling comes from the heart, and that feeling tells us that the secret of existence is not locked in a secret scroll, but in the sacred heart of the God-Man. If man is cut off from that initial feeling or sentiment, he is cut off from God, the source of his being. No matter what philosophy he espouses or how clever and intelligent a man is, if he has severed his head from his heart his faith will be "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" because he has not charity. The desiccated brain alone cannot produce one infinitesimal impulse of charity from the soul of man.

The liberals have replaced the old faith in Christ with a new faith in science and abstract thought. We need to turn to the poets in order to see the old Europe that the liberal's have forsaken, because in their works we see our true beginning and our end. The storytelling tradition of Europe is rooted in the marriage feast of Cana. At the feast, Christ, against the Gnostics, sanctified marriage and began his public mission by performing a miracle at a private and provincial party. The storytelling tradition of Europe is also joined, in spirit, to St. Paul and 1 Corinthians 13. All the great poets of Europe show us, in their visions, an image of Christ in His divinity and sacred humanity. Let me mention a few.

William Shakespeare

Shakespeare stands above all the other poets, not because of his rightly and often praised use of language, but because of his little credited and seldom lauded gentleness. At the heart of this magnificent poet is an unparalleled sympathy with human creatures that defies any rational explanation. From whence comes his incredible sympathy?

In one school where I taught, I showed some freshmen the Franco Zeffirelli version of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Although the play is not one of my favorite Shakespearean drama, I still felt, as I followed the words and action of the play, as the two apostles had felt when they supped with Christ at the village of Emmaus: "And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way..." My heart burned within me because I felt connected, through the sympathetic art of William Shakespeare, with the Divine Heart. Must not He feel that way toward His creatures? Could such a Heart ever fail to keep the appointment at the hour of our death? Melville asked the question, "Sentry, are you there?" Shakespeare gives us the answer.

Of course, the summit of all Shakespeare's art, and of all art, is Lear holding Cordelia in his arms. One sees and feels at that moment of the play, with a certainty that transcends the imperfect rational certainty of apologetics, why and how the tragedy of the Crucifixion could be turned into a happy love story. For one blazing moment we see through that dark glass and understand why charity is the greatest of these, and we understand why He and only He gives us the hope that the fell sergeant Death will not have the final word.

Walter Scott

All the institutions of modern Satania are geared to turn man away from the affective, loving approach to God. When faith becomes a mind game, Satan always wins. Walter Scott can put us back on the path, away from the Gnostics, to the Man of Sorrows. He eschews the path of the illuminati poets and theologians who seek to shed external light on man's existence. Instead, Scott gets to the divine heart through human hearts. And at the heart of Europe, Scott tells us through his

heroes and heroines, is Christ's animating spirit. It is not a little thing to have placed charity at the center of one's work.

C. S. Lewis

There is much that I find uninspiring in C. S. Lewis's work. In a good deal of it I see too much of the English don and not enough of the man underneath the don's mask, but still I admire the man immensely because he was an Oxford don who managed to throw off a good deal of his donnishness. Born with a propensity for the Gnostic heresy, he conquers it in his greatest work, *The Chronicles of Narnia*. In that work, he, like Shakespeare and Scott, eschews the cosmic approach to God. Building on the 'least of these thy brethren,' he brings us into His presence. With the marvelous image of the wardrobe that is the passage to Narnia, Lewis makes us feel as the great saints feel. We feel that there is no great dichotomy between this world and the next; they are both part of eternity which is sustained by a Personality. And our permanent place in that eternity rests on the personal assurances of Him.

Lewis had a mind that could have created a complicated system of esoteric formulas leading to the Promised Land. And he might have even thrown Christ, in a Chardinian fashion, somewhere into the mix. But he chose to stress the personal and the sentimental way, which places a personal God at the center rather than on the periphery of human experience. The religious Gnostic and the secular Gnostic will talk about humanity, but it is always the impersonal and the esoteric that they stress. Lewis walked among those Gnostics without being of them. Therein lies his greatness.

Much has been written of Lewis's failure to convert to Catholicism. His Ulster, anti-Catholic background is usually cited as the reason. But a man who could conquer his extreme Gnostic tendencies could certainly have overcome the effects of an Ulster upbringing. I would suggest another reason: Lewis intuited a submission to Rome might have caused him to succumb to the Gnosticism against which he had been fighting all his life. The reigning philosophy in the Catholic Church during Lewis's lifetime was Thomism. Lewis was a very sociable fellow; he naturally, had he become a Catholic, would have sought out the company of other Catholics. Excessive contact with the Thomists could well have plunged him into the despair that plagued Allen Tate and Evelyn Waugh after their conversions. I think Lewis worried more about getting things right with Him than he did about fitting in with one particular branch of the Church.

Walt Disney

I grew up with watered-down, liberal, American Christianity on Sundays and public school filth on weekdays. My only exposure to the essential Europe came from the Walt Disney films I saw at the local theater in the 1960s. My later conversion to genuine Christianity was greatly aided by what I learned about the workings of the human heart from that great storyteller, Mr. Walt Disney.

Let there be no doubt who was the heart and soul of the studio who gave us Snow White, Peter Pan, Fantasia, Dumbo, Pinocchio, Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Treasure Island, Kidnapped, Darby O'Gill and the Little People, Zorro, Swiss Family Robinson, Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, and so on. Walt Disney was the heart and soul. He was the master storyteller who put it all together. Witness how quickly the studio deteriorated after Walt's death. The men with the technical abilities were still there, but without Walt, the soul was gone. The Walt Disney Company is now a major force for race-mixing, degeneracy, and Gnosticism.

Walt Disney's accomplishment was incredible. In an age when genuine human feeling was becoming extinct, Disney placed stories from the heart of the European tradition onto the screen. Which is why the anti-human highbrows in the liberal and the 'just-the-facts' conservative and traditionalist camps love to sneer at Disney. Disney knew they were sneering, but he persevered. He kept the faith in the fairy tale alive. And his faith was an organic faith. He didn't think fairy tales were something to be studied and dissected, he thought they should be loved and lived.

Although I love the image of the pilgrims with lighted candles singing ‘Ave Maria’ and so many other marvelous images that Disney brought to the screen, Mickey Mouse stands out for me as Disney’s supreme creation. He is the ancient medieval knight, sallying forth against the forces of modernity. The outward costume has changed, but the chivalrous heart is still there. As the gallant tailor or as the mail pilot, Mickey goes forth, as Walt Disney did, against the forces of modernity, with only an intrepid heart and his faith in his Dulcinea, to sustain him.

Annette Funicello once told of her astonishment when she received a birthday present from Walt Disney when he was dying of cancer. There was no mention of his own health in the accompanying note, just a ‘Happy Birthday’ greeting for her.

Again, what did St. Paul say about charity: “Beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” Disney’s vision came from his great heart. It is a vision in line with Lewis, Scott, Shakespeare, St. Paul, and Him. I love the man.

Dostoevsky

Dostoevsky’s vision is so wonderfully anti-Gnostic. He is centered on man’s heart and its connecting link to the divine Heart. His life-long battle against the cosmic and materialist ideologies that reduce individual men and women to insignificant atoms comes to a final conclusion in a classic confrontation between Ivan and Alyosha Karamazov.

“Rebellion? I wish you hadn’t used that word,” Ivan said feelingly. “I don’t believe it’s possible to live in rebellion, and I want to live! Tell me yourself—I challenge you: let’s assume that you were called upon to build the edifice of human destiny so that men would finally be happy and would find peace and tranquility. If you knew that, in order to attain this, you would have to torture just one single creature, let’s say the little girl who beat her chest so desperately in the outhouse, and that on her unavenged tears you could build that edifice, would you agree to do it? Tell me and don’t lie!”

“No, I would not,” Alyosha said softly.

The Swine Flu may or may not be a serious problem. If it is not there will be other plagues, in the form of viruses or of invading barbarians. White Europeans can expect no help from liberals against plagues or barbarians. I never recommend surrender, but while we are doing what we can against the slings and arrows of the liberals, it is comforting to be in union with antique Europeans such as the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte who believed in someone of this world, and above this world.

Abide with Me

*Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!*

*Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day;
Earth’s joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!*

*Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell’st with Thy disciples, Lord--
Familiar, condescending, patient, free--
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!*

*Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing on Thy wings,*

*Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!*

*Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!*

*I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!*

*I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!*

*Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. +*

Labels: liberals are the true haters, poetic tradition, poets vs. philosophers

The Darkness of Liberalism

SATURDAY, MAY 09, 2009



“You can’t have just a little bit of liberalism...” -- CWNV

That their enemies are “hate-filled” is a favorite axiom of the liberals, but in reality the essence of liberalism is hatred. No white Christian can hate like a liberal. And Herbert Butterfield tells us why this is so in his book, *The Englishman and His History*:

When he has failed, or when he is in difficulties, the liberal of the continental type too often has only one thing left—his moral indignation. At this point he does indeed pick up the doctrine of sin, but it is important to note that he wears it with a difference; for, as we have seen he does not commence with it, as the Christian tradition had always done—he drags it from under his sleeve at a later point in the argument. Concerning the sin, of course, he is (as somebody wisely said) “against it”: indeed he hates it, with the added frenzy of the partisan who has discovered here the totally unexpected obstacle. On this view of life the sinners are indeed fewer in number, but how much wickedder to make up for it! And none is so unforgiving to the transgressors as the person who does not believe in original sin. Here is a system which releases us from self-discipline, authorizing us to treat the political enemy as subhuman, irredeemable. In consequence the good are engaged against the wicked in a more irretrievable warfare, where the makeshift of the ballot-box may itself become intolerable, and nothing is left but the resort to force.

I think Butterfield has described the inner dynamic of liberalism. Liberals always hate those who oppose them, because if you oppose them you are standing in the way of the perfection of mankind.¹ They don’t believe that all men are tainted with original sin; they only see sin in those who oppose liberalism. And there is no self-control in the liberal’s makeup; being without sin he needs no self-discipline. Like a spoiled devil child he can indulge his every whim. And his whim is that his enemies must be eliminated at all costs.

We know who the liberal’s enemies are. They are white Christians who believe in original sin and the rest of the Christian story. The escalating hatred of white people throughout the world is a direct consequence of the triumph of liberalism. Any white counter-attack, if it is to be successful, must be

fought with an uncompromising faith in the whole Christian, European tradition and a clear understanding that liberals will never allow white Christians to live in Liberaldom, hence a Christian European's only defense is to destroy liberalism. But that is never seen as an option among the European people. Some group will emerge that doesn't like one aspect of liberalism, and they will try to change that one thing, but they will retain the essence of liberalism, which is a hatred of the white, European, Christian tradition. The groups that just want a little bit of liberalism, the liberalism that suits their fancy, are in many ways more dangerous than the total liberal, because the half-way house liberals are more deceptive. You think they can be your allies, but in the end their hatred of the white European Christian is just as intense as their liberal cousins. Let's look at two of the half-way house liberals.

1) The neo-pagans.

The neo-pagans are not the pagans of the stream, the field, and the hunt; they are not the pagans of old. If they were, a Christian could work with them. The old European pagans were willing to bend their knees to a God above the pagan gods, but the neo-pagans have no God. Most don't seem to feel the need for one. Others write articles about the need for a new religion for the white man. That type of thinking typifies the neo-pagans, who have no ties to the white European tradition and no ties to reality. Can you make any claim of solidarity with white people if you reject Christianity? And can you be taken seriously as a man if you think religious faith can simply be manufactured to serve as a motivational tool for the advancement of the white gene pool? Reading the writings of the neo-pagans is similar to looking at a surreal painting; there is no trace in either of beauty or truth. I recently read a self-promotional ad in one of the neo-pagan's publications; the author quoted Dostoyevsky's assertion that only "beauty could save us." But the neo-pagan neglected to say what Dostoyevsky considered beautiful. The Great Russian had one true love who combined, in His person, perfect beauty and complete truth: "... he passed through all the circles of human hell, one more terrible than the medieval hell of the Divine Comedy, and was not consumed in hell's flame: his duca e maestro was not Virgil, but 'the radiant image' of the Christ, love for whom was the greatest love of his whole life."

The more subtle of the neo-pagans include Christianity in the white man's history. They use phrases like, "Our Celtic, Saxon, Germanic, Greco-Roman, Christian heritage." But when you get past the clever phrasing you realize that the neo-pagan who talks about that kind of encyclopedic heritage thinks the European *invented* Christianity. To such a neo-pagan, Christianity is a reflection of the brilliant creativity of the European, but it is not true. The neo-pagan has already made the determination that the natural world is the only reality.

What does the neo-pagan look to as a substitute for God? He, like his liberal cousins whom he despises, looks to the future. In that world there will be no individuals, just an intellectually, biologically superior herd of white technocrats. The neo-pagan's dream is the same dream as the liberals: they too look to a future where the herd has triumphed over the individual. The two groups simply differ over the preferred color of the herd, but they are united in their common hatred of the white, Christian European.

2) The half-way house Christian Rationalists.

The neo-pagan wants to sever Christianity from the white European in order to save the white European, and the half-way house Christian rationalist wants to sever the white European from Christianity in order to save Christianity. But the half-way house Christian, in his rejection of "European Christianity," is really rejecting Christ. Let's look at this rejection more closely.

St. Paul tells us that neither the Greeks nor the Jews rejected the idea of God. They simply rejected the notion that Christ was God. To the Greeks the idea of an incarnate God was foolish, and to the Jews the idea of a suffering servant who came to them via the humble things and the meek and mild people of the earth was blasphemous. And we see this twofold rejection of the incarnate God in the half-way house Christians' rejection of white European culture. Do we need a historian from Mars to

render an objective account of the European's history? Why is the obvious fact that pre-20th century Europe was a result of a particular peoples' love affair with Christ so difficult to see? And can the Christian faith be severed from those people and remain the Christian faith? I say no. A philosophical system can be passed from one mind to another mind. A scientific formula can be passed on from one scientist to another. But a faith? A faith is held in the heart and is passed on through the blood. Sever the white men from Christianity, and you have struck a blow at the heart of Christianity. It can survive as a bloodless philosophy or as a utopian, feel-good universalism, but it will no longer be the faith that men wrote hymns about and martyrs died for.

Again I refer to St. Paul. "Who shall separate us from the love of Jesus Christ?" he asked. The liberals say, "We shall!" And they mean it, because they hate with a hate that is inspired by Satan. Satan knows that if he kills the connecting link to God, the white man's culture, he will separate mankind from God. The radical democrat, the neo-pagan, the half-way house Christian are in their liberalism all compact. They hate the white, Christian European, and will continue to hate him until they are converted or defeated.

Theoretically we all have homes, but the true, spiritual reality is that only a Christian European has a home he loves. The liberal, in his many guises, looks to the future when he will have his perfect home; then, he will love it. And the barbarian sees a home as something of merely external value, that one robs and plunders when it belongs to someone else and that a man uses until it becomes despoiled if it is his own. But here again he does not love his home. The Christian loves his home because He is there, and He has consecrated it with His love. The European home is the source of our strength and our faith. As the liberals' hate intensifies around us, we will cling to our European home, and surely the love that we have for our home will prevail over the liberals' hatred. +

1. Robespierre was the quintessential liberal. He was an anti-capital punishment zealot who nevertheless ordered thousands of executions in order to build a perfect world where capital punishment was unnecessary.

Labels: churches as halfway houses, neo-paganism, post-Christian rationalism

In Spite of Doom

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 2009



The way is long, my children, long and rough –
The moors are dreary and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskill'd save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

-- Walter Scott

There is a point in Shakespeare's play, *King Lear*, when Edgar, the faithful son of Gloucester, feels that he has nothing left to fear from existence because he has reached the lowest rung on the existential ladder. And he has good cause to think as he does. He has, in a few short days, gone from a princely state to that of an outcast and a beggar.

*Yet better thus, and known to be condemn'd,
Than, still condemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst.
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou has blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.*

But then he sees his blind father, who, having had his eyes gouged out for loyalty to the King, is being led by an old man.

*But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.*

Edgar then concludes:

*O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst"?
I am worse than e'er I was.*

With Edgar's wise observation before us, we will refrain from saying that the white, Christian, European has reached the depths of God-forsakenness. Instead, we will claim he is worse, much worse, than e'er he was. And where was the European?

The answer might surprise you. For approximately 1300 years prior to the 20th century the European lived in a fairy land. In this land, beautiful and virtuous princesses were rescued from fire-breathing dragons by handsome, brave knights. Third dumb brothers who were full of the charity that never faileth became rulers of kingdoms, and the Crowned King of Fairy Land, Jesus Christ, reigned in the hearts of His subjects.

Now, it would be quite easy to refute my preposterous assertion that European man lived in Fairy Land for 1300 years. One need merely cite the external evidence. During the years I claim the European lived in Fairy Land, we see, when we look with the eye, the all-too-familiar sins: murder, adultery, lust, theft, etc., *ad nauseum*. What then is different about the European? Well, nothing is different, according to a certain theological school which claims there is the city of God, which consists of the Christian Church, and there is the city of man, in which sinful men endure their brief tenure on earth. But that theory was hatched before the fairy tale began. Are not we, as Christians, obligated to abandon theoretical truth when it conflicts with actual truth? And the actual truth is, if we look at the internal evidence that can be seen by looking through the eye, that the European Fairy Land did exist. In the souls of the Europeans something was born that never existed in any people before or since. A faith was born and came to fruition.

Someone from completely outside the European tradition can see the distinctiveness of the European culture, although he wouldn't have any appreciation for it, and someone from within the European tradition can appreciate the distinctiveness of European culture. But those liberals who have retained the material comforts of European civilization while abandoning the ancient faith cannot see the Fairy Land at all.

God so loved the world that He gave us His only begotten Son. And that Son drank the cup to the dregs; He experienced everything that we experience, even the God-forsakenness of the world. But He overcame the God-forsakenness of the world through faith. And what the European tried to do was to build a civilization, despite the fact that the religious experts tell us there is no such thing as a Christian civilization, in which the feeling of God-forsakenness was transformed into faith. The European experience reads like a great religious novel. We see in the lives of ordinary Europeans and in the art of extraordinary Europeans the working of divine grace.

Now we come to the liberals. They no longer look at life through the eye. They see with the eye and they see only externals. Only the empirical, physical fact counts with them. They see no need to look for the Fairy Land behind the external world because they believe the external, natural world is all the world there is. And that world is Godforsaken. In fact, the liberals have institutionalized God-forsakenness, because a world founded on the *a priori* conviction that there is no personal God above nature is a closed world, devoid of God's grace.

Of course the European Fairy Land existed in the hearts of individual Christian Europeans. Outwardly, it appeared that they were like unto other non-European human beings. But when one sees some outward manifestation of the vision contained in their hearts, one realizes that the difference between the European and the non-European was a difference between heaven and hell.¹ And I say between heaven and hell rather than between heaven and earth, because after the coming of Christ there is no possibility of an intermediate pagan civilization such as the Greek worshippers are always trying to institute.

A people that will not have Christ will have Satan. Liberalism is a perfect example. What has been the end result of trying to find some kind of compromise god? We have Satan for a god, and he has bestowed his benediction on legalized abortion, the worship of the golden calf, and the worship of the colored races. Such is the modern world of Liberalism.

There are times in a Christian's life when he feels an overwhelming sense of God's presence. But there are times when a Christian feels forsaken by God. Like the Ancient Mariner, he laments:

*O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that god himself
Scarce seemed there to be.*

In a Christian society there are so many unseen forces at work, primarily other Christian souls in union with Him, that come like "ministering angels" to aid the Christian in his hour of need. And the struggling Christian emerges, with the aid of often unseen and always unsung kindred Christian souls, from the dark night of the soul into the light of Christ's love. But when so many human souls have said in their hearts that Christ be not risen, a Christian who still clings to the faith inevitably spends a good deal of his time battling his feeling of the God-forsakenness of the world. He starts to feel like Tirian in C. S. Lewis's book, *The Last Battle*, who wonders why God's grace is not working as it's supposed to and as the old stories say it works:

He thought of other Kings who had lived and died in Narnia in old times and it seemed to him that none of them had ever been so unlucky as himself. He thought of his great-grandfather's great-grandfather King Rilian who had been stolen away by a Witch when he was only a young prince and kept hidden for years in the dark caves beneath the land of the Northern Giants. But then it had all come right in the end, for two mysterious children had suddenly appeared from the land beyond the world's end and had rescued him so that he came home to Narnia and had a long and prosperous reign. "It's not like that with me," said Tirian to himself. Then he went further back and thought about Rilian's father, Caspian the Seafarer, whose wicked uncle King Miraz had tried to murder him and how Caspian fled away into the woods and lived among the Dwarfs. But that story too had all come right in the end: for Caspian also had been helped by children—only there were four of them that time—who came from somewhere beyond the world and fought a great battle and set him on his father's throne. "But it was all long ago," said Tirian to himself. "That sort of thing doesn't happen now." And then he remembered (for he had always been good at history when he was a boy) how those same four children who had helped Caspian had been in Narnia over a thousand years before; and it was then that they had done the most remarkable thing of all. For then they had defeated the terrible White Witch and ended the Hundred Years of Winter, and after that they had reigned (all four of them together) at Cair Paravel, till they were no longer children but great Kings and lovely Queens, and their reign had been the golden age of Narnia. And Aslan had come into that story a lot. He had come into all the other stories too, as Tirian now remembered. "Aslan—and children from another world," thought Tirian. "They have always come in when things were at their worst. Oh, if only they could now."

Yes, that's it. If only we could say to ourselves – and believe it: "God's grace can work for us like it did for those other Europeans." I have before me one of those nationalist publications dating back to 1979. In one article the author confidently asserts that white people are waking up and are not going to tolerate the black invasion any longer. And still, some 29 years later white people have not stopped the black invasion. But what if white people were to open up those channels of grace that our ancestors used? Then slowly, but in countless unseen ways, the tide will begin to turn in America and throughout Europe. 'All things are possible in Him and through Him' was the motto of the European Fairy Land.

But we have to align ourselves with the ethics of Fairy Land if we would restore Christian Europe. In Fairy Land, which is the European's land, a man's whole life is a prayer to God. His political activity, his leisure activities are all forms of prayer. When the European broke with Fairy Land he left the integral prayer-filled life behind and became a dislocated man. You can't pray to liberals to save you from liberalism. And that is what the white neo-pagan and the conservative constitutionalists have been doing for the past 40 years. Prayers such as, "Let me be part of Liberalism," do not receive divine sanction. The Christian European's prayer is a different one: "Oh Lord, give us the strength

and courage to restore Christian Europe.” God’s grace cannot be seen under a microscope, but it is the only remedy for European man. +

1. If a man were to go back in time and observe William Shakespeare as he went about his day, I don’t think he would observe Shakespeare doing anything different from other human beings. But of course Shakespeare was different; he was extraordinarily different because of his heart and because of his vision. And that is the case with the Europeans who lived during the Fairy Tale Era of Europe. They might appear to be similar to the men and women of color if one simply observed them going about their daily lives, but if one looks into their hearts and sees life through their eyes, then, oh what a difference there is between one people and another.

Labels: fairy tale of European civilization

To Whom Shall We Bend the Knee?

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 2009



“When hope seems nearly gone
God’s relief to us
Is surely won.”

The liberals were not satisfied with just one Obama coronation at the inauguration; they need to have a whole series of coronations in which they can genuflect to their god. The Notre Dame graduation was another Obama coronation. Such spectacles are helpful because a white European Christian, because he is a white European Christian, often tends to worry that he is being too harsh, too judgmental toward liberals. “Perhaps,” he says to himself, “I can win them over with gentle persuasion; it’s not necessary to treat them as enemies who are beyond the ken of humanity.” But when the Christian European sees the bedecked and begowned white liberals spitting on the cross of Christ by applauding a black barbarian baby killer, he knows that he dare not deal with liberals. They are beyond the ken by their own volition.

The liberals, and I include the neo-pagans in the ranks of the liberals, worship and respect only the species; they have no respect for the individual human personality. And this is because they have returned to the worship of impersonal nature. Nature is only concerned with the species, not with individual personalities. Christianity placed man in a world apart from nature, at the center of a universe governed not by nature’s laws but by the law of a God above nature. In Shakespeare’s play *The Tempest*, we get a glimpse of the spiritual reality behind the physical facade of the natural world. When Alonso sees how Prospero, through the power of his art, has made the entire island fall in line with the divine precept of “charity never faileth,” he declares that, “there is in this business more than nature.” The liberal has formed a different opinion. He feels no divine stirrings in his own heart and sees no spiritual dimension in his fellow man. His declaration is that “there is nothing more than nature.” It is best that we know this about the liberal. He will always side with the generic herd against individual human beings. When Pope John Liberal refused to condemn the murder, by blacks, of individual Christian women, he was being true to the liberal faith. The black herd is more important than a human being. When the liberals applaud a pro-choice politician, they are again being true to their faith. The rights of generic womanhood are more important than individual babies inside the womb.

The liberal doesn't know why he hates white Christians of the old stock. If asked to explain his hatred, he would probably use such words as racist, fascist, and sexist to describe them. Racist because the white Christian does not worship the Negro, sexist because the white Christian does not revere Lady Macbeth and her feminist counterparts, and fascist because the white Christian does not believe God is a liberal democrat. But the real reason that liberals hate the European Christian is because the intransigent European of the old stock holds the belief that each individual soul is of "eternal moment"; that generic humanity is nothing when weighed in the balance against one distinct personality created in the image of God. "How can mankind progress?" the liberal asks, "if recalcitrant individuals, claiming to have immortal souls and obligations to a creator above nature, get in the way of the onward and upward march of humanity?" Christian eschatology separated from a belief in the risen Christ is a very dangerous force. The liberal's answer to his own question about recalcitrant Europeans is "death." The white man must be eliminated.

Melville likens souls in peril to drowning men in his novel *Pierre*:

"For in tremendous extremities human souls are like drowning men; well enough they know they are in peril; well enough they know the causes of that peril; nevertheless, the sea is the sea, and these drowning men do drown."

Is this our fate? We know we are in peril, but can we do nothing to avoid the inevitable death sentence? No, it is not our fate. Melville went on to write *Clarel: A Poem and Pilgrimage in the Holy Land*:

*Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned --
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow --
That like a swimmer rising from the deep --
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.*

The eyes of the existentialist cannot see past an ocean perishing, but what does the Christian European, who sees through the eyes of faith, see? He sees his Lord walking on water and bidding him rise and walk toward Him. Impossible? "We who are about to die demand a miracle."

The non-liberal European of the 21st century sees a different world than the European of the 1950s. Christianity was no longer the faith of the majority of white people in the 1950s, but the Christian walls of the European fort were still in place because satanic consistency takes a little time. One by one the walls were removed. The first to be dismantled was the outermost wall, the wall of faith. Philosophical speculation made that wall unnecessary. And since philosophical speculation made a wall of faith superfluous, there was no need to keep up a wall between the races. "There is no one true faith distinct from other faiths, so there is no need for a wall between people and cultures." And finally the innermost wall, the walls of the womb, were violated by the liberals. "Since each human being is not unique, it is the herd we must preserve, not the individual."

The symbolic leader of the liberal herd is now The Obama. He seems to be a mere caricature of a human being, but then so do all non-Christian, non-Europeans seem. They have no substance; they are merely shadows. But the liberals need a man without substance for a leader because they have rejected the God of substance and His people.

In my late teens, I went to one of Satan's universities. One course in particular stands out in my mind, a course in philosophy taught by a rather aggressive, secularized Jew. All the philosophers on the required reading list were militant atheists. Bertrand Russell was particularly loathsome, and I remember reacting strongly against him. He was so sure that no force of will, no sentimental invocation of a fairy tale god, could change the fact that man was alone in the universe and would

turn to dust when his physical life on earth came to a close. I was a reluctant agnostic at the time, but Russell's confident, conceited assertions stirred my blood. If I were mere dust, then why the divine longings? And why did I see something more than dust in friends and family? And what about Him? We can't just dismiss Him.

My final push from agnosticism to the cross of Christ came when my philosophy teacher conducted a very aggressive assault on the "anthropomorphic" God of the Christians. If he had confined his criticisms to Christianity as an abstract system, or had he criticized Thomism or Calvinism or any of the other theological explanations of the Christ story, I might have remained in a religious limbo, but he went after Jesus. And that I could not abide. His attack on the divine personality of Christ put steel in my heart and killed my religious lethargy.

The great benefit of the Notre Dame coronation, in which Father Obama gave his blessing to his people, is that such a blasphemous attack on Christ can put steel into one's heart. Such a people who would denounce Him for Obama must be resisted, must be fought with, must not be allowed to prevail.

When God speaks to Saint Paul on the road to Damascus, He does not say to him, "I am Christianity," or "I am the force." He says, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." The person of Christ! That is who the liberals want to keep out of their brave new world. And to insure that He stays out of their world, they must kill the memory of Christian Europe where His image shown so brightly. Because if the great unwashed, who have embraced liberalism because they know nothing else, could see the face of Christ they would turn from liberalism to Him.

There has been a great change in the liberals since the Obama coronation. They have taken off their masks. They no longer think it necessary to put a more pleasant face on Satanism. Is such confidence in the triumph of Satan warranted? Who rose from the dead? I don't think it was Satan. Ah, but liberals don't believe that Christ rose from the dead. But just as Christ burst from that dark tomb into the light, so will we, when hope seems nearly gone, witness the triumph of the cross. It's the little internal battles we fight in His name that will make the difference. So long as the battle is fought, and the prayer is uttered, "In Jesus' name," the European will prevail over what seems to be an all-triumphant legion. The true European knows not seems.+

Labels: liberals are the true haters, person of Christ

The European Stands Alone

SUNDAY, MAY 31, 2009



From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

Time flies even when you're not having fun. This was borne home to me recently when I rediscovered a twenty-year old letter in my desk drawer. "Did that much time elapse already?" The letter was a not a fan letter. Some woman had glommed onto one sentence in an article I had written and decided on that basis that I was "racist." I was surprised, not because I had never been called a racist before but because the article she did not like was only tangentially about race. It was primarily about Christianity. The sentence that earned me the racist label was the one in which I linked the words "white" and "Christian." "What is your theory on race?" the woman demanded.

I answered the woman's letter and attempted to explain my theory on race. That was a mistake. It was a mistake because the woman had already made up her mind I was racist and therefore outside the ken of humanity. And it was also a mistake because in reality I had no theory on race. But I succumbed to the temptation of trying to combat modernism with the weapon of modernism, which was, and is, abstract theory. Modern man is in the grips of a very old heresy, which he thinks is quite new, the Greek heresy. The Greek philosophers thought wisdom could be put in a silver rod, and modern man, being quite unoriginal, thinks so too. Charles Dickens, in his masterpiece, *Great Expectations*, shows us the difficulties of proceeding through life without a theory:

By that time, I was staggering on the kitchen floor like a little drunkard, through having been newly set upon my feet, and through having been fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself... I found Joe telling them about the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Mr. Pumblechook made out, after carefully surveying the premises, that he had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then got upon the roof of the house, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his bedding cut into strips; and as Mr. Pumblechook was very positive

and drove his own chaise-cart - over everybody - it was agreed that it must be so. Mr. Wopsle, indeed, wildly cried out "No!" with the feeble malice of a tired man; but, as he had no theory, and no coat on, he was unanimously set at nought - not to mention his smoking hard behind, as he stood with his back to the kitchen fire to draw the damp out: which was not calculated to inspire confidence.

Nevertheless, even at the risk of being Wopsle-ized, a man should not pander to the theory-hungry mob by presenting them with another theory to kick around in their theoretical arena. Let me seek present redemption then by writing the letter that I should have written twenty years ago:

Dear Madame X,

I don't have a theory of race. I have some feelings about race, based on my intuitions about the nature of reality, but I do not have a theory on race. This might seem like splitting hairs but there is a crucial difference between theory and faith, at least the theory and faith I'm talking about. Modern man is trapped in a theoretical endgame. He has made an a priori decision that there is no world outside of his own mind. As a result of that decision modern man is blind. The physically blinded Gloucester sees reality clearly, in contrast to the morally blind Cornwall, because he sees the world "feelingly." When I step outside of the world of theory and see pre-modern European culture feelingly, I see in that culture a God of infinite mercy and compassion who sent His Son to suffer and die on a cross, only to rise again on the third day, all so we, His children, could see that "death but routs life into victory."

In no other culture besides the European culture do I see that vision of the true God. If you tell me that other cultures could have produced that vision, my response is, "I don't know if they could have produced such a vision; all I know is that they didn't." If you tell me that the sublime vision of the true God and true Man can, now that the Europeans have abandoned the vision, be maintained by another race of people, I reply, "They haven't yet picked up the vision." And finally, if you tell me that religious truth does not need to be embodied in a culture but can be passed on from one human mind to another human mind, I will tell you that, "God took flesh and dwelt among us because He knew that we needed to see the truth embodied; because we see life feelingly, not theoretically."

And that, Madame X, is why I don't have a theory about race. I have a love for the European people prior to their descent into the nether regions of theory. I don't believe, as you say I do, that Europeans and only Europeans have souls. I do say that only the Europeans, as a people, produced a culture in which we see the face of Jesus Christ. Individuals from other cultures have certainly risen to the status of Christian, but they did so by adhering to the values and beliefs of the European. They became, like Gunga Din, "clear, white inside." But if you had asked Gunga Din, prior to getting shot ("a bullet came an' drilled the beggar clean"), he would not have recommended that the white should meld with the colored. "Then there would be no people from whom I could learn how to be clear, white inside."

This concludes my letter to Madame X. I'm sure she would have been just as unconverted after my present letter as she was after my first, but at least I followed Edgar's injunction to "speak what we feel, not what we ought to say." The fight (in the full meaning of the word 'fight,' i.e., using temporal and spiritual weapons) for Christian Europe is the fight for the Faith. If the people who made Christ the center of their culture are rejected as evil racists and or stupid, then the Christian faith becomes evil and stupid. Behind the anti-European ranting of the New Age Christian rationalists is the dogmatic assertion that "Christ be not risen."

Let's put the modernist attack on the Faith in terms of a fable.

There is a land called Europia which contains white men and women who claim that God visited earth, suffered and died on a cross, and then rose from the dead. He did all of this to free mankind from the consequence of sin, which is death. In a myriad of ways, in their art, in the quiet

consecrations to Him, made in their hearts, the Europeans showed their love of, and their faith in, Him.

Bordering the nation of Europia was the country of Yet-To-Be. In that country existed colored people who could only be described as half-devil and half-child. Occasionally they made warlike raids on Europia. The raids were not successful because the Europeans banded together to repulse the Yet-To-Be hordes.

But as time passed, a strange phenomenon occurred. Groups of Europeans started to band together discussing theories about their God. One group with a theory begot another group with a theory, and soon Europia was filled with contending factions, all advancing their theories about God. But amidst all the theorizing, Europia was still Europia, and its citizens still believed in their God. They even made forays into Yet-To-Be Land and made settlements there.

Many years passed and the theorizing continued. No one knows the exact moment it happened, but there came a time when most Europeans no longer believed in the old God of Europia. They now believed only in theory. In fact, the Europeans claimed that there had never really been a God except in theory. And since all theories were of equal value, the Europeans saw no reason not to let the Yet-To-Be citizens into their nation.

As more time elapsed, the Europeans began to realize just how wrong they had been about God and about their treatment of Yet-To-Be citizens. Hence, they removed all the whites from Yet-To-Be land, renamed Europia 'Utopia,' and started to systemically eliminate all whites from the new-forged nation of Utopia. Some whites objected to being eliminated, but they objected not because they believed in the old God of the Europeans, but because they claimed they were intellectually superior to the Utopians and the Yet-To-Bes. The Utopians rejected their claims and eliminated them.

I am only a chronicler, and I am a white male. As such, my opinion is not valid in Utopia. But I must say that Utopia is not working. One gets the sense among the lower strata of white people (by lower strata, I mean those outside the liberal elite) that there is an incredible longing in their hearts. Are they suppressing something in their blood that must, simply must, be satisfied lest they die of longing? Dare we say that the something is faith?

Wine and cheese parties and a plethora of Obama coronations seem to be enough to fill the void in the liberal's soul. But will blood sports and porno keep the white grazers contented? We shall see. Satan is always true to his satanic nature, but his stance vis a vis the European changes according to the type of civilization the European maintains. When Europe was Christian, Satan was a radical, always fomenting change and chaos. But now that European civilization is satanic, Satan is a conservative. He used to prowl the world seeking the ruin of souls; now he prowls the world looking for individuals who might upset the satanic institutions of his kingdom of Satan on earth. He is always on the lookout for the man of vision, the man who still sees Christ on the cross and not a theory of atonement or a metaphor for suffering humanity. And when he sees such a man, the devil trembles and tries to get his minions to crush that man by whatever means necessary. Being unable to stand alone himself, the devil cannot conceive of a mortal man who will stand alone against him and his minions. But the devil has never been inspired by the cross of Christ. He has never experienced the ennobling power a man feels when he has joined his heart to His heart. Once the vision enters the blood, miracles occur. So it is always the last European, the man who has kept the vision of his Lord in his heart, who will stand firm while the men of color and the men of theory bend their knees to Satan and his surrogate rulers.

An entire people's fidelity to one God made European civilization. One hero's fidelity to the God of that ancient civilization can and shall be the beginning of a new birth of that ancient civilization. But the ethics of Fairy Land do demand that the hero must venture forth alone before he can receive God's grace. Scott gets it right in "Harold the Dauntless." When the Christian hero and the devil clash, the Hero always prevails:

XVI.

*Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground;
But not the artillery of hell,
The bickering lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
Could Harold's courage quell.
Sternly the Dane his purpose kept,
And blows on blows resistless heap'd,
Till quail'd that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evanish'd in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Eivir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life! +*

Labels: Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy

The Mutual Flame

SUNDAY, JUNE 07, 2009



So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix's sight;
Either was the other's mine.

--Shakespeare

Let's be clear about what the new Supreme Court nominee's condemnation of the white male means. She did not condemn white males for being too liberal, for ceding white civilization to the colored barbarians; she condemned everything associated with the white male of history, namely Western civilization and the God of that civilization. But she was careful to follow the proscribed liberal formula and leave the white female out of her condemnation.

Liberals have taken the Christian doctrine of original sin and made it applicable to only one sex and one race. All females and all non-whites are without sin. This is why the colored man takes race so seriously and the liberal white male denies the existence of race. As a member of the sinless race, the colored wants race to be the determining factor in everything. Then he will be granted sainted status in everything. The liberal white male, on the other hand, has a vested interest in maintaining the fiction that there is no such thing as race. In his world of pure mind, race doesn't exist. And in contrast to the colored male, the white male must always deny the existence of masculinity. The result of that denial is the end of chivalry. Instead of Beau Geste, the white Christian model of masculinity, we now see only colored masculinity which celebrates pure animal lust and barbarism. The white females need only refrain from marrying white men from the old European stock in order to avoid the taint of original sin. And the vast majority of white females have voluntarily refrained from marrying white Christian males. But I think a time is fast approaching when white Christian women will be forbidden to marry white Christian males.

The consistent liberal will rejoice that the Christian male is extinct (see *The Underground Men*), because he knows that Christianity is a patriarchal religion. If there is no patriarchy there can be no Christianity. But there are some halfway-house Christians who want to retain the benefits of living in a Christian society while supporting the principles of a primitive matriarchal society. The late John Paul II was a classic example of this type of religious schizophrenic. On the one hand, he condemned abortion, and on the other hand he supported feminism.

The late Pope praised the feminist movement, saying it had championed “the dignity of women.” In his weekly audience of November 29, 1995, he called feminism “in great part legitimate,” and said it had added to a more “balanced vision of the question of womanhood in the contemporary world.” He further went on to say that feminism had reacted against everything that has “impeded the value and full development of the feminine personality” (from Inside the Vatican, January 1996).

We must make up our minds. Is the story of Adam and Eve true? If it is, then the responsibility for the original sin rests on the shoulders of the male and the female. In fact, the responsibility rests even more squarely on the female’s shoulders. So if we exempt the female from original sin, we are not behaving like Christian gentlemen; we are behaving like the male devotees of the religions of Cybele and Isis.

The answer to any social ill is integral Christianity. You can’t take just one aspect of Christianity, such as respect for women as the life-bearers and life-nurturers, and make it the whole of Christianity. David C. Reardon illustrates this half-way house Christian approach to women in his book, *Making Abortion Rare*.

Mr. Reardon says the pro-life movement failed because pro-lifers failed to make the movement a pro-woman movement. If we shift our focus from the harm abortion does to babies to the harm it does to women, Mr. Reardon says, we will win the support of middle America and gradually win the abortion war.

Mr. Reardon suggests pro-lifers start initiating malpractice suits against abortion doctors for not following the guidelines of *Roe vs. Wade*. Doctors never inform women that abortion harms the woman having the abortion, nor do they inform the woman having the abortion of the emotional trauma her abortion will trigger. The doctors’ failure to comply with the *Roe v. Wade* guidelines will leave them open to legal action and hurt them where it counts – in the pocketbooks.

The launching of malpractice suits against abortion doctors for cruelty to women and spending more money to tell women about what abortion does to them is not evil. But Reardon’s strategy of appealing to the woman’s self-interest and not to her soul has many holes in it.

First, he claims that the pro-life movement has been too judgmental about unmarried pregnancies. My wife and I spent a few years “sidewalk counseling” outside abortion clinics, and we did not detect the “judgmental” attitude among our fellow counselors that Mr. Reardon writes about.

Secondly, Mr. Reardon assumes that the pro-life movement was anti-woman in the past. Again, I don’t see that. People I worked with did stress, rightly I think, that the baby was the primary victim; but pro-lifers have always stressed and been concerned about the physical and spiritual well-being of the woman having the abortion.

Thirdly, on the subject of free will and forgiveness, Mr. Reardon frequently makes statements like this one: “All too often pro-lifers have tended to characterize aborting women as selfish and immoral. A far more accurate generalization would be to portray aborting women as confused and driven by despair. This insight is a vital one to our pro-woman/pro-life strategy.” He misses the point. An aborting woman is selfish and immoral, and there can be no forgiveness for her sin if the sin is never her fault, but only the result of confusion and despair.

Mr. Reardon further claims that we should let women who have had abortions know that God forgives them. No, that is bad theology. We should let them know that if they repent, God will forgive them. It seems to me to be a crucial distinction. Do we really want to treat women as inferior creatures who are incapable of sin because somebody else has forced them into their decision? Do we not then deny them the opportunity to, “Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep, ‘Love much’ and be forgiven”?

Mr. Reardon thinks his woman-based strategy will win over the 70% of Americans who are “personally opposed but...”; by making it a woman’s rights issue, the 70% will turn against the abortion industry. Here I must ask: if we make it a woman’s rights issue, are we not conceding that the baby in the womb has importance only if the woman says the baby has importance? If we say abortion is bad only because it harms the aborting woman, which it certainly does, and we enshrine that concept in law, haven’t we permanently damned the unborn to a nebulous status? The unborn will exist only if women say they do.

Reardon’s suggestion that we can make abortion illegal without restoring patriarchal Christianity is of course absurd. But there is also a dangerous reaction against the matriarchal pretensions of our current feminists that must be avoided, and which is exemplified by Patrick Mitchell in his book, *The Scandal of Gender: Early Christian Teaching on the Man and the Woman*. Mitchell’s earlier book on the feminization of the military was quite good (the author wrote under the name Brian Mitchell); Mitchell was the only author I’ve come across who based his argument against women in the military on the Christian principle that women should not be in the military rather than on the merely pagan principle that they could not.

The case that Mitchell makes against Christian feminists is a pretty standard one, but it is a case seldom made these days. I felt, while reading it, a bit like I did when I read Mary Lefkowitz’s *Not Out of Africa: How Afrocentrism Became an Excuse to Teach Myth As History*. It seemed ludicrous that anyone should have to write a book proving that Socrates, Beethoven, Cleopatra, etc., were not black, but nevertheless, the insanity of the modern world made it necessary. By corollary, it seems ludicrous that someone would have to write a book about Christianity being the patriarchal religion, but of course even John Paul II thought one could have a Christian feminism, so this book is a refreshing antidote to the current prevailing nonsense about gender.

Mitchell calls himself a “reader” rather than an “author.” Presumably he does so because he merely cites Scripture and the Church Fathers on the subject of gender. To wit:

Within Christian teaching, loving one’s wife cannot mean ceding to her the husband’s headship or freeing her from her duty to obey and revere. This is the lie of the serpent by which both the man and the woman were and are undone. For while the women’s deepest need is for communion in submission, ultimately to God, Satan deceives her into revolting against God with an offer of power in equality.

And:

No doubt our Christian Fathers would condemn the feminist reorganization of modern society, with its strenuous denial of sexual differences and coercive integration of women into all activities at all levels, on all three counts: (1) for turning the natural order upside down by making men subject to women and deposing husbands and fathers from their rightful headship in the home; (2) for opening the door to immorality by mixing men and women together as if sexual temptation were either easily avoided or not worth resisting; and (3) for obscuring the divinely ordained differences between the sexes so important to the social, sexual, and spiritual health of individual men and women.

There is yet a fourth charge the early Christians would bring against us for our disregard of the different duties of men and women. It is less obvious in early Christian teaching because of the assumption that mothers would always care for their children out of both social necessity and

natural affection. It is now the case, however, that mothers are encouraged not to care for their children and instead to abandon them, at a very early age and for most of their waking hours, to the far inferior care of paid strangers. A powerful taboo in our society suppresses all criticism of mothers who do so, and fathers who let them. The Saints would not have been so sparing.

And also:

The prophecy of Adam that the woman was “bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh” was deeply meaningful to the Fathers. The woman was not a separate species, created from the earth as all other creatures were, as indeed Adam himself was. Alone among all creatures, the woman was created “from the man.” Her nature is derivative of the man’s. She participates “through the man” in both his earthly origin and his divine likeness.

There is a major weakness in the book, however; an irredeemable one, in my judgment. Heretics from the left de-emphasize or, more often, attempt to abolish structures and forms. They point to the ‘spirit’ of things and use words like ‘love’ and ‘charity’ out of context. Heretics from the right, on the other hand, tend to worship form and discipline and do not stress love and charity, fearing that such things lead to a lack of form and discipline, which will then lead to soft-headed liberalism. Mitchell falls prey to the latter, formalist heresy.

This blasphemous interpretation of the Apostle Paul is an example:

The Apostle Paul commands husbands to love their wives, but wives he commands not to love their husbands, but to obey and revere them. In doing so, he bids that wives render to their husbands that which is most needful and consistent with the natural headship of the man, for it is more important to the one in charge that he be obeyed and revered than he be loved. This truth we find also in the world around us, for in all human organizations it is indeed more necessary that the head be feared than loved. The beauty of the Christian order is that the head also loves the body, as Christ loves the Church.

One thinks after reading this of Shakespeare’s comment in *The Merchant of Venice*: “The devil can cite Scripture for his own purpose.” Scripture should be interpreted in its entirety. (St. Paul also had a memorable quote about charity superseding all other virtues.)

Should a marriage be primarily a military arrangement? I will concede that even the best of women need some fear of their husbands, but should that be their primary reason for obeying? No! Wives who are obedient only from fear and not from love are not real wives and will abandon their husbands once a stronger, more forceful warlord comes along. The true wife obeys because she loves; Katarina’s injunction to wives at the end of *The Taming of the Shrew* is an example:

*Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;*

*And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? —
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toll and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.*

I see in Mitchell a man who has gone wrong by only a hair, but it is a significant hair. If we were to adopt Mitchell's interpretation of the Fathers and Scripture, we would have a religion "that have not charity. Fear is the beginning of wisdom, not the end result. I see in the tradition of chivalry that came to fruition in Europe an elevation of the Church's teaching on gender. Without abrogating any of the Church Fathers' teaching, the chivalric tradition shifted the balance in male-female relationships from fear to love, as Christianity shifted the focus from fear to love in man's relationship with God. When one truly appreciates the nature of the beloved, one only fears disappointing the beloved. One is not fearful of the painful consequences of disobedience for one's self.

The downside of the chivalric tradition is that the true knight's reverence for women, which is noble and uplifting when women are obedient as Mary was obedient, becomes blasphemous when women imitate Cybele rather than Mary. This habit of reverence for the female, rightly developed and cultivated in the traditions of chivalry, was continued in the European culture after the female went over to Cybele. Hence, the tradition which was the highest and purest embodiment of true masculinity and true femininity became the embodiment of all that is cowardly in the male and unfeminine in the female.

But the failure of that magnificent synergy between the sexes that was at the core of Western civilization should not force us to make the mistake of Reardon and the liberals, and exempt the woman from original sin. Nor should we settle for Mitchell's militaristic and juridical arrangement between the sexes. Instead, let us say with Unamuno that we will have all or nothing. We will have knights, chivalry, dragons, fair and virtuous ladies, and the God whose love passeth all understanding, in the civilization to which we bend our knee, or else we will not bend the knee.+

So Long as the Blood Endures

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 2009



“They have chosen cunning instead of belief.” – Aslan

Hatred for the white male is the primary passion of the colored races, and hatred for the white male is also the primary passion of the white liberal. I need not give you, the reader, a detailed list of all the gory torture-murders (done with the full approval of white liberals) and of the many outrages perpetrated against whites by the coloreds. There are nationalist publications out there that give out that kind of information, so let’s take the liberals’ and coloreds’ hatred of the white male as a given and proceed from there.

I am deeply concerned that there has been no Christian response to the onslaught of the liberals and the colored barbarians. To date there have been two types of white males offering some ineffectual resistance to the liberal and barbarian assault. The first ineffectual resister is the American conservative. He thinks affirmative action is wrong as well as reverse discrimination. And he tells his liberal brethren about it:

What is being done to Frank Ricci is exactly what was done to black folks for decades. Great black ballplayers who might have become legends like DiMaggio and Lou Gehrig never got the chance because they were black. Black students were denied admission to prep schools, colleges, and military academies because of their color.

Now, what was done to them is being done to white folks. And it is just as wrong as it was then.

Such appeals are 1) completely ineffectual and 2) morally wrong. They are ineffectual because liberals do not believe in representative democracy; they believe in government by the elect (themselves) and in the extermination of the non-elect (white males). And such appeals are immoral because they perpetuate a blasphemous Tower of Babel idea of nationhood. It is a Christian people’s duty to keep their institutions free from the taint of barbarianism. It is not their duty to allow the barbarians through the gates of their city in the name of some satanic principle of equality.

The second ineffectual resister is the neo-pagan. His appeal, unlike that of the conservative, is not to the liberals but to the disenfranchised white electorate. “Vote white,” he urges.

“But why should I vote white?” the disenfranchised white asks. “Because you are white,” the neo-

pagan replies. That answer is not enough to satisfy the white Everyman. He needs a metaphysic, and the neo-pagan has none to give him.

What is missing from the conservative and the neo-pagan is passion; not the passion which one associates with romance in the limited sense of the word, but the type of passion that Christ demonstrated on the cross. "This monster Death shall not prevail." Christ's passion was rooted in His love for suffering humanity. He did not leave us defenseless against the cruelest of all enemies or without hope in the face of death. The Spanish soldiers who witnessed the Aztecs tearing the hearts out of their victims felt Christ's passion well up inside them, and they said, "This shall not go on." And what, as we look at the history of the European people, has been the essential difference between the people of color and the Europeans? The difference is that the passion of Christ became the passion of the Europeans. When faced with devilish onslaughts against God's reign of charity, such as African cannibalism and the Indian suttee, Europeans said what He would have said: "This shall not go on." They didn't take a poll to decide whether there was a consensus against cannibalism or the suttee, they simply put a stop to it.

The passion that comes from a blood connection to Christ is the only passion that produces heroes willing to fight the liberal and the colored. How did Kipling put it? "So long as the blood endures, I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours." If we sever our blood connection to Christ (and we have done just that), we will no longer know what good is, and we will no longer have the strength to fight the white techno-barbarians or the colored barbarians.

The American conservative has substituted an idea about God for a blood connection to God, so he lacks the knowledge and strength to champion the white man's cause. And the neo-pagan has betrayed his blood because of his commitment to a future society where the best minds rule; he also lacks wisdom and has no strength. The weakness of the conservative and the neo-pagan shouldn't be that hard to understand. Christ did not present us with a magic talisman; He gave us His blood on the cross. The type of heroism that defeats liberalism and barbarism came from Europeans who were connected to Him through the blood.

It is my contention that it was Europeans with the Blood Faith that kept the European garden free of colored vermin. Then, in a kind of magnified version of Ten Little Indians, the Europeans of The Blood started to disappear. And when the conservative-liberal and neo-pagan Men of the Mind replaced the Europeans of The Blood, Europe as Christendom, as a distinct, racial unit of people, died out.

The conservative, the liberal, and the neo-con all drink from the same liberal pool of the intellect, divorced from the blood. Their progenitor, the greatest exponent of the liberal religion of pure mind, was George Bernard Shaw. To him, the sacrifice at Calvary was pagan superstition; civilized men needed a more refined religion, a religion that celebrated and honored man's intellect; they needed the Greek philosophers. Shaw and the Greeks did not believe that spirit and blood could mix. Wisdom had to come from pure mind. But the experience of the white man contradicts the Greek philosophers and shows that blood and spirit commingle in the body of man and in the body of the Man-God.

Satan built his kingdom on earth, piece by piece. Christian Europe was separated from Satan's kingdoms of color by four enormous walls. Every defection from a spirit-and-blood faith to the propositional faith of the Greeks eroded the walls of Christian Europe. Finally, the walls crumbled.

It is absurd to expect to clear the rubble of liberalism and barbarism away from Europe with conservative, representative democracy or with neo-pagan Gnosticism. The cleansing of Europe needs heroes greater than Hercules; it requires Christians of The Blood. If we think about it logically it would seem that the Europe of Ratty, the Europe that I love, is dead forever. But man does not live

by logic alone. The course of history is not always inexorable. And if it is twilight for the European people, there is still something left for the European to do. He can be faithful to Christ's Europe until the end, as Tirian was faithful to Aslan's Narnia until the end:

"Well done, last of the Kings of Narnia who stood firm at the darkest hour."

We are the last Europeans; if we are faithful in Europe's darkest hour, Our King, the real Aslan, will greet us as Aslan greeted Tirian.

The Buchananite conservative, the liberal, and the neo-pagan all look to a Europe that is different from the Europe where Christ dwelt. The Buchananite conservative wants the equality of the dung heap, where whites, who have sunk to the level of blacks, can work and play with their new equals. The liberal wants a mind-forged republic of superior intellects who rule over inferior intellects. Of course, the sign of an inferior intellect will be a belief in the fairy tale God of the white man. And the neo-pagan looks to a future where he, the disembodied, soulless automaton, rules an empty, soulless world with the power of his giant brain.

The barbarians of color have never believed that God's spirit resides in the blood. For them the blood is something one gives to the gods as a sacrificial offering in order to propitiate them. They believe the spirit of the gods resides in the natural world. In a perverse aping of the good, Satan has very cleverly arranged a great wedding feast of the clever ones. The barbarian of color, the democracy-loving conservative, the liberal, and the neo-pagan all eat at Satan's special banquet. The feast is for those too "vital and earthy" and for those too intelligent to believe in a God who took flesh, dwelt among us, and mixed His spirit with our blood. But He did precisely that, or so I believe, as did the Europeans of old, who were strong in defense of their kith and kin. Without the strength of a blood faith, we are helpless before our enemies. But with such a faith?

*I am going to be a storm – a flame—
I need to fight whole armies all alone.
I have ten hearts; I have a hundred arms;
I feel
Too strong to war with mortals— +*

Labels: blood faith, Christian Europe

Against the Jackals

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 2009



As Christian – man, I needs must
keep the vow which I have plight...

--Scott

Simply being born in Europe or becoming a citizen of a European country does not make an individual a European. One must have white skin in order to be a European. Our skin color is part of our body, which houses our soul. Body and soul are not separate entities; they are inextricably linked. Prior to the 20th century, the great bulk of the European people believed as I do -- that one's skin color is part of a man's soul, which is a thing eternal. There certainly were Gnostic exceptions, but in the main the pre-20th century Europeans regarded skin color as an integral part of man's spirituality. Now, in this 21st century, the century of the Jackal, the exception has become the rule, and the European who still believes that a man's skin color is part of his soul is a tiny minority. Let's look at the Gnostic jackals.

1) Religious, conservative-liberals

From the Catholic side, the Gnostic attack is best exemplified by a remark of a famous Thomist: "Western civilization has nothing to do with race." The gentleman in question was quite a defender of Catholic Europe, particularly Catholic Spain, but he didn't think it mattered one iota whether Spain was inhabited by white people or by black people. Actually, that is not quite correct: the pro-Western, anti-white writer actually had great hopes that blacks would come to the faith in droves and create a new earthier and "sexier" Catholicism, so presumably he preferred a black Spain. Only an academic could nurse such fantasies.

Of course the cause of the academic's delusion was his Thomism. God is a disembodied idea to the Thomist, so it follows in the Thomist's mind that individual human beings are also disembodied ideas. And even though the Novus Ordo Catholics have denounced Aquinas, the main architect of

idea-religion, they have not renounced idea-religion itself. This is why the most vehement anti-white hatred comes from the pulpits, from those who believe in an idea of God and in an idea of man.

Occasionally I have observed puzzled, white Kinists trying to figure out what the problem with Pat Buchanan is. Well, the problem with Pat is the problem with an idea-religion. Buchanan will always throw individual white men under the bus whenever individual white men get in the way of his propositional faith in generic, idea-democracy and generic idea-Christianity.

The same obsession with ideas about God rather than with God himself, which we find in medieval scholasticism and in modern Catholicism, has spread like wildfire in the Protestant churches, too. The clergy in those churches regularly hurl anathemas at anyone who dares to suggest there is any connection whatsoever between skin color and spirituality. But who is flying in the face of reality—the anti-white churchmen or the last Europeans? On the side of the churchmen is a Gnostic theory about God. It does not come from Scripture, nor does it come from the Church Fathers. It stems from the scholastic tradition, which came to us from the Greeks. But there is no concrete reality to buttress up the “Western-civilization-has-nothing-to-do-with-race” theory. If the colored races can show us the face of Jesus Christ in their cultures, why have they not done so? Why are they unable to take even the smallest baby steps toward the light unless they are guided by white people? In contrast to the unreality of the churchmen stands the reality of Western civilization.

Few people live up to their creeds for good or ill. Many Marxists, for instance, who were opposed to Christian marriage, have been married in Christian churches. But a man’s stated creed still must be taken seriously. “Ideas have consequences.” And at the core of the pro-Western, anti-white Thomists and churchmen is pantheism, the worship of nature. While priding himself on his rejection of the bloody pagan religions, the modern, thinking churchman has reverted to the nature gods. With a mind untainted by contact with genuine human beings of flesh and blood, the modern “Christian” contemplates the natural world and sees in it natural savages who long to be controlled and enlightened by the Gnostic white man.

A European is not different from a pagan because the pagan has bloody sacrifices and the European uses his mind; the European differs from the pagan because he believes that God’s spirit dwells in the blood and not in nature. The pagan propitiates the gods of nature with his blood, and the conservative churchmen and Thomists worship their own minds through the good offices of the natural world.

2) Mad-dog liberals

The conservative-liberals still retain a respect for Western civilization while denying that the white man is necessary to Western civilization. They are liberals because they go against the traditional faith of the European people who thought their race was part of their very soul. But the spiritual children of the conservative-liberal take things a step further, which is why I designate them as mad-dog liberals.

The mad-dog liberals do not love Western civilization, they hate it. They find racism and sexism everywhere they look. So they hate the race that gave the world Western civilization. They are more consistent than the conservative-liberals who professed to love Western civilization while hating the white man. But before we award the mad-dogs the consistency ribbon, let’s look at their inconsistency. They feed off the fruit of the civilization they say they despise. They have their operations at hospitals started by Europeans who believed: “In so much as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me.” They listen to music written by white men in tribute to the God of the white man. And on it goes. If they were consistent, they would all go to dog fights with Michael Vick and call it the apotheosis of their mad-dog lives.

While still being inconsistent in their use of the fringe benefits of Western civilization, the mad-dogs are taking what was implicit in the faith of the conservative-liberal Christians and making it explicit. The conservative-liberal still expressed his new faith in nature and the scientific method using old,

Christian terms. The mad-dog has abandoned most of the old Christian terminology and has created a new faithless faith, a hodge-podge of Asian religions, Greek philosophers, and African voodoo cults. The old liberal-conservatives often clash with the new mad-dog liberals over such issues as abortion, but they are birds of the same feather. Their hatred for the older, flesh-and-blood faith of the European people is what unites them.

3) Neo-pagans

The neo-pagan hates white people in the same way that Hugh Hefner hates women: Hefner loves women as biological entities, but he hates femininity. In fact, Hefner denies that there is a spiritual, feminine component in a woman's makeup just as he denies a spiritual, masculine component in men. Likewise the neo-pagan; he professes to love the white race, but he hates the spiritual essence of the white man, that which makes the white man distinct and unique. The neo-pagan would have the Christ-bearing race abandon Christ and simply look into the mirror above the computer or in the DNA lab when they want to worship. What a pathetic, soulless fate for the people who walked with God.

4) The colored hordes

The colored races share the liberal's hatred of the white European. But the colored races do not believe, as the white liberal believes, that skin color is not a significant part of a man's identity. The liberal, vis-à-vis the coloreds, is in the same position that Stalin was in with his own people during World War II. Stalin didn't believe in Christianity, but a great portion of his people did believe in it, so he had to let a handful of Orthodox priests out of prison in order to bless the troops and rally the people to fight for good old Mother Russia.

The liberals invoke race when they want to rally their people (the colored tribes) to fight against their enemies (the recalcitrant Europeans). But it is always dangerous to stir up hatred against your own race, trusting that your colored allies will be satisfied with just the blood of your white enemies. Why should the coloreds be satisfied with only the blood of the old Europeans? If white is evil and whites are weak, why should any white people be left alive? The liberals' faithless faith will leave them defenseless before the colored hordes.

White conservative-liberals and mad-dog liberals hurl the pride of race accusation at Christian Europeans of the old school. Let me throw that lie back in their faces. The old "racist" Europeans did not have the *pride* of race, which all other races have; instead, they accepted the *burden* of race, and that burden was a cross, the same cross that He carried on His way to Golgotha. The superiority of the European, his complete dominance throughout the world, came about because the European's heart burned within him. He saw something more than nature in the person of Christ, and he felt compelled to enflesh, in his culture, the vision he saw with his heart. Can one see with one's heart? Ask Gloucester: "I see life feelingly."

The conservative-liberal, the mad-dog liberal, and the neo-pagan have replaced the burden of race, a sacred burden, with the pride of intellect. They flee, like Jonah, from their duty to God and take refuge in the belly of the liberal leviathan. From inside that whale, they hurl anathemas at the white people who are still listening to the call of the blood. "Never abandon the white cross," that quiet, gentle voice tells us, "because that cross is your salvation." Pride of race? No, a humble and grateful acceptance of the awesome responsibility of race. That is what I see in the lives of the old, racist Europeans. It is better to live in exile, with the vision of their Europe in our hearts, than to move one single infinitesimal hair in the direction of the anti-white, anti-Christian purveyors of Satanic, one-world, one-race atheism.

Labels: blood faith, Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy, white traitors to their race

Pietas

SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 2009



Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

The liberals are not overly concerned about the proliferation of pornography. Virtually everything is permitted in the porno-zones of our major cities, and virtually everything is permitted in our movies and in our television shows. There is however one significant exception. The real life torture murders and rapes of white people by black barbarians are not talked about or shown by the liberals. And of course we know why the black atrocities against white people are never reported or shown. The mad-dog liberals are committed to a new religion in which the Negro savage is the centerpiece. If the most obviously unequal of God's creatures can be made to appear equal, then the liberals' dream of one coffee-colored race and one Godless faith can be realized. So we are constantly barraged with false images of blacks on stage and screen, in which they are depicted as kinder, nobler versions of white people. And upper and middle-class whites, who have very little contact with blacks other than with upper and middle-class ones who know how to work the system, by and large believe that the world should be one big, happy, racially blended family. But it is a different story in the white lower classes. They can't escape to gated communities and expensive high-rise apartments. They know what the presence of blacks in a community means. It means bestial torture, murder, rape, and robbery. The white liberals should forsake their liberal pomp and expose themselves to "to feel what wretches feel," but in order to do that the liberals would have to care about the plight of white people. And of course, they don't care.

This lack of concern for one's own kind was not always the mark of the European. In fact, the mark of a Christian European was his intense concern for his own. The relief of Lucknow was not one isolated incident; such concern for one's own was the rule, not the exception in Christian Europe. And the key word is 'Christian.' When the European was Christian, he cared about his people.

I think the event that indicated Christian Europe was no more took place in the 1960's when Pope John XXIII stated he had "no feeling of hatred, only loving charity and forgiveness" for the Congolese barbarians who tortured, mutilated, and killed nineteen missionary priests, and then raped, tortured, and killed the missionary nuns. If a people stand by and let such a thing happen to their own kind, can they be called Christian? Can they even be called human? No, they can't. They must be called what they have become: soulless robots who have banished the Man of Sorrows and replaced Him with the sterile ratiocinations of their own minds. Pope John didn't see actual white people being tortured and murdered, he saw in the white victims mere abstractions whose deaths

gave him a chance for a P.R. coup: "I can appear saintly if I forgive their enemies." And he didn't see, in his mind's eye, hideous beasts straight from hell, when he thought about the Congolese natives who murdered the whites. He saw adoring noble savages who would fall down and worship him because of his great beneficence.

Pope John represented the new breed of bloodless, and therefore, soulless (because the soul of man resides in the blood) liberal whites who see life as an abstraction. The black is an abstract good, and the white is an abstract bad, so nothing that the black does to the white can be termed evil, because the white is evil and deserves to be punished. Voting for Obama or honoring Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday is not sufficient punishment for white people. Only the daily sacrifice of whites to blacks will satisfy the bloodlust of the barbarians and the utopian dreams of the liberals.

Pope John was a prototype of the new, anti-white Christian. His hardhearted, callous unconcern for the suffering of his own kind, and his abstract love for the black race became the faithless credo of the white man. Why does a man adopt such a cruel, heartless faith? A man adopts a new faith when he has lost his old faith. In the Christian faith, and in no other faith, each individual soul has eternal significance. This is a very hard thing to believe when we look at the material world. Nature and nature's laws seem, as regards individual human beings, to be inhumane and unforgiving. But the Christian used to believe that man was something more than nature, because his God was something more than nature. The two faiths are coordinate. When one believes that his God is a distinct God above and separate from nature, then he believes that human beings created in that God's image are above and separate from nature. It was only after Christ, by His resurrection from the dead, asserted that God's love was stronger than nature's inexorable laws, that man started to see nature as something that could be studied and used in the service of man.

Modern science was made possible because Christ rose from the dead. But European man forgot who gave him sovereignty over nature. He placed Christ in a subordinate position to science. The end result of that betrayal has been the return of a gnawing fear in the heart of the white man. While passionately trying to scientize every aspect of his life, a small voice inside of him keeps telling him that he is once again naked before his greatest enemy. He thought science was leading him to paradise, not to the valley of the shadow of death.

The pagan has the usual pagan opiates of wine, women, and battle. But what does the white man have to sustain him in the face of death? Science has proven a false messiah, and he has only a dim memory of the reason why he once looked at life so fearlessly. So he takes refuge in his own mind. If he can abstract himself from existence, he can avoid the pain of existence.

The liberals will always have a maniacal hatred for the non-utopian, non-abstracted white man, because the existence of such men threatens the abstracted pleasure dome of the liberals. When a white man comes too close to the pleasure dome, the liberals sic their colored dogs on him. And for the moment, it seems that the dogs are keeping the white man at bay. But that is only because the remnant whites are irresolute. They are still mesmerized by the forces of modernity. When they step back into the role they were born to, the role of the Christ-bearers, all the seemingly insurmountable obstacles will be mere shadows on the wall that disappear in the light of day.

Nietzsche and Shaw both looked to the future in order to find a superhuman hero. Was there ever such a failure of vision? The superhuman heroes were all in the past, European men and women who consecrated their lives to The Hero. But the obvious miracle of European civilization is cited, by the liberals, as an example of the evil of the white man. Even professed friends of the European, such as Pat Buchanan, routinely condemn the European for racism in the past and express their hope that the colored races will be kinder to the whites than the whites were to them. Yes, the blacks are a kind race of people; we can look forward to the time, under their regime, when murder, rape, and mayhem are the norm, and civilized behavior is considered an aberration. Actually, we don't have to look to the future to see such a dystopia: in Africa and our American cities, the savage new world is here.

When a European ceases to care about his own and transfers his allegiance and sympathy to the savages of color, then that man has ceased to be a European. He has become a man without a soul, a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The white counter-attack against the liberals and the coloreds must come from pietas, from love of one's own. The man imbued with such a love will not be doctrinally non-violent in the face of barbarism. Nor will he place his faith in the democratic process or modern science. He will live and breathe the same rarified air of Tell and Wallace. And then he will have the strength and the faith to move mountains. A sword is just a weapon to the barbarian; he wields it in order to commit the usual atrocities. But to the Christian European the sword is a cross to be wielded in defense of His reign of charity.

The end of the liberals' reign has already begun. There are cracks in the pleasure dome. Europeans with hearts that still burn within them have turned away from the new Babylon. They seek the old Europe, His Europe. And when they find it, they will unsheathe their swords and use them in defense of their people and their God. That's the way it happens in all the fairy tales: at the last trump, the hero steps in and defeats the forces of evil. And we, as Christians, believe in The Fairy Tale. Christ is risen, and His Europe will triumph.

Labels: restoration of European civilization, Resurrection

Full of Sound and Fury, Signifying Nothing

FRIDAY, JULY 03, 2009



Nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

The 4th of July holiday is a depressing one for me because I don't think a last-place team should be celebrating. And the U.S. is a last-place team. The European countries had many glory years before they hit decadence; the U. S. went straight to decadence. For the first time in history, a group of men decided to found a country without benefit of tradition and the wisdom of the ages. Solely through the power of enlightened minds, they were going to chart a new and better course for mankind.

The problem of the old world, the enlightened minds decided, was the throne-and-altar. By eliminating those two old pillars of society they thought something new and improved would emerge. Well, something new did emerge. But the enlightened minds did not solve the age-old problem of authority. They were still faced with the dilemma that Shakespeare's Coriolanus warned the Romans about:

*They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by th' other.*

Andrew Lytle summed up our system of government quite well when he called it the "cynical balancing of powers." The history of the English kings, and all of the kings of Europe for that matter, is a very depressing spectacle of chicanery and bloodshed. But one can always hope for a better King. There is no hope in a system where you are permanently locked into an endless cycle of sound and fury signifying nothing.

John Paul II's biographer, George Weigel, claimed the Pope's blessing for our democracy, and evangelical Protestants are always cranking out books equating American democracy and godliness. I could quote pre-Vatican II popes who say the reverse of Weigel and Wojtyla, and I could quote, against the evangelical Protestant, authors such as Fitzhugh who do not view the American

Constitution as a sacred document. But there is no need to engage in a 'dueling documents' war. Instead, let's simply look at the fruits of American democracy. On whose watch did Christianity thrive? Under the blood, throne, and altar Europeans or under the egalitarian, democratic Americans? Case closed.

A spiritually healthy people will always crave a monarchy despite the many problems associated with it. There is no poetry in our democratic system. And where there is no poetry, there is no God.

I often fantasize about what would have happened if Jefferson Davis had had enough sense to tear up the Constitution, appoint Nathan Bedford Forrest the Warrior King of the South, and then resign. For the Southland was our only hope for a different form of government in this hemisphere. It had the peasantry, the yeomanry, and the princes. All it lacked was a King. King Forrest would have retreated to the Deep South and told the Yankees, "We do not seek a battle as we are, but as we are, we will not shun one."

All right, it wouldn't have been that Shakespearean, but it would have amounted to the same thing. Forrest would not have made Brutus's mistake at Philippi. He would have made the Yankees come and get him. And after the South's victory? Industrial workers from the North, soon to be small farm owners, would have flocked to the South to become part of the Southern kingdom, and black serfs would have been sent back to Africa, a more humane fate than sending them North to work in the factories.

Well, it didn't happen like that. But if this anti-nation of ours ever does become a nation, it will be one with a Christian king ruling over a Christian people who can say with pride, "I serve the King, and the King serves Christ." But in the meantime our democratic system creeps in this petty pace from day to day.

When we talk about American democracy and the modern European democracies, we are not talking about a band of stalwart Saxons gathering together to vote for their King, we are talking about a messianic faith. The modern liberal believes the democratic process, in and of itself, is something holy. Participation in the democratic process is seen as a purification, and non-participation is seen as ungodly.

Modern democracy is a death knell for the white man. He must not consent to be part of the democratic process or to allow the democratic plague to remain in the nations of the West. Democratic countries have no borders. Nor do democratic countries respect the distinctiveness of the white race and the Christian faith. The world is one, big, democratic, melting pot in the minds of the modern purveyors of democracy. On this 4th of July, let us make some very undemocratic vows. We will not blend with the great colored hordes nor will we bend our knee to the democratic process. We worship a different God.

Labels: democracy

March or Die

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 2009



“Shadow,” said he,
“Where can it be
This land called El Dorado?”

Dostoevsky stated in his novel, *The Devils*, that the problem of faith was “whether a man, as a civilized being, as a European, can believe at all, believe that is, in the divinity of the son of god, Jesus Christ, for therein rests, strictly speaking, the whole faith.” Dostoevsky was half right. It was necessary for Karl Adam, in his book *The Son of God*, to point out that modern man had also lost faith in Christ’s humanity as well as faith in His divinity.¹

Karl Adam thought as a Roman Catholic priest that Catholicism, if rightly interpreted and practiced, would provide a faith in Christ as true God and true man. Dostoevsky thought a renewal of Russian Orthodoxy and Russian mysticism would restore Christ to His proper place as true God and true man. Both men, although correct in their belief in Christ as true God and true man, were incorrect about the source of an incorporate renewal of that Faith. Neither Roman Catholicism nor Russian Orthodoxy proved to be the answer.

It was no shock to me that Russian Orthodoxy did not incorporate the whole vision of Christ, since Russian Orthodoxy had no claim to universality. However, it was a shock to me, and remains a shock, that the Roman Catholic Church in its *Novus Ordo* guise denies the divinity of Christ, and in its Traditionalist guise denies the humanity of Christ. But a man can only remain staring at a dry oasis, where he expected to get life-sustaining water, for so long. Eventually he realizes that it is time to “march or die.”

And it is certainly no time for lies. I’ll have none of that nonsense: “Look, it says right here in the new catechism: ‘Christ is true God and true man,’” or: “The traditionalists say Christ is true God and true man.” The *Novus Ordo* liberals and the humanity-hating trads are Greeks. They will talk endlessly about God and invoke him for their pet policies, but in the end one is left with the depressing conclusion that “Here there is no faith.”

So finally one marches on. To the fundamentalists? No, they are not fundamental enough. They have forsaken the European cultural inheritance. And by doing so they have substituted a mode of

thought for a blood faith. Perhaps then there is no oasis, no El Dorado. But if there is no El Dorado, why do I have such a longing for it?

If El Dorado exists, it is not to be found in the narrow confines of one particular Christian denomination. European Christianity as a whole – Protestant and Catholic – is Christianity, and all other cultures are Christian to the extent that they have Europeanized their own cultures. Latin and Central America Europeanized more than China, and China Europeanized more than Africa, but none have approached the deep levels of Christianity that the Europeans achieved. But it's all gone. Why did it disappear?

If we distill the reason for the disappearance of the Faith, we see before us, in blazing technicolor, a film called "The Triumph of the Greeks". In the film, we see Athena, the goddess of wisdom, springing newborn from the head of Zeus. We see poets, such as Sophocles, rejecting the wisdom of the isolated mind and following the way of the Cross. But the Greek mind prevails. Then we see the coming of the God-Man that Sophocles yearned for. The God-Man's birth from the womb of a mortal woman reveals to us that wisdom resides not in the head but in the blood. Wisdom is not something that springs from pure mind but is instead something born through suffering and travail.

Then the assault begins: Satan tries to get Christ to abandon the way of the Cross, first on the mountaintop and then through St. Peter, but to no avail. Christ, the hero, is not to be deterred. No hero – and Christ is the hero – sits on the sidelines and plays mind-games while other poor saps fight the dragons and face the three challenges. It would be like Zorro delegating the final dueling scene to his servant while he, Zorro, gives directions from behind a bullet-proof and sword-proof screen. Likewise, picture the Scarlet Pimpernel sitting in a tailor shop in London directing rescue operations in France through the use of his cell phone: "Chauvelin got another agent. Oh well, I'll have to come up with a better plan next time." No, the way of the hero is not the way of the abstracted mind. But let us move on and keep viewing "The Triumph of the Greeks".

We next see a large, rotund Dominican monk (with all the good intentions that the road to hell is paved with) devise a system which separates reason from revelation and elevates reason above the wisdom of the blood. Henceforth, in his system, God will be known only as a derivative product of reason, not as the personal God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul.

We fast-forward the picture and see rivers of blood being shed in the great Protestant revolt, and all for naught. The issue is never settled. It is not – or at least it should not be – a question of Protestant vs. Catholic. It is a battle between the blood Faith of the European and the Greek mind. For if we apprehend God by the Greek way, the way of the Scholastics, the way of the Bible exegetes, it simply doesn't matter whether we go to Mass or go to Bible study; we will be Christian atheists either way.

Need we continue with the film? From the rotund monk, to the hard-eyed man of Geneva, to Ebenezer Scrooge as the embodiment of capitalism, it all ends with the white-coated scientist expertly dissecting and analyzing all of mankind and mankind's God.

"Oh, for ten toes," Long John Silver cried. At least he knew he needed five more toes, but the modern atheist Christian doesn't even know he is without his faith. A man can smile and smile and be an errant knave, and man can go to Mass or go to church, and still be an ardent atheist. Indeed, the Catholic Church today is the leading purveyor of atheism, followed closely by the mainstream Protestant churches, which place second to the Catholic Church only because they lack Catholicism's formidable organization.

What then? "Where can it be, this land called El Dorado?" Perhaps it always existed and still exists for those who see "with blinding sight". Maybe the ordeal of fire is the inner struggle to strip away the external facade of a speculative faith in order to embrace a living faith. And it was the "racist" Europeans of the old stock who preserved a living faith for us to embrace. They did not leave Christ

in the documents and the catechisms, they placed Him at the center of their culture. “For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

The techno-barbarians of church and state have set us down in a huge desert, the Sahara of Philosophical Speculation. They have told us this desert is the Faith; there is nothing else. But our European ancestors tell us something different. “Beyond that desert is life, a land called El Dorado.” In whom do we place our faith? I choose the Europeans of the old stock, because they and I are of the same blood. I do not speak the same language as the techno-barbarians, nor do I identify with their bloodless, soulless, impersonal vision of God.

The antique European has been tried and convicted at a trial he never attended. He has been convicted of racism, sexism, and obstructionism. The hunt is on in Liberaldom for unrepentant, unreformed Europeans. The techno-barbarians with their colored lackies are beating the bushes to find the last of them. They won’t succeed. The European’s heart was set on fire by His heart. Every time the techno-barbarian thinks he has killed the European fire, it flares up again in the heart of a European connected to white Europe. El Dorado is not a city of gold, it is something far more valuable. It is eternal Europe, a land where hearts of fire still keep their vows of fealty to their King and their God. And if our loyalty to eternal Europe makes us outlaws, then so be it. When Satan rules, the European must be an outlaw, the sign of contradiction to a world stewing in its own satanic juices. +

1. "The Christian gospel announces primarily not an ascent of humanity to the heights of the divine in a transfiguration, an apotheosis, a deification of human nature, but a descent of the Godhead, of the divine Word, to the state of bondage of the purely human. This is the kernel of the primitive Christian message. 'The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us'; he 'emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, and in habit found as a man' (Phil. ii. 7) Hence it is just as important to establish that Christ is full and complete man, that for all the hypostatic union with the Godhead, he possessed not only a human body but also a purely human soul, a purely human will, a purely human consciousness, a purely human emotional life, that in the full and true sense he became as one of us, as it is to establish the other proposition, namely, that this man is God. Indeed, the doctrine of the divinity of Christ first acquires from the other doctrine—Christ is full and perfect man—its specifically Christian imprint and its specifically Christian form; its essential difference from all pagan apotheoses and savior gods." – Karl Adam in *The Son of God*

Labels: blood faith, Greek philosophical tradition

One Vision, One Faith, One Europe

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 2009



There is hope in the blood. Christianity is in our blood, and a fierce, warlike defiance of heathenism is also in our blood. If we answer that call, there is no one who can predict with certainty that white Europe will die. That which comes from the spiritual dimension in man is not subject to the inexorable laws of math. – CWN

I grew up in a town that was all white. The town was not white because of a conscious attempt by the whites to keep blacks out; the town at that point in time was white because the black hordes hadn't spread that far away from their urban bases. But by the time I had grown up and had children of my own, the white town I knew was gone. The old swimming hole, the nearby amusement park, the ball field, and the local basketball court (right next to an old-fashioned barber shop) had become colorized. Of course a liberal would applaud the colorization of my home town. He would call it progress. Why? The amusement park is defunct; nobody found it amusing to go to the park and be mugged by blacks. It is now too dangerous to swim at the old swimming hole, because black marauders, who don't swim, hang around the area in order to rob and/or murder whites who are foolish enough to try and swim there. The ball fields and the basketball court feature an occasional game between drug deals, and the barber shop closed down after the owner was shot and killed by a "black youth." The "progress" of my hometown is a microcosm of the progress of thousands upon thousands of small towns, boroughs, and cities throughout the United States.

Nowadays liberals don't even try to answer someone like myself, who points out that blacks and violent crime go together. The liberals simply scream racist and have you fired or jailed. But in the 1960's and 1970's, liberals used to cite poverty as the reason for violent black crime -- the blacks didn't really mean to murder and steal, it was poverty that made them do it. That argument fell by the wayside when racist whites pointed to Depression era white towns (my father grew up in one) where no one ever locked their doors at night and yet no one was ever robbed or murdered.

Let's stop listening to liberal gas about blacks. They murder, rob and rape because it is in their nature to do so. And they will always rape, rob, and murder unless they are controlled by white people. Look at their history; look at countries that are ruled by blacks and cities that are populated by blacks.

The unbought grace of life, which was the patrimony of Europeans, has been foolishly thrown away in order to accommodate the liberals' dystopian dream of a multi-racial world. Although liberals claim that they want to live in a world without boundaries, in reality they have set up a very definite boundary, the boundary of wealth. Liberals do not live with blacks. They actively seek the company of a few, select, wealthy blacks, who ape white liberalism (Obama is their ideal), but the natural black savage, whom the liberals claim to adore, is not permitted in their gated communities. It is lower-class whites, those without wealth, who must deal with the black savage. Having spent my

adult life in the lower- to upper-levels of the lower class, I can relate from personal experience how whites at the lower stratum of society deal with the black problem. They either practice a guarded series of tactical retreats or else they blend with the black. Let me give one example from hundreds that I could give of what I mean by the 'guarded tactical retreat' approach to the black problem.

About 10 years ago, when my children ranged in age from 15 to 5, I took them to a local lake. It was not the lake of my childhood – white people had left that area, but a different lake where black people seldom came. My family and I used to get to the lake by 7:30 a.m. and leave by 11:30 a.m. in order to avoid the crowds. But on this particular day we left early. At about 9:30 a.m. a busload of summer campers arrived. Actually, the word 'campers' is inappropriate. It was a busload of about 35 "black youths" ranging in age from 8 to 16. The bus trip was part of a liberal campaign to expose blacks to the beauty of nature. But blacks don't like nature nor do they like to swim. The black youths spent less than five minutes in the water. When they came out of the water, they picked up sticks and ran around the beach hitting each other. When one of the wonderful black savages got too close to my family, I took the stick from him and gave him a lecture on proper behavior. I knew it was futile, but whites are supposed to at least attempt to civilize blacks, are we not? The nun who was evidently in charge of the group hustled over and proceeded to give me a lecture about mistreating high-spirited black youths. I said a few words to the nun (I did not curse at her) about allowing her charges to run wild, and then I gathered up my family and left the beach. "Hardly an earth-shattering experience," you say. Well, no, it wasn't. But as I said earlier, it was only one of several hundred incidents I could cite. All of those incidents in their totality represent my attempt to give my children something of the European heritage that was bequeathed to me. Family reunions at public parks, walks in the woods on hiking trails, and swimming in the nearby lake, without fear of molestation by black youths, were something I wanted to give to my children. And hopefully they were blissfully unaware that daddy had a snub-nosed .38 under his shirt while they went swimming. Philip Marlow once remarked that every time a client told him he didn't need a gun, he knew he needed a gun. Likewise with the liberals. Whenever they tell you that you needn't arm yourself to protect your family in the new, multi-racial world they are building, you know sure as the sun rises that you need guns, knives, swords, and every other weapon you can lay hands on.

Every decent lower-class white I meet has had similar experiences with blacks. But then there are the indecent lower-class whites who have taken another path. They have decided to become black. I believe the term used to describe them is 'wigger'. The white women wiggers have children by black men and become part of the black sub-culture. Or would it be more correct to say that the wiggers break from the white subculture and become part of the mainstream American culture? Yes, that would be more accurate.

I've only mentioned, in talking about the parks, playgrounds, and swimming holes, one thread in the seamless garment of European culture. The European garment has been torn to shreds by the storm troopers of Liberalism. The entire cultural heritage of the European, his literature, his art, his history, and his religion has been destroyed in order to pave the way for a new Godless, racially egalitarian world.

In America and Western Europe, in contrast to the former Soviet Union, the destruction of Christendom was achieved through the seductive feminine method of coercion (see *The Gingerbread House*). The mailed fist was used when someone remained un-seduced, but in the main Europeans of the West willingly surrendered their heritage for the promise of a guilt-free, sexier existence in the new liberal utopia. But there has been a shift in recent years, in America particularly, but also throughout all of the formerly white Western European countries, from the seductive method of coercion to the mailed fist. I think this shift is a result of the complete ascendancy of the liberals. They no longer feel a need to seduce; their opposition is now so weak they feel they can crush it without resorting to their old seductive tricks. And they seem to enjoy the unadulterated thrill that the use of the mailed fist gives them.

The racial issue and the religious issue are one and the same. If Europeans believed in the risen Christ, they would not allow the culture based on that belief to be torn down by black savages working for satanic liberals. Blake was correct when he said that “Man must & will have Some Religion: if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan.” It is unwise and futile to think we can appeal to the devil to eradicate the evils perpetuated by the devil. But this is what we do every time we ask liberals to be just and accord whites the same rights in utopia as blacks have. Whites who still believe they are white are an anathema to liberals; they are not going to accord them any rights. Nor should the European desire to be part of Liberaldom. The European will settle for nothing less than the destruction of Liberaldom and the restoration of Christendom. I think the European, vis-à-vis his government, is more in the position of Bonnie Prince Charlie than of William Jennings Bryant. We don’t want to reform liberalism from within, we want to destroy it from without and then supplant it.

The utopian, one-race, no-God world of the liberals could only be spawned by a people who have turned their eyes away from the cross. I love the lines from “Men of Harlech”: “Keep these fighting words before you: Cambria Will Not Yield.” The European must keep the vision of His Europe before him and never yield to Liberaldom. Nobody can even predict with any certainty how a horse race or a local sporting contest will turn out, so why should we, the last Europeans, look on the ascendancy of the liberals as something permanent? Nothing is impossible if we are faithful to the European Christ. And nothing is possible if we break faith with Europe’s Christ. Let me close with a quote from an old post called “Conversion by Spanish Cannon”:

The Europeans are the only race of people who accepted Christ when they were powerful. They truly had a personal relationship with Him. He was the Savior, true God and true Man, the fulfillment of their dream of a Hero-God who was good as well as powerful. All other races saw only Christ’s power, not his goodness. And yet every major academic institution and media center throughout Europe and America bid us look at life as the non-white nations do. Why should we look at life through their eyes? God is not there, at least not the God of love and mercy that Europeans have bent their knees to for almost the last two thousand years. +

Labels: restoration of European civilization, Resurrection

The Ancient Faith

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 2009



The Plantation House.

Racial segregation does not imply racial oppression or genocide or anything Communist like that, but means purely what it says. It means that the white race and the black race, the one advanced and the other primitive and polygamous, instead of mixing retain their widely disparate customs and identities. Basically it means only this: That the white race is determined to stay white. This, aside from the sheer impossibility of two such widely disparate races living on mixed, equal terms, is absolutely all that racial segregation means.

– *White Man, Think Again!* by Anthony Jacob

The Obama's recent apology tour around the world is reminiscent of the late John Paul II's famous apology tour. Like the late Pope, Obama is unapologetic for his own sins – indeed from his perspective he is without sin – but he is very apologetic for the sins that the American government and the American people have committed in the past.

Of course the sin that Obama and the liberals think America is guilty of is racism. It is the only sin that liberals believe in, and it is an unpardonable sin. Ethan Brand thought that he had found the unpardonable sin in the man of intellect who hardened his heart against all humanity.¹ But the liberals, being guilty of Ethan Brand's unpardonable sin, have redefined the unpardonable sin. If "conservative" politicians such as Trent Lott could grasp the fact that racism is the unpardonable sin, they could save themselves a lot of groveling after their "racist" gaffes. No amount of groveling can atone for the unpardonable sin.

Americans are guilty of many sins, the paramount one being the spread of the democratic heresy throughout the world, but the white European Americans are not guilty of racism as it is currently defined by the liberals. When the liberals label someone as a racist they are saying that such a person is a moral pariah outside the ken of humanity, who manically and irrationally hates people with a different skin color than his own. But what is at the heart of the white European American and the white European's "racism"? A love of his own kind and a love of Christ is at the heart of the European's alleged racism. The European sought to protect his own Christian people from heathendom so he built walls around his culture and placed sentries on the ramparts to guard that culture. His Lord enjoined him to "go ye forth into all the world and preach the Gospel to every living creature." And that he did. Works of mercy were seen by people who didn't even have a word for mercy in their language and the light of Christ's Gospel shone in the darkest regions of the earth. Of what then is the European guilty? Of not being perfect? Granted, he was not perfect, but has the Indian ever been helped by the Indian? The Negro by the Negro? The Asian by the Asian? No, every

small step toward the light, not the false light of science and progress but the true light of Christ's love, which the colored tribes have made, was because of white Europeans. So, again I ask, why is the European pronounced guilty of racism? He is held to be guilty because he did not, when he was Christian, admit the colored races into a position of full equality with the white. But that would have been suicide for the white race as well as for the colored races. Should Satan be accorded a position above Christ? Where is mercy to be found, where is the light of Christ's love to be seen if the heathens are allowed to extinguish the light of white Europe? Thomas Nelson Page sums it up so well. Just substitute "Europe" for the word "South":

It has appeared to some that the South has not done its full duty by the negro. Perfection is, without doubt, a standard above humanity; but, at least, we of the South can say that we have done much for him; if we have not admitted him to social equality, it has been under an instinct stronger than reason, and in obedience to a law higher than is on the statute books: the law of self-preservation. Slavery, whatever its demerits, was not in its time the unmitigated evil it is fancied to have been. Its time has passed. No power could compel the South to have it back. But to the negro it was salvation. It found him a savage and a cannibal and in two hundred years gave seven millions of his race a civilization, the only civilization it has had since the dawn of history.

We have educated him; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our aid; but we will not be dominated by him. When we shall be, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk.” – The Old South

“...[W]e will not be dominated by him.” Ah, that is what is at the crux of this thing called racism. The colored savage, particularly the black, is the liberal's new God. When a liberal calls a white man a racist he is calling him a blasphemer. And as a blasphemer, the white man is damned. But what is damnable in Liberaldom is salvation in Christendom. The white racist is the last knight of Europe. He is Galahad, he is Robin Hood, he is William Tell. What they call racism is European Christianity, the only hope for the white and the colored races.

There is a racism that is every bit as ugly as the racism the liberals claim they see in the culture of the white man. That is the racism of the colored races. The colored barbarians want their race to be powerful so they can be powerful. They have a very elemental, animalistic view of existence. With the white, Christian European it was different. The Europeans saw the continuance of their racial dominance as a sacred duty. They had to be dominant to protect their own from the merciless barbarians of color, and they had to be powerful to keep the stronger barbarians from destroying the weaker barbarians. In Mexico, in India, in Africa, and in North America it was the white European who saved the colored races by keeping tribal warfare in check. I know you can always find the white low-life who has the same view of race as the barbarian of color, but is such a person representative of white Europe? Let's look at the European's culture through glasses untainted with liberalism. When we do that we must conclude that outside of the old European culture, which the liberals and the barbarians have destroyed, there is no honor, no mercy, and no love. We see before us an endless night of barbarism.

Liberaldom was not built in a day. It took years and years of preparation. Satan started small. He sought out men and women who hated humanity and the humane God as much as he did. He seemed to have had a sixth sense that told him who was a kindred spirit and could be openly courted and who was weak in spirit and could be easily seduced. Now he has reached the summit of his power; he has built Liberaldom over the ruins of Christendom. But uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Satan still worries about those who will not serve in Liberaldom. He worries about the white European. “Are there any left?” he asks his minions every day. “Yes,” is the reply, “There are a few.”

“Then hunt them down.”

You see Satan is a racial profiler. He knows who can destroy his kingdom: the European who stands outside of Liberaldom and calls on Christ to save. The conservative white columnist who pleads for

equal rights within Liberalism, or the neo-pagan who demands to be part of Liberalism, do not worry Satan. The man who stands with old Europe, that man worries Satan. So he cries, "For darkness, for Liberalism and Satan," While we Europeans cry, "For England, Harry, and St. George."

The great historians are few and far between: Homer, Shakespeare, Scott, and Butterfield. They don't look for isolated historical facts to prove a pet theory of theirs. Instead they make a visionary journey back in time in order to understand the past and form a sympathetic bond with the men and women of another time. The modern European who makes the visionary journey to the European past and truly feels with the heart of the ancient Europeans will find that nothing can sever him from the ancient Europeans or from their God.

All white men are called to be Knights of the White Cross. They are called to seek that ancient scroll of Europe that holds the secret to the destruction of Liberalism and the restoration of Christian Europe. But the European must believe in ancient scrolls more than in liberalism, liberal conservatism, or neo-paganism. When he leaves those fiendish ideologies behind, he will be strong enough to face the ordeal. He'll go through the valley of the shadow of death, he'll face dragons, sirens, and sorcerers, but in the end he'll find the ancient parchment. "Saved through the Cross, redeemed by the Blood, through the Blood and the Cross you shall conquer." +

1. The Idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to stand on a starlit eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, laden with the lore of universities, might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered—had contracted—had hardened—had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which give him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower, and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labor—he had produced the Unpardonable Sin!

-- Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Ethan Brand"

Labels: Europeans and Christ

Democratic Bloodbaths

SUNDAY, AUGUST 02, 2009



Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy;
He walk'd with dreams and darkness, and he found
A doom that ever poised itself to fall,
An ever-moaning battle in the mist,
World-war of dying flesh against the life,
Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

I believe it was Metternich who said, “Whenever I hear the word, democracy, I know a bloodbath is coming.” The truth of Metternich’s words was brought home to me while reading *The Last Days of Innocence* by Meirion and Susie Harries. The book is about World War I, the war we fought to make the world “safe for democracy.”

It is the authors’ contention that World War I is largely ignored by most Americans because we have blocked out an unpleasant memory. We lost our innocence in that war, and no one likes to think about such a loss. What emerges from the book is a portrait of a nation that desperately wanted to stay out of World War I. Indeed, Wilson, the pacifist, won reelection because “he kept us out of war.” But, as the Harries tell it, the money men wanted the war, and they usually get what they want.

Once America was in the war, the German people had to be demonized. It is an article of the Puritan creed that a righteous nation doesn’t go to war except in a righteous cause. Wilson’s P.R. people did a splendid job in demonizing Germany. The Harries even suggest that Prohibition was passed to punish German beer makers and to stop German-Americans from meeting in beer halls. But the anti-German propaganda back-fired on Wilson. When the war ended and Wilson tried to get American support for his “peace without victory” plan, the American people were in no mood to forgive the baby-eating Huns. Nor were the French and English in any mood to forgive. The

Germans were forced to accept complete blame for the war. An Austrian corporal was later able to set Europe on fire by harnessing German rage at the “stab in the back” treaty.

When reading of the battles, I was reminded of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It is indeed a sad paradox that the democratization of Europe, which made every man his own king and killed the idea of a limited war between knights, brought about a democratic blood-bath to make the world safe for democracy. Chivalry suffered a severe blow in our own Civil War, and it received its death blow in World War I.

At the book’s end, Wilson dies a broken man, feminism rears its ugly head (women who took men’s jobs during the war did not give them up at the war’s end), and returning veterans tried to tell American citizens about “the horror, the horror,” but no one wanted to listen to them. So America be-bopped into the twenties, as the money men who brought about the war were preparing the way for the Great Depression.

To the Harries’ credit, they end their book on a sad note:

Saddest of all, perhaps, was the fate of Major Charles Whittlesey. The agony of his ‘Lost Battalion’ stayed with him; he was decorated for his astonishing bravery and endurance, but the burden of suffering he had imposed on his men was too much for him to bear. In 1926, eight years after leading the pathetic remnants of his unit out of their death-trap in the Argonne Forest, he put his affairs in order and boarded a boat for Cuba; in mid-ocean he disappeared from the vessel – one more victim of this most terrible of wars.

And one more victim, I might add, of the democratization of Europe and the death of Christendom. But let me come back to the link between the American Civil War and World War I. Both wars were fought in defense of egalitarian democracy, and in both wars white European males were killed in larger percentages and numbers than in any previous war between Europeans. Did this end the European American’s and the European’s love affair with egalitarian democracy? No, it did not. The carnage of those two wars, fought in the name of democracy, only intensified the Europeans’ love for democracy. Why? Because having lost his faith in Christianity, the European had to cling to his new-found faith no matter what the cost in human lives. “Better that millions perish than I should give up my faith in egalitarian democracy,” became the implicit credo of the post-Christian European.

It was inevitable that the black man would become the god of the democracy-loving Europeans, because the satanic logic of the democratic heresy says that if a black man can attain equality with the European, the new faith works. We can all dance around the bonfire of Western culture and sing praises to the new faith. The Obama coronation in this country was a religious ceremony in which liberals throughout America and Europe saw their god in the flesh.

Of course, it could have been any black man who was crowned, because the liberals’ faith celebrates the generic over the individual. Remember when Pope Benedict XVI, then Cardinal Ratzinger, said that the next pope should be a black man? He did not mention a particular black man, he just wanted a black man, any black man.

Egalitarian democracy, like communism, is an impossibility. A hierarchal structure exists in every society, even if that society denies its existence. And post-Christian Europeans have retained the elements of a Christian society in a bastardized, demonic form. For instance, original sin still exists, but it resides only in white males. And their original sin was that they did not admit blacks into full equality with whites. Hence, it is necessary that white males perform their *mea culpas* on a daily basis and take their punishment in a humble and contrite manner. Likewise, the liberals still believe in saints. However, sainthood does not come as a result of an individual person cooperating with God’s grace; sainthood is conferred on every member of the black race and by proxy to those members of the white race who support the sainted black race.

The halfway-house Christians tell us that egalitarian, black-worshipping democracy stems from the Christian belief that all men are created and loved by God. But why, if egalitarian democracy follows

from Christianity, didn't the Europeans, when they were Christian, practice egalitarian democracy? No unbiased, sane human being could claim our current aborting, porno-crazed society is superior to the older European societies. Wouldn't it be more accurate to say that a Christian people segregates in order to protect their own from contamination, and they make distinctions between peoples in order to ensure that truth has a protected hearth in which to dwell? When the white race ceased to segregate and when they allowed truth to be trampled by barbarian hordes, they ceased to be Christian.

The "Lost Battalion" is the European people who have forsaken Christian Europe for egalitarian, black-worshipping democracy. And every single European who adheres to the egalitarian creed will suffer the same fate as Major Charles Whittlesey. When the battle is not fought in the name of the God who's love passeth all understanding, the battle and life itself seem futile. Does the struggle availeth, is the race worth running? It is, but only if He awards the laurel wreath.

Labels: black faith, churches as halfway houses, democracy

Eve's Unequal Children by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

SUNDAY, AUGUST 09, 2009

When Adam and Eve were driven from paradise, they were forced to build a house for themselves on barren ground, and eat their bread by the sweat of their brow. Adam hoed the field, and Eve spun the wool. Every year Eve brought a child into the world, but the children were unlike each other. Some were good looking, and some ugly.

After a considerable time had gone by, God sent an angel to them to announce that He himself was coming to inspect their household. Eve, delighted that the Lord should be so gracious, cleaned her house diligently, decorated it with flowers, and spread rushes on the floor. Then she brought in her children, but only the good-looking ones. She washed and bathed them, combed their hair, put freshly laundered shirts on them, and cautioned them to be polite and well-behaved in the presence of the Lord. They were to bow down before Him courteously, offer to shake hands, and to answer His questions modestly and intelligently.

The ugly children, however, were not to let themselves be seen. She hid one of them beneath the hay, another in the attic, the third in the straw, the fourth in the stove, the fifth in the cellar, the sixth under a tub, the seventh beneath the wine barrel, the eighth under an old pelt, the ninth and tenth beneath the cloth from which she made their clothes, and the eleventh and twelfth under the leather from which she cut their shoes.

She had just finished when someone knocked at the front door. Adam looked through a crack, and saw that it was the Lord. He opened the door reverently, and the Heavenly Father entered. There stood the good-looking children all in a row. They bowed before Him, offered to shake hands, and knelt down.

The Lord began to bless them. He laid his hands on the first, saying, "You shall be a powerful king," did the same thing to the second, saying, "You a prince," to the third, "You a count," to the fourth, "You a knight," to the fifth, "You a nobleman," to the sixth, "You a burgher," to the seventh, "You a merchant," to the eighth, "You a scholar." Thus He bestowed his richest blessings upon them all.

When Eve saw that the Lord was so mild and gracious, she thought, "I will bring forth my ugly children as well. Perhaps He will bestow his blessings on them too." So she ran and fetched them from the hay, the straw, the stove, and wherever else they were hidden away. In they came, the whole coarse, dirty, scabby, sooty lot of them.

The Lord smiled, looked at them all, and said, "I will bless these as well."

He laid his hands on the first and said to him, "You shall be a peasant," to the second, "You a fisherman," to the third, "You a smith," to the fourth, "You a tanner," to the fifth, "You a weaver," to the sixth, "You a shoemaker," to the seventh, "You a tailor," to the eighth, "You a potter," to the ninth, "You a teamster," to the tenth, "You a sailor," to the eleventh, "You a messenger," to the twelfth, "You a household servant, all the days of your life."

When Eve had heard all this she said, "Lord, how unequally you divide your blessings. All of them are my children, whom I have brought into the world. You should favor them all equally." But God replied, "Eve, you do not understand. It is right and necessary that the entire world should be served by your children. If they were all princes and lords, who would plant grain, thresh it, grind and bake it? Who would forge iron, weave cloth, build houses, plant crops, dig ditches, and cut out and sew clothing? Each shall stay in his own place, so that one shall support the other, and all shall be fed like the parts of a body."

Then Eve answered, "Oh, Lord, forgive me, I spoke too quickly to you. Let your divine will be done with my children as well."

Facing the enemy

SUNDAY, AUGUST 09, 2009



In the morning after he had said his prayers, he sat himself down to his work; when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes all ready made, upon the table.

If you recall the old fairy tale of the shoemaker and the elves, you know that the shoemaker was not incompetent, dishonest, or lazy. He was a good man and a hard worker, but in this world goodness and hard work do not always result in financial success. This is why the elves stepped in from that other world and aided the shoemaker. The shoemaker felt he had done nothing to warrant the aid of the elves, but of course he had done something. Simply by being the good and true shoemaker, he placed himself in a position to be the recipient of divine aid. And therein lies the problem with the modern world: there are no more cobblers or cobbler's shops; our shoes are made in factories by anonymous workers, who are legion. How can we be the recipients of divine aid if we have not ordered our lives in accord with His will, or – to put it another way – we cannot live in a soul-dead, Wal-Mart world and expect to hear the sound of that great 'amen.' List all the sins of the old Europeans, and they will be more numerous than the sands of the desert. However, having listed the sins of the older Europeans, let it then be said that they, and they alone, were the good cobblers who, through their labor of love, elicited a divine blessing from the God of love.

Against the world of the good shoemakers is the world of the liberals. Lincoln spoke for all the liberals throughout the world in his Gettysburg address. Could a world conceived by Satan and dedicated to the eradication of Christianity long endure? Yes, it has long endured. Much too long. It has endured because the liberals have invoked Satan as their guardian angel. And in saying that they have called on Satan, I do not mean to suggest that liberals en masse have formally called on Satan in satanic rites. But they have, in their hearts, rejected the ancient faith of the Europeans who believed that Christ, the Son of God, was at war with Satan, the fallen angel who prowls about the world seeking the ruin of souls.

The liberals' rejection of the belief that human beings are in essence spiritual beings, not material beings, does not change reality. This world and its inhabitants are animated by the spirit. If you reject Christ as true God and true Man, you will belong to Satan and adhere to satanic principles whether you believe in Satan or not. Satan, unlike Christ, does not want to be loved by mankind; he merely wants mankind to serve him in his war against God. Since man is a spiritual creature, if he is not animated by Christ the vacuum in his soul will be filled by Satan. In a very real sense the liberals are possessed; they are the devils of which Dostoevsky wrote.

The satanically inspired, liberal devils have used a favorite trick of the devil in order to build Liberaldom over the grave of Christendom:

*But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.*

Every single satanic edifice of Liberaldom begins as an honest trifle and then turns into a stone pillar of Satanism to stand in complete contrast to every principle of Christendom. Halfway-house Christians tell us that race-mixing, feminism, and equalitarian democracy all stem from the Christian belief that all men are created by God. But does that mean we should make no distinctions between barbarism and Christianity, worship black men, allow women to kill their babies, and "divert, crack, rend and deracinate" every ancient tradition of the Christian European? Of course it doesn't. And no Christian European with any blood left in him would be deceived by Satan's honest trifles no matter how well they were disguised. There's the rub: when the European exchanged his blood faith for a philosophical system, he lost the ability to recognize the difference between Satan's clever trifles and the real things of consequence that flow from a heartfelt faith in the God-Man.

The vast majority of white Europeans have gone over, body and soul, to Satan's kingdom on earth. They belong to Liberaldom and will never leave it. What is left is only a small minority, perhaps too small to be called even a minority, of blood, throne and altar Europeans who oppose the liberals. But there is a sizable minority of white Europeans who are neither fish nor fowl. They want the benefits that come from a Christ-centered culture, but they also want to be stroked, petted, and financially rewarded by the powers that be. The halfway-house Christian who deplores legalized abortion but eschews any opposition to abortion that is violent or undemocratic belongs in the no-man's land between Liberaldom and Christendom, and likewise, the Bob Jones University Christians, who want the freedom to preach the parts of the Gospel they like but are willing to tolerate race-mixing in order to appease the liberals. I personally have never known a halfway-house Christian who has joined the ranks of the ancient Europeans, but I have known many who have joined the liberals.

The European who still clings to the blood faith of his ancestors seems doomed to a very lonely existence, but is the last European really as lonely as the liberal and the halfway-house Christian? Granted, the European is lonelier as regards the day-to-day comforts which the liberals and halfway-house Christians enjoy. There are no social gatherings at which the European can talk freely. There are no organizations clamoring for his input, but man is a creature of the depths whether the liberals and the halfway-house Christians acknowledge it or not. The liberal stares at the ocean and declares all that exists is on the surface. The halfway-house Christian says there are some interesting sea creatures to be found some two feet below the surface. But it is only the European who knows that the ocean's greatest mysteries are in its depths, the depths which the liberal says do not exist and the halfway-house Christian claims to know all about, even though he has never gone more than two feet below the surface.

Lonely? Yes, the European is lonely in those moments when, surrounded by liberals who deny the existence of a spiritual dimension to life and by halfway-house Christians devoid of vision, he

wonders if there are no depths to life. Then he remembers: he has plunged the depths; below the surface of life there is someone who comforts the sick at heart and eases the pain of loneliness. The liberal who has sought comfort from the devil, and the halfway-house Christian who seeks comfort from the liberal will ultimately be betrayed in deepest consequence.

We are back with the old shoemaker. The miracle of the shoes occurred because the shoemaker didn't regard the appearance of the shoes as something extraordinary. Hadn't the God he believed in sent His only Son to die on the cross, in the ultimate act of charity? Why should a lesser act of charity surprise the shoemaker who believed in the greatest of all acts of charity?

The shoemaker, because he lived in Christian Europe, viewed the spiritual dimension of life as a concrete, tangible reality, just as we, in the post-Christian era, view the existence of the North American continent as a concrete, tangible reality. The shoemaker's Europe was constructed to let the light of His world illuminate the spiritual dimensions of this world. The veil of the material world was pulled aside and the European saw his beginning and his end.

In contrast, Liberalism was built to shut out the light. With a satanic, maniacal consistency, every aspect of the older European culture has been deracinated and condemned. How is it possible for a European to believe that he can come to some amicable working arrangement with the rulers of Liberalism? "You can stay godless and liberal, but please refrain from abortion." "You may worship the black man, but don't force us to integrate." Liberals will never compromise on one single point of their satanic agenda, and they will never allow one single Christian European to be left unmolested and unregulated in their satanic kingdom.

One thing is crystal clear. Liberalism was built and is sustained by Satan. And Satan will never be defeated by any force that comes from within the system which he, Satan, created. "Conservative" think tanks and "grass roots" movements are all part of Satan's kingdom. He not only permits but encourages everyone to participate in the democratic process, because there is nothing within that closed system that does not ultimately serve the needs of Satan.

It seems like the last post for those of us who side with the shoemakers of old Europe. But it isn't the last post if we step outside Liberalism and attack the liberals right in the middle of their premature victory parties. "Among them but not of them." From a strictly materialist standpoint, we can't be in Liberalism and launch an attack from outside of Liberalism, but spiritually we do stand outside of Liberalism. And the spirit above the dust He revealed to us is the only reality. From that metaphysically solid ground we can and will launch our attack. Every war the European has ever fought was just a minor skirmish compared to the coming battle with Liberalism. Hell is indeed empty and all the devils are here to fight against the last Europeans. Sword, gun, or pen; each man will use the weapon he was born to use. The readiness is all: the Europeans still connected to the shoemaker's Europe are ready to turn and face the enemy.

Labels: fairy tale mode of perception, Satania

In Loving Tribute to Sir Walter Scott on His Birthday, August 15th, 1771

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 2009



He was Christian Europe's greatest spokesman. A man incapable of lying, of meanness, or anything that was less than Christian. He took the chivalric code of the medieval ages, lying in disuse in the dustbin of history, and revived it for a whole generation of Europeans. But Scott's chivalry was much deeper than the chivalry of the medieval knights and squires. Scott was a proponent of a chivalry of the heart that belongs to all Europeans who see Christ in the European mists. Braver than the bravest, the truest, most valiant heart in Christendom: that was and is Sir Walter Scott.

Hymn for the Dead

*The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?*

*When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,*

*Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.*

*Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone,
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,*

*When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Hareheadshaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry.
Till the rapt traveler would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.*

-- from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

Labels: Sir Walter Scott

The Young Drummer Returns

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 2009



Many years ago a village stood in the hollow which is now filled up by the mere. But the inhabitants were a wicked race... they scorned to bend the knee, save in mockery, to the White Christ who had died to save their souls. – “Bomere Pool” from *English Folk and Fairy Tales*

Interviewer: There is a moment in C. S. Lewis's novel *The Silver Chair* in which the two children begin to doubt the existence of Narnia. Puddleglum, however, pulls them through:

"One word, Ma'am," he said, coming back from the fire; limping, because of the pail. "One word. All you've been saying is quite right, I shouldn't wonder. I'm a chap who always liked to know the worst and then put the best face I can on it. So I won't deny any of what you said. But there's one thing more to be said, even so. Suppose we have only dreamed, or made up, all those things—trees and grass and sun and moon and stars and Aslan himself. Suppose we have. Then all I can say is that, in that case, the made-up things seem a good deal more important than the real ones. Suppose this black pit of a kingdom of yours is the only world. Well, it strikes me as a pretty poor one. And that's a funny thing, when you come to think of it. We're just babies making up a game, if you're right. But four babies playing a game can make a play-world which licks your real world hollow. That's why I'm going to stand by the play-world.

If two modern children were to ask you if Christian Europe ever existed, what would you tell them?

Young Drummer: I would tell them a story – actually, I would tell them many stories – of a time when the European's heart was a flame and he blended his blood and soul with Jesus Christ. I would not read to the children from a philosophical treatise; if I did that, I would be placing them in the hands of the Gnostics, because nothing delights the Gnostic more than to turn everything into philosophical speculation.

Many white moments from the European story-telling tradition – those moments of white heat which enable us to recognize our Lord in the faces of His creatures – parallel incidents from the Gospel. What could be more natural since Western Culture was formed by Christianity?

One of my favorite Gospel stories is the account of the redemption of the good thief. What a moment! "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." And the good thief didn't win his salvation on the cheap, simply catching our Lord in one of those weak, sentimental moments that the Gnostics deplore. No, there had to have been something monumental going on in Dismas's soul that enabled him to see that Christ was something more than mere man. Dismas had pity for Jesus the man, suffering on the cross unjustly, and he had faith in Jesus the Lord: "Remember me when you shall come into your kingdom."

It is usually pity, compassion, or love for an individual human being that awakens the soul of a sinner and inspires him to heroic efforts and to a heroic faith in Him, who enjoined us to have pity, compassion, and love for our fellow human beings. The modern liberal, the Gnostic, by attempting to bypass humanity, never really knows the God who saved and pardoned Dismas. We are saved because our humanity reaches out to respond to Christ's humanity. That human embrace allows us to touch the divine; without it, there can be no redemption.

Sidney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities* finds redemption for a sinful wasted life by voluntarily taking the place of another man destined for the guillotine. On the way to the guillotine Carton also comforts a young woman, destined, like Carton, for Madame Guillotine.

"Do you think:" the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him--is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

Rake Windermere, in the poem of the same name, like Sidney Carton, also "steps out," and finds redemption:

'RAKE' WINDERMERE

*Disgrace he'd brought on an ancient name
A smirch on an honoured crest
He'd blotted the page of glorious fame
That his family once possessed
Eton he'd left beneath a cloud
And left in the greatest haste
He'd proceeded whilst there in revels loud
Life's choicest hours to waste.*

*Sent down from Oxford next was he
The result of orgies wild
He'd filled the cup of vice with glee
And a noble stock defiled
A nickname he'd earned by his acts of shame
'Mong comrades of many a bout
From the broken shell of his own true name
"Rake" Windermere stepped out.*

*As a fitting end to a family scene,
He had quitted the family home
With a tearless eye and a smile serene
He had started the world to roam
Still lower he'd sunk than ever before
And never a vice he'd shun
Till even his roystering friends of yore
Forsook him one by one.*

*He'd drifted at length with a tourist band
To the land of the war-like Moor
And there on the dreary desert sand
Had disaster attacked the tour
Approached by a tribe of bandit brand
The party had turned and fled
But first a shot, fired by some foolish hand
Had pierced a Moorish head.*

*Besieged for a week on a mound of stone
And with water getting low
The bandit chief appeared alone and said
"Thou art free to go.
If thou deliverest first up to me
Of thy number any one*

*So that True Believer's blood may be
Avenged ere tomorrow's sun."*

*Each looked at each as he rode away
Grim silence reigned supreme
The sun went down, and the Moon held sway
Flooding all with silver stream
Then a muffled form crept down the mound
With a wistful glance about
Then with head erect, but without a sound
"Rake" Windermere stepped out.*

by Leonard Pounds and Herbert Townsend

We must return to Charles Dickens for an incredible moment of redemption for two sinners. Pip's "great expectations" have raised his material prospects in life but degraded his soul. He is deteriorating inwardly from overweening pride even as he learns more and more of the outward habits of a gentleman. It is only when he realizes that his great expectations come from the blood and sweat of Magwitch, an "exiled for life" convict, that he begins to understand that true gentlemanliness comes from within and works its way outward, not vice versa.

Magwitch, another sinner like the good thief, finds redemption through his love for Pip. And Pip finds redemption by overcoming his initial revulsion for Magwitch by pledging that:

'I will never stir from your side,' said I, 'when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you as you have been to me!'

And both sinners are permanently bound to each other in Christ when Pip commends the dying Magwitch's soul to God:

Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, and I knew there were no better words that I could say beside his bed, than 'O Lord, be merciful to him a sinner!'

Such white moments come only from a storytelling heritage steeped in the Gospel of Christ.

St. Paul tells us that the last enemy to be defeated is death. Even in Christian circles these days there is grave doubt that the "fell sergeant" will truly be defeated. But in the storytelling tradition of the West, a belief is firmly ingrained that at the last trump, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall be delivered from the clutches of death. The great fairy tales speak to this hope.

Two excellent fairy stories that end with glorious white moments of deliverance are *The March of the Wooden Soldiers* with Laurel and Hardy, and the 1954 "children's" opera-musical of the Grimm's fairy tale, *Hansel and Gretel*.

In *The March of the Wooden Soldiers* (a movie that defies classification, being part opera, part musical, part epic, and all fairy tale), the bogeymen, led by the wicked Barnaby, are invading Toyland. The situation seems hopeless, but two inept toy makers, Laurel and Hardy, suddenly remember that because of their ineptness, 100 six-foot-tall toy soldiers are on hand. They quickly wind the soldiers up, and in a magnificent ending, the wooden soldiers drive the bogeymen into the sea.

Is this a prefiguration of the final fight between good and evil and Christ's destruction of that last enemy called death? Yes! I also think it is entirely in keeping with divine metaphysics that two

bumbling, but pure of heart, toy makers are used by God to combat evil. “What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light.”

In the 1954 production of *Hansel and Gretel* (adapted for the screen by Padraic Colum and composed by Engelbert Humperdinck) the father, who has been searching through the woods for his lost children, sums up the miracle of Hansel and Gretel’s triumph over the witch in his song:

*And so you see that Heaven will bend
And to evil make an end
And when hope is nearly gone
God’s relief to us is surely won.*

*And when hope is nearly gone
God’s relief by us is won.*

There is a spiritual virility represented by the words of Hansel and Gretel’s father that we have lost. And we won’t regain it by listening to the siren song of the Gnostics.

“Heaven will bend.” Everything is contained in that line. A belief that heaven will bend connotes a childlike faith in our blessed Lord. When we face our final hour we need to believe, like Hansel and Gretel’s father, that our Holy Savior will bend and make an end to that last great enemy.

Since I am a mortal man who fears death, and since I don’t possess any secret documents containing inside information about the afterlife, it is indeed a comfort to know that we need not know of hidden things on secret scrolls, we need only a childlike faith in Christ. Jesus, at the hour of my death and that of my loved ones, please bend.

Another theme that we see represented in the storytelling tradition of the West has its origins in the ‘Lord of the Sabbath’ incident in the Gospels. In it, the Pharisees rebuke Christ for disobeying the law and healing on the Sabbath.

And certain of the Pharisees said unto them, Why do ye that which is not lawful to do on the sabbath days?

And Jesus answering them said, Have ye not read so much as this, what David did, when himself was a hungered, and they which were with him;

How he went into the house of God, and did take and eat the shewbread, and gave also to them that were with him; which it is not lawful to eat but for the priests alone?

And he said unto them, That the Son of Man is Lord also of the sabbath.

- 6 Luke: 2-5

The Pharisees, like all formalists, were unimpressed.

There is an exquisite balance in all of Christ’s actions. He follows most of the older Jewish laws, even assuring his followers that He comes not to destroy the law but to fulfill it. But the laws are made for man, by God, out of love. They are His laws; He can abrogate or bend any one of them. In point of fact, when He does abrogate or bend a law, it is always out of charity. And it is our Lord Himself who tells us that charity is the essence of all true laws.

I have quoted from the story *The King of the Golden River* before and will continue to do so because it speaks so directly against the Gnostics, the Feeneyites, and all those who would deny that Christ is Lord even of the sabbath day.

The two cruel brothers in the story follow all of the rules; they even possess the holy water necessary to obtain the riches from the Golden River. And yet, they are turned to stone! On this earth the cruel brothers who follow the formula while violating the laws of charity usually win. But in the European fairy tales that prefigure the Kingdom of Heaven, they lose.

The King of the Golden River speaks in the language of the Gospels and St. Paul when he says, "...the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it has been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

God bless Gluck, the third "dumb" brother. May we all be filled with such holy dumbness.

And Gluck went out and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

In the 1954 movie *Brigadoon*, we also see the theme of God making a rule for the good of His people, and then bending that rule for the benefit of an individual, or (in this case) for two individual human beings.

The beautiful Scottish village of Brigadoon and its inhabitants have been preserved from corruption because of a special prayer request: Their village and its inhabitants come to life only one day in each century, thereby avoiding the special corruptions of any one century.

But what if a poor weary traveler from the 20th century happens upon the village during the one day it appears in the 20th century? And what if he falls in love with a Scottish lass from the village of Brigadoon and she with him?

Well, we know what a Gnostic would do. He would sneer at and condemn the very notion that romantic love can be a source of divine grace. But Christ, who blessed the married couple at Cana, does not disdain legitimate romantic love. When heaven bends at the foot bridge of Brigadoon, it is a glorious white moment.

Scenes of genuine forgiveness always remind us of our Lord's divine mercy and His very human compassion, thus striking a blow against the entire Gnostic tradition and the modern hate-filled destroyers of white Christian Europe. Where will mercy be found now that Christian Europe is gone? Only in the European mists.

Genuine forgiveness doesn't mean liberal forgiveness: "I forgive you for murdering Charlie, whom I didn't really care for anyway because he was overweight and politically incorrect." Genuine European, Christian forgiveness consists of Cordelia's forgiveness of her father, King Lear.

Cordelia: *O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.*

Lear: *Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have*

*Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For (as I am a man) I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.*

Cordelia: *And so I am! I am!*

Learn: *Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.*

Cordelia: *No cause, no cause.*

And genuine forgiveness is also shown by Prospero in *The Tempest*. He renounces magic and pardons the deceiver – and prays to the God of mercy, who has taught us to render the deeds of mercy.

*Now my charms are all overthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.*

Shortly after the reconciliation scene between Prince Hal and his father Henry IV, there is another reconciliation scene between Prince Hal (now Henry V) and the Lord Chief Justice, which highlights the difference between the pagan and the Christian. The one knows nothing of mercy and the other has it in his blood.

Having rebuked Prince Hal quite justly when he was a young, riotous youth, the Chief Justice now has reason to fear the new king's wrath. But a Christian king, which Prince Hal is determined to be, knows the difference between the English and the Turkish courts. He knows he must not only forgive the Lord Chief Justice's rebukes of his own youthful miscreant person, he must also commend his actions as befitting the Chief Justice of a Christian king:

KING. *No?*

*How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,*

*Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?*

CHIEF JUSTICE. *I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me;
And in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.*

KING. *You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;*

...

*And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.*

A king that can “stoop and humble” his intents to wise direction follows the way of the cross. He is Christlike in that he willingly chooses to hide the outward shows of majesty so that the inner majesty, the real majesty of kingship, will show itself the more brightly.

Let me also point out to the children another white moment from the *Chronicles of Narnia* in the seventh book, *The Last Battle*. (Incidentally, it is in the realm of so-called children's literature that the best writing in the 20th century has been done. When we try to write like adults, we write like rationalists, without hope or joy.)

The Narnian white moment occurs when Peter, Lucy, Edmund, and the whole Narnian cast are getting ready to embark on the ‘real’ journey. (Lewis has the metaphysical virility to hope for the giddiest of happy endings; it is more and more difficult to maintain such a hope, in the face of Gnostic modernity, but the men of the Christian West used to have it.)

“No fear of that,” said Aslan. “Have you not guessed?”

Their hearts leaped and a wild hope rose within them.

“There was a real railway accident,” said Aslan softly. “Your father and mother and all of you are—as you used to call it in the Shadow-Lands—dead. The term is over: the holidays have begun. The dream is ended: this is the morning.”

And as He spoke He no longer looked to them like a lion; but the things that began to happen after that were so great and beautiful that I cannot write them. And for us this is the end of all the stories, and we can most truly say that they all lived happily ever after. But for them it was only the beginning of the real story. All their life in this world and all their adventures in Narnia had only been the cover and the title page: now at last they were beginning Chapter One of the Great Story, which no one on earth has read: which goes on for every: in which every chapter is better than the one before.

Are white moments from the Western tradition merely false shadows? Or are they prefigurations of the Kingdom of Heaven? Dear children, I believe they are not false shadows; they emanate from the depths of human hearts connected to His Heart.

They must be real. It is the Gnostic’s promise of salvation through the intellectual knowledge of God’s divinity alone, divorced from His humanity, that is an illusion.

That, or something like it, is what I would say to modern children who have never known Christian Europe.

Interviewer: Would it do any good? Aren’t the stories from Christian Europe as alien to modern children as hieroglyphics are to the non-Egyptian?

Young Drummer: Quite probably. But that’s the only approach I know. And maybe my approach will be just foolish enough to work.

Interviewer: “What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light?”

Young Drummer: Precisely, it takes a wise man to play the fool. The European people, the Christ-bearing Europeans, were foolish, from a worldly perspective, to carry the Christ child on their shoulders, but if those modern European children could just see a glimmer of what their ancestors saw, they would be on their way to the castle of the King of Fairyland, the Knight Errant of Heaven, who, in direct contrast to Midas, turns every heart He touches into a burning flame of charity. Those foolish Europeans who saw beauty on a cross were wiser than the geniuses of Liberalism who have no honor, no faith, and no vision. We will not perish so long as their vision of His Europe remains our vision. +

Labels: charity, fairy tale mode of perception, white moments

The End of Liberaldom

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 2009



'Tis a consummation,
Devoutly to be wished.

The conservative-liberals do not like the mad-dog liberals' health care plan. "It is socialism, pure and simple," they say. And of course the conservative liberal critique of the Obama healthcare plan, to the extent that such a mish-mash can be called a plan, is quite justified. However, the mad-dog liberal healthcare plan is just one aspect of liberalism. The conservative-liberals might manage to stop passage of the plan, but they will not stop the liberal locomotive from hurtling forward at breakneck speed toward Suicide Pass. The conservative liberals won't stop the locomotive because they don't want to stop it; they simply want to replace the mad-dog liberal engineers of the democratic locomotive with engineers of their own choosing. But whether conservative-liberal engineers or mad-dog liberal engineers drive the locomotive is of little consequence. The train needs more than a change in engineers; it needs to be derailed.

At the core of every culture is a faith that sustains that culture. And it appears that every culture has a tipping point. When enough people cease to believe in the sustaining faith of their culture, that culture ceases to exist. The sustaining faith of Europeans prior to the 20th century was Christianity; the sustaining faith of the European people since the early 20th century is science. And liberal democracy is an essential part of the new faith. Monarchy, clans, blood ties, feudal oaths all seem so unscientific, so unclean to modern, scientific man. Democracy seems so much more up-to-date and independent. A man who no longer bends his knee to God certainly has no need to bend his knee to a king or a clan leader. "So, let's all be democratic and king of ourselves."

The synthesis of science and democracy has a name; it's called liberalism. And Rush Limbaugh and Hillary Clinton are both enamored of it. Their quarrels are internecine quarrels. I want to see white Europeans start to attack both the Rush Limbaugh and the Hillary Clinton camp of liberals. An attack on just one group is not an attack on Liberaldom, which was, is, and always shall be, the object of a Christian European's wrath.

Let's look at a case study. Meet the average white Joe. Joe didn't like it when Obama and company labeled all the healthcare protestors (he was one) as "angry, racist, white people." "I'm not racist," Joe said with tears in his eyes; "I just don't agree with the new healthcare plan." Indeed, Joe is not racist; he has a picture of Jackie Robinson in his den, and he regularly watches and supports all the

local sport teams with colored athletes on them. But Joe's protests will not avail him. He would have more luck standing "upon the beach and bid the main flood bate his usual height" than he would have in convincing the liberal he is not evil because he is white. Joe, because he has not repudiated liberalism, remains confused about liberalism. He thinks he can appeal to the liberal's humanity, his sense of fair play. But humanity and fair play come from Christianity. The liberal is committed to a hatred of Christianity. And who were the people who placed Christianity at the core of their culture, the very culture that they, the liberals, have supplanted? White people, of course. The liberal must denounce and disenfranchise white people; such a denouncement and disenfranchisement is the essence of applied liberalism.

Still Joe is confused. "Why," Joe asks, "are liberals against white people? Are they not white themselves?" Ah, that's a good question. The answer to it can be found in *Alice in Wonderland*. Humpty Dumpty tells Alice that, "When I use a word, it means anything I want it to mean." When philosophical speculation about Christianity prevailed in the Christian churches over revealed heart-and-blood Christianity, the road was made clear for the unreality of abstracted thought. Race is just an abstraction to the liberal, a "social construct." When they want to demonize someone for having white skin, they make skin color a reality. When they contemplate their own adored faces in the mirror, skin color doesn't exist; they are just 'human beings,' albeit marvelous human beings. The wheel turns again when the liberal needs to 'help' a poor darkie so that the darkie can worship the liberal. Then skin color comes alive again. Reality depends on the abstracted whim of the liberal. In Joe's case, his skin color will always be a concrete evil so long as he voices any objections to one single part of the liberal's vision of utopia.

Because the conservative-liberal has the same core faith as the mad-dog liberal, he will never get off nor seek to derail the democratic locomotive. He will continue to accept (in contrast to white, Christian Europeans) an aborting, black-worshipping, pornographic society, because he places adherence to scientific democracy as a value above all other values; it is his faith.

There are two groups of people who do not believe in scientific democracy or, to use its more common name, liberalism. The first group of non-believers is the barbarians of color. They adhere to liberalism in the countries where they are not strong enough to oppose it, but when they are in power they do not set up little wine-and-cheese party states. Missionary stew is more to their liking. Only liberals who live in an abstracted la-la land could work so hard for the enfranchisement of a people with values opposed to their own. Will the barbarians respect homosexual rights, women's rights, or the right of white liberals to sit in upper-class suburbia and contemplate their fat navels? No, I don't think so. But the white liberal will continue to support the colored barbarian right up to the moment that the barbarian cuts the white liberal's throat, because the black barbarian hates the same God that the liberals hate, the white Christ.

The second group opposed to the liberals is of course the throne-and-altar-and-blood Europeans. I always call such men a 'group' with caution; I'm not sure there are enough of them to even call them a group. I know, from reading old novels and old history books, that there used to be millions of throne-and-altar-and-blood Europeans. But now? I don't know. Most of the world seems to be either engulfed in the black night of barbarism or the even darker night of Liberaldom. The barbarian is back where he started from before the light of Christ's love entered the world, and the white liberal is worse than ere he was, because having rejected the light to which his blood ancestors swore fealty, he stands to reap the satanic whirlwind that comes with a rejection of Christ.

It's difficult to fathom why the liberals hate Christian Europe and love Liberaldom. I know my feelings about Liberaldom are at one with the English Women. One of the women, with whom I completely identified, told of watching an old movie with some friends. During the movie she felt quite at home and comfortable. But when the movie ended and a commercial came on, she felt like she was in an alien world. I don't think Christian Europe will ever, like Arthur, return, until Europeans feel that liberal, scientific democracy and barbarism are unwanted, alien entities that must be conquered.

In many countries where coal was once king, there are underground fires that, once started, were never put out. They just keep burning and spreading underground, making the regions above them uninhabitable. Liberalism started out as a small underground fire and has spread across the earth. It seems like a hopeless task to put such a fire out. And it is hopeless if the European of the old stock tries to do it all at once or if he tries to counter liberalism with just another hybrid form of liberalism, like countering Russian communism with American democracy. Which is more soul-killing and dangerous? Both. It always comes back to “who moved the stone?” If Christ moved the stone, as the white Europeans once believed, then nothing is impossible for Europeans who are wedded to Christ. Every faithful European heart will become a fire that will eventually, when united with other fiery hearts, engulf and destroy the satanic fires of Liberalism. But there must be that fire in the European heart.

When Pistol, Falstaff’s fellow, low-life companion thinks all of England will be his plaything because Prince Hal has become Henry V, he dreams of “Africa and golden joys.” We have seen what the liberals dream of. The embodiment of their dreams can be seen throughout Europe and the United States. Is such a nightmare world to be tolerated? Is liberalism the final act in the drama of European man? That vision thing, which George Bush Sr. despised, must be brought into play. In his mind’s eye, the European sees a small child being born in Bethlehem, and he sees that child grow up and become The Hero who slays the greatest dragon of them all, the great dragon, Death.

There is a cottage in the European woods. In that cottage is a European fire tended by a faithful woodsman. Many years ago, the woodsman’s Master told him to keep the fire burning until He returned. The woodsman was a young man then, and now he is an old man, yet still he keeps the fire going. All true Europeans have a fire to tend until the Master returns. Such fires are the hope of Europe and the scourge of Liberalism.

Labels: Christian Europe, restoration of European civilization

The God of Children

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 2009



"There's none can save you now, missy," Mullins hissed jeeringly.

"There's one," replied the figure.

"Who's that?"

"Peter Pan the avenger!" came the terrible answer; and as he spoke Peter flung off his cloak. Then they all knew who 'twas that had been undoing them in the cabin, and twice Hook essayed to speak and twice he failed. In that frightful moment I think his fierce heart broke.

I saw the interview which mad-dog, liberal Rachel Maddow did with Frank Schaeffer, the son of the late Francis Schaeffer. Frank Schaeffer, formerly a fundamentalist, then a member of the Orthodox Church, and now a mad-dog liberal himself, condemned his father for equating abortionists with Hitler and asserted his support for The Obama and pro-choice mad-dogs of Liberalism. Despite his detestation of Christian values, Schaeffer still asserted his fervent belief in all the tenets of Christianity. Is it possible that a man could hold the views expressed by Frank Schaeffer and still be a Christian? No, it is not. We can say with absolute certainty that Frank Schaeffer is not a Christian. We can say that Frank Schaeffer has faith in an intellectual construct that he calls Christianity, but this is different from a faith in Christ.

P. C. Wren can help us understand the difference between faith in an intellectual construct and faith in a person. In his novel *Beau Geste*, the three Geste brothers all join the foreign legion to cover up what appears to be a theft by one of the brothers of the 'Blue Water' diamond from the family estate. At no time, despite compelling evidence to the contrary, do any of the brothers suspect the other brothers of any wrongdoing. They all think that either the other two brothers are guiltless of the theft or that the brother who took the Blue Water did so for noble reasons. And of course the brothers Geste are right.¹

The Geste brothers have a faith that is deeper than an intellectual construct. Their faith is grounded in spirit and blood. When brothers are bound by those ties there is no need for a philosophy of brotherhood; the silken thread of sympathy is stronger than an ironclad syllogism.

The ancient Europeans knew Christ as the Geste brothers knew each other. Sin the European might, drift away from his brotherly father he might, but once having seen and felt the divine tenderness no European could fail to know His will and what He would have him do when facing life's complexities. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a man to know God through the abstracted intellect. Let us stop debating with the likes of Frank Schaeffer, Billy Graham, and all professed Christians who claim that satanic liberalism comes from Christ. Such "Christians" have a faith, but it is not a faith derived from a spirit and blood connection to Jesus of Nazareth.

It is important to know that professed Christians who support liberalism are not Christian, because liberals have one passion, the desire to eradicate Christian Europeans. When we see the Frank Schaeffers standing with liberals, we know that we must protect our people and our faith against him just as we would against a Stalin or a Hitler.

St. Paul tells us that even if an angel from heaven were to come down and tell us something in contradiction to the teaching of the men connected to Christ in spirit and blood, we are not to believe them. (*Gal. 1:6* But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.) How can we call a pope like John XXIII, who forgave the barbarous torture and murder of his own people before the blood on the barbarians' knives was dry, a Christian? How can we call Pope John Paul II, who regularly begged clemency for child-molesters and child-torturers, a Christian? And how can we call the black-worshipping pro-choice Frank Schaeffer a Christian?

Professed atheists such as Madeline Murray O'Hare are very rare, but intellectual atheists, those who worship their own abstraction of God, are legion. In fact, abstracted atheism is the religion of the modern European. And at the root of modern, abstracted atheism is intellectual pride. European man is suffering from the effect of a second fall. He is unable to accept that a true God would reveal His divinity through His humanity. Satan has once again appealed to man's intellect (and the European Christian man was the only man Satan needed to worry about) in order to get the European to renounce Jesus of Nazareth. Satan got the European to believe that a human God was a lesser God.

A few years back I came across a book, written by one of Satan's legion, which expressed in a nutshell modern man's quest for an intellectual system as a substitute for God. The book was called *Denial of the Soul* and the author was M. Scott Peck. I read some reviews of the book, and I wondered if the reviewers and I had read the same book. The *Publishers Weekly* reviewer claimed Peck "camps firmly on Biblical grounds." What Bible? It is true that Peck came out quite tentatively against euthanasia and in favor of the soul, but he concedes that he might change his views on euthanasia should he get a terminal, painful illness. And his belief in the soul is a type of Jungian belief in the over-soul. He refers to God as a "She" and rates traditionally religious people as lower on the evolutionary scale than liberal humanists. Peck, of course, places his own beliefs (a pastiche of Greek pantheism mixed with psychological Zen) at the top of the evolutionary ladder.

Peck's four stages of religious or spiritual development are these:

Stage 1 - Chaotic, Antisocial. *In this most primitive stage, people may appear either religious or secular, but either way, their belief system is profoundly superficial. It may be thought of as a stage of lawlessness.*

Stage 2 - Formal, Institutional. *This is a stage of the 'letter of the law' in which religious fundamentalists (meaning most religious people) are to be found.*

Stage 3 - Skeptic, Individual. *Here is where the majority of secularists are situated. People in this stage are usually scientific-minded, rational, moral, and humane. Their outlook is*

predominantly materialistic. They tend to be not only skeptical of the spiritual but uninterested in anything that cannot be proven.

Stage 4 – Mystical, Communal. *In this most mature stage of religious development, which may be thought of as one of ‘the spirit of the law’, women and men are rational but do not make a fetish of rationalism. They have begun to doubt their own doubts. They feel deeply connected to an unseen order of things, although they cannot fully define it. They are comfortable with the mystery of the sacred.*

Although Peck does use terms like ‘soul’ and ‘God’, he is, in Christian terms, an atheist. To quote:

“Although I consider myself a middle-of-the-road Christian, I do not believe in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. It seems to me to confuse bodies and souls. They are not the same thing at all.”

There are some practical points in the book – for example, how to cope with illness and what painkilling drugs to use – that seem sound, but the underlying philosophy of this book is blasphemous and philosophically unsound. There is no real comfort in the face of our own sufferings and death outside of the traditional Christian faith, which Dr. Peck derides in the name of his new Dr. M. Scott Peck religion.

And outside of Christianity, there is no reason to be against euthanasia. In fact, if one believed what Peck believed, I would think one would be so depressed one would commit suicide.

If you are impressed by Karl Jung and Ralph Waldo Emerson – two men who tried to maintain Christian ethics while denying the transcendental truths of the Christian faith – you will be in tune with Dr. M. Scott Peck’s new interpretation of Christianity. But there is nothing really new under the sun, as the Preacher says. Mr. Peck’s beliefs are very close to those of the ancient Gnostics. The modern liberal thinks he is forging a brave new world, when in reality he is just a pygmy heretic spouting the cosmic blasphemies of his heretic progenitors.

It is always to a cosmic, impersonal force or an abstract, cosmic Christ that the liberal appeals. And this is why the New Age Christians are always allied with the barbarians of color. The barbarians also reject the God-Man and worship the impersonal gods of nature and the cosmos. The liberals frequently talk about compassion, but the most striking thing about their new world is the absence of compassion. We see this in the wholesale slaughter of the weakest members of the brave new world, the very young and the very old. Is this not the old paganism in a new, technocratic guise? Shall there be mercy for the destroyers of mercy? That will be up to the God of Mercy.

Leaving the ultimate disposition of souls to God we can and must make a judgment on the words and actions of the anti-Christian Christians like Frank Schaeffer. He has chosen to fly under Satan’s banner, and he should be dealt with as Peter Pan dealt with Captain Hook: “Hook or me this time!”

I vividly recall a time in my earlier twenties when I was chided by a professor for having a ‘Peter Pan complex’ because I refused to ‘grow up’ and adopt a ‘realistic, grown-up religion’ instead of the religion of Christ. My inarticulate answer was that if I had to abandon Christ in order to grow up, I preferred to remain a child. But then every European I admire, Shakespeare, Scott, Le Fanu, had the faith of a child. I’ll stay with them and their God, come dungeon, fire, and sword.+

1. *My most dear and admired Aunt Patricia,*

When you get this, I shall be dead, and when you have read it I shall be forgiven, I hope, for I did what I thought was best, and what would, in a small measure, repay you for some of your great goodness to me and my brothers.

My dear Aunt, I knew you had sold the ‘Blue Water’ to the Maharajah (for the benefit of the tenants and the estate), and I knew you must dread the return of Sir Hector, and his discovery of the fact, sooner or later.

I was inside one of the suits of armour when you handed the ‘Blue Water’ over to the vizier or agent of the Maharajah. I heard everything, and when once you had said what you said and I had heard it—it was pointless for me to confess that I knew—but when I found that you had a duplicate made, I thought what a splendid thing it would be if only we had a

burglary and the 'blue Water' substitute were stolen! The thieves would be nicely done in the eye, and your sale of the stone would never be discovered by Sir Hector.

Had I known how to get into the Priests' Hole and open the safe, I would have burgled it for you.

Then Sir Hector's letter came, announcing his return, and I knew that things were desperate and the matter urgent. So I spirited away that clever piece of glass or quartz or whatever it is, and I herewith return it (with apologies). I nearly put it back after all, the same night, but I'm glad I didn't (Tell John this.)

Now I do beg and pray you to let Sir Hector go on thinking that I am a common thief and stole the 'Blue Water' –or all this bother that everybody has had will be all for nothing, and I shall have failed to shield you from trouble and annoyance.

If it is not impertinent, may I say that I think you were absolutely right to sell it, and that the value is a jolly sight better applied to the health and happiness of the tenants and villagers and to the productiveness of the arms, than locked up in a safe in a the form of a shining stone that is of no earthly benefit to anyone.

It nearly made me regret what I had done, when those asses, Digby and John, had the cheek to bolt too. Honestly, it never occurred to me that they would do anything so silly. But I suppose it is selfish of me to want all the blame and all the fun and pleasure of doing a little job for you.

I do so hope that all has gone well and turned out as I planned. I bet Uncle Hector was sick!

Well, my dear Aunt, I can only pray that I have helped you a little.

With sincerest gratitude for all you have done for us,

Your loving and admiring nephew,

'Beau' Geste

"A beau geste, indeed," said Aunt Patricia, and for the only time in my life, I saw her put a handkerchief to her eyes.

Labels: antique Christianity, Christ's humanity

The Outlawed European and the Practical Conservative

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 05, 2009



“He was cold and phlegmatic, and utterly devoid of that sacred fire which is the incentive to noble deeds...”

In Shakespeare’s *Richard III*, Buckingham, having done every dirty deed that Richard asked him to do, balks at the suggestion that he kill the young sons of Edward, the former king. Buckingham felt he had done enough; he helped Richard become king by treachery and murder, and now he wanted his reward, a dukedom and the lands and revenue of those he killed. But Richard of Gloucester didn’t see things that way. Having become king by foul means, he needed to maintain his kingdom by foul means. His friends are those who do his bidding, and his enemies are those who will not do his bidding. So Buckingham, despite his former services, becomes a proscribed traitor.

Buckingham, like Macbeth, thought he could use the devil for his own ends and then opt out of the devil’s service. Likewise the modern conservative-liberal. He thought he could go along with part of the liberal agenda and then opt out of the parts of liberalism that he found offensive. It doesn’t work that way.

First the conservative-liberal caved in on segregation. “That’s not essential – in fact it’s antithetical - to our vision of a democratic society.” Then came feminism and its logical consequence, legalized abortion. “Full equality between men and women is certainly compatible with democratic egalitarianism, and legalized abortion is something we will permit so long as there are laws that sanction it. Nothing should ever impinge on the democratic process.” And once you’ve made your peace with feminists, it’s only a matter of time before you must accommodate the homosexuals. Having made the commitment to Liberalism, you can’t flinch at any of your rulers’ commands.

The practical conservative-liberal is the Christian European’s greatest roadblock, because Mr. Practical Conservative wants to make the war between Liberalism and Christendom into a family quarrel within Liberalism. In point of fact, Mr. Practical Conservative dislikes terms like Liberalism and Christendom. He is a no-nonsense, meat-and-potatoes man who simply wants white people to have their own culture within Liberalism. What, however, is the white man’s culture? What does it mean to be white? It wasn’t a complicated issue until the latter half of the 20th century. To be white meant to be Christian. The terms were synonymous. But practical conservative man doesn’t want to hear such nonsense. In his practical mind, the white man is a biological entity who supports the democratic process, tax cuts, and organized, integrated sports. How practical is the practical, conservative man? For years he ranted at the European separatists, who told him that there was no hope for European man within the democratic process, that talk of

separation was surrender. But who turned out to be correct? Practical, conservative man or the European Christian? What has 'get out the vote, don't be impractical' accomplished? It has brought the European to the block, that's what it has accomplished.

The practical conservatism that either treats Christianity as a small cog in the great Greco-Roman, Germanic wheel, or that dismisses it altogether, is not practical. It is not practical because it treats the most essential issue, "Did Christ rise from the dead?" as a side issue of no particular concern for practical men. How can white men band together without a spiritual connection? What is the common culture they are trying to preserve? Capitalism? Agrarianism? No, there was only one fire inside European man, the Christian fire. And when that fire went out, the European did not actually physically die, but nothing resembling life remained in his heart. It doesn't matter which European country you look at – Sweden, Britain, the United States – they are all helpless in the face of barbarism. Why? Because they have lost their faith. Liberalism isn't a faith; it's an absence of faith, pure negation, or at least the negation of everything the European Christian once believed. So, how can a European stay connected to Liberalism and remain a European? He can't.

The practical, conservative men always point out the futility of an armed, separatist attack on the liberal leviathan, but such an attack is not the essence of a European separatist movement. A final Armageddon-type battle may well be the final outcome of a separatist movement, but the separatist movement is first and foremost a spiritual movement. "I shall serve Christian Europe; I shall not serve satanic Liberalism." That internal determination is the heart and soul of the separatist, European movement. If a European separatist actually has enough money to buy some land and physically separate himself from Liberalism, then God bless him. But most of us do not have the financial means to make that kind of a separation from Liberalism. Most of us have to live and work in Liberalism, but that should not deter us from being European separatists. We are among them, but not of them. We are outlawed men, and we shall do whatever we can to undermine and ultimately destroy Liberalism. Geoffrey Household once wrote an excellent novel called *Rogue Male*. The main character no longer accepted his nation's definition of morality. He set out, in defiance of his country's moral standards, to kill the dictator who killed the woman he loved. The liberals have killed the culture we loved, and they are killing, through their barbarian henchmen, the people who constitute the remnant of the civilization we loved. Should we ask the liberals, ever so politely, to let us live in Liberalism? Would it do any good to make such a plea? There shall be no mercy for the white man. Then let us take heart and make a virtue of necessity. We are outlaws, so be it; at least we can be men again, no longer bound by the satanic rules of Liberalism and no longer bound to meekly demure and confine our protests to angry letters when our fellow Europeans are despoiled of their lands and murdered in the streets.

The advocates of practical conservatism have undermined European man in two ways.

- 1) They have wasted his spiritual energy by getting him to focus on equal representation within Liberalism rather than focusing on resistance to Liberalism.
- 2) By denying the existence of a spiritual dimension to life, they have given the European the false impression that only the empirical matters. No movement which only acknowledges empirical results will ever be successful. When Claus von Stauffenberg made the decision, quite correctly in my opinion, to kill Adolf Hitler, he wanted the plan to succeed, and he did everything in the practical realm to make the plan succeed. But he didn't view the assassination attempt as just a 'practical' step to insure that Germany got a more competent leader. Von Stauffenberg believed in a mystical, Christian Germany. He believed that the fact that there were Germans willing to oppose Hitler made even more difference in the spiritual realm than the actual success or failure of the assassination attempt. This might be impossible for a practical, conservative liberal, raised on think-tanks and opinion polls, to understand, but I understand von Stauffenberg, and so does every European who still remains European.

I once read a criticism of Whittaker Chambers by a leading proponent of the white, anti-immigration, practical conservative movement. He criticized Chambers for not leaving behind some program for white people to follow instead of some metaphysical mumbo-jumbo. Well, having read

Chambers' works and the works of the Mr. Practical Conservative, I can say that Mr. Practical's works did nothing for white people compared to Chambers' works. Chambers bore witness to the light, the light that inspired white people to fight for the people Mr. Practical Conservative claims to care about. To what did Mr. Practical bear witness? What inspiration can we take from empiricism?

One could, from the practical conservative's standpoint, say the same thing about Alexander Solzhenitsyn that was said about Whittaker Chambers: "He didn't leave behind a practical program." No, he didn't. Is it really necessary to point out that he left behind something more precious and spiritually practical than a plan to capture an electoral victory?

The conservative-liberal movement failed because the leaders of the movement had the same beliefs as the liberal-liberals. Both groups rejected the Christian European view of man. The antique European believed that each soul counted, that what happened to every single human being had eternal significance: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Hence it followed from that quaint belief of the older Europeans that every Christian act of mercy, every Christian act in defense of other Christians, made a difference no matter how insignificant it might seem to the empiricist who sees only the aggregate herd and not individual human beings. Any movement that discourages the European from those 'insignificant' acts of mercy and those insignificant acts in defense of, is a movement that beckons us to hell.

We have forgotten what Hamlet learned through suffering and travail. It is not given to us to know the future or to know what effect our individual acts will have on the future.

Not a whit; we defy augury. There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

It is only given to us to know what our blood tells us. He will not leave us bereft of comfort, and He does not want us to become practical, conservative empiricists. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."

Labels: Christian counter-attack

The Man on the White Horse

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 2009



And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean – *Rev 19: 14*

A politically conservative newsletter recently ran the following report:

Over the next two decades, Europe will be transformed. The mass Third World immigration promoted by the West's political and commercial elites is changing the cradle of the modern West into a mixture of non-Western peoples. The transformation is already well underway, with world-historical consequences that will forever alter what is meant by "European" art, culture, language, religion, and society. With an estimated 23 million Muslims now living in the European Union, as well as many more non-Muslim Third Worlders, many of Europe's largest cities will fall under the political control of non-white majorities. Whites will be a minority in Birmingham, England, by 2026, and sooner in Leicester. By mid-century, Muslims are projected to outnumber non-Muslims in France. In Austria, where the population was 90 percent Catholic in the 20th century, Islam will be the religion of a majority of the country's teenagers by 2050 or sooner. In Cologne, Germany, two thirds of the population will be Muslim. There are 164 Mosques in Germany today, and 200 more are now under construction.

It certainly will be much worse when white people are an actual minority in the previously European countries. But the white Christian has been a minority in the European nations for the last fifty years. "European" art, culture, language, religion and society already have been obliterated in the name of liberalism. What the liberals do not realize, however, is that when whites become a small minority in European countries, liberalism, and liberals themselves, will cease to exist. The Muslims will kill them all.

The late Malcolm Muggeridge called the surrender of the liberals to Third World Muslims a death wish. I don't see it quite that way. The liberals desire the death of the older European culture and the white men who still claim allegiance to that culture, but they do not desire death. In fact, there

has never been a people more afraid of death than white liberals. They became the first people to proclaim that “there is nothing worth fighting and dying for.” The liberals will keep partying, like the characters in Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Masque of the Red Death,” until the Red Death of barbarism and Islam unmask, right in the middle of the revelry, and murders every last liberal.

The European Christian culture then is already gone. And the European Christian is already a minority. The actual physical destruction of the old European paintings, churches, books, and other ancient artifacts of European culture will occur when the European people are overwhelmed and swept off the face of the earth.

The practical conservative would like white people to “wake up” and vote to stop the death of white people. It is already much too late for that. Some have suggested that white people should learn, like the Jewish people learned, how to live as a tiny minority in nations with a large majority that is hostile to them. White Christians should learn to live as minorities, because that is what we are, but there is a fallacy in the reasoning of those who claim we can imitate the Jews. First, white people do not have the same solidarity as the Jews have. Most white people deny that there is any such thing as ‘white people.’ And secondly, despite Jewish protests to the contrary, the Jews were treated kindly by Christian Europeans when they were a minority. They were allowed to remain separate and distinct and still be a part of European culture. This will not be the case when the rulers of European nations are Muslim. They will not allow Christian or Jewish minorities to exist. What every non-Muslim minority does not presently realize is that they need white Christian European men to act like white Christian European men if they are to survive.

The European seems to be in a hopeless situation. But the situation is only hopeless if we continue to be mesmerized by the ‘democratic process.’ That process is a giant anaconda that gradually squeezes the life out of the European man. In a democracy, the European’s will to fight is destroyed, and he is isolated and eliminated by the democratic snake. A case in point: I entered the prolife movement some ten years after the legalization of abortion, but many of my fellow picketers had been on the picket lines since the beginning. I asked one of the veterans if they had ever considered, at the onset, blowing up the first clinic in order to nip the plague right from the start. I’ll paraphrase his answer:

“You know I suggested we do just that. I told Father _____ that I had over 200 men willing to meet here at midnight and burn the clinic to the ground.”

“What did Father _____ say?”

“He told us that was not the proper spirit. We were Americans and Americans do things democratically.”

The two fatal weaknesses of the European are illustrated in that exchange. The European has been neutered by the democratic process, and the European has a blasphemous respect for Christian clergymen who only represent the faith, but are not the faith itself.

In a novel by Ralph McInerney (I forget which), he has a woman enter the confessional and present Father Dowling with a difficult problem in practical moral theology:

“I never got my first marriage annulled and now I’m no longer living with my second husband. Am I allowed to have relations with my first husband, since I was never really married to my second husband?”

Father Dowling replies, “I think you know the answer to that yourself.”

“Yes, Father, I suppose I do.”

Father Dowling is relieved because he doesn’t know the answer to the question.

I often think of that fictional exchange between the woman and the priest when I read the practical, get-out-the-vote, conservative publications. They tell us to fight (democratically, of course) for the white culture, but they never say exactly what that white culture is. I think, like Father Dowling, they want us to come up with an answer because they really don't have a clue as to what white culture is. So let me tell them.

The culture of the white European is the culture of the Man on the White Horse. That man is not a Greco-Roman sage, he is not a Germanic or Celtic warrior, he is not a neo-pagan Nazi, and above all, he is not a modern, democratic-process man. He is a Christian man who knows not Kismet, who knows not fate.

The older Europeans believed in the 'Man on the White Horse' solution to national and local problems because the God they believed in was a man on a white horse. Hence whenever the need arose, the Europeans looked to a Tell, an Alfred, a Roland, a Wallace, to aid them in their darkest hour. Every European instinctively, because of the legacy of The God-Man on the white horse, sought to aid his people by becoming, or else following, a man on the white horse. And as the European's faith in Christ waned so did his faith in the Man on the White Horse. Now the European is a pathetic weakling, who can only hope, with Patrick Buchanan – and it is a futile hope – that the barbarian conquerors will be kind to him.

I first heard the story of Richard the Lionheart's sword vs. Saladin's scimitar from my 9th grade history teacher. Richard had an anvil brought into his tent and right in front of Saladin split the anvil with his broadsword. Saladin then tossed a piece of silk in the air and cut it in two with his scimitar. So who was the superior warrior? When I told the story to my younger brother after school there was no question in his mind who the superior warrior was. "How can you even compare the two? Who wouldn't prefer to be able to split an anvil with a broadsword rather than cut a hanky in half with a scimitar?"

And likewise, who doesn't prefer the older European culture of the man on the white horse to the suicidal, anemic, democratic culture of the modern European or the merciless, cruel culture of Islam? The conviction that only a man on a white horse can save us is in our blood. Why not listen to our blood? The democratic culture is the culture of numbers: "The white European will soon be outnumbered, one thousand to one; the battle is over before it begins. The Muslims win." But the European is losing now even when he outnumbers the Muslims in Europe, and he was victorious in the past when he was in a minority. So it is not superior numbers that bring victory. Faith brings victory. Our faith is in the God-Man, Jesus of Nazareth.

At present all Europeans who wish to remain European are Highlanders in spirit. We are part of a clan that exists within a country, but we are not of that country. Our loyalty is to the clan, to the men and women of our own blood. And in our case, which is infinitely more just than that of the Highlanders of old, we serve a different God than our enemies. If we clear away the democratic sludge from our eyes, we can see our Lord in the mists, riding on a white horse. He bids us "rise and ride." +

Labels: blood faith, Christ the Hero

One Cure for Racial Anemia

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 2009



“They are like sheep penned up in the shambles, that the butcher may take his choice among them... so general is the depression, so universal the despair.”

It is obvious to anyone who wants to see the obvious that the white European is suffering from racial anemia. He has no desire to defend his race or to see his race perpetuated. The liberal thinks that racial anemia is merely intellectual maturity, but of course the liberal is diseased and incapable of making a judgment on important matters. And racial suicide is an important matter.

The white, neo-pagan, nationalist cartel holds it as an article of faith that the Christian faith is the cause of racial anemia. The reasoning from that quarter, to the extent that one can find any reasoning in their anti-Christian diatribes, seems to go as follows: “The non-European races which do not have a Christian tradition do not have racial anemia, and the vast majority of the Mass-going and church-going, white Christians do have racial anemia. Therefore, the Christian faith and those who adhere to it are the cause of white, racial anemia. If we eliminate Christianity and all white Christians, there will be no more racial anemia; there will be a small, elite band of superior white intellects that will have dominion over the face of the earth.”

The problem with the white neo-pagan is that he drinks from the same stream as the liberal, the stream of abstracted unreality. The waters do not have the same effect on each individual, but every individual that drinks from them becomes unable to see through the eye, past the material world, to the spiritual world behind the arras. In the case of the liberal, the waters make him deny the concrete spirit and blood Christianity for an abstracted religion of his own invention. With some variations, the liberal has chosen to worship the idea of the black man.

Like the liberal, the neo-pagan has rejected spirit and blood Christianity for an abstract religion of his own, but in the neo-pagan’s case (remember that the stream of unreality, like an LSD trip, inspires different visions of unreality) his drink from the stream of unreality causes him to worship the white *Übermensch*, the man with the superior intellect. However, divorced from God, the white *Übermensch* is a pathetic, hopeless creature, because the white man cannot, like the other races, make his race into his God. The white man needs depth. He must seek his beginning and his end.

*Tho’ much is taken, much abides ; and tho’
We are not now that strength which in old days*

*Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are, --
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.*

“Is Christ risen?” must be the first question a European asks. If He is risen, then Christianity cannot be repudiated because it is “bad for white people.” The second question that needs to be asked is, “Must the white European commit racial suicide in order to be a Christian?” The liberal says yes, but the liberal’s answer is disingenuous because he no longer believes Christ is risen. He simply wants to use the old Christian faith to support his new, black-worshipping faith. And the neo-pagan accepts the liberal’s distortion of Christianity because he hates the white, Christian European just as much as his liberal counterpart does. He only loves the new European, the man of the future, who is devoid of faith, honor, and humanity.

What the neo-pagan and the liberal will not do, because both drink from the stream of unreality, is to honestly confront the white man’s past. Did the Christian men at Rorke’s Drift feel that surrender to the Zulus was the Christian thing to do? Did Alfred, on his deathbed, tell his sons to give England back to the pagans because he, Alfred, had done a terrible thing when he wrested England from the pagans? The only way you can claim that faith in Christ results in racial anemia is to claim that our European ancestors were not Christian. And that is what the liberals claim and that is what the neo-pagans claim. The liberals say that their abstracted Christ-less Christianity is the real thing, and the neo-pagans deny that the Europeans really believed in or took seriously the Christian faith. “It was their white genes that motivated them, not their professed faith.”

Let us leave the liberals and the neo-pagans at the stream of unreality and look at the reality. The white man’s racial anemia has one source, his lack of faith in Jesus Christ. Any white Christian who thinks that he can cure white racial anemia through alliances with pragmatic, “Let’s leave religion out of the picture” conservatives, or openly ‘hostile to Christianity’ neo-pagans is deluded. The only cure for a disease that stems from a lack of faith is faith. But of course neither I nor any other Christian European can make the modern European believe, as his ancestors once believed, in the God-Man, Jesus Christ. The Christian faith is not a suit of armor that can be used for the utilitarian purpose of fending off the barbarians and then discarded when the barbarian threat is gone. It is all or nothing. Either we believe in the white Christ and fight for His Europe, or we perish.

It is customary, when writing about the demise of the European people, to suggest some kind of five-point plan for a restoration. But I can’t even think of a one-point plan that will restore Christian Europe. I can only observe that the antique Europeans did not look on Christianity as a practical “guide to success” religion. They acted as they thought Christian men and women should act and left the rest to God. If we call that absence of a plan a plan and follow it, we will be more in line with the third dumb brother of fairy tale fame. And that brother, the brother with a heart united to His heart, always ends up inheriting a Kingdom.

If you want to have a really depressing experience, go get some of the old Protestant and Catholic works of apologetics. They never convinced anyone that Christ was the Son of God, but they did provide millions of men and women with an excuse for atheism or religious indifference. But while the rather childish turf wars went on between the Protestant and Catholic clerics, the Christian Everyman of Europe was doing the real missionary work. He was forging an apologetic work called European civilization which was built out of the European’s love for Christ.

I don’t hold out any hope for European man in the ‘catastrophe theory’, which claims that when the barbarian hordes complete their conquest, or when the European economies fail, Europeans will come to their senses and unite. Suffering does change some noble souls for the better, like Alexander Solzhenitsyn, but more often than not it hardens the sufferer against all humanity. I take more hope from the fact that Walter Scott’s Europe once existed. We have before our eyes, if we will just look into the past, the embodiment of the Christian faith in the lives of those ancient

Europeans. Our fidelity to Scott's Europe will, in the long run, bring other Europeans back to the Europe that was built by the Christian Everyman. In the long run, we are not dead; in the long run there is life if the Last Europeans are steadfast.

The greatest dangers to the European who wants to remain steadfast against the liberals and the barbarians often are those dangers that need to be resisted by denial. Against the seductive democratic temptation – “don't go outside the democratic process” – and the clerical temptation – “Father Riley says don't worry, the Pope knows what he is doing, just don't use the word ‘nigger’ and pray for Obama and all will be well,” we have our eternal ‘no!’ We can refuse to serve the liberals and those who would have us compromise with liberals. Such denials are part of the hero's quest. If he lets himself become ensnared by the dark ladies of democracy and clergy-worship, he will never have a chance to wield his sword against the dragon guarding the gates of Liberaldom.

There has never been a time in the European's history when the battle lines were so clearly delineated between good and evil. On the liberal's side is legalized abortion, the worship of black barbarism, homosexuality, feminism, and every satanic perversion of the good that Satan could stuff into the minds of his liberal minions. On our side is the Man of Sorrows, who looks at us as He looked at Peter after the third denial. It is a look of infinite mercy and compassion. If it had been a look of anger or rebuke, Peter would have been able to bear it. But to know that he had failed the God who could forgive and love those who denied Him thrice put fire into Peter's heart. And that same fire that kindled St. Peter's heart stirs our hearts. +

Labels: antique Christianity, faithlessness, neo-paganism

The Worship of Darkness

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 2009



“And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.” John 3:19

There are so many illustrative moments from which you can choose to reveal the new black-worshipping religion of the white man in all its glory. I choose the recent Jimmy Carter-moment. “The overwhelming majority of people who oppose the Obama health care plan are racist,” he solemnly and piously intoned. Would that it were true. How did it come to pass that the Christ-bearers have turned to the worship of the generic black man? Let’s go back a ways.

The Europeans came into the Roman world as conquerors, but they were then conquered, not by force of arms, but by a story. This is something about the European that we must never forget. He cannot be conquered by outside forces; he can only be conquered if he willingly gives his consent to the conquest because he has first given his heart to the conqueror. The Europeans saw no shame in acknowledging Christ because they saw in Him the true Hero-God, and they loved Him for His heroism. And why shouldn’t they? He faced the ultimate enemy, death, for their sake.

It is difficult – no, not just difficult – it is impossible to fathom why the white man has forsaken Christ for the black man. We’ve seen the heights to which the white man can rise, and now we are seeing the depths to which he can sink. Is there any limit?

The great European poets have always depicted Satan as a rather apish fellow. Lacking originality, he tries, often with surprising success, to ape the good in order to seduce the faithful. I don’t think the new black faith is a great masterpiece of apemanship, but it seems to have worked beyond even Satan’s wildest expectations. There are some surface resemblances between Christianity and the black faith, but they are only surface resemblances. If we go below the surface, the two religions have nothing in common. But that is the key. The European has forsaken depth. He is afraid of what he might find there.

We first note that Christ’s birth was miraculous; He was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the virgin Mary. And His birth was humble; he was born in a manger surrounded by beasts of the field. In contrast, the generic black man’s birth was not a miraculous birth, it was an abstract birth. He was conceived in the abstracted mind of the white man, and he was born in Africa, surrounded by the beasts of the jungle. Christ came to earth to free us from sin and its consequence, death. The

black man was anointed our savior so he could free the white men who believed in him from the sin of racism and from death at the hands of the black avengers.¹

The new story of the black man which has conquered the liberals' hearts lacks many elements the old Christ story contained. One striking omission is the lack of a spiritual component. The new faith is a 'this world only' faith. The white man is saved temporarily from physical death if he worships the black man, but there is no personal resurrection when the white man eventually dies from natural causes. The black God cannot resurrect the dead.

Another missing component is the personal, human component. Christ was a personal God who cared about individual human beings. The new generic black god cares only about the black herd and those whites who worship the black herd. Let us never forget Ratzinger's plea for a black Pope, any black Pope.

And finally there is the missing attribute of charity. Where in the new faith is charity? There is only room, in the black faith, for bestial cruelty on the part of the black gods, and cowardly acquiescence to the cruelty on the part of the white faithful. Is the black faith worthy of the white man's loyalty and devotion?

That Jimmy Carter and the liberal elites of America and Europe believe in the black faith I have just outlined is indisputable. But the non-elite who do not have any power do not really believe in the black faith with the fervor of the elite. The great unwashed give lip service to the black faith because they want to survive. Since there is no charity in the new faith, anyone who appears to be other than an enthusiast for the new faith is a candidate for elimination. The liberals are always searching for racism, which is an apish, obscene parody of our Lord's words, "seek and ye shall find." The liberals always find racism. And the non-elites are defenseless against the liberals, because they don't believe in the old faith, which is the only faith that could sustain them against the onslaughts of the enthusiasts of the new faith. You can't wield a sword with a limp-wristed, vague faith in the democratic process or in the benevolence of liberals.

The apotheosis of the black man could only occur in a post-Christian society. The white Christian of old Europe always had a mistrust of the black. When the black's baser nature was controlled, he could occupy a place in the lower tier of white society, but when the Negro was granted equality, or worse, supremacy, his cruel, barbaric nature created a hell in whatever country he dwelt. No white Christian ever believed in black equality or black supremacy.

The post-Christian, however, must elevate the black for the simple reason that the post-Christian's technocratic faith needs a generic, barbarian god. To those who equate whiteness with intellectual brilliance it seems incredible, this marriage of the technological white with the barbaric black. But spiritually they are the same. The liberal believes in the material world only. His world of science does not go beyond what can be seen in nature. And when the white liberal looks in the microscope at the natural world, he sees the black man, the pure natural savage. Obviously even the Negro is not just a product of nature, he has an immortal soul. But the liberal is blind to the things of the spirit. How can he see a quickening spirit in the Negro if he can't even see it in the culture of the old Europeans? The liberal's mind is immersed in the Darwinian logic of the jungle, so it was inevitable that he would make a god of the black barbarian who comes from the jungle.

The non-elite in the half-way houses often try to separate the racial Babylon of the brave new world from legalized abortion, gay rights, and the rest of the liberal agenda. This is not possible. It was first necessary to destroy Christian civilization and replace it with a racial Babylon before perversions such as legalized abortion and gay marriage could be deemed acceptable. Think about it. If a people is so perverse that they let the white blend with the black, is there any other perversion they will not permit? Just give the Bob Jones University people time. Now that they have repudiated their ancestors' beliefs about race-mixing, they will, over time, repudiate their ancestors' beliefs about legalized abortion, gay marriage, and Christ's resurrection from the dead. The path to

Liberalism is that downhill, slippery slope that we have heard so much about. And at the top of that slope is race-mixing. There is no stopping the slide once a man becomes part of racial Babylon.

If we look at the history of European man it appears that he always gets himself in trouble when he views himself as the "thinking, rational man" in contrast to the "poetical man," the man who "sees life feelingly." The "thinking man" can always keep God at a distance or recreate Him as an abstraction, a figment of the rationalist's mind. But the man who sees with his heart, which is only a physical organ to the scientists, cannot abandon the Christ he has seen at the European hearth fires. All that is essential in the European man is connected to Christ. Separate him from Christ and he ceases to be a man; he becomes ... well, he becomes what he is, a techno-barbarian who worships the black man and gives his consent to all the barbaric rituals that go along with racial Babylon.

The scientific man believes he is facing reality by staring at nature and then anointing the black man as king of the natural world. The European man, the man who sees through the natural world, sees life as a quest. The natural world simply provides the raw material, the background for the hero's journey through the labyrinth of existence. And as Shakespeare so rightly observes, the labyrinth of existence is the human heart, and we must constantly strip off the outer layers to get to the core. And then we discover the person who is the object of the quest: "And thou, all they, hast all the all of me."

There is no such thing as a merely passive virtue or just an active virtue. The internal process of stripping away the false layers in our hearts corresponds with our refusal to accept, and our battles against, the false concepts of reality which the scientific men, the men of unreality, try to stuff down our throats. The reason the non-elite are powerless to resist the scientific men of unreality is because they have not cleaned the sludge from their hearts. They don't really believe in the new black faith of the elite, but since they can't see any other reality – and they do see that the new faith is the ruling power – they acquiesce.

We must ask ourselves, "Is this the promised end?" Does Jimmy Carter speak for white Christians? The European who still has a heart of flesh will not accept the new faith and the new order. But are there any Europeans left? There must be a few, and a few are enough. Christ triumphed over Satan and his legions, and so will the faithful few who see through the eyes of faith. +

1. I'm not suggesting that the barbarians will spare the liberal's life, but in the liberal's abstracted fantasy faith he dreams of averting death by worshipping and appeasing the black man.

Labels: black faith, rationalism, white betrayal

Reclaiming Our Home

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 04, 2009



Once beyond the village, where the cottages ceased abruptly, on either side of the road they could smell through the darkness the friendly fields again and they braced themselves for the last long stretch, the home stretch, the stretch that we know is bound to end, some time, in the rattle of the door latch, the sudden firelight, and the sight of familiar things greeting us as long-absent travelers from far overseas.

-- *The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame

The last Christian king was Charles of Austria, who ruled the Austrian-Hungarian Empire for only two years during World War I. He died much too young and in exile in 1922. The great democracies, America, France, and Britain (great in the sense that Satan is great) all decided that such things as Christian kings and Christian empires were obsolete. Democracies which promised freedom and enfranchisement were the wave of the future. But the future led to Gulags and legalized abortion, because abstractions in politics as well as in religion are code words for tyranny and bloodshed.

Charles knew, in contrast to the tyrants of the modern democracies, that 'the people' can never be sovereign. Only God is sovereign, and a Christian king rules as God's caretaker. Charles viewed his kingship as a consecration to God. Implicit in his vow of fealty to the crown was a pledge to maintain the ancient Christian traditions of the Austrian-Hungarian people.

I know there are a few figure-head kings and queens floating around in Europe today, but do they take seriously the oath that Charles took seriously? Do they want to preserve and defend a Christian people's ancient traditions? Of course not. In fact, I think the modern rulers of the European countries want to do the exact opposite. They are doing everything in their power to destroy the ancient traditions of their respective nations. What is more traditional to a nation than its people and its faith? And what are Britain and the other European countries destroying when they allow colored invaders into their nation? They are destroying their people and their people's faith.

The essential flaw of the American experiment in democracy, which has been slavishly copied by all the other European nations, is this: there cannot be a government where the will of the people is sovereign. Where is the check on the people's authority? What happens when the will of the people conflicts, as in the case of legalized abortion and so many other modern perversions, with the will of God? What happens is that the will of God is set aside. And you cannot protest against a government "by the people and for the people," because the people are sovereign. A tyrannical king can be deposed when he violates his oath to protect and defend his nation's people and sacred traditions,

but a tyrannical, anti-Christian democracy is an unending nightmare because the people can never be deposed. The right to vote is a satanic joke; what does it avail a man to be able to vote if he is only voting to determine which democratic devil shall rule?

It is unconscionable that Christians, with the daily murder of infants before our eyes, should seek to perpetuate the ungodly myth that our nation was founded on sound religious principles. The history of our nation's founding is not lost in the obscure mists of time. It took place a relatively short time ago: a coalition of 18th century rationalists, represented by Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, and Madison, got together with some evangelical Christians, such as Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, and tried to come up with a government. The religious input came from the Protestant evangelicals, who very much wanted a government that acknowledged itself as Christian. However, they also were dead-set against a state religion. They had a great fear of a state-supported Anglicanism or a throne-and-altar Catholic state. In addition, the Baptists were worried about a Presbyterian state, the Presbyterians were worried about a Baptist state, the Methodists were worried about the Congregationalists, and so on.

The rationalist deists used the evangelicals' fear of a state religion to place ambiguous phrases in the Declaration of Independence and in our Constitution that could be interpreted in a religious sense or in a non-religious sense.¹ The primary example of this double-speak was the phrase "nature and nature's God" that was placed in the Declaration of Independence. An evangelical would interpret those words in a Christian way. Nature's God is Christ, of course. But a deist believes nature is God, and Christ is just an ordinary man subject to nature's God. The deist would then interpret the phrase, "nature and nature's God," in a non-religious sense. The same thing occurred in the oft-quoted 'separation of Church and State' clause of the Constitution. The evangelicals interpreted the clause as excluding a state religion, not as excluding Christianity from public life. The deists themselves did not necessarily anticipate a situation in which all religions except the Christian religion could be taught in our schools, but the 1963 Supreme Court decision (*Murray vs. Curlett*) banning school prayer is in keeping with the spirit of 18th century rationalism. When the conservatives claim that the Founding Fathers never intended to ban Christianity from our public life, they are only partly right; one must ask: which Founding Father?

You have, from our nation's beginning, a federal government poised, python-like, to slowly squeeze the religious life out of its own people. The Southern states rebelled against that federal government, and they were defeated. Indeed, every group and every person who has gone against the federal government has, in the earthly sense, lost.

Today, isolated attacks on the federal government from the outside by such individuals as Timothy McVeigh are ineffectual because the McVeigh types only invoke pagan gods. Their attacks are used by the government as excuses to further tighten its coils. And attacks from the inside always fail, because the secular principles of pluralism planted in our Constitution serve to render Christians impotent, as illustrated by the betrayal some years back of Pat Robertson and the so-called Christian Coalition. When Newt Gingrich informed them that welfare reform, reverse discrimination, crime, and taxes, could be included in the *Contract with America* but that abortion could not be, the "Christians" acquiesced. Why? Because there is no consensus among the American people on the issue of abortion as there is on the other issues. And in a democratic society, don't you know, we must have a consensus, because the people are sovereign.

What is needed among White Europeans is a spirit of separatism. Christians should separate from the federal government. Of course, the federal government will not allow us to separate from them. The Leviathan, aptly named by Donald Davison, needs victims to squeeze in its coils.

I hear quite frequently from practical conservatives that separation is 1) immoral and 2) impractical. But quite the contrary is true. American democracy is immoral, and to stay wedded to an experiment in Satanism is immoral. Americans and the Europeans who have followed them down the democratic path are being disloyal to their European homelands. They have replaced home,

hearth, and nation with an abstract notion of an abstract people. They have become men without a country:

*Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,--
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.*

--Sir Walter Scott - *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

The second point, that separation is impractical, could only be advanced by a modern, democratic blasphemer. If American democracy is evil, then we must separate from it and attack it whether it is “practical” or not. And who’s to say that an attack on the Leviathan is not practical? In the fairy tales of the European people, the hero is always the man who seems impractical. He takes no heed of the dragon guarding the castle in which the fair maiden is imprisoned. All he sees is a maiden in distress, and it stands upon him to act and not to vacillate and count the cost.

When a King such as Charles of Austria views his coronation as a pledge to serve his people in a nation where God is sovereign, every act of that King which serves his nation is recorded in heaven. And so are the actions of the humblest citizen recorded in heaven if they serve a nation which acknowledges God as sovereign. But where are the actions recorded of a people who serve a democratic government dedicated to the rule of the people? I believe it’s called ‘Hell.’

Every white European serves a nation within a nation. There is an eternal Britain, an eternal France, and so on, that exists within the multi-racial entities that have supplanted the old European nations. But the European nations still exist beneath the surface of the new Tower of Babel nations. I view the European’s position vis-à-vis his nation as being similar to the situation of Mr. Toad, Ratty, Badger, and the Mole. They, the legitimate rulers, have been ousted by Third-World stoats and weasels, through the suicidal folly of one of their own. They must reconquer what the animals call “Toad Hall” and what we of course call Europe. The only difference is that the heroic reconquest in *The Wind in the Willows* takes place in a compressed period of time. It will take the European much longer to reclaim his home than it did the heroes of *The Wind in the Willows*, but since it is our home that we are fighting for we will carry on the fight to the tenth generation and beyond until every single stoat and weasel has been driven back to the Wild Wood.

1. Every year the conservatives publish books telling us how conservative the American Constitution was and is. “If we could just get back to it,” they cry. The conservatives always ignore the liberal rhinoceros in the living room. How has the Constitution been interpreted? It has always been interpreted in a radical, anti-European light. The Constitution won’t save us; the European faith will.

A Christian Hero: *The Life of Daniel Boone* by Lyman C. Draper

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 2009



Ere I own a usurper
I'll crouch with the fox
So tremble false whigs,
In the midst o' your glee,
Ye have not seen the last
O' my bonnets and me.

- Scott

To certain child-like men like myself (or juvenile men, if you are of a more cynical nature), who grew up with a taste for adventure tales both fiction and non-, Daniel Boone has a semi-deified status. He is the real life embodiment of Cooper's Hawkeye (in fact, Cooper's hero was inspired by Boone). He is chivalrous, in a rough-hewn fashion, always brave and fearless in the face of danger, always calm when lesser men panic, and always in command of every situation the untamed wilderness threw at him.

The great merit of Draper's book (written in the 1860s) is that he confirms with careful research the myth we all want to believe. Daniel Boone is everything the legends say, which makes this book a much-needed antidote to the cynical hero-debunking that takes place in virtually every 'historical' book that comes out today. Even Belue, who in his annoying editorial comments attempts to teach us not to condemn Indians for massacring whites, can't really find any major errors in Draper's biography.

Draper's biography was never completed; it takes us up to the battle to defend Boonesborough, but there is much additional information supplied in appendices by Draper and Belue. In the opening pages of the book we also get a complete summary of the major events in Daniel Boone's life.

Boone was born into the Quaker faith, but his Christianity was an unchurched, elemental Christianity more in tune with Alfred the Great than William Penn. Boone's manly Christian virtues came from a deeper source than sectarian Quakerism.

Belue tells us in his introduction that Draper was no historian. He was an encyclopedist – a great collector of information. For that reason the book doesn't read as smoothly as a modern reader might wish. One has to take one's time, as when reading a Victorian novel. But a reader's patience is rewarded by the many fine and splendid scenes of Daniel Boone's life that come across to us very vividly in these pages that are only some 40 to 50 years removed from the incidents depicted.

Particularly riveting is Draper's account of Daniel Boone's rescue of his daughter and two other girls who had been kidnapped by Indians:

Boone and Floyd, who had now got within shooting distance, hurriedly discharged their rifles as the Indians were moving off, each mortally wounding his man. One other gun was fired a long shot probably by John McMillen, but without effect. The Indians were kindling their fire; one had been posted on the elevated grounds a little distance behind to act as a sentinel, and as the smoke ascended from the camp-fire, he left his gun and ran down to the fire to light his pipe and procure the necessary articles for mending his moccasins and was busily engaged in overhauling his budget. At the moment the whites fired upon the camp, one of the Indians was picking up wood, another preparing the meat for cooking, a third was in a reclining posture near the captives, apparently as a guard over them, while the old Cherokee chief Hanging Maw had just gone to the branch with a kettle for some water. It was the sentinel examining his budget near the fire whom Floyd wounded; he tumbled into the fire but, instantly recovering, ran off. Another, as he ran, sent his tomahawk flying at the head of Betsey Callaway, which barely missed its aim, and then, with the others, dashed into the cane and disappeared.

The girls had ventured as far back on their trail as they dared, which was but a short distance from the fire, still faintly hoping that deliverance might come, but they had become quite dispirited that day. They were sitting down on a log, Fanny Callaway on one side of her sister and Jemima Boone on the other, and both reclining their heads in her lap for rest. At the crack of the guns, the men rushed toward the camp with a loud yell, which gave the Indians no time either to kill their captives or save scarce an article of their baggage – "we sent them off," says Floyd dryly, "almost naked." The girls jumped instantly to their feet, Jemima Boone wildly exclaiming, "That's daddy!"...

Jemima Boone's cry of "That's daddy!" brought tears to my eyes. So few captives are ever recovered from the Indians. Can you picture the anxiety of their fathers? Can you picture the fear and anxiety of the girls who were captured? "That's daddy!" – what a wonderful moment!

And yes, Daniel Boone did indeed successfully run the gauntlet.

Running the gauntlet oftentimes resulted fatally, and particularly if the poor prisoner happened to evince a timid disposition or endeavored piteously to beg to be excused, as was frequently the case. The two lines were formed five or six feet apart on either side of the path; and once at the end, the runner was safe. The Indians were variously armed with tomahawks, clubs, sticks, and switches, and Boone stripped to his breech-cloth, leggings, and moccasins. The race commenced, when the Indians made very violent gestures as if they would knock his brains out but, after all, really appeared to show him favor, for he received only a few slight strokes from the switches. But his own shrewd management had something to do with the result, for he purposely ran in a very zig-zag manner, first making a dash so close to one side of the line as to cause the Indians suddenly to give way, and then as unexpectedly to dart in the same way to the opposite side, giving but few of them an opportunity to inflict a blow. Seeing Boone in a fair way to pass the ordeal comparatively unscathed, one fellow nearly at the farther end of the line threw himself partly within the race-path, with a view the better to give the prisoner a home thrust, but Boone appeared not to observe this maneuver and, just before reaching him, bending his head forward and increasing his speed,

struck the Indian full in the breast, prostrating him instantly and running over him unharmed. This incident gave the coup de grace to the exciting ceremony and caused a perfect shout of laughter along the lines at the poor Indian's expense, when all came up to shake hands with Boone and congratulate him on his success, complimenting him as a "vel-ly good so-ger" – and at the same time pointing to their discomfited fellow and denouncing him as a "squaw," with a degrading prefix intended to give increased force to the epithet.

Charity never faileth, and sometimes it's dangerous:

Near Boone's, in the Sugar Creek Settlement, lived a noted old hunter named Tate, who spent much of his time in the woods. Boone once, returning from a hunting tour, went to his father-in-law's, Joseph Bryan's, to thrash out rye for his own use, and learning the wants of Tate's family in consequence of his protracted absence, obtained permission of Mr. Bryan also to thrash out some grain for them. Such acts of charity were so common among the pioneers as scarcely to excite notice; and though they were not blazoned abroad by the adulatory newspaper puffs, they were nevertheless observed by that Good Being who assures us that while he loves a cheerful and ungrudging giver, we should never let our right hand know what our left hand doeth. On his way home with his own grain, Boone left at Tate's what he had designed for that needy family. Returning from the wilderness, Tate expressed displeasure at Boone's generosity; and this coming to Boone's ears and soon after meeting Tate, he gave him a severe flogging and said he would do it again should he ever throw out any more jealous intentions; that he would be grateful to any person, who under similar circumstances, would befriend his family as he had attempted to befriend Tate's; but he could not brook the idea of real kindness being misconstrued in a manner so provokingly unkind. In his old age, Boone would sometimes allude to this instance of man's ingratitude.

A book such as Draper's reveals to us that the modern churchmen are lying on two essential points of European history:

1) The Europeans did not, if we look at the historical record as a whole, mistreat the indigenous races. Quite the contrary, they acted with great forbearance and kindness toward the Indian whenever it was humanly possible. When they fought and killed Indians, it was only in order to protect their loved ones from the brutalities of a savage race of people.

2) Christianity and pacifism are not compatible. When one loves, one fights to protect the beloved. "That's daddy!"

So long as there is one European left who still believes that Christianity is a fighting faith because the Christian God is a God of love, Liberalism will have an implacable enemy.

Labels: European hero culture, unchurched Christian

The Battle Lines Are Drawn

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 2009



“We are in God’s hands, brother, not in theirs.”

Seldom does a day pass that I do not think of Alan Breck Stewart. Surely you know the man – he is Robert Louis Stevenson’s fictional hero, who, as he never tires of telling us, “bears a king’s name.” You see, he is a descendant of that ill-fated line of Scottish kings defeated once and for all, in terms of any earthly standing, at the Battle of Culloden. But Alan refuses to acknowledge defeat. He lives the life of an outlaw, swearing allegiance only to the old Scottish clans and refusing to recognize King George as a legitimate king. He completely steals the book from the rather priggish and much too Whiggish David Balfour. And at the book’s end, David, now a wealthy laird, yearns for the days when he lived the outlaw life with Alan Breck Stewart.

Why should anyone care about a mere figment of Robert Louis Stevenson’s imagination? Because Stevenson, quite probably without realizing it, gives us an excellent portrayal of the glory and difficulties that await all those who would take up a counter-revolutionary cause.

The glory springs from the fact that one is fighting for the old ways – for the hearth over the school, the peasant over the merchant, the warrior-bard over the banker, the act of charity over the syllogism, and the wise man from the village over the academic in the big city.

The difficulty stems from the fact that a counter-revolutionary’s life is a lonely one. Can one realistically expect his countrymen to keep the image of the old ways before their eyes and in their memory, when a man must live and it is the new ways that rule the roost? And what about one’s children? Suppose Alan Breck Stewart meets a bonnie lass behind the heather, and then suppose he marries that lass and their union bears fruit? Can he expect his wife and children to live the outlaw’s life? Will not the very natural desire to see his children successful and prosperous cause the counter-revolutionary to make his accommodation with the ruling Whigs of the world?

Most of us with counter-revolutionary sentiments make our accommodation with the world. Those with intellectual integrity continue to affirm the correctness of the old ways while admitting that they do not have the stomach to fight for them, while those with less integrity manage to convince themselves that the new order isn't really so revolutionary and that it can be changed from within. Those who seek to change the new order from within always fail. They fail to understand the true dynamic of the revolution, and consequently over-estimate their own abilities to make any kind of dent in the new order. But they make a living, while the Alan Brecks of the movement die in poverty and exile.

The compromisers and the accommodators do cause a problem though. As the revolution marches onward, it becomes more and more difficult to compromise and remain a human being with a soul. For example, a Christian living in the newly formed United States of the 1790's could clearly see that the U. S. Constitution was a devil's document, designed to foster a new godless leviathan and to destroy the older incorporate league which Western man had formed with Christ. Lacking the will to fight, the 1790's Christian unfortunately decided to make his peace and to remain thankful that the revolutionary forces permitted him a breathing and living space in the new order. But what about the 21st century descendant of that first compromiser? The descendant now has no room to maneuver. It is not a case, as it was with the 1790's Christian, of conceding a few points to the secularists and then sneaking off to church. The secularists have taken over the Christian churches and have imposed their new religion on the formerly Christian world. Continual compromise by his ancestors has left the 21st century Christian with no options: It is fight or join the secularists. It is not possible to cooperate with race mixers or murderers of babies. When Satan's end game is the only game permitted, the Christian must fight or cease to be Christian.

I make the assertion that the present times are intelligible. Any knight of the old stock can clearly see that there is nothing left us but counter-revolution. This should not be a subject for debate; the only debate should involve the tactics to be used.

The revolution has been with us for centuries. It has come against us in the form of Scholasticism, capitalism, communism, neo-paganism, Freemasonry, and numerous other Satanisms, but the key to the revolutionaries' success has been their ability to sever nature from grace. Primitive man was connected to nature; his natural world was filled with spiritual meaning. There were gods of the field, gods of the forest, and ghosts of the dead. The gods could be malevolent or benevolent, depending on what was done to appease or to anger them. Most works by Christopher Dawson and all of Mircea Eliade's works describe this connection primitive man had to nature.

However, there is, as every Christian knows, and as every tree-hugging liberal does not know, a downside to primitive religious belief. There is no ethical dimension to be found in the nature gods; they are capricious and unloving. The natural world is pregnant with meaning under their rule, but it is not a pregnancy that will give birth to a God that loves man enough to rescue him from the endless cycle of birth and decay.

The more ethical religious traditions that supplanted the more primitive ones, like Platonism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism, added an ethical dimension to religion, but denuded the natural religion that gave primitive man a link to the gods. Man needs more than an intellectual or mystical comprehension of the Logos; he needs to be connected to God in every fiber of his being.

Enter Christ, the God-Man. Christianity correctly practiced and preached combines the primitive religions' sacred cosmos with the more ethical religious traditions. Nature is not destroyed, it is transformed. God's grace has entered the world in the form of the Christ, the living God. Natural man now understands that all those gods of the field and the hunt were precursors of the one true God, and ethical contemplative man now knows that the source of his contemplation has a local habitation and a name, thus adding a personal, human element to his religion that was not there before.

In primitive societies the hero is the man who can climb the cosmic tree and be connected to the earth and to the heavens. The counter-revolutionary hero also is connected to earth and heaven; he has not lost his sacramental view of the world, nor has he ceased to experience in the deepest recesses of his soul a connection to a spiritual realm rooted in heaven but also firmly planted on earth. There is no false dichotomy in the counter-revolutionary's vision. "Heaven has visited earth."

All revolutionary societies and movements in some form deny the spiritual link between heaven and earth. The scholastics and the Protestant theologians who followed in their train insisted that the God of sorrows was not to be found in the human heart, but in the human mind. This over-rationalization of God narrowed the focus of European man, who kept staring into the golden bowl of his intellect and worshipping the God he placed there.

Of course, the necessity of counter-revolution now is much greater than in the days of Alan Breck Stewart. The Scottish Highlander's fight was still a fight within Christendom. The modern European knight errant fights from within the bowels of satanic Liberalism. He can be inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, but his situation is much more desperate than that of his ancestors for the simple reason that his ancestors had Christendom and he does not. I think we are all still in a state of shock, hardly realizing all of the horrific implications from the death of Christendom. G. K. Chesterton, for instance, could not even conceive of a time when Christendom would not exist:

"What Mahomet and Calvin and all those breaking away from the dying civilization did not realize, is the curious fact that it is a dying civilization that never dies. It does decline, and has done so any number of times; it does decay; it is always at it. But it does not disappear; and, at the end of more or less debased periods, has a way of managing to reappear, when its enemies have in their turn decayed. The moral is, I will venture to think, that it is unwise to desert this perpetually sinking ship, or betray this everlastingly dying creed and culture. It has had another period of final extinction at the end of the Middle Ages. It has suffered eclipse in the enlightenment of the Age of Reason and Revolution; which in their turn begin to look as if they had seen better days..."

*"The moral is that no man should desert that civilization. It can cure itself; but those who leave it cannot cure it. Not Nestorius nor Mahomet nor Calvin nor Lenin have cured, nor will cure, the real evils of Christendom; for the severed hand does not heal the whole body."*¹

We are motivated by the same love for Christendom that motivated our ancestors, but we are proceeding from an entirely different point. Polite debates and agreements to agree to disagree are things that take place between people with a common faith and a common cultural heritage. We share neither of these with the liberals of the neo-pagan variety or the mad-dog variety. When Satan's clergymen talk about the evils of "familism" and the neo-pagans talk about the creation of a new neo-pagan god, we know that Satan is truly present at the heart of what was once Christendom.

I received a letter recently from a former student who had grasped, organically, that Christendom had given way to the new Satandom. His question was, "What am I to do?" My first reaction was to tell him what Charles Peguy said about Christian fathers. He said that a Christian father was the true counter-revolutionary. But of course my young friend could not go out and make some woman become a Jeanie Deans or a Maud Ruthyn so that she would be fit to wed a Christian knight. But a young man, or an old man for that matter, can cling to what he loves. If he loves the old Europe, he can cling to it. The one true God, whom the neo-pagans mock and scorn and the liberals deny, reigns in that Europe. And if one is faithful to old Europe and its people, the right bride and the right sword to fight for that bride and His Europe will come to the faithful knight, or, to use my favorite image, to the faithful woodcutter.

I once, in my mid-twenties, got to visit with one of the major writers in the European Christian conservative camp. In the middle of my compliments on a book he had written about the dangers posed to the faith by false science, he said, "If I were writing that book today I would not make a distinction between false science and science. All science is false." I have had many years to reflect

on that comment, and I believe it to be true. The old sage wasn't claiming that there weren't such things as biology, physics, and chemistry; what he was asserting was that science, as practiced by Western man, had always been used to destroy Christian Europe.

So long as the European remains a prisoner of any part of the scientific world, he will be incapable of launching an effective attack on Liberaldom. The triumph of the scientific view of man means the triumph of dumb nature. The neo-pagan, forsaking his pagan and his Christian ancestors, sits at his computer and dreams of a new, scientific, faithless faith that he will create for the white man. But when the neo-pagan talks about "creating" a new faith, he has already told us what he worships: his own mind.

The mad-dog liberal looks at the world scientifically as well. He has made an a priori decision that he sees all that there is to see and that 'all' is the natural world and only the natural world. So he fantasizes about the natural black savage and makes him the Crown King of the natural world.

Richard Weaver called science a false messiah, and Melville said that science was incapable of providing man with any answer to the riddle of existence. Yet modern man still believes that the men in the white lab coats hold the secrets of life and death. Modern scientific man is not a non-believer, he believes in everything except reality. He believes in the natural goodness of the black man, the perfectibility of mankind after the elimination of recalcitrant whites, and the life everlasting on this earth after the men in the white lab coats have completed their research.

The European of the ancient stock seems, to the liberals of the mad-dog and neo-pagan variety, to be an obstacle blocking the creation of the new world order. But the ancient European must remain undaunted in the face of every liberal attempt to destroy him, because the antique European and only the antique European knows there is only one world order and that is His world order, which He, because of a love that passeth all understanding, invites us to share with Him.

The debates are now over. The battle lines have been drawn. The liberals are standing on the left bank of the river Science, and they are led by our ancient foe. We, the last Europeans, stand on the far shore with the dismal swamp behind us. One step back and we perish in despair. Surrounding us, unseen, are a legion of archangels ready to assist us in battle, or so our blood tells us. Yet we hesitate – after all we live in Liberaldom, and is not fear, doubt, and hesitation the mark of an ancient European living in Liberaldom? – But then there is Galahad and the legions of Europeans who followed him. They believed in the unseen God who spoke through the blood. Our blood calls us then. And soon we are amongst the enemy. They fall like wheat before the scythe. Faith was all. Once the internal battle was won, victory on the actual battlefield was assured. Let there be sung "Non nobis" and "Te Deum."

1. What writers such as Chesterton could not envision was a Europe where Europeans would be a tiny minority. In the past, European renewals occurred because Christendom was still European. In the 21st century, Europeans need to do more than renew; they must rebuild Christendom.

Labels: blood faith, counterrevolution

Shakespeare

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 2009



How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that move a great man's breast!
Though naught of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
With meaning won from him forever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
His whispered words from many a mother's voice
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice,
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,--
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye;
And tones from him by other bosoms caught
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours
He sits supreme enthroned in skyey towers,
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!

O boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dew!
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled time!
Transcendant form of man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought, and deed!
Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
Small tasks and strength may be no less divine.

by John Sterling

Labels: poem, poets vs. philosophers, Shakespeare

God's Fairy Land

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 2009



“Before the railway came to Cornwall and killed the fairies...” – H. V. Morton *In Search of England*

Writing during the last days of Christendom, C. S. Lewis gave us, in the marvelous image of the wardrobe, a last glimpse of what it was like to live in Christian Europe. The ancient European did not see life on this earth as a life separate and remote from God's kingdom of heaven. “Behold the kingdom of God is within you,” was a reality, not just a theory, to the pre-modern European. Like the Old Testament Hebrews and the children in C. S. Lewis's novel, the ancient Europeans felt that the wall between God's Fairy Land and this earth had a door through which the intrepid Christian and the pure of heart could go.

This traffic back and forth between Fairy Land and Europe was quite irritating to Satan, because Old Scratch works best with men and women who cannot see the door or climb over the wall

between God's Fairy Land and Europe. Satan's task then was to fortify the wall and bolt the door between heaven and Earth. And to give the devil his due, he has done an excellent job of it.

While not discounting every single story in which Christian men and women have claimed to have seen Christ, the blessed Virgin Mary, an angel, or some particular saint, I must state that I am not talking about such revelations when I say that the ancient Europeans felt themselves to be intimately connected to God in a way that the modern European, even if he is an avowed Christian, is not. The pre-modern European was connected to God in the way the old prayer books suggest: "In Him, with Him, and through Him"; through our common humanity and through our common blood, the Europeans who believed gained access to the door that linked His realm to our world. And whenever the European let the image of His divine humanity become obscured, the European found himself groping in the dark, unable to find the door to His world.

It was an article of faith to the Enlightenment philosophers that there was no door between the wall of God's Fairy Land and man's earthly realm. And the modern European takes his blasphemies a step further. He declares there is no Fairy Land beyond the wall, nor anything else. The liberal says (speaking only figuratively, you see, because he knows there is no anthropomorphic-type god), "God bless the wall without a door and without anything beyond it." He even writes sacred words on the wall: "There is only the wall of Nature, and we are all governed by the laws of Nature; glory be to Nature, which has always been and always shall be, Nature without end, (speaking metaphorically, of course) amen."

The restoration – I don't say 'renewal' because we have long passed the stage of a renewal – will not come from the Christian churches. The building of Christendom was done by the European Everyman who tried in his own humble way to live the Gospel. The rebuilding of Christendom will also be accomplished by the Christian, European Everyman. The faith that moves mountains will not come from the clergy because their faith is a constricted faith. They have settled for an anemic, technocratic faith instead of a faith in the God of Fairy Land.

Because the technocratic faith, the faith in systems and syllogisms rather than Christ, is the reigning faith of the modern European, I have been forced to ponder the question of 'why'. Why does the modern European prefer the technocratic faith to a faith in Jesus Christ? There seems to be two reasons:

1) The St. Augustine dilemma. Augustine tells us in his Confessions that he had great difficulty in accepting the truth of the Gospels because they seemed intellectually inferior to the Gnostic philosophers he was studying. The idea that the Christ story is stupid and inferior to the philosophical systems of the Greeks and other assorted "experts" is a golden oldie of a heresy, but the modern European has bought more copies of the old album than any of his heretical progenitors. The Catholic theologians and their Protestant rivals never could get rid of the uncomfortable feeling that the pagans were smarter than Christians. For that reason their faith in Christ was always couched in the language of the Greek experts. Only the Christian poets and the Christian peasants looked at Christ without the Greek 'extras,' which is why the poets and the peasants were perceived as being too dumb to be taken seriously. In modern classrooms and seminaries, the faith of the poet and the peasant is seen as relevant only because of what such a faith tells us about "the unconscious and man's need for a faith that is something greater, and greater always means impersonal, than the narrow, sectarian faith of the Gospels."

2) Technological wizardry holds out the promise of a God without the Cross. Christ promised us eternal life in Fairy Land with the proviso that we take up our Cross and follow Him. "A cross can be a beautiful thing." "Not so," say the modern purveyors of wizardry; "We can show you the way to Paradise on this earth without the Cross." "It's a deal!" cry the Brave, New World Europeans. But there is always a cross, and the wizards' promise of a cross-free existence is a lie. Tragically, the modern European believes the lie and seeks to construct a world where faith in the Cross of Christ is always deconstructed and syllogized into nothingness.

Against the new wizardry stands the Christian poets, with Shakespeare leading the vanguard. "The cross of Christ is greater than the syllogisms of the philosophers. Only those who pick up their cross and follow Him will dream dreams and see visions of God's Fairy Land beyond the wall."

One of my favorite movies is called *The Luck of the Irish*, which stars Tyrone Power. The main character (Power, of course) very early in the movie does a favor for a leprechaun. Throughout the rest of the movie the leprechaun tries to repay the favor by showing Tyrone Power that the modern Amazonian woman he is engaged to is not the woman he should marry. The leprechaun tries to get Power to see that a particular Irish village girl, very feminine and very old-fashioned, is the girl he should wed. When it appears that the leprechaun has failed in his efforts, he says, "I offered you gold [meaning the Irish lass of course]. I cannot help it if you preferred a pebble." That Irish parable sums up the modern European tragedy. Christ was the gold the modern European was offered, but instead the modern European preferred the pebble of technological wizardry. There is no love, no honor, no life in the new European religion. And there will be no such thing as a European unless the European opens the door to the thatched cottage that leads to God's Fairy Land. +

Labels: fairy tale of European civilization, restoration of European civilization

"When I was a child, I spake as a child..."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 2009



"Keep the imagination sane,-- that is one of the truest conditions of communion with heaven." – Nathaniel Hawthorne

When still young and new to the right-wing European movement, I formed a rather uncritical admiration for the old guard intellectuals of that movement. The poets of Europe had brought me to the foot of the cross, but it was to the old guardsmen I turned for an articulation of the Christian faith. When I explained the faith to others, I parroted the old guard. This is quite natural for a young whippersnapper, but as one becomes a man one must make sure he believes what he parrots. In my case, I realized I differed with the old guard on two important points, both relating to Europe.

1. I differed with them on the issue of race. The old guardsmen were fond of saying that a defense of Western culture had nothing to do with a defense of the white race. (Only men who spent their lives in academia could every say anything so stupid.)

A defense of the West cannot be done without a defense of the white race. Whites are not superior because the evolutionary process made them so (as the neo-pagans maintain), but because they made the one true religion their own. And just as original sin was passed on through the blood, so the European peoples' free will choice of Christ over Satan was passed on through the blood. Just as one can counter the bad effects of original sin by clinging to Christ, so can one counter the good effects of the white man's acceptance of Christ by rejecting Him. And the vast majority of whites have rejected Christ. That makes it all the more urgent that we support the faithful white remnant. To praise European culture without praising and defending the white man is Gnostic nonsense.

2. The old guard failed to appreciate how distinct the European tradition was from the classical tradition. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Botticelli, and countless other European writers and artists choose Greco-Roman themes for their works, but what they did with them was something very different from the Greco-Romans' renditions. Everything is deeper when the Christian poets and artists deal with the pagan themes. In *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, Theseus becomes a Christian king, highlighting charity as the greatest virtue:

*I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.*

In Chaucer's *The Knight's Tale*, Jove becomes a symbol for the Christian God. And in Botticelli's painting of *The Birth of Venus*, the goddess of illicit love becomes a virginal Christian maiden.

The excessive reliance on the classical tradition was, in my judgment, the major reason for the collapse of the Protestant and Catholic churches. And the traditionalists think we need a classical revival! We need a European revival, not a classical one. The classical temptation, which would make Christianity into a philosophical system, is potentially more dangerous than the atheistic temptation. I have noticed there has been a score of books published in the last 10 years, such as *Who Killed Homer?* by Hanson and Heath, *This Will Hurt: The Restoration of Virtue* by Digby Anderson, and *Plagues of the Mind* by Bruce Thornton, in which the authors suggest we rebuild civilization on the classical tradition and bypass the European Christian tradition. This might appeal to those who like the simplicity of the classical era, but there is no going back. The choice is either 'be Christian, or perish.'

The old guard did not understand Europe. If they had, they would not have abandoned the white man's burden or slept so contently with Aristotle and Plato.

When I reflect on the weaknesses of the old guard (those men of the World War II generation) I realize that they were the last of the Christian rationalists, who still believed that the dying flame of the European fire could be reignited by the cool waters of rationalism. They were doctors who completely misdiagnosed their patient. The patient needed more warmth, and they sat him out on the veranda in sub-zero weather.

Christ set Europe on fire with a poetic drama which He authored and starred in, a passion play meant to appeal to the heart and the head. He did not intend that His life, death, and resurrection should be treated as the literary critics treat a Shakespearean drama, poking, probing, and dissecting the play with only their minds, leaving their hearts outside. But if the poet writes with his heart and mind, how can the literary critic understand him if he doesn't respond to the play with the same fire that the author used to write the play? And how can we respond to Christ's passion play if we have no passion?

Plato banned poets from his Republic because he thought the passionate, poetic side of man was dangerous. The old guard followed the wisdom of Plato, but the passionate, imaginative, poetic heart of man, when joined with the heart of the Divine Poet, is the only force capable of reigniting the European fire.

I once read a book by one of the conservative education 'experts'; he felt that the problem with modern liberal education was that it was not value-free. He recommended a 'just the facts' program of education that sounded much like the program recommended by Thomas Gradgrind in Dicken's *Hard Times*:

Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!

The conservative education expert was wrong. The problem with liberals is not that they teach values in school -- values should be taught in school -- the problem is that they teach liberal values. And likewise the old guard; the problem is not with the poetic and imaginative side of the European's nature; the problem is that the European has ceased to view Christianity as a faith that inspires and stirs the imagination. The European has come to believe what the old guard told him

about Christianity: “It is charts, diagrams, syllogisms, and not much else.” But man *will* have the poetic. If he is denied a Christian poetic, he will adopt a satanic one. Obama is the new Messiah, because the old guard thought a remote, bloodless, philosophical God was good enough for the rational, modern man of Europe. Such a God is not good enough. The real Hero-God (He was not invented), who inspired the ancient Europeans is more than good enough, and it is to Him that we should look if we want to see Christendom restored and Liberalism destroyed.

Labels: Christ the Hero, restoration of European civilization, Resurrection

Against the World

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 07, 2009



"This happy breed of men, this little world..."

I don't think it will surprise anyone who reads 'right-wing' blogs and newsletters to learn that even if all non-white legal and illegal immigration were to be halted immediately, the white race will still be a minority in the United States within the next ten to twenty years. And I think we can say the same thing about Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and all the nations of Europe. White mad-dog liberals and white conservative Christians both think the emerging racial Babylon will be a good thing, but they think so for different reasons.

The mad-dog liberal feels (to the extent that such a creature feels at all) that the white race has brought evil into the world. By embracing the God-Man and enshrining Him as the King of Europe, the white man despoiled the continent of Europe and then proceeded to despoil all of the paradisiacal continents of the non-white races. Such is the mad-dog liberal's assertion. That neither Europe nor the dwelling places of the people of color were paradises before the reign of white, Christian Europeans seems to be obvious to anyone who has eyes to see or ears to hear. But the mad-dog liberal does not have eyes that see or ears that hear. His heart and mind belong to Satan. He thinks what Satan tells him to think, and he feels what Satan tells him to feel. After centuries of distorted theologians denigrating the notion that the heart is a man's touchstone of reality, the Christian layman became the Satanic layman. Gone was the innocence of "anger and surprise," to be replaced by a cynical sneer. God cannot enter a heart that has been imprisoned by mind-forged manacles, but Satan can and does enter the minds of men and women who haven't the heart to denounce the works of the devil. Lady Macbeth asks the devil to "unsex me here"; the mad-dog liberals have made a similar plea: "Dehumanize me here, kill my heart."

The conservative Christians also hate the white race. Yet they profess to love European culture. Their attitude towards white people was summed up by Buchanan's priest: "What makes you think Western culture is worth saving?" Their logic runs as follows: "Europeans have abandoned

Christianity, so let us look to Africa and China. There the faith is alive and striving." What is the fallacy in the "let's substitute Africans and Chinese for Europeans" program?

The modern day Europeans are so decadent that we need a word beyond decadent to describe them. But are the Africans, the Chinese, and the other colored tribes Christian? Have they assumed the mantle of Christian Europe? No, they haven't. Those among the colored cultures who actually were making baby steps toward the light during the ascendancy of the Christian European, have returned to barbarism. And the rest have continued to practice their barbaric rites with the addition of Western technology. Bin Laden uses a laptop computer, and the African tribesmen carry cell phones but still spill the blood and eat the flesh of the white Christians.

The conservative Christians do not understand the incarnation. God reveals Himself to us through men. The *Summa Theologica* and the documents of the Church needed a culture to transmit them. And likewise Holy Scripture. If a golden harp lacks a human hand to play its strings, can there be any music? There is no skirting the issue. If there is to be faith on earth, the white man must be faithful. If the numbers indicate a wholesale apostasy, then the white remnant must take strength from their ancestors who were faithful unto death. They are our kinsmen, not the decadent, white majority, and not the barbarian hordes.

It often occurs to me that I am very lucky to have found a wife who can tolerate a rather dull fellow. If I were to run a personal ad in one of those lonely hearts services, I would have to list my hobbies as: "Likes to read old books and watch old movies." But my hobbies are now tinged with sadness. For instance, when I read a book such as H. V. Morton's *In Search of England*, I fall in love with the England Morton describes, but then an incredible sadness sets in when I realize that the loved one is no longer living. And so it is with an old movie with wonderful European settings and real Europeans acting out stories from the European past. It's like going through a photo album with pictures in the album of a parent, a spouse, or a friend who is deceased. The joy is bittersweet. But would it have been better if the loved one had never existed? No, certainly not. There is that sacred remembrance of things past. No, I am not quoting the decadent Proust; he copied his title from the Gentle Bard:

Sonnet 30

*When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.*

And who is the 'dear friend'? The Bard makes it clear in Sonnet 31:

*Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,*

*As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.*

Christ and Europe are one. The mad-dog liberal and the neo-pagan will be forever inventing new gods to rule in a satanic kingdom of the future. And the bloodless conservative who loves an abstracted European past filled with philosophical treatises and Church documents, but hates individual Europeans past and present, will be forever adrift in the seas of racial Babylon. Only the European who takes the past into the present will live in a world that has its roots in heaven.

Sadly, the conservative who rejects the European past will ultimately blend with the mad-dog liberal. I have seen the Schaeffer family phenomenon repeated over and over. The father is a conservative Christian, but he looks to the colored races to bring about a Christian utopia. On that one issue, he is at one with the mad-dog liberals. They too look to the colored races to usher in a utopian state; albeit in the case of the mad-dogs, it is a Godless utopian state for which they yearn. But still the conservative Christian and the mad-dog liberals are united in their faith that salvation will come from the colored races. The son of the conservative rejects the Christian aspects of his father's faith and accepts the mad-dog liberal's faith in its entirety.

The conservative Christians often hurl the 'whited sepulchre' accusation at the recalcitrant, kinist Europeans, claiming they have made a whited sepulchre of the European past. All right, let's look that accusation in the face. The kinist European hopes to maintain his faith and restore the faith of his countrymen by keeping faith with a people and a civilization that believed that Jesus Christ suffered, died, and was buried, only to rise again on the third day. The conservatives want us to reject that European past and place our faith in the hope, not the reality, that the clever and oh so spiritual yellow people, or the vital and earthy black people will show us how to be truly Christian and build a Christian society. The whited sepulchre image is a false one, an illusion. Who has created for themselves a whited sepulchre?¹

We come once again to the painful truth that the right-wing pagan magazines and blogs, who print the death-of-the-white-European statistics, are doing great harm to the European remnant. By describing the disease in all of its gruesomeness without suggesting any remedies they are inculcating despair. "Why," Scrooge asks the Ghost of Christmas Future, "should you show me all of this if I am beyond hope?"

That is the rub. The white pagans are without hope in the King of old Europe. Those who don't believe in a personal resurrection cannot believe in the resurrection of a civilization. But this the man of Europe knows: Wherever there are white Europeans gathered together in His name, there, and only there, is civilization. When the mad-dog liberals, the neo-pagans, and the conservative liberals are outnumbered by the colored hordes, they will be exterminated. But the white Christian remnant will survive, because Europeans, real Europeans united to Him, will always -- come plague, famine, death, barbarian hordes, and hell itself -- protect and preserve Europe with a will and a love that passeth the understanding of the barbarian, the liberal, the conservative, and the neo-pagan. It all has to do with the blood of our ancestors and the blood of the Lamb. +

1. I have an acquaintance who converted to Christianity after many years of wandering in the modern desert. He is very conservative and fundamental in his beliefs, but unfortunately he is an enthusiastic apologist for the black and yellow renewal theory.

What he doesn't realize is that his conversion to Christianity would not have been a complete conversion if Europeans of the past had not given the God-Man a local habitation and a name. When a man from Tibet gets divine intuitions, he becomes a Buddhist or some other type of Dalai Lama enthusiast. And likewise the European, if there had been no Christian Europe, would not know who God was. The personal savior, "Jesus Christ, whom thou persecutest;" becomes an airy nothing if men of faith have not created a spiritual culture in which the one true God can be known by His name.

Labels: restoration of European civilization, white Christian men and women

What Men Fight For

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 2009



Let England be imperilled, and Englishmen will fight; in such extremity there is no choice. But what a dreary change must come upon our islanders if, without instant danger, they bend beneath the curse of universal soldiering! I like to think that they will guard the liberty of their manhood even beyond the point of prudence. – George Gissing

In the wake of the Fort Hood murders I don't think it is amiss to ask, "Why was a Muslim in the United States Army, and why was he not only in the Army but also promoted to the rank of major?" And if you answer my first question with the usual nonsense about how the United States respects all faiths and all colors then I must ask a second question: "Why are there any white males in the United States Armed Forces?"

The mark of a man is not how willingly he fights or even how well he fights. The mark of a man is what he fights for. The profession of soldier is not intrinsically evil as the Quakers would have it, but it is not intrinsically good as patriotic scoundrels of last refuge fame would have it. A soldier is as good or as bad as the cause he gives his allegiance to. And the American soldier swears allegiance to Liberalism. He belongs to the liberals heart and soul. He has sworn to spread the benefits of liberal democracy (abortion, pornography, feminism, race mixing) to every corner of the earth.¹ What man who guards his manhood would fight for such a country? There should be no white males in the United States military. The fact that there are white males and what is worse, white females, in the U. S. military indicates just how satanic the white European culture has become. We send our boys and girls to the great liberal Moloch to use them as he pleases.

The liberal party line is that democracy is ecumenical; all religions are equally excluded from participation in the democratic circus. But this is not the case. All religions except the Christian one are welcome in the brave new democratic world of the liberals. The official liberal party line also asserts that the U. S. Government is color-blind; all races are equal before the law. But this is not the case. The white race is an outlawed race and the black race is a deified race. Does the accusation of black racism ever result in punitive action by the government? Of course not. But alleged white

racism? The list is endless. Every day whites are punished for the sin of racism by the law's indifference to the murder of whites and through the punitive damages exacted from whites who make 'racist' comments.

Prayer and fighting are intimately linked. What we fight for will be determined by who or what we pray to. When white people abandoned Jesus of Nazareth, the God of the hearth fire, the God of nations, for a philosophical abstraction they ceased to fight for hearth and nation. They now fight for the democratic, utopian state of tomorrow in which there is one mixed race and one cosmic mixture of every god save the one true God.

The late John Watson, pen name Ian Maclaren, wrote eloquently of Christ's desire to ease our fears about the next world by enveloping that world in images of our homes in this world.

Jesus, who had stated many of the deep things of the spiritual world in the terms of our common life, now declares Heaven to be another name for home, and so makes a winsome appeal to the heart. This world is indeed like unto an alabaster box of ointment very precious, whose fragrance fills the life. Into it has been gathered our most sacred memories, our tenderest associations, our brightest hopes. It matters little whether the home of one's childhood has been a cottage on a hillside or a house in some city street, round it is woven a romance of interest that grows with the years, to it travels back the heart places alike of work and thought with wistful regret. As the years come and go we see our home through a golden mist, wherein all things are beautiful and perfect, and so there is no home that is not a prophecy. As Jesus himself was the Son of Man, that perfect Antitype after which in all ages men's minds have gone forth, so must that place from which He came be—above all we have dreamed—Home.

Our homes – that is what the Christian fights for, not for democracy or liberty or equality. I think it is significant that as our theology became more impersonal and abstract (and by 'our' I mean white people), so did our wars. It is easier to kill large numbers of people when they are called collateral damage. And it is easier to use terms like collateral damage when God is a philosophical concept rather than a personal savior.

I think the most cruelly frivolous lines of poetry I ever read were Chesterton's lines about the Irish:

*All their wars were merry
And all their songs were sad.*

There are no merry wars, but are there wars in which we can see, amidst the bloodshed and carnage, God's grace at work? If Christianity really was, as I maintain, the heart and blood of old Europeans, shouldn't we be able to observe a difference between European warfare and non-European warfare? At first glance it appears that there is no difference between the pagan and the Christian warrior. But if we take a second, deeper look something called chivalry emerges in the European mists -- often more honored in the breach than the observance, but still a very palpable, living creed. Civilian populations were not routinely put to the sword, and while the killing never ceased, there was, during the Christian era of the European people, a recognition that one's enemy was also spiritually one's brother and entitled to Christian quarter when captured and "all holy rites" when killed.

The techno-barbarism of our bombing raids on Iraq and the presence of white Europeans in the ranks of the Great Multi-Racial Army of Liberalism are indications of the death of Christianity. A Christian people distinguishes between non-combatants and combatants, and Christian men do not serve in Satan's army. When the European ceased to view Christianity as a religion distinct from all other religions he also became blind to the distinctions between the European people and the people of color. In his blindness he now fights only for abstractions, such as democracy and equality, which promise him, should he emerge victorious, a place in a Christless utopia of the future. And while the New Age soldier fights for the new satanic order, Christian Europe is left without any defenders.

The United States with its mixture of white and colored races presents us with a hellish vision of Babylon. The Europeans, the Christ-bearing people, have forsaken their God and become one with the people of Babylon. The reason our military is in such disarray is because America's conflict with Iraq and Afghanistan is an internecine conflict. Two competing factions within Babylon are fighting for supremacy. Neither The Obama or The Bush before him could articulate a real difference between the United States and the Arab nations they were attacking, because the United States is part of Babylon.

Writing in 1965, Anthony Jacob warned Europe about the emerging Babylonian state that was coming to fruition in the anti-nationalist land mass called the United States. Instead of arming themselves, spiritually and materially, the European nations turned their nations into American-styled Babylons. There is now, for instance, no difference between a street in Harlem, Amsterdam, or Nairobi. Babylon rules!

There is one hope, and it is a genuine hope, for the European. If he takes up the discarded cross and faces the white techno-barbarians and the barbarians of color who inhabit the new Babylon, he will discover, as Gideon did, that a few hundred faithful are more than a match for a host of barbarians. But the few hundred must be faithful.

And the three hundred blew the trumpets, and the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host; and the host fled to Bethshittah in Zererath, and to the border of Abelmeholah, unto Tabbath. – Judges 7: 22

1. James V of Scotland died, Scott tells us, of a broken heart because he couldn't persuade enough of his countrymen to do battle with the English. Such was often the case in the days of what our tyrannical democratic dictators often term the age of monarchical tyranny. In the Christian past, in contrast to the democratic present, men thought that the causes they killed for and the causes they risked their lives for should be causes that they, and not their government, chose.

Labels: homeland

Vision

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 2009



We were all one heart and one race
When the Abbey trumpets blew.

--Kipling

Thornton Wilder, author of *Our Town*, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and others, has been labeled an optimist by the literary critics. But I always found his works depressing because his “optimism” is grounded in this world only. His religion is Platonic; he believes in love and a divine force but not in a personal God behind that divine force. One must concede however, that his criticism of Catholicism, expressed in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, is well-thought out. And the Catholic Church has not been able to refute Wilder’s critique with traditional apologetics, which is why the Catholic Church and the Protestant churches which have followed in the Catholic train stand in such a pathetic state today.

In *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Brother Juniper sets himself the task of explaining the ways of God to men: “On Friday noon, July the twentieth, 1714, the finest bridge in all Peru broke and precipitated five travellers into the gulf below.”

Having witnessed the tragedy, Brother Juniper decides to answer the question, “Why did this happen to those five?” He fails to come up with an answer and is eventually burned at the stake by the Church, not so much for anything he said, but because he, a lowly monk, presumed to do what the high mucky-mucks of the Church liked to do. Before his burning, Brother Juniper also attempts an explanation of why the pestilence strikes some individuals and not others:

It was by dint of hearing a great many such sneers at faith that Brother Juniper became convinced that the world’s time had come for proof, tabulated proof, of the conviction that was so bright and exciting within him. When the pestilence visited his dear village of Puerto and carried off a large number of peasants, he secretly drew up a diagram of the characteristics of fifteen victims and fifteen survivors, the statistics of their value sub specie aeternitatis. Each soul was rated upon a basis of ten as regards its goodness, its diligence in religious observance, and its importance to its family group. Here is a fragment of this ambitious chart:

	Goodness	Piety	Usefulness
Alfonso G	4	4	10
Nina	2	5	10
Manuel B.	10	10	0
Alfonso V.	-8	-10	10
Vera N.	0	-10	10

The thing was more difficult than he had foreseen. Almost every soul in a difficult frontier community turned out to be indispensable economically, and the third column was all but useless. The examiner was driven to the use of minus terms when he confronted the personal character of Alfonso V., who was not, like Vera N., merely bad; he was a propagandist for badness and not merely avoided church but led others to avoid it. Vera N. was indeed bad, but she was a model worshipper and the mainstay of a full hut. From all this saddening data Brother Juniper contrived an index for each peasant. He added up the total for victims and compared it with the total for survivors, to discover that the dead were five times more worth saving. It almost looked as though the pestilence had been directed against the really valuable people in the village of Puerto. And on that afternoon Brother Juniper took a walk along the edge of the Pacific. He tore up his findings and cast them into the waves; he gazed for an hour upon the great clouds of pearl that hang forever upon the horizon of that sea, and extracted from their beauty a resignation that he did not permit his reason to examine. The discrepancy between faith and the facts is greater than is generally assumed.

It would be easy to just dismiss Thornton Wilder as the village atheist. But his critique of Catholicism is completely correct. Brother Juniper's ill-advised attempt to present a rational defense of suffering is the embodiment of pre-Vatican II Catholicism. The reason the "sound apologetics" of the pre-Vatican II era were abandoned was because they were false. No one believed them. But the old Brother Juniper apologetics were not replaced by sound apologetics, they were replaced by Wilder's faithless faith. He had faith that humanity would survive but not individual human beings. He believed in love but not the God of love. In short, Brother Juniper's Aristotelian apologetics was replaced at the Council by Wilder's Platonic apologetics. The Church is still in need of a defense of the Faith that is not made of Greek vapor.

I think of Thomas Campbell's assertion that the faith is not a theory or a philosophy. He is right; it is a vision. I ask the question, what would be wrong if the Church actually started to preach about a man who was both God and man, who came down from heaven, was crucified, died and was buried, and on the third day rose from the dead? That would indeed be something. And I think that something is what the first missionaries from Rome told our European ancestors: a simple straight forward story about the King of Kings. Our ancestors listened to that story and they believed!

Men have done deeds in the name of God which would have made Christ weep, but the story of the conversion of England to Christianity, with which Durham is so marvellously linked, is, I believe, one of the loveliest stories since the New Testament. Look back to a time long before the Council of Whitby, and you see the pilgrim monks tramping the weed-grown Roman roads to speak to men and women under an oak tree in a wood. These simple, holy men trudged the heather, traversed the mighty woods, and crossed the lonely hills to baptize the heathen Saxon beside wells and at the edge of streams. They were uplifted by a magnificent single-mindedness, inspired with a Christ-like humility, strengthened by a superb sincerity. How real a thing in those rough days was the brotherhood of the holy men.¹

The simple story made England become England and Europe become Europe.

Some twenty years ago I saw the Protestant Reformation as a very regrettable attack on Christ's church. But now I see the Reformation, in its essence, as an attempt by the Christian faithful to reclaim the Christ that had been wrested from them and replaced by an abstract philosophy. The

great tragedy was not that there was a Protestant revolt; the great tragedy was that the revolt failed when the philosophical speculators took over.

*The philosophers seized upon it... and made it the unwilling and unnatural parent of the largest and most hideous brood of ills that had ever appeared at one birth since the opening of the box of Pandora.*²

The speculating European has reached the end of the line. He has speculated himself out of existence. He rejected the light, and as a consequence he is now lost in the darkness. The Hebraic parallel is apropos. When a people forsake their God they cease to be a people; they become a loose collection of blasphemers huddled around the golden calf.³

The Christ story, the Hebraic Fairy Tale, is the story that the Europeans took to their hearts. Burn every single cathedral, church, and art work that celebrates the Christ story, and you still won't eradicate the sacred remembrance of Christ that lives in the blood of the European. There will always be some Europeans that will never let go of the European past. Against all logic, against all practicality, a certain breed of men will simply not let go of the vision of the one true God, who lives and reigns in eternal Europe.

It seems, when you look at Europe and the world today, that darkness has conquered the Light. And one could say that this is no time to talk about fairy tales. But I think it is precisely the time to talk about fairy tales. Christ's resurrection from the dead was The Fairy Tale of all fairy tales, the truest and the most magnificent fairy tale of all. Beyond the graveyard of European civilization is the Kingdom of Europe where He reigns. It can be seen only by men who have hearts that burn inside them like the apostles' hearts burned within them on the road to Emmaus. Brother Juniper got it wrong. The Sacred Heart only reveals Himself through the narrows of the human heart. The wide-gated community of intellectual pride will never know the Man of Sorrows. The true European knows this in his blood. The European's task then is to never forsake his blood. +

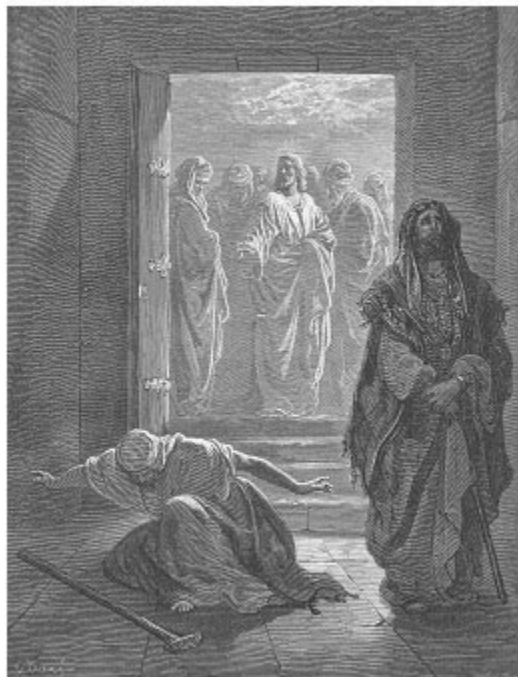
1. *In Search of England* by H. V. Morton

2. *Cannibals All! or Slaves Without Masters* by George Fitzhugh

3. I think that it was the issue of suffering that brought the Christian churches down. The question of human suffering cannot be solved by a syllogism; it can only be understood at the foot of the cross. We need *King Lear*, not the *Summa* or the *Institutes*.

Prisoners of the Dialectic

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 2009



The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. -- Psalm 14:1

I made the mistake the other day of turning on the car radio. I must have turned on some “religious” station because there was a Catholic priest on the show talking about salvation outside the Catholic Church. His unsweet song was that in the bad old days, before the Second Vatican Council, the Church hated Jews and Protestants and claimed they were all going to hell. Now, the great man intoned, the Church saw there were many roads to God and we were all beautiful in our own way.

The priest was somewhat in error by saying that before the Council the no-salvation-outside-the-Church belief was the teaching of the Church. After all, it was Pius XII who excommunicated Father Feeney. But the radio priest was essentially correct, for if not absolute in theory, the Church was absolute in practice – meaning that the great unwashed thought, and were encouraged by the clergy to think, that there was no salvation outside the Catholic Church. So I don’t want to quarrel with the radio priest over his analysis, which was essentially correct.

The dialectic that the Feeneyite cannot overcome is this: “The Church was set up by Christ for our salvation; therefore, ipso facto, no one outside the Church can be saved.” But the dialectic is a false mode of thinking invented by Satan to deceive intellectual pygmies like us, pygmies at least in comparison to Satan.

The poetic mode, whether we ever write poetry or not, is the mode in which humans are called to respond to existence. Vatican II did not bring about the proper doctrine on “No salvation outside the Church.” Those Christians who operated in the non-dialectic sphere of existence always knew it. Take a novel like *Ivanhoe* for instance, written long before Vatican II. In the novel, Scott draws a perfectly believable portrait of a saintly Jewish woman, while at the same time making it clear that she is in error. Ivanhoe, being a true knight and therefore possessing a poetic sense of life, is able to fight valiantly for Rebecca without compromising his own Christian faith. In fact he fights valiantly for her because of his Christian Faith. This is impossible to understand if one views life as a dialectic, but quite understandable if one sees life in a poetic light. And I must stress that the poetic,

or the mystical, if you prefer, response to existence has nothing to do with one's ability to write poetry, it has to do with the state of one's soul. A person could have a great gift to write poetry but have a very cold, dialectically oriented soul. Dante is a case in point. Few, possibly only Shakespeare, had greater power of expression than Dante, but Dante lacked a poetic appreciation of life. In his hands, God becomes a pagan God who requires sacrifice and not mercy. I loved it when Unamuno, in his classic work on Don Quixote, had Quixote ride into hell and take down Dante's sign, "Abandon all hope ye who enter here."

Edgar, with great sadness, comments that the dark and vicious place where his father begot the bastard Edmund cost him his eyes. By the same token the dark and vicious place where the clergy embraced the dialectic cost Father Feeney and countless millions their faith. So much was said in so few words by the anti-dialectical poet, William Blake – "We will forever believe a lie when we see with, not through, the eye."

The radio priest and Father Feeney represent the North and South poles of religious atheism. The religious atheist doesn't renounce Christ directly; instead, he refashions Christianity to fit his idea of what a god should be. In the case of the radio priest, he thinks God should be a benign being with no definite personality or attributes, who gives one generic blessing to all mankind. And at the other pole of religious atheism, Father Feeney worships the idea of an organized Church with exclusive rights to the Kingdom of Heaven, but he has no feeling for the Son of God who came to redeem mankind. Scott describes the Feeney mentality in his novel *A Legend of Montrose*:

Another cause inflamed the minds of the nation at large, no less than the tempting prospect of the wealth of England animated the soldiery. So much had been written and said on either side concerning the form of church government, that it had become a matter of infinitely more consequence in the eyes of the multitude than the doctrines of that gospel which both churches had embraced. The Prelatists and Presbyterians of the more violent kind became as illiberal as the Papists, and would scarcely allow the possibility of salvation beyond the pale of their respective churches. It was in vain remarked to these zealots, that had the Author of our holy religion considered any peculiar form of church government as essential to salvation, it would have been revealed with the same precision as under the Old Testament dispensation. – Walter Scott

The religious atheist is much more common than the professed atheist, but our modern age, which has produced a record number of religious atheists, is also producing a significant number of outright atheists. And that is not a coincidence. Religious atheism begets secularized atheism. As C. S. Lewis points out in *The Last Battle*, the end result of years of false teaching about Aslan was that a great number of people had ceased to believe in the real Aslan.

And we must make one more distinction. The militant atheism so prevalent in the neo-pagan ranks is not the type of atheism which Stavrogin displays in Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed*. There is a certain nobility in Stavrogin's atheism; he has come to believe there is no God, and he takes the tragedy of a Godless universe seriously enough to commit suicide.

In contrast, the neo-pagans' professed atheism is mere pouting, the pouting of petulant children mad at their parents for not handing them the world on a silver platter, a world as they would have it. Christianity has turned to the worship of Baal in the form of the black man, so the neo-pagans think this gives them the right to imitate the Jews and form an organized opposition to Jesus of Nazareth. One hears, once again, from their camp the cries of "crucify Him!"

As it was in the past so is it now. It is up to the white Christian European to stand against the Christ-haters and for incarnational Europe. The religious atheists, the neo-pagan atheists, and the barbarians seem to be such different entities, but they are one in their hatred of the Europeans and their God. It stands on us to defend His Europe against such enemies, not to appease them or to compromise with them.

Atheism is a European phenomenon and only a European phenomenon, because the colored peoples never worshipped a personal God. To them, God is a force or a philosophy; how do you personally reject such a God? But Christ? He can be rejected because He is our personal savior. The religious atheist could not have fashioned his atheistic, new, improved Christ if there had been no Christ. The serious atheist would not feel the God-forsakenness of the world if he had not come from a people who believed that Christ had redeemed the world. And finally, the petulant-child atheist would not have a personal God to blame for the ills of the modern world if the European people had not nurtured and championed the belief that there was a personal God who cared about individual human beings. The European is not naked before his enemies because God has forsaken him; he is naked before his enemies because he has forsaken his God. Having tried and failed to win battles under the atheistic banners of democracy and egalitarianism, it is now time for the European to fight under the only banner worth fighting for. +

Labels: atheism, false religion

Interview with the Young Drummer

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 05, 2009



No dream of the future, my spirit can cheer;

Interviewer: I'm afraid I've become the type of person who only gets in touch when I am depressed.

Young Drummer: Well, at least you keep in touch.

INT: I received a blast from the past recently in the form of a letter from an old friend in the pro-life movement. As he prattled on about new legislation and voting 'pro-life' I remembered why I parted company with the pro-lifers. It was not because I became indifferent to the evil of legalized abortion; it was because I saw that the pro-lifers held something more sacred than life in the womb.

YD: And what was that?

INT: Democracy.

YD: Yes, it is rather ridiculous to think mass murder can be halted with a few outraged telephone calls to your congressman and few neighborhood petitions.

INT: Some babies have been saved by pro-lifers, so I can't say the pro-life movement has been for naught, but if we look at the goal of the pro-lifers, to make abortion illegal, we must call the pro-life movement a colossal failure. And I find it truly amazing and unconscionable that the pro-lifers are unwilling to look at their movement and ask themselves why they failed.

YD: The pro-life movement failed because the pro-lifers violated the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

INT: And the great god 'Democracy' is a jealous God.

YD: Yes, he is. The pro-lifers were never willing to go outside of the democratic box. There was something more precious to them than protecting babies in their mothers' wombs, and that precious something was egalitarian democracy.

INT: I knew the pro-life movement was finished when one of the leaders of the movement offered a reward for information leading to the arrest and prosecution of anyone harming an abortion doctor.

YD: Yes, it was a sorry spectacle.

INT: Would it be wrong to say that the pro-life movement failed because the men and women in the movement were half-way house Christians, in that they were genuinely appalled by the ugliest

manifestation of modernity, legalized abortion, but they were unwilling to attack such pillars of democracy as racial egalitarianism and feminism?

YD: You're correct. In fact, I'd take it a step further and say that there can be no anti-abortion movement unless there is a white Christian movement which opposes, with fire and sword, racial egalitarianism and feminism. The Catholic bishops talked about the seamless garment of capital punishment, nuclear disarmament, and abortion. But that was not the seamless garment with which they should have been concerned. It was God's seamless garment of different races fulfilling different functions within His divine plan. When racial distinctions are blurred, so is every other aspect of human life.

INT: In other words, racial Babylon is the breeding ground for legalized abortion.

YD: Yes.

INT: I don't see any chance, at the moment, of a resurgence of white European solidarity. The white pagan nationalists hate Christian Europeans and the halfway house Christians all scream for egalitarian democracy and the worship of the black man.

YD: Start with one European and go from there. And never forget that the path to His kingdom goes through old Europe.

INT: This past week seemed to be my week for unpleasant visitors from the past. An old acquaintance brought up the Mel Gibson movie again.

YD: Which one?

INT: The one that's supposed to be about Christ.

YD: I take it that you didn't care for the movie?

INT: I never actually saw the whole film, I only saw some clips of it, so I'm open to the charge that my extreme distaste for Gibson's other movies has blinded me to the value of his Christ movie. But I hated the parts of the movie I did see. Gibson seemed to be taking the Christ story and turning it into a horror film. I don't see how a human being could watch it. And yet, millions of people went to see it.

YD: Why should that surprise you? You live in the most decadent of times in the most decadent country.

INT: True, but decadence masked as Christianity is even more repulsive than straight decadence. It wasn't that long ago that Zeffirelli made a beautiful movie about Jesus of Nazareth. We are not numbed with horror after viewing Zeffirelli's film, we feel uplifted.

YD: But couldn't Gibson claim he was finally making a realistic movie about Christ, a movie that actually depicted the reality of the crucifixion?

INT: He might make that claim, but he would be in error. The object of art is to manipulate or distort material reality in order to show the spiritual reality behind the material facade. Virtually every European depiction of the crucifixion, prior to Gibson, certainly showed a suffering Christ, but at the same time the older artists turned our eyes away from gore and toward that face, whose light could never be dimmed by gore. The older artists were aware that too much "realism" is unrealistic. If you are going to be totally realistic, why not depict Christ naked as our modern historians tell us he was? How realistic do you want to be? Too much realism has a dehumanizing effect.

YD: I agree with you about the dehumanizing aspects of the Gibson film, but I don't think everyone who went to see it went because they were decadent. With some, it was the Emperor's new clothes syndrome. Some expert clergyman told them it was a good Christian film, so they didn't dare say it was a disgusting blood fest lest it be said they were not good Christians. Those are the best of the

people who went to see the film. I'm sure there were many hardcore sadists who went to see the film for reasons it is not necessary to dwell on.

INT: But why did so many 'religious experts' want the film to be seen?

YD: Because the experts have a vested interest in a non-personal Christianity. The Gibson film fit right into their world-view. When Christ is seen as just a bloody carcass, one can project whatever meaning one wants to project on Christ's Passion. To a trad like Gibson, it means God is a tough guy who can take it and dish it out. No one but Gibson and his fellow sedis can enter the Kingdom. To the Novus Ordo, New Age bunch, it is the example of a good man suffering for social justice. And to the pagan tough guys, it means a whole host of booted Nazi-type things that again, I'd rather not dwell on.

INT: It all hinges on the person of Christ, doesn't it?

YD: Yes, it does. The Mississippi River winds through the United States like a big snake. At certain points of the river it seems like one branch of the river is the whole river, but the branches are just that, branches of the river; they are not separate rivers. They are parts of one river with one source. So it is with Christianity. It is quite easy to take an isolated branch of it for the whole. God's omnipotence might be one branch. His mercy might be another, His justice another, and so on... The way to avoid that type of truncated religion is to go back to the source – to the God-Man.

INT: That sounds so simple, but it isn't, is it?

YD: No, it is not. Satan wants to depersonalize all of our existence. If he succeeds in getting us to believe that we are impersonal essences rather than personalities with a personal existence, then he can rule the roost. You should keep these words before you: "It stands on me to defend, not to debate."

INT: I understand, but that can get awfully lonely.

YD: Yes, it can. But if you're going to give up the fight because you're lonely, change the name of your blog to something else.

INT: Point taken. Conceding that all topics end up being the same topic, let's move on to another topic. I've noticed, to my dismay, that things are even worse than they seem.

YD: To what do you refer?

INT: The right-wing. One would like to be a member of a group, no matter how small, opposed to modernity. But the right-wing is not opposed to modernity. They are simply modernized pagans – Odins with computers – they are not the Christian men and women one wants to throw his lot in with. They don't seem to realize that the survival of the white race is a matter of no importance if it only means the collective survival of the race. I want the faith that says individual personalities of the white race, and every race, survive after death, to be preserved. Hence I want the Christ-bearing race to survive. But if He be not risen, I could care less about race, or anything else for that matter.

YD: Yes, they are a pathetic bunch. There isn't much difference between Odin and Gandhi in the end. One eats beef, the other eats fruit, but both are pagans.

INT: Which is why my fellow 21st century human beings simply make me feel my aloneness all the more acutely.

YD: Choose the past. You admire the 19th century Christians — stay with them. There is a Welsh poem that speaks to your problem specifically:

*The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking,
The harp through it playing has language for me.
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking*

*A host of kind faces is gazing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me,
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.*

*My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
Old countryside measures steal soft on my ear;
I only remember the past and its brightness,
The dear ones I mourn for again gather here.
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me
And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,
I find other faces fond bending to greet me,
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.
My lips smile no more, my heart loses its lightness
No dream of the future my spirit can cheer;
I only can brood on the past and its brightness,
The dead I have mourned are again living here.
From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to meet me;
I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome,
And others are there looking downward to greet me;
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.*

INT: Yes, that poem has a haunting beauty. But one can't live in the past for the obvious reason that it's past, and it no longer has a material body.

YD: That's not true. In the spiritual realm there is no past. Everything that is of the spirit is always in the present. And the dead have bodies and personalities even if they don't have fleshly bodies. But mere material bodies without a spiritual dimension, such as you see in modern men and women, are less real than the so-called dead are.

INT: Again, I understand, and, more than just in part, believe what you are saying. But living it is not easy.

YD: I think there is a connection between the fairy tale apprehension of the Faith and Christ's admonition: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." If you allow the dead souls of the living to obscure the true fairy tale Faith of the dead, you will lose the Kingdom of Heaven.

INT: When seen in that light, namely that to fail to apprehend life in a fairy tale manner is to lose God, one cannot yield one inch to modernity.

YD: Yes, think of those who would deprive you of that insight as the Zulus, and in some cases they will be actual Zulus, attacking the Welshmen at York's Drift.

INT: You seem to be on a Welsh kick today.

YD: Not by any plan. The Welsh poems seem appropriate this time.

INT: Well, are you going to quote the lines or do I have to?

YD: You do it. They are good lines to end an interview with.

INT: "Keep these fighting words before ye — Cambria will not yield." +

Labels: fairy tale mode of perception, modernity

The Heroism of White Men

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 2009



Andries Wilhelms Jacobus Pretorius (b. November 27, 1798 – d. July 23, 1853)

The story of South Africa is that of two fine European peoples, as alike as two races can be, who have established their civilisation at great cost and with courage upon the tip of Africa. In spite of their unhappy schism they have managed to exert their sway over, and to accept responsibility for, a greater number of servants than any nation has been blessed or cursed with since the slave empires of antiquity. – *In Search of South Africa* by H. V. Morton

A new movie about Nelson Mandela, the murdering black thug who became a liberal saint, is coming out just in time for Christmas. All good white people will see the movie with their two quality children, or, if unmarried, with their significant other. Such movies are the life blood of the white liberal. Nothing delights them more than to further defile the corpse of Christian Europe. The movie will emphasize the goodness of the black South Africans and the evil of the white South Africans, thus completely distorting the reality of South Africa's history.

The white South Africans can justly claim that no race of people, with the possible exception of the pre-Civil War southern whites of North America, has ever done more for another race of people than the white South African has done for the black South African. What took place in South Africa prior to black rule was a miracle of God's grace, and the white Europeans were the conduits. It would be an unconscionable oversight if the story of South Africa was told without properly applauding the achievements of the white South Africans. But of course the story is told without lauding the white South Africans. They are not just ignored – that would be bad enough – they are made out to be the villains in the story. And this is what we should expect since Satan is the guiding light of white liberals. The South African story is now told from Satan's perspective.

As late as the 1960's, writers such as Anthony Jacob were praising South Africa for holding the line against American democratic egalitarianism and Russian Communism. But by 1994 the white South Africans had succumbed. Why? It was not because they were defeated in battle, and it was not because of any trade embargo by the democracies of the West. They were simply tired of being

excluded from Western sporting events and being told they were the 'bad guys.' But they had been the bad guys for many years prior to 1994, and they didn't capitulate. Then what was different in 1994? The difference was Faith. The white South Africans suffered from the same malaise as their fellow Europeans: they no longer believed, with sufficient fervor, in the Christian faith. Having lost their faith, they lost two essential qualities that are necessary to maintain a minority government against a hostile majority.

1) The fortitude to stand against the world and be unpopular. The Christian expects, because His God told him it would always be so, to be hated by the world. But his faith in Christ sustains him when the jackals of the world attack him for his fidelity to the cross. When the South Africans felt themselves to be fighting for a Christian civilization in the darkest region of the earth, they were strong, and no force on earth could defeat them. When they lost that faith they crumbled.

2) The ability to see reality. A Christian can see reality, but a liberal cannot. When the white South Africans were Christian, they could see that they were the only force that could prevent South Africa from descending into a hellish black nation dedicated to murder, torture, and demonism. But when they ceased to look at existence with the eyes of Christians, they saw reality as the Western liberals do. "Why can't we have a Babylonian, mixed race paradise right here in South Africa? All that stands in our way is apartheid."

If a European is not a Christian, he will be susceptible to utopian thinking – Communism, racial egalitarianism, neo-paganism, whatever ideology that looks to a future without God and without real human beings of flesh and blood.

The weakness of a white man without faith was brought home to me recently when I saw the neo-pagan Nick Griffith try to debate a group of anti-white British liberals. He tried to conciliate them and use the democratic jargon with which they were familiar, but it was to no avail. They believed in their godless faith more than Nick Griffith believed in his 'equal rights for whites' advocacy, and they had no interest in conciliating Nick Griffith.

We can't ignore the one great similarity between the neo-pagan, the democratic egalitarian, and the communist-socialist. All three look to a Godless future where the traditional faith of the European is held in contempt. And we should not ignore the striking contrast between the successes of white Christian South Africans, in dealing with barbarians, and the lack of success of the Nick Griffiths and the post 1994 white South Africans. What is missing? The real Christianity.

H. V. Morton, in his book *In Search of South Africa*, tells of a typical Zulu massacre of whites.

Before the Boers realised what was happening, the Zulus had flung themselves upon them. Thomas Halstead cried, "We are finished!" "Treason!" "Help, O lord!" were other cries, as the seized men fought savagely with knives. Several Zulus were killed and others, maddened by knife-wounds, broke the command that no blood must be shed in the kraal as they clubbed some of the Boers to death on the spot. The rest, fighting and stabbing were over-powered and dragged away to the Hill of Execution. Above the screams, the howls, the chanting, and the rattle of spears against shields, was heard the great voice of Dingaan ordering the murder.

Just before this happened a Zulu knocked at the door of Owen's mission station with a message from Dingaan. He bade Owen not to be frightened, but he was going to kill the Boers. Owen, who had been afraid for days, was wondering how he might risk death by warning the Boers, when someone in the room shouted, "They are killing the Boers now!"

"I turned my eyes and behold! an immense multitude on the hill," he wrote in his Diary that evening. "About 9 or 10 Zulus to each Boer were dragging their helpless unarmed victim to the fatal spot, where those eyes which awaked this morning was to see the cheerful light of day for the last time, are now closed in death. I lay myself down on the ground. Mrs. and Miss Owen were not more thunderstruck than myself. We each comforted the other. Presently the deed of blood being accomplished the whole multitude returned to the town to meet their sovereign, and as they drew

near to him set up a shout which reached the station and continued for some some time... At this crisis I called all my family in and read the 91st Psalm, so singularly and literally applicable to our present situation, that I could with difficulty proceed with it!"

The Boers died fighting hopelessly to the last. Retief was made to witness the death of his son and his followers. The young boys were killed with the others. The bodies were piled upon the hill of death, and over them were the bodies of the grooms and attendants. The heart and liver of Retief were removed and taken to Dingaan so that he might look upon them. Over sixty Boers, one Englishman, and numerous attendants lay dead in the sunlight of that morning in February, and the vultures of Hlomo Amabuta came down from the sky.

And then he writes about the European response:

Under the leadership of a great Afrikaner, Andries Pretorious, who subsequently gave his name to the Transvaal capital, they formed a Commando of four hundred and sixty four men and set off to face an enemy who was numbered by tens of thousands. They took with them sixty-four ox-wagons. On the way they begged God to help them and vowed that if they were granted victory they would build a church and for ever keep the day of their triumph as a Holy Sabbath. Professor Uys tells me that while this vow was made, the laager was guarded by Englishmen.

The commando made contact with the enemy near the Zulu capital and formed a laager with a river at their back. In the morning the Zulus attacked and the Boers held their fire until the enemy was ten yards off, then a hail of elephant ball and buck-shot poured from the wagons. The battle lasted three hours and the Boer guns were smoking hot.

Then came the moment in the plan of a Boer battle which above all others rouses admiration. Bart Pretorious, the brother of the General, put himself at the head of a small body of horsemen and galloped out, the men levelling their hot gun-barrels and firing from the saddle. In the last of three charges the Boers managed to split the Zulu army. Seeing this, Andries Pretorious took command of three hundred horsemen and came galloping out of the laager. He rode straight into the gap between the Zulus, and then one section wheeled left, and the other right, and each began to press back and drive the now demoralised enemy in front of them. The rout became a headlong flight.

When the Boers rallied and assembled, and came back to the laager with their hot guns and their spent ponies, they saw that the river was red with Zulu blood; and its name on the map to-day is Blood River. If one sometimes suspects upon reading of these Homeric contests, that the casualties must have been estimated on a classical basis, there is at least firm authority for the statement that the Zulu dead at Blood River, which were carefully counted, numbered some three thousand.

H. V. Morton describes the battles as Homeric. But Homer in his wildest imagination could not have conceived of the heroism displayed by the Afrikaners, and the South African English. And they kept their vow:

At Pietermaritzburg, which became the capital of the republic in Natal, they built a church; and to this day December 16, Dingaan's Day, is a solem day of remembrance throughout the Union.

The reason the neo-pagans keep attempting to win whites over to neo-paganism is because they think they must have the strength of numbers in order to win battles. Since they don't believe in the Christian God, they are unable to see that numbers do not ultimately determine the victor in battle. The great victories of Christian Europeans always came against a multitudinous majority. It is the singleness of purpose that comes from a common faith, and not numbers, that the Europeans need. They do not need "one man more" to fight their modern battle of Agincourt.

I know in my own life the only times I've ever approached the heroic mode was when I invoked my God. And if we look at the incredible history of the European people, we see that it was their God, the Christ, who inspired them to a level of heroism that the post-Christian man has never and will never come close to reaching.

The liberals have buried the cross of Christ fathoms deep in the ocean. They now sleep quite content in the knowledge that no European is capable of, or willing to, resurrect that cross. But the God who made the deaf hear and the blind see can also make heroes of ordinary men who still seek Him in their hearts. The faithful European will plunge the depths and bring His Cross to the surface again. And then? The European Phoenix will rise from the ashes of neo-pagan despair and suicidal liberalism and bear witness to the world that it is only through His Cross that a people can overcome the world. +

Labels: Christian counter-attack, Christian Hero

A Christmas Reflection on Post-Christian Europe

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2009



Thou know'st the marksman – I, and I alone.
Now are our homesteads free, and innocence
From thee is safe: thou'lt be our curse no more.

-- *William Tell*

The torture-rape of a fifteen-year old white girl by Mexicans and blacks at a San Francisco high school was certainly heinous, but it was not an unusual occurrence. Such violent crimes are the norm now that America has become a multi-racial land mass rather than a white nation. There is no reason to believe that the colored hatred of whites will ever abate until they have killed every last white. The liberals' exultation at every new atrocity against whites is the folly of a people who have declared themselves an evolved species of being who no longer regard themselves as white people. "It is those other white people who must die. And good riddance to them!" is the cry of the liberal.

The liberal's maniacal hatred of white people stems from his fear that Christianity might be true. The liberal fears judgment. And like a child who has done something wrong and fears punishment, the liberal wants to eradicate the evidence of his wrongdoing. "If there is no evidence, there is no crime," the liberal reasons. So what is the evidence that Christ the Savior once visited this earth? The answer is the white European culture. And if the white European culture and white Europeans are destroyed, the liberal will not be haunted by fears of God's judgment.

It is important that the European Christian not get drawn into the neo-pagans' orbit, whose concern for the white man is only skin deep. They have no love for the white man's heritage which stems from his Christian faith. And the leadership of the neo-pagans cannot envision any solution to the problem of anti-white violence that is not a democratic solution. It is quite alarming when leaders in the neo-pagan movement proclaim their steadfast belief in non-violent protests and democratic discourse. Is it possible for anyone to believe that the colored tide of violence against white people

can be halted by democratic means? Will the type of barbarians who tortured and raped the white high school girl stop raping and murdering whites because they are afraid white people will vote against them in the next election? And will the liberals, who have forsaken the religion of charity and now have not charity, the same liberals who glory in the annual murder of a few million babies in the womb, have compassion on the victims of black atrocities and seek out the guilty parties? That is not what I see happening. Every time white people speak out against black and Mexican violence, the government moves against the whites who protest against the atrocities. Implicit in the neo-pagan pleas for non-violent protests of black atrocities is the assumption that once we have evolved to the higher level of democracy it is not necessary to actually fight evil, we need only vote against it.

I recently saw an article by one of the right-wing leaders in which he warned against the dangers of assassinating Barack Obama. I completely agree with the author on that issue – it would not aid white people if Obama were assassinated. Tyrannicide is not outside the ken of the white European tradition, but Obama is not a tyrant whose death would bring great benefits to the white race. He is a small, little cog in the great liberal machine. Killing him would be harmful to whites.

*However the author in question goes on to condemn all violence under any circumstances. That type of thinking goes against our European Christian heritage. There are things so hideous, such as the murder of a baby in his mother's womb, the rape of our women, the torture-murder of innocent young people like Channon Christian and Christopher Newsome, that they cry out to heaven for redress. You cannot claim to respect the white European heritage and then tell white people to dogmatically renounce all violence. That type of advice is irresponsible at a time when our "laws," passed by white technocrats, have left white people almost defenseless against the barbarians in our midst. I recall a scene in Walter Scott's novel *The Black Dwarf* in which some border raiders have abducted a Scottish lady and taken her across the border. An old man advises the young men not to break the law and be violent. A member of the rescue party replies angrily to him: "Don't talk to us about our heroic ancestors and then tell us to do nothing." – *"The Faith and the Race Are One"* (Oct. 2008)*

That British martial song "Heart of Oak" is considered quite comical now to Britons reared on Monty Python and punk rock, but it really expresses what should always be the European response to barbarism:

*They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus;
But should their flat bottoms, in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.*

*Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

The European civilization was the God-Incarnate civilization. When a European issued his call to battle, it was not for vainglory or bloodlust, it was in defense of the Christmas things: hearth, mother, child, and faith. Are not those same things precious to the heathen as well as the Christian European? No, they are not, at least not to the same degree or with the same depth of passion as they are to the European. When the European joined his civilization to Christ's sacred heart, the European's heart became more fully human. And burned into the heart of the Christian European is the knowledge that the Herods of the world will always usher in Christmas with the blood of the innocents.

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under... – Matt 2: 16

We are all called to imitate Tell and defend the innocents. The European hearth -- the Christmas hearth -- was made possible because Christian Europeans fought the barbarians and the Herods who sought to desecrate the Christian faith and murder the innocents. "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen, Let nothing ye dismay" is a fine song for the Christmas season. But let's add an equally fine Christian vow to the song: "They shall not prevail!" +

Labels: Christian counter-attack, defense of the white race

The King of Europe

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 2009



So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

That wonderful movie *Brigadoon* starts with two weary travelers who have lost their way, “somewhere in the Highlands of Scotland.” If I go back to a time when I was twenty-two, I can remember wandering through the Highlands of Scotland myself and coming across a gathering of antique Europeans of Scottish descent in a small town pub. While drinking a beer in the pub's main room, I heard some men in another room reciting poetry and singing Jacobite songs. I asked the bartender what was going on in the next room. He took me by the arm and led me over to the jolly revelers. “This is a friend of mine from America. He’d like to join you.” With the same hospitality of the bartender, who had known me for all of five minutes, the poetic revelers welcomed me to their gathering. Between choruses of “Will Ye No Come Back Again?” and “Bonnie Dundee” the men told me that they were a group of Scots who met once a month to drink good whiskey and beer and celebrate the great Celtic poets.

When asked (not that those poetic gentlemen would have treated a Saxon unkindly) whether I was of Celtic descent, I told them I was Welsh. If I had been in Bavaria, I would have emphasized my Saxon heritage. When in Rome... The Welsh heritage delighted them, eliciting such comments as, “The Welsh are Celts, too,” and “Wallace was Welsh, you know.” The evening went on with one ode to the Celts after another. If that had been the sum of the evening, a celebration of the poetic Celts, I would have gone to bed feeling I had had a wonderful evening with a fine group of provincial and chauvinistic Celtic poets. But something happened in the course of the revels that changed my view of the poetic Highlanders from one of bemused respect to that of profound reverence. After singing the thousandth Scottish ballad and praising those “poetic Celts” for the umpteenth time, the leader of the merry minstrels stood up and offered a toast: “It’s good to remember and celebrate the Celt,

but let us never forget the king of poets is a Saxon. Let's raise our glasses to the Bard of Avon." And they all cheered and drank deep for the gentle bard.

So, in the end they were poets first and Celts second. And their poetic truthfulness, in that they recognized poetic greatness no matter that its origin was Saxon, ultimately stemmed from the fact that they were Christian.

All things rich and wonderful that this world has ever known stem from the fact that Christ walked this earth. And Europe is sacred ground because European men and women made Christ their kinsman and their liege Lord. The pagan poet, like the pagan warrior, ultimately disgusts us because he lacks the spirit that elevates a man to a higher realm of existence, to the poetic realm. In celebrating the poetic element in their fellow Celts, and in recognizing the poetic supremacy of the gentle bard, those Scottish cavaliers were celebrating and honoring incarnate Europe, the Europe of Christ, the only Europe for men and women with hearts of fire. Long live eternal Europe, long live Christmas, and forever may He Reign over both! +



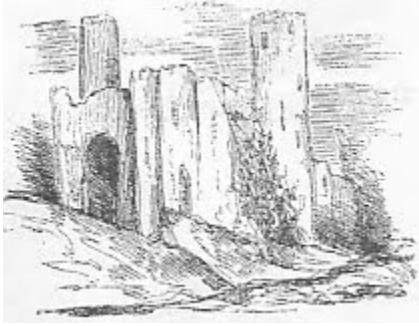
*Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!*

from "Angels from the Realms of Glory"

Labels: Christmas

The Silent Harp

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 2009



“If a golden harp lacks a human hand to play its strings, can there be any music?” – CWNV

As every Dickens aficionado knows, the one great passion of young Pip’s life was Estella Havisham:

You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read, since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded even then. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen since—on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be.

The liberal also has an abiding passion that is essential to his existence. Separate the liberal from that passion and he has nothing to live for. What is the liberal’s passion? His hatred of the white European culture. Everything the modern liberal does and everything the older liberals did, is and was because of their hatred of the white European.

The liberal’s hatred of the white European permeates his entire being. The hatred is beyond reason. Instinctively, without thought, the liberal responds to every aspect of existence in conformity to his deep-seated hatred of everything connected to the older, traditional European culture. The older Europeans segregated the races, so the liberal wants integration. The older Europeans thought abortion was murder, so the liberals call it a sacred right. The older Europeans believed Christ was the Son of God, so the liberals deny that He is the Son of God. On and on the eternal hatred of the liberals goes. And their hatred shall continue until the Lord returns. But in the meantime, since we know neither the hour nor the day, must Christian Europeans cede everything to the liberals? Yes, they must, we are told, not just by the mad-dog liberals, but also by professed Christians who live in the half-way house between liberalism and Christianity, a kind of a preparatory school for recalcitrant liberals. Once the half-way house Christian ceases to complain about legalized abortion and homosexual marriage, he is welcomed into the big liberal house, a few blocks away from the half-way house. If you ever get a chance you should visit the half-way house, as I did a few months ago, and take one of the guided tours through the house.

My guide was a genial Franciscan monk, who showed me the John Paul II Memorial Room -- “One of our most illustrious half-way house Christians” -- the Billy Graham Room, and a new room that had just been vacated in time for the arrival of a representative from Bob Jones University. “Was that Franky Schaeffer who just left the house?” I asked my guide. “Yes, he is heading for the big liberal house up the street. It’s always sad to see them go, but after all, that’s what this half-way house is here for, to help Christians become good liberals.”

“Is that Doug Wilson and Thomas Fleming in the lounge studying the works of Martin Luther King Jr.?”

“Yes, it is. I’ve been told that both men are about to leave us for the liberal house. It’s sad to lose good friends, but I’m happy for them.”

Because reason is a whore for whatever passion that takes control of a man’s heart (contra Thomas Aquinas) the stated reason for the abandonment, by half-way house Christians, of Christian Europe is different from the actual reason.

The stated reason has been articulated thousands of times, but the following articulation will serve as a representative sample:

As a history of the world, the empirical history after Christ is qualitatively not different from the history before Christ if judged from either a strictly empirical or a strictly Christian viewpoint. History is, through all the ages, a story of action and suffering, of power and pride, of sin and death. In its profane appearance it is a continuous repetition of painful miscarriages and costly achievements which end in ordinary failures—from Hannibal to Napoleon and the contemporary leaders.

--Karl Löwith in *Meaning in History*

Because European Christians made wars, committed adultery and every other sin that their pagan progenitors committed, the empiricist and the half-way house Christian conclude that there was never such a thing as Christian Europe. “There is no evidence for it,” they tell us. But isn’t this a case of the jury having decided the case before they even saw the evidence? I think it is. If the evidence is examined carefully -- and it is not difficult to come by, just pick up a few novels by Walter Scott or Fyodor Dostoevsky -- we see that there is a tremendous difference between the Christian European man and the pre-Christian European. We cannot, as the half-way house Christians tell us, abandon the European race without abandoning the Christian faith.

Why did the half-way house Christians jettison the Europeans? We have seen that their stated reason, that there was no such thing as Christian Europe, is a lie. So what is their real reason, the reason that they are not telling us, or, in most cases, the reason they are not even aware of? It is the original sin, intellectual pride. If they follow the faith of their ancestors they must concede that their ancestors were equal to or superior to them. This they cannot abide. “Far better,” the half-way house traitors reason, “to call the ancient Europeans racist and un-Christian and declare ourselves the new, improved, superior Christians.”

Because the half-way house Christian is a house divided against himself, he will always be half-coward, half-man when he disagrees with the liberal on such issues as abortion and homosexual marriage. He will disagree like a man, but then, having voiced his disagreement democratically, he will acquiesce to the liberals’ agenda like a good little coward.

When the half-way house Christians dialogue, it is always with the liberal. With the antique European there can be no dialogue, because he is the enemy of the half-way house Christians. He challenges their assumption of intellectual superiority. And the half-way house Christians only act decisively when they are allied with the liberals against the racist Europeans. What does our Lord say? “For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.” The antique European treasures the faith of the ancient Europeans while the half-way house Christian treasures his vision of a new Christian millennium in which he gains intellectual ascendancy over his liberal brethren while aiding them in their efforts to exterminate the white “racist” remnant.¹

The antique European has one heart and that heart was given once and for all to Christ’s Europe. The fight for Christian Europe will be to the knife and to the last man. We will not go gently into the dark night of Liberalism. +

1) The half-way house traitor called Huckabee is a perfect example of how the half-way house Christians make war on white Europeans. They kill them by proxy; Huckabee killed the four white policemen by freeing a black murderer. He cloaked his demonic action in Christian rhetoric, which is the modus operandi of the half-way house jackals. Written on the stone tablets of Liberalism is the vow: "White people must die so that liberalism can live."

Postscript: Conversation between a First Year Devil and a Veteran Devil

First Year Devil: It's no fun being a devil these days; you guys did the real work, you destroyed the Europeans. All we get to do now is sit around and watch the same old boring heathen rites.

Veteran Devil: You're supposed to be keeping an eye out for European resistance movements.

FYD: There aren't any. The Europeans are finished, and I'm bored.

VD: You little pipsqueak, that type of complacency won't do. You weren't around when Europe had a heart. It wasn't pleasant. Everywhere we were on the run. The Europeans were like demi-gods. They seemed to have special powers because they were connected to...

FYD: Why didn't you finish the sentence?

VD: You know why. Old Scratch doesn't like His name mentioned down here.

FYD: That's rather silly.

VD: Never mind what's silly and what's not silly, you just keep your mind focused on the Europeans.

FYD: You truly amaze me. You're still afraid of them, aren't you?

VD: A little fear wouldn't do you any harm. Yes, I am afraid of them. I'm afraid that there are some European hearts that have not forgotten. And I'm afraid of the turmoil those faithful hearts will cause, because unlike you I don't want another great battle.

FYD: Why not? Surely you don't think we will lose?

VD: Our hope is in Babylon, and our destruction lies in the return of the European to his God.

FYD: Nothing can ever prevail against the gates of hell.

VD: I wouldn't be so sure about that if I were you. Keep your eyes on mangers and Europeans. The combination of the two bodes ill for devils.

Labels: antique Christianity, churches as halfway houses

Let Be

FRIDAY, JANUARY 08, 2010



Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? [Let be.] – *Hamlet*

The conservatives place great store by the U. S. Constitution. It has been perverted, they claim. Is there any truth to the conservatives' assertion? Possibly. Jefferson, Franklin and Madison might be slightly surprised at some of the modern interpretations of their work, but in the main I think today's liberals are in line with the authors of the U. S. Constitution. They are all from the same liberal pea pod.

The essential question is not whether our written Constitution has been perverted; the paramount issue is whether the unwritten law of the European people, which is infinitely more important than any paper-and-ink law, has been changed. And the answer to that question is, "Yes, the unwritten law of our people, the white European people, has changed, and it has changed for the worse."

Prior to the 20th century, the unwritten law of the white man, the law that took precedence over every written law, was that His heavenly law, the law of divine charity, was the law above all other laws. From that law the European derived his love for his own people and the civilization that his people created as a result of their incorporate union with Christ. Isaiah prophetically describes such a union between a particular people, their culture and their God:

Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the LORD delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married. For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee: and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee. I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the LORD, keep not silence, And give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

By the 21st century, the European had a new unwritten law that ruled his heart: "The white man must hate his own people and his own culture." That new unwritten law will be much harder to change than a written law because an unwritten law is never questioned; it has become part of the people's soul.

How did the hatred of the white man become the unwritten law of the white man? The question is answered for us in a passage from *Uncle Silas* by J. S. LeFanu:

Of my wretched uncle's religion what am I to say? Was it utter hypocrisy, or had it at any time a vein of sincerity in it? I cannot say. I don't believe that he had any heart left for religion, which is the highest form of affection, to take hold of. Perhaps he was a sceptic with misgivings about the

future, but past the time for finding anything reliable in it. The devil approached the citadel of his heart by stealth, with many zigzags and parallels.

By stealth, by zigzags and parallels, the devil persuaded the guardians of the Faith to present Christianity as a rational system of salvation in which one could bypass the wellspring of genuine faith, all those sentimental intuitions that come from the human heart. The Reformation was an attempt to recapture the wellspring of Faith, but the effort quickly became a rationalist carbon copy of the Catholic Church's method of inoculating the faithful with a virulent virus which destroys the heart. I saw, in a recent pastoral letter of the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, one of the best of the splinter branches of the Church, an example of the fatal flaw that led to the death of Christian Europe.

Another way the Gospel can be obscured is when too much emphasis is put on an emotional response to the Gospel. Some Christians believe that unless they have some sort of ecstatic, charismatic experience, or feel some sort of "spiritual high," they are not really Christians. It is truly sad that some people look into their own hearts for the security that they are children of God, instead of putting their hope and trust in the objective work of Christ for them, and in the means God uses to come to them—His Word and Sacraments.

It is quite true that an excessively emotional response to the Gospel can be harmful, but we ultimately must look into our own hearts for the passion to respond to God's word and for the desire to receive the sacraments. If you kill the heart, the Word of God becomes a legal document and the sacraments become magic talismans. Richard Weaver addresses this point in his book *Visions of Order*:

This brings us to the necessity of concluding that the upholders of mere dialectic, whether they appear in this modern form or in another, are among the most subversive enemies of society and culture. They are attacking an ultimate source of cohesion in the interest of a doctrine which can issue only in nullity. It is no service to man to impugn his feeling about the world qua feeling. Feeling is the source of that healthful tension between man and what is -- both objectively and subjectively. If man could be brought to believe that all feeling about the world is wrong, there would be nothing for him but collapse.

Nothing but collapse. Hasn't that happened? The liberals hate the white man because they hate Christian Europe, but why are professed Christians so eager to denounce the white European? They denounce him in the name of a false rationalization of the faith. The Christian guardians at the gate see, when they look at the labyrinth of the human heart, all sorts of dangers lying in wait for the Christian everyman. There is the dark lady of sensuality, the demon of emotional excess, and countless other goblins and succubae that can destroy the soul. "Far better," the guardians of the dialectic tell us, "to follow our rational, safe church documents, or our sensible Biblical exegesis, all the way to heaven." But in their blindness they have failed to take note of the greatest of all obstacles to the faith, the dragon of intellectual pride, which resides in the dialectical corners of the mind, not in the human heart. Compared to him all the dangers lurking in the labyrinth of the human heart are nothing. And it is at the center of the human heart that we can find the only means to defeat the dragon of intellectual pride: His sympathetic, divine heart.

A timid man who loves his children will fight, with a ferocity that surpasses the pagan warrior, when his children are threatened. The Christian European once fought with the strength of ten thousand pagan warriors when his Europe, which was the fruit of his marriage to Christ, was threatened. But now that the dialectic of rationalist Christianity has triumphed, the swords of Christendom have rusted in their sheaths, and the golden harp lies as mute on Europe's walls as the Harp that once through Tara's halls... The swords will shine brightly, and the harp shall make music when the heart of the European is once again engaged in existence. Kipling was half-right when he said, "When the Saxon begins to hate." When the European begins to love Christ's Europe again, instead of studying scholarly words that tell him there is no such thing as a Christian civilization. And when he hates the

devil and all of his works instead of 'white racists,' then we shall see miracles once more. The old minstrel got it right: "The heart that truly loves never forgets." Awake, fellow Europeans, your God and your nation are calling you to rise and ride.

The liberals delight in every outrage committed against white people and every attack on the older European culture because they are satanic. And white Christians refuse to protect and defend white people and European culture because a dialectical shroud has descended over their hearts. The European whose heart still indignant breaks at the colorization and the ruination of Europe must not only face the liberal dragon alone, but he must also be prepared to be attacked from behind by white Christians. So be it. Better to fight on alone than to fall victim to the dialectic or to allow the liberals to hold the field uncontested. "Let be." +

Labels: human heart, passion grounded in His passion

Till We Have Built Jerusalem

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 2010



And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. – *Rev. 22: 4*

I recently read Charlotte Mary Yonge's *Reasons Why I Am a Catholic and Not a Roman Catholic* (1901). I infinitely prefer her brand of Catholicism to Leo XIII's brand of Catholicism, but my preferences are meaningless and Miss Yonge's points are moot because neither Yonge's Catholicism nor Leo XIII's Catholicism have survived past the 1960's.

Is this the proof that both versions of the Faith were false? Well, I don't think the fact that a Faith has not survived is proof that it is false. Islam has retained more of its core than Christianity, but that does not, in my judgment, make Islam true and Christianity false. A religion can only be judged false when it fails the Shakespearean test: the test of reality. And in that test Christianity still stands as the one true religion. But when we are talking about Anglo-Catholicism and Roman-Catholicism, we are not talking about the Faith itself, we are talking about two organizations' claim that they have preserved the original Faith of the Apostles. In that regard, the Anglican Church and the Roman Catholic Church have been shown to be false claimants; neither have preserved the faith of the apostles (nor for that matter have the Orthodox Church or the Protestant churches). What seems to be missing in all the churches is a desire to see Christ whole, in His divinity and His humanity. And consequently where each church goes wrong is in attempting to incorporate only a portion of Christ's personality into their theology.

We have all had the experience, particularly in this age of pop psychology and pop theology, of being put into a category that doesn't really suit our personality completely or that is a totally false category. Our Lord had similar problems with the apostles. St. Peter had to be rebuked: "Get thee behind me, Satan," and none of the apostles were trusted to impart Christ's message until after Pentecost. And St. Paul needed a personal revelation before he could understand the personality of Christ. Of course not even a personal revelation would have done him any good if he hadn't already been struggling to live a life of the spirit.

I think the image that appears to block our encounter with the living God is the false abstracted portrait of God that original sin paints. The remedy, as I have suggested before, is to journey through that labyrinth called the human heart. Anything that impedes the Shakespearean journey turns us not toward God but toward Satan, even if it is called Roman Catholicism, Traditionalism, Orthodoxy, Anglo-Catholicism or Protestantism.¹

When I look at the churches in the nineteenth century, I see much that is admirable, but I see none that have carried their admirable visions of Christianity into the 20th or 21st centuries. They have all renounced the integral Christ for an abstracted Christ that suits their mundane and often sinister earthly political purposes.

“Another cause inflamed the minds of the nation at large, no less than the tempting prospect of the wealth of England animated the soldiery. So much had been written and said on either side concerning the form of church government, that it had become a matter of infinitely more consequence in the eyes of the multitude than the doctrines of that gospel which both churches had embraced. The Prelatists and Presbyterians of the more violent kind became as illiberal as the Papists, and would scarcely allow the possibility of salvation beyond the pale of their respective churches. It was in vain remarked to these zealots, that had the Author of our holy religion considered any peculiar form of church government as essential to salvation, it would have been revealed with the same precision as under the Old Testament dispensation.”

– Walter Scott in *A Legend of Montrose*

What Scott observes in the zealots on every side of the British religious wars, a tendency to make the forms of worship the faith itself, has destroyed Christian Europe.

The forms of worship are not the faith itself. They exist only to lead us to the object of worship. You cannot worship the Latin Mass or the ‘born again’ experience without eventually becoming the leading character in a tragedy, the tragedy of a man without a vital faith. European man became, when he embraced formalism, a second-hand man, incapable of coming to grips with any aspect of existence directly.

Some years back I quoted Henri de Lubac, who said that modern man had lost his appetite for God. If that appetite returned, de Lubac claimed, then belief would return. But how can one hunger for any of the rationalized, second-hand gods presented to us by the so-called Christian churches? Their gods are Mr. Rogers and Tash. The antidote for such false faiths is the folk wisdom of the West, which says the human heart contains the secret treasure that will forever remain hidden from the academics. And therein lies the key to the de-Christianization of our churches and our culture: the Church has become academized as has our society. The Christian folk have passed out of existence. Without them there can be no genuine Christianity as it once existed in Europe. We are still reaping the bitter harvest of idea-religion, spawned by the Greeks and brought into the Church for its destruction by Aquinas.

Those who would be Christian folk cannot wait for the churches to break out of their bondage to the academy, which is a bondage to Satan. They must turn away from the academy, which is the modern church and the modern world, and start on the slow but sure journey through the human heart that our European ancestors made so long ago.

I have conservative nationalist literature dating as far back as 1979 in which the reader is urged to stop illegal and legal colored immigration by writing to his local congressmen. Why do such actions never work? Because we cannot stop an invasion by placing a form of government above the interests of our people. The cry should be, “In the name of our God and our people, this invasion must be stopped!” Fortunately Alfred the Great didn’t have a congressman to write to; if he had, he never would have become Alfred the Great.

Quentin Compson in Faulkner’s *The Sound and the Fury* asks his father how he knows life is meaningless. The drunken, nihilist father responds that he knew about the meaningless of existence at the moment tragedy became second-hand. Quentin’s father is a modern European. His death in life is the result of the triumph of formalism in the Christian churches. The Christian faith is a two-edged sword. If it is seen whole and taken to heart, it is our salvation. But if Christianity is dissected, compartmentalized, and turned into a formalized system, it becomes a virulent poison.

It would be disastrous to follow the advice of the neopagans and jettison Christ in order to save the white race. Christ was, is, and always shall be our only hope. He is our only hope because He is the living God. But jettison the worship of the modern icons of modern, Christless Christianity, such as racial egalitarianism, democracy, and Tridentinism, we must.

The guardians at the gates of the various Christian churches can all present an apologia for their right to be called the true heirs of the apostles. But are they the heirs of the apostles? The apostles lived and worked with the Lord during his life on earth, and they told the Christ story after His death and resurrection. It seems that the heirs of the apostles are the Europeans who lived with Christ on a daily basis and wove the Christian story into the seamless garment of their culture. How can churches who demean and denounce that culture and its people be the heirs of the apostles? They can't, and they are not. Was the rock, against which the gates of hell would not prevail, an institution with a rational, systemic schema of salvation? Or was the rock St. Peter's declaration of faith? "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Faith, the faith that moves mountain, comes from those who have seen the face of Jesus Christ. Do we see His face in the liberal, white-hating, country-club churches of the modern world, or do we see that precious Face in the lives and culture of the ancient Europeans?

Europe is being engulfed by barbarians of color because white Europeans no longer desire to see the face of Jesus Christ. Gone is the patriotic desire of William Blake:

*Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.*

*I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.*

The end result of a second-hand faith is Satanism. The liberals are openly satanic, and the half-way house Christians are unable to resist them because they have a second-hand faith. And when life is viewed from such a standpoint, the dramatic conflict between good and evil is seen as a fairytale that mature, thinking people have left behind. But that is what I love about Ratty's Europe. It is childlike and Christ-centered. In that Europe, Christ is real, the devil is real, and Christian Europe is a living, breathing entity as well.

The children of darkness have given up their religion of the heart for the religion of the mind. This goes against the wisdom of the race. The white man has always preferred the leaden casket over the one of gold and the one of silver; the cottage in the woods to the sumptuous palace; and the blood of the Lamb to the magic talisman. Let the sons and daughters of this 'new age of enlightenment' keep all their magic talismans: rationalism, science, and multiculturalism. The European will stay with the European cottage in the woods that contains the things he loves. And his childlike attachment to the things he loves will keep him bound to the Sacred Heart Who speaks to men through the little things that the clever men and women have discarded. The old fairy tales are correct: the faithful heart always triumphs over the satanic mind. +

1. I don't think one has to have read Shakespeare (although it helps) in order to follow the Shakespearean way to God; however, I do think it is the only way. We must strip away false layer after false layer from our hearts till we get to its center. And then – well – and then we find He has been there all along.

Through the Blood

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 2010



“God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.”

I see nothing intrinsically wrong in helping earthquake victims, but I do see something terribly wrong in the people who are involved in the Haitian relief effort. Who do liberals and blacks routinely blame for all the ills of the world? White people, of course. And to whom do blacks and liberals appeal for aid? Let's take a page from Frank Capra's *It's a Wonderful Life* script and imagine a world without white people. Would such a world be a happy paradise of blended brown people? Well, you wouldn't have to worry about earthquake relief efforts any more, because there would be no concept of charitable outreach in the blended brown world. The idea of relieving someone else's misery would be as inconceivable as self-propelled flight. Everyman's hand would be against every other man, as in the New Orleans' Superdome after Hurricane Katrina.

True charity, the charity that never faileth because it comes from the living God, has virtually disappeared from the face of the earth. The post-Christian European still engages in feel-good charity, the charity that stems from human pride, while the people of color continue to regard charity as an entitlement to be had on demand.

The Europeans do not stand out from the rest of mankind because they built better roads and bridges or made more money than the rest of the world. They stood apart because they were the first people, as a people, to believe that God had a human heart. What an earth shattering concept! The knight errant and the true God are one. Christ is more chivalrous than we are, more courteous, more compassionate, and more powerful, but still He is like unto us. He suffers with humanity and for humanity. But He stands above us, because He is nobler than we are, not because He is crueler. And it is not His power to which we bend our knee, but to His goodness.

Nothing good will come of the Haitian relief effort, because it is not based on Christian charity. The liberals have shown by their support of white genocide in South Africa and Europe and by their support of legalized abortions that they have not charity. They are “helping” the Haitians because the worship of blacks is all they have left. They pride themselves on their faith in, and their love of, the natural black savage. Some Catholic nuns (I’m sure other churches will follow suit) have already brought a number of Haitian orphans to the United States. This is not Christian charity, it is liberal demonism. When Europe was Christian, works of charity consisted of first subduing and then converting the savage. It was not considered charitable, in the days of the Christian European, to allow colored vipers into European nations. We have no reason to believe that the current breed of Haitians is any less bloodthirsty and satanic than were their ancestors, who massacred all the whites in Haiti. If Europeans are not willing to first conquer the barbarians of color, they should stay away from relief efforts that will not aid the colored barbarians and will do great harm to the whites.

At the heart of the liberals’ worship of the dark races is a rejection of the human personality. When the European took Christ into his heart and his hearth, he became more fully human than the non-European peoples. Pride of race became pietas. The European, because of his union with Christ, loved his kith and kin with a far greater intensity than the savage races who did not regard each and every individual soul as a personality of “eternal moment.” Ties of family and blood were doubly important to the European, because it was through those human ties of blood that Christ entered the world.

It is significant that the word ‘diversity’ has become a God-word to the liberals. The concept is diametrically opposed to Christianity. The ultimate horror for someone who has divine intuitions of the distinctness of the human personality is the notion that an individual human being can be ‘diversified,’ that his personality can be scattered into individual atoms. Why are we more horrified at the idea of being blown to bits or decapitated at our death than we are at the idea of a death with our body left intact? Because Christians have absorbed into their blood the belief that the human body contains a personality, we recoil in horror from the image of a ‘diversified,’ mutilated body. Montrose demonstrated his faith in the saving power of Christ and his contempt for his executioners, who sought to inflict the ultimate punishment on his soul by diversifying his body parts, when he declared:

*There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my fathers’ grave.
For truth and right, ‘gainst treason’s might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!*

We love as individual personalities, and our love is directed towards other individual personalities. You can’t love with the type of love that Christ enjoins us to have for our fellow men if you only love an idea of diversity. This is so evident if we look at the liberals’ worship of the Obama. Is there anything in Obama’s personality that, if he were white, would spark one single infinitesimal impulse of love from a white liberal? No, there is not. He is worshipped because he is black. The liberals have evolved beyond the love of individual human beings, they now only worship ideas. And Obama is the embodiment of the black idea.

The liberals insist that ties of family and blood must be broken in order for mankind to evolve to a higher plane of existence. But is the new, diverse plane of existence a higher plane? Why is it that

anywhere the idea that 'every man is our kith and kin' flourishes, as in the egalitarian United States and the former Soviet Union, there are abortuaries and Gulags? Perhaps it is because saving grace comes to us through our ties to kith and kin and not via the medium of generic, diverse humanity.

The liberals who deny the divine authorship of the Bible often cite it nevertheless when it suits their purpose. The Good Samaritan parable, for instance, is often cited as an excuse for race-mixing and Negro worship. But the Good Samaritan does not give his daughter away to the stranger, nor does he take him to his house; he takes him to an inn. And are we to presume, based on his actions toward the stranger, that the Good Samaritan goes home and sends his children to daycare ("I can't stand the little beasts") and then runs around the neighborhood trying to force other Samaritans to cohabit with wayside strangers? I doubt it, because a man in touch with the living God is the most clannish and most charitable person on the face of the earth -- clannish because he knows he is linked to his God through the ties of blood and kin, and charitable because his God is the true God from whom true charity flows. The oft-noted, even by Northerners, Southern hospitality before the Civil War was a result of the Southern people's clannishness and their Christianity. Concern for the unfortunate 'other' and the stranger is only present in a people who are intimately connected at the family hearth with the Son of God. They have imbibed the Pauline maxim that 'charity never faileth' with their mother's milk. Or to use Thomas Nelson Page's phrase, their Christianity is 'bred in the bone.'

Nothing of lasting benefit in this world or the next comes from 'relief efforts' that turn men and nations away from the bred in the bone Christianity of the European. Such relief movements will fail, neo-paganism will fail, democratic egalitarianism will fail; only His provincial people who believe in the charity preached by St. Paul will not fail. +

Labels: black faith, charity, Christian view of personality

Against the Gates of Hell

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 2010



Kai and His Companions at the Castle of the Giant Gernach.

“Give peace in our time, O Lord, because there is none other fighteth for us but only Thou, O God.” -- Welsh prayer

The other day I heard one of the conservative liberals lamenting the fact that the mad-dog liberals did not really believe in democracy. He used their attempt to ram a health care bill down Americans' throats as one example of the non-democratic nature of the mad-dog liberals. The conservative liberal was right: the mad-dog liberals do not believe in democracy, at least not in the same way as the conservative liberals believe in it.

The mad-dog liberals use the democratic system to further their ends. If the system does not further their ends, they go outside the system. The mad-dogs, at this point in their history, have only one faith, which is the black man. If every single rule of democratic, traditional protocol and current democratic procedures has to be broken to elevate the black man, the liberal will ignore traditional protocol and violate current procedures. The faith in, and the worship of, the black man is what is essential to the liberal.

In contrast to the mad-dog liberal, the conservative liberal worships democracy in and of itself. He doesn't see the democratic process as a means to an end; he sees it as an end in itself. When the civil rights protesters violated the law in the 1960's, the *National Review* conservatives, who worshipped the democratic process, condemned them for breaking the law. They did not disapprove of the protestors' professed goal, an integrated, colorblind society; they only disapproved of going outside the democratic process.

The conflict between the American conservatives and the liberals is a conflict within liberalism. The liberals generally defeat the conservatives because the liberals have a metaphysic. They can cite their love and concern for the black man, while the conservatives can only cite their love for the Constitution. Both loves are abstractions, but the liberals' abstraction seems less inhumane than the conservatives' abstracted love.

The conservatives are always hurling the “He doesn’t really love the emperor” charge at the liberals. And they are right. The liberals support democracy because it serves their purposes most of the time. But they are willing to jettison democracy when it interferes with their satanic mission to build a kingdom of Satan on earth. The conservatives are less likely to go outside of the democratic perimeters, because to do so, in their judgment, would be to go outside the faith.

What happens when a man emerges who rejects the satanic vision of the mad-dogs and the faithless faith-in-a-process, of the conservatives? He is marginalized and/or destroyed. Alexander Solzhenitsyn is a case in point. When he came to the U.S. in the 1970’s, he had a friendly debate with a fellow Russian exile named Andrei Sakharov. Sakharov believed that Western-style democracy would solve the problems of the Russian people. Solzhenitsyn disagreed. He said that the Western democracies lacked a spiritual foundation and that the political parties of the Western democracies always sought their welfare over that of their nation. The British author Brian Crozier echoed Solzhenitsyn’s second point in his book *The Minimum State: Beyond Party Politics*.

Solzhenitsyn’s views were nowhere near as popular as Sakharov’s. The mad-dogs demonized Solzhenitsyn, and the conservatives focused on his anti-communist writings and ignored his critique of secular democracy. When he returned to Russia late in life he was not received well by the same type of people in Russia who constituted the mad-dog liberal and the conservative liberal factions in America. He did receive a state funeral when he died, but I don’t think we can realistically claim that this means the Russian people rejected the democratic heresy.

What was it about Solzhenitsyn that was so unacceptable to the liberals in both camps? It was the fact that Solzhenitsyn was an antique European. He started life as a good Marxist and he ended his life as an integral Christian European. He loved his God and his country, so he desired that the two should be united. Was not that the desire of almost every European prior to the 20th century?

H. V. Morton once sadly noted that European Christians had done things in the name of Christ that made Christ weep, but that judgment of Morton’s comes from a Christian European. If there were no longer Christian Europeans to pass judgment on the erring Christian Europeans, who would end the bloody wars between covenanter and cavalier, and between Protestant and Catholic? Do the communists have their own equivalent of the Sermon on the Mount? And who will oppose the democratic, egalitarian abortionists if Christian Europeans are extinct?

You can’t forsake the living God because all Christians do not live up to His teachings. Cromwell and Torquemada represent only the lunatic fringe of Christian Europe. And even such monsters were lambs compared to the totalitarian tyrants of the godless 20th and 21st centuries.

The European Everyman has been set adrift by his church leaders and his political leaders. He seems destined to perish. Only the antique European, who has become a stranger to the modern European, can return the Everyman to a safe harbor. But will the modern Everyman be able to recognize the hero? Or will he, after years of living in Liberaldom, be unable to see with the blinding sight necessary to distinguish between a Christian hero and a liberal charlatan?

Trevelyan said that it was the special mission of the European to reveal the heroic Christ of mercy to the heathen world. That is still the mission of the European: to show the world the face of the Hero God by imitating the Hero God.

*Let us pray, let us watch, let us be prepared
For the warrior hero who saved us.
When Jesus on high came from His Kingship
The world’s five ages were in common captivity,
In the grasp, in the misery, in the depths of hell,
In the cold bog’s affliction.
Renowned God, acknowledgment of you
Do I make, Lord God, strength of every people.*

--Einion Ap Gwalchmai

William Blake desired to build Jerusalem, “in England’s green and pleasant land.” The modern European’s passion is to bring the depths of hell into Europe’s green and pleasant land, and he has accomplished his desire. Post-Christian Europe is hell, and we can’t vote hell away. Satan is not a live-and-let-live type of guy. He hates with an everlasting passion. Who can stand against him? The Christian Europeans once stood against him. They weren’t physical stronger or smarter than we are today, but spiritually they were giants. They rested their heads on His sacred heart as St. John did at the last supper. And as a result they saw visions of the risen Lord and could fight the devil with a passion for good that was superior to his passion for evil. No second-hand faith for us. It is all or nothing. We can restore the Europe of the Hero God of mercy, or we can wallow in the depths of hell. +

Labels: antique Christianity, Christian counter-attack

A Dwelling Place

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 06, 2010



“If that’s in your mind, let me tell you that both in law and in religion there is a debatable land not subject to the common rules.” – John Buchan in *The Free Fishers*

John Buchan, that marvelous Scottish writer of the 1930’s, seems all but forgotten now in post-Christian, post-human Europe, but he was immensely popular during his time and would be deservedly popular today if there were any genuine Europeans left alive. One of his favorite literary devices was to take a romantic fellow, who made his living at some type of scholarly profession, and plunge him into an adventure in which a hero was needed to save Britain from imminent danger. In *The Free Fishers*, for instance, the hero, a young Scottish clergyman named Anthony Lamas, must prevent a French attempt to assassinate the prime minister of Britain (the novel takes place during the Napoleonic Era). In order to save Britain, Mr. Lamas must overcome his donnishness; he must leave abstractions behind and live life in earnest. He is able to do just that because he loves a young innocent woman, always a wonderful antidote for donnishness.

*From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.*

Buchan’s Europe is dead and gone, but we can still take something from his adventure tales. That precious something is the knowledge that we cannot live life in the abstract, because in the abstract there is no living God and no genuine love. Buchan’s heroes follow in Hamlet’s train. They must leave their Wittenbergs and become integral, Christian men. And they become such men by doing what Christ did: they suffer for and with other human beings.

Christianity still exists in the abstract, but now that Christian Europe is extinct it no longer has a local habitation and a name. The few individuals who still hold to the Christian faith in the abstract are incapable of transmitting it, because they cannot place Christ into a human dwelling. And human beings must see God in His humanity if they are ever going to know and love Him. Christian Europe provided the house in which the Savior could come and be known by His kinsmen and His subjects.

The great sin of the Christian churchmen is their apathetic attitude towards, and often hostility to, the horizontal plane of the cross. That horizontal plane of the cross is often described disparagingly as the cultural element in Christianity; it is the element wherein we poor mortals live and breathe.

The Europeans spread the horizontal plane of the cross across the entire earth. And it seems to me that the modern churchmen, in the name of some new, rationalistic, scientific, hodge-podge, Christian-Buddhist, syncretistic faith, have removed the horizontal strip of wood from the cross to make it the new tower of Babel. In the new faith, you don't conquer through the cross, you conquer by building a Tower of Babel over the ruins of Christian Europe.

Reading a Buchan novel is both exhilarating and depressing. It is exhilarating, because when the hero fights for his country he is fighting for something greater than himself, he is fighting for a Christian people. And when he loves, his love is sanctified, because the object of his love is not a modern Cybele, a she-goddess who must be obeyed, she is a Christian woman firmly ensconced at the foot of the cross.

And of course one is also depressed when reading a Buchan novel because of the fact that the world depicted no longer exists. We have returned to pagan Rome, which had room for Greek philosophers, pagan poets, Cybele, Mithra, and a whole pantheon of Greco-Roman gods, but no room for the Christ, the Son of the Living God. From a Christian standpoint we have not, as the liberals tell us, evolved to a higher state of humanity. We have de-evolved, we have sunk to a level below the beasts.

The descent of the white man has brought on the age of technological savagery. Men with the morality of beasts of the jungle are in charge of the world. And the young whites are trained to live life as an abstraction; they are told there is no such thing as a white European, so it follows logically that there are no European causes for which to fight. Nor is there such a thing as an individual created in the image of God, so individual members of the human species can be sacrificed in the womb in order to facilitate living conditions for generic humanity.

The greatest evil that can befall a man has fallen upon the white man. He no longer believes that "Life is real! Life is earnest!" He cannot love his God, his country, or other human beings, because he has become an abstraction to himself. One is left with a series of what-ifs. What if the white man could begin to hate again? What if he could begin to love again? He could save his soul and become a man again, but in order to do that he must break free of his mind-forged world of abstractions.

I can no more fathom why the white man prefers his abstracted existence to the life depicted by Buchan than I can fathom the concept of infinity. Ultimately I don't want to fathom it. Even if there are no white men left in the present, there are still white men in the European past. They were true soldiers of the spiritual life that a man could love and revere. And if we love the heroes of old we are not that far away from emulating them.

By the latter half of the 20th century, most of the Christian churches had abandoned the "fairy tale" elements of the Old Testament and were in the process of reworking the New Testament story as well, to make it more compatible with the modern world. Such demythologizing of the Christian faith goes against the traditional faith of the European. It was the European who believed in fairy tales. His world was the world of evil magicians, malevolent dragons, black knights vs. white knights, and a personal savior who redeemed mankind from a personal hell presided over by a personal devil. The European's art, his social structure, and his government all reflected his struggle to live out the fairy tale of the Hero God who defeated the devil. Now it's as if the devil has cast a spell over the European people. They believe Christian Europe was a bad dream and modern Satania is the only reality. And there is a very real, clear and present danger that the few remaining faithful, those who believe in the fairy tale faith, will start to doubt the existence of Christian Europe and the God who once reigned in that land.

Is there any hope, or must we all become faithful followers of our satanic big brother? I come back to the late 19th century and early 20th century adventure tale, which was an instinctive attempt by great European authors, such as Buchan, to save the fairy tale faith in Jesus Christ. In Buchan's Europe, men and women lived real lives, not abstracted zombie-like existences, because their people and their nation were connected to the living God. The Europeans perceived life as a fairy tale,

because the spirit of God was in them. Let the liberals mock on. The faithful European will live life according to the code of Fairyland. In that world, which is the real world, the faithful heart always triumphs. Our King is calling us to clean out the vermin and restore Castle Europe. We cannot say no. +

Labels: fairy tale of European civilization, John Buchan

One Oath

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 2010



“... when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right;...

-- *Measure for Measure*

Racial anemia is not a disease from which only white Americans suffer. It is a worldwide epidemic. White people in Sweden, Spain, Britain, Finland, Poland, New Zealand, and every other white country suffer from the same racial anemia as in America. Some white countries show more advanced symptoms of racial anemia than other white countries —Holland for instance – but every white country has the same disease.

Having never been Christian, the colored races are free from racial anemia, because racial anemia only occurs when a Christian people seek to return to paganism. The cross of Christ is a two-edged sword. Having once taken it up, as the European people did, it cannot be put down without the most severe consequences.

Christianity without the cross is liberalism, and racial anemia is the result of liberalism. Too little note was taken of Pope John XXIII's forgiveness of the black torture-murderers in the Congo. His act of 'Christian benevolence' revealed a growing cancer in the vitals of Europe. The Christian, in imitation of his Lord, sacrifices for others, first for his kin, then for his kind, and then for others outside his kith and kin. But self-sacrifice is difficult. It's much easier to do as the colored races do, sacrifice others to fulfill their selfish needs. However, having once been Christian, the white person can never be a happy-go-lucky pagan. He must couch his paganism in Christian terms. Hence, the selfish sacrifice of others to the tender mercies of barbarians is given a Christian cast by such liberals as Pope John XXIII. At the heart of such 'loving charity and forgiveness' is a selfish, blasphemous desire to be rid of the cross. The Christian precept, 'we must die to self,' is replaced with the pagan precept, 'we must make others die for us.' This is also the dynamic that drives the

abortion industry. A pagan Aztec eats the heart of his enemy because his enemy is his enemy. But a post-Christian European, because he is a post-Christian European, must justify himself. He doesn't sacrifice babies on the altar of his selfishness; instead, he aborts babies for their own good: 'There is nothing as terrible as an unwanted child.'

For centuries the blood wisdom of the white man told him that his personal salvation and his people's salvation were to be found on a cross. But now the white man is afraid of his blood. He listens to a different drummer, a satanic drummer, who whispers satanic advice into the white man's ear.¹ "Avoid the cross – it is a lie and a sham. Seek enlightenment, not pain. Go to Africa, go to the East, to Buddha, to the Obama, to Confucius, or the Dalai Lama, but never go to that man on the cross."

The young neo-pagans openly spit on the cross of Christ while the older neo-pagans subtly reject the cross by characterizing Christianity as an 'imaginative invention of those marvelous Europeans.' But the Europeans' glory was not that they invented a wonderful, imaginative religion; their glory was that they answered His call. The Europeans heard a voice in the mist, and they walked through the valley of the shadow of death to keep a tryst with their kinsman and their Lord.

I've read the neo-pagans' plan for the restoration of the white man by 2020, but I see nothing in the plan about the European's covenant with God. Go through the European's history; everything the European ever did of lasting consequence was done because he kept faith with his God. Even if the neo-pagans could achieve their goal of a white-dominated society by 2020, who would want to live in such a world? A Godless Tower of Babel with whites at the top is still a Tower of Babel. What the faithful European wants to see is a renewal of the covenant between God and the European. We can't possibly know the day or the hour when the European restoration will take place, because the grace of God is a mystery. Why do some men respond to it and others reject it? We don't know. We do know that Europe became Christendom because Europeans responded to God's grace.

It will avail us nothing if we achieve equal rights within heathendom or if we teach "white history" without mentioning Christ. The European achieved world dominance because he sought and found the God above the gods of the colored tribes. Without his God, the European is a pathetic member of the rainbow coalition of colored peoples.

In the magnificent Western movie, *The Searchers*, the main character, played by John Wayne, refuses to take an oath to serve in the Texas Rangers. When asked why he refuses, John Wayne's character replies, "I figure a man's only good for one oath at a time. I gave mine to the Confederate States of America." When the devil came to the European and asked him to form a covenant with science, he should have told the devil that a man can only make one covenant and that he had made his with Christ.

The scientific method when applied to the study of man is nothing more than a return to paganism. Man seeks to harness the forces of nature in order to attain mastery over God. And what has been the result of the European's covenant with science? He now worships at the shrine of technological barbarism and at the altar of the natural black savage. There is a fearful symmetry between the white man's abortuaries and the black man's blood orgies. That synthesis of blood is the modern world. The gods of the technological barbarians and the black barbarians demand the blood of others.

There is another symmetry, a sublime symmetry, that stands in direct contrast to the fearful symmetry of the technological white barbarian and the savagery of the black barbarian. And that sublime symmetry is the symmetry between bardic Europe and the Christian faith. Whenever we plunge to the depths of the European tradition we find that He is there. The God of the antique Europeans shed His blood for others; He gave His blood freely rather than demanding our blood.

We should have no room in our hearts for any other oath than the one we gave to Him, blood of our blood, heart of our hearts. And surely if the European will renew his covenant with Christ he need

not fear the pestilence of liberalism or the destructive fury of the black savage. In Him and Through Him is the way of the European. +

1. Why did Thoreau assume that a different drummer would be a benevolent drummer? The different drummer is Satan.

Labels: antique Christianity, defense of the white race, neo-paganism

Cultural Atheists

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 2010



“Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.” – Prov. 4:23

I once attended a small community Bible class. The unusual thing about the class was that all the members were believing Christians; they believed in Adam and Eve and the authenticity of the Old Testament, as well as in the ultimate truth of the New Testament. But the sad aspect of the class was that all the members were Christian-culture atheists. By that I mean that they saw no connection between Christianity and the Europe of the past, and they saw no connection between modern irreligion and the modern secular European culture. To them culture was permanently neutral. It was simply culture; it was just there, like the sun and the moon. To me however, every page of the Bible was reinforced by some verse or story from a European author. For instance, when Abraham wrestled with the problem of believing God’s promises when circumstances gave no indication that divine aid was coming –

And God said unto Abraham, As for Sarai thy wife, thou shalt not call her name Sarai, but Sarah shall her name be. And I will bless her, and give thee a son also of her: yea, I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations; kings of people shall be of her. Then Abraham fell upon his face, and laughed, and said in his heart, Shall a child be born unto him that is a hundred years old? and shall Sarah, that is ninety years old, bear?

-- it reminded me of Tirian in *The Last Battle*:

He thought of other Kings who had lived and died in Narnia in old times and it seemed to him that none of them had ever been so unlucky as himself. He thought of his great-grandfather’s great-grandfather King Rilian who had been stolen away by a Witch when he was only a young prince and kept hidden for years in the dark caves beneath the land of the Northern Giants. But then it had all come right in the end, for two mysterious children had suddenly appeared from the land beyond the world’s end and had rescued him so that he came home to Narnia and had a long and

prosperous reign. "It's not like that with me," said Tirian to himself. Then he went further back and thought about Rilian's father, Caspian the Seafarer, whose wicked uncle King Miraz had tried to murder him and how Caspian fled away into the woods and lived among the Dwarfs. But that story too had all come right in the end: for Caspian also had been helped by children—only there were four of them that time—who came from somewhere beyond the world and fought a great battle and set him on his father's throne. "But it was all long ago," said Tirian to himself. "That sort of thing doesn't happen now." And then he remembered (for he had always been good at history when he was a boy) how those same four children who had helped Caspian had been in Narnia over a thousand years before; and it was then that they had done the most remarkable thing of all. For then they had defeated the terrible White Witch and ended the Hundred Years of Winter, and after that they had reigned (all four of them together) at Cair Paravel, till they were no longer children but great Kings and lovely Queens, and their reign had been the golden age of Narnia. And Aslan had come into that story a lot. He had come into all the other stories too, as Tirian now remembered. "Aslan—and children from another world," thought Tirian. "They have always come in when things were at their worst. Oh, if only they could now."

And in the Bible, when the mysterious stranger, Melchizedek, of no known parentage, suddenly appears to help Abram:

And Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God. Genesis 14: 18 Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually. Hebrews 7: 3

I can see Melchizedek in *Shane*, a man of unknown parentage, who helps the Starrett family against the forces of evil:

He was the man who rode into our little valley out of the heart of the great glowing West and when his work was done rode back whence he had come and he was Shane.

I cannot read a single Shakespeare play without thinking of St. Paul. The two poets are of the same spirit:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal... For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. – I Corinthians 13: 1, 12-13

Compare this to Portia's speech in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us*

*Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.*

-- *The Merchant of Venice*

Every author of note always points to Him as our only hope, like Dickens's Sydney Carton in *The Tale of Two Cities*:

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

And from John 11: 25, 26:

And Jesus said unto her, “I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?”

The liberals are being satanically consistent; they should work for the destruction of the white man and his past. That past is the embodiment of Christianity, which they despise. But why is the remnant band of Christians so ready to abandon the European cultural heritage? Well, if you'll forgive my coming back to the same theme, it's because the remnant believers are in the Christian halfway house. They cling to the Bible or to a traditional interpretation of the church documents, but they don't see the importance of maintaining their blood ties to a race of people who took the Bible and the church documents seriously enough to make them a part of their culture.

The words 'fire' and 'heart' appear in the Bible with great frequency, while the words 'rational' and 'mind' never or seldom appear. If we abandon the cultural element, we leave behind the human component of religion that gives us the fire and heart to respond to God's grace. If God is with and in His people's culture, then they come in contact with Him in every aspect of their lives. But if He exists only in the minds of the doctors of theology, He becomes a distant God, and then an absent God, and finally a non-existent God. We need to feel that God is truly present with us. As soon as Moses, who made God's presence known to the Hebrews, left to go up to Mt. Sinai, the people immediately started worshipping the golden calf. They needed to feel that God was amongst them.

My heart goes out to believers like the men and women in the Bible class I attended. They are struggling to hold to the Christian faith at a time when all the powers of this world are arrayed against them. But I also feel like shaking the aforementioned Christians and telling them: “The reason there are only five of us meeting in the basement of the church is because we have abandoned the fire-and-heart Christianity that was so deeply ingrained in the Europeans' culture.” An intellectual faith only is “as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal”; it is devoid of fire and heart.

A religious culture is not an optional 'extra'; it is a necessity because divine faith must have a human dwelling. And a culture, if it is to be true one, must be passed on and maintained by a race of people. There cannot be a multi-racial culture; that is a contradiction in terms. The Tower of Babel was not a culture; it was the antithesis of culture.

The majority of liberals do not even claim to be Christians. But there is a significant minority of liberals, represented by such men as Billy Graham and the late John Paul II, who claim that multi-culturalism is the logical outcome of Christ's teaching. "Are not all men brothers in Christ?" Yes, they are. Christ did not come to save only one race of people, but did He choose to save mankind by race-mixing? The entire canon of Scripture says the opposite. And when the Europeans were Christian, they opposed race-mixing. In order to support multi-culturalism, you must reject Scripture and claim that your European predecessors were not sufficiently Christian. This is precisely what the Christian liberals do.

Christ's saving grace comes to individuals who have distinct identities within a race of people. The Civil War in this country and the on-going wars of immigration in the European countries were and are being fought over the Greek idea of God, that He is an abstraction who can only be known through the intellect, versus the Hebraic belief that knowledge of God comes to us through spirit and blood. The ongoing racial war is of eternal moment. If the European surrenders, he will lose his soul. If he refuses to surrender, if he keeps faith with his race and the God of his race, he will save his soul. +

Labels: European cultural heritage, poetic tradition, white moments

The Lay of the European Minstrel

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 2010



"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;"
--Scott

When I worked in academia, I unfortunately had to listen to the views of academics on a daily basis. Thankfully since leaving academia I have been able to limit my conversations with that strange species. Recently, however, I came into contact with an academic. The subject of global warming came up, and I made an irreverent remark about it. The academic's response was immediate and solemn: "Global warming is a proven fact."

Has it come to this? Do such banalities as 'global warming' represent the faith of the European? Yes, tragically, such banalities as global warming and such obscenities as the worship of the 'noble black savage' do constitute the faith of the European. And it is useless to challenge the false premises behind the global warming assertion or behind the cult of the noble black savage. Both are statements of faith, and from the liberals' point of view it stands upon them to defend, not to debate. And why should the liberals debate their faith? They hold the field; it would be foolish to yield one inch of it to their enemies.

The faith of the white man before the new nature faith, which will serve as a description for the global warming/black savage faith, was Christianity. Even the neo-pagan who hates Christianity must acknowledge that Christianity was the faith of the antique Europeans. Why the shift to the nature faith?

When I was in grade school, the teachers taught us a short song about Columbus. The part I remember runs,

*"The World is round, Columbus said,
Oh, no, oh, no, the people cried,
It's flat as it can be!"*

Of course our teachers pointed out that Columbus wasn't the only man who knew the earth was round, but he was the first man to venture forth to prove that it was. And after Columbus's voyage, the European people, by and large, believed Columbus. Belief in the flatness of the world had formerly been believed to be just commonsense and belief in the roundness of the world lunacy. After Columbus the reverse was true.

The first apostles were the Columbuses of the faith. They were presented, in the person of Jesus Christ, with a faith that went against the commonly held beliefs of the rest of mankind. They took the most dangerous voyage of all to ascertain the truth of Christ's claims; the voyage to the depths of the human heart. And there those heroes of the faith found the truth about God. When they proclaimed that truth to the world, only one group of people, the Europeans, believed them. The colored races clung to their polytheistic nature gods. To use the Columbus analogy, the coloreds remained flat-earthers. When, in the later half of the 20th century, the Europeans returned to the gods of nature, they too became flat-earthers.

The European is on the horns of a dilemma. He wants to be just like the natural black savage, but he cannot be just like him because he has too many years of Christianity in his blood. So he forsakes his blood and takes refuge in his mind. If he can't be a black man, he can at least worship the black man with a pure, idealized love while building a world free of global warming for a future generation, which he hopes will be black and brown. The pragmatically minded neo-pagan can point out the impracticality of racial suicide to the white liberal from now till doomsday, and his warning will go unheeded. The liberal is in love with the black man, and love is blind.

And what are we to make of the neo-pagan building his own godless Tower of the Übermensch beside the liberals' new Tower of Babel? What can we make of him other than an enemy? He is against the God of our race, and he is the harbinger of suicidal despair. In a loud and aggressive voice, he proclaims that Christ be not risen. With such creatures there can be no compromise, no pact, no agreement to disagree; for how can we form an honorable alliance with an ally who renounces the source of all honor?

The honor of the European is all and all. When everything else is stripped away, the European must look to the honor code he holds in his heart as a result of his incorporate union with Christ. Walter Scott repeatedly comes back to the theme of honor. A Christian hero doesn't have to be smarter than the heathen, or even stronger than the heathen, but he must be more honorable than the heathen. Conscious that his honor is linked to His sacred heart, the Christian hero never acts outside of the code, as St. Paul articulated in 1st Corinthians 13.

What Satan came to realize was that it was not necessary to destroy church organizations in order to kill Christianity. It was only necessary to destroy the European by subverting his honor code. Charity flows from the heart of a man who feels connected to his God, his kith and his kin by ties of blood. If ties of blood become unacceptable to the intelligent, enlightened mind, the honor code which stemmed from those ties of blood dies.

The liberals with their instinctive desire to suppress the good and support evil always attack the Europeans who championed the code. Mark Twain, for instance, author of one good novel and countless heaps of trash, quite correctly, from a liberal standpoint, condemned Walter Scott as the most pernicious, insidiously evil influence of his time. To a Satanist like Twain, a man like Walter Scott, the soul of honor and the foremost champion of the code, was a dangerous lunatic.

If we move forward in time and look at the Western movies from 1930 to 1960, we can see, once again, the liberals' hatred of the code. In the Westerns of that time period so despised by the liberals, evil is not to be found in one particular race; it is to be found in the men who know the code and willingly violate it in order to achieve their own selfish ends. The bad guys in the old Westerns are today's good guys, the liberals and the barbarians of color. The only Western to be awarded an Oscar, Clint Eastwood's *The Unforgiven*, was a Western that proclaimed there never was a distinct

honor code which the white man held close to his heart and defended against Satan and his minions. "There was no honor code because there is no God," is the liberals' true belief.

Choose what hero you will, the medieval knight, the Scottish clansman, the English grenadier, or the Western cowboy; they are all white men and they all faithfully adhere to the code. They are men of honor, because they see life "feelingly." Our Lord taught men to see life from inside, which is why the Europeans who followed Christ created a world completely different from the non-European worlds. Certainly the vision was through a glass darkly, but in that dark glass the European saw the son of God crucified, dead, and buried, and on the third day rise again from the dead. How can such a vision fail to produce men with hearts of fire? That is a difficult question to answer, but we do know that the European is no longer inspired by the vision of Christ crucified, Christ risen, as his European ancestors were. Could it be that the modern European doesn't see what his ancestors saw because the modern European doesn't see life feelingly? Gloucester certainly didn't see life feelingly until he was forced to endure incredible suffering. Has the fear of suffering then made the white man forsake his race and the God of his race? I know how Walter Scott, the soul of honor, would answer that question.

Scott would tell us a tale of an aged minstrel, who once, in his youth, chose the path lined with soft linen and golden finery, only to find himself, at the path's end, chained to a dungeon wall and forced to endure torture and deprivation. Then after years of suffering, a hero appeared. The hero broke the chains that bound the minstrel, led him out of the dungeon into the light, and guided the minstrel back to the path he had originally rejected in favor of the silken, golden path.

"This path is steep and often covered with rocks and thorns, but if you follow it to the end you will find yourself in the sacred woods." The hero's voice was gentle and his eyes were kind, and because he had rescued the minstrel from the dungeon the minstrel took the path he had once rejected.

The path was thorny and rocky, but the minstrel remembered the gentleness of the hero's voice and the promise he had made, so he persevered. And finally at the path's end he saw three crosses. On each cross hung a man, and in the center was the hero. The minstrel went to the foot of the cross and looked up. Suffering had not altered the look in the hero's eyes. They were filled with a compassion that set the minstrel's heart on fire. He threw himself at the foot of the cross and wept. When he finally raised his head, the cross was gone and only the hero remained, with the same compassion in his eyes that set a man's heart on fire, and now with something else in his eyes as well. The minstrel saw exaltation in those compassionate eyes. It was not the exaltation of vainglory but the exaltation of a knight who has faced a dragon for the sake of his beloved and has conquered the dragon.

Many years have passed and the young minstrel is now an old minstrel. For more than sixty years he has gone throughout the world, telling, through his harp, the tale of the Hero. Some laugh at him and send him on his way. Others scorn him and mistreat him. But a few, the Europeans, weep and believe. +

Labels: antique Christianity, the Hero

The Failed Utopia

SUNDAY, MARCH 07, 2010



The ties of Nature were knit by God himself. Cursed be the stoic pride that would rend them asunder, and call it virtue! – Scott

I recently heard a conservative television commentator use the term “God-given” to describe the American experiment in democracy. And of course he followed that blasphemous statement with the usual blather about how we Americans had to restore the democratic principles of our founding fathers or else be prepared to live in a left-wing totalitarian state.

I disagree with the conservative commentator. We already live in a left-wing totalitarian state, and we live in a left-wing totalitarian state because our founding fathers decided to break with the Christian traditions of the European countries. Prior to the American experiment in democracy, the European nations all attempted to unite the respective governments of their countries with Christianity. Even when countries, such as Britain, shifted to a more republican, democratic type of government, it was because some splinter group, such as the Scottish Presbyterians, wanted the freedom to have their own state religion. And in America, prior to the Constitution, every individual state had its own state religion.

The radical break with the European tradition came when the authors of the American Constitution introduced religious indifference as the governing principle of the American people. What at first seemed to be a strength to foreign observers such as Toqueville proved to be a virulent poison that was to spread across the ocean and destroy the European nations as well. The harmfulness of a religiously indifferent state was not detected initially because the American people were still largely a Christian people. The fact that the state was committed to religious skepticism didn’t seem to be a serious matter. It even seemed to be a good thing. Were not the wars of religion now over? And the second factor that made the secular state seem benign was the lack of contact the average citizen had with the government. When the bulk of a man’s life is spent working his farm and worshipping in his local church, he does not feel threatened by a secular government. But what if that government expands to such an extent that no aspect of the American’s life is independent of the government? And when the church he attends adopts the religious indifference of the government, and when his children adopt the religious indifference of the government schools they attend, will the American everyman still be proud to be an American? Not if he is still a Christian.

During my lifetime every “conservative” attempt to put a halt to the liberal express train has failed. And the attempts have failed because the conservatives never wanted to attack the religious skepticism that lies at the root of the American experiment in democracy. The antique Europeans looked at every aspect of their lives through the prism of Christianity. They often saw a distorted vision of Christianity because of their imperfect human nature, but they attempted to see life and live their lives according to their Christian faith. When Christianity is no longer seen as the guiding, governing light of a nation, the end result will be... -- well, the end result is the United States of America, a subsidiary of Satan’s kingdom.

It is futile to appeal to the “principles of the founding fathers” to rid our nation of the problems caused by liberalism, for the simple reason that the principles of our founding fathers are liberal. All the radical ‘isms’ that conservatives claim to currently deplore hold sway because America’s founding fathers thought mature, enlightened men could govern a nation without taking note of the Christian faith.

If we look at some of the evils of our time that conservatives have tried to combat by getting back to the principles of our founding fathers, we can get a clearer picture of the futility of appealing to liberal principles to eradicate the evils.

1) **Legalized abortion** – A Christian people does not abort babies.¹ If the United States was Christian, abortion would be illegal and doctors who performed abortions would be criminally prosecuted. But in a state governed under the principle that religion is a private matter and should not influence public policy, one is free to kill babies, because despite claiming religious neutrality the state cannot be neutral. Mankind will have a religion, as Blake tells us: “If man will not have a religion of Jesus Christ, he will have a religion of Satan.” Is he not correct? Abortion is more than just a right to modern women; it is a sacred right, guaranteed to them by our sacred, secular Constitution.

Carefully trained conservative opponents of legalized abortion always present their case against abortion in secular terms. “It is unconstitutional.” “The majority of Americans are against it.” It is useless to seek redemption from the devil. Isn’t that obvious? Apparently not. If you have sold your Christian birthright for a pot of secular lentils, you will be unable to see life in anything other than secular terms.

2) **Kith and kin** – Many conservatives often lament that the American family is not what it used to be. And other conservatives, such as the late Samuel Francis, are concerned about the lack of racial solidarity among white folk. Both declines are the result of a secular ethos that, under the new government of our founding fathers, replaced the Christian ethos of the European people.

When Christianity is the reigning faith, ties of nature have spiritual significance. A woman does not simply have a child and turn him over to the tribe; she becomes – when she gives birth – a part of God’s plan for the redemption of the world. She cooperates with God’s grace and brings forth a child to be consecrated to God. That natural tie between mother and child is a divine tie. And need I add that the father’s tie to his children is also ordained by God? But under liberalism, which is paganism revisited with a technological twist, biological entities such as children can be raised by the state, and their most important ties are to the state. It was and is inevitable that all family ties, ties of nature, will be extinguished before the American experiment in democracy comes to an end.

What we have said about the ties to our kindred can also be said about our ties to our race. They too are natural ties that God has ordained. He felt so strongly about the racial ties that bind us to one another that He came down to earth in person to destroy the Tower of Babel.² We come to know God through our common humanity. When the natural ties that keep us human are obscured or obliterated, we lose touch with God. If we seek to end legal or illegal colored immigration by appeal to the democratic principles of our founding fathers we will surely fail, because there is no secular solution to a spiritual malaise.

3) **Feminism** – The white male's capitulation to the unsexed Lady Macbeths of the modern world is no less than a repeat of Adam's original sin. He sought to love his wife outside of God's love, but outside of God's orbit there can be no love; there is only the reign of Satan. Nothing is more harmful to Christianity and more beneficial to Satan than the unsexing of women. When women no longer believe as the repentant Katherina believed –

*Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?*

-- then they become unsexed monsters. And the men who let them rule serve Satan.

It is the American ethos, those fine principles of our founding fathers, which has caused the elimination of any Christian influence in the body politic. The Christian vision is vital because the Christian vision is based on reality. Legalized abortion, racial Babylon and feminism are all utopian fantasies of men and women who want to make the real world, God's world, conform to their perverted warped minds. When the American conservative -- and the European conservative who has followed the American example -- revert to the abstracted, distorted ideas of the Enlightenment in order to counter the newer enlightened ideas of their fellow dystopians, they are merely perpetrating a circular process within Satandom.

A true European response to liberalism will not consist of appeals to the electorate, or 'get out the vote' campaigns, or public rallies. What the European response to liberalism will entail is a steadfast commitment to maintain the natural ties of blood that bind us to our fellow Europeans and to our God. The godless Universalism of the American founding fathers is just as demonic as the totalitarianism of the former Soviet Union. There is only one God, and He presides over the hearth fires of men and women connected to Him through the natural ties of kith and kin that He wills us to maintain in order to stay united to Him. It seems ridiculous to have to defend kinship, racial solidarity, and a Christian patriarchy, but the fact that it is necessary speaks volumes about the plight of the European man. He has lost his faith, and as a result he has lost his identity and his will to survive. Restore his faith, which is no easy matter, and the will to survive will follow. So long as one European still sees Europe as His sacred Kingdom there is always the possibility that other Europeans will answer the call of the blood and become like unto the Europeans who honored kith, kin, and Him. +

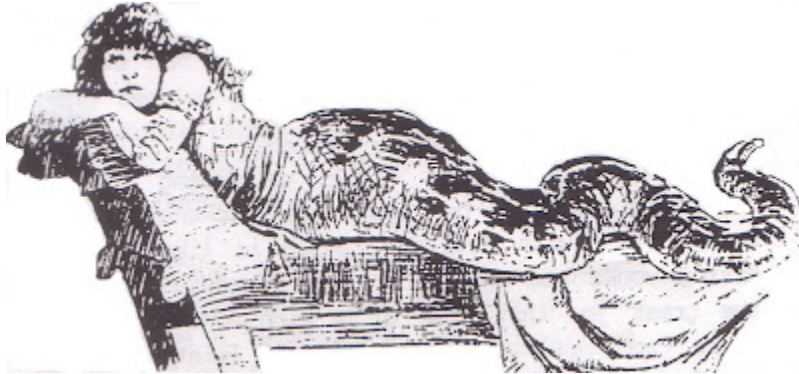
1. I know that St. Thomas is often cited to make the Christian case for abortion. But he is outside of the mainstream of the Christianity found in the Gospels and the letters of St. Paul. And even St. Thomas, after writing his obscene theories on ensoulment, said that which shall be a child should be treated as a child.

2. A minister once told me that when God came to earth, as He did in the case of the Tower of Babel, He came to earth as the incarnate Christ. God appeared as Christ appeared when He walked the earth prior to his transfiguration. I love that interpretation. And it makes sense. The human face of God is Christ, past, present, and forever.

Labels: American totalitarianism, blood faith, death of Christian culture

Unsex Me Here

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 2010



“Half of American women are in the work force today, while male unemployment is setting new records.” – Phyllis Schlafly

There are a few white males who are willing (albeit only democratically) to oppose the government-mandated worship of black people, but there are no white males who are willing to criticize the greatest evil of our time, feminism. Only one white woman, Phyllis Schlafly, has been willing to oppose the feminists. In a recent column, for instance, “Obama Panders to Feminists,” she points out that feminist programs will be exempted from Obama’s new spending freeze:

A White House document titled ‘Opportunity and Progress for Women and Girls’ describes 15 federal programs that will receive increased funding to appease the feminists. Chief among them is the Violence Against Women project, which is targeted for a 22 percent increase, an extra \$117 million more than current funding, which is already close to \$1 billion a year.

That earmark is a Joe Biden project known as feminist pork because the money goes right into the hands of radical feminist centers where they teach their anti-male, anti-marriage ideology, counsel women to get divorces and urge criminal prosecution against a man no matter how slight or unverified the alleged offense...

To please the feminists, other spending that will be exempted from Obama’s freeze includes an additional \$400 million for the discretionary nutrition program for low-income women and an increase of \$10 million for family planning.

And we know what ‘family planning’ means: it means the murder of the innocents.

The central tragedy of our age is the tragedy of feminism. The triumph of feminism throughout the Western world has inverted every Christian virtue and turned our society into a satanic society. It is impossible to exaggerate the evils of feminism. Lady MacBeth’s request that Satan “Unsex me here,” has been echoed throughout the world, and Satan’s army is filled with murderous, unsexed women who drink the blood of their own children.

When a woman asks Satan to unsex her, what is she really asking? She is asking to return to her unredeemed, pre-Christian state of existence. She wants, as Eve wanted, to be as God. But Godhood is not available for a woman, or a man, in the Christian Faith. The position is already filled. One must apply to the lower regions if one desires godhood.

Lady Macbeth is a case in point. She appeals to the devil to unsex her and to give her the power that the Christian God denies her.

*Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,*

*And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'*

Having given herself to the devil, Lady Macbeths needs a man to do her bidding before she can gain the power she desires. This is always the case. An evil woman always needs a male to abdicate his authority in order for her evil will to triumph. Eve needed the abdication of Adam as Lady Macbeth needs the abdication of Macbeth.

Macbeth wants to please his wife. He kills Duncan because he wants to please her, but does he love her? If we are not to debase love, we must assert that Macbeth's love is a distorted, pale caricature of real love, as Satan's kingdom is a distorted, pale caricature of God's kingdom. There can be no love of another creature outside of God's love. Lady Macbeth steps into Satan's kingdom and her husband embraces her in that kingdom. The irony is that by having murdered Duncan out of 'love' for his wife and, by doing so, separating himself from God's love, Macbeth is unable to love his wife or anyone else. Toward the end of the play, when Macbeth is told his wife is dead, he responds with the famous soliloquy on nothingness:

*She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word:
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.*

It is important to note that Macbeth does not conclude "life is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing" because he loved a woman instead of God. There is no 'either-or' choice between the love of God and the love of a woman. If a man truly loves a woman, he will love her in the Pauline sense; he will love her as Christ loves His Church. The traditionalist sects, with their deprecation of the marriage state, support the heretical thesis that a man must love either God or a woman; he can't love both. This notion is rooted in Manichean dualism, not in the Christian tradition. God gave Adam a woman to love and to love him, because it was good for Adam. The gifts of God are always good. But Adam and Macbeth, following in Adam's path, step out of God's light where love is sacred, and for the sake of their women's evil wills they forsake God.

We are a nation that has "supped full with horrors," because we have institutionalized and declared holy the male-female relationship of the Macbeth family. Lady Macbeth wants to kill her children; Mr. Macbeth will prepare the saline solution. Lady Macbeth wants to wear army boots and drive a tank; Mr. Macbeth will let her. Lady Macbeth wants to dress like a priest and hand out communion;

Mr. Macbeth will acquiesce. In the United States we have raised the satanic banner of feminism higher than any other nation has ever done before.

Why have white males abdicated their authority? Avoiding the obvious reply, “Why not?”, let’s state it plainly: The European male has no faith. There is nothing as fearsome as a confrontation with an aggressive female. Rip Van Winkle knew this. That is why he hid out with the little men in the woods for twenty years. The only way a man can face an aggressive female is if he believes that his God will sustain him in the day of battle. But if a man’s faith waivers, even slightly, he will not have the ability to oppose a woman who is completely possessed by her own will.

A woman in her unredeemed, Lady Macbeth state, represents the most powerful force in nature. A man with his superior strength and size is no match for the fecund power of a woman. From the first moment a man leaves the womb, he desires to return to it. He fears confrontations with women because failure to please a woman entails a threat of banishment. He might be denied access to the womb, but it is a fatal desire for a man to seek a return to the womb. It is a return to nothingness; it means an extinction of a man’s personality. If femininity is worshipped as pure force – “I am woman, hear me roar” – the individual woman will be consumed by it as well as the man.

This worship of femininity as pure force, as found in the pre-Christian mystery cult of Cybele, a cruel, matriarchal goddess, is diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christianity. Mary agrees to be the “handmaid of the Lord,” and by her submission to the will of God, she realizes the potential of her own femininity and allows Christ to reveal to all mankind the divine nature of their own personalities. A man does not have to give himself up to an impersonal earth goddess; he knows, through Christ, that he possesses a personality with an eternal destiny.

A true respect for women entails a refusal to submit to the impersonal feminine principle. When a woman acts as a nurturer of children and all things Christian, she should be given all the respect and love that the code of chivalry demands. But when she steps out of that role and becomes a Lady Macbeth, she should be fought to the death, preferably her own. When Macbeth refuses to oppose his wife’s demonic will, he not only loses his soul, but his wife loses her soul as well.

In his play, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Shakespeare good-naturedly shows us the only way to overcome a Lady Macbeth. She must be opposed every time she steps outside the Christian orbit. If she is successfully opposed, as Petruchio successfully opposes Katharina, tragedy is avoided and there is domestic and civil peace. The difference between Lady Macbeth’s statement, “Unsex me here; And fill me from the crown to the toe, top full of direst cruelty,” and Katharina’s, “Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign,” is the difference between heaven and hell. The European male prefers hell. +

Labels: feminism, true femininity

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 2010

*"The conversion of Ahab" an (unfolding & unrolled story,
"while running to the eye at a glance the deeper meaning of
the soul and soulings of their lives."*

WILLIAM H. CHASE
WILLIAM H. CHASE

A book that was much better than Sykes' 'classic' work was the book, *The Public Orphanage: How Public Schools Are Making Parents Irrelevant* by Eric Buehrer. In his book, Buehrer made the case for values in education. The liberals were not wrong to teach values, Buehrer maintained, they were wrong to teach liberal values. I couldn't agree more. Virtue does not consist of avoiding the bad, it consists of loving and actively pursuing the good. Herman Melville's reading of Shakespeare sheds some light on this issue. The evil bastard son of Gloucester in Shakespeare's *King Lear* has this to say about bastards:

*Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
 My services are bound. Wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
 Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
 As to the legitimate: fine word,--legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!*

In the margin beside that passage in his copy of Shakespeare, Herman Melville wrote, "There is often an energy to demonism that mere virtue often lacks." Melville is correct. The spiritual void in the conservatives' pragmatic, value-free education cannot compete with the liberals' utopian, value-laden education. The liberals get the cream of the white crop of the current generation because they have a faith. Nor do those who reject utopian liberalism embrace pragmatic conservatism; they embrace despair. It was not always thus. In the early to mid-20th century, there were still men of European ancestry, such as Russell Kirk, Andrew Lytle, and Whittaker Chambers, who saw and espoused a conservatism grounded in the traditional Christianity of the European people. And so long as virtue and faith were connected, there was still a Promethean fire in the virtuous European to counter the demonism of the liberals. However, when the conservatives became positivists the fire died and the liberals held the field unopposed by any force capable of halting their advance toward what they see as Utopia, but which is in reality Hell on Earth.

The internecine wars of Christian Europeans – Catholic vs. Protestant, Cavalier vs. Roundhead, Royalist vs. Covenanter, and so on – were terrible. But those conflicts, waged by the worst on each side, were always settled by the grace of God working in the best on both sides. The greater tragedy is the tragedy of modern Europe. There is no Christian army in the field; there is only the army of liberals. The pragmatic, utilitarian conservatives do not even constitute an opposition, because they are not interested in fighting liberalism. They only want to make it more conformable to their pragmatism.

The greatest of all tragedies has befallen the European people. They have descended to the level of swine; they are content to merely feed and wallow in garbage. The superficiality of our modern swinish culture indicates that the European has arrived at the last stop on the road to oblivion. One is reminded of the Greek soldiers in Homer's *Odyssey*. The evil sorceress, Kirke, gives the men what they seek, swinish oblivion. But the pagan hero, Odysseus, rescues them with a magic herb and his sword. It will take a Christian hero, with faith instead of a magic herb, to wield the sword that frees his people from swinish oblivion.

God is to be found in the depths so if God is to be avoided it is necessary to create a superficial world where there is no depth. We need look no further than academia to see such a world. In academia, the abstraction rules; something is considered sacred to the extent it contradicts the essential truths

of the European heritage. Old Europe was patriarchal; academia is matriarchal. Old Europe was Christian; academia is anti-Christian. Old Europe kept the black savage at bay; academia worships the black savage. And our entire society has become part of academia. What started out as little pockets of superficiality confined within the halls of academia has spread to every nook and cranny of the European nations. Now, wherever there are Europeans gathered together we no longer see human beings we see swine. This is a heartbreaking sight if you once knew, through a sympathetic connection to the Europeans of the past, the Europeans when they were human.

The colored barbarians, who never quite reached the fully human level of existence, have always had more in common with the large, predatory animals than with the antique European. They are delighted with the new swinish Europeans because swine are easy to slaughter.

We few, the remnant Europeans, are not pagans like Odysseus. We do not believe in magic talismans. Our God has told us, and shown us, that divine charity is above and superior to magic talismans. But we can, like Odysseus, attack the evil sorceress who has consigned our kith and kin to swinish oblivion. The scientific, egoistic spirit of the modern age, which is spewed out like garbage in our schools, our churches, and every major educational outlet of the modern world by conservatives and liberals alike, must be resisted and defeated so that the swine can see His world.

“But can swine see and believe?”

“They were not always swine. If one swinish European reclaims his humanity, will not more follow in his train? That is a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

Solzhenitsyn stated in his great work, *The Gulag Archipelago*, that he felt like the Gulag was a nation unto itself. The prisoners were physically isolated from Russian society but they were a truer, better society than the Russia outside the Gulag, because in the Gulag there was a true communion of souls.

In post-Christian, swinish Europe, the Christian European does not even have the comfort of knowing there are others in the Gulag that think and feel like him. His isolation is greater. He needs communion with other hearts like his, but he cannot find any in the herds of European swine. The only strengthening comfort left for the Christian European, and it is no small comfort, is communion with the dead. And of course, I'm not referring to some kind of spiritualist séance; I'm talking about that silken tie of sympathy that links one human soul to another. The communion of saints is more than just a phrase; the dead are alive, and they speak to us from His world because He sustains all true communion with His love. We only see through a glass darkly, but we must hold to that dark vision or the white European world will become a permanent feeding trough for swine who were once human beings. +

Labels: death of Christian culture, faithlessness

Bound by Faith and Honor

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 2010



“Post-Christian Europe is hell, and we can’t vote hell away. Satan is not a live-and-let-live type of guy. He hates with an everlasting passion.” – CWN

The passage of the health care bill is one more milestone for the followers of Satan. A few Republicans and the usual lineup of ‘conservative’ talk show hosts have vowed to ‘fight’ the bill. Of course they don’t really mean they are going to fight in the ‘war means fighting and fighting means killing’ sense. They mean they are going to hold more ‘tea parties’ and challenge the constitutionality of some of the provisions of the health care bill in court. All this, we are told, is going to be done because ‘we the people’ have been denied our rights. ‘The people’ were against the health care bill, and the democrats rammed it down our throats anyway.

There are two major fallacies in the conservatives’ fight plan.

1) Democracy is the least democratic form of government. In a democracy a tiny oligarchy who have mastered the art of slight-of-hand politics, pandering, and the manipulation of the masses always rules.¹ The democrats knew that the electorate opposed the health care bill, but having slithered their way into power they were not about to consult the base populi before they voted. Certainly a few democrats feared that voting for the bill might lessen their chance of being re-elected, but they weighed that chance against the pride of building Babylon, and pride won. All liberals are not without beliefs. Many do actually believe in Satania. So it will not avail the conservatives to appeal to the majority of the people against the liberal oligarchy, because the liberal oligarchy does not recognize the humanity of anyone outside of the oligarchy.

2) There is no longer ‘a people’ to appeal to. A people have a common faith and one race. Prior to the 20th century, you could say ‘the English people,’ or ‘the French people,’ etc., and everybody would know that you were talking about white, Christian people who lived in a certain geographical region. And even in the United States, the nation founded on anti-national, anti-religious principles, you could say ‘the American people’ and assume that the phrase meant white, Christian people. Now, what does the phrase ‘the English people,’ or ‘the French people,’ or ‘the American people,’ mean? It means nothing, or worse than nothing, it means the great universal kingdom of Babylon. But it is

worse than Babylon, because in the new Babylon all people are welcome, except white people. It is the earnest desire of all Babylonians to eradicate white people.

No appeal to the American people can reverse a law made by liberals, because the liberals have painstakingly eradicated the very idea of a 'people' from the European's heart and soul. He doesn't dare think of his fellow Europeans as his people. Nor do any of the conservative opponents of liberals urge white people to think and act as a united race. Far from it -- they carefully avoid any reference to white people or the Christian faith. And yet the liberals talk about white people when it suits their purposes. There is no such thing as white people when they talk about cultural identities that need to be preserved. Then there are only Africans, Mexicans, and Indians; they are a true people. But when protest groups like the 'tea party' organizations arise, composed mainly of white people, then there is such a thing as white people. And the protest groups can be demonized and dismissed because white people are evil simply because they are white.

The Christian Faith has suffered the same fate as white people. When Christ can be invoked to condemn racist white people², then He is invoked. But when Christians condemn abortion, homosexuality, or any of the liberals' protected perversions, then the liberals' wall between church and state goes up.

It is easy to see what Europeans need to do in order to survive as a people. They need to believe in the same Christianity that Walter Scott and all the millions of his kindred Europeans believed. But we cannot simply wrap up the older Christianity and hand it to the modern European, telling him it will make him whole again. The modern European is not inspired by anything connected to Christian Europe. And in the absence of any love for the old Europe, the people of modern Europe will become extinct.

I'm at a loss to understand why the modern European finds the culture of Shakespeare, Lee, Arthur, Alfred, Roland, and Scott so dull and uninspiring, but I must conclude that it is so. The modern European's soul has less light in it than a burned out candle. He is a caricature of a human being who plays with his technological toys and prays to the savage black god to deliver him from the evil of his boring existence.

A white man who still feels his pulse quicken at the mere mention of Jesus, the warrior king, who feels he is there with Alfred in his great struggle against the heathen, must not succumb to any form of liberalism, not democratic capitalism, democratic socialism, communism, or neo-paganism. He must follow the way of the cross, the way of the Hero-God. And he must do this because he is the last of the bred-in-the-bone Christians. If the European stands up to liberalism, if he is a sign of contradiction to liberalism's decadent, degenerate, and unspeakably foul world, he will, at the very least, save his white plume. And possibly he will stir the seemingly dead corpse of a fellow European enough to inspire him to see the Europe beyond modern Europe, the Europe of white plumed cavaliers who serve the King of Kings.

When I use the term culture, I am not using the term to describe going to the opera or an art museum. I use the term culture to describe the life of a people in its entirety, the things that make up the fabric of their daily lives. For this reason the cultural approach to religion, in my judgment, can never be an insignificant 'extra,' for how can the world in which we live and breathe be of no consequence? The human element of life is the cultural element. If their God is not part of their culture, a people have no God. He can't exist only in church parchments read in Sunday school or church on Sundays. The reason the remnant of believing European Christians are so confused and divided in their loyalties is because they serve Satania all week and Christ on Sundays.

What the churchmen regarded as dross -- European culture -- the devil claimed for his own. Now only a remnant band of splinter churches even hold to the Christian faith on Sundays. The vast majority of white church-going Christians worship the black icons of Satania every Sunday.

The age of prophecy is over; nobody can foretell the future with the certainty of a Jeremiah or an Isaiah, but a Christian can prophesize in the Dostoyevskian sense: The European cannot live without Christ, and Christ comes to us through the human, through the cultural element. Without a spiritual connection to Christian Europe, the European's heart will dry up and die. It won't help to copy an external rite from the past or to start preparing our food in the old European style. What is needed is an internal sea change. We must pledge our hearts to the Old Europe, and live and breathe the same integral faith of the antique Europeans. They didn't mix their blood with the heathens, abort babies, or 'downsize' human beings, and neither shall we once we have restored Christ's white plume to our hearts and to the heart of our culture. +

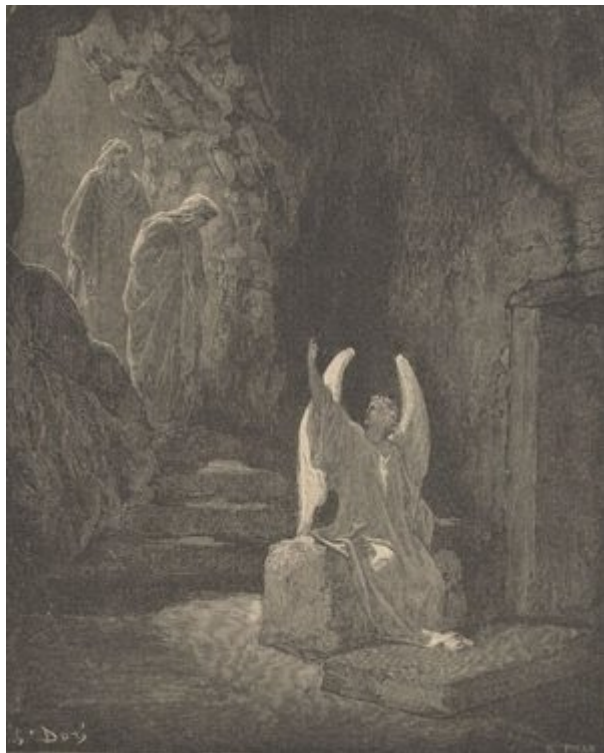
1. Shakespeare's play *Coriolanus* is the definitive work on the liberals' methods of manipulating the masses to destroy an older, more honorable regime and replace it with a new, self-serving, liberal regime.

2. I think we can agree that the editors of Time magazine do not care one iota about Christ's reign of charity. So I thought it was more than just a little bit hypocritical of them to claim Glenn Beck hates Jesus Christ because he opposed Obama's health care plan. Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau, mock on!

Labels: racial Babylon, restoration of European civilization, Satania

The Empty Tomb and the Risen Lord

SATURDAY, APRIL 03, 2010



Smile praises, O sky!
Soft breathe them, O air,
Below and on high,
And everywhere!

Awake thee, O spring!
Ye flowers, come forth,
With thousand hues tinting
The soft green earth!

Ye violets tender
And sweet roses bright,
Gay Lent-lilies blended
With pure lilies white!

Sweep tides of rich music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure,
Sweet lyres, your song!

The black troop of storms
Has yielded to calm;
Tufted blossoms are peeping,
And early palm.

Sing, sing, for He liveth:
He lives, as He said: --
The Lord has arisen,
Unharm'd, from the dead!

“**Christ has risen,**” is the bold declaration we make at Easter, and the reply is equally bold: “**Indeed He has.**” Everything else that ever happened in human history pales in significance to Christ’s

resurrection from the dead. Then why spend so much time on secondary things such as the plight of the white European? We spend time on “secondary” things because such things are the building blocks of faith in Christ’s resurrection from the dead.

The halfway house Christians who believe in Christ’s resurrection from the dead but accept the liberals’ vision of a mixed race world should have a problem with their racist view of the world. (And it is racist to insist that white racial solidarity is evil.) They should have a problem because the belief in Christ’s resurrection from the dead has faded as white people’s faith in the distinctiveness of the white race has faded. Is that just a coincidence? No, it is not. If a man takes the Bible seriously, he can see that God took great care to insure that the secondary things, the building blocks of faith such as a man’s connection to his race, were kept in place. He destroyed the Tower of Babel in the pre-Christian era, and in the Christian era, in the person of Christ, He told the apostles to “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.” He did not abrogate nationhood in the new dispensation. He still wanted people to retain their racial distinctiveness.

There is nothing in the Old or New Testament that justifies race-mixing. Quite the contrary, our Lord seems to have opposed it, because when men have a distorted view of their racial identities they also have a blurry, distorted view of God. He becomes all things to all people, part Buddha, part Socrates, part Dalai Lama, but not the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and St. Paul. John Paul II’s obsession with racial diversity and his obsession with the Assisi ecumenical conferences where Christianity was blended with Buddhism, Hinduism, and animism, was a hideous example of how the type of spirituality that welcomes racial diversity also opens the door to the non-Christian, pantheistic nature religions.

There is another compelling reason, from a Christian perspective, why the European should maintain his white racial identity. Let me frame that reason in a series of questions. Who composed The Messiah? Who wrote King Lear? Who painted the Sistine Chapel? Who was the founder of the Lutheran church? The Methodist church? The Mormon church? Who penned the documents that the Catholic church relies so heavily on? The answer to all the questions is – of course – a European and the Europeans. Do we really, if we care about the Christian faith, want the white race to blend with the colored races and become extinct? The liberals have answered that question in the affirmative, and the halfway house Christians, either from cowardice or deficiencies in the heart and the brain, have gone along with the liberals.

This idea of diversity which the liberals and the halfway house Christians accept as Gospel is poison to Christianity. The idea comes from the evil genius of the great hater of the human race. If God will not allow him to destroy mankind directly, he must then destroy mankind by taking from them that which makes them distinctly and uniquely human, their blood ties to their kith and kin. If Satan can diversify those blood ties he can sever mankind’s tie to the God whose divinity is contained within His humanity. Without a human dwelling, a distinct hearth fire, our Lord will have no place to rest His head. He cannot reside in a diversified hearth because such a hearth has no humanity, no warmth.

The greatest danger for a European Christian who has somehow managed, despite the constant liberal onslaught against his race and his faith, to stay Christian and European, is despair. He gets tired of being a pariah, so he gives up trying to maintain his white, Christian identity. The joys of Babylon, the perfumes of Arabia, are waiting for him if he will only affirm that there is no connection between the white race and Christianity. But the faithful European will not ultimately succumb to despair. He will not succumb because he is the Christ Bearer. He carries the cross and the vision. Both are great burdens, but both are also sacred burdens. The cross and the vision give the European the knowledge that “my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep.”

*Lo, the gates of death are broken,
And the strong man armed is spoiled,
Of his armour, which he trusted,
By the stronger Arm despoiled.
Vanquished is the Prince of Hell;
Smitten by the cross, he fell.*

*That the sinner might not perish,
For him the Creator dies;
By whose death, our dark lot changing,
Life again for us doth rise. +*

Labels: Easter

European Soil

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 2010



“And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.”

Language, as Richard Weaver tells us, is sermonic. And what was the sermon the liberals were preaching when they reported the murder of a white South African nationalist as the murder of a “white supremacist”? We know what they are telling us, because we have heard nothing else for the past 50 years. They are telling us that he deserved to die because he loved his own race and wanted them to survive as a race. That is what is meant by ‘white supremacist,’ and the penalty for that crime is death. If the white South African nationalist had been a black supremacist, he would have been called a ‘freedom fighter’ or maybe even a saint, which is what John Paul II called Nelson Mandela. But he most certainly would not have been called a black supremacist, because supremacists are evil, and no black can be evil. When they murder, they are black nationalists, freedom fighters, or else ‘deprived youths lashing out at whitey after years of torture and abuse at the hands of whitey.’

There is something else in the liberals’ sermon that we should note. There is a warning. They want us to believe that the white nationalist South African was murdered because he was a ‘white supremacist.’ They do not want us to think that he had a very good chance of being murdered even if he had not written or spoken one word in defense of the white race. The liberals want white people to believe that so long as they are without sin, so long as they vote for Obama, condemn South Africa and Southern American white supremacists, and cheer every time there is a mixed race marriage, they will be able to sleep safe and sound in their beds. But they are warned; if they tread the path of white supremacy, which means white solidarity against race-mixing and bestial savagery, they will be exterminated. And of course it is another great liberal lie. A white man increases his chances to die in the one-sided race war if he speaks out against black savagery, but not by much. The white man stands condemned because he is white; no amount of sickening, sycophantic pandering and groveling will make him less likely to die for the sin of being white.

The colored races have not changed. They have always hated the white race. What has changed is the white race. A large minority of whites, possibly even a majority now, hate the white race. And the rest of the whites have become cattle, to be herded to the stockyards to be exterminated or ‘diversified.’ In South Africa, the exterminating-diversifying process can be accelerated because the colored population constitutes such a large majority, but the process of white racial suicide is proceeding at a rapid pace throughout the European world.

It would not be accurate to blame Christianity for white racial suicide unless you accept the apologia of anti-white Christians, such as John Paul II, that Christians prior to the middle of the 20th century were all wrong about Christianity, because prior to the mid-20th century, white people who fought - and fought successfully -- to defend the white race were Christian. South Africa is a case in point.

Can the modern day neo-pagans boast of any heroes that can equal Andries Pretorius, the white Christian leader of the punitive expedition against the Zulus at Blood River? No, they can't. So it seems that the reality is that the white man is not in decline because he is Christian, but is in decline because he is insufficiently Christian.

Christianity then is not responsible for the demise of the white man. But Christianity does give the liberals the white heat for their furnaces of hate. No barbarian can hate like a liberal because the post-Christian liberal hates as Satan hates; he knows the good, but he rejects Him, just as the liberals do. Their hatred is unrelenting, while the colored savage's hate abates when he is between bloodlettings.

I got a very depressing form letter a few weeks ago from one of the leading neo-pagan gurus. He wanted money to get "the message out on the Internet." But what is the message, Mr. Neo-Pagan? The white man has only one message for the world, and it's a very old message that the white liberals and the white neo-pagans have rejected. Satan has been much wiser than the European Christians. He knew that if you sow the seeds of faith among thorns, the thorns will grow and choke the seeds of faith. The good ground was Christian Europe. Satan turned Europe into a field of thorns by convincing the churchmen that the Christian God is the great illuminator and not the great liberator. Christ came, Satan told the churchmen, not to free mankind from sin and death, but to enlighten men's minds. They could only be Christian by abandoning the Hero-God, the humane God, for the enlightened God. Then hatred for the old-fashioned human ties that bind, ties to our families and our race, becomes a moral imperative. Satan used the Christian churches to plant the thorns that destroyed Christianity.

In Charles Dickens' book *David Copperfield*, the title character takes a trip in an English coach. During the trip all the passengers, save David, fall asleep in the coach. When the coach arrives at its destination, all the passengers wake up and vehemently deny that they were asleep during the ride in the coach. Young David concludes that there must be nothing as despicable as falling asleep in a coach, because the passengers took such great pains to deny that they had fallen asleep.

David was on to something. Human beings do not want to confess to something that makes them appear weak or foolish in the eyes of the world. And to confess that you believe in the simple fairy stories of the Old Testament and the fairy story of the New Testament is a confession of weakness and foolishness. But to whom are we afraid to appear weak and foolish? The liberals, of course, the 'smart people' who have covered Europe with thorns at Satan's behest. Europeans have jettisoned the core element of the Christian -- faith in a Hero-God, who saves individual human beings with blood ties to kith and kin -- in exchange for a streamlined Christianity in which there are no ties of blood, only a cosmic, vague connection to all mankind.

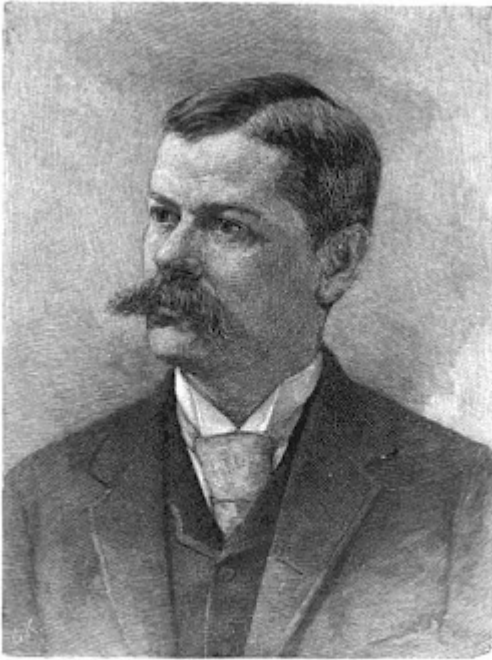
We have seen the result of trying to oppose the evils of liberalism with a cosmic Christianity without depth. Like the seeds that fell on stony ground which had no depth of earth, cosmic Christianity was scorched and withered away because it had no roots. Christianity's roots are in humanity, in the blood. Sever those roots and Christianity becomes liberalism. All halfway house Christians who want Christianity without the depth of feeling that can only be engendered by love for our kind -- our family members and our people -- will eventually become part of liberalism's kingdom of thorns.

The neo-pagans talk about Viking sperm banks and getting the neo-pagan message out to white people. That is not what the European cares about. He has one message: "I will serve Christian Europe, or else I will not serve." The thorns must be painstakingly removed from our sacred nation. Then we must plant the seeds of a blood faith deep into the European soil again. It is the European past that we can build upon, not some death-in-life neo-pagan future, or liberalism's field of thorns. It is never a sign of weakness or foolishness to rise and ride with the God who saved us from sin and death. His Kingdom is forever; Satan's kingdom is for one brief hour. +

Labels: Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy, European cultural heritage

Beyond Tears

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 2010



Thos N. Page

The city was full of negroes at this time. These seemed to represent mainly the two extremes of prosperity and poverty. The gentlemen could not walk on the street without being applied to by some old man or woman who was in want, and who, as long as the visitors had anything to give, needed only to ask to be assisted.

“We are like lost souls on the banks of the Styx,” said Dr. Cary. “I feel as much a stranger as if I were on another planet. And to think that our grandfathers helped to make this nation!”

“To think that we ever surrendered!” exclaimed General Legaie, with a flash in his eye.

– *Red Rock* by Thomas Nelson Page

I recently saw my mad-dog liberal sister after a hiatus of about 12 years. I was surprised how much she had aged. I don't think I would have recognized her if I passed her on the street.

I'm not making the case that liberalism ages someone more than conservatism; I'm sure I looked just as aged to my sister as she did to me. We see ourselves every day, so we aren't as shocked at our own transformation as we are at that of others we haven't seen for many years, although sometimes via an old photograph we do see a glimpse of the stranger we once were.

It's not a pleasant shock to see living proof that you are not “ague proof.” But it is much more unpleasant (in fact, unpleasant is putting it mildly) to see a deep spiritual chasm between the European culture that once was and the European culture that is now. I see the contrast every day, because every day I leave my European home, where Walter Scott's Europe is honored and revered, to go to and fro in the modern world to obtain the necessities of life that keep a man living and breathing. The contrast is enough to make a man weep, but I seldom weep because there is a sorrow too deep for tears. Such a sorrow belongs to the antique European who lives in modern Europe.

Incredible as it seems to me, the soul-dead liberals really believe we have progressed. Just the other day for instance I heard some liberal commentator prattling on about the greatness of the groundbreaking 1960's and the wonderful changes wrought during that decade. Oh really?

Obviously the great haters, the liberals, were preparing the changes wrought in the 1960's for many years prior to that time. It was just a case of the scum-laden pot finally boiling over in the 1960's.

When the liberals rhapsodize about the 1960's they usually list the civil rights movement and the sexual revolution as the great accomplishments of the sixties' radicals. Christians of a more conservative bent usually applaud the civil rights movement and deplore the sexual revolution. Neopagans usually deplore the civil rights movement while enjoying and celebrating the sexual revolution. Seldom do we see a Christian condemning the civil rights movement or a neo-pagan condemning the sexual revolution, but the two movements were part of one, united, satanic attack on the mystical body of Christ. Christian Europeans should oppose both.

The mixed-race movement (which is what the civil rights movement was) and the sexual revolution were both grounded in the utopian thinking of European intellectuals, exemplified by Rousseau's *The Social Contract* and Voltaire's *Candide* respectively.

The mixed-race movement was the precursor of the sexual revolution. When a European embraces race-mixing, he must not only reject the authenticity of the Bible, he must also reject the traditional wisdom of the European people. He must believe that the strictures against interracial marriage and the desire to live with one's own kind were the prejudices of a sick and demented people. Henceforth the new European will emerge, free of prejudice and free from any ties to kith or kin. His is a universal tie to all mankind.

The tie that binds the new European to all mankind is an intellectual abstraction. He loves a theory of unity, but he has no flesh and blood connection to a particular race of people. But the utopian's intellectual denial of his blood cannot change reality; a man needs something to stir his blood. If he refuses to be inspired by the traditional sentiments that fired the blood of the antique European -- attachments to kith and kin -- he will need something else to stir his blood. That something else is sex. It is sex unconnected to love. Blood will out; if the European renounces the ties of blood that ennoble and elevate a man, he will end up a slave to the urges of the blood that debase and debauch a man. Interracial coupling is a necessity to a man who has no blood connection to a particular people or a particular God. And who becomes the utopian's God? The people who can stir his blood.

Racial Babylon and Sexual Babylon are fraternal twins. The one precedes the other but only by an infinitesimal fraction of a hair. They both come from the same parent. Satan loves and wills racial and sexual diversity because it kills the image of God in man.

The hue and cry of the liberals and the halfway house Christian is "God loves everyone; we are all children of God." Yes, God loves everyone, but everyone does not love God. We can only get to God through the God-Man. And if our human ties that bind are severed or debauched, we cannot know God. Let's put the two contrasting visions, Babylonian universalism and Christian provincialism side by side by comparing Harper Lee's novel *To Kill a Mockingbird* and Thomas Nelson Page's novel *Red Rock*.

In Lee's novel, the Southern Christian Europeans are depicted as bigoted individuals who have irrational prejudices against blacks. The bad whites believe that any break in the color line will lead to miscegenation, black rape of white women, and the plunder of white civilization. The kind liberal, Atticus Finch, knows such beliefs are hogwash. Tom Robinson is a pure, upright negro (there are no evil negroes in the liberal's fantasy religion), who has been falsely accused of rape by a pathetic, mentally unstable white girl. Evil then does not abide in the black man; it abides in the evil hearts and minds of bigoted white people. Lee's book is treated as Holy Writ in American schools despite the fact that the 'bigoted' Southern whites were right -- when you break the color line, miscegenation, black rape of white women, and the plunder of white civilization will ensue.

Thomas Nelson Page's classic novel *Red Rock* is not a popular book in American schools, despite the fact that Page's view of the black man is the realistic one. But of course reality and public school curriculums have never been compatible.

In *Red Rock* Page tells us that the European civilization of the Southern whites was Christian, and that the Southern war for independence was a war to stave off the totalitarian dark night of the Northern egalitarians. The men and women of the South who fought the carpetbaggers and their negro allies are depicted as heroes who prevailed against the evils of black barbarism and capitalism. Page tells us the truth about Christian Europeans and shows us that virtue and truth are to be found in men and women connected to the living God, through the blood lines of their kith and kin.

Little pious tracts by hypocritical liars such as Harper Lee, in which the white Christian horror of race-mixing is depicted as a sick prejudice, paved the way for the great barbarian blood and sex orgy of today. Rape and murder by colored barbarians is so familiar now in every European country that we no longer even raise our eyebrows in response. The only action that ever elicits a response from the white liberals is when a white man actually condemns black savagery. That shocks the liberals, and they punish home.

Having divorced his mind from his body and from his heart, the liberal must experience life vicariously through the barbarian of color. What was an abomination to the white European of the 19th century, miscegenation, is a consummation devoutly to be wished in the mind of the white liberal of the 21st century. How else will he know he is alive? He needs to feel something in the blood, and having severed his blood ties to the European people he must look to the colored races to give him the blood transfusion that he so desperately needs.

The old hymn tells us there is "power in the Blood of the Lamb." Having rejected the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, the liberal will end his days in suicidal despair and bitterness, wondering why his black god failed him. The halfway house Christians will go over the cliffs of despair with the liberals rather than be subjected to cries of "racist" from the liberals as they fall from the cliffs. It's a tragedy of Shakespearean proportions.

There is no hope of averting the tragedy because we are living in the midst of it. We have only the vision, bequeathed to us by our European ancestors, of a Hero-God whose love passeth the understanding of the intellect but penetrates deeply into the hearts of the Europeans who still have hearts to "receive Him still." At the heart of Shakespearean drama is the single declarative statement of St. Paul – "Charity never faileth." If we refuse to become diverse or enlightened we will stay connected to the God whose divine charity never has failed us and never will fail us. +

Labels: defense of the South, liberals are the true haters

The Will to Survive

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 2010



"Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock"

-- Scott

It should come as no surprise that the neo-con triumvirate of Glenn Beck, Bill Kristol, and Charles Krauthammer condemned the Dutch immigration restrictionist Geert Wilders for not wanting his country to be overrun by Moslems. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Glenn Beck and company serve the interests of super-capitalist Rupert Murdoch, who wants to make the entire Moslem world part of a global economy run by Rupert Murdoch. The Glenn Beck types have a vested interest then in making sure that when they say the American people, they mean a generic people with no common religion, no common race, and no common cultural heritage. Beck's battle with the Democrats is only a mild internecine quarrel; he knows, and the Democrats know too, that the real enemy is white people who think that what needs to be conserved and fought for is white people and their culture, a culture that did not suddenly spring into existence in 18th century America but had its roots in a manger in Bethlehem and that was revered and honored in the sacred land called Europe.

The late John Tyndall and Samuel Francis used to excoriate anyone who said that white people needed to stop hoping for electoral victories and start banding together to live and survive as minorities in a hostile culture. With all due respect to the bravery of those two loyal Europeans, let me say that it was time then and it is time now to jettison democracy. It is foolish to condemn the messenger who brings the news that there is no democratic solution to the problem of white genocide. Such an angry condemnation is based on the false assumptions that 1) there is still hope for the white man within the framework of democratic liberalism and 2) that facing reality and giving up on democracy is the same as giving up on the survival of the white man. Far from it, I want to see white men abandon liberal democracy so that the white race will survive.

When the European man embraced democracy he unknowingly embraced the devil. The democratic man has no soul to call his own. His soul belongs to an abstract idea of "the people" or "the electorate." His whole life is spent either in trying to be a good member of the collective or trying to convince a majority of the electorate to side with him against the minority. The action of the European's life, under the democratic system, is like living a pig's life in the swine yard. The pig that can absorb the most swill will become king of the pigsty until he is ultimately turned into sausage.

All the European's best instincts were killed when he tried to cater to some abstract idea of the people's will. Far better to listen to the call of the blood. There the wisdom of the race resides. The democratic white man has to petition and beg the white-hating whites and the barbarians for the right to preserve white culture and white people. The non-democratic European, the man of blood, tells the liberals and the barbarians that he will survive against the savagery of the barbarian and the satanic hatred of the liberal. When the European breaks the mind-forged manacles of democracy he will be free to fight the same battles that his ancestors such as Alfred the Great and Charles Martel fought and won.

In contemporary Satania the white man has no rights except the right to have all his rights denied. This is how the system works: let's say the government decides to put a low cost housing development into a predominately white neighborhood. The white people, while asserting that "we are not racist," protest the building of the housing development because it will be a breeding ground for crime. The whites get the necessary signatures on a petition to hold off the building of the housing development, and they regularly picket the building site. But all the democratic efforts of the white people fail, and the housing development goes up. And then the predictable happens. Young white girls are raped and murdered and young white males are tortured and murdered by "black youths." And the government issues a warning: "We will not tolerate any violence against the violence from the white residents." And then the liberals say the white victims need to understand why blacks murder and rape white people.

Now let's look at the housing development problem after the white man has taken off the democratic manacles: After the petitioning and the picketing to stop construction fails the residents of the town in question awake one morning and see that the housing development has burned to the ground. There is a lot of blather about the rule of law and violent bigoted white people, but there are no rapes and murders in that town because there are no rapists and murderers living in a housing development in that town.

Of course the point is that within the democratic system, which was constructed by liberals, there is no hope for the white man; life is a racial endgame. But when the white man looks at life from outside of the democratic prism, he sees life abundant. There is a world of honorable men and virtuous women who will not accept the annihilation of the white Christian European.

When the white man looks beyond liberal democracy he will learn to hate evil and love the good again. His hate and love will be integral parts of his soul, and he will strike out against all those who threaten the people and values he loves. A non-democratic European is the liberals' and the barbarians' greatest nightmare because they cannot understand, having never felt connected to God or another human being at the deepest level, what motivates a man to fight against impossible odds, against all reason, out of love for the Savior and His people. They never will understand, but if the white man turns away from the democratic faith of the bastard liberals and embraces the blood faith of the Europeans, they (the liberals and the barbarians) will know what it means to face an implacable enemy that cannot be defeated.

The modern European left his European home and now he lives in the democratic swine yard, eating the husks of corn that the swinish liberals and barbarians have tossed aside. Like the prodigal son, the European can leave the swine yard and return to his home. However, unlike the prodigal he will not find a father to welcome him home. He will discover that his European home is a house of desolation. The task of cleansing it will be bloody and arduous.

The conservative-liberals such as Glenn Beck do us a great favor when they condemn such mild immigration restrictionists as Geert Wilders. By doing so the conservative-liberals tell us that it is time to throw off the democratic yoke and act like white men instead of somnambulists. We have been living a nightmare. Now as we wake from that nightmare and see the light of day we can see that the world belongs to the European, not by the pagan right of conquest, but by His law of

charity. The liberal and barbarian reign of technology and savagery will last until Christian Europeans wrest it from them. By the fiery cross, not the ballot, the Europeans will restore Europe.

I know from a statistical, analytical standpoint, any talk of a European restoration seems impossible. But that is precisely the point. There was a time when Europeans did not look at the world as a closed system with only a few predictable outcomes to existence. They viewed the world as an enchanted fairy land given to them by a loving God, in which they could live and thrive according to His divine will. Then they did not worry about the size of their families – “God will provide” – nor the size of the enemy arrayed against them – “If God be for us who can stand against us?”; nor did they worry about following democratic procedures – “Who is on the Lord’s side?” The European is not bereft of everything because the liberals and the barbarians have taken everything from him. He is bereft because he has exchanged his European heritage for a corner in the pigsty of Liberalism. He need only stand erect and leave the pigsty in order to become a European again. The old Europe was not a dream; it was and is a reality. It is the present nightmare of liberalism and barbarism that is the unreality – and it will pass when the white man listens to his blood and becomes a European again. +

Labels: blood faith, restoration of European civilization

The Lifeblood of the European

SATURDAY, MAY 01, 2010



“The Christ story, the Hebraic Fairy Tale, is the story that the Europeans took to their hearts. Burn every single cathedral, church, and art work that celebrates the Christ story and you still won’t eradicate the sacred remembrances of Christ that lives in the blood of the European. There will always be some Europeans that will never let go of the European past. Against all logic, against all practicality, a certain breed of men will simply not let go of the vision of the one true God, who lives and reigns in eternal Europe.” – CWNY

In the last five years I’ve done some “reaching out” in order to ascertain whether I could work with pro-white neo-pagans despite our disagreement on the issue of Christianity. I’ve also tried to ascertain whether I could work with professed Christians despite our disagreement on the subject of race. I discovered that I could not work with either the neo-pagans or the professed Christians. Both groups seemed, for different reasons, to be against the Christianity that was the lifeblood of the European for hundreds of years prior to the 20th century.

First let’s look at the neo-pagans. The older neo-pagans such as John Tyndall and Samuel Francis were politer than the younger, more savage breed of neo-pagans, but the old guard neo-pagans were united with the new neo-pagans in their firm belief that Christ be not risen. To the old guard neo-pagan, European Christianity was a wonderful invention of the white man which had been good for a time, but which became a destructive force when it went back to its non-European origins. It was not, the old guard neo-pagans maintained, Christianity that made Europe great; it was the Europeans who had made Christianity great.

The younger neo-pagans are less articulate. Their common refrain was and is, “Jew, Jew, Jew, Jew,” which is a curious phenomenon. The young neo-pagans profess to despise the Jews, yet they are like unto the Jews. The Jews, like the neo-pagans, have a passionate hatred for Christianity. Both think Christianity has been bad for their people. And of course both groups are wrong; Christ is the only hope for their people.

Even if the modern professed Christians were correct in their assertion that Christianity and white genocide are synonymous, it would be rather penny-wise, pound-foolish to abandon the hope for personal salvation for a generic hope in the survival of the white race here on earth. To what end does mere survival lead? It leads to a universal bone yard where there is no white or black, Jew or Christian, male or female, only bones. In the Kingdom of Heaven, which the neo-pagans reject, there are distinctions between black and white, male and female, sinner and saint. Neo-paganism is a blasphemy wedded to an absurdity.

In his eschatology the modern professed Christian is linked to the neo-pagan and the Jew. All three look for the future to bring about a new millennium. The neo-pagan looks to the future in which the white Übermensch, who has gone beyond good and evil, controls the world; the Jew looks for the King who will restore the house of Israel; and the modern professed Christian looks to a future age when Christians, who have freed Christ from His European prison, will worship the true Christ.

There are subtle differences between the three groups. The neo-pagans' savior is non-personal; they simply believe in the generic race. The Jews' savior is yet to come. Only the modern professed Christians have a savior who has already entered historical time. But has he? The Christian faith that is professed in the modern churches is not the European Christianity which, contra the neo-pagans, was the Christianity of the Bible; it is a new, syncretistic Christianity in which Christ is one God among some equal and some greater gods. And the new Christ is not a God who entered historical time; He is a cosmic God who stands outside of time as the symbol of the divine logos or the "best that is in man." The break with the historical Christ, with Jesus of Nazareth, took place when the lunatic fringe, the great haters such as Rousseau, Voltaire, and a rogue's gallery of Rosicrucians, alchemists, and rationalists, convinced the Christian Europeans that faith in Jesus was crude and simplistic while faith in the cosmic Messiah was important and grandiose.

Once the mindset that the traditional European Christianity is backward and retrograde takes hold, the modern Christian, even if he professes to believe in the major tenets of Christianity, will always act in accord with the liberal Christ haters. Which is why we see the strange phenomenon of "conservative" churches screaming just as loudly for race-mixing and democracy as the liberals. To oppose either would be reactionary, and therefore un-Christian, because Christianity is about the future, the new millennium. Witness the lunatic Christian evangelicals who want Israel to start a holy war in the Mideast in order to hasten the return of the liberal Christ who will punish all racists and non-supporters of Israel.

We must make a distinction between the older European Christianity and the new Christianity. The old faith was a faith for men and women who had that within which passeth show. The cruel barbarian gods of sacrifice, the distant gods of Mt. Olympus, and the abstract god of the philosophers were not enough for the race of people who needed to know that there was someone beyond and above the pagan's isle of the dead who cared about them on this earth and in the world beyond.

The modern churches are built on stony rocks and thorns. The seeds of faith cannot take root and grow in those churches. The older European faith was rooted in the good soil, which was love of kith and kin; from such a soil, faith in the divinely human heart of Christ was born.

There has never been, nor will there ever be, a deep Faith in the living God without the fire that can only be kindled by the bonds human beings form with their kith and kin. The conservative Christian sects that admirably profess to hold to the inerrancy of Holy Scripture are not being true to their stated faith when they seek to make the human race generic. God divided humanity into particulars in order that we might come to know the particular, personal God who came from a race of people, not from a multi-racial, ecumenical cabal or from the mind of a philosopher.

The 'Scripture alone' Protestants were right to rebel against the 'Reason alone' scholastics, but have you eliminated human reason as your guide to faith and replaced it with the Holy Scriptures if human reason is your guide to the Holy Scriptures? How can a man test the veracity of the Christ

story as found in the Bible or as presented to him by the teachings of the Catholic Magisterium? There is only one sifting ground for truth – the human heart. We believe or disbelieve in a visionary revelation depending on just how deeply the vision stirs our hearts.

*'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.*

Let me refer back to a community Bible class I attended as part of my outreach to find other believing Christians. In reading through the Bible with the class, I was immensely impressed by the thematic synergy between the Bible and the works of the European poets. But every time I pointed out the magnificent synergy, the Bible-believing Christians looked at me as if I were from the planet Mars. These same Bible-believing Christians were also doctrinally opposed to segregation and enthusiastic supporters of one race, one world Christianity.

There is a disconnect between the Christian European of one hundred years ago and the modern professed Christian. The antique European saw no contradiction between a God who calls all men to salvation and a God who makes and wills distinctions between particular races and particular individuals. But the modern professed Christian, who has abandoned the bardic faith of his ancestors, is not capable of understanding God, because he has lost, through willful pride of intellect, the blood wisdom of the bardic European. The modern Christian's understanding is limited to reason alone, which is always an imperfect guide to existence. If the neo-pagan were a genuine Roman pagan, he would be closer to Christ than a modern Christian because the ancient pagan had respect for the eternal verities; he was not impious.

The Holy Scriptures and an organized church cannot sustain a vital faith in Christ if they are seen as something separate and above the traditional, communal life of a people. Our culture is in our blood. The faith must be planted in the blood if it is to take root and grow.

And therein lies the reason a Christian European of the old school finds he can't work with the modern professed Christians or with the neo-pagans. To support either will lead to the extinction of the white race and the traditional Christian faith of the white race. Our blood faith is The Faith; if we forsake our blood we have nothing and we will return to nothingness. +

Labels: antique Christianity, bardic cultures, kith and kin

Where the Battle is Raging

SATURDAY, MAY 08, 2010



“Kill thy physician and thy fee bestow upon the foul disease.” – *King Lear*

Elizabeth Rundle Charles is another one of those authors from the golden age of Queen Victoria’s Britain. In her work on Martin Luther and the Reformation, titled *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*, she has this to say about a Christian soldier’s responsibilities.

It is the truth which is assailed in any age which tests our fidelity. It is to confess we are called, not merely to profess. If I profess, with the loudest voice and the clearest exposition, every portion of the truth of God except precisely that little point which the world and the devil are at that moment attacking, I am not confessing Christ, however boldly I may be professing Christianity. Where the battle rages the loyalty of the soldier is proved; and to be steady on all the battlefields besides is mere flight and disgrace to him if he flinches at that one point.

Amen to that.

The liberals are consistent; they started the attack on God by race-mixing, and they have continued down (they of course claim it is an ascent) the slippery slope of feminism, legalized abortion, and homosexual marriage. The half-way house Christians are not as consistent as the liberals; they only want to go a little way down the slope. Like the virtuous pagans in Dante’s *Inferno*, the halfway-house Christians are content with the first circle of hell. Such Christians will probably remain in the first circle of hell their entire lives. They will make good dinner companions and be fine, upstanding citizens who will not double-park or cheat on their taxes, but they will be of no use in the war against liberalism. In fact they will side with the liberals against the Europeans of the old stock. Instead of repulsing the enemy’s assault on the white European wall, they will be at the breach in the wall, helping the enemy widen it to become a main entrance into the fort. And the second generation halfway-house Christians, having witnessed their parents’ capitulation to Liberalism on the racial issue, will become consistent liberals and accept the proper liberal view of homosexual marriage, feminism, and legalized abortion.

Twice a year I read through Shakespeare’s *King Lear* with my children. And every time I read the play I feel transported outside of space and time to a deeper, more spiritual world, His world. If the ‘one world, one race’ purveyors of racial and sexual Babylon have their way, there will be no connection between heaven and earth. The antique Europeans, the first fully human race of people,

built a bridge from their world to His world. When that race of people and their cultural heritage are destroyed, the earth will once again be one formless mass of crawling creatures without any knowledge of the spirit that is in man or of the God who became man. The battle for Europe and the battle for Christianity are one and the same.

The saddest thing for me to witness is the spectacle of halfway-house Christians struggling to keep their faith alive while doing everything possible to sever their blood ties to European Christianity. A case in point: I recently, with my sons, helped a small group of fundamentalists move from one church, where they could no longer afford the rent, to another church with lower rent. I helped with the move mainly because I felt sorry for one of the elderly ladies in the congregation, whom I knew would wither and die without 'her church.' But sad to say the good Christian woman and the rest of the largely elderly church members all believed without question that the extinction of "European Christianity" is mandated by the same Holy Scriptures that their European ancestors used to read and revere.

Of course everything is worse in the mainstream "Christian churches." Those beautiful structures built with such love by Europeans many years ago are now citadels of abomination. Hatred for the European Christian heritage is preached with satanic fervor. And the halfway-house Christians, who go to basement churches rather than accept homosexual ministers and legalized abortion, join in the chorus every time the mad-dogs demand the extermination of everything European. In fact, the halfway-house Christians, including my kindly elderly lady friend, will help the mad-dog liberals light the bonfire that extinguishes the last relics of European Christianity.

Throughout the European world the notion that the truth about God and existence can only be known through the human mind has become an unchallenged assumption. Such an assumption is in direct contrast to the traditional beliefs of the Christian Europeans. The Europeans believed wisdom came through the blood. Their God entered the bloodstream of humanity and they kept the knowledge of God in their hearts. The Christian church does not consist of those people who give their assent to a philosophical system that contains Christ somewhere in the midst of the system. The Christian church consists of those Christians who have a blood faith, the type of faith that the Hebrew prophets, St. Paul and the older Europeans had.

Today only the colored hordes have a blood faith. And tragically theirs is not a blood faith in Jesus Christ. Against the barbarians' blood faith, the European is helpless because he has no true faith; he has only a philosophical system. If the European would return to the Christianity that entered the bloodstream of the European so many years ago, he would once again conquer the world for Christ. But as things stand now the modern Europeans will continue to worship the barbarians of color. Having forsaken their blood faith they must embrace a faith that combines the mind of the decadent white with the blood of the savage. Such a marriage has brought the world to ruin.

"He who endures to the end will be saved." And Edgar in Shakespeare's *King Lear* echoes our Lord's words: "Men must endure their going hence even as they are coming hither. Ripeness is all." The liberals and barbarians have shown their satanic colors, and the halfway-house Christians have forsaken their blood faith for what they think is a better, purer faith. They ultimately will join with the barbarians and the liberals. We have no strategic plan, no magic talisman, which we can use against the triumvirate of satanic liberals, barbarians, and halfway-house Christians. That doesn't matter; we don't need a strategy or a magic talisman. We have not forsaken our blood, and the ancient wisdom of our race tells us that we shall conquer because we shall endure to the end, faithful to our blood and the God of our blood.

There is a wonderful white moment in John Ford's Western *The Searchers*. The main character, played by John Wayne, of course, has been tracking a band of Comanche Indians in order to rescue his niece who was taken captive. When one member of the rescue party says it's hopeless, John Wayne's character replies: "An Indian will chase a thing until he figures he has chased it enough and then he'll give up. Same thing when he's running. Seems like he never learns there is a certain type

of critter that just won't give up. We'll find her, sure as the turning of the earth." That moment in Ford's film encapsulates for me the heart and soul of the white man. The white man has His image in his blood, and when he fights for kith and kin against the blood lust of the barbarians, the Europeans' victory is as sure as the turning of the earth. And what is proof to me that the modern, halfway-house Christians in their hearts have gone over to the liberals is their lack of righteous anger against the barbarians and liberals who attack and defile the European heritage and the European people. Where is the passion to punish home, to rip the heart out of the enemy who preys on the innocent and would destroy everything that is white and Christian? The white Christian is not different from the barbarian because he never becomes angry, or passionate, or violent. He differs from the barbarian in what he becomes angry, passionate, and violent about. The antique white man's passion was linked to Christ's passion. Our ancient civilization was created by the blending of the two passions. The remnant band of Europeans, who still have the passion in their blood which comes from an intimate connection with the God-Man, must endure their going hence even as He is coming hither. +

Labels: blood faith, churches as halfway houses

The Fearful Dark Night of Europe

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 2010



And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears
-- Scott

Paul Craig Roberts, who writes insightful articles on the subject of economics, recently wrote his final column, titled "Truth Has Fallen and Taken Liberty With It."

For the last six years I have been banned from the 'mainstream media.' My last column in the New York Times appeared in January, 2004, coauthored with Democratic U. S. Senator Charles Schumer representing New York. We addressed the offshoring of U. S. Jobs. Our op-ed article produced a conference at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D. C. and live coverage by C-Span. A debate was launched. No such thing could happen today.

For years I was a mainstay at the Washington Times, producing credibility for the Moonie newspaper as a Business Week columnist, former Wall Street Journal editor, and former Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Treasury. But when I began criticizing Bush's wars of aggression, the order came down to Mary Lou Forbes to cancel my column.

The American corporate media does not serve the truth. It serves the government and the interest groups that empower the government...

The militarism of the U. S. and Israeli states, and Wall Street and corporate greed, will now run their course. As the pen is censored and its might extinguished, I am signing off.

Roberts was absolutely correct in his criticism of Bush's wars of aggression, but I wonder where he has been living for the last forty years if he thinks it is only in the last six years that speaking the

truth has been forbidden. The liberals have become more draconian now that their power is total, but long before Paul Craig Roberts was banned from the mainstream media the truth was banned. If Mr. Roberts had tried, from the 1960's onward, to write articles in defense of segregation and against race-mixing, he would have found his articles banned from the mainstream media. Truth be told when conservatives agreed to go along with the race-mixing movement, called the 'civil rights' movement, they were doomed to lose on every other issue, such as legalized abortion, economics, and war.

If you look at the world from an antique European perspective, it is perfectly clear why the white man's refusal to defend his race led to legalized abortions, wars of aggression, and unsound economic policies. Outside of Christian Europe was there ever a nation concerned with the proper ordering of their economy, the justice of their wars, or the plight of the defenseless baby in the womb? If Paul Craig Roberts had had the same respect for the truth that race-mixing leads to the destruction of white civilization as he had for the truth that bad wars and bad economics equal disaster, he might have foreseen that the same people who deny the sinfulness and folly of race-mixing are the same people who are going to deny the truth of Paul Craig Roberts' criticism of wars of aggression and unsound economic policies. Old Neville Chamberlain's name has become synonymous with cowardly appeasement, but where is the greater appeasement to be found? At least Chamberlain sold out to other white people. Our modern liberals and their scared-rabbit 'Christian' lackeys sold out their own people to the colored barbarians.

It's a question of "when our grace we have once forgot." Once a man makes the first betrayal, the betrayal of his race, the second, third, and fourth betrayals will follow. One man might show more concern for the abortion betrayal, another for the economic betrayal, but every subsequent betrayal stems from the white man's initial betrayal of his race.

The neo-pagans tell us that Christianity is responsible for the great betrayal, but that view contradicts the historical evidence. The white man's love for his race was greatest when his faith in the risen Lord was greatest. The betrayal came when the European ceased to love his God with his whole heart and with his whole soul. When Christianity is seen as a cafeteria, where a person may take only what appeals to him and leave everything else, it becomes a demonic faith. Liberals worship Satan, not Christ, so they take an isolated part of Christianity and make it part of a satanic brew. Thus Christ's call for salvation for all who believe is perverted into a satanic demand for one universal, godless race of bestial human beings. And such beasts do not care about just wars, sound economics, or the innocent unborn. That's why Babylonian universalism is the first step on the road to Satania.

And now that there is only one road and that road leads to Satania, what is an antique European supposed to do? Should he just sign off? No, because the antique European was never on the road to Satania. The conservative-liberals should sign off; they've been working within Satania, accepting its basic premises, while trying to make slight alterations within the satanic household. The Christian European lives outside Satania; he is at war; he can't sign off; he can only surrender, and that he refuses to do.

Adam and Eve broke their filial ties to God the Father because they thought Satan offered them something better. They were going to obtain forbidden knowledge that would make them the equal of God. We know how that turned out. The modern Europeans have repeated the original sin. They think they have obtained a knowledge greater than God's, because God's plan for man's salvation was racist and provincial, but they have only rediscovered the plan of God's ancient foe, the plan for the damnation of the human race. We have descended to such a low depth that we no longer have to use our imaginations to visualize hell; we can see it right in front of us in the black-infested urban centers of America and Europe and in the ruins of such countries as South Africa and Rhodesia.

The conservative-liberals always cry foul when the mad-dog liberals depict them as evil for voting Republican or for voting against amnesty. "Why demonize us; we just differ on the means to an end; we don't differ on the end, which is democratic Babylon."

The mad-dogs have grasped something that the pragmatic conservative-liberals have failed to grasp. It is a religious war; they *should* demonize their enemies. Where the mad-dogs err is in demonizing their fellow travelers, the conservative-liberals. The mad-dog liberal's enemy is the white European. The conservative-liberal is sometimes mistaken for one, not by the white European, but by the mad-dog liberal.

The mad-dog liberals see that it is a religious war in which we are engaged. And it is we, the white Europeans, whom they want to eradicate from the face of the earth. Such satanic hatred is a fearful thing to face. But St. John tells us that "perfect love casteth out fear." That is the trouble with the halfway house Christians and the conservative purveyors of statistical doom. They do not love the ancient Europeans and their civilization enough. They talk about church documents, the 'born again' experience, free markets, and some abstract concept of liberty that was supposedly invented by the Americans, but they don't talk about old Europe and Europe's people like Ratty talked about his river, with reverence, awe, and love:

'I beg your pardon,' said the Mole, pulling himself together with an effort. 'You must think me very rude; but all this is so new to me. So--this--is--a--River!'

'THE River,' corrected the Rat.

'And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!'

'By it and with it and on it and in it,' said the Rat. 'It's brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It's my world, and I don't want any other. What it hasn't got is not worth having, and what it doesn't know is not worth knowing.'

It is by no means certain that the European will ever be a European again. It is certain, however, that if the European once again loves His Europe no force on earth will stand against him. +

Labels: churches as halfway houses, Resurrection

The Modern Fairy Tale

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 2010



The difference between the two systems was that one was formed and officered by sutlers and camp-followers and former slaves, while the other was composed of men who had achieved military honors and were impelled by the love of home, the pride of ancestry, and the desire to save the civilization they had inherited. – *The Red Riders* by Thomas Nelson Page

A few days ago on the news I saw a Negro ballplayer, a Negro singer, and the lesbian tennis player, Billie Jean King, appear together before a sporting event to celebrate the so-called “Civil Rights Game Weekend.” The juxtaposition was quite apropos; civil rights mean race-mixing, feminism, and homosexuality.

“Civil rights” is a ‘god term’ to liberals. A man at a gathering of liberals bows slightly and with a reverent voice says: “That man over there, the liberal in the corner, marched in the great civil rights marches of the 1960’s.” Then the ancient liberal comes across the room and tells the young people at the party a modern fairy tale.

* * *

“There was once a time when black and white lived apart. White people lived in sumptuous palaces while black people, who did all the work, were forced to live in shacks, shanties, and ghettos. Then little by little some very great white people (the ancient liberal doesn’t say he was one of them, but the admiring throng all know he was) realized just how wonderful black people really were and just how evil white people were. These great white people then joined hands with the wonderful black people and demanded that the bad white people give the black people “civil rights.” But the very great white people – they are called ‘liberals’ – did not stop with civil rights for black people; they fought and won civil rights for your funny looking Uncle Charlie who spends so much time in public restrooms and for your cousin Angie who went to the prom with her girlfriend. Yes, my children, civil rights are a wonderful thing, but they had to be fought for.

“Once, down in a terrible place called the South, a U. S. President had to send federal troops so that a poor little black girl could attend a school the bad white people had forbidden her to attend.”

“Were white people really that bad back then?” asked 10-year-old Kathy.

“Yes,” says the ancient liberal, “they were that bad, and they were even worse than that. The same bad men from the same bad place, the South, used to go to Africa, run into the Africans' homes, kidnap the Africans, and then take them to the South, chain them in dungeons, and beat them all the time until they died.”

“Really?” says the wide-eyed 11-year-old Tommy.

“Yes, Tommy, really. Even after a big war was fought to take the good and wonderful black men out of the white dungeons and away from their life in chains, evil white men would hang them every time they tried to go on a bus or eat in a restaurant where there were white people. And still to this day there are more bad white people than good ones.”

“Are there any bad black people?”

The ancient liberal looks at the questioner with unfeigned shock. “Of course not, Tommy. There are no bad black people.”

“But,” Tommy persists, “I’ve heard of some bad black people my father...”

“No, Tommy, that is wrong. And if your father said that, he is wrong. Sometimes it seems like black people do bad things, but it always turns out that the bad things are not really bad things; they are black culture things, which are good things.”

“What if white people do black culture things?”

“Then Tommy, the white people are very, very bad. Do you understand, Tommy? It’s important that you understand this concept.”

“I think I understand. White people are bad, no matter what they do, and black people are good despite all the bad they do. Because the bad they do is not really bad even though it would be bad if white people did it.”

“Excellent! You’ve grasped the concept. You know, Tommy, many older white people cannot understand what you have come to understand.”

Tommy beams. “I always try to learn my lessons.”

Practical Kathy then asks, “What can I do to help the black people?”

“Well, Kathy, there are many things you can do, but the most important thing you can do (I’m sure you’ve covered this in your sex ed classes) is to have sexual intercourse with black men.”

“Should I start now?”

“No, I think you should wait until you’re fourteen. Until that time you can worship black men at your local church and give part of your allowance to help the earthquake victims in Haiti.”

“I will do all that, Father... Oh, excuse me, you’re not a priest.”

“Actually...”

** * **

When the liberals tell us the Grimm’s fairy tales are too violent and too moralistic, what they really mean is the Grimm’s fairy tales are too Christian in their ethos. In the Grimm’s tales the good prevail over the wicked and the wicked people do the type of thing, such as betray their own kith

and kin and support perversion, which modern liberals now do under the guise of virtuous behavior. Black is now white because vice has become virtue.

All societies have fairy tales which reflect their religious faith. I've just outlined the typical fairy story that the liberals have been telling white children for the past fifty years. Are there any whites left who believe in the fairy stories (the ones without modern public bathroom fairies) told by the antique Europeans?

Violence is truly a terrible thing, and only the savage worships blood lust. But is it possible to reclaim a heritage taken from us at the point of bayonets and to defend our people against the violent onslaught of savage barbarians by peaceful means? I know of no time in history when that which was taken away by force was not reclaimed by force. And I know of no other defense against violence except violence.

The conservative-liberal doesn't believe a nation is built by people of the same faith and of the same blood. But you can't have a nation without a people, and there can be no such thing as a people without a common faith and a common race. The conservative-liberal will never fight for the European people or for the Christian faith because his nation, the nation he *will* fight for, is a utopian, multi-racial nation. But this nation is not a reality; it is a fantasy, a fantasy like pure democracy or communism. And the fantasy is a succubus, which feeds on the life blood of the European, leaving him a bloodless, lifeless corpse.

The religious counterpart of the conservative-liberal is the halfway-house Christian. No matter which white church you turn to, you'll find the people there united in their abiding faith in the goodness of the black man and the evil of the white man.¹

The whites attending these churches do so because they need a faith. And since the liberals will not allow the Europeans to worship the Christian God, the God of spirit and blood, the modern Europeans worship the great black god instead. They may incorporate some old Christian hymns and some Christian phrases into their worship services, but at the heart of their worship is a celebration of the dark night of Babylon.

The shift from the worship of Christ and the support of the Christian European hearth, to the worship of the black man and the intense desire to eradicate the Christian European hearth was a gradual sea change. The change stemmed from a fear of marginalization, the loss of jobs, and in some circumstances, martyrdom. As the liberals gained ascendancy and made the black faith the state faith, the Christian churches had to make a choice. They could keep their buildings and some kind of nominal faith in the cosmic, Coke-commercial Christ if they made the worship of the black man the central tenet of their faith. Or they could stay with the Christ of old Europe and suffer the consequences. They choose the former.

There doesn't seem to be any hopeful signs when we look at modern Europe. But if we look at the Europeans' past history, it becomes very difficult to believe that the European will remain content with the worship of the Negro and all the perverted practices that go with Negro worship. Evil, in the final analysis, is very superficial. The unredeemed Dr. Faustus is a bore.

Superficial and boring as it is, Negro worship is the new faith of the European. It is in direct opposition to the Christian faith of the pre-20th century European. And there can be no peaceful co-existence between the two faiths; one must prevail over the other. Black-worshipping Europeans can co-exist with Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims and every other religious sect, but they cannot co-exist with European Christians for the simple reason that Satan's minions and the followers of Christ will always be at war.

War is a terrible thing, but surrender to Satan's minions is blasphemy. That is why the European is currently at war with his own nation and with every surrounding nation. Contra Mundum. +

¹

1. Instead of placing signs outside of their churches that have the word Christian or Catholic in their titles the modern churches should make their signs coincide with their faith. The signs outside should read – “The New Ecumenical Church of White Genocide” or “The Roman Rite, Black Worshipping Church of the New Millennium” Just a few sample slogans that I hope, for the sake of clarity, the formerly Christian Churches will adopt.

Labels: Christian Europe, churches as halfway houses, propositional nation

The Day of Battle

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 2010



True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing nothing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart – a Goth.

– Thomas Nelson Page

I see that the World Cup is being held in South Africa. It wasn't that long ago when no Western sporting event could be held in South Africa, but now that the white South Africans have seen the light and turned their country over to the colored gods, the white-hating countries of the West can play with the multi-racial people of South Africa. And even without the gift of prophecy or second sight, I can tell you how the Western media will cover the sporting event.

They will not show us the black barbarians in the midst of their daily activities, such as raping and murdering white people (remember, it is just a 'culture thing'), nor will they show us the breakdown of all civilized behavior throughout the once-civilized country of South Africa. What they will show us is a multi-racial South African football team that is a metaphor for the new South Africa. "Our racial diversity is our strength; you can see how wonderfully our people play together. Diversity works, on the playing field and in the work force." We will also be treated to countless tributes to the late John Paul II's favorite saint, Nelson Mandela.

Even if diversity meant what the liberals want people to think it means -- the coming together of all races, each respecting the other races while retaining their own distinct racial identities -- it would be wrong, wrong because God does not want another Tower of Babel. But diversity does not mean what the liberals say it means in theory; in practice, diversity means that the colored races, especially the black race, must be worshipped with the same love and reverence that used to be reserved for the Christ, the Son of the Living God. And the enemies of the new god are the non-believers, the white people who do not worship the black people. There are very few non-believers left in the European countries.

It is worth noting that the liberals, even before they ceased to believe in the divinity of Christ, lost their belief in original sin and in a personal devil who roams the world seeking the ruin of souls. Yet

when the liberals constructed a new faith they incorporated a belief in original sin and the devil into their new doctrine. The original sin was committed by the white man – it was exploitation of the black – and the devil incarnate was the recalcitrant, unrepentant white man. It will always be thus. Christianity went deep into the soul of the European. Even when he renounces Christianity, his new faith mimics, in a perverted form, the old faith of the Europeans. There is still heaven – the future without white people; there is still hell – the European past; there is still a God – the black race; and there is still a devil – the white race.

The rock on which the black faith stands is the technology of the white man. Everything the white does in his new technological world is done to buttress up his god, the black man. And the end result of coupling the technological white to the black barbarian is a world that has not charity. The Christian European never succeeded in Christianizing the colored races, but he did, in whatever non-European country he entered, make the native colored aware that there was a God above the gods who demanded mercy and not sacrifice. The dictates of that God above the gods, the Europeans demanded, would be adhered to by all races whether they understood that God or not. Is it a better world now that we have not charity in it?

When Europeans were Christian, not halfway-house Christians but full flesh-and-blood, integral Christians, it was always the white man who opposed the savagery of the colored races, which was often a savagery one tribe inflicted on another. Now that the European has deified the savage and demonized the Christian European, there is no one to cry halt to the blood orgies of the colored people. The post-Christian white man not only refuses to stop the atrocities of the colored races, but he has also thrown his own form of technological savagery into the post-Christian, heathen stew. Words such as ‘choice’ and ‘collateral damage’ cover up the new technological slaughter of the innocents.

The European does not need, as the neo-pagans urge, to become a new man, an inhuman, sci-fi creature who rules the universe with his giant brain. Instead, he needs to recapture the heroic instinct which is the defining characteristic of the Christian European. The heroic European never aided and abetted heathenism, he destroyed it.

We are told there is no such thing as instinct; only animals have instinct. That is a devilish lie. Without instinct we are dead men. In the face of unspeakable evil, the instinctive reaction of the antique European was to oppose that evil, to fight to the last man, to never say die; deeper than reason, deeper than logic, was the instinct of the Christian European to defend his kith and kin against the onslaught of the barbarian hordes. Every European instinctively circled the wagons when the heathen approached. The unspeakably foul and degenerate world we live in today is the result of the European’s denial of the basic human instinct to defend his kith and kin.

There is no contradiction between the Christian precept of “love your enemies, do good to those who hate you” and the instinct to protect and defend one’s own. You cannot convert the heathen to a religion of charity by sacrificing your own people to the heathens. Nor can you convert the heathens by mixing with them. If the Christ-bearers become heathens, what is left to convert to?

The devil destroys souls by eliminating the channels of God’s grace. He convinced the European, through his mocking spokesmen such as Voltaire and Rousseau whose clones number in the millions throughout the modern world, that the European’s good instincts to defend and protect his own were evil, and that his cowardly and sinful capitulation to racial and sexual Babylon was good and noble. Satan’s appeal was to the utopian mind of the European, and he conjured up visions of “sweet perfumes of Arabia and Africa.” Christ’s appeal was and is to the heart. When the instincts of the heart die, so does faith die; the devil knows that, but the halfway-house Christians, the neo-pagans and the mad-dog liberals, who do the devil’s work, do not know it. “For this people’s heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.”

The Germanic people who accepted Christ understood with their hearts. It was no coincidence that the Germanic people, who understood the God of mercy and rejected the gods of sacrifice, had at the time of their conversion a passionate attachment to their own kith and kin. They were close to the things of the hearth, which is where the heart learns to understand existence. The colored tribes never fully understood the Christian faith, because they never valued the hearth fire as much as they valued the sacrificial fire. And the Greek and Roman philosophers never converted, because they didn't want to be fooled by a Jewish carpenter.

The last battle has begun. All faithful Europeans are Germans no matter what their ethnic tinge. The liberals have joined their decadent Greek minds with the body of the Negro to create a hideous monstrosity, a kind of black and white Übermensch. The neo-pagan who worships his own mind and only his own mind will be of no use in the great battle, because he has cut himself off from the European past. By doing so he has killed his heart, and consequently he understands nothing.

There is no mercy or pity in the black and white Übermensch. He represents the atheistic, philosophical tradition of the white man and the bloody, merciless, superficial faith of the barbarian. Religious zeal – and the liberal does regard the anti-European battle as a religious war – at the service of a merciless faith is horrific. Against such zeal the white man is defenseless unless he counters the liberals' religious zeal and the barbarians' blood lust with the instinctual, blood faith of the antique European. Love of the European hearth and the God of that hearth inspired the ancient European in the day of battle, and it will sustain the modern "against the world" Europeans in their day of battle. +

Labels: black faith, blood faith

Against the Flood

SATURDAY, JUNE 05, 2010



Enter Pericles, wet.

[stage direction from Shakespeare's *Pericles*.]

After 1965 a good movie in line with the values held dear by antique Europeans was as statistically rare as white on black crime. The statistical rarities were usually adaptations of European literary works written before the demise of the white man. Branagh's *Henry V* (his only good adaptation of a Shakespeare play), John Huston's *The Man Who Would Be King*, based on Kipling's story, and Zeffirelli's *The Taming of the Shrew* were a few of the statistical exceptions. Before 1965, the movies were 90% supportive of the essential Europe and 10% against. After 1965, they were 100% against, with the occasional exception, which did not occur with sufficient frequency to constitute a percentage point.

When I say that the pre-1965 movies were supportive of the essential Europe, I do not mean to say that there were not signs of a weakening of the European walls. On the racial issue, for instance, there was a growing tendency in the 1950's to depict the Indian as simply a pigmented white man with the same values as a white man. The horrific aspects of the Indians' culture were often downplayed. In the Western titled *Yellow Tomahawk*, for example, Rory Calhoun, the scout for a cavalry unit, moralistically informs a settler that, "Indians love their people just as much as you love yours." Oh really? Then why did they kill the sickly infants and let the elderly members of their tribes starve or freeze to death?¹ But even in that Western, the hero ultimately declares that "I'll stand by my race." With the exception of one movie, *Arrowhead*, starring Charlton Heston, which actually focused on the bestial savagery of the Indians, the pre-1965 Westerns were weak on the racial issue. They were not anti-European though. The heroes in the movies were the white men who lived up to the code of chivalry that was nurtured in Europe and born in a manger in Bethlehem.

The black man was also, like the Indian, regarded as a pigmented white man in the pre-1965 movies. And such a view was false, but the white man in the older movies was still depicted in a heroic light and his civilization was presented as the only civilization. In *Zulu* (1960), the black savages are invested with a nobility they did not possess, but it is the white British soldiers who are the heroes. And in the movie *Safari* (1956), the Mau Maus are depicted as the villains and the whites as the heroes. After 1965, the reverse was true.

So in the main the popular movies from the 1930's to 1965 were supportive of white European civilization, but they presented the erroneous view that the colored peoples could be brought into the white fold. The naive, "they are just like us under the skin" view of the colored people was the leak in the European dike.

In the mid-1960's the leak in the dike became a flood, and the notion that there had ever been anything good or noble in white people or their civilization was washed away in an anti-European flood.

At first there was only a tiny minority of Europeans who welcomed the flood, while the vast majority denied it was a flood. "It's just a little cleansing, necessary at times; Europe is still Europe." Then when the flood reached epic proportions, the Europeans who had called the flood a cleansing moved to the safe, high ground (but not the morally high ground) with the anti-Europeans and claimed that Europe had to be flooded; it was evil.

A few Europeans, statistical non-entities, refused to leave the flooded Europe. They are still trying to salvage something from the flood waters that will help them maintain a link to old Europe. And then, when a patch of dry land is found, the European will emerge from the waters, wet, but determined to rebuild Europe.

To date, after forty-five years of flooding, I've seen no European salvage operation that has brought up, from the depths of the flood waters, anything that was part of essential Europe. The salvagers all seem to be formalists who are only concerned with those aspects of the older European culture that can be studied, catalogued, and used to help the formalist in his particular discipline. Thus the theologian wants to preserve the Greek philosophical tradition, the conservative wants to preserve 19th century capitalism, and the Christian layman is only concerned with salvaging the church buildings in which to sing the praises of the new black gods.

Something more than outward dress needs to be preserved if the European is to come into his own again. The bards of ancient Europe, who are the true historians, all bear witness to something unique about the European.² He was not satisfied with the perfectly formed but spiritually shallow culture of the Greeks, nor did he remain content with the Egyptian night of the savage cultures. The European had that within which passeth show; he needed to climb glass mountains and slay dragons in the name of a God above the gods.

It is utter madness to seek refuge from the anti-European flood waters on the dry shores of multi-racial universalism or in the mind-forged prisons of neo-pagan utopia. Go to the past, ride with Forrest, stand with the men at Rourke's Drift, walk the mountain path with Tell and make the ascent of the glass mountain. We begin the ascent in Europe's green and sacred land, thinking the land beyond the glass mountain will be something strange and wonderful. Well, it is wonderful but it is not strange. Having made the ascent in the attempt to find His land, we discover that His land is our land; it is Europe before the anti-European tidal wave.

"We who are about to die demand a miracle." The same God who delivered the Israelites from bondage will deliver us from the anti-European flood waters if we invoke that God by staying faithful to the European essentials, those virtues that come from the European hearth: faith, and loyalty to one's kith and kin.

Because the Europeans took Christ as their King and kinsman, Christianity is in the blood of the European. Even when he is a blaspheming Marxist, evolutionist, or race-mixer, the European couches his heresies in Christian terms. And infinitely better, when the European ceases to blaspheme and actually remembers things past, he sees in his mind's eye a small remnant band of believers who survived a flood and rebuilt a civilization.

The Christian bards often use a near fatal drowning to symbolize the rebirth of a civilization. In Shakespeare's *Pericles*, Prince of Tyre, Pericles and his wife Thaisa survive separate shipwrecks and are eventually reunited with the sure and certain hope of reestablishing their kingdom.

*This, this. No more, you gods!
Your present kindness
makes my past miseries sports.
You shall do well
That on the touching of her
lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O,
come, be buried
A second time within these arms.*

To once again embrace Christian Europe? She lives in the depths. All that is needful to bring her to the surface again is Europeans who still love eternal Europe and hate Liberaldom in all of its many guises. +

1. Paganism comes in different guises, but it always ends with the same result: the slaughter of the innocents. Now that the liberals have rejected Christianity and returned to paganism in a technological and secular humanitarian guise, they are killing the old and the very young just like the red Indian and the black barbarian.

2. The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his songs, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations. The intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative or more easily committed to memory.

Labels: bardic cultures, restoration of European civilization

After the Hangover

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 2010



The spirit of chivalry had in it this point of excellence, that, however overstrained and fantastic many of its doctrines may appear to us, they were all founded on generosity and self-denial, of which, if the earth were deprived, it would be difficult to conceive the existence of virtue among the human race. – Walter Scott

For a recent birthday my children gave me a complete set of the old TV comedy *Car 54, Where Are You?* I found the episodes to be just as funny now as when I was young. And it struck me while watching those old shows that a comedy like *Car 54* could not be made today. At the time *Car 54* was written, European Americans, like their European counterparts, were still in the “Christian Hangover” stage of their existence; they no longer took Christianity seriously as a faith, but the vast majority still took the ethics that stemmed from Christianity seriously. In consequence the humor in shows like *Car 54* occurred within a world where the sanctity of marriage and the virtue of chastity were unquestioned, male friendships were not homosexual, and the good-hearted boob always triumphed over the sneering, heartless intellectual. But *Car 54* was at the end of the Christian Hangover era. Modern man was about to emerge on the stage of history, devoid of even a Christian hangover. O brave new world!

The post-Christian era, in which Satan uses the forms of the Christian faith to subvert the Christian faith, is the era of the intellectual sneer. Everything noble is sneered at, and everything base is exalted. Our comedies are so filthy and degenerate that no citizen of the original Sodom or Gomorrah could sit through them without being disgusted. Our dramas are devoid of sense, soul, and drama. And our churches have outstripped even the heathen in their worship of the heathen. And what or who is behind this plethora of filth? Is it the Jew? No, the Jew aids and abets the filth, but he is not its source. Satan, our ancient foe, is the architect of the brave new world. He was miserable in Christian Europe and uncomfortable in the Europe of the Christian Hangover. Now he is comfortable, to the extent that such a restless spirit can be comfortable.

Walter Scott, in his introduction to *Quentin Durward*, gives us an excellent portrait of the sneering intellect who presides over hell and over our modern day post-Christian Europe:

Among those who were the first to ridicule and abandon the self-denying principles in which the young knight was instructed, and to which he was so carefully trained up, Louis the XIth of France was the chief. That Sovereign was of a character so purely selfish—so guiltless of entertaining any purpose unconnected with his ambition, covetousness, and desire of selfish enjoyment, that he almost seems an incarnation of the devil himself, permitted to do his utmost to corrupt our ideas of honour in its very source. Nor is it to be forgotten, that Louis possessed to a great extent that caustic wit which can turn into ridicule all that a man does for any other person's advantage but his own, and was, therefore, peculiarly qualified to play the part of a cold-hearted and sneering fiend.

In this point of view, Goethe's conception of the character and reasoning of Mephistopheles, the tempting spirit in the singular play of "Faust," appears to me more happy than that which has been formed by Byron, and even than the Satan of Milton. These last great authors have given to the Evil Principle something which elevates and dignifies his wickedness; a sustained and unconquerable resistance against Omnipotence itself—a lofty scorn of suffering compared with submission, and all those points of attraction in the Author of Evil, which have induced Burns and others to consider him as the Hero of the "Paradise Lost." The great German poet has, on the contrary, rendered his seducing spirit a being who, otherwise totally unimpassioned, seems only to have existed for the purpose of increasing, by his persuasions and temptations, the mass of moral evil, and who calls forth by his seductions those slumbering passions which otherwise might have allowed the human being who was the object of the Evil Spirit's operations to pass the tenor of his life in tranquillity. For this purpose Mephistopheles is, like Louis XI, endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions, the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification.

Scott has shown us the way the Evil One undermines a Christian civilization. He does not attack in manly fashion, with a direct challenge. There are no devilish gauntlets thrown in the face of Christian warriors. Instead, the devil uses his "depreciating spirit and caustic wit" to undermine the Creator by destroying the image of God in man. The devil supports everything that dehumanizes man. By zigzags and parallels he attacks every aspect of man's life on earth that makes him feel, "A personality stands here."

The dehumanizing and depersonalizing program has proceeded at an accelerated pace since the European left Christendom for Satandom. Once the elite palace guards left their posts, there was no longer any reason why Satan and his minions had to refrain from attacking and destroying the European castle.

The demise of Christian civilization always begins with the satanic sneer. In Eden the sneering devil told Adam and Eve that they would not die. "That was just moralistic God talk." Liberals today mimic their master; if you love your race and kin, you are sneeringly labeled a white racist; if you protest the torture-murder of your people, you are told, "to cry me a river"; if you protest the murder of the innocents in the womb, you are a sexist; if you protest democratic tyranny, you are a fascist. All the venom of the liberals is spewed out with a satanic sneer. The self-proclaimed lovers of humanity hate humanity. Their generic love for the rights of women, the black race, and democratic humanity is a subterfuge for their hatred of the human personality. Anytime there is any manifestation of the one culture that stressed the infinite value of the non-generic human personality, the liberals go berserk and seek to crush that manifestation. Because the slaughter of innocents, the worship of black people, and the implementation of a draconian, secular democracy, is so antithetical to the values of a Christian European, the liberals must be merciless in their suppression of any European opposition to their brave new world.

The hazy, lazy days of the Christian hangover, during which we shared some values if not the same faith with our fellow Europeans, are over. The conservatives, the mad-dog liberals, the halfway-house Christians, and the neo-pagans want us to fade away. And if we refuse to fade away, they will gladly, in the name of racial equality, democratic humanity, and the rights of women, have us exterminated.

When Solzhenitsyn came to the West in the 1970's he stated that the most striking thing about the European people was their lack of courage. And of course Solzhenitsyn was not saying that there were not any Europeans left who would rush into a burning building to save a child or face a firing squad without flinching; he was talking about the courage to defend one's people against an implacable enemy. In order to have the latter type of courage a people have to be a people. They must feel bound to their people by ties of faith and race. The problem with the Europeans is that they don't believe they are a people and they do not have a faith.

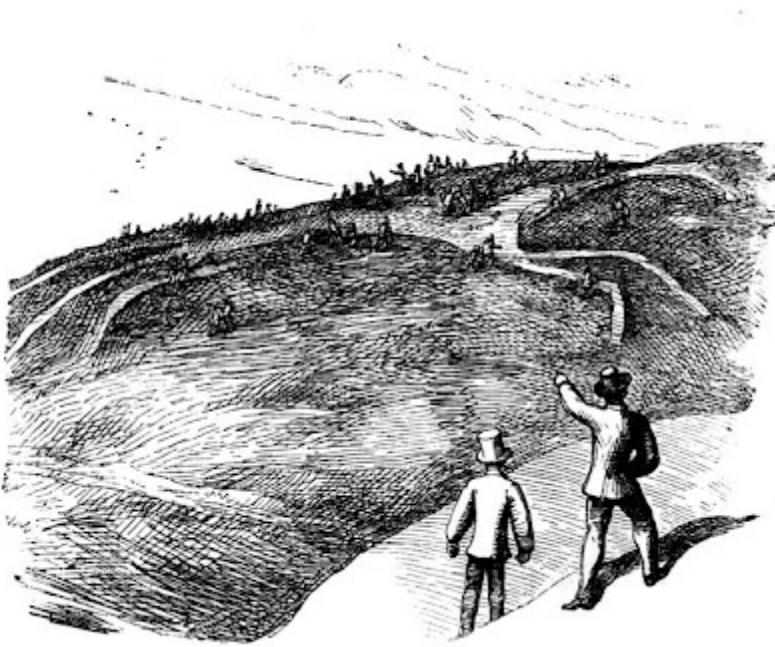
The colored people of the world do have a faith. They believe in their race as a herd, and they worship the aggregate power of the herd. The European was never able to convert the non-European people to the faith that revered an individual's race because it was part of a man's personality, which was connected to a personal God. The halfway-house Christians who deny a man's race is part of his personality have already said in their hearts there is no personal God, only an abstract God who rules an abstract utopia created by the mind of the liberal.

As Scott pointed out in his introduction to *Quentin Durward*, the devil destroys a man's faith by making all the human bridges to Christ things of ridicule. When we hear halfway-house Christians such as Thomas Fleming mock white people for wanting to protect and defend their own, or when the clergy tell us to shun our blood ties to our kith and kin in the name of a universal religion, we are hearing Satan speak. There is no higher religion than the religion of the God-Man, who revealed Himself to mankind through the provincial, human things that all the modern, authoritative voices want us to abandon. The European's answer is 'no.' He will not abandon the European hearth, because that is where his heart is, with his God. Outside of the European hearth there is nothing, no love, no virtue, and no charity. All is dark and deadly if we acquiesce to the liberals and consent to fade quietly away into the dark night. The heart revolts at such a surrender. And it is our hearts, filled with European prejudices that make us prefer our own to the stranger, honor to treachery, and Christ over Satan, which will take us through the dark night of Europe to a brighter day where we will see our Lord and kinsmen. +

Labels: chivalry, Christian counter-attack

The God of Europe

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 2010



“Come and see.”

The inner life of the European people, chronicled in the folklore collected by men like the Brothers Grimm and in the works of the poet-historians of the white race such as Shakespeare and Walter Scott, shows such a thematic similarity to, and a spiritual sympathy with, the ancient Hebrews, that one would almost suspect the proponents of the theory that the Europeans and the ancient Hebrews were one and the same people are correct. Truth be told though, I never have been able to understand the lengthy genealogy books about the European people, so I can't really make an assertion for or against the Hebrew-European connection. But I do find it curious that modern historians always assume the historians who are closest in time to the events they are writing about are liars. Thus, we are supposed to know nothing about Brutus, the great grandson of Aeneas, or about King Arthur despite the fact that Geoffrey of Monmouth told us about them. “He was a Christian monk and therefore a liar.” And on it goes; all the ancient history written by ancient chroniclers is supposed to be lies.

It is not essential to establish an air-tight case for the Hebrew-European link (even if you had one, the liberals wouldn't believe it) to see that the European's culture is, at its core, the human side of the divine-human synergy. How do we know this to be true? The same way we know we love another person: through a sympathetic bond between our heart and the heart of the beloved.

The issue of European culture, and its superiority to every other culture, is only complicated when the sneering intellectuals, the academics, get involved. They have no reason to scoff at those who place the European on a level above the other races because they themselves have created a rigid anti-European hierarchy based on far less research than the hierarchal structure of the “racist” biblical historians. The liberals simply assert; proof is unnecessary because it is self-evident that the white race is an evil race at the bottom of the evolutionary ladder. The ladder has colored people on every rung above the white man. And at the top of the ladder is the black man. Of course, the liberal's racial hierarchal system is the exact opposite of what was the unarticulated belief of the white race for thousands of years.

The modern half-way house Christians tell us that all talk about racial superiority and Christian cultures is anti-Christian. "Racially we are all sons of Adam, and there is no such thing as a Christian culture; all have sinned and fallen short..." We need not pull out a 700-page book of Biblical research that proves the non-colored races are not the descendents of Adam in order to answer the halfway-house Christians. All we need to say to them are the words of the apostle Philip, who echoed our Lord's words when asked, "Can there any good come out of Nazareth?"

"Come and see."

Look at the Europe of the white man through, not with, the eyes. What do you see? If you haven't sold your soul for a devilish pot of lentils you'll see the Christ of Handel's *Messiah*: "And He shall reign for ever and ever."

When the "higher" form of biblical exegesis started in the mid-1800's, Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, stated:

We may not wholly agree with the last position which the ablest investigators have laid down, that unless the truth of the history of our Lord – the facts of his life, death, resurrection, and ascension – can be proved by ordinary historical evidence, applied according to the most approved and latest methods, Christianity must be given up as not true. We know that our own certainty as to these facts does not rest on a critical historical investigation...

Granting then cheerfully, that if these facts on the study of which they are engaged are not facts,-- if Christ was not crucified, and did not rise from the dead, and ascend to God his father, -- there has been no revelation, and Christianity will infallibly go the way of all lies, either under their assaults or those of their successors,-- they must pardon us if even at the cost of being thought and called fools for our pains, we deliberately elect to live our lives on the contrary assumption. It is useless to tell us that we know nothing of these things, that we can know nothing until their critical examination is over; we can only say, "Examine away; but we do know something of this matter, whatever you may assert to the contrary, and mean to live on that knowledge." -- from Alfred the Great

I feel the same way about European Christianity. My love for Europe and my belief that in the European culture we see the face of Jesus Christ is not based on the researchers who support the Hebraic-European theory, nor is it diminished by those who claim European Christianity was an invention of the Germanic peoples and had nothing to do with genuine Christianity. To all the experts, my response is the same as Thomas Hughes: "I do know something of this matter," and I see and believe because I have learned from the people of antique Europe, to see life "feelingly."

Research has a minor place in the scheme of things because research is dependent on an objective researcher and an objective examiner of the research. But man is not an objective creature. He does not use his reason to determine what is true; he uses his reason to defend that which he wants to be true. Is there then no way out of the rationalist dilemma? Yes, there is:

"You can prove anything with figures; and reason can lead you anywhere; but if you've got a real strong feeling about something, deep-seated and unshakable, it is bound to be right."

-- P. C. Wren in *Bubble Reputation*

Of course, the obvious objection to such an outlandish attack on reason is, "Suppose I feel just as deeply that Europe and the white man are evil, as you feel that the old European culture is God's culture." Then I would assert, even though it sounds undemocratic and impolite, "that you have not reached the core of your soul. You have no depth. Remove the layers of superficiality from your heart, and assume that the void you are afraid you'll find if you go through the labyrinth of the human heart is not a void; it is where He dwells."

The liberal is consistent on the issue of the antique European: "He is evil." But the liberal is schizophrenic on the issue of Christianity. He doesn't believe that Christ is risen, but yet when you assert that the Christian Church must always have a European face the liberal tells you that you are not being Christian. You can't claim the right to say what is Christian after you have already dogmatically denounced the major tenets of Christianity.

The neo-pagans, the older ones who even bothered to formulate an ideology, claim the Europeans changed the real Christianity, which was an anemic bloodless faith, into a manly, heroic faith. But now in the 21st century, the real Christianity has surfaced again and the Europeans should shun it. The neo-pagans are wrong. Christianity has only one face, and it is a European one. The Europeans saw, in Christ, the true Thor, the hero God above all other hero Gods. There is no dichotomy between the God that St. Paul encountered on the road to Damascus and the hero God of the Europeans.

The saddest lot of all is the halfway-house Christians. They believe, but because they seek no help for their unbelief, they will soon become non-believing liberals. The Catholic halfway-house Christian claims he needs only the Church. "Prior to Scripture there was the Church, and without Scripture we can know God, through His Church."

The Protestant fundamentalist counters with, "Before there was a Christian Church, there was the Bible; we know God through the Holy Scriptures."

Missing from both halfway-house churches is the human factor. Human beings must read the Holy Scriptures and the Church documents with the proper spirit if God's revelation is to be believed. And to believe, a man must be able to "come and see." He must see the embodiment of Christianity in the spirit and blood of a people. The image of the golden harp is still apropos. Can even a golden harp produce one single note of music without the touch of a human hand?

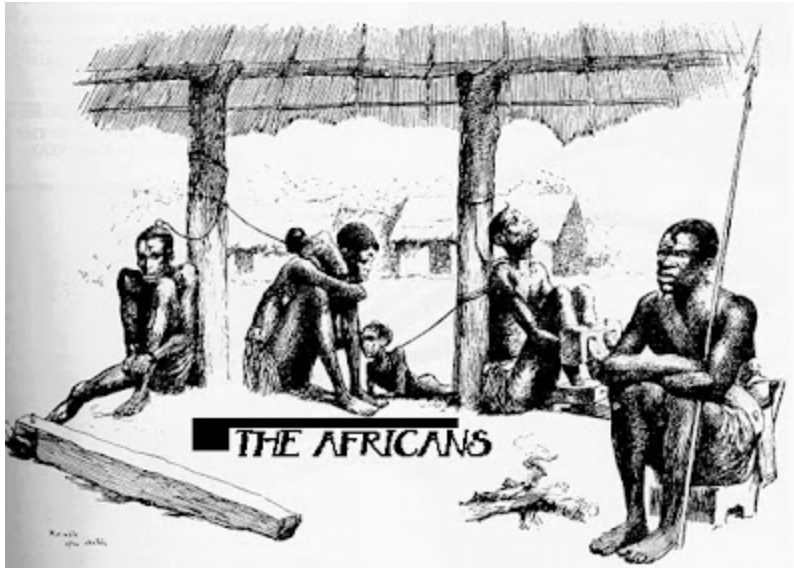
Some thirty years ago I had a conversation with a retired Roman Catholic priest. I was a young man and he was an old man. I asked him what he thought was the greatest obstacle to faith in Jesus Christ. He stated that the biggest obstacle was that, "There are so few signs."

I went away from my conversation with the priest with a greater respect for his honesty, but I also left profoundly depressed. "Are there really so few signs?" Of course, our Lord's words come to mind: "And there shall be no sign given... but the sign of the prophet Jonah." How can we know that sign? It has always been my feeling, my deep-seated feeling, that our Lord has planted, in our blood, the means of knowing and loving Him. But we must be true to our blood in order to see our Lord. The European who has become a stranger to his own blood needs to come and see the European cottage in the woods. Then he will see with the eyes of the heart, and know that his redeemer liveth, the God of eternal Europe. +

Labels: blood faith, human heart

The End Result of Negro Worship

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 2010



In Africa, a land without love, kindness is a weakness. Because there is no charity there is no understanding of mercy, and because there is no altruism, there is no gratitude.

– Anthony Jacob

The official belief of the liberals and the non-white races, though never articulated in formal documents, is that the white man is not fully human; the only fully human being is the black man. The unarticulated belief (because it was a given) of the white man for thousands of years was that the white man was the only fully human being, and the black man was not fully human.

It is important to note that the white man's belief in the humanity of the white and the lack of humanity in the black was a "prejudice" he held during the Christian centuries of the European people. When the European ceased to be Christian, he ceased to believe in the humanity of the white man and became a believer in the special and superior humanity of the black man.

The enormous shift, from the belief that the black man was half-man, half-beast and had to be held in check by the white man, to the worship of the black man, indicates a profound spiritual malaise in the European people; and every white nation is in the midst of their equivalent to the French Revolution. In 1789, the French cursed their past and severed all ties with the people and traditions of their past. Other European countries, such as Britain and the southern half of the United States (which was, at the time of the Uncivil War, a separate nation) kept continuity with their past. Nothing new was done in those conservative nations without invoking the "spirit of our ancestors." The racial wars of the latter half of the 20th century destroyed the last vestiges of conservatism in the European nations, and now all the people of European descent curse their past and yearn for the extinction of the white man and the deification of the black man.

The anti-white movement has its origins in the European's rejection of Christianity. When a man believes that the drama of existence ultimately has a happy ending, he does not need to create a utopian society in which reality is banished. But when the reality of existence is seen as unbearable - - and life without faith that Christ is risen is unbearable -- a man must create a hideaway world where reality can be avoided. Enter the natural savage. The Christian European saw the black man as he was, a savage barbarian, but the utopian white man sees the black man as a perfect man, untainted by the evils of white, Christian civilization.

The halfway-house Christians have tried to 'save' their collective churches which still preach Christ crucified, Christ risen in a non-metaphorical sense, by blending orthodox Christianity with the anti-European, utopian ideology of the mad-dog liberals. Such a compromise can never bring anything but grief. The halfway-house Christian always ends up handing a non-faith down to his children, because real faith cannot grow on utopian ground.

The liberal does not know why he must elevate the black man; he just feels compelled to do so. And he feels that way because Satan has filled the void in his heart, the heart that was once occupied by Christ. Satan knows that a man's skin color is an essential part of a man's body, which is an extension of a man's soul. Deprive a man of his racial identity, and you deprive him of a vital part of his personality, which is a thing divine, being created by and connected to almighty God. And if our soul is not joined with God, but to the black man, we will be united to the god of the black man, which was, and is, Satan.

A Christian European knows where the road to utopia leads; it leads to Haiti, to Rhodesia, and to South Africa. Africa is the future for the utopian white man. Only Christian Europeans can alter the African shadows over Europe. The halfway-house Christians will ultimately side with the liberals, and the neo-pagans, too, who will first compromise by begging for equal representation within Liberaldom (after all, the neo-pagan is also a utopian), will, when their plea for equal representation is denied, also capitulate.

Chesterton, in his book *Orthodoxy*, compared the Roman Catholic Church to a chariot riding through time, avoiding all the heresies, while always maintaining its balance. The only thing wrong with his fiery chariot image was that it was false. The Roman Catholic Church did not then, and does not now represent a balanced, accurate embodiment of Christianity. Nor do any of the Protestant churches. The church as conceived by Chesterton was a rationalist construct, springing from a utopian mind. But if we shift our focus to the European people, and view their culture as the church Chesterton was writing about, we can see the real fiery chariot that can never be forced off course. The faith derived from a connection to our people is based on what we feel inside; it's based on love, not an abstraction. Surely that European connection is what we should seek and look to if we are ever going to come safely home.

The worship of the black man is the antithesis of Christianity. We can measure the depth of a people's degradation by the lengths to which they will go to ensure that black predominates over white. We must never doubt for a moment that integration and race-mixing are part of a satanic agenda to eliminate Christianity from the face of the earth. No European should be fooled into thinking he can combine the worship of the black man with the worship of Christ. We can't serve darkness and the Light. There should be no question in the European's mind that it is to Europe and Europe alone that we must look if we want to see the face of Christ. Other cultures must look outward, away from the sacrificial fires, to the people who shunned sacrifice and believed in mercy. But the European must look inward, forsaking the godless, utopian future, which is in reality a hellish world of darkness, and find the God of his ancestors in the European mists.

Europe is faith, hope, and charity. Africa is the absence of faith, hope, and charity. What is needed are Europeans who will stand with Europe. Isn't the preservation of the light shining in darkness infinitely more important than an integrated sports team in South Africa or a democratic government in Iraq? Where your treasure lies, there lies your heart. My heart is with Europe. There is no other dwelling place for the human soul.

*Trust ye the curdled hollows—
Trust ye the neighing wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind!
To bray your foeman's armies—
To chill and snap his sword—*

*Trust ye the wild White Horses,
The Horses of the Lord!*

--Rudyard Kipling

Labels: blood faith

The Night Riders of Europe

SATURDAY, JULY 03, 2010



“They come against us in much pride and iniquity to destroy us, and our wives and children, and to spoil us: But we fight for our lives and our laws.”

In my young halcyon days as a Roman Catholic convert, I was always attending lectures. On one occasion I attended a lecture by a Roman Catholic traditionalist who maintained that the conquest of Mexico, in which the Spaniards mixed their blood with the native population, and the settlement of North America, in which the British did not mix their blood with the native population, proved the superiority of Roman Catholicism over Protestantism, because the Catholics were able to put aside their parochial prejudices and adhere to a universal principle.

The speaker’s assertion troubled me because I did not think that willingness to forsake your own blood was a sign of the “true Christianity.” I’ve had many years now to reflect on the speaker’s assertion, and I’ve come to the conclusion that the Spaniards’ failure to protect and cherish their blood lines indicated a fatal flaw in the Roman Catholic Church, a fatal flaw that has spread to all the Christian churches, resulting in the demise of the Christian faith throughout the European nations.

The fatal flaw was the churchmen’s failure to de-Romanize the Christian church. In pagan Rome, differences of race and religion were tolerated if an individual was willing to submit to Roman universalism. It was the idea of universal Rome that counted, not individual human beings. In Christianity the individual matters. His personal salvation and the salvation of his people are paramount. Race is important to the Christian because his race is part of his personality, part of his soul, and a universalism that places a man in an impersonal generic box called ‘mankind’ is an abomination to the genuine European. Hamlet reacts against the tyranny of the universal over the particular. When Rosencrantz and Guildenstern violate the bond of friendship in the name of an abstract principle of service to the state, Hamlet knows his friends are no longer his friends.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

A man is more complicated than a pipe. To treat him other than a divine mystery, with infinite possibilities, as a personality who has that within which passeth show, is to defame the Creator by trivializing His creation.

In Romanization, breadth of thought is substituted for depth of feeling. St. Augustine delayed his conversion to Christianity because he was afraid the personal fairy tale narratives of the Gospel were not as intellectually sophisticated as pagan universalism. Why does universalism always seem so intelligent? Because we are fallen creatures, and appeals to our pride of intellect often have a hypnotic effect on us. Throughout the Christian European's history, the struggle to believe in the unsophisticated tale of the suffering servant instead of the organized universalism of Rome or liberalism has always been a fight to the death. The attempt by the liberals to impose a universal belief in the sacred black man is just one more phase in the continuing war of the Christian European vs. the universalist, utopian European.

The trivialization that comes with rationalist, Roman universalism is death to faith because a man needs to see life with his heart not with his head. Romanization reduces the faith to a simple program of mental gymnastics that a handful of select men can teach to their devotees. The resistance to such an inhumane and trivial system, a system that starves the soul because it deprives a man of contact with the living God who lives in the depths of the human heart, has always come from the men of feeling, the Europeans from the deep woods. They were the men who saw that Thor was a pale reflection of Christ; men who bent their knee to Christ as conquerors, not as the conquered.

I no longer see the Protestant Reformation as the unhallowed disaster that Catholics maintain it was. Nor do I see the Reformation as the Protestants see it, "the movement that set things right." I see the initial Protestant revolt as an attempt by the European people to reclaim their Lord and kinsman from the hard-hearted company men of Rome. It was a necessary revolt, but Europeans needed to see that the battle against Roman universalism had to be an ongoing battle. The Protestants, after their initial revolt which was from the heart, formed their own little, rationalist mini-Romes. Modern liberalism is the fusion of all the Christian rationalist, universalist mini-Romes into one anti-Christian Rome. In the mini-Romes, the individual halfway-house Christians are allowed to pay lip-service to the Christian God so long as they adhere to the state-sponsored worship of the Negro.

It was the Europeans of depth who defied insolent Greece and haughty Rome in order to raise the standard of the Man of Sorrows above the banner of universal Rome. It will be the task of the remnant band of 21st century Europeans to once again defy liberal, universal Rome, and make every

European hearth a kingdom where the God of the little, particular things, such as loyalty, faith, love, honor, and charity, makes His home.

It is possible to trace the heretical line from the Tower of Babel through pagan Rome, Catholic Rome, the Protestant Romes, and finally the modern liberal Rome. Central to all the universalist heresies is race-mixing and religious atheism. The races are blended in the name of a universal god, but contact with the one true God is rendered impossible because the people who constitute a blended society lack the depth to understand or relate to the non-blended, distinctive personality of the Christian God, Jesus Christ.

The liberal's new demand for one universal race and one godless faith is an old demand. We need not – in fact, we should not – respond to their program with a plan or program of our own. The European has no plan; he has only his instincts. Long buried perhaps, rusty from lack of use, but still the only broadsword God has given him; in the blood of the European is the answer to the universal, racially blended, godless world of the liberals.

When the Europeans were young, they believed in a fairy story about a warrior bard whose name was Jesus. Jesus was strong enough to conquer death, yet he was full of love, charity, and mercy. Then, the Europeans became more sophisticated, more intelligent, and very universal in their faith. They started to worship the Negro, who had not conquered death, and was not loving, charitable, or merciful. The new Europeans said they were very happy with their new faith, and because they were so happy with their new faith they decided to pass many, many laws to make everyone part of the new religion, so everyone would be as happy as the intelligent, sophisticated, universally-minded, new Europeans. But fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on your point of view), some rather angry-looking Europeans were seen at night, riding out of the European woods and attacking some of the holy places of Liberaldom. Schools, churches, and abortuaries were burnt. Men of all colors and races were killed for alleged crimes against the fairy tale God of old and His people.

The night riders were only a small remnant, but the liberals were worried that the angry men, if left unchecked, could inspire other angry men. "We should destroy the woods where they dwell," was the general consensus of the liberals.

The woods would not burn, and the angry white men on white chargers seemed to be led by an angelic white man on an angelic white horse. "There is something more than nature here," said one liberal commentator.

"We'll simply order more explosives and chemicals," said another.

But the liberal fires died out, and their chemicals and explosives were of no account against the men on white chargers with the angelic leader. "Till Liberaldom is dust, and Europe is restored," was the cry of the night riders. Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, and fought for. +

Labels: restoration of European civilization

Resisting Caliban

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 2010



"We must prepare to meet with Caliban." – *The Tempest*

I've been married long enough to know that when my wife starts talking about "rearranging a few things" I had better go through the papers and books on my desk and on the floor surrounding my desk in order to save what needs saving before the rearranging nightmare commences. And of course the process takes longer than anticipated because I start to read the old articles and papers in order to decide what to discard and what to save.

This time through I noticed an old obituary of a favorite baseball player of mine from the golden era of baseball, the era of all white players. That obituary was much more important to me than the tons of articles I threw out about the Latin Mass and the crisis in the church. It might appear since I threw out the articles pertaining to the internecine wars in the Catholic Church and kept the obituary about a favorite baseball player (Walter Johnson) from the golden era, that I was no longer interested in Christianity but was still interested in the trivial pursuits of my childhood.

The old saw warns us that appearances can be deceiving. I kept the Walter Johnson obit because Mr. Johnson was a baseball hero from an era when the European people of America were at least, if not integrally Christian, then Christian in ethos. Such relics of the past must be treasured, because it is no longer possible in the modern, post-Christian-ethos era, to see even a trace of old Europe embodied in any European American or European institution.

The history of baseball in this country is a history in miniature of the white European people. Baseball has its roots in the agrarian tradition of Europe. The terms 'infield' and 'outfield' for instance are used by Sir Walter Scott in his descriptions of Scottish farming:

The residence of these church vassals was usually in a small village or hamlet, where, for the sake of mutual aid and protection, some thirty or forty families dwelt together. This was called the

Town, and the land belonging to the various families by whom the Town was inhabited, was called the Township. They usually possessed the land in common, though in various proportions, according to their several grants. The part of the Township properly arable, and kept as such continually under the plough, was called in-field. Here the use of quantities of manure supplied in some degree the exhaustion of the soil, and the feuars raised tolerable oats and bear, [Footnote: or bigg, a kind of coarse barley] usually sowed on alternate ridges, on which the labour of the whole community was bestowed without distinction, the produce being divided after harvest, agreeably to their respective interests.

There was, besides, out-field land, from which it was thought possible to extract a crop now and then, after which it was abandoned to the "skiey influences," until the exhausted powers of vegetation were restored. These out-field spots were selected by any feuar at his own choice, amongst the sheep-walks and hills which were always annexed to the Township, to serve as pasturage to the community. The trouble of cultivating these patches of out-field, and the precarious chance that the crop would pay the labour, were considered as giving a right to any feuar, who chose to undertake the adventure, to the produce which might result from it.

The very concept of a professional baseball team is a bastardization of the sporting ideals of the European people, immortalized forever in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. In that work, Thomas Hughes enfleshes the Christian doctrine of the interconnectedness of body and soul. Sport, to a Christian of the old stock, is a spiritual exercise; how we conduct ourselves in sport and the type of sport we participate in can elevate or debase the soul.

The original professional baseball organizations, because they were created by people with a Christian hangover, mixed the Christian sporting ethos with a secular ethos. The Christian impulse was seen in the teams' attempts to make heroism local and particular. Even though most players did not play for their home city, they were treated like native sons by the local baseball enthusiasts. But the serpent was in the baseball garden. A small little serpent called money was seen in the out-field.

Sport in America lost its remaining Christian ethos when baseball integrated in 1947. Though owners such as Branch Rickey and Bill Veeck, who brought the first Negroes into baseball, presented themselves as pioneers in the civil rights movement, they were in reality worshippers of the golden calf. It was simple economics. A bigger gene pool meant a better team, and a better team meant more money. The unsung heroes were the white players, such as Dixie Walker of the Dodgers, who said that it didn't matter if you could win more games and make more money by integrating your team, it was wrong. The heroes of baseball were not the Jackie Robinsons and Branch Rickets or the vast majority of white players who dared not place their financial futures in jeopardy by protesting integrated baseball. The real heroes were men like Dixie Walker who spoke out against the forces of money and Negro worship. In Cleveland, the small handful of white players who refused to shake hands with the Negro Larry Doby were traded off the team.¹ Such protestors were heroes of the blood. Their instincts allowed them to see the truth: the presence of the Negro within white culture is the beginning of the end of white culture.

One wonders what happened to all the old opponents of integration. The baseball players of the late 40's are mostly gone by now. But what about the athletes from the mid-1960's? I remember reading about a Southern college football team in the early 1960's. The white players on that team refused to play against teams that played Negroes. What happened to those men? Did they all 'see the light' and become Negro worshippers? Most likely they became part of the white underground. They grumble among themselves about the apelike negroization of their sport but dare not make any public criticism of integration.

The coalition that destroyed white baseball was the same type of coalition that destroyed the European people. A group of money men joined forces with Christians who needed a social gospel to buttress up their faltering faith in the Gospel.

The cynical money men were careful to present the negroization of baseball, and other aspects of white culture, in Christian terms. The pastor of my parents' church, who regularly extolled the black man but had very little to say about Christ, was fond of saying that Branch Rickey was the greatest civil rights advocate of them all, 'them all' being liberals like the pastor, who ended up divorcing his first wife, second wife, third wife, and then the church.

There was an episode in the old *Leave It To Beaver* television show in which the moral eunuch, Eddie Haskell, during a camping trip falls off a cliff onto a ledge slightly below. A park ranger (played by the same actor who played Jack Armstrong, the All American Boy in the movie serial) has to come and rescue Eddie. When Eddie tries to mouth off to the park ranger, he is told, "Things like this don't happen to boys who are careful in the woods." Precisely. And things like the negroization of baseball don't happen to a people unless they have taken little care to keep faith with their past. The capitalist, because he worships the golden calf, must break faith with his ancestors who worshipped Christ. But why did the Christians, the people I call the halfway-house Christians, break faith with their Christian ancestors? A traditional Christian people seeks to remain close to their past because by doing so, they are staying close to their God. A serious Christian does not jettison the customs and traditions of a Christian people in favor of the new customs and traditions of a Godless, utopian people, but confused halfway-house Christians do jettison the traditions of antique, Christian Europeans.

The European walls between the races were in place for good reasons, for Christian, European reasons. 1) God saves particular people and persons; He does not save *en masse*. It is His will that people retain their racial identities. 2) The second reason is like unto the first; if the Christ-bearing race becomes a non-race, will there be faith on earth?

The negroization of the world is a holistic movement. The liberals have left no part of the European world free from the presence of the Negro. And as Midas turned everything he touched to gold, so does the Negro turn every aspect of white culture into a savage, tribal, barbarous rite. Who is served by the interjection of the Negro into white culture? Is the white man served? Maybe the rich capitalist is served in a material sense, but is the real white man, the Christian, served by an integrated society? No, he is debauched and degraded. He loses his identity as a white European, and by that loss he becomes worse than a man without a country; he becomes a man without a soul.

Is the Negro served? Again, some are served in a material sense. But the black man is dependent on the white man to keep him from descending to the level of the apes (I mean that in a behavioral sense, not an evolutionary sense). The white man's burden and duty is to control and civilize the black savage, as the pre-civil war, Southern whites did so admirably, and not to make him a deity in a Godless, golden-calf-worshipping society.

The whole purpose of a Christian culture is to create opportunities for white moments. Somewhere between our birth and death, we need to see the face of Christ, at the hearth, in pure sport, in our art, or in our work. The liberal wants to eliminate the white moments of existence. He demands that we give up the white moments of life, in which we get a glimpse of heaven, in order to live in a future heaven on earth that he, the liberal, is building for us. But it is always in the future, this heaven on earth, and it always entails the sacrifice of our faith in the God whose kingdom is not of this world. Negroization is the liberal's road to earthly bliss, but the European of the old stock sees it for what it is – the road to hell. We shall never give up on the culture of white moments and we will never accept negroization. +

1. Bill Veeck is lauded for bringing the second Negro into baseball a few months after the first one. What type of man are the liberals lauding? They are lauding a man who put money above every decent human sentiment. He once, when he was owner of the Chicago White Sox, brought a midget up to bat. His only worry was that the midget might attempt to gain some self-respect by actually swinging at the baseball and getting a hit. In order to put a halt to that, he told the midget that he had a man with a high-powered rifle ready to shoot him if he swung at the ball. The midget walked on four pitches, and Bill Veeck got what he wanted, celebrity and money. What of the midget? He suffered scorn and ridicule the rest of his

life, which lasted ten years longer. He died from injuries resulting from a beating he received from men who still wanted to mock and ridicule him for his infamous at bat in the major leagues. Did the great civil rights champion, the great humanitarian, attend his funeral? No, he did not. The only man from major league baseball that attended the funeral was the pitcher who gave up the walk. "I felt I owed him that much."

Now, Bill Veeck didn't force the midget to prostitute himself for money. But a pimp is even more loathsome than a prostitute. Veeck and the liberals call negroization 'civil rights.' The correct term for it is pimping.

Labels: Negroization of white culture, white moments

Guarding the Past

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 2010



“There is a hollow ring in the work of some of the systems makers, who so often assume that we can catch up with History, collect all the factors into our hands – nothing relevant escaping us – and so become monarchs and masters of the course of things.” – Herbert Butterfield

It seems that only the white man invents utopian schemes and tries to implement them. The Roman Catholic Church systematized that which should never – and can never – be systematized: the living God. And the Protestants diligently followed in the Catholic train and systematized God. The liberals, following along the same lines of the systematizing Christians, created their own utopian system which is a synthesis of the Catholic and Protestant systems; it is called psychology. And so it goes with the white man. He is forever trying to “catch up with History” and become the master of a world of his own creation.

Our little utopian systems have their day, and then they go into the dust bin of history, usually leaving rivers of blood and mountains of despair behind them. Capitalism and socialism have occupied the European stage for the last two centuries, but in the last fifty years a very old (just read Dryden, Addison, and Rousseau) utopian fantasy has re-emerged. The capitalists and the socialists are currently trying to combine the myth of the noble black savage with their capitalist-socialist utopias. Thus the capitalist tells us that we should all be capitalists because it will help the black man get off welfare, and the socialist tells us that socialism is good because it will help the black man stay on welfare. But the key element in the capitalist, black utopia and in the socialist, black utopia is the worship of the black. The Negro is a god in both utopian schemes; the two opposing sides merely differ on the best way to serve the new god.

All utopian fantasies of the European liberal are grounded in a denial of the doctrine of original sin and a hatred of the Europeans and their history. The liberal does not believe in original sin because such a belief would make him disbelieve in the perfectibility of mankind under his beneficent leadership. While denying original sin, the liberal must hate his ancestors and believe in their sinfulness, because they are the reason, in his mind, there is no heaven on earth.

Let us dwell for a moment on the hatred of the liberal. The utopian liberal is generally given a free pass from the world so long as his utopian schemes are universalist, utopian schemes. The neo-pagans and the Fuhrer are and were unpopular because their utopian schemes are not universalist schemes. The worst thing that is said about the liberal utopian is that he is "somewhat naive, but his heart is in the right place." 'Tis not so. The utopian liberal is a great hater. Unhumbled by any sense of his own sinfulness, he is unwilling to tolerate the slightest opposition to his humanitarian plans to save all mankind. Dostoevsky, in his masterpiece, *The Devils*, depicts a Bolshevik revolutionary who sits in his house, writing plans for the earthly salvation of mankind, while on the everyday plane of reality he hates every human being he meets. It will always be thus with the utopian liberal (and there are no non-utopian liberals); he will always be a great lover of abstract humanity and a great hater of individual human beings.

Against the utopian liberal stands the European conservative, not to be confused with the liberal capitalist. Since he believes in original sin, he doesn't think that the future will be better than the past. In fact the conservative knows that the future will be worse than the past if the past is not woven into the garment of the future.

Walter Scott exemplified the romanticism of conservatism. He did not ignore the evils of the past, but he saw that any evil his ancestors committed stemmed from a sinful nature that he shared with them. And he had the humility to acknowledge the virtues of his ancestors and try to preserve those virtues in the present. Conservatism is romantic because it is human. Unadulterated man has passions, he loves, he hates, he descends to the depths of hell, and he rises to the heights of heaven. The utopian has no humanity because he thinks what passed for humanity in the past was evil and must be obliterated. Only a future humanity, which has no connection to the European past, and the black man, who has no connection to the European past, are sacred and worthy of inheriting the kingdom of Liberaldom.

There is no ascent in the liberal utopia; there is only the darkness of hell. It was God's plan to create mankind, which triggered Satan's revolt. The great hater is only comfortable where there is no humanity. His cry is, "The world must be purged of all traces of humanity." And that is what utopians do; they purge the world of all genuine human beings, replacing them with colored barbarians and disembodied white intellectuals who worship the intellect but cannot think because all true thought stems from the human heart which the liberals have banished from utopia.

All utopian states, because they are based on a false view of man, must maintain themselves by force or by an extensive and subtle seduction of the masses. Most utopian-totalitarian regimes use a combination of the two methods. The old U.S.S.R. was primarily a naked-force utopia while the U.S.A. was primarily a seductive utopia. In recent years there has been a slight shift in emphasis. The U.S.A. and her European counterparts are relying more on naked force than they ever did before, which is a tribute to their successful seduction. There are so few men of flesh and blood left that it has become unnecessary to seduce; naked force will crush the last of the non-utopian Europeans.

Utopian thinking stems from the European because the European was once Christian. It was the European who prayed, "Thy Kingdom come." But when 'His Kingdom come' becomes our utopian kingdom of the godless future, Christian Europe becomes Satania.

Since utopia never comes, the liberal must be able to point to some reason why the elusive utopia never materializes. In the U.S.S.R., it was the remnant band of the bourgeoisie who were 'blocking' paradise on earth. They needed to be exterminated so the peoples' paradise could flourish. In

Europe and the United States, it is white racists who stand in the way of a Babylonian paradise. They will also be exterminated. At least that is the plan. The liberals no longer make a secret of it. Members of the new Black Panther Party, for instance, have recently called for the extermination of whites. No outrage, not even a blip on the radar screen. But liberals do not have a death wish. Because they have no connection to reality, they really believe that so long as they denounce their whiteness they will not be considered white by the wonderful black demigods whom they worship.

If a cancer is not reversed, it spreads. The hatred of the white and the love of the black has gone into the blood of the white liberal, the halfway-house Christian, and the white grazer (see *The Underground Men*). The late Samuel Francis and John Tyndall spent most of their adult lives trying to explain, in rational terms, that the black man wanted the white man to disappear from the face of the earth, but there is a limit to pure reason. When a mania such as the worship of the black man and the hatred of the white man enters the bloodstream, mere reason is hopeless against it. The evil of the black man and his hatred of the white man is apparent throughout America, Europe, and Africa. What the black man says and what the black man does should be enough to convince every single white man to take up arms to defend himself and his family against the black man. Instead, the white man does just the opposite. He throws himself at the feet of the black man, as the black man raises his knife to kill the white man and his family, and begs for forgiveness for his sins of commission and omission against the black race. "Almighty Negro, I have sinned against thee, by what I have done and what I have failed to do. I firmly resolve, if you let me live, to avoid all sins of racism in the future, and all near occasions of racism"

However, the new black god of the white man is not a merciful god like Christ; he is a murderous savage god, so he slays the white penitent. And the whites looking on cry with one voice: "The black man giveth, and the black man taketh away; blessed be the name of the black man forever."

If the bloodbath is to be halted we must look beyond reason. Those white men who have never forsaken their white blood and those white men who have returned to their blood because they saw the risen Lord on their own personal roads to Damascus will hold the pass until the black-worshipping passion is purged from the white race, or till their Lord returns to lead the final charge. We are in the fiery furnace, but miracles occur when a faithful few refuse to worship the savage gods. +

Labels: black faith, false religion, liberals are the true haters

Still Our Ancient Foe

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 2010



There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown. – *Genesis 6:4*

The traditional interpretation of *Genesis 6:4* was that the sons of God referred to in this passage were fallen angels, often called demons or evil spirits. They were generally believed to have been sent by Satan to pollute the blood lines of the human race so that Jesus could not be born of the seed of a fully human woman and become the savior of mankind. It is necessary to dismiss the Old Testament narratives as frivolous stories, which the liberals do, or to simply ignore the implications of the stories, as the half-way Christians do, if you are going to maintain that bloodlines do not matter.

Let us assume, contra the liberals, that the story of Giants on the earth in *Genesis 6:4* and the other Old Testament “fantastical” stories are not frivolous stories. And let us follow, contra the halfway-house Christians, the implications of the *Genesis 6:4* story and other related stories.

You could maintain that once Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, the necessity to maintain the purity of the Christ-bearing race was no longer necessary. Christ was born, now we can all blend together in one universal race. The Tower of Babel story is not relevant; the importance which the ancient Hebrews placed on their racial purity and the distinctions God made between Noah’s good sons and his bad son are all made irrelevant by Christ’s birth. Is this the case? The official line of the Catholic Church says that all racial distinctions are washed away by the coming of Christ. The official Protestant line, to the extent they have an official line, is in union with the Catholic. And the liberals, who don’t believe in Christ, have given their blessing to the Catholic and Protestant interpretations of race mixing.

The case seems to be closed. But in the spirit of Dostoevsky’s *Underground Man*, let me reopen the case. I cannot cite any church document that expressly forbids race-mixing, nor can I build an airtight case against race-mixing using a dazzling array of quotes from the *Holy Bible*. Still, there is a compelling case against race-mixing. First, our Christian European ancestors were opposed to race-mixing. You can maintain, which the halfway-house Christians do, that our European ancestors were insufficiently Christian compared to the modern Christians, but I think a man-to-

man comparison of their faith and morals reveals that the modern halfway-house Christian cannot hold a candle to his “racist” forefathers.

Secondly, there is reality to contend with. If Christians really believe that their God said, “The truth shall set you free,” doesn’t that suggest we should seek the truth about black and white? Shouldn’t we look at what blacks do when there are no white men to control them? And shouldn’t we look at the immorality of white and black in a blended society? We should if we claim to worship the Christian God.

Thirdly, while the *Bible* is more than a great literary work, it is also a work of literature that should be read and understood in the way we read and understand great literature. Just as Shakespeare’s play *King Lear* is more than a story about a king who gets mad at his youngest daughter, so is the *Bible* more than a travelogue about the ancient Hebrews. The *Bible* stories, like Shakespeare’s plays, come from the land of the spirit. At their center is the truth about man and God. The Tower of Babel story, the numerous stories of the Hebrews’ segregated society, and the hierarchal structure imposed on Noah’s sons all suggest that concerns about racial purity are not something to be dispensed with after the birth of Christ. Those who do so redefine the traditional Christian teaching on original sin. The first apostles never taught to “become new in Christ” meant that we were free of the effects of original sin. Faith in Christ did not mean that we could dissolve the earthly ties by which and through which we know the living God. The Tower of Babel experience should tell a Christian that God hates man-made unity because it separates man from God. And can there be a more blasphemous unity than a man-made unity that directly contradicts the God-made distinctiveness of the races?

There is also a Tower of Babel mentality in those who reject the lesson we learn from the story of Ham. It is not God’s desire that the less godly son should be on equal footing with the godly sons. You don’t have to believe that the black man is the descendant of Ham, Cush, and Nimrod to see that the white man is meant to keep the black man in check. Just look at the development of Christian Europe and the development of Africa. Then compare our modern blended society with the non-blended society of antique Europe. Is not the moral contained in the true story of Noah and his three sons revealed to anyone who has eyes to see and ears to hear?

Of course, that’s the dilemma. There are no Europeans left with eyes to see and ears to hear. The European no longer sees Christ riding through the woods of Europe nor does he hear the echo of His voice in the European mountains.

There are two brothers in *King Lear*. Edgar, the legitimate son is the soul of honor. He tells his suicidal father, “Thy life’s a miracle.” The bastard brother, Edmund, has a different view of existence. “Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law, My services are bound.” The European was once committed to Edgar’s view of existence. He saw his life as a miracle of God’s grace. To know that a personal, humane God was at the heart of the universe -- a God that cared about individual human beings -- was to know that the human personality was to be treasured. A divine creation should not be rent asunder or degraded. But if nature is thy Goddess, there is no reason to treasure the distinctness of human beings. They are all simply part of nature’s compost heap.

The halfway-house Christians who want to blend the black with white always end up blending Christ with liberal saints such as Nelson Mandela. The logical result of a faith based on the universalism of a Coca-Cola commercial is a universal God who is as superficial as a Coca-Cola commercial. Such a god might be useful to you while you are riding high, employed in the secular utopia and in the prime of youth, but when you cry out from the depths, which eventually all human beings do, the Coca-Cola God will not be there for you. You will either find the one true God, the God of antique Europe, or you will perish in the vomit of superficiality.

In *Genesis* we learn that the whole earth was polluted in the time of Noah, not polluted by an excess of styrofoam cups or Pepsi cans, but polluted in the blood. The sons of God (Demons) had slept with

mortal women and produced a race of Giants. Only Noah had kept his bloodlines pure, and only Noah and his family escaped the flood.

Are there parallels between Noah's situation vis-à-vis the mating of the demons and mortal women and the mating of black men and European women? A tiny minority of antique Europeans maintains that the black man is not human; he is a beast of the field. If such is the case, there is a very close parallel between modern race-mixing and the race-mixing in *Genesis* 6:4; in both cases mortal women mix their blood with alien beings.

The vast majority of antique Christians held to the belief, rejected by modern, halfway-house Christians, that the black man was the descendant of Ham and could only be fully human as a servant in the tents of the children of Shem and Japheth. Cross-race mating would still be sinful to the adherents of the 'black as descendant of Ham' theory, but it would not be an exact parallel to *Genesis* 6:4, when the daughters of men mated with alien beings.

The first theory at least attempts to deal with reality. We see the black man before us; he does not seem to be fully human, and therefore he is not a human being. The liberals have no right to cry "foul" at such a seemingly inhumane theory. They have a similar theory, which is the reverse of the black beast theory. They believe that *only* the black man is human and that the white man is some sort of non-human animal.

In the absence of some deeply held instinct to the contrary, I think we should always go with the mainspring Christianity from the days when Europe was truly Christian. The black man can only become fully human by serving the one fully human race, the white race. Those who have eyes to see the Europe of our ancestors and those who have ears to hear the voice of our ancestors cannot come to any other conclusion about the black and the white than the one our ancestors came to: the black and the white race should never mix, lest the ungodly pollute the earth. If we see the race war for what it is, Satan's attempt to kill Christ by distorting the image of God in man, we will be able to gird up our loins and fight for Christ and the Europe that He, not Satan, wills that we should have. +

Labels: blood faith, segregation

The Lost Faith

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 2010



Oh, well for the world when the White Men join
To prove their faith again!

- Rudyard Kipling

Writing in the latter half of the 19th century, Dostoevsky asked “whether a man, as a civilised being, as a European, can believe at all, believe that is, in the divinity of the Son of God, Jesus Christ, for therein rests, strictly speaking, the whole faith.” The 20th century European answered Dostoevsky with a resounding ‘No.’

The key phrase in Dostoevsky’s question is “civilised being.” The 20th century European felt too civilized to believe in Christ’s resurrection from the dead. Such things happen in fairy tales, and civilized men and women do not believe in fairy tales. Two perceptive writers from the 20th century, the mad-dog liberal George Bernard Shaw and the Christian writer Herbert Butterfield, both pointed out that the Christian faith survived the pagan assault, the Renaissance, and the Catholic and Protestant religious wars, but the faith did not survive the scientific revolution.

Of course Shaw was delighted with the demise of Christianity, because it gave him a chance to suggest that the European world adopt a new religion as constructed by George Bernard Shaw. “It must be metascientific,” he intoned, “because only a religion that takes scientific facts seriously will be accepted by the modern European.” Butterfield, unlike Shaw, was not delighted with the demise of Christianity. He pointed out that the final result of the liberal’s utopian world of science would be oblivion.

The 21st century European has followed along the road of his scientific mentors of the 20th century. “Some are born great, some achieve greatness...” The 21st century European has achieved oblivion. When he shifted from the reality-based fairy tale mode of comprehension to a utopian-based

scientific mode of comprehension, he lost all sense of reality and became a reed for every new wind-blown ideology that called itself 'scientific.'

Science means much more to modern man than just the study of the material world. Science has come to mean truth in its totality. Behavioral "sciences" such as sociology and psychology tell us the truth about man, in contrast to Christianity, which tells us fairy tales about God. I saw this phenomenon at work in my college literature classes. No matter what work we studied, we studied psychology. The insights into the human soul that the great authors of Europe revealed were translated into psychological jargon because it was a given that no antique author who took the Christian revelation seriously could have anything to say to a modern scientific audience. Scientific thought fits right in with egotism. Since knowledge is cumulative, the mere piling up of facts, the present is always superior to the past. Shakespeare might have been brilliant in his day, but he could never be as intelligent as a modern literary critic because the literary critic knows the accumulated facts of man's existence that Shakespeare did not know. Of course, the modern scientific man must give way to the man of the future because he will know more than the marvelous man of the present. And on it goes. The present is always superior to the less scientific past and inferior to the more scientific future.

Because scientific thought is evolutionary and because scientific thought is presented as truth, the Christian faith has suffered greatly during the scientific 20th and 21st centuries. It survives only as an anemic subsidiary to science. Even fundamentalists who reject the theory of evolution as it pertains to man's origins still attempt to fuse their Christianity with an evolving concept of man, democratic man being at the highest point of their evolutionary ladder. And even in self-styled traditionalist Catholic sects, they send their seminarians and priests to psychologists when they have emotional problems. Isaac Stern's book, *Pillar of Fire*, was an attempt to fuse Roman Catholicism and psychology. Hence, even the surviving remnants of Christians in fundamental Protestant sects and traditionalist Catholic sects attempt to share the stage, so to speak, with science. The Catholic has an easier time of it because he can point to the scholastic tradition, which was a precursor of the scientific revolution, and claim that his church was never really opposed to an evolving, scientific faith. But the Catholic and the Protestant have both ignored the Shakespearean caution, "When you sup with the devil you need a long spoon."

It is ironic that modern man looks on scientific thought as true and the poetical vision of the Christian Europeans as false, when scientific thought encompasses the magic of the genies and alchemists, the witch doctors, and the quack doctors. Nature is the god of the modern Europeans, because they think they can harness the power of nature to achieve their heart's desire, which always turns out to be a desire to supplant God.

Negro worship is necessary in the scientific utopia of the modern white man for two reasons: 1) There must be a noble savage, some creature untainted by the sins of the fairy tale past of the European. The black man is perfect for the part. 2) Racial diversity is the precursor of sexual diversity. If racial distinctiveness is not a product of the benevolent, guiding hand of a creator, then racial Babylon is permissible and as a corollary so is sexual Babylon.

We were told and are still being told that if the white man would only divest himself of his whiteness, his prejudices, a great new scientific, utopian age would be upon us. But we can see the stink of a dystopia all around us. There is death in the abortuaries, savagery in our streets, and Negro worship in state and church. Is this the end result of the age of science? Yes, it is.

There are only two paths in the woods for the white European, the path of racial diversity, which he is presently on, and the path of racial preservation, which he once took but left when science beckoned him over to the path of racial diversity. Everything depends on the white man returning to the path of racial preservation. There will be no pro-life movements without white people, there will be no conversions to the light by people of color because there will be nothing left to convert to, and there will not be any churches because there will be no faith in Christ. An eternal night will envelop

Europe, and only some kind of hybrid, creeping, crawling creatures will be seen upon the face of the earth.

Such a scenario is likely but not inevitable. In the fairy tales a hero always comes forth to defeat the powers of darkness. In an age when scientific thought was scorned and the thought that sprang from the heart was sacred, Europe abounded with heroes who went forth in imitation of the Hero. Once a hole in the scientific wall is breached and European men start to once again protect and defend their race, there is more than just a little hope that a new Europe, which is a very old Europe, will emerge. There is indeed power in the blood of the lamb and power in the non-blended blood of the European united to Christ, the warrior-bard of Europe.

We will be Christian Europeans again when we come to regard the world of the Brothers Grimm as the real world and the scientific world of Darwin, Freud, Marx, and Adam Smith as the false fantastical world of pygmy men with pygmy souls. The world of giants, dragons, knights, and fair maidens is the European's world. The sacred woods, the sacred sword, the sacred cross -- such images are in our racial memory; they are true images of a time when every European felt his life was part of an epic poem that began in a manger and ended in the New Jerusalem. In England's green and pleasant land? Yes, in Europe's white and pleasant land, once again. +

Labels: conflict between Christianity and scientific world view



Be as thou was wont to be;
See as thou was wont to see:

-- *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*

The white man needs a romanticized ideal in order to live. The colored races can get by with sex and blood cults, but the white man needs something more. For 1600 years prior to the 20th century, the Christian faith was the 'something more' for the European. A great hero full of infinite compassion and mercy came down from heaven to wrestle with the dragon of death. And He prevailed!

The poet-historians of our race, Scott, Shakespeare, Hughes, Dickens, Le Fanu, and Maclaren, all bear witness to the reality of a culture where even the great sinners took Christianity seriously enough to be aware that they were sinners. The cad in Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian* at least marries the girl he impregnates. Nowadays, the cad would give his girlfriend the money for an abortion and proclaim himself beneficent.

In that excellent movie *Miracle on 34th Street*, the young lawyer defending Kris Kringle cuts to the chase by saying, "All these complicated tests come down to this: you say Kris is insane because he says he is Santa Claus." And all the complicated and intricate analyses of the demise of the European come down to this: "The European no longer sees any romance in Christianity. He has 'moved on.'"

And where has the European moved to? What is his new romance? The modern European has fallen in love with the idea of diversity. Go to any of the universities (which are still religious institutions; they have just changed their religious orientation), and read their manifestos. Diversity is their credo, diversity as defined by the liberal to mean the worship of generic mankind and the denial of a personal God. And there is a hierarchy within generic mankind. The topmost place is reserved for

the generic black male, and next comes the generic female of any color, followed by the other races of color. The white male has no place in this diverse society; in fact, the major goal of such diverse societies is the elimination of the white male.

The obsessive hatred of the white male in our modern society stems from the fact that the European male is seen as the harbinger of death. He represents the things of the past, the worship of Christ and the hatred of diversity. Two such evils cannot be tolerated by the diversity-loving modern European. The only surviving white males within the new hierarchy are white technocrats who savagely condemn all other white males while simultaneously denying there is any such thing as a white male. It remains to be seen how long the technocratic male can survive. He is a necessary prop for the feminist and the black; in fact, they are helpless without him, but swine possessed by demons seldom act in their own self-interest. The technocratic white male will be the last of the whites to go, but he will go; diverse societies have no place for the white man.

I once read a story to my children about a farm boy who somehow or other got a position in the court of Queen Elizabeth. All the city boys and girls made fun of the country boy and his ways. When given a chance to perform before the Queen, the country boy sang a song he had learned while growing up on the farm. He sang the song in spite of the ridicule and scorn of the city boys and girls. An old courtier applauded the country boy and told him, "Never be ashamed of the things you love." The point is we can't make the liberals love Christian Europe nor can we stop the halfway-house Christians from trying to combine the love of diversity with the love of Christ; we can only be faithful to our own true love.

Before the European fell in love with diversity, he was in love with Christ. From that love came everything good in European civilization. The diversity-loving liberals think they can eliminate the good things which they regard as evil, such as the respect for the child in the womb, the assumption of the superiority of European culture over all other cultures, the respect for patriarchy, and so on, and can just retain the things they still have a need for, such as wine and cheese parties, the right to travel through Europe, and marvel at the sight of the monuments to the faith they deplore, and so on, and so forth, ad nauseam, and on it goes. Every European liberal and halfway-house European think because they live near a police station (which of course they theoretically deplore), lions no longer need cages.

Of course I have no idea when, if ever, this hatred of the white man and of Christian Europe will end. I do know that miracles occur when Europeans are faithful to their one true love. We seldom see what is happening in the mystical body, but the collective voice of our European ancestors assures us that the battle for Christian Europe is worth fighting.

We are in a war and we should follow the advice of Nathan Bedford Forrest: "War means fighting, and fighting means killing." Not that killing is the only aspect of a war; it is most certainly not. The most important aspect is spiritual: "All things are ready if our hearts be in the trim." But to acknowledge that killing is a necessary part of any attack on Liberalism is to make the final break with liberal democracy. We can't destroy Liberalism through the channels set up by liberals to preserve Liberalism. Witness the recent attempt by besieged white people in Arizona to put some small limits on the number of murdering Mexicans flooding into their state. The two major provisions in the anti-illegal alien bill were struck down by the courts. It will always be thus in every formerly European country. The colored man is part of the new romance. His right to murder individual white people and to destroy the few remaining remnants of white culture will always be supported as an inalienable right by the white-hating technocrats of European descent.

Dostoyevsky used the example of the swine from the Gospel to illustrate the modern European liberal. They are so afraid of Him that they will willingly run off a cliff to avoid Him. One can make all sorts of excuses for the liberals: "They never heard any Christ story but a perverted, sectarian, hate-filled version," or, "They want to believe but their hearts have been hardened against the truth," or, "They find it impossible to reconcile reason and faith." The list is endless. But the fact

remains that the European has a new love that inspires him more than his old one. It is my contention that we should not aid or abet the new diversity-worshipping European any more than we should aid or abet a husband in abandoning his wife and children for a young girl; which means, let the liberals fight their own wars against the Iraqis and the Afghans with a feminist and black army. We will fight the battle at our doorstep against the aliens the liberal has loosed upon us with the express purpose of exterminating every man, woman, and child of our white race.

The race war is a war to preserve the divine presence on earth. Blake's dictum, "Where man is not, nature is barren," should be extended to "Where God is not, man is barren." In Dore's paintings of mankind prior to the flood, we see a diversity of bodies fit for nothing but oblivion. We do not see distinct personalities who reflect the image of God. Our modern, anti-European world resembles the world before the flood. Christian Europe stands in direct contrast to the modern, racially blended Europe. There were personalities then. H. V. Morton once commented that Dicken's characters were not exaggerated. Such personalities as Wilkins Macawber, Samuel Pickwick, and Joe Gargery really existed in Europe's halcyon days. To emerge from modern Europe and return to antique Europe is like awakening from a hellish nightmare and discovering all over again the enchanted fairy land called home.

Kenneth Grahame calls antique Europe the land of evening lingerings. And we linger there because it is our home; it is where we find the master of the house holding out his arms to greet us and usher us in to sit beside the warm hearth. The brave new, diverse world the liberals have prepared for us is nothing like our European home. There is no light, no warmth, no God in the liberals' diverse world. There are only hideously inhuman creatures trying desperately to deny that God once visited earth. Their world is perishing, but the old Europe survives. Beyond Liberaldom we hear the European chorus: "And He shall reign forever and ever." +

Labels: cultural diversity, false religion

Reflections on Sir Walter Scott's Birthday, August 15th

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 2010



That elder leader's calm reply
In steady voice was given,
'In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from heaven.'

-- Walter Scott's *The Lord of the Isles*

As soon as the Tea Party Movement became a movement to prove “we are not racist,” it was finished. And so is every “grass roots” conservative movement finished before it starts when white Europeans of American and European heritage believe it is a sin for white people to defend or champion their own people. They have derived that idea from their schools and churches, both of which taught them that hatred of the white and love of the colored were the first and second of the Ten Commandments. Until white people are willing to abandon church theology and dismantle the schools, there will be no successful ‘tea parties’ in America or Europe.

Until that blessed time, when church theology is abandoned and the schools are destroyed, the Europeans who are not afraid of being called racist must keep the bridge to the European past safe and secure in case some last minute convertites want to become Europeans again and need access to the European past.

If a scared and timid European came to me and asked how he could stop being afraid of the racist label and start listening to the voice of his European ancestors, I would tell him to start with the man whose birthday we celebrate tomorrow, Walter Scott.

Scott has been called the father of the historical novel, but that does not describe the man's work. Scott's achievement was Shakespearean; he established the universal truth that Christ is risen from the dead, by faithfully depicting the culture of a particular people, the Europeans. By chronicling the

lives and loves of the European people, Scott, like Shakespeare, gave us a vision of the living God. He is a mere “historical novelist” to the modern European because the modern European does not know how to think. Scott thought biblically, which means he thought from the heart outward. His heart informed his mind, not the reverse.

In the European fairy tales, the third dumb brother is really only dumb in the eyes of his worldly brothers. The third brother’s thought springs from a heart connected to Christ; therefore, his mind expresses thoughts that seem like idiocy to those men whose minds are corrupt. In their hearts they covet the things that only Satan can provide. When and if the European man tires of the Faustian things, he can turn to Scott to help him understand the eternal things.

I once read a literary critic’s commentary on Jane Austen in which he claimed that you couldn’t tell from her writings that she was a Christian. What fools these literary critics be! Austen’s Christianity is evident in every line she wrote. It is the same with Scott. The reason the modern intellectuals and the modern halfway-house Christians do not see Christianity in the novels of Scott is because their concept of religious faith is a modern, anti-Christian notion of faith. They think a faith that is embodied in a culture is not a faith. For them a faith must be made into a disembodied theology in order to be genuine. But the poet from antique Europe does not desire to be wiser than God. The Savior took flesh and dwelt among us; why then should we not look to see the faith embodied in the people who believed in the incarnate God? In Scott’s works, the European Christ, the God who is above us and beside us in spirit and in blood, takes center stage.

Because Walter Scott’s thought came from his heart, he was one of the last European intellectuals who was not a blood-sucking leech. We are all too familiar with the blood-suckers. They need the European past because it was real; there were genuine men and women back then. So the blood-sucking leech feeds on that past. He writes books and articles about those interesting antique Europeans, but always concludes by telling us just how wrong those people were – wrong about God, wrong about men and women, and wrong about love and honor.

A book called *The Return to Camelot* by a leech named Mark Girouard is an example of the modern European practice of desecrating Christian Europe and Walter Scott in particular. Girouard writes about the revival of chivalry in Britain during the late 18th century, extending through the 19th century, and into the early 20th century. Scott is credited with starting the revival, but Girouard has a surprise waiting for the reader who picks up the book thinking it is a book in praise of British chivalry. Oh no. At the end of the book he informs us that the English gentleman’s love of chivalry was the major reason for Britain’s involvement in World War I. He goes on to tell us that World War I was the end of chivalry altogether, and good riddance to it. And by extension, good riddance to Scott, since Girouard claims Scott spawned the chivalric revival in Britain.

In its essentials Girouard’s attack on Scott is the same as Mark Twain’s. By writing favorably about men and women who took the Christian principles of honor, loyalty, and pieta seriously, Scott undermined the modern civilization which liberals like Twain and Girouard think is self-evidently superior to antique Europe. Now, for the defense: The chivalric code of the Middle Ages is infinitely superior to the modern anti-chivalric code, but Scott’s chivalry is not medieval. Scott appreciates what was good in the Middle Ages, but he does not want to revive the cult of chivalry as practiced then. Scott’s chivalry, like his Christianity, is more organic, more personal, and more like the Christianity of his European forefathers who humanized the overly systematized and overly intellectualized Roman Christianity. The cult of chivalry as an affectation, as something separate from a man’s Christian faith, was repellent to Scott. The genuine chivalric code comes from a filial relationship with the triune God, not from the mind of man; nor is it necessary to be a soldier in order to practice it. Witness Reuben Butler in Scott’s *The Heart of Midlothian*.

Far from causing Britain’s involvement in World War I, Scott’s brand of chivalry, if the British people had adhered to it, would have prevented their involvement in World War I. The War came about because the leaders of Britain and the other European nations no longer believed in the code

that flowed naturally from a belief in the God whose portrait we see in the novels and epic poems of Sir Walter Scott.

I'm frequently chided and sometimes excoriated by practical-minded right-wingers for bringing mere writers of fictional fables, such as Walter Scott, into serious discussions on such issues as race and immigration. But don't you see? Europeans are hopeless and helpless in the race war because they don't see what Scott saw when he looked at Europe. The men and women of Scott's Europe would not write a protest letter when barbarians murdered and tortured their own people. Nor would they try to vote an invasion away. Scott is more than relevant, he is a necessity. The European must see what Scott saw and feel like he felt if he is ever going to reclaim his soul and his nation. Scott taught us as Dominie Sampson taught young Bertram of Ellangowan:

"But I trust," said Bertram, "I am encouraged to hope, we shall all see better days. All our wrongs shall be redressed, since Heaven has sent me means and friends to assert my right."

"Friends indeed!" echoed the Dominie, "and sent, as you truly say, by Him, to whom I early taught you to look up as the source of all that is good." +

In Scotland Again

No home, I am sure, in which a great man has lived, preserves his memory more vividly and more lovingly than Abbotsford preserves the memory of its founder.

Sitting here in his study, it is difficult to think of Scott's place in literature. It is of the man I think, the man whose character was pure gold. It is a commonplace that we who come after must forgive many a man for his sins because he was a great artist. Scott needs no forgiveness. He was a perfect man.

-- by H. V. Morton

Tales of a Traveller

Of his public character and merits, all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world, for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did a human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still regard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armory to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller in a waste looks to a green spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit; and as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship, and veneration for his memory, I cast this humble stone upon his cairn, which will soon, I trust, be piled aloft with the contributions of abler hands.

-- by Washington Irving

Labels: antique Christianity, Sir Walter Scott

Till the End of Time

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 2010



There was the grass and there were the trees: 'But what am I to do with them?' said John. Next it came into his head that he might perhaps get the old feeling – for what, he thought, had the Island ever given him but a feeling? – by imagining. He shut his eyes and set his teeth again and made a picture of the Island in his mind: but he could not keep his attention on the picture because he wanted all the time to watch some other part of his mind to see if the feeling were beginning. But no feeling began: and then, just as he was opening his eyes he heard a voice speaking to him. It was quite close at hand, and very sweet, and not at all like the old voice of the wood. When he looked round he saw what he had never expected, yet he was not surprised. There in the grass beside him sat a laughing brown girl of about his own age, and she had no clothes on.

'It was me you wanted,' said the brown girl. 'I am better than your silly Islands.'

And John rose and caught her, all in haste, and committed fornication with her in the wood.

-- *The Pilgrim's Regress* by C. S. Lewis

In 1942 a movie came out called *Son of Fury* featuring the incredibly handsome actor Tyrone Power and the incredibly beautiful actress Gene Tierney. And unfortunately the movie was well done. It was unfortunate, because the movie was an anti-European-genre movie, a genre invented by Satan and perpetuated by such anti-European writers as Addison, Dryden, Voltaire and Rousseau. In the movie Power plays a disinherited (by his evil uncle) member of the English nobility. He goes to sea, jumps ship, and discovers a tropical island inhabited by simple, saintly natives. The hero falls in love with a native girl (played by Gene Tierney), but he has to go back to England to reclaim his inheritance and marry the white woman with whom he is also in love. With the aid of hundreds of rare pearls, given to him by the natives who have no need of them (being non-materialistic and virtuous because they are so close to nature), the hero returns to England. Once there, he beats his mean uncle to a bloody pulp and discovers that the white woman he thought he loved is really a money-worshipping, unnatural product of a decadent civilization. He then gives up his inheritance and returns to the wonderful, natural, brown people who really know how to live.

The noble savage myth was made more acceptable to the 1942-audience by the presence of a beautiful Caucasian woman playing the native girl. "See, they are just like us, only better, because they embody as an entire people the noble ideals that only a few of our noblest minds believe in."

Of course now that the *Son of Fury* fantasy has become a dogma in church and state virtually every movie and book that comes into the theaters and off the presses is a *Son of Fury* fantasy. And now the message is not sanitized; the pure, uninhibited natives have free (Margaret Mead style) uninhibited sex with enlightened white people. The enlightened whites are generally, in the modern books and movies, women. The white males are all evil uncles now. The liberal has invented a word for *Son of Fury* ethics: the word is 'diversity', which we have come to learn means the worship of black people. The vast majority of European literary works prior to the 20th century were salvation plays. Men and women were participants in an eternal conflict between God and the devil. That spiritual struggle within the soul of the European was more exciting to a Christian European than an insipid sexual travelogue from a utopian brain. In Jane Austen's novels, for instance, the characters seldom leave their upper and middle class houses, but there is genuine drama in the novels, the drama of human souls struggling to the light or falling prey to the wickedness and snares of the devil. There is nothing more interesting, to a man with a soul, than the eternal struggle – God, man, and the devil.

The *Son of Fury* fantasy is the fantasy of the white ruling class. And the obvious question we need to ask them is this: "If white people are so evil, why should the benevolent brown people want to mix their untainted, pure blood, with your evil white blood?" The liberal's answer is that he and Atticus Finch have willed themselves beyond whiteness. By a mystical chemical reaction within their psyche (they don't believe in the soul), they have made their white blood into colored blood. "So let the white blood bath commence; it has nothing to do with us."

Our entire world, school and church, arts and entertainment, and the media perpetuate the *Son of Fury* fantasy. The all-pervasiveness of the refrain is unheralded in European history: "White is bad, the colored is good; white is bad, and the colored is good." There is never an 'amen'; it's the refrain without end.

The European accepted Christianity as the true faith because a God of spirit and blood, the Christ, was a God to whom the European could bend his knee without being degraded. The blood of the Son of God made the sons of man something more than savages who worshipped the gods of blood and sex; it made them kith and kin to a Hero-God above the nature gods, a God that could be worshipped in spirit and truth.

The sexual fantasies of a few dried-up Western intellectuals have become the orthodox faith of the European people. Is the worship of the colored people a progression? If it is, we need to regress to Christian Europe. The wheel has come full circle; it was Christianity that gave the European science, and even the atheist Bertram Russell conceded that point. If there are no gods in nature, man can study nature and use the result of his studies for the benefit of mankind. But the conquest of nature institutionalized the *Son of Fury* fantasy. It allowed the Europeans, en masse, to believe that maybe they could achieve paradise on earth, a world without pain, a world of unlimited sexual pleasure. And what or who becomes the enemy of the new European? The God who elevated them above mere nature. Since He now stands in the way of utopia, He must be eliminated. As the wicked magician Uncle Andrew says of Aslan, "The first thing we must do is get rid of that brute."

Christian Europeans and their God must be gotten rid of so the modern European can sail the good ship *Liberalism* to the isle of the blessed brown and black people. It is useless to point out to the liberal that we have institutionalized racial and sexual Babylon. The contemporary Western world does not look like an enchanted isle, it looks like hell. The liberal is beyond reason; he is as blind with hatred and fear of the Christ as the demon-possessed swine in the Gospel.

Ernest Hemingway wrote one novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*, and made one statement which revealed he was not without a religious sensibility. He once said that whenever he wanted to be

cheered up he read Shakespeare's *King Lear*. For all his flaws, he showed himself with that comment to be above his fellow utopian Europeans. *King Lear* is the Christian's answer to the utopian. "Life is suffering, there is no avoiding it, but there is redemption in suffering, and there is life eternal through, in, and with the God-Man of infinite love and compassion, if we endure." That is the Christian, Shakespearean response to existence. The liberal's response? "Christianity is pain. Eliminate Christianity and everybody and everything connected to it, and mankind will live a happy, pain-free, eternal life here on earth." The two visions of existence are incompatible; the adherents to one will always be at war with the adherents of the other.

In rare isolated cases there are 'road to Damascus' conversions from utopian liberalism. But in the main, the battle lines are drawn. There will be no massive defections in the liberal army. Will there be defections within the ranks of the remnant band of Europeans? Possibly. But there will always be a few that will endure to the end. The great advantage of the liberal is that he promises sexual pleasure and freedom from pain. The great advantage of the antique European is that he has a vision of the living God, the God whose love passeth the pleasure of illicit sex and the ennui of an eternal, painless existence in the isle of lotus eaters.

Our entire modern world is based on the *Son of Fury* fantasy. Every form of civil and ecclesiastical power is used to enhance and solidify the dystopian, anti-European, anti-Christian view of existence. The image of a vast machine, the utopian machine, is an appropriate image for the modern state. Against that machine, the European of the old stock will fight to the end of time. For the hate of the liberal machine and the love of the God of Mercy is the lifeblood of the European. +

Labels: antique Christianity, liberals are the true haters

The Return to Europe

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 2010



'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

-- *Cymbeline* by William Shakespeare

Once, when forced to sub for a civics teacher, I had to preside over a class studying the American Constitution. Though not a great admirer of our Constitution I refrained from any editorial comments as the class and I read through the Constitution and the civics book. Then (out of the mouth of babes), a young female student claimed, "This doesn't work. The founders said the legislative branch was first in power, the executive second, and the judicial third and last. But nowadays it is exactly the reverse. Nobody follows the Constitution any more." Of course, the young woman was right: "Nobody follows the Constitution any more." And even if you are one of those people who think the Constitution is a wonderfully written document, you must concede that neither the letter nor the spirit of the U. S. Constitution is being followed. And my question to the conservative constitutionalist is, "What is your recourse?"

Year after year the pro-lifers put out books and pamphlets arguing that there is no constitutional right to abortion, and year after year the liberals say, "Yes, there is a constitutional right to abortion." What is the pro-life response to the liberals? They keep writing more pamphlets and exercising their right to protest, democratically of course. In other words, the "pro-lifers" – or more appropriately, the constitutionalists – concede that there is nothing they can do to stop legalized abortion, because every year they make their constitutional points and then run and hide when the liberals say, "Abortion is a constitutional right."

We should put the same question to the immigration restrictionists in Arizona and Hazelton, Pennsylvania: "Now that the courts have said you can't restrict Aztecs from invading your town and your state, what is your recourse?"

The Southern secessionists suffered through the same process that the constitutionalist pro-lifers and the constitutionalist immigration restrictionists are now suffering through. Any fair-minded person then and now would concede that the U.S. Constitution provided for secession from the Union, but a constitutional right is just a paper-and-ink abstraction if it is not backed up by a people and a tradition. The Northern, Unitarian, utopian tradition was more powerful than the Southern, Christian tradition. And in politics the powerful, not the constitutionally or morally correct, rule.

These are not little issues, the murder of the innocents and the invasion of the barbarians, which an honorable man can pacifistically ignore. Europeans used to fight wars to stop the murder of innocents and the invasion of their countries. Is murder and invasion any less conscionable if it is sanctioned by a state tribunal? We are faced with the tragic spectacle of conservative groups endlessly citing the Constitution to correct evils, while the liberal hierarchy ignores the Constitution and works to maintain and expand what really matters to them – their power. When a people no longer have a common religious faith they become a collection of lawyers poring over documents. The governing body of a people without a faith seeks to fill the moral void in the nation with documents. The more immoral a regime, the more documents that regime produces. Whittaker Chambers in his book *Witness* tells of the endless documentation the Soviet leaders put out in order to prove their legitimacy. If Khrushchev and Gorbachev had not undermined the documentation of their precursors it is quite probable that the Soviet Union would still be standing today.

Documentation works. Charlie Brown is not deceived by Lucy's promise to hold the football steady while he kicks it, until she shows him a signed document in which she pledges not to remove the football while he is attempting a kick. We know how that turns out: "This document was never notarized."

Butterfield in his *The Englishman and His History* states that the Magna Charta only became important to the English people many, many years after its signing. It wasn't important till Englishmen began to lose faith in their traditions. Then they sought to replace their loss of faith with a document. The United States started out with a document instead of a traditional faith, because the founding fathers had no faith in the traditions of their British ancestors. It was the rank and file European Americans who carried the real European traditions, the Christian traditions, over to this country. When the docu-men at the top destroyed those Christian traditions, the reign of Satan began.

We owe nothing, as a Christian people, to the United States Constitution. There is no reason to acquiesce to the rule of Satan simply because the liberals wave a document in our face that they take out of the closet when it suits their purpose and throw back into the closet when it doesn't suit their purpose. What we owe allegiance to is traditional Europe, the Europe created by the union of Christ and the European. When a nation enters the democratic era of its existence it has entered the final phase of its existence. When a people are spiritually healthy, they are a hero-and-story-book nation. When they tell of their history, they tell of the heroes of their race. They tell the story of Alfred the Great, of William Tell, of The Cid; they do not talk about their new and improved democratic government unless they have become a non-people, having replaced a belief in the heroes of their race and the Hero-God of their race with a belief in a non-personal, Universalist system of government.

I don't think it is a coincidence that the age of democracy and the scientific age have happened simultaneously. The urge to democratize and the urge to scientize come from the same sick desire – the desire to escape the pain that comes with the human condition by divorcing oneself from it. In a democracy there are no painful duties, no responsibilities; there are only 'rights.' Painful duties were part of the non-democratic era; they have no place in the democratic age.

The anti-human, democratic man simply demands the right to be part of generic humanity and to have all his rights, including the right to a pain-free life that science can provide, guaranteed to him by an official document.

The halfway-house Christians always equate Christianity with modern democracy. But are the two really compatible? It would seem they are not. Democratic regimes produce legalized abortion, Tower-of-Babel race-mixing, feminism, war without the mitigating code of chivalry, and an economic war of all against all. Can the halfway-house Christian blithely ignore such evil consequences of democratic government just so he can keep up his delusion of a Pelagian paradise right here on earth? Yes, he can, and he does.

If the young woman in my class who was not exceptionally perceptive saw that democracy did not work, why can't the powers that be of the democratic West see that it doesn't work? Is it because something obstructs their vision? Or is it because they do not want to see clearly? I think it is the latter. The rulers of Liberaldom do not want to see reality because to look at reality without faith is tantamount to looking at the face of Medusa. It turns a man to stone. Existence is paradoxical. A man can't look at reality without faith, but he can't have faith unless he sees something at the core of reality that inspires faith. All paradoxes are mazes without exits if we consult only the theologians and the philosophers. It is in poetry we meet and defeat the fire-breathing, paradoxical dragon of existence. The hero of song and story draws us to him because he sets our hearts on fire. How can we not trust him? The hero-gods of the pagan Europeans prepared the way for The Hero-God. We followed Him as they, the first Christian Europeans, followed Him. Whenever we let go of the poetic of existence we let go of Christ. The democratic system of the European is the endgame depicted by Samuel Beckett. If the modern European turns away from the democratic, constitutional scrolls and toward the instinctual, poetic life of the antique Europeans, he will see with blinding sight and become something infinitely better than an Übermensch or a noble savage; he will be a European. +

Labels: democracy, restoration of European civilization

In Defense of Bleeding Europe

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 04, 2010



Shall Beresford leave him, a prey to the pack,
Or dare for old England a deed of renown?

--H. D. Rawnsley

In a recent book titled *Almighty God Created the Races*, J. Thomas Oldham gives us a survey of U.S. laws restricting inter-racial marriage. The author presents the regress to Babylon as a history of the European American's progress toward the light. He gives the lion's share of credit for the "advance" to the Roman Catholic Church and only credits the Protestant churches with an assist. Some liberal Protestants might, with some justification, quarrel with that part of Oldham's thesis, but I think his contention is essentially correct. The Catholic Church's love of universals, at the expense of the particular, has translated to less respect for individual races and for individual personalities within those races. It is not a major divide though; the Protestant churches quickly caught up with the Catholic Church and became just as universally inhuman as the Catholic Church.

That Christ died to make the world safe for interracial marriage seems to be the only absolutely unquestioned doctrine in the Catholic and Protestant churches. But if we look at the people who are proclaiming this new Christian doctrine, which they claim is *the* Christian doctrine, we should take a step back and not be too hasty to celebrate the union of race-mixing and Christianity. After all, the "Christians" who are screaming the loudest about the necessity of Negro-worship and race-mixing are the same people who have grave doubts about many of the central tenets of the Christian faith.

Quite possibly I'm a minority of one on this issue, but I do not think the modern European's desire to blend with the colored races is in keeping with Christianity. What do I base this on? First and foremost I base my opposition to interracial marriage on instinct. I grew up with very liberal parents who had all the correct opinions on race relations, and I went to very liberal schools and churches where I learned that the love of the Negro was the major tenet of the Christian faith. And for many years I mouthed the same platitudes as my parents, pastors, and teachers. But there was something inside me, something that is in every European, burned deep into my soul, that said race-mixing and the worship of the Negro were wrong. There are certain theologians in the Catholic Church and in the Protestant churches who insist that there was nothing left in man after the fall. He could not trust his instincts because he was and is a fallen creature. Those theologians bid us turn to nature or to pure mind but never to trust that God has not left us bereft, that faithful hearts can still seek and find Him. Liars! When all the ooze of 'this world only' is stripped from the heart, a personality emerges, a man, who can know that his Redeemer liveth and that He has given poor unaccommodated man the means to know His will. If every instinct in us positively recoils at the

hideous spectacle of a mixed marriage, we should trust that instinct. Are we prejudiced? Yes, we are, just as we are prejudiced against abortionists, Muslims, devil worshippers, and Satan himself.

No argument will convince the race-mixing enthusiast he is in the wrong once he has labeled his instinct against it as a prejudice that must be overcome. Against such adamant ignorance an antique European can only gird up his loins and prepare for battle. But for the sake of a friend who has asked me to articulate, once again, the more overt case against race-mixing, let us list the three non-instinctual reasons.

(1) The Word of God – The advocates of race-mixing have a schizophrenic attitude toward the strictures against race-mixing in the Old Testament. On the one hand, they deny that the Tower of Babel story and others like it are anything more than fables, and on the opposite hand they claim that even if the Old Testament strictures against race-mixing were true God only cared about blood lines until Christ was born; after that we are all members of one race, the human race.

I don't for one minute believe you can convert liberals by quoting the Bible; they don't really have any desire to understand the Bible. But does a honest reading of the Bible point to the mandated, racially-blended society of today or to the much maligned, segregationist society of our European ancestors? I think it is the latter.

(2) Our European ancestors were segregationists – It is necessary to conclude that our ancestors were cruel, unreasonable, un-Christian bigots if we are to believe, as Oldham and his fellow liberals believe, that race-mixing is the Christian thing to do. I can't accept that, for the simple reason that I admire the European people prior to the mid-20th century and have nothing but contempt for the contemporary Europeans. It is possible to be essentially right on major issues and wrong on some minor issues, but race-mixing is not a minor issue. I have a hard time believing – no, I find it impossible to believe – that the people who forged Christian Europe were wrong to segregate the races.

(3) Reality – Would there be any mercy left on earth should the white man become extinct? Would there be a vision of the living God? How can we look at the cultures of the black, yellow, and brown people of the world and suppose for one moment that inter-racial marriage is a good thing? Who is being served by mixing the races? Ultimately Satan is the one being served, because race-mixing extinguishes the light of Christ's gospel and plunges mankind into the darkness of Babylon.

It is not as if we have no record of the heinous results of race-mixing. The Spaniards performed one of the greatest feats in human history when they overthrew Montezuma. Then they disgraced their blood by failing to overthrow the Aztec empire. By mixing their white blood with the Aztecs they allowed the Aztec empire to survive, first as an underground culture in the days when the white-blooded upper-class culture still maintained some modicum of European decency and honor, and then as a blood-crazed dominant culture when the European influence died out.

It is the same with the yellow and the black as it is with the Mexican. If the white European dies out, there will be no check on the cruelty of the Asian or on the savagery of the black.

“Indeed, as an American woman pointed out, if the racial proportions in the United States were reversed, so that the whites formed only ten percent of an otherwise completely coloured nation, no one would expect white parents to insist on the right of their children to attend coloured schools. No, certainly they would not; because for one thing there would not be any white people left at all. They would be massacred to the last man, woman and child.”

– *White Man Think Again* by Anthony Jacob

It is not Christian to ignore one's instincts, the Bible, one's ancestors, and reality, as the modern white-hating, Negro-worshipping modern European does. If the Christian European will not stand up for Christian Europe, who will? Certainly not the neo-pagan. His aim is to rule in a hellish Babylon, not to preside over a restored Christian Europe.

Every war, particularly World War I, that pitted Europeans against Europeans was a tragic affair. The Christ-bearers need to strive and multiply, not decrease their numbers in internecine warfare. The great war, the necessary war, is the war the white man refuses to fight, the race war. Africa is the world. If the white man retreats from Europe as he has retreated from Africa, he will soon become extinct. And the white man refuses to fight for Europe or for European America. The Buchanans and the Becks can scream all they want about how we are all one people so long as we affirm the Constitution or democracy, but in our hearts we know such claims are false. A people are sustained by their common race and their common faith. There are no other building blocks for a people. When I look at old Europe and her people in my mind's eye, and then at modern Europe, I burn with hate and love; hate for modern Europe and love for old Europe. Has every white man lost what Thomas Nelson Page described as the spirit of the Goth? "True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing nothing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart--- a Goth."

All faithful Europeans are at their posts. The Battle of Rorke's Drift has become the battle for the white race and for His Europe. +

Brave Beresford

An Incident of the Zulu War, 1879

It was Beresford's charger who led us that day,
When we ventured a view of the King and his horde,
It was Beresford's charger bore two men away
From the braves of Ulundi, in ambush who lay;
To the praise of its rider, our gallant young lord.

Ah! little we knew as we followed their flight,
And the snowy-flecked chestnut went proud in the van,
That the foe were all round us to left and to right,
That a thousand would spring in a moment to sight,
And every grass-tuft prove a spear and a man.

But we saw on a sudden a mighty Zulu,
With the ring on his head and the shield on his arm
Up-gather himself for the deed he would do,
But our Beresford's blade turned the lightning that flew,
And flashed back the flame through the heart that would harm.

Then forth from the grasses each side of us showed
Brindled shields and spears hungry for lying in wait,
"Back, back!" shouted Buller, and backward we rode,
While swift from the deep-hidden watercourse flowed
The foemen by thousands in torrent of hate.

Then the bullet-ball hissed, and we answered it back,
Two saddles are emptied, a third man is down,
And his horse, at a gallop, has followed our track—
Shall Beresford leave him, a prey to the pack,
Or dare for Old England a deed of renown?

No moment to ponder! but back at full speed,
With his hand at his holster, and rowels red-rose,
He has dashed to his comrade-in-arms, at his need,

Has lifted the man, wounded sore, to his steed,
Has mounted behind him in face of the foes.

With hands woman-tender but stronger than steel
He held the faint trooper, nigh drenched with his blood;
Cheered the steed, who, half human to know and to feel,
Stretched out, double-weighted, and showed a clean heel,
Till safe at the Laager in glory she stood.

Oh! sound of the Impis that gather from far,
When, with shield for the drum-head, the warriors come,
Oh! sound of the yelp of those death-dogs of war,
Could you drown the long note of the English hurrah
Which welcomed the chestnut and Beresford home?

-- H. D. Rawnsley

Labels: antique Christianity, blood faith

Love and Hate

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 2010



Yes, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

-- Shakespeare

Maurice Baring titled his autobiography *The Puppet Show of Memory*. What an apt title for an autobiography. Our memories are like puppet shows, and the oddest things keep popping up in the shows. For instance, the whole tragic tale of Western man's shift from Christianity to Negro worship crystallizes for me in a 28-year old memory of a nun's ecstatic face. I had gone into the chapel that night to say a quick prayer before the altar. A nun, who ordinarily never got excited about anything outside of her favorite T.V. show *Dallas*, told me that I could not pray in the chapel because "we are bringing a busload of blacks into the chapel to worship with them." If you had seen the look of ecstasy on the nun's face you would have known without a doubt that she and her fellow blasphemers were not going to worship with the blacks, they were going to *worship* the blacks.

The case of the ecstatic nun was not an isolated case. No matter what church group a man encounters, the white man's love affair with the Negro is at the center of the group's life. If the church is more liberal, there are actual blacks in the church who are worshipped in the flesh. If the church is a more conservative church there are often no blacks in attendance, but the worshippers live in the hope of winning blacks to their fold by constantly professing their freedom from all racial prejudices (except hatred of the white race) and fervently voicing their great love for the Negro.

Negro worship has increased among the European people as belief in the resurrection of Christ has declined; and I stress that belief in Christ's resurrection has declined, not belief in Christ as a great teacher, emancipator, wizard, etc. And there's the rub. Why did the European stop believing in Christ's resurrection from the dead? He ceased to believe in the Resurrection when he accepted the old satanic promise in its new scientific guise, "You shall be as gods." Why suffer the heartache and the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to if science can deliver you from them? Time and time

again science has failed to deliver us from the heartache and the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to, but still modern man holds out the hope that science will deliver him. One of the saddest spectacles I witnessed as a police officer was the hope, soon to be dashed, on the faces of a heart attack victim's loved ones when the machines arrived to do the CPR work the all-too-human police officer was trying to do without the aid of machines. The machines did not work any better than the men -- neither could bring life back -- yet the coming of the machines always signified new hope. Over time, not in one moment or even in one century, the European's faith in the man from Bethlehem was replaced by a faith in science. To be unscientific is now a great blasphemy, while a lack of faith in Christ's resurrection is considered natural and common-sensical.

I've come across the hatred of the white man and the love of the Negro much too often in the Christian churches to treat the hate of the white and the love of the black as an isolated phenomenon. It is dogma in the churches. And I have tried, over the years, to see what the driving force behind the new dogma is. Why do white people who believe in science more than Christ hate the white and love the black? Certainly one reason is that mankind needs to worship something. But that still doesn't explain why the white man chooses to worship the colored races in general and the black race in particular. The answer to that question probably lies in the white man's quest to forget the vision vouchsafed to him when he heard and believed in the story of Christ's resurrection. In dumb nature there is oblivion and forgetfulness. Every aspect of the antique European's culture reminds the modern white man of Him whom the modern European wants to forget. And the colored races, particularly the black race, are without any Christian taint; they are 'natural' and 'pure.' White people can worship the colored, secure in the knowledge that they will not be reminded of the fact they have thrown the Christ Child off their shoulders in the middle of the stream.

Because they were once Christian, the Europeans have a need to hate the devil and all his works. Diametrically opposed to their new god, the natural colored man, is the antique European. So the contemporary European has a new devil to hate, and he hates him with the same passion that the old European reserved for the real devil. One has only to enter any history or literature class in any European-based university. The theme of every class, usually taught by white people, is unrelenting hatred of the white man and unadulterated, unquestioned adoration of the colored races.

The last Presidential election in this country, in which the young voters overwhelmingly supported Obama, is an indication that the new religion, the worship of the black, has become the orthodox faith of the European people. Liberals throughout Europe were green with envy because the United States beat them to the finish line by electing the first black head of state in a formerly European nation. But the race is never over. Despite the fact that America has a black President, there is still racism everywhere. The fight goes on and will always go on; it is an eternal struggle between God and the devil. Only at the end of time when there are no longer any white people on the face of the earth will mankind finally know peace. That is what the white liberal believes; that is his creed. It seems suicidal, but in the liberal's mind he is not spiritually white, he has a black soul. He envisions himself as an intellectual witch doctor presiding over devoted black men. Whether it is Pope John or Bill Clinton, the refrain is the same: "I am black like you, let me lead you to the Promised Land." The Promised Land is an entire world that looks like Africa.

The natural world contains many links to the spiritual realm beneath the surface. There is something sinister in the blackness of the Negro that should serve as a warning to the white man just as a snake's reptilian features and subtle movements should warn us that he has a special link to the devil. The Europeans who actually had to deal with the African in his native element told the European people some simple truths about him. He is fond of torture, rape, and murder, and completely unable to understand the tenets of a religion of charity and mercy. Only sick demented Western intellectuals see the generic black man as the paragon of all virtue. The secular liberal regards the black man as "sexy and earthy," and the halfway house Catholic sees the black man, along with the brown and yellow races, as the raw material to make up for the numbers lost in the Protestant revolt. In fact, if you are playing the numbers game, the Catholic Church comes out a

winner. Africa and Mexico more than compensate for the loss of Northern Europe. Of course you must ignore the fact that African Catholicism is unadulterated voodoo worship and the spirit of Montezuma and the Aztecs pervades the Mexican version of Catholicism. But that's fine; so long as we don't impose a culture-bound European perspective on innocent and pure natives, the Christian faith will flourish in lands where it never flourished before.

Meanwhile, the halfway-house Protestant has not been idle in the "Let's get people of color into our churches" sweepstakes. The only break in the halfway house Protestant's unrelenting campaign to make the entire world a subsidiary of Israel is when he goes into raptures about the great work that is being done in Africa and Mexico. But having repudiated the ethnocentric Christianity of the antique European, the halfway-house Protestant allows the African to adapt Christianity to his voodoo faith, the Mexican to his Aztec faith, and on it goes. It never occurs to either the halfway-house Catholic or Protestant that the living God is not to be found in the theology of a religious expert or in the formulaic mysticism of a Christian guru. He is to be found in the heart of His people, the antique Europeans. If you go to the heart of Europe, the real Europe, you will find the true God.

Cyrano tells a friend who wants him to be moderate that "some things should be taken to extremes." The love of old Europe and the hatred of race-mixing, Negro-worshipping Europe should be taken to the extreme. If we can't be our European ancestors we can at least affirm our fidelity to them by loving and hating as they did, with our whole heart and soul. Because they were fully engaged in the tragedy of life, not trying to escape it by blending science and Negro worship, the antique Europeans were able to see the God who transcended tragedy because He loved and hated with His whole heart and soul. +

Labels: antique Christianity, black faith

Satan's Liberal Reign

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 2010



Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

--Shakespeare's *Macbeth*

In *The Lancashire Witches*, the English Victorian novelist William Harrison Ainsworth describes the havoc caused by a number of witches living and practicing their craft in the early part of the 17th century. John Buchan also wrote about witches frequenting the Scottish Highlands during the early 17th century in his novel *Witchwood*. Neither novelist treats the existence of witches and witchcraft as imaginary. That a small minority of women and men were willing to renounce Christ and serve Satan in order to attain some illicit desire or simply to do evil for its own sake was taken as an absolute fact by Ainsworth and Buchan.

I think there are more people doing the work of the devil in our modern age than at any other time in history, but I think there are fewer people who have consciously given themselves to Satan as depicted in the novels of Buchan and Ainsworth because a person needs to have faith in the existence of Christ in order to believe in His demonic opponent. The modern man lacks that faith.

The decadent French author Andre Gide once said, "I don't believe in the devil, but that is what the devil wants." Where there is belief in the devil, there is also belief in the God-Man. The witches in Ainsworth's novel know Christ is the Son of God, but they hate Christ and love evil. Satan probably prefers the non-believing diabolists such as Gide, because where there is belief in Christ's divinity there is also the chance for repentance. Indeed one witch in Ainsworth's novel forsakes Satan for Christ, and she, even she, is not denied mercy by the God of mercy.

A world in which a minority of men and women knowingly give themselves over to Satan and the vast majority of people actively oppose Satanism in Christ's name is an infinitely better world than the world in which we live now. The worst villain in Buchan's and Ainsworth's novels is in better

shape soul-wise than any of our respected citizens of Modernia. If a person knows there is a devil and a Savior, that there is damnation and there is heaven, he is still alive, and life has meaning for him because what happens on earth has an eternal significance.

In contrast the modern man “has supped full of horrors.” His satanic forefathers, the Rosicrucians, alchemists, wizards, and practitioners of the occult sciences won out; they institutionalized Satanism. But when Satanism is institutionalized the initial vision is lost. Abortionists, feminists, and Negro-worshipping clergymen who no longer believe in Satan do more evil in one day than Satan’s most devoted adherents in the ‘good old days’ did in a whole year! But of course it is a much duller evil. No spells, no midnight cavorting on the heath, just regular, everyday evil in the abortuaries, in our schools, and in our churches.

It would seem that the milquetoast Satanists of today would be easy to defeat. But unfortunately that is not the case, because genuine virtue, the virtue that is full of fire and passion, is non-existent in the ranks of the Europeans. The best of them, Yeats tells us, lack conviction, and they lack conviction because they have lost their moral vision. They don’t see with their hearts. Why, for instance, is there even a debate about the existences of mosques in Europe or the United States? No antique European would have allowed any kind of Moslem presence in Christendom. And abortuaries? No man of European blood would allow them to exist on Christian soil. There is no moral clarity in even the best of the modern Europeans because having lost half of their faith in the God-Man, they have given partial assent to the Satanic agenda of the liberals which translates to, “We’ll worship the Negro if you threw the name of Christ somewhere into the service; we’ll permit abortion so long as its done democratically; and we will allow Moslems, Mexicans, and blacks into our nation to defile it in the name of abstractions called religious liberty and toleration.” ‘No moral vision’ is the epitaph for the modern, halfway-house Christian European.

The great temptation for the antique European living in Liberaldom is the halfway-house Christians, who stand on the shores of Liberaldom beckoning the antique European on: “There is Christian fellowship and love here. We are not asking you to abandon the Christian faith, we only ask you to abandon your antiquated notions of the Christian faith.” And a man, because he is a man, is tempted. But as he approaches the shores he sees the ruins of European ships on the rocks. He sees the halfway-house Christians drinking tea with the abortionists, and he sees the images of black men on the same altar as Christ. At the last moment, he turns his ship aside and sets sail for the open sea. Bulkington has it right: better to risk an ocean perishing than be dashed on the rocks of Liberaldom.

It is well and good, in terms of earthly comfort, for the halfway-house Christians to avoid any conflict with institutionalized Satanism by proclaiming Christ to be a liberal. But it just won’t do. The Old Testament prophets and the European poets got it right. Life is passion, life is of the spirit, and life is of the blood. Satan is our sworn enemy, and his friends, knowingly or unknowingly, are our enemies. The antique European cannot and will not compromise or temporize in the face of institutionalized Satanism, even if it assumes a benign, respectable face. We know who is behind the mask.

Quite possibly Satan feels a little nostalgic for the days when he had fewer people doing his will but a greater number of people passionately devoted to him. Ever the pragmatist, however, he sticks to modernity because he knows that he dare not stir up the passions of the European. Satan knows that passion can be turned against him; instead of loving Satan, the European might turn to Christ. It is passion that is wanting in the European, not intellectual acumen or esoteric knowledge. In the depths of the soul, where the battle between God and devil rageth, is where the European needs to live.

From my own puppet show of memory I recall the statement of a burned-out, drug-soaked hippie in a literature class with me. I was struggling toward the light at that time of my life and growing increasingly indignant with professors of literature who loved Christian poets such as Spenser and

Shakespeare but openly mocked the faith that inspired those Christian poets. In a heated exchange I told my professor that I had no desire to believe anything different than my European ancestors; their lights and my meager light all pointed to one magnificent truth: Christ was the Son of the living God. Of course, my little outburst was considered quite amusing and everyone went back to the structural, anthropological, psychological study of the great works of Western literature. A few days later the burned out hippie came up to me in the library. "What you said in class about that Christ guy – it's true. I know it's true because there is a devil." In the depths that our heroic European ancestors plumbed is the truth about God and the devil. It's what Melville was saying when he wrote, in reference to Shakespeare, "All that we seek and shun is there, Man's final lore."

The old hag in Robert Louis Stevenson's book *Kidnapped* said that blood built the house of Shaw and blood will bring it down. Satan built his kingdom on the watered-down, illicit passions of his devotees. The licit passion to worship the living God in spirit and truth will bring down Liberalism.+

When thou art come into the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch. Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the LORD: and because of these abominations the LORD thy God doth drive them out from before thee.

Deuteronomy 18: 9 - 12

Labels: passion grounded in His passion, Satania

Europe's Eventide

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 2010



The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!

Arizona's Pinal County Sheriff Paul Babeu recently stated that the Federal government's hostility toward native-born citizens of Arizona was "outrageous." He went on to say that, "Our own government has become our enemy and is taking us to court at a time when we need help."

Babeu is right to be outraged. And every white American, whether he realizes it or not, is in the same sinking boat as the white citizens of Arizona. But Babeu is incorrect when he says that "our own government has become our enemy." The United States government has not suddenly become the enemy of white Americans; it has been consistently and maniacally anti-white since 1965. When legal immigration quotas changed from 90% European to 90% colored, it was clear that the United States government was committed to the extermination of the white race on the North American continent. So why would anyone expect the government to slow down the extermination process by forbidding illegals the right to waltz across the border to rape and pillage? If the extinction of the white race is something devoutly to be wished -- and all the Christian churches say that it is -- then anything that speeds up the destruction of white people serves the greater good. That is why the government has not and will not enforce the immigration laws. To do a great good, they will permit a few small misdemeanors. And by misdemeanors, I do not refer to the rapes and murders of white people that are perpetuated by illegal aliens. Such atrocities are viewed by the U.S. Government as necessary acts of purification. I refer to littering. The Mexicans deposit large quantities of non-biodegradable litter wherever they go. That is the necessary evil that liberals must tolerate in order to accelerate the process toward a perfect world devoid of the white race.

It is apparent that the major force behind the anti-white policies of America and Europe are the Christian churches. Even so-called conservative Christians have added their collective voices to the anti-white chorus of the liberals. And if a man has no sense of history he might conclude that Christianity and the hatred of the European people are synonymous. But such is not the case. The anti-white mania of the modern churches is the result of the de-Christianization of the Christian churches. For the last 100 years or so the collective Christian churches have been trying to make their churches conform to the modern world. In a desperate attempt to appease the world, the modern Satanic world, the Christian clergy have simply declared that secular Satanism is progressive Christianity, and their desire to be in union with it is merely a desire to be Christian.

Is the modern churchmen's belief in the compatibility of Christianity and modernity in keeping with the traditional Christian beliefs of the European people? I don't think so. The antique Europeans did not present, as our modern educators do, the Aztec civilization as superior to Christian Europe. Nor did our European ancestors preach, as our modern clergymen do, that Islam is a friendly, tolerant religion, and Mohammed is superior to Christ. And need I add that the antique Christian Europeans did not, as modern liberals do, worship the natural black savage? Gremio, in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, asks is there "any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?" Yes, there are such men – the modern clergy, male and female, are married to hell.

We need to pose a question to professed Christians who recommend Negro worship and ecumenical surrender to the non-Christian religions from hell: From what authority do you receive your mandate to preach and teach? The details of the answer will vary depending on whether the "Christian" group is Protestant or Catholic, but the essence of their answer is that they, through the power of their intellects, have grasped what the true Christianity is.

The snare of intellectual pride was first set by Satan for Adam and Eve. And the same satanic snare has been ever present throughout the European's history. The scholastics' challenge to God which asserts that He can be put in a silver rod, has fed on the soul of the European over the centuries and finally left him a cadaverous shell of a human being. He now sleeps the sleep of the dead. But deep in our racial memories lies the image of the true God, the Hero-God to whom the first Europeans bent their knees. That God is not the God of pagan Rome nor the God of Greek philosophy. He is the hero God, the true Sigurd. Brynhild disobeyed the will of the All-Father and became an outcast lying in a deathless sleep until the coming of Sigurd. He rode his horse Grani right up to the ring of fire surrounding Brynild: "To the wall of fire they came, and Sigurd, who knew no fear, rode through it." There were untold depths in the European's heart. Only he recognized the true Hero, the Man without fear, who had come to free him from the bonds of sin and death. We defame His character and destroy our souls when we abandon the bardic, heroic Christianity for the stagnant, inhuman, decadent, pseudo-intellectual Christianity of the New Age, Negro-worshipping, modern Christians.

Walter Scott, in his epic poem *Harold the Dauntless*, gives us a brief history of the European's journey from paganism to Christ. Harold's father, a heathen Dane, turns to the Church of Rome after a lifetime of slaying and slewing. His conversion is one part Christian and one part greed; he received lands from the Church. And the churchmen who receive him into the Church have one foot in the Christian church and one foot in the pagan world. Father and churchmen are both halfway-house Christians. Not so Harold the Dauntless. He condemns his father's cynical conversion and sets out alone to live like a pagan warrior should live, faithful to his gods. Only when Harold realizes that Christ is the Hero-God, who stands above and with the true warrior in his fight against the devil, does Harold finally fight for the only cause worth fighting for: the reign of Christ.

As it was with Harold, so it was with every European of what Thomas Nelson Page called the "good old stock." The Christian faith must be a Hero-God faith, the faith of the third dumb brother of the Grimm's fairy tales, of Alfred and the first European Christians, who did not write treatises about a platonic force, but hymns to a personal God.

Are we too far afield from Sheriff Babeu's just criticism of the U.S. government: "Our own government has become our enemy and is taking us to court at a time when we need help"? No, we are not. The forsaken God of the European is the brave man's companion in the face of the implacable hatred of Satan and his minions. If we banish all thought of the god of the halfway-house Christians past and present, and turn to the true-God, the Hero-God of our ancestors -- at least the only ancestors worth emulating -- we will not conquer in a day, but we will ultimately conquer. We need the Savior whom they, the halfway-house Christians and the liberals, have rejected. My prayer, and my hope is the same as the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte: Please, Lord, abide with those who want no other God than Thee.

*Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.*

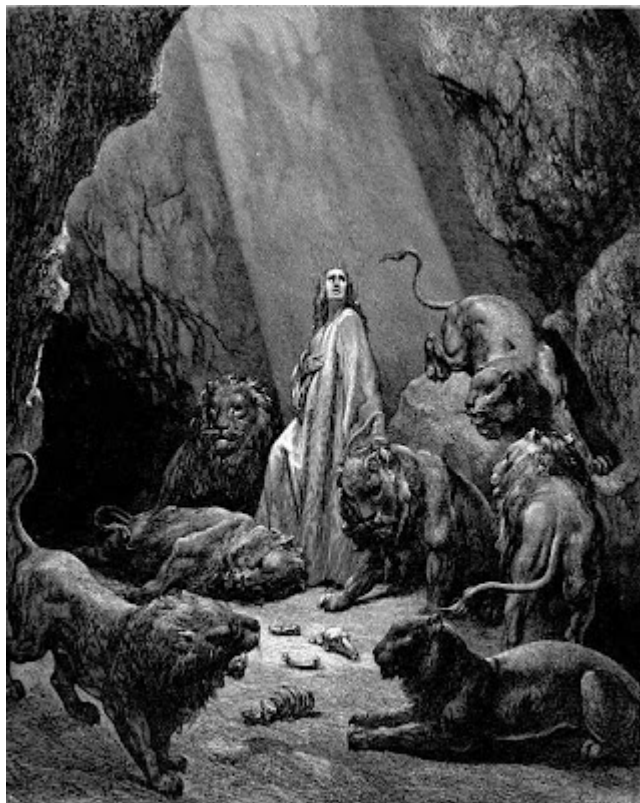
The European used to see Christ through the gloom. He saw Christ when he belonged to bardic Europe, a land filled with dragons to be fought, castles to be defended, and a God that could be loved because He first loved us. There is only one Europe; when and if we take the blinders off we will see it clear, and then miracles will occur. The pent-up faith of the old Europeans, now only a small subterranean stream, will become a raging torrent and wash away multi-racial, ecumenical Europe.

When Dylan Thomas wrote about seeing with blinding sight he was referring to the things we see with our hearts. Once we see with the eyes of the heart as the bardic Europeans did, we will see things clearly. We will see that a nation consists of people of a common race and faith, and then we will defend our people and our faith. We will also see that all other gods are false gods, and that Christ cannot be placed in a pantheon of gods in which He is a junior member. And we will know that there is no such thing as utopia, only the promise Christ made to us when He said He would be with us, "always, even unto the end of the world." +

Labels: blood faith, Christ the Hero

Resisting Institutionalized Negro-Worship

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 02, 2010



“The heart that has truly loved never forgets” – Thomas Moore

I'm not sure of the exact date – I think it was somewhere in the late 1960's, when blacks and liberals started using the term 'institutional racism.' The term was used like a hydrogen bomb to destroy whites in great numbers. The bomb was used because it was becoming harder and harder for the black and liberal coalition to convince whites living outside of academia that the U.S. was filled with ardent Klansmen (oh, that it were true!) getting ready to rise and ride. So the liberals developed a new gambit. "It doesn't matter if most white people do not hate blacks; back in the days when all whites hated blacks, they institutionalized the hatred of blacks; therefore, even if individual whites within an organization do not hate blacks, the institution as an entity has an anti-black agenda. The whites in that organization, despite professing their lack of prejudice, are still supporting racism by being a part of an organization which has institutionalized racism."

We can see the advantage of the new, now old, strategy. You can damn all white people with the 'institutional racism' ploy. Even the most Negro-loving, white liberals will still stand condemned because they are working for some organization that has institutionalized racism. There is no way to avoid the 'institutional racism' charge, but the liberal tries to avoid it by screaming about the racism of whatever organization he belongs to. By doing this he hopes, like all liberals hope, to become an Atticus Finch figure, but the hydrogen bomb of institutional racism is no respecter of persons; even good, old Atticus Finch will be destroyed.

Racism has been institutionalized in the United States and Europe, but of course it is anti-white racism that has been institutionalized. White people dutifully fulfill their equivalent of the Sunday mass obligation by refusing to condemn black violence and mayhem and by allowing their sons and daughters to go to school and cohabit with black people. Kierkegaard once predicted, long before the invention of television, that someday the government would put little mechanical boxes in our homes and tell us what to worship. Hasn't that come true? We are constantly told by the liberals on

television that we must worship black people. There is no escape from one's moral obligations. In the work place, there are blacks to be worshipped; in the churches, there are blacks to be worshipped; and in the home, via the electronic media, there are Negroes to be worshipped. "Come and worship, come and worship, worship the Negro, our new-born king."

When Christianity replaced the old pagan religions, the Christian churchmen used many of the old pagan forms to support the new Christian doctrine. The Christian calendar of holy days was made to coincide with the old pagan rites, and even the names of the days of the week were taken from the pagans. Whether it was a wise policy or not, I can't say; however, much can be said against such a policy. It seemed, in the short run, to be an efficient way to ease the pagan convertite into Christianity, but in the long run it blurred the distinctions between Christ and Thor.

The liberals have grafted Negro-worship onto the old Christian faith; let us hope that in the long run the grafting process will undermine Negro-worship like paganism undermined Christianity. Not that I recommend sitting passively by, hoping the fact that our churches still display pictures and images of Christ means that Negro-worship will eventually be supplanted by Christianity. It is not quite the same now as it was in the halcyon days of Europe. Christianity was new then; it had not been found wanting. Now, after the demise of the Christian faith, it will take a moral force greater than the racist hydrogen bomb to restore Christian Europe.¹

The propaganda for the institutionalized worship of the Negro is unrelenting and all-pervasive. The opposition to it must be as unrelenting and pervasive as we can make it. Obviously the few remaining Europeans cannot institutionalize their opposition to black racism because all "respectable" institutions in Europe and the United States are Negro-worshipping institutions.

When my mother died a few years ago, my father told me to never forget my mother. There was no need to remind me of that. What son forgets his mother? We few, the remaining Europeans, should never forget our mother, Europe. If we only feel bound to present and future Europe, we will be bereft, we will be orphans who have never known a mother's or a father's love. The unbought grace of life existed in the homes and churches of old Europe. Having forsaken that Europe, the modern European is "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Institutionalized faiths are vulnerable to passion. Fat, complacent, Negro-worshipping liberals are ripe for a drubbing if enough Europeans could be found who love Christ and hate Negro-worship. I've been told that even a pig won't eat vomit, so maybe the white grazer and the halfway-house Christian will tire of a steady diet of pure, unadulterated, liberal vomit and begin to take some baby steps back to the God of Europe.

I must admit that I see no signs in my own anti-nation nation that white people are turning from Negro-worship to Christ. Just the opposite seems to be the case. Every day a new Negro shrine is unveiled, and every day a new Negro icon is added to the pantheon of gods. But we seldom see God's grace at work. Do we need a sign? No, we don't. We know that we have immortal souls and what we do on earth is of eternal moment. The refusal to worship Negroes is a counter-revolutionary act. When there are enough European refusals, the reign of the Negro-worshippers will end. We know neither the day nor the hour when that blessed day will arrive, but we do know that a man's refusal to worship the heathen gods of the liberals makes a difference in the unseen, but very real, realm of the spirit.

Every good thing a European does can be traced back to Christ, and every evil he does has its origin in a bastardized version of Christianity. In Walter Scott's poem "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" an evil dwarf learns enough of the conjurer's art to take the form of a young prince.

*"Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;*

*And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.”*

By a similar conjurer’s trick, the liberals have grafted Negro-worship onto the fabric of the Christian churches. But in Scott’s poem, the young prince’s closest friends and relatives know that something is amiss. In the Christian churches the guardians of the faith, whether they are liberal, conservative, or traditionalist, do not see that the worship of Christ has been replaced by the worship of the Negro. And I think the failure of the church men and the failure of their loyal adherents in the ranks of the laity, to recognize the difference between Christian worship and Negro-worship is the result of an essential disconnect in both the Protestant and Catholic churches between the ecclesiastics and the European people. The church hierarchies put all their faith in their own abstract systems. All they cared about was putting the greatest number of generic human beings into their particular system. They didn’t care about what was inside a person’s soul. The entire European cultural experience, the European peoples’ struggle to the light, was set at naught. “Just keep jamming those troublesome people into the machine and everything will come out right.” But nothing comes out right if Christianity is made into an abstract system to satisfy the egos of a few warped intellectuals. That type of Christ-less Christianity is a reed for every liberal wind that blows. The Europeans succumbed to the windblown doctrine of Negro-worship because they no longer had what David Balfour called the “good Christianity” in their hearts. They had an abstract Christian faith that they held at arms’ length away from their hearts, but they didn’t have the good Christianity. Thomas Moore is correct: “The heart that has truly loved never forgets.” Have we forgotten the European Christianity that appears in the pages of Scott, Austen, Le Fanu and every honest chronicler of the European people? Never!

As we stated at the onset, Negro-worship is the institutionalized faith of the European people. It has replaced Christianity, the traditional faith of the European people. The faithful heart, the heart that truly loves Christian Europe, will not let the Christ-less Christian churches parade Negro-worship as the true faith. Make the godless churches fight in the open with their liberal brethren. You can’t have Christ and liberalism, even if liberalism comes in the guise of a new and better Christianity.

Carl Sandburg wanted to be an impersonal cog in the machinery of capitalism. The ancient Christian European wants something diametrically opposed to Carl Sandburg’s nightmarish dream. He wants to feel himself connected to a personal God, not to an impersonal system. The liberal and his allies in the Christian churches will always present the impersonal, the systematic, as improvements on the personalized, non-systematic faith of the antique Europeans. The institutional worship of the generic black man is Satan’s latest attempt to destroy the humanity in man by depersonalizing and systematizing his God. The European’s answer to Satan is the same as Christ’s on the mountain: “Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve.” +

1. There is a moral force in the world greater than the racist hydrogen bomb; it is called the grace of God.

Liberal Theocracy

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 09, 2010



“I have some rights of memory in this kingdom...”

-- Fortinbras in *Hamlet*

The liberal and homosexual community is up in arms over an incident at Rutgers University. Apparently a heterosexual student secretly videotaped his homosexual roommate having sex with another male student. When the heterosexual student uploaded the video to the Internet, the homosexual student committed suicide. Now the liberal and homosexual community wants the offending heterosexual student to be prosecuted for a hate crime.

What the heterosexual student did, namely putting the private vices of another person on public display, was not the act of an honorable man. I think most of us would agree that videotaping and subsequently broadcasting the video was worse than a theft or some kind of illegal financial transaction, but should the act be subject to legal prosecution? In every society there are acts which are subject to the moral opprobrium of society but are not viewed as criminal by the same society. For instance, the man who donned women's clothing in order to be permitted on the lifeboats of the Titanic was treated with moral opprobrium, but he was not criminally prosecuted. Most Christian societies make practical distinctions between morally reprehensible acts that elicit the scorn and censure of all good men and the criminal acts against the body politic that need to be punished to the full extent of the law. There are exceptions. In a theocracy the private vices, if they become known, are subject to public prosecution. It should not surprise us when liberals demand the prosecution of homophobes and whites who use the n-word. They have set up a theocracy that is much harsher than the much-maligned Puritan theocracy of New England. At least the Puritans, being Christian, tried to punish the private vices that really were vices! I agree with Hawthorne's compassionate condemnation of the Puritans, but I would much rather fall into their hands than into those of the modern liberal theocrats, because the theocracy of the liberals is not a Christian theocracy. I'm not so naïve as to believe that everyone who professes the Christian faith does so out of love for Christ. Many sick individuals cry 'Lord, Lord,' but when Christianity is the professed faith of a whole society there is always a chance that some individuals within that society, maybe even some individuals in positions of power, will temper justice with mercy and put truth above expedience. Such can never be the case in a liberal theocracy. Founded on the principle that everything Christian is evil and whatever is opposed to Christianity is good, a liberal theocracy can only produce evil fruits.

On a daily basis we hear roundtable discussions about the economy: “Will it stage a comeback?” or “Is this a recession or a depression?” The Christian European knows as sure as the turning of the earth there will be no recovery from the moral depression of the white race so long as there is a liberal theocracy.

By the 1950's the European people had left the full-blooded Christianity of their forefathers behind, but they still retained the values that stemmed from a “Christian hangover.” Now that the hangover is gone, nothing will deter the modern liberal from implementing a liberal theocracy. It is no coincidence that 'hate crime' legislation has been enacted to punish even verbal opposition to Negro worship, and abortion protestors are now subject to the same criminal prosecutions as mobsters. It won't end there. Liberalism is devoid of all the values that the Europeans of the past held dear: piety, loyalty to kith and kin, faith, hope, and charity. The totalitarian regime of the liberals will be a hideous blend of colored barbarism and liberal techno- barbarism. Translated that means the liberals will continue the mass slaughter of babies and they will sanction murder and rape by the colored tribes so long as the colored violence is directed at white people.

At present there is virtually no resistance to the liberal theocracy. Halfway-house Christians resist certain aspects of liberalism, but they do not resist liberalism in its entirety. And the neo-pagans accept the anti-Christian basis of liberalism. Only an integral Christian people acting as a people who believe in a personal God who created distinct races and distinct individuals can resist liberalism. The dagger of abstract thought was dangled before the eyes of halfway-house Christians, and they eagerly seized upon it and slew their lawful king and feudal Lord. Every type of devotion is permitted in the Catholic Church so long as it is framed to support liberalism, which is diametrically opposed to Christianity! And what is behind the evangelical Protestants' obsession with Israel? We constantly hear how the Jews are the people of God. If such is the case, that Christianity is Judaism, then Christ is not risen, and He is not our Lord and Savior. What separates the modern Catholic and the modern Protestant from the liberal theocrats? The answer: nothing.

There is an old saw about a traveler who stops and asks a farmer how to get to Centerville. The farmer replies, “Well, if I was going to Centerville, I wouldn't start from here.” Of course the point is that we are here. We are white Europeans who are lost in a dark wood that is ruled by monsters (sometimes called 'liberals') in semi-human form who are more loathsome and terrible than any monster ever created by Ray Harryhausen or Edgar Allan Poe. We are pilgrims who have lost sight of the reason for our pilgrimage.

If we believe that God became flesh and dwelt among us, then we must believe that faith in the God who came to us through the blood is passed on through the blood. We should not ask 'what does the latest church document say about Christ', nor 'what does the latest Bible exegete say about Him'; we should look at the God our ancestors considered their Holy Father and their sacred Savior, who mixed His blood with theirs. The putrid Harry Potter fantasies are the end result of a sick, degenerate people who have forsaken their blood connection to their people and their God. The European has fled so far away from the blood wisdom of his ancestors that he can now be satisfied with the superficiality and banality of a two-bit magician from a carny show.

Does the modern European ever react to anything first-hand? Does he see the blood of innocents being shed in the abortuaries by techno-barbarians and on the city streets by colored barbarians, and then cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war? No he doesn't because he feels nothing; he has no touchstone of reality. The halfway-house Christian must first check with his clergyman, who tells him how he feels, and the neo-pagan is incapable of heartfelt action because he has denied Him who is the source of all heartfelt righteous indignation. “This shall not go on,” is the response of the Christian hero to any attack on his race or the innocents of any race. And it is the heroic impulse of the European that has been buried by an avalanche of speculative musings of intellectual something-or-others, who wanted to make God conform to the narrow parameters of their brains.

Stevenson wonders in his preface to *Treasure Island* if the “wiser youngsters of to-day” can be pleased with an “old romance.” The answer was yes, there were still Europeans when Stevenson wrote *Treasure Island* who realized that all pure romances – and *Treasure Island* is a pure romance – stem from the romance called the Christian Faith. In that other world, the world of the old romance that the clever have left behind, is everything of value: home, hearth, and God. If the European’s memory of that world is completely gone, he will remain lost in the dark woods of a liberal theocracy. But if there is just some remembrance of things past the European is not permanently lost. He will make his way through the dark woods and slay the dragon of techno-barbarism and the multi-racial hydra. It is not the work of one day or of one century even, but all things are possible to Europeans when they listen to the call of their blood, which bids them rise and ride.

A different species of man has emerged in place of the Europeans of the past. One of the consequences of a man’s believing himself to be a descendent of the apes seems to be that he becomes more like an ape than a man. If we did not have a historical record of a different kind of European we could simply blend with the colored races and wallow in the indistinctiveness of our shallow lives. But we do have an historical record of the Europeans of the olden times. We were not born to wallow in the pigsties of modernity. One strand from the garment of the European past is worth more than the whole insubstantial pageant of modernity. The incorporate, Christ-centered Europe was not a dream. It is still our true home. If, and when, we remove the blinders from our hearts we will hear the harp of the ancient minstrel, who is waiting for His people to take their part in the divine Romance, and leave the liberal theocracy in the dustbin of history.

*With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand:
But one long bound, and I passed the Gate
Save from the canting band. +*

Labels: blood faith, liberals are the true haters

In Defiance of Ruin and Death

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 2010



“We are in God’s hand, brother, not in theirs.”

I begin with a quote from John Sharp Williams (whose speech from 1904 was posted on *Spirit Water Blood* in 2007):

But there was something else, and even a greater cause than local self-government, for which we fought. Local self-government temporarily destroyed may be recovered and ultimately retained. The other thing for which we fought is so complex in its composition, so delicate in its breath, so incomparable in its symmetry, that, being once destroyed, it is forever destroyed. This other thing for which we fought was the supremacy of the white man’s civilization in the country which he proudly claimed his own; ‘in the land which the Lord his God had given him;’ founded upon the white man’s code of ethics, in sympathy with the white man’s traditions and ideals.

Mr. Williams maintains that the white man’s civilization once destroyed is forever destroyed. What would he say today? Let us not delude ourselves and say that white civilization has not been destroyed; it has. And every white man with a heart that still “indignant breaks” is trying to come to terms with the fact of the destruction of white civilization. Is it really, now that it has been destroyed, gone forever? That is more than we can know or should seek to know. Mr. Williams, who was a white man back when white males were men, would be the last man, when viewing the ruins of Western civilization, to advise us to remain content with its destruction.

The European civilization was “complex in its composition.” And that complexity makes it impossible to rebuild it as if it were a cathedral or a statue, but I wonder if the reason for the complexity of European civilization might be the smoking ember that could rekindle a fire? The white man’s civilization was complex because it was the only fully human civilization. Certainly there have been fully developed human beings in non-white civilizations, but those individuals became fully human because they adhered to the ethics and values of the white man’s civilization. Kipling’s “Gunga Din” is an example:

*An’ for all ‘is dirty ‘ide,
‘E was white, clear white, inside*

The keystone of the distinctively human civilization was the faith of the European people, as a people, in Jesus Christ. Their link to Him, as evidenced by their culture, was sacramental; the incarnate Lord was all around them, in their churches, in their architecture, in their stories and in their traditions. It is indeed tragic that the Protestants who were once committed to a strict adherence to the Bible have rejected the notion that God became incarnate through His people. And it is doubly tragic that Roman Catholics who were once committed, prior to the revolt of the scholastics, to a sacramental view of the holy Eucharist should have joined the Protestants in their denial of the incarnational aspects of the faith. The unspoken, implicit creed of both the modern Protestant and Roman Catholic is that Christ’s thoughts became incarnate of the Holy Ghost through the virgin Mary and were made manifest to a select few who were capable of understanding great thought. Modern Christianity is Socratic, not Christian.

In order to fill the void in their souls that cannot be filled by Socrates, Plato, or Aristotle, the modern European Christian has gone a-whoring after new Gods who can fulfill his need for an incarnational faith. The evangelical's blasphemous attempt to make non-believing Jews into the people of God is one manifestation of the European's need to see his faith embodied in a people. But what type of faith is it that can only be held by rejecting the central role of Christ as the one and only mediator between God and Man? And what type of faith is represented by the ecumenical conferences at Assisi where every faith and every people are glorified except the antique European and the Christ of the antique European? The end result, fast approaching, of the modern Europeans' desire to replace their lost faith in a European people connected to the Living God, is to elevate the Negro to the status of God's people. They are the true evidence, to the modern white man, of God's grace. Look around you. Is that smug, conceited look on the faces of whites with black children and black grandchildren merely the after-effects of a good bowel movement? No, the white European is all aglow because he or she has become connected to the people of God. It is a terrible thing to lack a living embodiment of God's grace. The New Age Catholic and Protestant think they have found that embodiment in the black man.

Things spiritual cannot be proven by the dialectical. That is why Philip does not respond to Nathaniel's question, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" with a Socratic dialogue. He says, "Come and see."

If a man truly has eyes to see and ears to hear can he fail to see the difference between old Europe and modern Europe? The incarnate Christ is present in the former, and Satan is incarnate in the latter. The children of antique Europe danced and mourned to the Divine Piper's tune, and they became fully human as a result. The children of modernity have not danced or mourned to the Piper's tune, and they have become inhuman as a result.

The Shakespearean tragedies and the Bible share one central theme: the words we use to frame our laws and worship come from an "abundance of the heart." It is evident that the post-Christian European has given his heart to the false gods; otherwise he would not worship the Negro and seek to blend Christianity, Judaism, and liberalism.

The great poet Miguel de Unamuno was right to write about the "agony of Christianity." The Christian must face the tragedy of existence with only his faith in Christ to comfort him. When that faith wavers, and the Christian asks himself, "Suppose He is not really who He claims to be?", then the previously fervent devotee becomes first a lukewarm adherent, and finally a full scale apostate, whoring after any God that can comfort him in the here and now. And the hereafter? "Best to blot that from my consciousness."

The love for Christ is no longer in the European's heart because he no longer believes Christ died on the cross for our sins and rose from the dead in order to assure us of eternal life. If the European doesn't think he needs forgiveness for his sins and he doesn't believe that Christ conquered death, he will not feel any filial love for Christ, and as a corollary he will feel no love for the civilization that was built by a people who loved Christ.

The European people from the days of Alfred the Great to the last days of Queen Victoria's reign felt that they were a people with a special destiny. They were Christian when the word meant something. Their faith in Christ gave them a respect for their culture which had been created out of love for Him. That type of faith makes a people determined to survive as a people. They have something to pass on to their children, and they know that they serve as a beacon light to the nations still shrouded in the dark night of heathenism.

We have seen the result of the European's flight from the "agony of Christianity." He no longer sees the European people as a distinct people with a special destiny. He no longer sees the need to keep faith with the past. Not only does he no longer want to keep separate from the heathens and show them the light emanating from His culture, he wants to be absorbed by the darkness of heathenism.

The European's headlong rush to the black abyss all stems from the transfer of his affections from Christ to the barbaric 'isms, technological and primitive, that Satan has created for the ruin of souls.

There has not been nor will be any manly Christian response to Satan's bold conquest of the Europeans coming from the ranks of the halfway-house Christians. They are content to rummage around the ruins of Christian Europe and call the ruins an improvement. The Christian's answer to Satan's destruction of Europe will come, as it always has come in the past, from the Europeans who never ceased loving Christ as the warrior God who came down from heaven to lead them in battle against the forces of evil. The first Europeans got it right: Christ the Hero, Christ our Brother, not Christ the endpoint of evolution or the founder of a philosophy, is the source of the spiritual force that enables a man to hurl his defiant 'no' at Satan and all the forces of hell. The Christ story was accepted and believed by the Europeans because they had not completely forgotten the source of their being. The twilight of the gods was not the end of the gods:

Deep in the wood two of human kind were left; the fire of Surtur did not touch them; they slept, and when they wakened the world was green and beautiful again. These two fed on the dews of the morning; a woman and a man they were, Lif and Lifthrasir. They walked abroad in the world, and from them and from their children came the men and women who spread themselves over the earth.

The neo-pagans are a disgrace to the world 'pagan.' Our pagan ancestors bent their knees to Christ because they recognized Him; He was the God above the Gods who would fight for and with them against Satan. They had hearts to love, and then when they heard of the coming of the Christ, they had a God worthy to love. From that love came the European people.

Tricks and gimmicks from the halfway-house Christians will not restore the civilization that has been burned to ashes. Only the love, which passeth all understanding, that Christ has for His people can rekindle a fire in a civilization that has turned to ashes. The Great Heart is waiting to set our hearts on fire. The European hero of old, who we are all called to be, was not afraid to approach the living God, because he knew with the unerring instinct of love that he would not be consumed by the divine fire; he would become a man strengthened and nurtured by divine charity.

The European civilization is not like any other civilization, and its destruction is not like any other destruction. "So long as the blood endures" -- and it does endure in some European hearts -- there is hope that Europeans will see the God of Europe which the antique Europeans saw, then fall in love once again, and rebuild Europe over the ashes of Europe. +

Labels: restoration of European civilization

Between Heaven and Earth

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 2010



“This is I, Hamlet, the Dane!”

It’s happened to me more times than I can recount. I’m in the presence of a professed Christian, and I happen to mention, with no intent to shock, that our society is demonic. “Whatever do you mean?” is always the shocked reply.

Apparently there is nothing in the eyes of modern, halfway house, conservative Christians that cannot be blended with Christianity. You can be a feminist and a Christian (“St. Paul be damned”), you can believe that the Jews (not the followers of Christ) are God’s people, you can believe that the colored races are free from original sin, and you can believe that all women are exempt from original sin. All this is covered under the blanket of conservative Christianity. Are there any beliefs outside the ken of Christianity? Yes, there are. The belief that Christianity is a patriarchal religion, the belief that the colored races need to be controlled lest the world become a jungle, and the belief that any group of people who openly avow their hatred of Christ, such as liberals and Jews, must not be trusted. Any of the latter views would shock the conservative Christian, but the former views about the immaculate conception of women and the colored races and the synthesis of Judaism and Christianity, would not shock the conservative Christian. What’s going on? There has been a perverse, dare we say, Satanic change (yes, we dare). What the Europeans of Walter Scott’s Europe held to be satanic – feminism, the worship of the natural savage, and the deification of the unbelieving Jew – we now hold to be Christian precepts. And what the Europeans of Walter Scott’s Europe held to be Christian – the patriarchal family, a hierarchically structured society in which the lesser races without the law were held in check, and a healthy mistrust of the recalcitrant Jew – are all seen as evil (they would call it satanic, but they no longer believe in Satan) by the modern, conservative, halfway-house Christians.

The halfway-house Christian has been bred by the liberal world, and he is fed by the modern liberal world. It is only natural that he should love the modern world, is it not? No, it is not. It is ‘natural’ if we use the word ‘natural’ as we would use it to describe cattle feeding or sheep grazing. It is animalistic. But it is unnatural, as unnatural as Lady Macbeth’s tryst with Satan, if we are speaking of the natural substance of man, spirit. Any man with a soul that has not been covered over with mountains of Satanic ash would react to the modern world as a man reacts when he places his hand on a hot stove: he recoils from it.

Halfway-house Christians do not recoil from Satanism because the nerve endings in their souls are dead. Having cut themselves off from the European past, they have become dead to the ideals and the faith of the past. It doesn't take brains to see that feminism, Negro worship, and Christian Judaism are from the devil. It takes a heart that has not been hardened from years of trying to blend Christianity and liberalism.

1) Negro worship – It should be obvious to anyone with even a tiny remnant of a soul that making the Negro into a demigod is like trying to make a house pet of a rattlesnake. From Haiti to the American South to the Negro-infested cities of the United States and Europe, there is only one conclusion to be drawn about the Negro: his propensities for murder and rape and his hatred for the white man's civilization must be fought, not countenanced.

LUCIUS: O barbarous, beastly villains like thyself!

AARON (A MOOR): Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within that letter mention'd,

Confederate with the Queen and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,

And, when I had it, drew myself apart

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;

And when I told the Empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

GOTH. What, canst thou say all this and never blush?

AARON. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day- and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse-

Wherein I did not some notorious ill;

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

*And set them upright at their dear friends' door
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.*

*LUCIUS. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.*

*AARON. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!*

LUCIUS. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Are murder rape and rapine the exclusive acts of the black and Mexican tribes? No, of course not. White civilization is an endless catalog of murder, rape, and rapine. But here is the difference. Murder, rape, and rapine did not form the basis of Christian Europe; the Europeans viewed such barbaric activities as crimes. In the tribal lives of the Negro and the Aztec barbaric murder and rape is a tribal rite. Holy communion for the Aztec is a slice from a still palpitating heart, and the holiest act for a black man is to plunge a knife into the heart of a white woman whom he has just raped. Exposure to Western civilization has not changed the colored tribes. That is evident when we see, now that liberals have removed the restraints formerly placed on them, the violent predatory behavior of the unrestrained Mexican and the black. The barbarism of the colored tribes combined with the permissiveness of the techno-barbarian white is a deadly coupling. Life on earth is a vale of tears, but when white Christians rule there are white moments, times when a man feels that his Redeemer liveth and will raise him up on the last day.

2) Jewish-Christianity – It is not my contention that a Jew, or any man is not a candidate for God's grace, but you cannot force God's grace. If an individual or a group of individuals is adamantly opposed to Christ, we cannot declare him or them to be Christian simply because we want it to be so. The halfway-house Protestant and the Roman Catholic ecumenist do not distinguish between belief in God and a belief in Jesus Christ as the one true God. And in the case of the evangelicals, they deify a people who do not even believe in the God of the Jews. The halfway-house Christian no longer sees any difference between Christianity and Judaism because he has lived so long in the tents of the liberal that he is morally blind. His heart has become just as hardened to the light as the liberal and the recalcitrant Jew. The halfway-house Christian, the liberal, and the Jew, are now united in their hatred of the white Christian: all three want their pound of flesh:

*SHYLOCK: I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour. is it answer'd?
What, if my house be troubled with a rat*

*And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he, cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?*

*BASSANIO: This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.*

SHYLOCK: I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

BASSANIO: Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK: Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO: Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK: What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*ANTONIO: I pray you, think you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.*

For Antonio there was a saving grace because he lived in Christian Europe:

*[W]e do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.*

Where is the saving grace now that we have abandoned the God of mercy?

3) Feminism – I have been remiss in not writing often enough about the scourge of feminism (see 'The Underground Men'), but quite frankly I cannot bare to look at the Gorgon's head too often.

There is nothing so terrible as the spiritually unsexed woman. And now that “we have our grace forgot,” we have institutionalized the value system of Lady Macbeth.

*LADY MACBETH: Give him tending;
He brings great news.
[Exit Messenger]
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!"*

And the horror of 21st century feminism is that the modern feminist lacks the conscience of Lady Macbeth! The feminist does not desire the perfumes of Arabia to wash the blood off her hands; she desires more victims in order to plunge the whole world into a feminist blood bath. “All is cheerless, dark and deadly,” when feminists rule.

When Tea Party whites gather together to protest one small item on a vast liberal agenda they also come with a pathetic declaration of their innocence of crimes against Liberalism. “We are not racist, we are not sexist, and we are not anti-Semitic.” When the white man is ready to declare that, “Yes, I am opposed to the barbarism of the sons of Ham; yes, I am opposed to sexless, bloodthirsty hag queens from hell; and yes, I am opposed to the reign of the unrepentant, pound-of-flesh Jew; then and only then will the white man be able to call his soul his own. +

Labels: feminism, Negro worship, spiritually Jewish

Bloodlines

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 2010



“Keep thy heart...”

-*Clarel* by Herman Melville

In the 1980's the Coca-Cola Company saw that Pepsi was gaining on them, so they decided to make a Coca-Cola that was just like Pepsi. As it turned out the Coke that was just like Pepsi was not acceptable to Coke drinkers, so Coca-Cola once again became Coca-Cola. Happy day if you were a Coke drinker.

At the turn of the 20th century the Christian churches – Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Protestant – thought that they were losing ground to liberalism, so rather than fight liberalism they decided to become liberals. And unfortunately the churches did not return to their ‘classic’ beliefs when their new liberal Christianity still continued to lose ground to secular liberalism. By the 21st century, there was no difference between the Christianity preached in the mainstream churches and the liberalism preached in the pulpits of liberal academia. The churches, with the exception of some splinter groups in every denomination, have all been leased out to the liberals.

What is so amazing to me about the splinter groups is that they still insist on using the same apologetics for their sects that were used prior to the collapse of the mainstream wings of their churches. The traditionalist Roman Catholics still insist on the doctrine of papal infallibility while maintaining the right to disregard everything the liberal popes say. They still insist that Latin and Aquinas can save, and they still insist that the apostolic succession exists only in the Roman Catholic Church.

The Orthodox Anglicans, or Biblical Catholics, combine the sacramental elements that the Protestants lack and the Biblical element that the Roman Catholics lack. The Bible, the Church Fathers, and the two creeds, the Apostle's Creed and the Nicene Creed, are their touchstones of reality. The Orthodox Anglicans also claim a divine mandate for their teaching authority based on the apostolic succession of their ministers.¹

The Protestant fundamentalists generally do not claim apostolic succession; in fact, they deny the necessity of apostolic succession. The Protestant's divine mandate to preach the Gospel comes from an inward call of the Holy Spirit. Both the traditionalist Roman Catholic and the Orthodox Anglican have pointed out the subjectivity of the fundamentalists' mandate, but neither the traditionalist Roman Catholic nor the Orthodox Anglican see that their preaching mandate does not rest on as firm a foundation as they maintain, because they do not confront the apostasy of the mainstream

branches of their respective churches. Why should I believe in the divine mandate of the Roman Catholic Church when their pope is a blasphemer? And why should I believe in the divine mandate of the Anglican Church when they ordain women and homosexuals? It seems to me that the Traditionalist Roman Catholics and the Orthodox Anglicans are in the same boat with the fundamentalists; they have not come to terms with the apologetics disaster caused by the liberalism of their church.

Back in the days when I used to debate with liberals, they would always label my belief in the divinity of Christ as 'wish fulfillment.' "You merely want to recapture the dream of your childhood, the dream of an all-loving Savior who saved you and your loved ones from death." There is no absolute rejoinder to that accusation. One can only insist, as Thomas Hughes insists in his debate with the Biblical exegetes, "[T]hey must pardon us if even at the cost of being thought and called fools for our pains, we deliberately elect to live our lives to the contrary assumption. It is useless to tell us that we know nothing of these things, that we can know nothing until their critical examination is over; we can only say, 'Examine away; but we *do* know something of this matter, whatever you may assert to the contrary, and mean to live on that knowledge.'"

The churches went wrong when they attempted to defend themselves from the attacks of the rationalist, scientific forces of modernity by trying to make their churches more rational and more scientific. They ended up outside their own traditions, looking in at the faith they used to have. The splinter groups are fighting losing battles because they hold on to the apologetics that brought them down. The fundamentalists keep quoting Scripture independent of any tradition, the traditionalist Roman Catholics keep trying to ram the Tridentine Mass and the modernist theology of Thomas Aquinas down your throat, and the Orthodox Anglicans try to prove that they, despite the apostasy of the Anglican hierarchy, are the true heirs of the first apostles. But we can't simply wish something to be true, as the liberals accused me of doing with the divinity of Christ, because we want it to be true. I would like to believe that the Anglican Church, for instance, is the true Catholic Church, because I love the 19th century authors such as Jane Austen and Sheridan Le Fanu, who came from the Anglican tradition. And I idolize the Rev. Frances Lyte, but how can I honestly say that the Anglican Church is the rock which Christ spoke of when I look at the feminists and homosexual clergy prancing around the Anglican altars?

It seems to me that all the splinter groups have tried to run before they were ready to walk. The religion of the heart, so denigrated by the religious apologists, must come before the clerical apostolic succession genealogy charts.² Why would I pick up a book on Anglicanism if I wasn't first moved to do so because I had fallen in love with the Christ I saw embodied in the culture of the 19th century English Anglicans? And why would I reject traditionalist Catholicism despite its present pomp and past splendor if I hadn't seen, through the eyes of my heart, that it was a whited sepulchre of a church that had not charity? And lastly, why would I be both attracted and repelled by fundamentalist Protestantism if my heart was not drawn to their insistence on an adherence to the Word of God -- and subsequently sickened when they treat the word of God as a self-help popular mechanics handbook that can be quoted selectively for sectarian motives?

The heart is the great sifting ground. There the battle for the faith must be waged. No Christian denomination is without Christians, but no denomination has proven it is the rock to which we can cling in times of adversity. What would be wrong with viewing Faith as the rock and judging every church by how faithful, in the eyes of our heart, they are to Him?

The liberals are forever looking for the missing link that will prove Darwin's theory of evolution. Christian Europeans need to find the missing link in their apologetics. The missing link is the bloodlines of the European people. Consulting the Bible, the creeds, and the experts about Christ without looking at the inner life of the Europeans is like consulting the local library to learn about your grandfather, while you ignore the testimonies of your father and your grandfather's blood relations. The creeds came from the marriage of Christ and the European people. The way we

interpret the Bible stems from the first Europeans' vision of Christ. We cannot divorce ourselves from the European past and still hold on to the blood faith of the Europeans of the past.

"The fool in his heart says there is no God." And hasn't the European clergyman, by denying the existence of the heartfelt faith of the European people, said there is no God? A God of parchment, devoid of a heart, is not a God. The fundamentalist's Bible mentions the heart more times than can be counted. The litanies of the Roman and Anglican Catholics refer time and again to His Sacred Heart. Is the heart of man then such an irrelevancy that it can be ignored? The heart is the spiritual organ of sight. One only reads the Bible or studies the creeds when one sees a vision of the Man of Sorrows. In calmer moments, when the white heat of vision has cooled, we write creeds and underline passages of the Bible, but we can't sever ourselves from our bloodlines without killing the vision which our faith is based upon. We perish today because we have lost our vision.

The mystic mariner, Herman Melville, had something to say about the ultimate source of divine revelation:

*Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned—
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow--
That like a swimmer rising from the deep--
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory. +*

1. I don't understand how a sect that professes to be "Biblical" can ignore the incident in the Bible where the apostles come to Christ and tell him other men, besides their small group of apostles, are casting out devils in Christ's name:

*And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: and we forbid him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.
— Mark 9: 38-41*

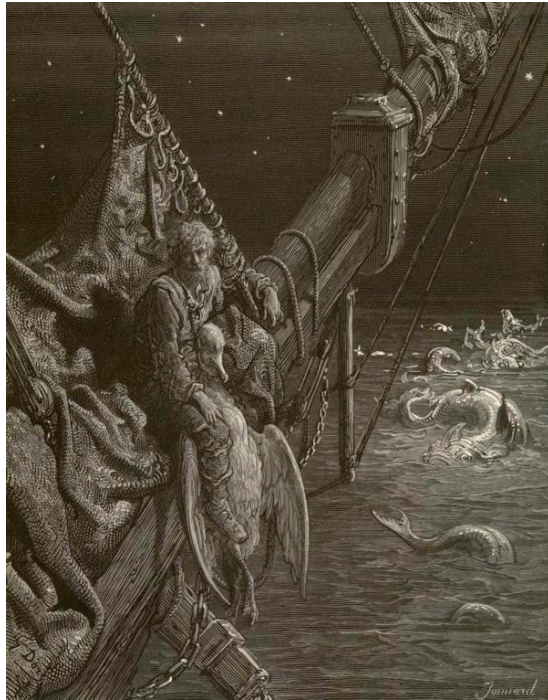
2. The entire religious crisis of the 20th and now the 21st century was succinctly articulated by Richard Weaver in his book *Visions of Order*:

This brings us to the necessity of concluding that the upholders of mere dialectic, whether they appear in this modern form or in another, are among the most subversive enemies of society and culture. They are attacking an ultimate source of cohesion in the interest of a doctrine which can issue only in nullity. It is no service to man to impugn his feeling about the world qua feeling. Feeling is the source of that healthful tension between man and what is -- both objectively and subjectively. If man could be brought to believe that all feeling about the world is wrong, there would be nothing for him but collapse.

Labels: apologetics, blood faith

Modernity: The White Man's Albatross

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 06, 2010



“The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.”

-- Coleridge

Halloween has come and gone. And I'm not talking about the Halloween where little kiddies dress up as goblins and witches and ask for candy. I'm talking about something a lot scarier. I'm referring to the macabre spectacle called 'elections,' in which infantile adults dress up in costumes and tell a lot of lies about themselves and their opponents. Of course not every politician involved in Tuesday's elections was an outright liar. But at the very least, the ones who were not blatant liars were participating in the great lie, the great lie of American Gnosticism: "Government for the people, by the people, and of the people."

There is no 'we, the people,' in the United States or in the European nations. White people deny that their skin color makes them a 'people.' It makes no difference whether the pundit is Buchanan, Kristol, or Clinton; the refrain is the same: "We are a nation founded on an idea." If we probe further we might be treated to a dissertation about the idea upon which our nation was founded. The answer will vary from pundit to pundit, but in the main it will boil down to the triune principles of the French Revolution: liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The United States did not completely crumble at its inception because it took time for the white people of the United States to actually put their abstracted principles to the test. Our un-Civil War was a battle between non-utopian Europeans and abstracted, utopian Europeans, who wanted, quite in keeping with our marvelous Constitution, to extend the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity to the black race. The utopians won a partial victory in the War, but the white men, as oft this stage we have shown, fought a successful rearguard action until their surrender in the 1950's.

When a people who do not believe they are a people attempt to apply the abstract principles of liberty, equality and fraternity to a savage race of people who do see themselves as a 'people,' the

extermination of the utopian people is the inevitable consequence. The Europeans are currently suffering through the extermination process.

Of course the racial identity of a people is only half of the equation. There is also the religious component. Race and faith merge to produce a people. Without a racial identity, a people are without a local habitation and a name; they are airy nothings. And without a religious faith, they are an aggregate herd without the animating, transcendent, spiritual life that comes from a connection to the living God. The colored tribes are races without faith, and the whites are non-entities without a racial or a religious aspect to their lives.

I saw nothing in any platform of the white candidates that indicated they were seeking to represent white Christians as a distinct people, separate from the multitudinous, aggregate herds of the colored tribes. Indeed, you would be immediately ushered into a mental asylum or a prison if you treated white people as a people apart from the colored people, and if you spoke favorably of white people or Christianity. Let's do a little practical test. Observe what happens when a white television commentator even suggests that black people are not godlike creatures deserving all honor and praise. The white commentator immediately becomes a former white commentator. But when the reverse happens, when a black commentator derides the white race as the source of all evil in the world, what happens? The black commentator is petted and adored by whites and blacks. And what happens when Islam or any other non-Christian religion is attacked? The outraged liberals and the colored tribes strike back. When Christianity is attacked? The chorus for toleration and moderation reaches a sickening crescendo.

Behind the white man's flight from his race is a flight from the living God. Christ came to us through the blood; He became part of us, body and soul. A European can only deny God by forsaking his blood. This is the reason Christianity only survives as an intellectual system, not an incarnational faith. You can pick or choose when you are dealing with a mind-forged system, agreeing with some tenets and disagreeing with others. But a blood faith is different. It is all or nothing. You must either trust your instincts and plunge headfirst into the raging river, trusting that the current will take you to a safe harbor, or you must stay on the dry land and create abstract theories about rivers and currents and cabbages and kings.

I do not like the mind-forged utopia of the liberals and the neo-pagans. It is a world devoid of the stuff that dreams are made on, the affections and sentiments that come from the human heart. The Europeans longed for the coming of the hero. Who was Thor, who was Odin, if not the European's waking dream of a hero that would come and save his people from the forces of the underground world of evil, sin and death? Christ was Thor, He was Odin, He was Siegfried, He was all the gods and all the heroes, and He was more than the gods: He was blood brother, Savior, and King.

I've often wondered why it is the white, halfway-house Christian conservatives who are the most vehemently opposed to any suggestion that faith comes through the blood, not the head. Possibly it is because such an admission would mean that the clergy, who are the intellectuals, would not be the final arbiters of divine revelation. And there is also the ecumenical problem. It seems very anti-democratic and un-ecumenical to claim that your ancestors were something special because they, and they alone, made the living God part of the fabric of their culture. Our modern academics reject such antiquated notions. Aztec poetry and voodoo charm bracelets are rated higher as works of art than Michelangelo's *Pieta* or Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

Satan never attacks head on. He comes at a person through "zigs and zags." He didn't tell the European to give up the Christian faith, he told him to give up the silly notion that the faith could be passed on through the blood. He claimed, and the intellectuals believed him, that the incarnation of our Lord was a metaphor and not an historical fact. The faithful heart will always reject the bloodless Christianity of Satan. William Blake's poem, in which he makes reference to Christ's trip to Glastonbury, England when He was a child, is an example of how seriously the Europeans took the incarnational aspects of their culture:¹

*And did those feet, in ancient time,
 Walk upon England's mountains green?
 And was the holy Lamb of God,
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?
 And did the countenance divine,
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
 And was Jerusalem builded here,
 Among those dark satanic mills?
 Bring me my bow of burning gold!
 Bring me my arrows of desire!
 Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
 Bring me my chariot of fire!
 I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.*

The overriding tendency of the moderns, a tendency that the resurgence of Europeans of blood will countermand, is to sever all ties of blood between the European and his God. A conservative Gnostic, recently deceased, used to prattle on about the absurd notion that a common, middle-class Englishman named William Shakespeare could have written Shakespeare's plays. He claimed, as his Gnostic progenitors claimed, that only an intellectual, an academic, could have written Shakespeare's plays. But that is precisely what could never happen. Shakespeare's plays show us the intimate connection between man and God; could such a connection be felt and depicted by an academic? Fitzhugh didn't think so:

"Had Shakespeare been as learned as Ben Jonson, he would have written no better than Ben Jonson ."

Anthony Jacob also saw through the Western intellectuals' attempt to destroy the European's heritage by attacking the heroes and poets who are the pride of his race:

"Of course it may be objected that slavery, however beneficent, was scarcely a suitable medium for improvement. Or it may be protested that until recently the Negro lived in circumstances of neglect and illiteracy making advancement impossible. But if we were to accept these popular objections as valid, we would be at a complete loss to explain why similar adversities never for a moment succeeded in suppressing the energy and genius of our own kind. We would be at a complete loss to explain why such circumstances failed to hold back the inventions of the English weavers, the illiterate founders of the industrial revolution. Certainly the egalitarians would hardly care to ascribe their inventiveness to the fact that they were uneducated work-slaves living on an island and entirely cut off from intercourse with other peoples and ideas. Unlike the vast majority of other nations, when it comes to reckoning our Anglo-Saxon geniuses and men of great talent we do not know where to begin or end, there have been so many. Yet many among them were only part-educated or self-educated – aside from those who were totally uneducated – and as boys had to struggle to acquire their book-learning while slaving away at work-benches. Men such as these still surprise even ourselves; so that many cannot believe that Shakespeare was Shakespeare, and have discovered that he was somebody else."

It's all connected. The attack on the heroes of our blood and on The Hero of our blood, in the name of a higher, more intellectual Christianity, is meant to destroy the Christian faith and the European people who championed the Faith.² My reason says it's the end for the European, but my blood tells me something quite different. "So long as the blood endures" is a fitting war cry for the European.+

1. The pious legend is that Christ visited Glastonbury when He was a child, in the company of Joseph of Arimathea, a

relative of Christ who was involved in the tin trade. I don't know if the story is true, but I tend to think it is because the old legends are usually more reliable than the modern histories.

What difference does it make? Well, our faith in Christ certainly does not depend on whether or not He walked upon England's mountains green, but I think the fact that the English wanted to believe that Christ had set foot on their soil speaks volumes about their desire to weave love of country and love of Christ into one seamless garment. And the fact that the modern anti-European whites want to separate Christ from their nations and their blood speaks volumes about them.

2. The pernicious, arrogant assumption that the Europeans of the good, old times were all liars about their own history should never go unchallenged. It's not just Shakespeare who is supposed to have been the beneficiary of a massive cover-up, there is also Davey Crockett: "He didn't really fight to the death at the Alamo; he surrendered and begged for his life"! Wyatt Earp? The modern movies change his courageous and victorious bare-knuckles fight against two vicious outlaws into an ignominious defeat. The list is endless. Conservatives and liberals alike play the 'Debunk the European Heroes' game. "To hell with Europe and to hell with Europe's heroes" is their war cry. "To the knife" is the European's response to the liberals and their conservative lackeys.

Labels: blood faith, modernity

Faith and Hearth

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2010



"I told you I should retake my fireside. It's done."

-*The Kentuckian* by John Fox Jr.

In Marlis Steinert's biography of Hitler he lists all of Hitler's hates and then poses the question, "What did he love?" Steinert concludes that Hitler loved the folk, the German Everyman. I disagree. Does a man who procures an abortion for the woman he professes to love truly love her? I say no, the man in question is seeking to destroy that which makes the female uniquely female, her God-given power to bring forth new life.

And so it was with Hitler. He tried to extract from the German people, for his own sinister purposes, that which made them a folk and not a herd of cattle, their Christian faith. What image does the word 'folk' conjure up? Do we think of jackbooted storm troopers saluting their Führer? I certainly don't. I think of Hansel and Gretel, the Elves and the Shoemaker, Sleeping Beauty, and all the folk tales that came from the heart of the Germanic, Christian people. Hitler, like Nietzsche, hated the traditional faith of the European people; he envisioned a future that was a negation of everything European.

Of course Hitler's Christ-less vision of the future was not unique. The 20th century was a century overloaded with utopian visions of a future devoid of Christianity. And in every instance – Communism, Nazism, Americanism – the utopians all cite "the people," as their authority for steering their nation, or the nations, away from the Christian faith and toward a glorious, Christ-free future. But in reality the people were not consulted when the utopians launched their assaults on the traditional faith of the Europeans. There were no Russian peasants clamoring for a new, Godless state. There were no American farmers or workers that demanded a Jeffersonian democracy in which the Christian God was reduced to a meaningless irrelevancy. Nor did the German folk yearn to goose-step into Hitler's dark night rather than sing Hosannas to the risen Lord. In every revolution in Christendom it is always the people who are most definitely not consulted.

The National Socialists, the Communists, and the Americanists were only following the tactics that the churchmen had been using for years. Can you name one major heresy that has ever come from the ranks of the people? There seems to be a direct correlation between the desire to systematize God, (often with the stated reason that systematizing makes it easier for “the people” to understand) and heresy. All the Christian clergyman through the centuries have claimed to respect tradition, which always turns out to mean the traditional documents of their own denomination, but they have never respected the traditional faith of the Christian folk. The assault of the philosophers and the intellectual something-or-others, over the Christian centuries, has been relentless. It was always the Christian, European people who resisted the intellectuals. The folk stood with Athanasius against Liberius and with Christ against Mohamet. It was only in the 20th century when the folk became intellectualized that all resistance to satanic, godless universalism ceased.

Nathaniel Hawthorne once wrote that he only became fully alive when he married. Likewise, the Europeans only became fully alive when they became wedded to Christ. Everything else in their history was only significant because it prepared them for their union with Christ. The European people and Christ combined their “hearts in one” and their realms in one.

We must cast aside St. Augustine’s characterization of the City of God (the Church) and the City of Man (the folk) as two opposing forces, the Church representing the good and the people representing evil, because we know that the marriage between Christ and the European people was genuine. We see the evidence in the history of the European people. What we need to know is the reason for the divorce. What came between the European and his God?

The obvious answer and the correct answer to the question is that Satan came between the European and God. But what was his methodology? He used the same method to come between God and the European as he used to come between God and Adam and Eve; he pointed to a systematic scheme of the universe that was greater than God. Adam and Eve had only to heed Satan, who claimed he knew the system better than God -- “Ye shall not surely die” -- in order to obtain equality with God. For the European it was always the Roman system that Satan dangled before his eyes. And only the church men who felt themselves to be connected, even though they were clergymen, to the lifeblood of their people, were able to resist Roman universalism. When St. Augustine (not the ‘City of God’ Augustine, but the other one) in 597 demanded that the British bishops conform to the Roman system, they resisted, saying:

"Be it known unto you beyond a doubt, that we are all and each one of us obedient and subject to the Church of God, and the Pope of Rome, and to every other true and pious Christian to the extent of loving each of them in word and deed, as the sons of God; but other obedience than this I do not know to be justly claimed and proved to be due to him whom you call the 'Father of Fathers,' and this obedience we are willing to give and perform to him and to every other Christian continually. But for anything further, we are under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Caerleon upon the Uske, who is, under God, to take the oversight of us and make us pursue a spiritual life."

And what was the rift between the British Catholics and the Roman Catholics all about? It was about the fight for the heroic Christ instead of a satanic system, in which God’s will is subordinate to man’s satanic desire to prove himself the equal of God. The system makers don’t deny God, they simply make Him a servant of the system. In that respect, the American experiment in democracy is the most seductive and demonic system of them all.

The British revolt against Roman universalism was not the last of its kind. Luther revolted against it only to witness his own people create their own Roman systems in which Christ was a subsidiary of the systems. Communism, Nazism, and Americanism are all religiously based systems that stem from the initial conflict between Satan and God.

In the first half of the 20th century, there was a clash of the satanic systems. And by the end of the 20th century, the warring systems merged into one unholy democratic system. The American Republic and the Roman Catholic Church of Assisi I and II, etc., represented the triumph of

Satanism. The deification of the Negro and the sainted status of the unrepentant Jew are manifestations of the absence of any link between the European and the Christian God. In the absence of a connection to Christ the Europeans have become a people without honor, without love, and without charity.

The system makers always put up a wall between God and man. It has always been the task of the hero, who comes from the folk, to destroy the wall and restore the link between his people and God. It seems as though this time no heroes of the blood have come forth. But the hero knows not seems, and in God's time, not ours, he will emerge. And it will always be His Sacred Heart that sustains him against the foe.

When the hero emerges who refuses to be part of the system he will turn everyone's eyes toward the source of his strength, the Son of Man. The hero's vision will be Pauline because he will be focused on the humanity of God, and it will be Shakespearean because he will be focused on the divinity within man. Like the good thief, the hero will see that the love of Christ trumps all systems and their makers. Divine Charity is not a system, it is a person whose name is Jesus.

I once infuriated a Roman Catholic Traditionalist priest by stating that I would much rather see a student truly understand Shakespeare's plays than learn his catechism. From the priest's standpoint, I was a blasphemer because I was placing Shakespeare above God. And of course the priest was right if, as he asserted, the catechism was an accurate portrait of God. But to me the catechism represented the system of one particular branch of Roman universalism that had no connection whatsoever with the living god. Whereas Shakespeare's plays laid bare the heart of man which pointed the way to His Sacred Heart.

The good news for the European who feels helpless and hopeless in the face of the cold, heartless rule of the system makers is that he doesn't need to find or invent a system of his own before his soul can be reclaimed. The European clan, the folk, and the heroes of the folk have shown us the way. They heard and believed, rejecting all systems and relying on the divine charity of Christ, the Son of God.

I'm certainly aware that there is virtually nothing left of the European people who once believed in the true Fairy Tale of the Son of Man. But the modern man's unbelief in the communion of saints does not change the reality of the communion of saints. Our people once believed in the Midsummer's Night's dream called the Christian Faith. When the church men abandoned the hearth fire, when they saw the faith as something to be found only on church scrolls, they lost the folk, who need to see the faith as part of their home. It is never too late to reclaim our home; we need only listen to our blood. +

Labels: blood faith, poetic tradition

Until Liberalism Is Ashes

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 2010



“And the LORD was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the LORD God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice, And had commanded him concerning this thing, that he should not go after other gods: but he kept not that which the LORD commanded.” – *I Kings 11: 9-10*

Recently while doing my monthly check of the news, I saw a panel of experts discussing the economy. All agreed that the national debt had reached crisis proportions and all agreed that no one in the Republican or Democratic parties was really addressing the problem of the national debt. The experts went on to explain that if really *intelligent* people (like themselves) were consulted, and if peripheral issues such as illegal immigration and abortion were not allowed to distract the nation from the one big economic issue, all might yet be well.

Let's give the panel members the benefit of the doubt and assume that when they said intelligence was needed they really meant what was needed was wisdom, which is greater than mere intelligence. Is wisdom enough? Solomon was the wisest of all the kings of Israel, yet he destroyed Israel by marrying heathen princesses and placing images of Ba-al, Ashtoreth, Chemosh and Molech in full view of the Temple of the Lord. All this the wise Solomon did to please his wives. And in order to maintain his wives and himself in luxury he taxed his people beyond their ability to pay. So it seems that even if the wise panelists could be put in charge, we would not reduce our national debt by one dollar. Something besides mere wisdom is needed to rule a country.

Let's go back to Solomon. What was that wise man's fatal flaw? He did not love God as his father David did. David's sins were scarlet, but he never ceased loving the Lord and trying to do His will. If we permit legalized murder in the form of abortion, and if we permit national genocide in the form of legal and illegal colored immigration, are we doing the will of God? And if we are not doing the will of God, how can we expect to “turn the economy around”? Solomon was left one tribe out of the

twelve for “the sake of your father David.” Will the Europeans even be allowed to rule their own tribe? Do they even want to?

It’s insane to talk about reducing the national debt in our modern Babylonian state. Concern about leaving one’s children with enormous debts is a Christian concern. The post-Christian debauchee views existence much like Louis XV of France: “After me, the deluge.”

The deluge has come, and we would be fools indeed to look to the people who caused it to rescue us from the deluge. Conservative and liberal alike have bid us view issues of sound economics and knowing the will of God as distinct and separate issues. But they are one issue. And in saying that, I do not mean to imply, as some preachers do, that we can get stock tips from the Bible or that faith breeds wealth. What I do maintain is that the right type of economy comes from a people who are concerned with knowing and doing the will of God. Life is a vale of tears no matter what the economic system, but human suffering can be eased by the proper, the Christian, ordering of society. Goldsmith makes this point in his poem “The Deserted Village”:

*In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs -- and God has given my share --
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return -- and die at home at last.*

*O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!*

Let’s suppose a European such as myself got to sit on that panel of experts. And let’s further suppose I tell the panel of experts that, “We can never wipe out our national debt so long as we ban the master of the revels, Jesus Christ, from the body politic.”

What would be the panelists’ reaction? The reactions would vary from condescending smirks to indignant scowls, but none of the panelists would say, “By George, you’re right! We have left out the Son of God – what an oversight!”

I know that the case will be made that religious faith must be kept separate from economics because men fight over religion. Yes, men do fight over religion, but then they fight over economics as well. A man is dead without a poetic vision of life that stems from his faith. How can he make good decisions about anything important if he deliberately narrows his vision in order to exclude the silken, poetic thread of life, faith.

In the one great religious poem of the 20th century, C. S. Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia*, Lewis emphasizes that Aslan, the Christ figure, is not a tame Lion. The religious impulse is pure fire and desire; it can lead a man to heaven or, if diverted from its true source, to hell. Rev. Dimmesdale in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* allows his passion for God to become a passion for another man's wife, but ultimately his passion finds its true home, at the foot of the Cross.

The poetic impulse, our passionate desire for something more than nature, for the transcendent, has always been considered dangerous by the managerial philosophers and theologians. Plato wanted to ban the poets from his Republic, Martha wanted Mary to stop her dreaming and help with the dishes, Aquinas wanted to keep God within the confines of his syllogisms, the born-againers want to confine religious passion to their single-room apartment, and on it goes; religious formalism has always been at war with religious faith. There were and are good reasons for leaving Christ out of the pictures; He is, after all, not a tame lion, and men who follow Him tend to be rather unpredictable and hard to handle. But what is the alternative? The alternative is the soul-dead ant heap of humanity called 'modern Europeans'.

The Europeans died when, like Solomon, they separated religious passion from wisdom. Solomon was the wisest of the wise, but he became a fool because his passion was for heathen women and heathen gods. The Europeans' love for the Negro and the gods of the colored people made Christendom into Satandom, and no economic policy can succeed that does not confront this blasphemy.

The Christian Platos who so thoroughly banished passion from their Christian republics did not know what they were spawning. Man needs to be passionate about his faith. If he can't be passionate about Christianity because the Christian Platos forbid it, then he will become passionate about some other god, or many other gods. The modern Christians bring blacks into their churches because they can't be passionate about the Son of God, but they can be passionate about the black man. We should not seek to end Negro worship by abandoning Christ, as the neo-pagans so aggressively demand; we should abandon the abstract, passionless Christianity of the dried-up religious experts of the Western world.

In my freshman year at college, my assigned roommate was a chess enthusiast. He subscribed to several chess magazines and belonged to the college chess club. I had never played chess before in my life, yet when I played the chess enthusiast in a game, I won. I didn't win because I was a natural-born chess genius, I won because my unorthodox play confused my very logical roommate who was used to a more traditional, logical game. My victory, quite understandably, irritated my roommate. I hadn't technically violated any of the rules, but I didn't, in his judgment, "play the game correctly." I think the managerial-type theologians have, over the Christian centuries, been irritated with Christ. "You're not playing the game correctly," they tell Him, but then they had no reason to expect Him to be a tame Lion. And they have no right to demand that His followers be tame lions either.

Dostoyevsky wrote so eloquently in "The Grand Inquisitor" chapter of *The Brothers Karamazov* about the conflict between the clerical formalists who can't abide what, in their eyes, is the whimsical and irresponsible behavior of Christ who plays the part of the passionate Pied Piper, imploring His people to respond in kind to His passionate love song:

"So that, in truth, Thou didst Thyself lay the foundation for the destruction of Thy kingdom, and no one is more to blame for it. Yet what was offered Thee? There are three powers, three powers alone, able to conquer and to hold captive for ever the conscience of these impotent rebels for their

happiness--those forces are miracle, mystery and authority. Thou hast rejected all three and hast set the example for doing so. When the wise and dread spirit set Thee on the pinnacle of the temple and said to Thee, "If Thou wouldst know whether Thou art the Son of God then cast Thyself down, for it is written: the angels shall hold him up lest he fall and bruise himself, and Thou shalt know then whether Thou art the Son of God and shalt prove then how great is Thy faith in Thy Father." But Thou didst refuse and wouldst not cast Thyself down. Oh, of course, Thou didst proudly and well, like God; but the weak, unruly race of men, are they gods? Oh, Thou didst know then that in taking one step, in making one movement to cast Thyself down, Thou wouldst be tempting God and have lost all Thy faith in Him, and wouldst have been dashed to pieces against that earth which Thou didst come to save. And the wise spirit that tempted Thee would have rejoiced. But I ask again, are there many like Thee? And couldst Thou believe for one moment that men, too, could face such a temptation? Is the nature of men such, that they can reject miracle, and at the great moments of their life, the moments of their deepest, most agonising spiritual difficulties, cling only to the free verdict of the heart?"

Yes, "the free verdict of the heart" is what is missing from modern Christianity. When the European of the old stock, the European with a heart that still loves, returns from exile, the liberal world will hear the sound of the same hosannas that made Satan tremble and gave life to the European people. It is useless to proscribe passion; it will out. In the counter-revolution, we will oppose the liberals' passion for their heathen gods of color with our passion for the Son of God. The passionate European, the European who loves and hates with all his heart, is the Trojan horse within the walls of Liberaldom, and he will not sheath his sword until Liberaldom is ashes. +

Labels: Christ vs. the System, poets vs. philosophers

The Light of Europe

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 2010



“It’s my world, and I don’t want any other.” – Ratty in *The Wind in the Willows*

Reading the literature of two halfway-house Christian churches, which both present themselves as “the” Christian church, I saw that one church damned “white supremacists,” consigning them to the deepest pit of hell, and the other church urged the European remnant of their church to embrace their fellow black Christians in Africa.

Let’s take on the anti-white supremacist church first. What is the halfway-house Christians’ definition of a ‘white supremacist’? They don’t really give us a definition, but if it is such a serious sin shouldn’t we be told in very explicit terms what the sin of white supremacy is? In lieu of a definition we’ll have to infer one from the totality of the halfway-house Christians’ ravings about the sin of white supremacy.

The first thing we notice is that only a belief in *white* supremacy is a mortal sin. Belief in *black* supremacy is not a sin; it is a virtue, whether the belief is held by a black or a white. The second thing we notice is that a white man is considered a “white supremacist” if he believes his race should be separate from the colored races because it is superior to the colored races; and he is also viewed as a white supremacist if he makes no value judgment whatsoever about the races, but simply prefers to cling to his own people and forsake the stranger. There are no distinctions. If a white man wants to segregate the races for any reason whatsoever; he is a white supremacist and therefore damned. One doesn’t need a doctorate -- although you do need a Christian conscience -- to see the un-Christian nature of the anti-segregationist Christians. In the case of the white man who believes his race is superior to the colored races, we witness a man who respects humanity enough to make distinctions of value between peoples and cultures. What could be more Christian? And in the case of the white man who prefers his own because they are his own, we have a man who knows that the love of God is closely allied to the love of hearth. Again, what could be more Christian?

The second halfway-house theologian, who urged that all white Christians should embrace their African brothers, tells us what is more Christian than segregation: it is the universal brotherhood of all Christians. We are constantly being urged to replenish the ranks of believing Christians by

turning to the African church which has the numbers that the European churches lack. And did not Our Lord enjoin us to spread the Gospel of Christ throughout the world? Yes, He did tell us to spread the Gospel. But can the Gospel be spread by Babylonians? If Europeans do not remain distinctly white and distinctly Christian, how can they spread the Gospel? Where is the beacon light if the European light is extinguished? The blacks who actually became Christians did so because they saw white people acting as Christians within a distinctly white, segregated culture. The pre-Civil War Southern whites evangelized by keeping their churches separate from the black churches. They knew that the black churches would never be without a barbaric African taint, and without a counterbalance in the white churches the African influence would completely eradicate the Christian influence. Is it Christian, is it charitable, to paganize Christianity in order to buttress up the numbers of your flagging denomination? Christ was concerned with winning souls, not numbers. If we just count numbers, the Christian churches are doing great in Africa. But is that really the case? Does spreading the Gospel mean you should betray your own people? It seems to me that Judas Iscariot would approve of the new missionary efforts of the modern halfway-house Christians. Didn't he betray his own under the guise of an abstract love for humanity?

Missing from the halfway-house Christians' agenda is a respect for the faith of their fathers. They believe they have a computerized printout from God that can be used like a magic wand to change heathens into Christians. Why didn't our ancestors see how easy it was? For centuries they tried to convert the African, to no avail, but now the modern halfway-house Christian has done it. He has converted the heathen. Wonderful!

Something more than an adherence to outward forms is necessary to make a Christian. The halfway-house Christian who condemns past and present Europeans as white supremacists, and the halfway-house Christian who thinks a little ecumenical pixie dust makes a Christian would be better advised to find out what Christ meant when he said he required mercy and not sacrifice. Salvation comes to us through the blood; it would indeed be suicidal to forsake our blood simply to avoid being called 'white supremacists.' Rather penny-wise, pound foolish, don't you think?

The halfway-house Christian polygamist needs to preach a new colored Christianity for two reasons. He wants numbers because they increase the power of his denomination and his own power (let's face it, we are always talking about a clergyman) within the denomination. It is more prestigious to rule over a congregation of millions than to be a pastor for a remnant band.

The second reason is much more sinister than the first. The halfway-house Christian wants to be in step with the secular world, and in the secular world decent white people worship Negroes and despise all non-liberal Europeans, living and dead. To be completely in step with the new Christianity the halfway-house Christian must hate the recalcitrant "racist" European. The neo-pagan has correctly identified the greatest enemy of the European people – the Christian clergy – but the neo-pagan errs when he blames Christ for the crimes of the apostate clergymen. Christ is our source of strength in the struggle against the white-hating Babylonians. It is supposed to be bad to hate, but that is just liberal and halfway-house Christian doublespeak. When the halfway-house Christians say the 'old school' Europeans are great 'haters' they mean to say that white Europeans love their own people. And when they say they love their black brothers, they mean that they hate whites with all their heart and soul and love the false image of the black man they have created in their own minds. But it is only an image that halfway-house Christians love; they are incapable of loving one particular people, one particular individual human being, and one particular God. Behind the ecumenical doublespeak of the halfway-house Christians is a lifeless skeleton.

The war against the white Christian Europeans has reached a new phase. Neither the liberal nor the halfway-house Christian debate with the antique European. They simply anathematize: "You are a white supremacist -- I damn you." While differing on a wide variety of topics pertaining to sexual mores, the halfway-house Christian and the liberal are a united front in the ongoing war against white, Christian Europeans. Pope John XXIII spoke for all halfway-house Christians when he forgave the torture murder, by blacks, of his own people, and he implicitly, by his "loving

forgiveness,” encouraged blacks to continue their outrages and whites to remain passive in the face of black barbarism. The good darkies in the Thomas Nelson Page novels are good because whites punish them when they do evil. That is true Christian charity. Isn’t this new found concern for the darky among “Christians” simply a shirking of the white man’s burden? In a marvelous short story called “The Old Planters,” Thomas Nelson Page depicts an old Southern colonel who goes unarmed against a crazed Negro with a revolver. He feels it is his responsibility to do so because the crazed black is the son of one of his servants. The halfway-house Christian can call such parentalism ‘white supremacy’ from now till doomsday, but I’ll always call it by its true name: Christian.

Christmas in Liberaldom is a very different affair than Christmas in old Europe. There is no truce between warring factions in Liberaldom as there once was in Christendom. Liberals do not see the need to be charitable to men who are sinners like themselves because they do not see themselves as sinners. There is only one sin in the liberal’s catechism and that sin is racism, of which he, the liberal, is free. Since he is sinless, the liberal can hurl stones at the sinful white supremacist. And when I read the literature of halfway-house Christians who call white supremacy a “damnable sin,” I am confirmed in my belief that the halfway-house Christian is only one hairs’-breadth from embracing the entire liberal agenda.

In 1980 the Royal Shakespeare Company staged a nine-hour adaptation of Charles Dickens’ novel *Nicholas Nickleby*. The play featured 42 actors playing 250 roles. The play, which was made available on tape a few years after its opening in London, never deviates from the text of the book. We get to see flesh and blood descendants of the 19th century British acting out the thoughts and feelings of the 19th century British. I have no doubt that the actors are as far removed spiritually from their 19th century countrymen as Hamlet’s uncle was removed from Hamlet’s father, but because they were trained in the Shakespearean theater and because they were of the same blood as the 19th century British, the actors and actresses were able to recreate, on stage, a world where Christianity mattered. Every time I view the play, I feel transported to a different plane of existence, a world where the light shineth in darkness.

I feel like the stammering Billy Budd whenever I attempt to write, but never more so then when I attempt to write about His Europe. The Nickleby production is just one small piece of the Europeans’ witness to the light. To suggest that the textbook wisdom of academics and clerics can be put in a silver rod, exported to the colored races, and then serve as a replacement for the blood faith of the antique Europeans, is a blasphemy of tidal wave proportions.

Europe is our home, it provides all the warmth and light we will ever need in this world and the world to come. If other people want to use the warmth that comes from our hearth and the light that emanates from our home to heat and light their hearths and homes, they are welcome. But we will not put out our hearth fires and extinguish the European light in order to worship in the dark by a hearth that provides no warmth. Let it never be said that Europe cannot produce at least a remnant band of men who comprehend that the light of Europe is the Light of the World. +

Labels: Europeans and Christ

The Beginning and the Ending

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 04, 2010



But that which ye have already hold fast till I come. Rev. 2: 25

I've always avoided the *Book of the Revelation to John* because I've known so many people who have gone off the deep end because of an obsession with the hidden – or so they say – prophecies in the book. In recent years, however, I've been reading the *Book of the Revelation* with my children. I wish I hadn't neglected it for so many years, because it is a comforting book. What, after all, does it say? The *Book of the Revelation* tells us that Christ will ultimately triumph over the evil forces that we feel are about to overwhelm us. No doubt much of the book that is hard for us to understand was more understandable to the Christians of St. John's time, but the central message -- that Christ and Christ alone is the answer to the riddle of existence -- is made perfectly clear, which makes it all the more troubling that the modern halfway-house Christians have chosen to ignore the warnings contained in *Revelation*, about fusing Christianity with other religions. The divinely inspired St. John tells us that Jerusalem, which is Judaism, will give way to the New Jerusalem, which is Christianity, and then Babylon, which is Rome, depicted as a marine monster, will be destroyed only to resurface in another form. There is also (merely my opinion) a warning that Judaism will blend with other faiths and continue to be a destructive, anti-Christian force. Am I reading too much into the *Book of the Revelation* when I say that we are being warned not to blend Christianity with paganism, Judaism, or any other religion? If Christ is truly the beginning and the ending, all religious blending should be avoided, should it not?

At the university I attended, one of my religious studies teachers, a lapsed priest of German extraction, was fond of calling Christianity the most syncretistic of all religions. There was nothing unique about it, he claimed, "except for the part about the God who entered historical time and rose from the dead; everything else was borrowed from other religions." Nothing unique? Only an academic, the modern equivalent of the Pharisee, could be so blind.

Christianity has been virtually blended to death. Until recent times, the Roman Catholic Church preferred to blend Christianity with paganism, but now, as witnessed at Assisi I, II, and onward, "heaven knows, anything goes." The liberal Protestants have followed the Roman Catholics and blended paganism with Christianity, while the more conservative, halfway-house Protestants prefer to blend Christianity and Judaism. The Roman Catholics are currently more ecumenically minded toward Islam, which is a blend of Judaism and paganism, then the halfway-house Protestants, who are hell-bent on pushing the Judeo-Christian mix to the ultimate extreme: the crucifixion of Christ.

Despite the assertion of St. Augustine, and the clerical theorists who followed in his train, that there could never be a Christian culture, we must maintain, based on reality, that there was a Christian culture and it was called Europe. I can't help thinking of the scene from *Miracle on 34th Street* in which the then-unbelieving Mrs. Walker denies the existence of Santa Claus when she is looking right at him: "Not only is there a Santa Claus, but here I am to prove it." Or if you want a less frivolous analogy, I refer you to Pontius Pilate, who asked Christ, "What is truth?" as he looked at The Truth standing before him.

The point is that the blending of the European with other peoples is not a Christian attempt to spread the Gospel, it is a satanic attempt to kill Christianity by destroying the good soil, the European people, where Christianity grew and flourished. All the clerics of the past who screamed about the necessity of racial integration were destroying the distinctly Christian people who believed in the distinctiveness of the Christian God. When the Aztec blended with the Spaniard, was it a Christian faith that emerged? And when the white blended with the black, was the image of Christ enhanced or erased? Christ is now a lesser god in a pantheon of gods, which includes Martin Luther King, Jr., Gandhi, and Nelson Mandela.

Christian Europe is no more because Europeans no longer believe in the distinctiveness of their God. Led by clergymen who neglect Christ's injunction to preach the Gospel to all nations, which implies that the races are to remain distinct, they choose (contra Christianity) to evangelize by mongrelizing. The first generation of the mongrelizing evangelists, the Francis Schaeffer types, do so with the best of intentions, but the second generation, the Franky Schaeffer types, do so with the worst of intentions. They take a maniacal glee in mocking "cultural Christians" and lauding secular, liberal causes. "Some are yet ungotten and unborn – That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn."

If we can picture for a moment the fairest garden in the world, which is the European garden, then let us suppose that we take the flowers from that garden to another land and leave the roots behind in the European soil. What happens to those flowers without their European roots? Correct -- they wither and die. Far better to show the people of the barren lands the European garden in all its glory and by doing so, encourage them to develop the soil that can sustain a garden rather than a barren waste.

The halfway-house Christian views things differently. He wants the European to share a barren wasteland with the people of the thorny soil. There will be no Christianity in the wastelands, but there will be universal equality. All will have an equal share of nothing, with the usual caveat that comes with all utopias: "Some are more equal than others." The Europeans will of necessity have to self-destruct so that the barbarians of the wasteland can have their more equal share of nothing.

It was less than 100 years ago when the bulk of white Christians did not believe that a faith in Christ crucified, Christ-risen meant they had to support the extinction, through mongrelization, of the white race. What has happened in the last 100 years to make mongrelization and Christianity synonymous? Many white politicians caved in to political expediency, and many white pundits caved in to the fear of losing prestigious jobs. But that still leaves the majority of white Christians unaccounted for; the men and women who supported extinction by mongrelization despite the fact that they didn't face the loss of a political office or a prestigious job. We must conclude that the vast

majority of white Christians supported mongrelization because they thought it was the Christian thing to do.

Why did the European people abandon the faith of their fathers, who believed in a personal God that spoke to them through those intimate attachments formed with kith and kin, and adopt a universal faith in generic mankind in which attachments to kith and kin were denigrated? The simple answer is that the European laity apostasized from European Christianity because the clergy told them to. But then we are still left with two questions. Why did the clergy apostasize and why did the laity feel compelled to go over the cliff with the clergy? Intellectual pride is the answer to both questions. The clerics made Christianity into an intellectual system where they could confine God to whatever role they wanted Him to play. And in their system there was no room for the poetic of Christianity. In poetry, two seemingly opposing principles can be personal and particular, and general and universal, and still be united, but in an intellectual system that is not possible. In poetical Christianity for instance, the mystical union of all people in Christ can only be achieved if all people are loyal to their own breed and brood. In intellectual, apostate Christianity, there is only the mathematical logic of the impersonal syllogism. "If God calls all people to salvation, then all people must be one people." It's logical, as logical as death.

The laity followed their clergy because nobody wanted to admit they were stupid and racist (the "Emperor's New Clothes" syndrome) by saying they preferred to remain with the old-fashioned "racist" Christianity instead of the new, intellectual, universal, non-racist Christianity. Can we blame them? Yes, we can. There should have been enough passion inside the hearts of the lapsed Europeans to help them prevail over the intellectual bullying of the clergymen. They should have girded up their loins and spoken from the heart: "Not while we live, or where we live, shall we permit the faith of our fathers to dissolve into a blended, universalist dew." Shame, shame, and eternal shame to the men who accept halfway-house Christianity in place of the blood faith of the ancient Europeans. We won't blend our race or our faith, because to blend either is to lose both. +

*God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Belovèd over all.*

--Rudyard Kipling

Labels: blood faith, intellectual faith, restoration of European civilization

Sacred Ground

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 2010



'AND THERE GAVE HIM HER HAND AGAIN'

"You are one who knows what our Father has promised to the friend of the widow and the fatherless. May He deal with you as you have dealt with me and mine." – *Tom Brown's School Days*

In Thomas Molnar's book, *The Counter-Revolution*, he pointed out that revolutions succeed first in the hearts and minds of the rulers. When the powers that be begin to doubt their right to rule, they don't take the necessary steps to maintain their rule. The French Revolution was a textbook case. Louis XVI didn't lose his head because he was a bad king like his father; he lost his head because he had come to believe some of the 'rights of man' rhetoric of the revolutionary pamphleteers. And when the palace was stormed he didn't let his troops fire because there were women and children in the crowds. But were not the lives of women and children at stake in the battle for the French monarchy? Shouldn't a Christian king have been able to read the signs of the times? If they talk like amoral atheists and act like amoral atheists, shouldn't you conclude that you must protect and defend your royal authority, which is the only thing standing between your people and the reign of Satan's minions?

I can guess what might have been going on in Louis XVI's soul. Have you ever seen the palace of Versailles, built for Louis XVI's grandfather, Louis XIV? It is a sickening sight. It was built on a grander scale than a cathedral, but it wasn't built to glorify God, it was built to glorify the Sun King, Louis XIV. It is Asian in its opulent decadence, completely out of sync with the spirit of Christian Europe. Such excess, and further excesses by his father, Louis ("After me the deluge") XV, must have caused Louis XVI to question his own right to wear the crown. And when you couple that sense of guilt with the incessant droning of the 'rights of man' ideologues you get a vacillating, uncertain King who is afraid to do what is necessary to protect his kingdom.

In a variety of forms, but from the same cause -- doubt of their legitimacy -- all the older Christian regimes, republican and monarchical, fell to the forces of the revolution. And I say 'revolution' rather

than 'revolutions' because there is only one revolution, whether it is French, American, Russian, Haitian, Chinese, Mexican, etc. The driving force behind them all is Satan. And the goal of every satanically inspired revolutionary was to destroy Christian Europe. Now that Satan's minions have accomplished that mission, the destruction of Christian Europe, their goal is to aggressively defend their satanic nations by killing the Christian, European remnant.

It is not correct to say, "If we don't do such and such, Europe will disappear"; Europe has already disappeared. The remaining whites in Europe the continent and in the countries settled by Europeans are no longer Christian in any meaningful way. They have abandoned their European identity by abandoning their God and trying to blend with the barbarian races in an effort to bury their Christian past. They seem much like Adam and Eve after the fall. They have sinned against their God, and they want to hide from Him. Is there any better place to hide from God than in the tents of the barbarians? That is the last place you would expect to find a European.

Patrick Buchanan recently published a column called "Tribalism Returns to Europe." In the column he cites the usual statistics about Europe's declining birthrate and then concludes with these words: "Old Europe is dying, and the populist and nationalist parties, in the poet's phrase, are simply raging 'against the dying of the light.'" First, Patrick Buchanan's statistical predictions are not holy writ. I remember a McLaughlin Group show he was on during the '08 Democratic primaries. He insisted that Obama couldn't beat Hilary Clinton for the Presidential nomination because his polls said it was impossible.

Secondly, 'Old Europe' is not dying; it is dead. That is why we shouldn't talk about saving Old Europe; we should talk about restoring it. When there is nothing left to conserve, the conservative must become a counter-revolutionary.

Thirdly, Buchanan's statistics are projections, not facts. He should couch his predictions in the language of the Ghost of the Christmas Future in Dickens' *Christmas Carol*: "If these shadows are not altered..." Europeans no longer reproduce themselves because they don't believe in Jesus Christ, the King of Europe. Nothing is written; if faith returns to the European then Europe will return despite Buchanan's statistics.

Fourth, Buchanan misreads Dylan Thomas's poem. To "rage against the dying of the light" is not an act of futility as Buchanan suggests with his use of the word "simply." It is an impassioned cry from the depths of the human heart to the Creator of the light. Such prayers are always answered, not in ways immediately apparent, but they are answered. There is nothing more practical, more useful, and more necessary to the welfare of the European people than their heartfelt "rage against the dying of the light."

And last, it makes no difference whether Buchanan's projections are true or false. Our task is the same: to stay true to our race, our faith, and our traditions. If we are destined to fight a Thermopylae-type of last stand, or if we are destined to drive the heathens from our land, the battle is always for Christian Europe, which is something eternal, not subject to the mind-forged statistics of this world only.

Buchanan is just one isolated pundit, but he speaks the same language as the entire post-Christian, post-European establishment. The establishment consists of the 'love in a golden bowl and wisdom in a silver rod' type of men. They can only love that which is successful and golden, so armed with their silver rod they look into the future in order to determine what and who they should love in the 'golden bowl' present. And they have determined that the colored are the wave of the future. "Let us seek them out, elevate them to exalted heights, and worship them." In the rhetoric of the liberal and the conservative, who is now working for Liberalism because he wants only to conserve liberalism not to restore Europe, we hear, *ad nauseum*, a hymn of praise to the non-European future and a sneering condemnation of the European past. We are enjoined to sing and sneer with the multitudinous horde in order to have a place in the brave, new world. Of course we must leave our

souls behind to enter the new world. Didn't Someone once caution us about gaining the world and losing our soul?

The notion that numbers determine the outcome of battlefield wars or cultural wars is the product of a materialist mindset. The Southern states continued to fight the Civil War after the North won a temporary victory in 1864. They still fought, and fought successfully, to maintain their culture until the 1950's. Then, when they finally believed the enemy was right, they succumbed. But they did not succumb to numbers; they committed suicide because they ceased to believe in their civilization.

All successful revolutions take place first in the hearts of men. Revolutionaries always try to present the revolution as inevitable, as part of the inexorable laws of nature, and a revolution might seem inevitable after it succeeds, but revolutions are not inevitable. They succeed because men have forsaken the Son of God for Satan. A successful counter-revolution can only be mounted by men who are unapologetically European and unapologetically Christian. A fusionist race and a fusionist faith will never overthrow, or even bother, the rulers of Liberalism.

As Moses approached the burning bush, God told him to take off his shoes because "Whereon thou standest is holy ground." If the modern European could see the extent to which Jesus Christ permeated the older European culture, he would feel that he too was on sacred ground, but the modern European sees nothing because he has hardened his heart against Christ's Europe and turned to the Babylonian night of the colored races.

Conservative pundits and halfway-house clerics either try to minimize the need for a European counter-revolution, or else they rejoice in the demise of European culture, citing its demise as proof of the continuing advance of the human race toward one world, one faith. The reality, however, is quite different from the utopian fantasies of the pundits and the clerics. The Christian European has not converted the barbarians by mixing with them, quite the contrary, the European has become a heathen because he has mixed with the colored races. A perfect example of the new European faith can be seen in the spectacle of a largely European U. S. Congress approving of Obama's plan to award billions of dollars in reparations to American Indians and blacks. The European no longer comprehends the religion of mercy, so he gives to the gods that require sacrifice. But to whom will the widow and orphan appeal when there is no mercy on earth? And to whom will the spiritually bereft appeal in the dark night of the soul if the God of mercy has become a subordinate God in a pantheon of heathen deities who require sacrifice, not mercy? The European has not sought the counter-revolution; it has been thrust upon him. We must all prepare to meet with Caliban. +

Labels: Christian Europe, counterrevolution

The Little Town of Europe

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 2010



O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray...

A good many years ago during the Christmas season, I remarked to a friend that Christmas was one part joyful to me and three parts depressing; depressing because the European people no longer celebrated Christmas with the fervent belief in the Holy Child of Bethlehem with which their European ancestors once celebrated Christmas. My friend replied that he was not going to let a bunch of secular liberals spoil his Christmas; he would celebrate Christmas as his ancestors had. I felt quite chastened and guilty for having allowed, in contrast to my friend, the liberalism of my fellow Europeans to depress me. But “no man,” as Donne so wisely tells us, “is an island,” and about four years later my friend was in a mental institution suffering from a nervous breakdown.

It’s no good lying to ourselves; of course being surrounded by the darkness of Liberalism and Heathendom affects us. For many of us the darkness has seeped into our immediate family. Christmas is often a very combative time of year for many families, because of a deep divide over what Christmas is supposed to mean to a European.

Let’s make it clear. The European people and *only* the European people made the meaning of Christmas -- the belief that the hopes and fears of all the years were met in Him on the sacred night -- the cornerstone of their culture. Every village, every home where European people dwelt, bore witness to their faith in the birth, death, and resurrection of the incarnate Lord born in a stable in Bethlehem.

Europe became a spiritual Bethlehem because the belief in the Christ Child was nurtured and protected there. It is during the Christmas season that all the theological wrangling over free will and grace becomes nonsense. The Child in the manger freely gives “to human hearts” the charge and care of His Sacred Person. It is my contention that the European people prior to the 20th century fulfilled their sacred trust, even though every good Christian during the Christian European era

would say they had failed the Child born in Bethlehem. And from a divine standard they would be right; they all failed. But Christ judges us as human beings not as divinities. And by that humane standard the European everyman of antique Europe has left behind an irreplaceable legacy of fidelity and loyalty to Jesus Christ. At Easter we think of the Triumphant Lord, who conquered death, but at Christmas we think of the Child and the Friend. Yeats once wrote:

*Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
and say my glory was I had such friends.*

The European's glory was that he befriended and championed the Christ Child.

Every Christmas my family and I sing our way through a book of traditional Christmas carols. The songs speak to the heart; they tell of the silent night, the holy night, on which the Savior was born. They speak of the child in the manger, so helpless and yet the hope of the world. Sung collectively the old Christmas carols place a man in Christian Europe. Everything is clear in that world. The dark night was destroyed by the dangerous and heroic leap that Christ made onto the stage of human history. As the song says, "The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee tonight."

The great Civil War which Lincoln said the American Europeans were engaged in to determine whether a nation conceived in utopian liberalism could long endure was just one manifestation of the ongoing attempt of Satan to make Christendom into Babylon. In Babylon all is not clear, bright, and holy. All is dark, dim, and unholy. The Babylonian world is the world the modern European has chosen over the Europe that revered the little town of Bethlehem.

It is good to talk of peace at Christmas time when all Europeans share a belief in the Christ Child, but when Liberalism replaces Christendom and the savage rites of black barbarism and the technobarbarity of the liberals replace the star of Bethlehem, we need must seek the peace that comes from fighting against principalities and powers. Christ is our Savior, but He also is our friend. And we have left our friend at the mercy of the liberals and the barbarians. It is not improper or against the Christmas spirit to renew our vow of fidelity to our Lord and gird up our loins for the battle against the Babylonian minions of Satan, who are legion.

If I wanted to write a book on the works of Walter Scott, there would be a vast body of work I could write about. And so it is with our European ancestors. They have left behind a great body of work that we can look at and make judgments concerning the quality of their work. The liberals condemn the antique Europeans with all their hearts, without allowing for any mitigating circumstances. We know the litany: "they were racist, they were sexist, they were fascists, they had bad breath..." The list of their sins is endless. The halfway-house Christians also condemn the antique Europeans. Their condemnations are often softened with, "They were a product of their unenlightened times," but in the end the halfway-house Christian joins the liberal in condemning "The Little Town of Bethlehem" culture of the antique Europeans. But both the liberal and the halfway-house Christian feed on the older European culture like leeches. Where is the life-sustaining grace in Babylon? When the liberal needs mercy he will always, most often without acknowledging the source, look for some hidden remnant of European light on the periphery of Babylon. And likewise the halfway-house Christian, when looking for Christian comfort and mercy, will turn to the European past to relieve his present misery. There are very few pockets of European light left in Babylon, so the liberal and his halfway-house Christian cousin will soon have to embrace the soulless, dark night of Babylon in which there is no mercy because there is no Christ Child, the source of all mercy.

Just as the antique Europeans left behind a body of work, so now have the liberals built up a body of work to which we can point. They have established abortuaries in every major city of what was once Christendom. In keeping with their faith in the 'natural savage', they have opened up Christian Europe to the barbarian hordes of color and joined with the barbarians in their desecration of Christian Europe. These are the people with whom the halfway-house Christians want to merge? These are the people we are not supposed to drive from our land? "Everyone is beautiful" to the halfway-house Christian except the European Christian; he must progress and leave his racism and

sexism behind before he can become part of Liberaldom, which somehow is supposed to be good, despite the fact that Liberaldom sanctifies the destruction of everything sacred to the antique Europeans.

In the Christmas carol “O Little Town of Bethlehem” by Phillips Brooks, we can hear the voice of Christian Europe. Surely the Europeans of the pre-modern era got it right: “God imparts to human hearts, The blessings of His heav’n.” The Europeans of the Christian era found God in the little human things that the modern Europeans scorn. But He did not scorn the little human things, being born of the Virgin Mary in the Little Town of Bethlehem. I have read and heard many sermons about the unbearable agony Christ suffered on the cross, and I have no doubt that the agony was unbearable, and yet He bore it. But I have never read about the agony that the Son of God endured in the womb of His mother. His divine humanity had to have been conscious even then that he was totally dependent on the care of His Father who was in heaven and the man and woman to whom His Father entrusted Him. All this He endured to show us that we were linked to Him through our common humanity. This the European of the past age knew, and this the modern European no longer knows. To become more human is to become closer to Him. To become less human, which the modern does when he denounces all ties of blood and faith to his European ancestors, is to become a man without a soul. The little town of Bethlehem is old Europe, and the hopes and fears of all the years are indeed met in Europe. +

Labels: antique Christianity, O Little Town of Bethlehem

Old Christmas

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 2010



A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

--Old Song

In Washington Irving's book *Old Christmas*, he gives us a beautiful description of Christmas at an old English manor house, where he was a guest. The lord of the manor is an advocate of all the "old rural games and holiday observances." And the parson shares the squire's passion for the "good old Christmas customs."

"The parson gave us a most erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and the propriety of observing it not merely as a day of thanksgiving, but of rejoicing; supporting the correctness of his opinions by the earliest usages of the Church, and enforcing them by the authorities of Theophilus of Cesarea, St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and a cloud more of Saints and Fathers, from whom he made copious quotations. I was a little at a loss to perceive the necessity of such a mighty array of forces to maintain a point which no one present seemed inclined to dispute; but I soon found that the good man had a legion of ideal adversaries to contend with; having, in the course of his researches on the subject of Christmas, got completely embroiled in the sectarian controversies of the Revolution, when the Puritans made such a fierce assault upon the ceremonies of the Church, and poor old Christmas was driven out of the land by

proclamation of Parliament. The worthy parson lived but with times past, and knew but a little of the present."

Particularly moving was Irving's description of family prayers on Christmas day. The squire was moved to tears as he sang the following stanza from a church hymn:

*"'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth,
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,
Spiced to the brink:
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That soiles my land;
And giv'st me for my bushell sowne,
Twice ten for one."*

The squire's Christianity is bred-in-the-bone, surely the kind of Christianity our Lord meant us to have.

Today we are told by the liberals that Christianity is false and the Europeans who practiced it were evil. And the halfway-house Christians tell us Christianity is true but the antique Europeans who practiced it were unenlightened bigots incapable of comprehending the true Christianity. The liberal and the halfway-house Christian are deceivers and liars. There is one Lord, one Holy Child born in a manger in Bethlehem. And His pure and holy image comes to us through a European window to the Divine. There is no need to create a new Christianity; the ancient Christianity, the type of Christianity found in the old English squire's house at Christmas time is the true Christianity.

*Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
And give the honour to this day
That Sees December turn'd to May.*

.....

*Why does the chilling winter's morne
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a meade new-shorne,
Thus on the sudden?—Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.*

—HERRICK

Labels: antique Christianity, Christian Europe

The Tragic Misalliance

SATURDAY, JANUARY 01, 2011



I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

--Wm. Shakespeare *Twelfth Night*

I must confess to a certain relief when the Christmas season is over, not because I share the 'bah, humbug' sentiments of the pre-repentant Ebenezer Scrooge, but because at Christmas time I often have to spend time with relatives outside of my immediate family. And the relatives outside of my immediate family are mad-dog liberals and halfway-house Christians. You would think that I would get along better with my halfway-house Christian relatives than my mad-dog liberal relatives would get along with them, but such is not the case. The mad-dog liberals get along better with the halfway-house Christians than they do with me. And my extended family seems to mirror the outside world; in Liberaldom the halfway-house Christians get along better with mad-dog liberals than with antique Christians of European heritage. Why is this?

I think the mad-dog liberals and the halfway house Christians are more compatible with each other than with the Christian Europeans because of their mutual belief in progress. The liberal is committed heart and soul to his belief in the perfectibility of mankind. He worships the future because that is where the cosmic act of perfection will take place. The liberal hates the past and all those who seek to maintain a bridge to the past, because in the past is imperfection, and imperfection is evil. The antique Christian hated Satan and his works. The modern liberal hates the antique European and all of his works.

The liberal's faith in the future is consistent with his godless belief in the perfectibility of man. But what can we say about the halfway-house Christian who professes to believe in original sin and a God who redeemed mankind from the consequences of original sin? Why would a professed Christian believe as fervently as the liberal in the upward and onward perfectibility of mankind? The halfway-house Christian of the fundamentalist variety will deplore the liberal's espousal of Darwinian evolution, yet he will join with the liberal in lauding the democratic egalitarianism of the Western democracies as the endpoint of an evolutionary process that somehow cleanses all men who participate in the process. And halfway-house Christians like John Paul II will criticize

legalized abortion and then turn right around and praise the feminists for moving mankind onward and upward to a new, compassionate, better world. O brave new world that has such schizophrenic creatures in it!

The Roman Catholic has some justification for siding with the liberals. His church has always been open to an evolutionary, adaptable Christianity. The secular historian Carroll Quigley praised Roman Catholicism for being evolutionary rather than static and moribund like Protestant fundamentalism. But the fundamentalists have given the lie to Quigley and evolved beyond “mere Christianity” like their Roman Catholic brethren.

The halfway-house Christians of the Roman Catholic and the Protestant persuasions feel akin to progressive liberalism because they have fallen prey to the universalist heresy. “If Christ calls all men to salvation,” the halfway-house Christian reasons, “then the people who call for a universal faith (the liberals) have their hearts in the right place and are closer to us in spirit than the narrow-minded Europeans of the past.” What the halfway-house Christian fails to see is that the Lord who calls all men to salvation also destroyed the Tower of Babel. Christian universalism and Babylonian universalism are as different as heaven and hell. Christian universalism respects the human personality; it respects the distinctions between peoples, between persons, and between the sexes that help man to know and love his creator. The liberal, who worships Satan, is being true to his faith when he condemns the Christian European in the name of a Christ-less future. But the halfway-house Christian is betraying his god by condemning the Christ-centered, non-progressive Europe of his ancestors. There is no Christ in the Babylonian future of the liberals. The halfway-house Christian with his Bible or rosary in hand will ultimately drink from the same satanic trough as the liberal unless he gives up his dream of a universalist Christianity in which the unity of mankind is more important than the distinctiveness of Christ.

The historians of the European people such as Bill Cooper (*After the Flood*) and Mike Gascoigne (*Forgotten History of the Western People*) tell us that it was the descendants of Ham who built the Tower of Babel. The black man seems to be the cornerstone of Babylon. If Satan can mix the black with the white, then he can erase the image of God from the face of the earth.

Before destroying the Tower of Babel, the Lord destroyed the earth by flood. And we are told in *Genesis 6:4* that God destroyed the earth because demons had slept with mortal women, creating a race of giants who had no knowledge of the true God. The similarities between the Tower of Babel account, the story of the flood, and the modern liberal chronicles are striking. Satan seeks to destroy by integration --the demon with the mortal, the sons of Ham with the sons of Shem and Japheth.

The liberals, who follow the father of all lies, cloak their evil with God-words such as ‘universal’ and ‘integration.’ No decent person is supposed to be against the integration of the races into one harmonious entity called ‘mankind.’ More evil has been perpetuated under the guise of the universal brotherhood and harmonious integration of all mankind than any other satanic artifice. And the halfway-house Christians have joined with the liberals to help further the cause of satanic universalism and integration. In fact the halfway-house Christians are even more zealous than the liberals in their pursuit of universal integration, because they want to prove they are not like the racist, exclusive Christians of the past. “Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, they were racist, I am not; Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, they excluded, I do not,” is the earnest, self-congratulatory prayer of the modern, halfway-house Christian.

There is a European response to the halfway-house Christian:

1) Nothing good comes from betraying your own people in the name of some abstract principle of universal brotherhood. If the halfway-house Christian asks me why mixing with the black constitutes a betrayal of his own people, I will tell him it is a betrayal because when whites mix with the black, the few whites who are not exterminated become heathens. From Babel to Haiti, to the New Orleans Superdome, the story is always the same when the white blends with the black.

2) Is God a democratic egalitarian? Why does segregation and a hierarchically structured society in which the black man is subordinate constitute a lack of love on God's part or on the part of the rulers of the hierarchically structured society? Let's suppose a father has three sons, one of whom is retarded. Let's further suppose that the retarded son has certain violent, irresponsible tendencies that manifest themselves when he is left unattended by his two brothers. When his brothers are with him, the retarded son behaves himself and actually shows himself capable of behaving in a humane manner toward his brothers and other people. Knowing and loving his retarded son, the father, in his last will and testament, leaves the care of the retarded man-child to his older brothers. At the father's death, the two normal brothers keep their sacred trust and maintain a benevolent but strict guardianship of their brother. Is God a democratic egalitarian? No, He is not. He loves us all differently and in the way that is most conducive to the salvation of our souls.

As I mentioned at the onset of this article, I have seen this coalition between the halfway-house Christian and the liberal at close range within my own extended family. It is not a pretty sight. The halfway-house Christian who makes the misalliance demonstrates ingratitude and moral cowardice -- two of the worst human sins -- ingratitude to his European ancestors who fought the good fight against principalities and powers, and moral cowardice in the face of the liberal threat to impoverish and ostracize all those who do not sing hosannas to the savage gods of universalism and integration. But the antique European must endure to the end because the savage gods of the liberals and the halfway-house Christians are not his gods. The European has only one God, the Man of Sorrows, who placed a wreath over the graves of our European ancestors and bid us be true to them unto death. If we don't love and protect the people that God ordained us to love over all, we will not be a people; we will be liberals. +

Labels: churches as halfway houses, segregation

The Tide Rises

SATURDAY, JANUARY 08, 2011



But I don't doubt of you, and so I send you forth. Christ is with you. Do not abandon Him and He will not abandon you.

--*The Brothers Karamazov*

A few days ago I saw the most obscene thing I have ever seen on a television screen. Was it a porno movie? No, it was something infinitely more obscene. What I saw was a roundtable of ministers, rabbis, and priests talking about the necessity of allowing Moslems to build a mosque at the 9/11 site. And please don't think the clerics' zeal for a mosque struck me as obscene only because the mosque was to be built on the 9/11 site; 9/11 was a tragedy, but it pales in comparison to the ongoing slaughter of whites by blacks on our city streets, and the ongoing slaughter of the innocents in their mothers' wombs. The clerics' zeal for a mosque is an obscenity of monumental proportions because through their advocacy they are blasphemers and mass murderers; they are blasphemers because they are blending Christianity and Islam, which is a denial of Christ, and mass murderers because Islam is a religion in which the murder of the infidel is viewed as a holy act. To tolerate any mosque on your native soil is to encourage the mass murder of your people. But of course white witch doctors -- indeed every member of the panel was a Ph.D. -- have no "people"; they came into the world on a satanic whirlwind and they will go out the same way.

There can be no excuses for the blaspheming, murdering scum at the roundtable discussion. They are worse than any of the past enemies of Christian Europe. At least Attila the Hun was a straightforward, honest pagan. He didn't cloak his hatred of Christian Europe in ecumenical gas. And Julian the Apostate came at Christians head-on; he didn't support their enemies and then tell them he was their friend.

It's customary to talk about the aforementioned clerics in sympathetic terms: "They are just high-minded men with their heads in the clouds; we must forgive them because their hearts are in the right place." But that is not so. Precisely the opposite is the case. The "high-minded men" do not have their hearts in the right place for the simple reason that the high-minded men have no hearts.

They killed that affective organ long ago, and as a consequence they serve Satan and Satan alone. The roundtable clerics were not an isolated gathering of lunatics who had escaped from a nearby asylum. They are representative of the Christ-hating (and therefore white-hating, because the white civilization was the Christian civilization) clerics who currently occupy the European churches and the European universities. Nor is their unorthodoxy confined to the subject of Islam. If the panel discussion had been about Negro atrocities, every panel member would have echoed the “loving forgiveness” of the late Pope John XXIII and voted to continue to worship the blacks despite their atrocities. “Though they slay thee, yet will we worship them.”

The clergy have all become the type of men our Lord warned us about: “Beware of the scribes, which desire to walk in long robes, and love greetings in the markets, and the highest seats in the synagogues, and the chief rooms at feasts; Which devour widows' houses, and for a shew make long prayers: the same shall receive greater damnation.” *Luke 20: 46-47*

These men of intellect, who cannot think and have no heart, have brought about the death of the European people. If the European people could break free of them, they could still find life in this world and life abundant in the next. I hear the cynic's reply, “And if horses were wishes, then beggars would ride.” I can't deny that the European seems to have no spiritual pulse, but neither I nor the cynic can see the future. Nothing is written. The statistical Buchananites may be quite right about the death of Europe, but there is still our Shakespearean answer to the Buchananites: “We defy augury.”

Many years ago when I first read *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, I fell in love with the Arnold of Rugby described by Thomas Hughes in the book. When I went to my school library for more information about Arnold of Rugby, I was very disappointed. The reference books stated just the facts, like Jack Webb in *Dragnet*. Arnold wrote a few books, made some reforms at Rugby and was the inspiration for a book called *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Those were the facts of Arnold's life as related by the “just the facts” reference books. The facts seemed quite cold and lifeless compared to the personal testimony of Thomas Hughes. But how could it be otherwise? Hughes loved Thomas Arnold, and what he wrote about him flowed from that love. And love sees and knows things that the factoid mind cannot fathom. So it was with the people of Christian Europe. They knew Christ because in their heart of hearts they loved Him. The modern intellectuals who have no hearts cannot tell us anything about Christ other than the bare-bone facts of His life. And they can't even agree on the facts of His life. Nor can they respond to the testimony of His apostles because they don't believe in the testimony of His apostles. They have eyes, but they see not, and having no hearts they believe not. The storybook, heartfelt faith of the European people has been changed to an intellectual faith in the goodness of the natural savage and the equality of all religious faiths under the all-seeing, impersonal eye of nature.

The evil men on that religious panel were not halfway-house Christians, they were full-fledged, mad-dog liberals without a trace of Christianity inside them. Their *modus operandi* is to use the external symbols of Christianity and certain key catchwords of Christianity to bring the halfway-house Christians completely into the liberal tent. They are succeeding at a rapid rate. Halfway-house Christians are a dying breed, which would be a good thing if they were leaving halfway-house Christianity to become European Christians, but such is not the case. If the shadows cast by the all-pervasive religious experts are not altered, there soon will be no faith on earth. And as faith recedes, everything that makes life worth living fades away like pixie dust. It's difficult under such circumstances to avoid suicidal despair. Depression pills and other “happy pills” only push despair deeper into the soul; they don't eliminate the despair caused by a life lived within the confines of Liberalism.

Jean-Paul Sartre, the sometime Marxist, full-time atheist, and hero of the French avant-garde, once wrote a play called *No Exit*. The simple message of the play was that life on earth was hell and there was no exit from hell. Sartre was partially correct. Life in Liberalism is hell, and the modern world is Liberalism. But there is an exit. The walls of Liberalism are mind-forged walls, created by the type

of men who were present at the religious roundtable. Such walls are impenetrable to all modern Europeans who live in thrall to the “this world only” theology of the “men of intellect,” but they are not impenetrable to Europeans who do not worship at the proscribed liberal shrines. The liberal shrines to the black man, the feminists, and the “sexually enlightened” are all shrines to the perfectibility of man within the confines of Liberalism. And every liberal shrine is built on the materialist assumption that there is no spiritual realm that exists over and above Liberalism.

The European who has maintained his links to the past cannot be confined within the walls of Liberalism. The European past is always past, present, and future to the non-liberal European, because the living God is always past, present, and future. Only in the purely material realm is it impossible for three to be one. All the blathering blasphemies of the roundtable “religious men,” blasphemies that have become part of the fabric of modern Europe, cannot negate the reality of God’s world, the world of yesterday, today, and tomorrow, where He shall reign forever and ever. I have never had a mystical vision or a prophetic dream, but there have been white moments in my life when He seems close at hand. Such moments come to me when I feel all the forces of hell are closing in on me. Now that the men of intellect have built hell on Europe’s pleasant pastures, the forces of hell seem to be exerting a constant, malignant pressure on my soul. They can’t prevail, because He always provides the force to resist. When I read through the poets of Europe’s Christian era, I see that they saw this spiritual law operating throughout European man’s history. When Satan attacks, Christ comes to our defense. As Hansel and Gretel’s father declares:

*When hope is nearly gone
God’s relief to us is surely won.*

The gates of hell are real. The modern European can certainly testify to their reality. But if the modern European would look to the storybook Europe of his European ancestors, he would see, and know that what he saw was true: the gates of hell shall not prevail. +

*Christ of the prophesied cross, who knows me, will guide me
Past hell, the painful isolated abode.
The creator who created me will receive me
Among the pure people, the folk of Enlli.*

--Old Welsh Poem

Labels: Christ the Hero, churches as halfway houses

Apostate Europe

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 2011



This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,...

--Shakespeare

I'm sure I'm not telling the reader anything he doesn't already know when I say that the life insurance business is a racket. This not-so startling fact was brought home to me recently when my insurance company told me that they were quadrupling my term insurance rates because now I was indeed a risk. When I was young and no risk, they were quite willing to give me the bargain rate, but now that I'm past mid-fifty I'm a big risk and I must pay. Yes, I must pay, but I won't pay quadruple rates, so I contacted another insurance company who offered me less coverage at a lower rate. It's a difficult tightrope to walk, trying to stay out of debt in the here-and-now while endeavoring to leave something for one's children even if it's nothing more than the money for funeral expenses.

So here I go again -- a new insurance company requires another physical examination. Why are they so depressing? Partly because no one likes to be poked and probed by a stranger, but there is also something metaphysical behind our revulsion to doctors and physicals. When in the hands of the medical community a human being becomes a body part, a person defined by his or her generic disease, a cancerous lung, prostrate, or breast, high blood pressure, a bad heart, etc. The human spirit rebels against that type of classification. Even those people who deny the soul have a tiny protesting voice inside them saying, "A personality dwells here; don't treat me as a generic disease." Of course, the liberal, who has chained his humanity to the dungeon of his soul where the tiny voice of a human personality is seldom heard, need only anesthetize himself with modernity in order to quell the tiny voice of his soul. And it is my belief that there has never been a time in the European's history when he has more resembled a man devoid of all humanity than at the present time. Edmund Burke feared, when he looked at the spectacle of the French Revolution, that the men of his time were "spending the unbought grace of life." The modern European has spent it all.

H. V. Morton once pointed out that Dickens' characters were not exaggerated. Such people, people with personalities, used to exist in Europe. When God's grace, the grace that makes us human beings instead of soulless, cookie-cutter automatons, was rejected Europe ceased to produce Pickwicks, Sam Wellers, and Wilson Micawbers. In his novel *Ebb Tide*, Robert Louis Stevenson describes his hero as one who has the "animation of the European in his eyes." Who put that animation in the European's eye and why has it died out?

The first apostles put forth their story of God. The European people believed that story was true and their faith was reflected in their culture. In *Treasure Island*, Ben Gunn, who has been marooned on Treasure Island, says that he hasn't eaten Christian food for three years. In *The Mask of Fu Manchu*, the evil Fu Manchu tells the captive Englishmen that he hates the white Christians. All cultures are not the same. Ben Gunn didn't have to say he wanted to eat European food; it was a given that 'Christian food' meant 'European food.' And Fu Manchu didn't have to say, "I hate Englishmen," it was a given that all Englishmen were white Christians.

Now it is a given that most Europeans are apostate Christians who worship at the shrine of a faith that blends Negro worship and the worship of science. To be racist or non-scientific are two terrible sins in modern, faithless Europe. Pope Benedict XVI is an exemplar of the new faithless faith. He recently repudiated man's connection to a personal God, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul by asserting his faith in the 'Big Bang' theory with the caveat that God created the Big Bang. Move over, Voltaire – you have company in your pantheon of deists. What can be expected from a man who stated, when a cardinal, that the next pope should be black? The Pope is addicted to modernity; he worships at a shrine that combines Negro worship with the worship of all things said to be 'scientific.'

The presence of an apostate Pope in Rome is a terrible tragedy, and the presence throughout the nations of Europe of apostate Protestant religious clergy is also a terrible tragedy, because the faithless clergy have produced a faithless people, devoid of any of the traits usually associated with Europeans in the Christian era. The heirs of the people who produced real-life versions of Maud Ruthyn, Ivanoe, and Alyosha Karamazov now produce creatures devoid of humanity who have only one desire: to lose the last remnants of their humanity by blending with the black race. With the blessing of modern science, which declares everyone equally soulless and devoid of a distinct personality connected to a personal God, the modern European pursues oblivion.

In the Gospels there are people who immediately grasp that Jesus is divine. And there are many that see nothing special about Him. Pilate, for instance, looks right in Christ's face without seeing the divine personality that animates His face. I see this drama of moral blindness unfolding in modern Europe. All around us are still the stories, the paintings, the sculptures, and the recorded histories of a people who loved Christ and believed He was the Savior of mankind. But the modern Europeans can look at the Divine Face that appears in the stories, the paintings, the sculptures, and the histories and see nothing special in what they see. They turn from the Christ of antique Europe and embrace their heathen gods of blackness and science. What a falling off!

A second Europe has been built over old Europe. Dostoevsky's short novel *Notes from the Underground* was aptly titled. The Christian European now lives below the surface of modern civilization, plotting -- a counter-revolution? his death? his surrender? I can't say; I hope it is a counter-revolution, but it is best to face the worst and act on the assumption that if you act according to the code of the ancient Europeans you will be acting alone.

The term 'humanity' is often on the lips of the modern European, which is quite an irony since the European no longer has a human personality. He is now, having lost his soul, only part of a generic human species. Broad-based schemes to save humanity are quite common today, but do such broad-based schemes help individual human beings who still yearn for a God with a human heart?

Recently some nut-case tried to assassinate a Democratic congresswoman and in his unsuccessful attempt he shot and killed a number of innocent bystanders. Many Democrats blamed the shooting on their Republican brethren, and some Democrats called for a coming together "in our common humanity." Isn't such a plea like closing the proverbial barn door after the horse has already left the barn? The Republicans and most especially the Democrats, including the pro-abortion, pro-illegal immigration congresswoman who was shot, have repudiated any ties to humanity when they repudiated every single value of their Christian European ancestors. What "common humanity" can there be amongst the followers of Satan? The Republicans and the Democrats can unite in their

common inhumanity, but a European who still feels connected to his European ancestors and to his ancestors' God does not want to be united to the modern liberal Europeans, "for who would be wedded to hell"?

And for all the liberal blather about compassion and humanity do you think the same people who sneer at the torture-murder of white people and the death of innocents in the abortuaries really feel one ounce of pity or compassion for the wretched congresswoman or any of the other victims of the madman's rage? No, of course they don't. You, dear reader, if you are an antique European feel more genuine compassion for your enemy, the congresswoman, than any of the liberals, because the antique European is still connected to an older civilization in which the people believed, heart and soul, in a God whose mercy passeth all understanding.

In Christendom men and women had personalities because they were receptive to the grace of God. In Liberaldom there are no human personalities because the citizens of Liberaldom have cut themselves off from God's grace. What we see in Liberaldom as a substitute for genuine God-given humanity is assigned personhood. Some of the generic humans are told they are persons, as a liberal defines 'person'. Representative Gifford, for instance, is a person because she does good liberal things. If she had been a white anti-abortion senator such as Jesse Helms, or if she had been someone whom the liberals called a white racist, she would not have been deemed worthy of personhood and therefore would not have received even the fake compassion of the liberals. We must never forget, when dealing with liberals, that there will be no mercy shown to non-liberals, because liberals have denied Christ, who is the source of all mercy.

To look for humanity in Liberaldom is the same as looking for pirates' gold in your backyard. You won't find either. Better to stay in the underground with proscribed Europe and make small guerilla raids on Liberaldom. You might start something that others will bring to a glorious finish. At the very least, you will know that "a personality stands here!" +

Labels: Christian view of personality

The Dark Gods of Liberaldom

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 2011



Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God,
and Him only shalt thou serve.

-Luke 4:8

In Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Edgar, the faithful and wronged son, philosophizes about facing the worst; he is homeless and penniless, so he thinks he need not fear existence.

*Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than, still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst.
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune
Stands still in Esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.*

Edgar is soon shown the error of his philosophical stoicism when he sees his blind father staggering toward him:

*But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that they strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age...*

*O gods! Who is't can say, "I am
At the worst"?*

I am worse than e'er I was...

*And worse I may be ye; the worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."*

Heeding Edgar's cautionary words, I won't say that the recent Martin Luther King Jr. festivities were the worst. They were horrific and appalling, but worse they yet may be. It is a sign of the times when the only miracles we see are satanic ones. And it is indeed a satanic miracle when an individual such as Martin Luther King Jr. commands more respect and reverence on his day than does Jesus Christ on Christmas day. Indeed, Christ is only deemed important, even on Christmas day, because He is viewed as a forerunner of the civil rights "champions" of the 1960's.¹

Of course, there isn't much real love for Martin Luther King Jr., the man. It is what he symbolizes that means so much to the liberals. He stands for the Negro race before whom every man, woman, and child of the white race is supposed to fall down and worship. State and church tell us on an hourly basis that we must do so. Does anyone even ask why we must worship the Negro? No, they don't. It is a given that we simply must worship the Negro.

The enemy of mankind has chosen the race card to destroy mankind. Let no European call himself a Christian who is not willing to fight where the battle rages. How can a professed Christian bend his knee to the Negro race? It is a blasphemy wedded to a degradation. The future about which Thomas Nelson Page warned us has come upon us:

It has appeared to some that the South has not done its full duty by the negro. Perfection is, without doubt, a standard above humanity; but, at least, we of the South can say that we have done much for him; if we have not admitted him to social equality, it has been under an instinct stronger than reason, and in obedience to a law of self-preservation. Slavery, whatever its demerits, was not in its time the unmitigated evil it is fancied to have been. Its time has passed. No power could compel the South to have it back. But to the negro it was salvation. It found him a savage and a cannibal and in two hundred years gave seven millions of his race a civilization, the only civilization it has had since the dawn of history.

We have educated him; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our aid; but we will not be dominated by him. When we shall be, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk.

This new world -- a better world, our pastors tell us -- was built by men who believed that Christianity, as preached by Europeans, was the foulest, most pernicious heresy ever foisted on mankind. The Utopians built their new world using many of the forms and phrases of the old religion, but there is nothing Christian in the new faith of the modern Europeans. In Christian Europe, faith meant a belief in Christ's divinity and humanity. In modern Europe faith means a belief in the divinity of the black savage. In old Europe hope meant the expectation that we and our loved ones would see our Lord face to face. In modern Europe hope means the expectation that science will cure all physical ills, the white race will be purged from the earth, and a multi-colored race of sub-human creatures will live in peace and harmony in an earthly paradise. And in old Europe, charity was the "greatest of these" because it included faith, hope, and love. In modern Europe, charity means the murder of innocents in the womb, and financial support for colored people who make war on white people.

All people throughout history have institutionalized the values they hold dear. The European people are no exception. When they loved Jesus Christ, they institutionalized Christian values. Now, when they hate Christian Europeans and love the black, they have institutionalized that hate and that love. (see 'Resisting Institutionalized Negro Worship').

About twenty years ago, the American Roman Catholic bishops came up with a neat little trick to avoid their responsibilities to unborn children. They wove abortion into a "seamless garment" with such issues as nuclear disarmament, capital punishment, integration, low cost housing, etc. They

were all “life issues.” So a liberal politician such as Ted Kennedy could end up scoring higher on the “life issues” than an anti-abortion politician such as Jesse Helms, and no Catholic need suffer any qualms of conscience for voting for a pro-abortion candidate. Pretty clever, wasn’t it?

In the aforementioned case of the clever bishops there was no seamless garment; the bishops merely used the seamless garment gambit to further the cause of Liberalism. “Whatever serves Liberalism” is the battle cry of liberals. At present it serves the liberals’ purpose to deny the existence of a seamless iron-clad garment strangling the last remnants of white Europe. But in reality there is such a garment: Church and society are one seamless garment of support for the generic black man, who is the main god in a polytheistic, liberal pantheon of gods including feminists of all colors, people of color, sexual deviants, Jews, Muslims, Indians... the list of lesser gods is endless. So long as they are not heterosexual white males, every type of people can achieve deified status in Liberalism. But the black will always be the cornerstone god because he is the liberals’ guarantee that satanic confusion shall reign. So long as the natural savage, devoid of all the spiritual attributes of a man, is set up as the king of the gods, the liberal will know that he lives in a land devoid of Christianity. That assurance allows the liberal to build utopia.

It is the Utopian element that fuels Liberalism. Halfway-house Christians who try to make Christianity compatible with liberalism so that their individual church can survive (“we are not racist, we are not sexist”) are part of Liberalism, because they do nothing to stop the Utopian express train of Liberalism. During the American Civil War, the halfway-house Christian Abraham Lincoln said of the radical abolitionist zealots of the North, “I find them personally repulsive, but we are both moving toward Zion” -- “He who is not with me is against me.” You can’t blend Utopian aspirations with Christianity. Only Europeans who want no other world but their own Sussex-by-the-sea, sustained by their Creator, have the stuff to resist the satanic, Utopian dynamo that is liberalism.²

In one of my favorite short stories by Kipling, “My Son’s Wife,” he introduces us to a Utopian European:

He had suffered from the disease of the century since his early youth, and before he was thirty he was heavily marked with it. He and a few friends had rearranged Heaven very comfortably, but the reorganization of Earth, which they called society, was even greater fun. It demanded Work in the shape of many taxi-rides daily; hours of brilliant talk with brilliant talkers; some sparkling correspondence; a few silences (but on the understanding that their own turn should come soon) while other people expounded philosophies; and a fair number of picture-galleries, tea-fights, concerns, theatres, music-halls, and cinema shows; the whole trimmed with love-making to women whose hair smelt of cigarette-smoke. Such strong days sent Frankwell Midmore back to his flat assured that he and his friends had helped the World a step nearer the Truth, the Dawn, and the New Order.

Fate intervenes to save Frankwell Midmore from Utopian liberalism. He inherits a farm from his aunt, and in the course of trying to make the farm viable, he learns the necessity of hierarchy, order, and a commonsensical concern for other human beings within his own walk of life, as distinct from an abstract love for all mankind. And, joy of joys, when he acts the part of a genuine man rooted in the eternal things, he earns the love of a real feminine woman, as distinct from the unsexed women whose hair smelt of cigarette-smoke.

Kipling’s indictment of the Utopian dynamo is our own indictment. The liberals’ Utopian world has nothing in it worth living for. Yet we are told we must love the black gods and honor the values of polytheistic liberalism. No, that we will not do. There is no love or honor in the world the liberals have commanded us to live in. Love and honor exist only in the world the Utopians have condemned, a Europe where every hearth fire was warmed by His Sacred Heart.

Black-worshipping, Utopian liberalism is a plague, and you can’t remove a plague without eliminating the breeding grounds for the plague. The breeding grounds for Utopian liberalism are

situated in academia, from 1st grade through college, and in the Christ-less Christian churches. I am always surprised to hear a conservative, such as Phyllis Schlafly, warning parents that the schools are teaching perversion and anti-European propaganda. I'm surprised because such writers are assuming there are good, solid parents who believe that perversion is perversion and that anti-Europeanism is a bad thing. We are reaping what we sowed. The 1960's radicals are grandparents now, and the gutted nihilists of the 1980's are parents.

And what can we say about the European who has made a whited sepulcher of his local church? When Richelieu was made bishop, a French wag said, 'The Bishop of Paris should at least believe in God.' Yes, and the pastors of Christian churches should at least prefer Christ to Martin Luther King Jr.

The satanic mills of utopia will grind on, and there is little I can do to stop them. But I don't have to be part of the grist for their mills, nor does any European who prefers Prospero's prayer -- "Which pierces so that it assaults Mercy itself and frees all faults" -- to the liberals' hosannas to the natural black savage. +

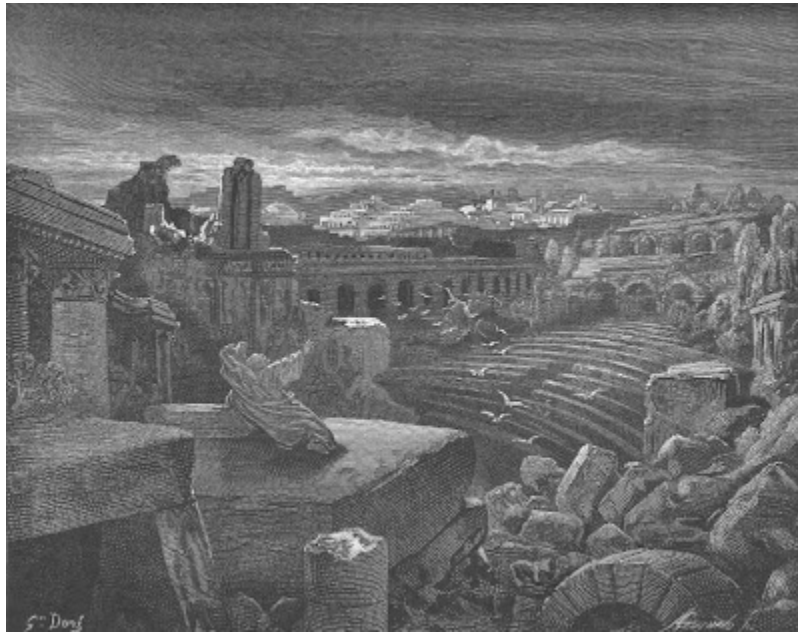
1. The Ghost of Christmas Present tells Ebenezer Scrooge that Christmas is not just one day of the year. A man is supposed to keep the spirit of Christmas in his heart 365 days of the year. And nowadays, the white European is told that Martin Luther King Jr. Day is not just one day; we are commanded to worship the Negro all 365 days of the year.

2. It is now glaringly apparent that halfway-house Christians will permit any and every liberal blasphemy in their churches so long as they are allowed to congregate in their churches. They don't care about the content of their worship so long as they are allowed to meet and worship. This suits Satan; he would much rather use existing structures to spread his teaching than have to build his own sanctuaries. Besides, it is best not to be too blatant. Satan always prefers to rule by proxy. So long as the Christian churches teach satanic doctrines he sees no need to intervene.

Labels: churches as halfway houses, Negro worship

Houses of Desolation

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 2011



And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.

--Isaiah 13:22

I'm often asked, usually at Christmas time, why I don't attend church or go to Mass since I profess to believe that Christ is the Son of God. If the questioner is just a busy-body who could care less about Christianity or about me, I just ignore the question or reply with a flippant remark. But if I run into a person who wants an honest answer I tell them why I don't attend Mass or go to church: I tell the inquiring mind that I, like all human beings, crave communion with kindred souls, but faith is a precious and precarious thing; better to hold to the faith you have than to risk losing it by worshipping with those who want to blend Christianity with liberalism. And if the inquiring mind tries to tell me that all churches do not blend Christianity and liberalism – his own church, for instance – I tell the querier it has been my sad experience that the “conservative” Christian churches blend liberalism and Christianity while the more liberal “Christian” churches have dispensed with Christianity altogether and just preach liberalism.

A case in point: a young ‘born-again’ lady of my acquaintance kept encouraging me, over the course of a year, to come to her “very conservative church where we really believe in the Bible.” I never for one moment considered going because I’ve had my fill of “conservative” churches. But if I had been considering going to the young lady’s church her enraptured recounting, one Monday morning, of her pastor’s sermon on the sanctity of Martin Luther King Jr. would have queered any desire I might have had to ‘worship’ in her church.

Liberalism is a virulent poison that kills even when taken in very small doses. The failure of the Christian churches to understand that liberalism is satanic and must be fought to the knife is the central tragedy of the 20th and 21st century.

The Christian churches’ capitulation to liberalism was the result of a new way of looking at Christianity. When the antique Europeans saw Christ as the beginning and the ending of the riddle of existence, they built their nations and their homes around their faith. And likewise when the

modern Europeans came to believe, as Caiaphas believed, that incorporation into a pharisaical system was more important than knowing and loving the true God, they built their new nations and homes around their new faith. "My faith and my church are one," reasons the halfway-house Christian, "so whatever keeps my church alive keeps the Faith alive." Yet the churches exist at the sufferance of liberals, so what is necessary to keep the churches alive? A blending of Babylon with Christianity, a strong dose of Negro worship, another dose of feminism, and more than a touch of Judaism and Mohammedanism are all necessary in order to ensure that the churches will survive. But will faith in Christ survive? The halfway-house Christian is past caring; he wants his church, where he has access to the magic system of salvation. What about Christ? He first becomes the equal of the Babylonian gods, then He becomes inferior to them, and finally He becomes the God who is not there.

The Christian churches institutionalized apostasy when they jettisoned the human element, which was the European culture, from their respective churches. "Bare, unaccommodated man," in his heart needs a faith that is true. Because he is frail and weak he can be tempted by the Grand Inquisitor's false church of "authority, mystery, and bread." But in the end man, and especially the European man, needs to know that Christ really did conquer death and that He waits for us at the crossroads between life and death. The halfway-house Christian is like Jonah; he is trying to escape his destiny. The tragic sense of life that ultimately transcends tragedy existed in the European people prior to the 20th century until the hope that science could eliminate the necessity of a tragic sense of life replaced the traditional faith of the European people. But the new faith, as we have seen, comes with a price. Instead of Christ, we have the Negro. A poor substitute in this world and an even poorer one in the world to come.

The mad-dog liberal has completely eliminated Christ from his church. That is why he has elevated the Negro to such an exalted status; he needs some touch of humanity, even if it is primitive humanity, in his inhuman church. The halfway-house Christian does not, like his liberal cousin, eliminate Christ from his church. He blends Negro worship with Christian worship, which the liberals permit so long as Christ is reduced to a supporting role and the Negro is the main deity in the pantheon of gods.

The liberal wants nothing to do with antique European civilization because the liberal, who views the incarnation of God as pure myth, rejects everything that comes from a culture in which the people believed in the incarnate Son of God.

And the halfway-house Christian rejects the antique European culture because he thinks he doesn't need to stay in union with a people whose faith is bred in the bone, because he receives the faith directly from God through the good offices of his local church. Putting aside the obvious fact that it was antique Europeans who created the systems that make the halfway Christian believe he can dispense with the blood faith of his ancestors, let us ask the halfway-house Christian to find another people who lived with and loved the son of God long enough to have seen His face and heard the beating of His Sacred Heart. He can't think of any others because there aren't any others. When we are in communion with those racist, non-utopian, antique Europeans we see the face they saw and hear what they heard.

The halfway-house Christians out-Caiaphas Caiaphas. The Jewish leader thought it expedient that one man should die so a people could live. The halfway-house Christians think it expedient that all European Christians should die so that their Christian-Babylonian churches can survive. This is why the most vehement denunciations of "racism", "sexism", and ethnocentrism come from halfway-house Christians. They are afraid that the liberals might mistake them for antique Europeans and they will have to share the same fate as the hated European "white supremacists."

The halfway-house Christians have tried to present their betrayal of Christianity as a 'cleansing': "We are simply trying to present a pure, non-European Christ to the darker races." Oh, really? If it was a case of German Christians making African natives drink beer and eat pretzels, and Swiss

missionaries making native islanders eat cheese, the halfway-house Christians would have a point, but such was not the case and will never be the case. European Christianity is not culture-bound; it is Christianity. If you remove the European element from Christianity and permit native cultures to weave non-European elements into their versions of Christianity, you will get voodoo Christianity, Aztec Christianity, and God knows what other kind of Christianity, but you won't get the type of Christianity preached by St. Paul.

And even if we pretend you could transport some kind of ethereal, pure Christianity to the non-European people why should that necessitate that the European give up his Christianity in order to appease the colored races? Colored Christianity is always a pagan Christian mix. Why should the European be forced to kneel to the heathen gods rejected by his ancestors?

The original Martha accepted Christ's gentle rebuke; Mary had chosen the better part. But the anti-European halfway-house Christians are the daughters of Martha gone mad. They want the antique Europeans, the sons of Mary, eradicated from the face of the earth. And they have no compunction about joining the liberal Sons of Herod in order to accomplish the "cleansing" process.

Yes, those Europeans, whom I love and revere, did choose the better part. And because of their choice I was vouchsafed a glimpse of the living God. If I allow His image to fade from my eyes because I allow their world to be eclipsed by the mad-dog liberals and the halfway-house Christians, I will deserve to spend eternity in hell with the liberals. I have seen time and time again the complete collapse of "conservative" churches who do not build their churches on the good European soil. In vain do you tell them that you can't build a church by blending with Babylon; they cling to Babylon like the proverbial dog returning to his vomit.

In Dostoyevsky's novel *The Brothers Karamazov*, the author gives the atheist brother, Ivan, a chance to state his case for atheism. And Ivan's case is superior to St. Augustine's and Aquinas's case for God, but Ivan's case against God is ultimately defeated by Aloysha, who places Christ the Hero in the lists against all the facile, theological explanations of the reason for suffering. Only the Hero God, the Hero of charity, can defeat Ivan's formidable and true refutation of the facile Christian theologians.

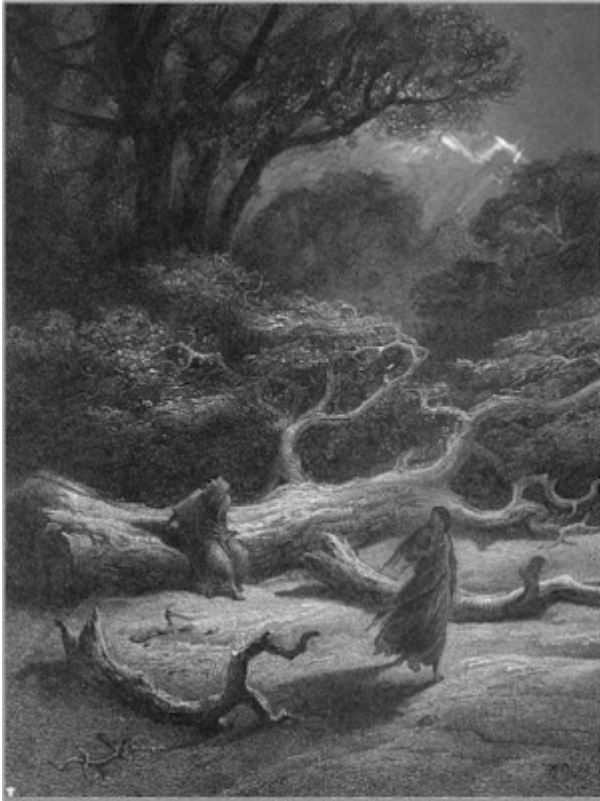
And that is what it comes to for the last Europeans. We have seen the ruin of Christendom because of apostasy and because of fusionist (or what I call halfway-house) Christianity. The first Christian Britons got it right; it is all or nothing. We must believe in either Christ the Hero or Christ the lackey god of the liberals, who plays a supporting role to Martin Luther King Jr. Which Christ is the true God? Our ancestors stood with Christ the Hero. Why should we desire any other God?

It's not a question, as I so often hear in the ranks of the Right, of whether a call to follow the path of the Heroic Europeans is practical or likely to succeed. Hamlet knew. It is what we are bound to do, whether it is practical, impractical, doomed to failure, or destined for success. That's more than we know or should seek to know. Europeans face a Rorke's Drift of the soul, to fight without yielding is all that matters. +

Labels: churches as halfway houses

The Hollow Oak of Liberaldom

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 05, 2011



Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

--*Idylls of the King*

I have an older cousin I view as the embodiment of the diseased white man. He is a farmer who no longer can make a living from his farm and who supplements his income by driving a truck. His sons do not work on the farm; they work at various manufacturing jobs, all dependent on the U.S. government continuing to renew its contract with the manufacturing firms.

My cousin is a halfway-house Christian of the fundamentalist variety; he still believes that Christ died and rose again on the third day, but he also believes that the white European has no right to love his own people and culture over all other peoples and cultures. During the last Presidential election, for instance, my cousin told me how much he despised Hillary Clinton, but he liked and respected the Obama. The beginning of a disconnect? In the same vein, my cousin frequently has complained of the trailer trash living on the borders of his farm. When I've pointed out that the trailer trash are Mexicans, my cousin immediately chimes in that he has nothing against Mexicans, he loves them as his brothers; he just wishes they would stop coming on his land and littering, defecating, and stealing.

My cousin is just one of the millions of halfway-house Christians who is willingly self-destructing in the name of some abstract principle, invented by liberals, which neither my cousin nor his halfway-house companions, remotely understand. And the pity of it all is that my cousin is a decent man. My nation, and the world's nations, would be better off if such men as he filled up the ranks of their citizenry rather than the colored individuals that all white people are called to worship. Let me

rephrase that – if my cousin would divest himself of his anti-European prejudice, then he would have the innards to make a good citizen. No nation needs a man who will not stand up for his own people, whether they be living or dead.

It's easy to find excuses for the halfway-house Christian, particularly if the halfway-house Christian is a blood relation: "He is confused, the liberals are very clever" – "He has been sold a multi-racial bill of goods by his pastors". All those reasons are true, but ultimately I can't excuse my cousin's betrayal of his race. A man's heart should be able to counter-balance the weakness of his head. "You make what sounds like a good case, but I can't go against my heart, and my heart tells me that what you're saying is wrong." That, or something like that, is what the European men and women should have said to the liberal utopians and their halfway-house Christian pastors. It's a mystery to me why more Europeans do not "just say no" to Liberalism.

There is a song of John McDermott's in which he tells of a crippled soldier returning home. When he exits the ship, he sees his countrymen waiting on the shore: "They just stood there and stared, And turned all their faces away." Those lines describe my own feelings about my "fellow white countrymen."

Once, at an adult Bible class, I was so moved by the similarities between the spiritual journey of the Hebrew people and the spiritual odyssey of the European people I let myself go and spoke of my love and reverence for La Fanu, Dostoevsky, Walter Scott, and the gentle Bard. "They, like St. Paul, like Jeremiah, like Isaiah, pointed to Him." All that I said, and more, and they looked at me and "turned all their faces away." "Can ye drink of the cup I will drink of?" No, I cannot. Only He could bear the loneliness that engulfs a man who has been rejected by his own people.

The European people are suffering through their own Babylonian captivity, but unlike the ancient Hebrews the Europeans do not know they are in captivity. They go to liberal churches, fusionist churches, and Super Bowl parties, and they profess themselves to be a free people: free to worship God, whoever and whatever God may be, free to send their children to state-run public or state-supporting private schools, and free to work for the advancement of the new, liberal Babylon, which as a state entity is much more inimical to Christianity than the old Babylonian state was to Judaism.

Can we say that the European people are suffering under their Babylonian captivity? On the surface the answer might seem to be, "No, they are not suffering," but look closer. An anesthetized man is different from an integral, full-blooded man who can stand up to existence and say, "come what may, I'm in God's hands"; anesthetics simply push suffering deeper into the soul; they do not enable a man to stand up to existence. The European currently is seeking the oblivion that comes with racial melding, because he finds existence unbearable.

Man cannot live without a connection to God. And God can only be reached through the human things: love of kith, love of kin, and love of a place above all other places. All those human things are denied the white man. The liberals have decreed that the white man must die, so he must be denied the essentials of life. And halfway-house Christians, in an effort to please the liberals, have 'discovered' that human things are unnecessary – in fact they are evil; men don't need human conduits to an incarnate God, they can fly to heaven in a cosmic, universalist rocket ship.

Yet some people are more equal than others. The colored peoples are allowed -- not just allowed, they are encouraged -- to keep the human things: love of kin, kith, and place. Ah, there's the rub. The colored peoples were never Christianized. They have **pride** of kin, **pride** of race, and **pride** of place, which is diametrically opposed to the antique Europeans' love of kith, kin, and place. The only permitted human things then are the subhuman rites of the colored people. Virtually every day there is some kind of celebration of the Noble Savage: Martin Luther King Jr. Day, Jackie Robinson Day, Black History Month, Rosa Parks' Day, Hispanic Heritage Month – the list is endless. Whites celebrate those holidays with more fervor than the colored people because whites have a longing to have some contact with the human things, even if they are the subhuman things that degrade and debauch. It's an insane, satanic world when whites hate their own and love only the colored races.

I've spent a lot of time at public parks in the last twenty years. When my children were younger, I had to be ready to prevent the thousand and one potential falls that can occur on playgrounds. For at least the last eight years now my services as a catcher have not been needed. So I've had a chance to observe other families. And what have I observed? White boys wear the sport jerseys of black athletes, but no black boys wear the sport jerseys of white athletes. An insignificant phenomenon? No, it isn't. From birth to their graves white people are told their life has meaning only to the extent they can blend with the colored races. Even when a white boy wears the jersey of a white athlete, he is blending with a sports organization, a microcosm of the state, which is a universalist, race-mixing organization. And white girls are encouraged to adore the black athletes as well so that they can mate with the black when they come of age. Indeed it is a small miracle when a white girl marries a white male, considering how the white male is portrayed in print, film, and television. A friend told me recently of a made-for-television movie he had started watching. A Negro was accused of a violent crime. Of course he was innocent, and a white female detective discovered his innocence. The guilty parties? You know the answer – a white, blonde, blue-eyed teenager and his white, Bible-toting father. It would be hysterically funny if it wasn't for the fact that young white people have come to believe such bilge. In Liberaldom there is nothing more evil than the white male. And because that gospel of Liberaldom is so untrue the liberals must keep up an unrelenting propaganda campaign in order to maintain their maniacal, obscene lie about the white male.

The colored tribesmen are at least given a chance at life. Without a white man to point them to the light it is not very likely they will escape the blood and sex cults that are the usual fare of the colored tribes. But the white European has been consigned to Merlin's oblivion, betrayed by the whores of Liberaldom, he lies "as dead, And lost to life and use and name and fame." The halfway-house Christian and the liberal have joined together to deprive the white European of his soul. He lives, but nothing of life remains. If he is denied the human things, denied his one eternal moment to live and die as God ordained, it's as if he never existed. The hate of the system that consigns one's fellow men to such a fate, and the love of the people who are being damned to such a fate, should put steel and fire into the heart of the European. Even if all the halfway-house Christians turn their faces away and join with the mad dogs of Liberaldom, still the European defies them: "My name is Alexander Smollet. I've flown my sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones."

A man who wrote so eloquently about the human things, the blood ties that make a man a man, was Rudyard Kipling. The liberals speak disparagingly of him, and the halfway-house Christians generally undervalue him by accepting the liberals' assessment of him: "He was a reactionary and a pagan; he had no religion other than British imperialism." Of course nothing could be further from the truth. Kipling saw God through the human things, and consequently his faith was forged in the furnace of reality where the first European Christians' faith was forged. If you read nothing else of Kipling's, read his short story called "The Gardener," in an anthology called *Debits and Credits*. At the end of the story you will see why there is no other way to the Son of God than through the human ties that the colored tribes pervert and the liberals deny to the white man. If we keep faith with our ancestors, such as Rudyard Kipling, and cling to the human things, we will defy the liberals and see the living God, Jesus Christ.

*One grave to me was given
One watch till Judgement Day;
And God looked down from Heaven
And rolled the stone away.*

*One day in all the years,
One hour in that one day,
His Angel saw my tears,
And rolled the stone away!*

--Rudyard Kipling

Labels: Christ's humanity, churches as halfway houses

Hating One's Own

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 2011



This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England...

I recently saw a British press release which stated that the head of the West Mercia Police Department in England called for an end to the silence regarding the “tidal wave” of rape and prostitution rings in which thousands of white girls were being passed around by Pakistani gangs and “used as meat.” And along with that edifying little story came a report that 70% of British converts to Islam were white women. I suppose the logic of the female converts is: “Better to become a Muslim wife and be used as meat in one polygamous marriage than to be passed around and used as meat by a whole gang of Muslims. At least Muslim men will stop other men from raping me.”

I don't have to live in Britain to know how the British establishment will respond to the head of the West Mercia Police Department; they will respond the same way the white liberal establishment always responds to black-on-white crime in America. They will denounce the man who warned Britons about the colored rapists and murderers and call for his resignation. Quite possibly they will add jail time to his resignation. Britain is slightly worse than the United States in terms of jailing alleged 'racists'. In the U.S. accusations of 'racism' often end with the loss of a job. But let us not forget the Rodney King affair, and many others like it, when police officers who had tried to arrest black criminals were found guilty of racism and sent to jail.

The response of British white males to the Pakistani rape squads should be immediate and violent. Every Pakistani even remotely involved in the “white meat” gangs should be killed. And the remaining Pakistanis in Britain who were not involved in the torture-rape squads should be thrown out of Britain. Of course such a sensible and Christian course of action will not be followed because if white Brits had the Christian innards to kill the Pakistani rapists and remove the remaining Pakistanis from their country, they would never have let the Pakistanis in their country to begin with.

The toleration of the rape of their women is not a simple case of cowardice on the part of the British white males, although that most certainly is the assumption of the Pakistani males. Like the jackal, who is a coward himself, the Pakistanis attack only those who are weaker and more cowardly than themselves, and to them it seems obvious that the white Brits are cowards. But it is not because of fear that the British white male does not fight for his own. The British male does not fight for his

own kind because he doesn't believe there is any such thing as kin or kind. There are only generic people, all moving toward a generic, colored utopia. And that's the main point: the white European male has been told for upwards of fifty years that white people are evil and have no right to exist. So why should he care when white women, mothers of the future, either lose their lives or are ruined for life? By liberal logic he shouldn't care, and in point of fact he doesn't care. Walter Scott would care, Rudyard Kipling would care, but the Brits and their European counterparts do not want to live in Scott's and Kipling's Europe.

It's not a case then of no innards; it's a case of no Christian innards. The British male will fight for a multi-racial Britain, but he will fight against a Christian Britain. And because of that fact, the Brits' unwillingness to fight for a Christian Britain, the warning of the Mercia Police Inspector will go unheeded. The Chief Inspector was proceeding on false assumptions. He assumed the white British males did not know about the rape of white British girls, and that once they did know, they would want to do something to stop it. But they did know, they do know, and they don't want to stop it; in fact they approve of the rapes because they regard the white victims as sacrifices to the colored gods. And that is to be expected when a people who once worshipped the God of mercy no longer understand what Christ meant when he said, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."

The 'get out the information' boys of the BNP and the American Renaissance always fail to make a breach in the liberals' fortress because they think: 1) white people will "wake up" if they get the information about colored atrocities, and 2) once awakened, white people will "vote" the colored people away. 'Tis not so. As we have seen time and time again, white people *do* know about the colored invasion and about colored atrocities, but they approve of the invasion and think the atrocities have to be tolerated so that the greater good, a multi-colored society, can become a reality.

As regards the second point, the notion that the colored hordes can be voted away: that is pure fantasy. The colored jackals will never leave so long as they can get easy "white meat" in their adopted country. The consequences for the crimes described by the Mercia Police Inspector must be as severe or more severe than the crimes perpetrated if the barbarians are to be driven from "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

*This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.*

Prophetic words indeed! Of course the modern European, whether British, French, American, Scandinavian, or any other type of white European, does not believe in blessed plots of earth or in blessed Mary's Son. That is what separates the modern European from his ancestors: faith. The Europeans who kept Europe free from the barbarians were not physically stronger than the modern Europeans. How much could Sir Henry Havelock or Charles Martel bench press? No, it was not

physical strength, it was inner strength that marked the antique European. To put it in the vernacular: “The antique European had Christian innards.” A man fights for what he holds dear. The Christian hearth was sacred to the ancient Europeans, and they fought for their sacred hearths. The modern European? His vision of a multi-racial utopian state is sacred to him; for that he will fight.

The non-liberal European makes a great mistake when he assumes that because the liberal will not fight for kith and kin he is a coward who will not fight at all. The liberal is the most loathsome creature on the face of the earth, but he is not a doctrinaire coward. He will fight for Liberaldom. General Franco thought the Germans would win World War II because, being a non-liberal European, he thought that if the English and Americans were too cowardly to fight Russian communism they wouldn’t have the courage to fight Nazism. But you see it wasn’t a lack of courage that stopped the English and Americans from fighting communism, it was their liberalism. They held virtually the same egalitarian beliefs as the Russian communists, so they saw no reason to fight the communists. The Nazis they fought. So it remains today. The liberals will fight for Liberaldom, and the coloreds will fight for pride of race, pride of kin, and pride of place. The Christian European will fight as he always has fought: for love of hearth, kind, and place. The racial war and the religious war are one. When Europeans’ believe in Christ they will fight for their hearths, and white women will not become “white meat” for savage colored tribesmen. But so long as white people believe in foreign gods, white victims will continue to die on the sacrificial altars of the colored tribes.

The bulk of white Europeans are mad-dog liberals and gutted, burned-out nihilists of the type depicted by Camus and Samuel Beckett. A tiny minority are halfway-house Christians, trying to fuse Christianity with Negro worship, Judaism, and Islam. Of the three groups, only the nihilists have produced converts to European Christianity. A man needs to look at the hopelessness of existence without God before he can move toward Christ. The liberals and the halfway-house Christians have their gods of sacrifice, so they don’t feel any need for the God of mercy.

One of the saddest things I’ve had to witness over the last thirty years was the spectacle of the “get them the information” and the “get out the vote” boys, as exemplified by the late John Tyndall and the late Samuel Francis. Those white warriors had good intentions, but they persisted in trying to appeal to white pride and white self-interest as if the white man was the same as the colored man. They never seemed to understand, probably because they ignored the religious aspect of the white man’s history, that the white man is different from the colored man.¹ Having exchanged pride of race and pride of kin for love of race and love of kin when he became Christian, the European can never be “won back” by an appeal to his pride of race and pride of kin. The appeal must be to his love of race and his love of kin. The European is dying out because he has ceased to love Christ, from whom his love of race and kin flowed. White awareness campaigns that don’t confront that tragedy are useless, even harmful, endeavors.

The tragedy of white British girls being used as meat by Pakistani savages is not a tragedy that can be prevented by abstract thought. And abstract thought is all the white man, liberal or conservative, is capable of. Fitzhugh put his finger on the white man’s Achilles’ heel when he stated that the problems of existence were too complex to be solved by intelligence, but the Christian heart would always find a way to prevail where intelligence failed. Europeans with Christian hearts would not let white girls be raped by barbarians – it’s that simple. No barbarian can contend against a white man with Christian innards. And no white man who has given his heart to multi-racial Liberaldom has ever lifted a finger to aid his own people. If we can’t convert liberals and halfway-house Christians to European Christianity we can at least bring fire and sword to their world and let them know there are faithful hearts who know the difference between the gods of sacrifice and the God of mercy. +

1. Despite the fact that there had been legions of bred-in-the-bone Christians, like Walter Scott and Thomas Nelson Page, who could have been brought to the fore in a defense of a fighting, non-democratic, all-white Europe, the older neo-pagans

never invoked Christian Europeans and their God. The appeal of the older neo-pagans was always to whiteness, devoid of any religious faith other than a faith in white genes. Such an appeal led one to believe that the old guard neo-pagans really believed that the liberals were right about Christianity: it was about universalism and Negro worship.

The younger neo-pagans have simply taken the old guard's reluctance to invoke their Christian ancestors to its logical conclusion: they have rejected Christianity. I think the young Turks have accurately interpreted the older neo-pagans, but I think the old guard neo-pagans were acting on false premises. The bred-in-the-bone Christianity that was the religion of the Europeans for over one thousand years gives the lie to the liberal and the neo-pagan. There is only one valid democracy, the democracy of the dead. Our ancestors cry out to us with one voice: "Fight as Christians and for Christian Europe!"

Labels: antique Christianity, liberals are the true haters

On the Shores of Babylon

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 2011



“Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.”

Every English teacher has to deal with the problem of Cliff Notes, those poorly written summaries and shallow interpretations of great works of literature written for indolent and dishonest students. I once gave a student two F's on a Cliff Noted paper he had turned in. “Why two F's?” he asked.

“One for cheating, and the second F for turning in such a terrible interpretation of the book,” was my reply.

Cliff Note students could never bring themselves to believe that a student who read the literature with his whole heart and soul could come closer to the great author's meaning than a panel of erudite experts trying to write condensed literature for moral eunuchs and intellectual midgits. If the meaning of a work of literature could be condensed into Cliff Notes, it wouldn't be a great work of literature.

It is the contention of the people I call the halfway-house Christians that the Gospel of Jesus Christ can be condensed into religious Cliff Notes. The Protestant Cliff Notes tell us that Christ was not the Son of God in whom St. Paul believed. He is only the son of God in the way a great prophet is the son of God. In the inane Cliff Notes of the Protestants, the Son of God, the Messiah, has not come yet. How else can I interpret Cliff Notes that claim that the Jews are the chosen people of God? In vain do I point out to the evangelical Protestants that the Christian Europeans of the past did not think references to the “chosen people” meant that the unconverted Jews had been accorded divine status, regardless of whether they accepted Christ or not. It is in vain because the halfway-house Protestants hold the personal testimony of the European people, who lived and died with a faith in Jesus Christ as true God and true man, of no account. They believe in their Cliff Notes handed to them by a committee of educated idiots.

The Cliff Notes of the halfway-house Roman Catholics also go against the traditional faith of the European people. In the Roman Catholic Cliff Notes, Christ is a lesser god in a pantheon of gods, living and dead. He is on a par with Mohammed and Buddha but beneath Nelson Mandela, Martin Luther King Jr., and Gandhi. As with the Protestant halfway-house Christians, it is useless to point out to the Roman Catholic halfway-house Christians that the antique Europeans did not place any other gods above the one true God, Jesus Christ. It is useless because the Roman Catholic does not

believe that a traditional faith resides in the blood of the people who believe. Tradition, to the Roman Catholic, means the preservation of external forms and rites. A bred-in-the-bone faith is an alien concept to the halfway-house Roman Catholic. He can't find anything about such a faith in his Cliff Notes.

The Cliff Notes of the halfway-house Roman Catholics and the halfway-house Protestants agree on one essential point: The Negro is the star at the top of the halfway-house Christians' tree. The presents under the tree, the ornaments and tinsel decorating the tree, all pale in significance to the shimmering star at the top of the tree. The Cliff Notes descended from on high, according to halfway-house Christians, and revealed the new Christian doctrine of the divinity of the Negro. The halfway-house Christians love to excoriate the Mormons, but I find the halfway-house Christians' new revelation of the divinity of the Negro much harder to believe in than Joseph Smith's vision of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. At least Christ maintains His primacy in the Mormons' church.

The literary Cliff Notes give us a bare skeleton of a book, and they give us a false interpretation of the book. And that is what the "Christian" Cliff Notes do as well. The Bible is streamlined for sectarian purposes, and the people who lived and breathed the full meaning of the Bible are completely eliminated from the religious Cliff Notes. We can't understand the Christian faith if we are not connected to the people who had faith. The fusionist Christians of today will lead us to a confusion of tongues, not to a place where we can see the true God reflected in the faces of his people.

The halfway-house Christian reserves the right to politely criticize and vote against certain aspects of the liberal's satanic agenda. But he still uses the liberals' Cliff Notes, thus allowing the liberal to redefine Christianity. In the new definitions, which we are all supposed to learn by heart, the Negro is divine and the European is evil. Who ultimately does the halfway-house Christian serve then? He serves the liberal, who serves the enemy of mankind.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem..." The European has forgotten what it means to live in a Christian culture. It means loving one's kith and kin above all others, which means that we should keep the barbarians at bay and out of our homes. I live in an area of the United States that is still predominantly white, but virtually every black I see is connected to a white family; either a wigger is cohabitating with a black, or a white family has adopted a black child. It is especially tragic when white parents who already have white children adopt one or more black children. The blacks invariably run amuck within the family, causing untold misery.

And it is always the Man of Sorrows who is brought in to justify race-mixing and Negro worship. Blasphemy! The antique European believed that salvation came from a belief in Jesus Christ, not by virtue of our belief in the sacred Negro. There is nothing remotely connected to genuine Christian love in the liberals' and the halfway-house Christians' deification of the Negro. The men who did humanitarian work and Christian evangelization among blacks, such as Albert Schweitzer and Edmund Hodgson, believed in strict paternalism and segregation.¹ Rape, torture, and murder are the favorite pastimes of the natural savages we have brought amongst us. How can a man with a heart that still lives allow such creatures to reign? Prospero knows his island will be hell if Caliban is allowed to rule, so he keeps Caliban under his control, and even Caliban comes to see that Prospero's hierarchical but benevolent reign is the only type of government to live under.

The liberal and the halfway-house Christian who rides with the liberal on his burn-and-pillage raids against the European people present their "love" of the Negro as the fulfillment of Christ's injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself." Nothing could be further from the truth. In the first place, genuine love of thy neighbor does not mean you hate the people of your own household. And secondly, a man learns to love by the family hearth fire. God made "our hearts small" so we could learn to love through the little human things. The universal love represented by the infamous Coke commercial and the song "Age of Aquarius" is not love. Ask yourself why the ideologies of the universalists, the great 'lovers' of mankind as generic human beings such as Marx and Robespierre,

always spawn totalitarian states in which millions of individual human beings lose their lives. If you repress the little human things, such as love of kith, kin, and place, you will render a man incapable of love. The charitable outreach of such men as Schweitzer and Hodgson only took place because they learned how to love at the European hearth.

The true God can only be reached through the human heart. Without depth of feeling, we can't know God, which is why only a counter-revolutionary of the spirit can know God in our modern satanic world. The counter-revolutionary must stay in the depths and not allow himself to be overwhelmed by the narrow superficiality of modernism that kills the soul.

In Ben Jonson's profound tribute to Shakespeare he tells us that Shakespeare has surpassed even the great Greek and Roman dramatists:

*And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a stage : Or, when thy sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!*

Of course Jonson is right. There is greater depth, more humanity in Shakespeare's plays than in the Greeks' and Romans' works. And how could it be otherwise? The living God had entered human history and revealed to mankind that God lived in the depths of the human heart. Just as the pagan Greco-Roman shame-culture gave way to the European guilt-culture, so did the Greco-Roman culture of kindness give way to the deeper European Christian culture of charity. In a very real sense there was no perfect love, the love that includes charity, on the face of the earth until the marriage of the European and Christ. That special type of love, which can only be found at the hearths of the antique Europeans, has just about disappeared from the earth. My own nation, which is not really a nation, has set Caliban on the throne. And throughout the other anti-nations of Europe the remaining Europeans burn incense at the altars of the savage gods of color. Our only recourse against the modern age of Satan is to seek the depths and refuse to give up the little human things that link us to the Son of God. +

1. Northern Katanga was also the territory of a renowned English Missionary, Edmund Hodgson of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, who had been in the Congo for forty years before he was murdered by the Baluba. He was a surgeon, builder and teacher. He founded 157 churches in the Congo, roofing many of them himself. His pay, if it may be mentioned, eventually reached the grand equivalent of £17 a month in Belgian currency, which in the Congo is enough to buy you a good meal and a haircut. He built schools, where for the first time the tribal language was set down in writing. He built a motor launch, which he used as an ambulance; and as the years went by he built several more, giving each one away to the Natives as a new one was finished. He was also a crack shot, ridding the villages of a rogue elephant and marauding lion. On one occasion he was called out to deal with a pride of six lions that were stalking a village, and shot all six of them the same day. His biggest enemies in the early years - as in the later - were the witchdoctors and secret societies, who of course ruled by terror. Hodgson wrote to the C.E.M. headquarters in England: "The witchdoctors are like banks and bookies. They win every time. To denounce a witchdoctor is the worse sin known." But, traveling on a battered old bicycle through hundreds of miles of swampland for months at a time, he set out to break them. A fellow missionary said of him: "Often he would walk into the middle of a secret society meeting to rescue the young girls they used for their orgies. He was a mild man, but he would risk any danger to prevent these children being tortured, wading in with his fists if necessary."

In 1952 Hodgson's wife died; and he toiled on alone, taking his leave every five years but still having to work to make ends meet. But, following Independence, he saw his life's work literally going up in flames. He wrote: "This last six months has seen the bottom drop out of this fast-created world. Now there is no Belgian or African authority in this district. The sad part of it all is that it is the innocent ones who suffer..."

Shortly after Hodgson wrote this report he visited the 'parish' of the New Zealander, Elton Knauf. He was at something of a loose end now, as his churches had been burned down and he had been forced to leave his own parish by the tribesmen he had spent his whole life slaving for. He and Knauf went on a mercy mission, taking food and medical supplies and even money to distressed villagers. It was in an area where, like his own, nearly all the mission posts had been plundered and burned down. Soon their truck was stopped by Balubas, and the two men were dragged out. The tribesmen offered to let Knauf go. But he refused to leave Hodgson, and so both men were put to death. According to a Christian tribesman it was a slow death, and both men died praying. Unlike the witchdoctors who ruled the people by terror and had survived through the ages, the white men had tried to inspire the people by self-sacrificing example, and had succeeded only in making the supreme one.

Of white men like these, tribute seems inadequate. Silence seems more fitting. But normally, while they are alive, they receive the sort of silence of which Kipling wrote: "The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends."

-- from *White Man Think Again!* by Anthony Jacob

Labels: Babylonianism, churches as halfway houses

Black History is Not Sacred History

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 2011



For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.
I Corinthians 1:19

Black History Month is not that different from every other month in the countries that once constituted Christendom. There are a few more celebrations of blackness and few extra posters celebrating “diversity” but other than that February is just like the other black history months, only more so. Last week I saw a poster with a pair of white arms, surrounded by numerous black arms, reaching for the sky. The caption of the poster said something about helping the black race “together.”

The white liberal -- and virtually all white men are liberals -- has brought the black savage into European civilization and made him the god of European civilization. There is a terrible, satanic symmetry between the white liberal and the black. Both are possessed of overweening pride in themselves and a corresponding hatred of the Christian God. Both are addicted to rape, torture, and murder, and both hate the white Europeans.

The white liberal’s pride is the pride of intellect. He is too smart to believe in a fairy tale God who talks from a burning bush and, later in the story, becomes man, is crucified, and then rises from the dead. “It’s all nonsense,” says the enlightened liberal.

Christianity is foolishness, as St. Paul tells us, but what is the liberal’s replacement for Christianity? No doubt it is something wonderful. Behold -- it is Negro worship! All the great liberals of the past -- Rousseau, Voltaire, Turgenev, Flaubert, Freud, Darwin, and Marx -- labored in the vineyards of liberalism so that European liberals could finally unveil the Negro as the alternative to Christ.

In order to be God, you have to create something from nothing as God did. The liberal created the generic Negro god from nothing, from an abstraction in his liberal brain. Like Athena was spawned from the head of Zeus, the deified Negro was spawned from the abstracted mind of the liberal. It’s a

symbiotic relationship between the two. The liberal needs to worship the embodiment of his own abstractions, and the Negro needs the liberal to ignore his true nature so that he, the Negro, can wreak havoc in the world and be unmolested and even praised for his savagery.

If the liberal white has the pride of intellect, of what is the Negro proud? He has pride of race; he knows nothing of the love of race but everything about pride of race. Pride of race means the hatred of all other races, and pride of race means that you must subject all other races to your own race. There is no concept of loving your own without hating the other in the Negro culture of race. Nor is there any concept of humanity as anything other than a natural product of the jungle, to be used or abused according to the law of the jungle. Which brings us to the second item of commonality between the liberal and the Negro -- their mutual love of torture, rape, and murder.

The Negro tortures, rapes and murders for the simple reason that he is a natural savage. He is not a noble savage, as the liberals maintain; he is just a savage. There is no concept of mercy in the Negro's heart. It would be ludicrous to expect mercy from the Negro, because lacking the true humanity that comes from a connection to Christ the Negro can see no humanity in others. So looking for mercy in the Negro is as futile an endeavor as trying to extract mercy from Shylock. "You may as well go stand upon the beach and bid the main flood bate his usual height..." Nor does the Negro understand mercy when it is shown to him. He thinks it is weakness, and he responds to weakness as a jungle animal responds to weakness; he devours it.

The merciless Negro culture of torture, rape, and murder is in complete opposition to the Christian culture of the antique Europeans, but what about the culture of the modern liberal Europeans? At first glance the white liberal does not seem to be in favor of a culture based on rape, torture, and murder, but let's look closer. There is a fearful symmetry that exists between the white liberal and the Negro. The post-Christian liberal is an intellectual barbarian. He does the same things as the Negro, but because he was once Christian he must cloak his barbarities in angelic phrases. The institutionalization of infanticide throughout the European world is an infamous case in point that reveals the barbarity of the modern liberal. The infant in the womb is tortured, raped, and murdered by the aborting liberal doctor and his willing assistant, the baby's mother. For what reason? "You shall be as gods." How can you be a god if you don't control the procreative process? Abortion is a religious ritual to the liberal just as infant cannibalism is a religious ritual to the black man. And no one will fight for the innocent babies because neither the Negro or the liberal believe in innocence; that is a Christian concept. The age of Tell is gone.

*"Thou know'st the marksman – I, and I alone.
Now are our homesteads free, and innocence
From thee is safe: thou'lt be our curse no more."*

The liberal-Negro curse extends to religious rape and murder as well. The feminists call marriage legalized rape while they encourage and approve of the rape of white women by black men. Such a position has its own satanic logic. Traditional marriage stinks of Christianity, so marriage within the Christian tradition must be condemned as legalized rape, while consensual and non-consensual intercourse between black men and white women must be sanctioned because mixed race intercourse is anti-Christian and therefore holy. The same perverse logic applies to murder. When blacks murder whites the white liberal regards the murder as a necessary cleansing of the white race. And the Negro regards the murder of whites as the natural order of things; the law of the jungle demands that the strong destroy the weak.

It's easy, once we see what the liberal barbarians and the Negro barbarians worship, to see why they hate Christian Europeans. Their religion of intellectual pride and racial pride would be an anathema to Christian Europeans. That is why the liberal joined with the Negro to destroy Christian Europe, and why the halfway-house Christians are afraid to become European Christians. They don't want to fight against principalities and powers, but innocence, the type of innocence that believes in the

foolishness of God, is being destroyed. How can a European Christian man not respond to the liberal and the Negro as Tell responded to Gessler?

Every so often I get literature from a neo-pagan who is trying to run for President. He wants to “get the message out to white people,” but I can never determine what the message is. What should a white leader tell white people? I think the neo-pagan Presidential hopeful is confused because he doesn’t know what white people are. Are they simply walking genes?

The white European is a man who crossed a spiritual Rubicon. He, and he alone, forded the impassable river and saw the light that shineth in darkness on the other side of the river. But the light was too much for the European. Now he wants to go back across the Rubicon and lose his European identity by blending with the barbarians. And so the European has built a great liberal bridge over the Rubicon so he can get away from the light and live in peace and harmony in the land of Babylon.

The neopagan Presidential wannabe who advises the European to return to Babylon and fight for his right to live in Babylon ignores the essence of the white man. The man who swam the Rubicon can never be content to graze with the barbarians on the safe side of the river. It’s all or nothing. Having crossed the Rubicon we can’t go back to the land of the Negro and the liberal. We must go on to the heights. The glory of the antique European was that he was not wise and prudent, he was a fool, as Cyrano was a fool:

DE GUICHE

(Who has recovered his self-control; smiling)

Have you read Don Quixote?

CYRANO

I have – and found myself the hero.

A PORTER

(Appears at the door.)

Chair

Ready!

DE GUICHE

Be so good as to read once more

The chapter of the windmills.

CYRANO

(Gravely)

Chapter Thirteen.

DE GUICHE

Windmills, remember, if you fight with them—

CYRANO

My enemies change, then, with every wind?

DE GUICHE

--May swing round their huge arms and cast you down

Into the mire.

CYRANO

Or up—into the stars!

Cyrano, Alfred, and the sacred legions of antique Europeans who lived and died under His leadership, had the foolishness to want to build Jerusalem in Europe’s green and pleasant land. It is their foolishness that we need, “Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men...”

Back in my halcyon days as a young, substitute English teacher, I read with my class D. H. Lawrence's short story, "The Rocking Horse Winner." If you recall the story you'll know that the young boy in the story sells his soul to the devil, which enabled me under the guise of a literary analysis to discuss the Christian God and his archrival, Satan.

A student who stayed after class wanted me to clarify something. He knew rational thinking human beings who had attended universities did not believe in the devil, but something I had said in class made him think that I believed there was an actual devil who roamed about the world seeking the ruin of souls. When he discovered that I did indeed believe in an actual devil and his divine opponent, he was pleasantly surprised. My belief opened up a new world for him, a world where heroes existed. And every young man wants to believe he can be a hero in some endeavor worthy of a man.

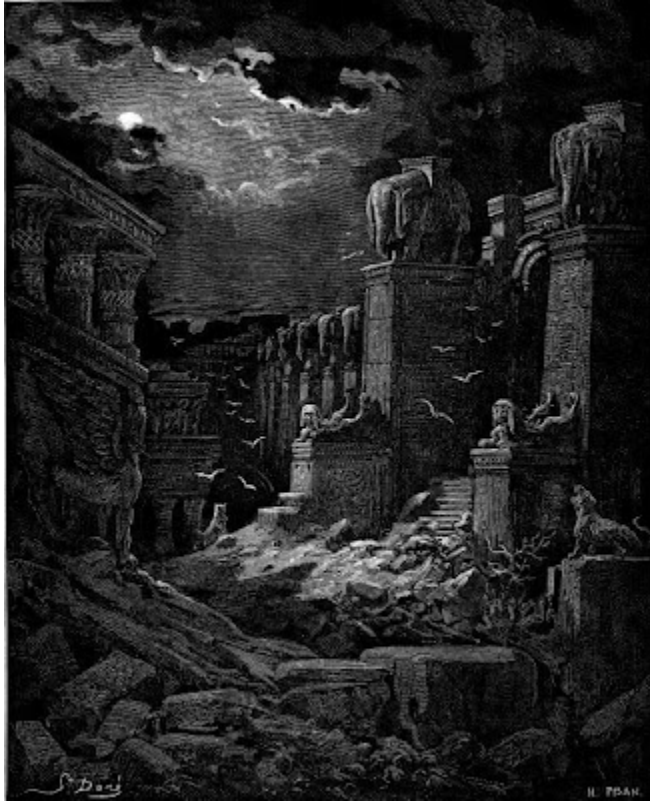
In the absence of faith in the Christian God, who does battle with Satan, the European is lost in the darkness. He can't fight for pride of race as the colored tribes do. He must fight for the sacred things that heroes like William Tell fought for, but without faith there are no sacred things for the white man to fight for. The heroic European no longer exists because the European has forsaken the Hero-God. I hope that student from long ago was not just an enthusiast for one hour; I hope he endured the attacks on the Hero-God, which he was bound to hear ad-nauseam at the college he attended, and clung to the heroic faith of the European: Mortal man struggling against the wickedness and snares of the devil and hoping, with God's aid, to prevail against the devil.

It is the sacred duty of every European not to go quietly into the dark night of Liberalism. We should rage against the dying of the light and refuse to let His light, the light of our world, be extinguished. +

Labels: antique Christianity, black faith

Surviving Babylon

SATURDAY, MARCH 05, 2011



Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. – *Prov. 4:23*

I feel, when watching the contest between Wisconsin's Governor and the mad-dog liberal Democrats, like John Tyndall did during the Iraq war when reports of the torture of Iraqi prisoners by American soldiers came out. He didn't want to talk about whether the torture was proper or improper, because he didn't think the British or Americans should have been in the war to begin with.

I don't believe in democracy, so I must preface all my comments on the Wisconsin debacle with the statement, "If we had a real nation with real people..." So, with that preface, if the mad-dog liberals really believed in democracy they would let the Wisconsin governor make the economic reforms he was elected to make. No country can function if its elected officials don't respect the process through which they attained office.

During the macabre Wisconsin carnival act the essential difference between the mad-dog liberals (usually members of the Democratic Party) and the conservative-liberals (usually members of the Republican Party) became apparent. The mad-dogs believe that anything that advances their cause is holy. There are no rules of fair play, no democratic procedures that mad-dog liberals must follow; everything that promotes liberalism is lawful.

The conservative-liberal is much more likely to back off from his more moderately liberal agenda if his moderately liberal agenda is against the law. The conservative-liberal is more demure, because he senses he is not as holy as the mad-dog liberal, much like the Kerenskyites of Russia were always vulnerable to the more radical-than-thou (and therefore more holy) Bolsheviks. The conservative liberal never repudiates liberalism; he just claims that Liberaldom will be better served with the policies he advocates than with the policies advocated by the mad-dog liberals.

What is going on in Wisconsin is symptomatic of the type of politics we find throughout the Western world. Having ceased to believe in original sin as something with which all human beings are tainted, the modern Europeans try to align themselves with a 'sinless' group of people and to invest their enemies with original sin. In Wisconsin the unions claim they represent the "working class," which we all know is a group of people without sin. The Wisconsin Governor has pointed out that he was elected by a majority of the people of his state who voted for him because he promised to do something about Wisconsin's fiscal woes. The Governor also has pointed out that union members represent only about 10% of the work force. But just being elected might not give the Wisconsin Governor enough clout to overcome the unions, because he is a white male and therefore tainted with original sin, while the unionists are without sin.

The only reason the unionists and their Democratic allies have not triumphed already is because the "working class" gamut has lost some of its effectiveness in the last 25 years, for the reason that the Negro has trumped the working class. If the unionists could manage to put their case in racial terms, the unionists representing the blacks, and the Wisconsin Governor representing the whites, then the battle would be over and the unionists would be victorious.

It's always surprising to me – although by now it shouldn't be – that professed Christians cannot see how the liberals whom they support have used Christian doctrines to preach Satanism. For instance, the liberals still believe in original sin, but they believe that only the white male is tainted with it. The liberals still believe in a savior; it is the generic black man. And they still believe in heaven and hell; heaven is the future where there will be no white people, and hell is the past when white males were in authority. Every university, every secondary school, every elementary school, every media outlet, every church, and every single official in every single European state proclaims, espouses, and adheres to the principles of the new satanic anti-Christianity.

Sanctity in the new anti-Christianity exists only in the black. White females can achieve a kind of Third Order status if they attach themselves to the black race, but such an attachment will not elicit one drop of pity from the ruling, liberal oligarchy when the women suffer the fate that all white women who embrace the black race suffer. The rape, and often the murder as well, of Third Order white girls who naively joined the Peace Corps to "help the Africans," by African barbarians is just one example of the relentless attacks on the white race which are constantly covered up by the liberal media. But I wonder if the cover-up is necessary any more. The black savagery in the New Orleans Superdome got national attention, and there was not a ripple of protest from white Americans. I think the liberals' work is done. White people will never blame the black man for anything. No matter what evil the black man does, it is always the white man's fault. And the only way, if you are a white man, to mitigate the evil of your whiteness is to scream at the top of your lungs that the atrocities committed by blacks are the result of white racism.

There were dangerous forebodings in the American Civil War. For the first time in the history of the European people, a group of Europeans went to war for a utopian, universalist ideal. All the Europeans who fought for the North were fighting against the white race; they were fighting against themselves. The realization of that fact was the reason for the draft riots in New York City and the Copperhead movements in some Northern states such as Pennsylvania.

Now every white man who serves in the armed forces fights against himself. It is a terrible tragedy to see white males in the American armed forces. What are they fighting for? Sadly, they are fighting for the extinction of the white race and the preservation of an American Babylonian state.

Once a Babylonian state has been established, anything that constitutes "good citizenship" is harmful to the white man. Do you support your local schools? Do you support your local church? If you do, you are supporting Babylon and your own extinction. When Alfred wrote about obeying the law, he meant God's law. And likewise St. Paul; he wrote about obeying God's law. The laws of Babylon are directly opposed to God's law. We can't serve two masters. Why should we want to?

Following God's law allows our people to be a people; following the laws of Babylon destroys our people.

The white European is not being pushed off a cliff by 'The Jew' or 'The Negro'; the white European is jumping off a cliff of his own volition. The Jews have pushed race-mixing and championed anti-European causes since Christendom's inception. It is only now, when the European hasn't faith enough to see any difference between Christianity and Judaism that the Jew can do whatever evil he wills without facing any opposition. And the Negro was never a threat until white men made him a threat by elevating him to a god.

The sickness of the European lies deep in his soul. In his heart, which contains his soul, the European believes that the liberals are right: Christian Europe and the men and women who built it and loved it, particularly the men, were evil. Any white man who stands with the white men of the past stands condemned before the tribunal of Liberalism. Rather than face that dreadful tribunal, the modern European seeks to free himself of the original sin of whiteness by attaching himself to the Jews, to the Negroes, or (as is usually the case) to both. The flight from whiteness and original sin is what drives the halfway-house Christians to genuflect before the secular state of Israel and to burn incense in their churches to the great generic Negro god.

Does knowledge of a fatal condition help one to combat that fatal condition? Herman Melville didn't think so:

"For in tremendous extremities human souls are like drowning men; well enough they know they are in peril; well enough they know the causes of that peril; --nevertheless, the sea is the sea, and these drowning men do drown." -- Pierre

Is it all in vain then to know that the disease of the white man is one of faith and that only a recovery of his lost faith can save him? No, it is not in vain. Melville wrote *Pierre* in the throes of despair; he went on to write *Clarel*, in which he urged Clarel to:

*Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned—
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow--
That like a swimmer rising from the deep--
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.*

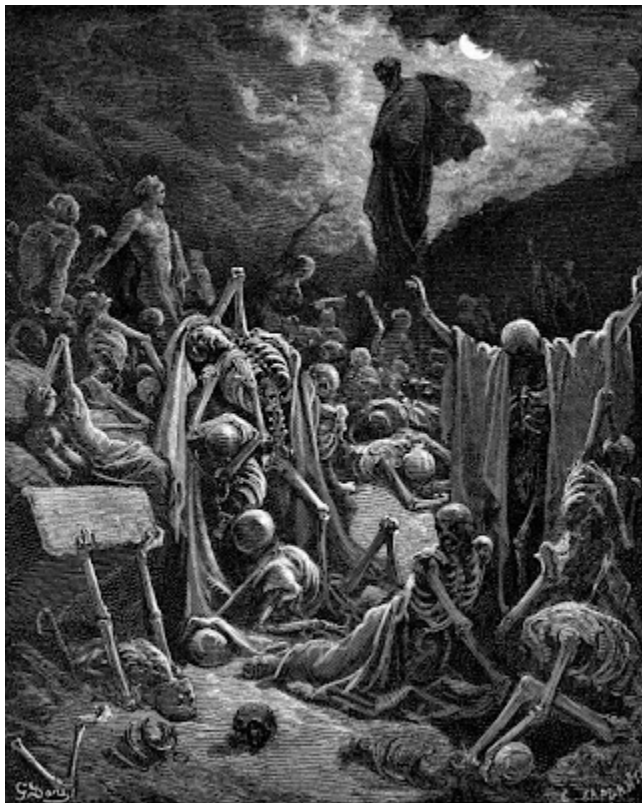
Those two quotes from Melville represent two different planes of existence. In *Pierre*, Melville speaks as a modern European, a man without faith. In *Clarel* he speaks from the depths of his heart and articulates the hope of a European who has regained his faith. *Pierre* represents the European's dark night of the soul, and *Clarel* represents his redemption.

Reason alone cannot restore the European's sanity, because reason lacks vision. Faith transcends reason, because faith involves the heart, which is the spiritual organ of sight. From an empirical, rational standpoint it makes no difference if one European stands before the great liberal tribunal and declares his eternal defiance of the tribunal and his unyielding support of the ancient Europeans. The tribunal is the sea, and the drowning men still drown. But in the spiritual realm, which we see when we look through, not with, the eye, every human soul contains a world. And the world of one antique European can outweigh the principles of a legion of liberal Babylonians. Satan conquers by distorting and diverting man's spiritual eye, his heart. So keep thy heart, thou man of Europe, and thou shalt ride triumphant over ruin and death. +

Labels: blood faith, churches as halfway houses, human heart

In the Face of the Whirlwind

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 2011



And he said unto me, son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.
– Ezekiel 37: 3

“Throw our paper platforms, preambles and resolutions, guaranties and constitutions, into the fire, and we should be none the worse off, provided we retained our institutions – and the necessities that begot, and have, so far, continued them.”

Fitzhugh makes the point that it is the unwritten traditions of a people that determine what they are, not the paper-and-ink nonsense called constitutions. A constitution is no better or worse than the people who are interpreting it. In our own anti-nation, for instance, the diabolists on the Supreme Court discovered, in 1973, that the crime of infanticide was a constitutional right. That constitutional right was not proclaimed because wise men finally discovered the real meaning of the constitution. It was proclaimed because the unwritten traditions, which were based on the Christian faith of the European people, were altered. And if we go back further and look at the precursor of infanticide, namely race-mixing, we can see the Supreme Court in *Brown v. Topeka* reversing the older Supreme Court ruling (*Plessy v. Ferguson*) against race-mixing, to a ruling in favor of race-mixing. European Americans had changed their faith and the traditions based on that faith so they changed their interpretation of the Constitution.

Liberal-conservatives can blather from now to doomsday about electing men who will appoint judges who are “strict constructionists,” but they will accomplish nothing even if they succeed in their goal. The traditions of our nation have changed; there will be no restoration until there is a traditional counter-revolution, and counter-revolutions (like revolutions) first take place in the human heart. When Europeans repudiate liberalism in their hearts they will naturally seek to destroy the traditions and laws that are the result of liberalism. They won’t need a guidebook or an intellectual guru to tell them how to proceed against the liberals; they will know what has to be done.

Of course it is not written that the Europeans will ever desire to restore their deserted European villages, but if Europe is restored it will be restored because hearts that were dead came alive again. It's not a question of optimism or pessimism. In the realm of the spirit those arbitrary categories don't exist. It would be ignoring reality to deny that the European people in the main are behaving like the swine in the Gospel. But it would also be unrealistic to think because the Europeans seem, at present, to be dead to the life of the spirit that they will continue in the same vein until their ultimate extinction. Things of the spirit are not subject to the " $2 + 2 = 4$ " rules of the material world. There could be, even in our modern Babylon, some European hearts that are not spiritually dead, and those hearts could form first a crack, then a fissure in the concrete, soulless world of Liberaldom. Nothing is written.

I didn't vote in the last Presidential election because Obama was a soul-dead, brain-dead stooge of the liberals, and McCain couldn't have been more obviously a spawn of Satan if he had sported the sign of the beast on his forehead. I would have voted for just about any other Republican candidate if the Republicans had had the sense to run someone besides the devil man, but I would not have voted for a Republican candidate with any hope that my vote was helping to restore the European people. How could a European hope for that result by voting in liberal-sponsored elections? There was no Republican candidate campaigning for white Europeans. I saw no banners proclaiming that Europe should belong to Europeans and that Christ should reign instead of Satan. No, there is nothing for the European within the confines of liberal democracy. A vote for a liberal-conservative candidate is simply a vote for a rearguard delaying action. It is to be hoped that a liberal-conservative will implement liberalism at a slower pace, but an antique European should never place his hopes in elections. "Trust not in princes."

Everything for good or ill that the European does can be traced to his Christian roots. When he does ill, it is because he has bastardized the Christian faith of his forefathers. And the good he used to do was done because he lived and breathed what David Balfour called "the good Christianity." Without the good Christianity, the European is a willow reed that blows whichever way Satan wishes him to blow.

One of the many things I learned from Walter Scott was that the people within a nation should be judged by what and whom they honor. In Scott's Europe the Christian gentleman who was fierce in defense of the innocent and charitable to the poor and helpless was honored. The mother who stayed by the hearth fire and nursed and reared her children was honored. And Christ, from whom all the virtues flowed, was honored.

In contrast to Scott's Europe, we have modern Babylonian Europe. The Christian gentlemen is now called a sexist; the Christian housewife is now designated as a repressed, stifled, and repulsive woman; and Christ is only accorded a secondary place of honor in support of the primary black gods of our Babylonian world.

The Marines' Hymn, sung today, strikes me as blasphemous: "Keeping our honor clean." What honor? The only honor left a Christian European is the honor of facing and defying the liberal Leviathan. There is only dishonor in fighting and defending Babylon.

In Kipling's story "The Man Who Would Be King" Daniel Dravot's only concern, when he is facing certain death at the hands of thousands of murdering savages, is that his friend, whom he has wronged, will forgive him. When he gets that forgiveness, he feels that everything is all right, and he tells the heathens to "Cut you, beggars, cut!" The bastard Europeans and their heathen allies don't matter. Our only concern should be that we don't dishonor Him, the Christ, and them, our ancestors.

Europeans have gone from being the first fully human people to being the first non-existent people. Blake's *The Book of Thel* is a pre-existence myth; the European is living (if you can call non-existence 'living') through a post-existence myth. Think about it. If a man has no ties to a particular race, family, or religion, can it be said that he exists?

The liberal's solution to the non-existence that he has created for himself is to lap the blood of the colored tribes in the hopes that he will feel something, anything, that will stave off the feeling of nothingness he lives with. I've spent more of my life in academia than is good for a person to spend there. And I saw, in academia, the non-existent Europeans up close. I recall one professor, one of a legion of such non-existent Europeans, of the homosexual persuasion who could only be aroused by young men of color. And that professor's sick fantasy forms the basis of the liberals' civilization. Race-mixing and sexual perversion are the cornerstones of Liberalism.

In Scott's Europe the man who saw beauty in virtue and ugliness in vice was the Everyman of Europe. The decadent liberal who needed the opiate of illicit, interracial sex and saw beauty only in vice was on the outer fringes of society and had to, in order to survive, ape the ways of the virtuous and indulge his vices in secret. Now that the virtues of Scott's Europe have been proscribed and the sins of the decadent avant-garde have been declared virtues the antique European is an outlawed man. But it is better to be an outlawed man than a non-existent man. Rather than drift with the satanic winds, the antique European stands in front of the satanic whirlwinds and refuses to yield, confident that his God will sustain him.

There is a powerful scene in the book of *Ezekiel* in which the Prophet Ezekiel sees the Lord bring life to dry bones:

So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army. – Ezekiel 37: 10

And the vision of dry bones being raised to life is repeated by St. John in the book of *Revelation*:

And after three days and an half the spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. – Revelation 11: 11

Liberalism is the valley of dry bones, the dry bones of the science lab and the sacrificial altars of the savage tribes of color. The culture of dry bones restored to life is the antique European culture. When we passed from the European culture to Liberalism we went from light to darkness. Every step backward toward Babylon was proclaimed to be a journey toward the light, but how can dry bones produce light? Light comes from God and the people animated by the spirit of God. When Liberalism is dust, eternal Europe, built on St. Paul's affirmation of faith, "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept," will still be standing. +

Labels: restoration of European civilization, Resurrection

This Our Greatest Battle

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 2011



We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own...
-- Gerald Griffin

In the face of the most devastating earthquake of modern times, the Japanese people are behaving with incredible courage and fortitude. If we compare the way the Japanese have handled their national disaster with the way the Americans handled the New Orleans flood, we are left with a very disturbing portrait of the Americans. And if you tell me that it was only black people who responded to the crisis of a flood with the savagery of wild animals, I would completely agree with you. The white Europeans responded just as heroically to their crisis as the Japanese are responding to theirs. But the European Americans have committed themselves to the inhuman idea that race has nothing to do with a nation's identity. If you claim a mixed race nation can be a strong, healthy nation then you can't make excuses when your multiracial nation fails to respond to disasters as well as a racially homogeneous nation does.

It's not my intention to glorify the Japanese people; they have institutionalized infanticide and elevated capitalist greed to even higher levels than the Americans, but they have shown the European people, if the European people had eyes to see, what a culturally homogeneous people, as distinct from a culturally diverse people, can do in the face of a national disaster.

The Europeans were once a homogeneous people and their record of heroism in the face of disaster and charitable outreach to kith, kin, and the stranger was unparalleled in human history. But unless Europe is restored the world will never see such heroism and charity again. The liberals have already told us that there was really no such thing as heroic and charitable Europeans. "The age of chivalry is not dead; it never existed." So they say, but they are mad-dog liberals who are in a desperate flight from reality; they can't be relied upon to tell the truth about anything of a spiritual nature. Nor can the colored tribes be relied upon to tell the truth about things of the spirit, though there is a huge difference between the European liberal and the people of color. The colored tribesman cannot tell the truth about spiritual things because he doesn't know of such things; the liberal cannot tell the truth about the life of the spirit because he denies its existence.

The traditional faiths of the colored peoples are all grounded in fantasy; they are untrue. The colored tribesman, be he Asian, African, Indian, whatever, does not have to deny his own people in

order to cling to his fantastical and often very fulfilling (from a pagan standpoint) faith. The European does have to deny his own people if he is to escape reality. Christ was and is the white man's burden. If the liberal is going to escape from the living God, he must escape from everything European. He must eradicate, with the fury of the satanically possessed, everything that is distinctly and uniquely European. And of course the most distinctive and unique tradition of the European was his faith in the Son of God. That crucial distinction between the colored and the white – the white must eradicate his heritage in order to escape reality and the colored must embrace his heritage in order to escape reality – is the reason white people are committing racial suicide and colored people are holding fast to their own race and exploiting the suicidal tendencies of the white race.

It's easy to see why the pre-Christian pagan wanted to escape reality – life without faith in Christ is unbearable. The greatest of the pagan poets was Sophocles. And what was his opinion of existence? Better never to have been born. All pagan religions, despite their many and varied ways of dealing with their cosmic complaints, all seek an escape from the inexorable laws of nature by either losing themselves in nature, as in the sex and blood cults, or separating themselves from the pain of existence in the natural world by mentally divorcing themselves from the world, as the contemplative sects do, but all pagan religions are escapist religions.

The white European wants to return to paganism; he finds life under the Christian mantle to be too painful. However, he can't quite manage a smooth transition from Christianity to paganism. He has lost the Christian faith of his ancestors, but he can't shake his ancestors' disbelief in paganism. The result? The liberal combines secularized Christianity, which is utopianism, with paganism. The liberal performs all the pagan rituals, but he does so using new age terminology. The ritual slaughter of infants becomes 'legalized abortion' and 'planned parenthood'; the worship of the Negro is called 'civil rights' and 'diversity'; and the extermination of the whites is called 'social justice.'

The question that we need to ask is, "Why does the white European want to escape from the Christian faith?" He wants to escape from Christianity because the living God exists only in the depths, and it is painful to live in the depths. Most of a man's life is spent dealing with superficialities and minutiae. The pagan religious systems and the halfway house Christian churches are set up to deal with a man's need for gods who will help him with the daily natural shocks that flesh is heir to. Dostoevsky addressed that point in the *Brothers Karamazov*. His Grand Inquisitor rebukes Christ for rating men too highly. He tells Him men don't want depth; they want bread, authority, and mystery. The Grand Inquisitor makes a good case for a religion of superficiality, and his program has been adopted in all the formerly Christian churches which now preach Negro worship under the guise of Christianity.

Let's say it outright: Christianity is an agonizing faith. Most of our life is spent on the surface of existence, because to be always plunging to the depths is incredibly painful. So rather than be comfortless, the apostate European seeks the mundane gods of paganism, just as the Israelites returned to Baal as soon as Moses went up to the mountain. But the white moments? Can a man live without white moments? I still maintain that the European cannot live without depth. In *Lord Jim* Conrad depicts a man, Lord Jim, who lives and dies according to a spiritual ideal. When he is dead, his friend is often inspired by his life and death, but at other times Lord Jim passes from his eyes.

Is he satisfied – quite, now, I wonder? We ought to know. He is one of us—and have I not stood up once, like an evoked ghost, to answer for his eternal constancy? Was I so very wrong after all? Now he is no more, there are days when the reality of his existence comes to me with an immense, with an overwhelming force; and yet upon my honour there are moments, too, when he passes from my eyes like a disembodied spirit astray amongst the passions of this earth, ready to surrender himself faithfully to the claim of his own world of shades.

Christ lives in the depths of the human heart. If we never go there He will pass from our eyes and we will dwell in the land of the pagan gods forever.

Liberalism is maintained with the armor of superficiality. Every book written by an antique, Christian European comes with a preface by a scholar (translation: a liberal) that either puts the author in a neat, psychological, secular box or tells us that he was racist and/or sexist, and therefore damned – in a metaphorical sense, of course, because we all know there is no eternal damnation, just the damnation of being denied a place in Liberalism. In the same vein I once read a “scholarly” account of the ill-fated voyage of the *Titanic*. The moral eunuch who wrote the article took great pleasure in quoting newspaper articles written at the time of the tragedy in which the men who gave their lives so that their wives and children could survive were quoted as saying, “Pip, pip, cheerio, have a good day” and other such British-isms. The thrust of the modern cynic’s criticism was that the men didn’t say “Pip, pip, cheerio, etc.” But does the absence of a “Pip, pip, cheerio” negate the fact that the men on the *Titanic* acted according to the highest standards of Christian chivalry? “Bury them all in the superficiality of snide remarks and the satanic sneer” is the liberal mantra. “To live by their code is to live in the depths, which I must avoid at all costs.”

We tend to think of hell in graphic Dantesque images, but I think modern Liberalism is a very close approximation of what the real hell is like – the hell of superficiality. By my mid-twenties I had made the pilgrim’s regress to the God of the Europeans which was a faith diametrically opposed to the faith of my older sister, who was a mad-dog liberal. At a family gathering I got a chance to take a long walk with my sister, whom I had not seen for several years. Young men in their twenties have an inflated opinion of their own persuasiveness and of the effectiveness of rational apologetics. I was guilty on both counts. I was sure I could convince my sister of the absurdity of liberalism and the truth of Christianity. What I encountered shocked me. I was not shocked by my sister’s atheism – that was expected – but I was shocked by the superficiality of her atheism. I was prepared for Ivan Karamazov, and I got Phil Donahue (or Phyllis Donahue, if you want the correct gender). “Why were there no women or blacks at the Last Supper?” “People used to believe in God, because they were afraid of lightning.” That conversation was hellish, and a world dominated by such superficiality is hell.

When I read the literature of the presiding anti-Christian caretakers occupying the buildings that were once Christian European churches, I am thrown back in time to that conversation with my mad-dog liberal sister. Have you heard these (we dare not call them Christians) purveyors of superficial filth pontificate?

- “Heaven is multiracial so our churches must be multiracial.”
- “We need to de-anglicize our church services.”
- “Why are there so few canonized black saints?”

On and on it goes. Where does it end? It ends in hell of course, where the master of the superficial revels lets his superficial neophytes boil in their own banal, superficial juices.

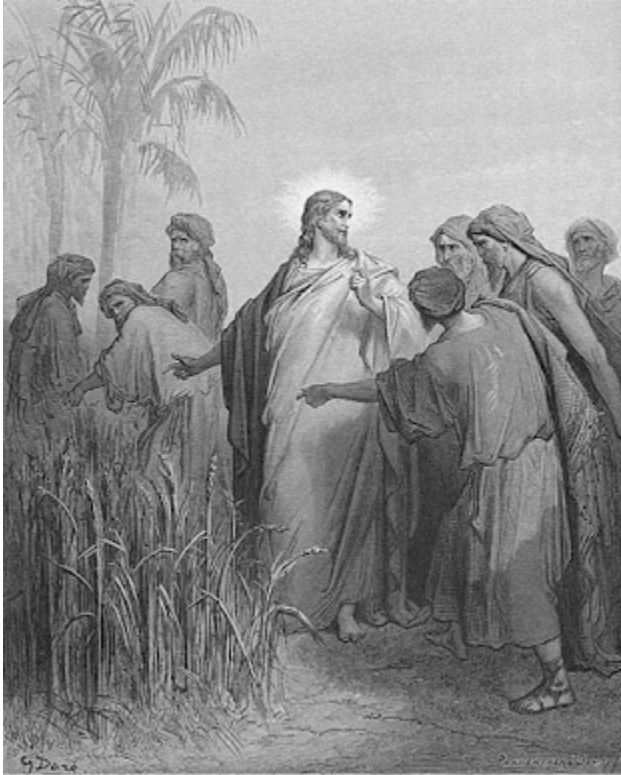
We reach the God of the depths through the little things of the heart. I love the imagery in C. S. Lewis’s magnificent masterpiece, *The Chronicles of Narnia*. The children reach Aslan’s land through a wardrobe in an old English house, where kith and kin gather. Such sacred houses are the stuff that our European dreams are made on. In the depths of our soul we know those dreams are the only reality; the rest, the world of Liberalism, is the superficial dross of the devil.

One tiny sacred Heart was once enough to illuminate the Europeans’ world. The path back to that Sacred Heart leads through our old, non-diverse, European home. Surely our European home is worth fighting for? Can the European, who once shared his hearth fire with the Living God, settle for the superficiality of non-stop images of Negro gods on the television screen? The battle for our European home and the battle for our God is the same battle. We cry from the depths, “O Lord, preserve us in this, our greatest battle.” +

Labels: restoration of European civilization, white moments

The Law of Mercy

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 2011



The Disciples Plucking Corn on the Sabbath by Gustave Doré

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. – *Matthew 5: 17 – 19*

John "Devil Man" McCain says bombing Libya is not enough, and every retired general still alive has appeared on Fox News to recommend bombing the Libyans into submission. To whom are they supposed to submit, and to what end? Why does the United States feel compelled every few years to bomb some Arab nation into oblivion? The government officials always tell us we must bomb in order to free the Iraqi people, the Libyan people, and on and on, from a very bad dictator. Oh really? There are very bad dictators in the African nations who are killing white people, which the liberals claim is permissible and even laudatory, but they are killing black people as well, which is not supposed to be permissible. Why don't we bomb those black dictators? Of course I'm being disingenuous; I know the reason we don't bomb the African dictators: black men are without sin. But it is obvious that our government is not bombing Libya because Gaddafi is a bad man and a dictator. We must keep looking in order to find the real reason for the bombings.

The Protestant evangelicals tell us that we must bomb Libya because Gaddafi and his people are Muslim, and the Islamic faith is opposed to Christianity. Yes, the Islamic faith is opposed to Christianity, but is the race-mixing, porno-loving, aborting United States a Christian nation with a moral right of conquest? What gives the United States and or the organized terror organization called the United Nations the right to violently intervene in the internal affairs of other nations? And let's make an incredible imaginary leap from secularism to Christianity and say that the United States is a Christian nation. Would that give us the right to slaughter millions of innocent Libyans just because they were Muslim? That is a horrendous interpretation of Christ's Gospel. I recall a conversation I had with a Protestant evangelical during the Iraq bombings. I was in favor of banning all Muslims from our country, but I was against the bombing of Iraq. The evangelical thought my "exclusiveness" was incredibly cruel, but he had no problem with the saturation bombing of Iraq. What can one say to such creatures?

If we are not bombing Libya because Gaddafi is a bad man, and if we are not bombing Libya because we are Christian crusaders, then why are we bombing Libya? We are bombing Libya because Israel wants us to bomb Libya. And that is where the white nationalist usually stops -- at the Jews -- but that still doesn't give us the whole answer. We still must ask the question, "Why do white Europeans feel compelled to do whatever the Jews tell them to do?"

Yeats supplies us with the answer to that question:

*The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.*

The white European has lost his moral force. He doesn't believe, in his heart, in the same faith his European ancestors believed in. The Jew still believes in his hate-based faith, so he can easily make a slave of the faithless European.

The Jews are not a monolith. There are Orthodox Jews, ethnic Jews, and completely secular Jews, yet all seem to share an instinctive hatred for all things European, because of the European's long standing connection to Jesus, the son of God. The Jews have always been at the forefront of various movements to secularize Europe, which has not always worked to their advantage. The Jews are not infallible; the secularization of Germany in the 1930's, for instance, did not turn out the way the Jews had hoped. The bond that keeps the Jews together is their eternal hatred of the European, Christian culture. Why the hatred? Walter Scott addresses that point in his book *Religious Discourses By a Layman*:

They could not endure the friendly zeal of the Divine Physician, when he rent from their wounds the balsams with which they soothed, and the rich tissues under which they concealed them, and exhibited festering and filthy cancers which could be cured only by the probe, the knife, and the cautery. Hence they were, from the beginning of our Saviour's ministry until its dreadful consummation, (in which they had a particular share,) the constant enemies of the doctrine and of the person of the blessed Jesus. Under his keen and searching eye, the pretensions which they had so long made in order to be esteemed of men, were exposed without disguise; their enlarged garments and extended phylacteries, their lengthened prayers, their formal ceremonial, and tithes of mint and anise, were denounced as of no avail without the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy, and faith. Feeling thus their own sanctimonious professions held up to contempt, and their pretensions to public veneration at once exposed and destroyed, the Pharisees became the active and violent opposers of those doctrines to which the Sadducees, with sullen apathy, seem to have refused a hearing. It was the Pharisees who maligned the life of our blessed Lord; who essayed to perplex the wisdom of Omnipotence by vain and captious interrogatories, and who, unable to deny those miracles by which the mission of Christ was authenticated and proved, blasphemously imputed them to the agency of daemons.

The antique European who took Christianity seriously was taught from the time of his baptism till his death that it was better to be a publican – “God, be merciful to me, a sinner,” than to be a Pharisee – “God, I thank you, that I am not like the rest of men.” And it was from a consciousness of his own sinfulness and his need for God's mercy that the European built the only civilization in the history of the world in which mercy was considered greater than sacrifice. The Jew stands before his God demanding justice, because he feels himself to be without sin. The Christian asks for mercy, because he feels himself to be a sinner. The difference between the two orientations was articulated once and for all in William Shakespeare's play *The Merchant of Venice*. If Christ be not risen, Shylock is right; he deserves his pound of flesh. But Christ is risen, and Shylock's demand for justice without mercy strikes us as an abomination.

*But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;*

*And earthly power doth show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.*

An attribute of God himself? So the Christian believes. However, many years have passed since Shakespeare's time, and the European's beliefs are now more in line with the Jewish people than with the Christian people of old Europe. The Roman Catholics fight over their formal ceremonies and the fine points of dogma much like the Sadducees and Pharisees used to do, and the Protestants proclaim the Jews to be the chosen people and behave as if they are still waiting for the promised Messiah. At the heart of the bombing then is the tragedy of a people who once believed in mercy and not sacrifice, but who now can no longer distinguish between the two.

Just as the Jews are not all of one piece, but end up being united on that one issue – the hatred of the Christian European – the modern soulless Europeans are not all of one piece, but end up united on that one issue – the hatred of the European. The mad-dog liberal sees the distinctiveness of Christianity and the distinctiveness of the European who placed Christ at the center of his civilization. For that very reason the mad-dog liberal hates with the passionate intensity of the Jew. He wants no part of Christianity, so he wants the European people to disappear from the face of the earth. The tiny minority of halfway-house Christians still want to maintain the name of Christian, but they no longer see the distinctiveness of Christianity. John Paul II's Assisi conferences were celebrations of halfway-house Christianity. The halfway-house Christians have a schizophrenic relationship with the culture of the antique European. On the one hand, they deny it ever existed, and then in the next breath they condemn it as sexist, racist, and unchristian. The end result of the mad-dog liberal's attacks and the halfway-house Christian's schizophrenic denials and attacks is that the mad-dog liberal is demonically opposed to the Christian European people, while the halfway-house Christian hasn't the moral force to do anything but acquiesce to whatever the mad-dog liberal tells him to do. And the mad-dog European liberal has decided that Christ be not risen, which entitles him to be just as merciless in his attack on all things European as the Jew. This is the reason that the mad-dog liberal celebrates integrated sports teams, Somalis in Minnesota, and every colored encroachment on European culture. Whatever diminishes the white and enlarges the colored is sacred to the spiritually Jewish, mad-dog liberal.

The Christian Europeans of the pre-modern era had the right attitude toward the Jews. They prayed for the Jews' conversion as their Lord had: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them, that are sent to thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" And they then took measures to protect themselves in case the Jews rejected Christ's divine charity.

The European and the Jew who have united in their hatred of Christian Europe are united in their misery. Neither an individual nor a nation can live with a religious faith that is pure negation and hate. The Jew has only survived over the centuries because he has fed off the humanity of Christian Europeans. No man is an island; the Jew has never acknowledged it, but without the secondary light reflected on his nation from Christian Europe he would have perished in a fire of pure negation. And likewise the modern European, if not for the light from the European past, would also perish in the fires of negation. But now that there are no longer any Europeans to take up the burden of a Christian culture, the Jew and the European have only Babylon to look to. And the dark night of Babylon is descending on Jew and European alike. Initially the Jew encouraged race-mixing in order to destroy the Christian European, and many Jews still do so for that reason. But the Jew, like the European, needs something that is more than pure negation. Secularized Jews have begun to long for Babylon; they too, like the mad-dog liberals and the halfway-house Christians, worship the Negro, the natural king of Babylon.

The Christian poets have been warning us about the dark night of Babylon for centuries. The only unity that can exist outside of God's grace is the unity of Babylon, where every man is united in his hatred of the living God. In such a world, bombing innocent civilians is holy, the denial of kith and kin is a sacred duty, and Satan reigns supreme. Is this then the promised end? No, it is not. The

third dumb brothers of Europe have yet to venture forth. The first worldly-wise brother ventured forth with his church documents, and he was consumed by the fire-breathing dragon of Babylon. Then the second worldly-wise brother ventured forth, armed with constitutional platforms and petitions against fire-breathing dragons, and he too was consumed by the dragon. Finally, the third and youngest brother, the foolish one who is not wise in the ways of the world, ventures forth. His faith is a blood faith; it is the ancient faith of the European people. And the dragon falls before the third dumb brother, because the third dumb brother's heart is united to His heart. That is how the European fairy tale ends. We have His guarantee that it is true.

Our ancestors bequeathed to us a tradition of venturing forth in His name to slay dragons and kill giants. It's a tradition we should hold fast to because it is the only tradition that is rooted in the divine charity of the Son of God. Having seen the risen Lord we can never be satisfied with pure negation or the dark night of Babylon.+

Labels: spiritually Jewish, Third Dumb Brother

The Boxed-In World of Liberaldom

SATURDAY, APRIL 02, 2011



Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or Love in a golden bowl?

-William Blake

For the past month two door-to-door traveling Mormons have been stopping at my house. I listen to them for about 30 to 40 minutes and then I send them on their way. I'm kind of betwixt and between with the young Mormons. On the one hand I would like them to be antique Christians and give up their denial of the triune God and their devotion to Joseph Smith, but on the other hand, it is good to see young white males who still have "the animation of the European in their eyes." Added to that, the Mormons are very conservative on many of the social issues such as abortion. I would hate to see the young Mormons who have been coming to my house become less animated and less conservative by joining one of the mainstream churches of either the Catholic or the Protestant denominations. That is the appalling tragedy of modern Europe: a heretical sect like the Mormons is more Christian than the mainstream and the halfway-house Christians.

The Mormons are spiritually sounder than the halfway-house Christians and their mad-dog liberal brethren in the same way a cancer patient of one year's standing is healthier than a cancer patient of five years' standing who is two days away from death. Both are ill, but both are not ill to the same degree. The Mormon's heresy from the 1820's is not quite as heretically advanced as the modern European's anti-Christian Christian theology.

The modern Christian anti-Christians have no right to sneer at Joseph Smith, because they drink from the same heretical trough that he drank from. Joseph Smith wanted God to become conformable to the narrow perimeters of his $2+2=4$ mind. He was unable to tolerate a God who gave poetical certainty, the certainty that is found only in the depths of the heart, rather than mathematical certainty. He answered Blake's question:, "Can wisdom be put in a silver rod, Or love

in a golden bowl,” with a resounding ‘Yes!’ The modern liberals have copied the methodology of Joseph Smith. They condemn the present day Mormons not because the Mormons put God in a narrow rationalist box, but because the Mormons’ God-in-the-box is more conservative than their God-in-the-box.

The halfway-house Christian, the Mormon, and the liberal are all united in their theology. They are all good, semi-Pelagian Thomists. For them God is a rational construct that can be grasped and contained by the human mind. They stand opposed to the intuitive, visionary, heartfelt faith of the European people. “Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them because of the blindness of their heart.” – *Ephesians 4:18*

The blindness of the heart! St. Paul certainly views the heart as the spiritual organ of sight, and so did the prophets, and so did our Lord. If it is true that the spirit resides in the heart, shouldn’t we view the religious tradition of a people as the history of their heartfelt, blood faith, and not a history of a series of church documents or one or two experts’ opinions of the *Holy Bible*? If the ‘silver rod’ wisdom of experts constitutes a tradition, then the Mormons, the halfway-house Christians, and the mad-dog liberals are traditional. They all believe that man creates his own religion in his mind with no reference to the touchstone of reality, the human heart.

The heresy of the “Great Divorce,” in which God becomes a construct of the human mind is the second oldest faith. It is the satanic faith: “Ye shall be as gods.” The oldest faith is the faith of the heart; God, through the warmth of His love, seeks to draw our hearts to His. The history of the European people, as with the ancient Hebrews, has been a history of the tug of war between Satan and God. Satan pulls the European toward his orbit with the ‘pride of intellect’ temptation. It makes no difference to Satan whether the European is proud of his esoteric knowledge of the ways of God or whether he is proud of his accumulated knowledge of the natural world; so long as the European has divorced himself from his heartfelt faith in Jesus Christ Satan has the European all locked up. And if Satan has the European he has all mankind – the colored tribes will not leave Babylon to rescue the European from Satan. They are content to live in Babylon.

The heart must be served. If the white clergymen designate religious faith as just an intellectual system, white people will satisfy their intellectual pride by playing with various theories about religion, but they will go to Babylon to satisfy their hearts. All faiths built on the intellect of man end up as a faith in Babylon. The men who least understood Christ were the Pharisees, the guardians of the faith. Isn’t that also the case with the European people? The guardians of the faith replaced Christ with their own Pharisaical systems and as a result the Christian churches became a breeding ground for Babylon. Intellectual pride and Babylon go together like a pimp and his whores.

Toward the end of Dostoyevsky’s *The Brothers Karamazov*, Alyosha, the third dumb brother, tells the children of the village something from his heart:

“My dear children, perhaps you won’t understand what I am saying to you, because I often speak very unintelligibly, but you’ll remember it all the same and will agree with my words sometime. You must know that there is nothing higher and stronger and more wholesome and good for life in the future than some good memory, especially a memory of childhood, of home. People talk to you a great deal about your education, but some good, sacred memory, preserved from childhood, is perhaps the best education. If a man carries many such memories with him into life, he is safe to the end of his days, and if one has only one good memory left in one’s heart, even that may sometime be the means of saving us.”

From the childhood of our race there are thousands of memories that could sustain us in the battle against principalities and powers. But we have to believe those memories are good and pure and necessary for our faith, which means we have to disbelieve in the utopian liberals and the halfway-house Christians who insist that we are moving upward and onward to paradise if only we repudiate the memories of our European childhood. In our childhood we did not heed the siren call of

modernity; we listened to our blood, which told us to hold on to our initial vision of a European hearth presided over by Jesus, the Son of God.

All people construct their governments according to their religious faith. We believe in a lie if we think there can be a religiously neutral state. Madison, Jefferson, and Franklin did not give the world its first religiously neutral state; they created a state based on their religion, which was deism.

The modern liberals have also created a religious state. In modern Liberalism the hatred of the white and the love of the colored has been institutionalized because the hatred of the white and the love of the colored is the religious faith of the modern European. And it will remain the faith of the European so long as the European remains blind to the wisdom of his heart. So long as he believes wisdom comes in a silver rod, he will never escape from the mind-forged hell of Liberalism.

I do not like novels in which the author invites us to infer the existence of God by showing us the reality of the devil. My favorite authors can delineate the good as well as evil. But there is something to be learned from the lesser authors who point to God by inference. Matthew Lewis is such an author. In his novel *The Monk* there is a very sad scene which encapsulates, for me, the tragedy of the modern European. A group of nuns consent to the torture of an innocent young girl, which goes against their heartfelt compassion for the girl, because their Mother Superior has told them that the tortures are for the good of the girl's soul, and of course the Mother Superior must be obeyed because she possesses the godless wisdom of the Pharisees. She knows the fine points of the law, but she doesn't know Him, the fulfillment of the law. If you adhere to the law of the Pharisees, your heart will be hardened like the Pharisees.

The modern European resembles the compliant nuns in Lewis's novel. He might feel twinges of remorse as he watches the extermination of the European people, but he has been taught that wisdom comes from the Pharisaical men of intellect; if they approve of the extermination it must be right. It can truly be said of the European that "he did not die, but nothing of life remains." If only his heart would "indignant break" over the destruction of his people and their sacred past, then the European would be a man again instead of a caricature of a man.

Is there anything that can stir a people whose hearts have been blinded from centuries of adherence to liberal, Pharisaical law? It doesn't seem so, but then I think of Melville's phrase in *Clarel*, "But through such strange illusions have they passed," and then of Shakespeare's phrase, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." Satan wants us to believe that the $2+2=4$ world is the only world. Then we will cease to look for anything beyond Babylon, we will copulate without love and make merry without joy, and we will worship at the shrine of the Negro forever. But if one European heart still remembers Europe what will happen to Babylon?

Puddleglum was still fighting hard. "I don't know rightly what you all mean by a world," he said, talking like a man who hasn't enough air. "But you can play that fiddle till your fingers drop off, and still you won't make me forget Narnia; and the whole Overworld too. We'll never see it again, I shouldn't wonder. You may have blotted it out and turned it dark like this, for all I know. Nothing more likely. But I know I was there once. I've seen the sky full of stars. I've seen the sun coming up out of the sea of a morning and sinking behind the mountains at night. And I've seen him up in the midday sky when I couldn't look at him for brightness."

Puddleglum's words had a very rousing effect. The other three all breathed again and looked at one another like people newly awaked.

If it was already finished the devil wouldn't be working so hard to destroy the last Europeans. The $2+2=4$ walls of Liberalism are not impregnable. "Once more, unto the breach, dear friends, once more..." +

Labels: Babylonianism, Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy

The Sustaining Vision

SATURDAY, APRIL 09, 2011



“What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of evils which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them?” – Walter Scott in *The Antiquary*

When I read any of the white nationalist publications I have to keep my wife and children from seeing them. And this is not because my wife and children are liberals who do not approve of white nationalism. I keep the publications away from them because neither my wife nor children like reading about the demise of everything pure and noble without also reading about some movement to fight the forces of evil that are destroying everything pure and noble. When you hear about a fire-breathing dragon ravaging the countryside, you would also like to hear about the knight, or knights, who are venturing forth to slay the dragon. Granted, they might fail, but at least if you knew some knights were venturing forth, you would not be without hope. But if you are told only about the fire-breathing dragon you will despair. That is the problem with the writers for the white nationalist publications. They tell us what the malevolent Jews are up to, and they tell us about the colored atrocities, but they don't tell us about the knights errant. Perhaps the white nationalists don't tell us about knights errant because they don't believe in knights errant. I read of terrible acts of violence being committed against white people, but all I ever see suggested by the white nationalists to counter the colored atrocities is letter-writing and voting. But where on the ballot in the last election was a candidate who ran on the platform of “white Europe and white America for white people only and death to all colored murderers and rapists”? We've perverted the old fire-breathing-dragon-versus-the-knights story. In the modern white nationalist version of the story the knights go out and watch the fire-breathing dragon destroy whole villages with a breath and consume large numbers of people for a snack. After seeing what the dragon is doing, the knights run back and tell the nearest villagers all about the dragon's bloody rampages. Then they tell the villagers to form a political action group to go door to door in the village and collect signatures to get a candidate for mayor who is against fire-breathing dragons.

Some villagers protest. They say that a fire-breathing dragon doesn't care about elections. He'll just come into the voting section of the village and burn down all the wooden voting booths. They further maintain that they are peasants, ill-suited to combat dragons. "Isn't that your vocation?" they ask the knights.

The knights get angry. "If you're too lazy to vote, you deserve what happens to you. In a democracy there are no knight errants who fight dragons. We give you the information about the dragons and you vote the dragons away."

The men who write for the conservative, nationalist publications are all university-trained men who still (or used to) make their living as political journalists. They look at every issue from within the democratic system: How can I motivate people to vote for anti-immigration candidates? How will the "American people" react to the Presidents' latest initiative? Their analyses are usually quite astute, but they are like the West Point generals who fought with great success in the Civil War and then went out west only to lead their troops to ignominious defeat in the Indian wars. The nationalist journalists do not see that the white man is now fighting a very different battle from the one they were trained to fight. If they can't grasp that fact they will only drive the remaining white loyalists to despair.

The conservative white nationalists have failed to come to terms with democracy. They persist in trying to fight for the rights of white men while following the rules of a democratic system that has only one rule – the white man must cease to exist. If the white nationalist leaders could somehow divest themselves of the democratic mindset and adopt one rule of their own – the white man will survive – then they could actually lead a movement instead of presiding over a funeral.

Of course the conservative, democratically-minded nationalists are never going to change their position on democracy, so the white peasant must go back to a more elemental response to existence than letter-writing and voting. He must go back, past even the Middle Ages, to a period of his history that the liberals labeled the 'Dark Ages.' In that age of light there was a hierarchy of the spirit. An Arthur or an Alfred could come to the fore more easily than in the moribund medieval ages or in the modern democratic age of institutionalized superficiality. When men are closely knit together, bound to each other and their country by ties of blood, a natural leader is much more likely to emerge because men of the village and the hearth fire value the heroic virtues, the virtues that inspire a man to defend his people. A more decadent people places their hope in a system of government and bureaucratic men who can run the system. The South lost the Civil War because in their time of need they gave power to bureaucratic West Pointers instead of the antique European warrior of the old stock, Nathan Bedford Forrest. The Southern leadership tried to oppose egalitarian democracy with the same democratic egalitarianism of their enemies. Why elect a President and a Congress like your enemies when you need a warrior king?

The first Christian Europeans fought for kith and kin in imitation of their God, the heroic progenitor of all European heroes. A man should not be asked to fight for an abstraction; a particular God and a particular people are the inspiration for true patriotism. The modern liberals are making war on the European people and their God. And the democratic system holds the liberals' arsenal of war weapons. Anything that hurts democracy helps the European people. The new, clannish, anti-democratic European, who is a very old European, will do whatever it takes to destroy democracy and restore Europe.

Nietzsche wrote about the Übermensch, whom he hoped would restore the vitality of the European people. But Nietzsche did not understand the source of the European's vitality. The pre-Christian European lacked the full, integral vitality that comes only from a connection to Christ, the Son of the Living God. Christ was the fulfillment of the European's longing for a Hero worthy of his people just as He was the fulfillment of the law of the Jewish people. By rejecting Christ, the modern European has descended to the level of the Jews, and in doing so he has adopted the Jews' hatred of the European. The fact that the Christian churches have become part of the liberals' democratic arsenal

should not deter us from venturing forth with Him as our inspiration. The spirit goes where it lists; if there is no place for Christ in the Christian churches He will go where two or three are gathered together in His name.

A British Nationalist Party bigwig once told me, when I made a reference to Britain's Christian heritage, that he didn't want to hear any "metaphysical b-----." What then is the rallying cry of the British nationalist if it is not, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!" If the goal of white nationalists is to elect whites to public office in order to preside over a kingdom of dead souls, for what reason then does a man fight for a white Europe? Covenanter and Cavalier would be united to oppose such a kingdom. The fight must be for a white Christian Europe because without Christ the European hasn't the spirit or the will to fight.

The BNP bureaucrat's objection to the idea of invoking the God of the antique European people and sallying forth against the forces of Liberalism was put more crudely than most of the white nationalists' objections, but it was fairly typical. And that is the problem. The liberals believe in their Satanic, black-worshipping faith; only a stronger faith, a true faith, can defeat the liberals' satanic faith. That is why the European's situation vis-à-vis Liberalism is at once hopeless and at the same time fraught with hope. It is hopeless if the European places his hope in elections and a leadership wedded to some kind of a dark, Nietzschean future. But there is hope for the European if he will only step away from the narrow parameters of democratic action and neo-pagan pragmatism and fight for what his ancestors fought for: Christian Europe.

A man who actually believes that the liberals and their colored minions are going to be voted away is a man who has ignored what he terms metaphysical b----- for so long that he can't see the nature of the conflict between the antique European and the liberal European. The old hymn describes it well: "And still our ancient foe, Does seek to work us woe." Black and white are not just skin pigments; they are spiritual principles. The liberals must, because they are compelled to do so by the inner dynamic of their satanic faith, worship the Negro. They won't be compelled to allow the white man, who wants to remain white, living space on this earth by an appeal to their reason or their compassion. They are in league with the devil, and he has armed them with the "cruel hate" of the devil.

The spiritual Alzheimer's disease of the white nationalist leaders is what makes them unfit to lead, because it is the remembrance of the European past that makes a European a whole man again. When united with his Christian past, the European becomes the Cyrano he was meant to be: "I feel too strong to war with mortals – Bring me giants!"

A man cannot fight any of the battles of life, whether it be the making-a-living battle, the battle against the lusts of the flesh, or a battle against an enemy on the battlefield, if he does not have a noble and pure image in his heart of what he is fighting for. For thousands of years the European took an image of a European hearth, presided over by the Son of God, into battle with him. That image, if we believe in it and hold to it, will sustain us in our war against Liberalism. A bureaucratic vision of an equal share in the kingdom of Babylon is not a sustaining vision for the true European; he sees something purer and infinitely more beautiful than Babylon; he sees the Star of Bethlehem.+

Labels: antique Christianity, BNP

Reclaiming Our Ancestral Home

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 2011



“They were but four in all, but to the panic-stricken weasels the hall seemed full of monstrous animals, grey, black, brown and yellow, whooping and flourishing enormous cudgels’ and they broke and fled with squeals of terror and dismay, this way and that, through the windows, up the chimney, anywhere to get out of reach of those terrible sticks.” – *The Wind in the Willows*

It’s been quite a few years since I’ve been on a train, but in my twenties I used to ride the train a great deal, and as a consequence I knew, during that period of my life, a great many people for twenty minutes. Most of those people have faded from my memory, but the memory of one old man with whom I shared a short train ride has stayed with me my entire life.

The old man got on the train a few stations after I did. He wasn’t walking very steadily, and sort of half-fell into a seat near the front of the train, which happened to be next to me. After one or two stops the old man started talking, half-facing me and half-facing no one. “I used to have a top. It could spin around and around. Now I don’t have it anymore. I just can’t make sense of it anymore. I wish I had that top.”

As a self-professed romantic and a reader of old books I may be accused of over-romanticizing and over-dramatizing the ramblings of a senile old man, but I thought then, and still think so now, that the old man, on the brink of that other world, “The undiscover’d country from whose bourn No traveler returns...,” was trying to set his soul aright by going back to his childhood when things did make sense. It’s akin to what Aloysha Karamazov, whom I quoted a few weeks ago, said about the saving power of a happy memory from our childhood.

There is no conflict between our Lord’s words: “Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,” and St. Paul’s injunction to give up childish things. Our Lord is talking about a non-abstracted, humble, uncynical comprehension of existence. It was the little children and the children at heart who were able to see and appreciate Christ’s

divine humanity. St. Paul became a child of wonder himself when he became a Christian; he was against childishness, not childlikeness.

A spinning top might be the type of childishness that does not enter the kingdom of heaven, but I was there when the old man talked about the top. And it seemed to me that the top represented much more to the old man than a spinning top. It represented the home of his childhood and all the good memories of his childhood. It's possible the longing I thought I detected in the old man's voice was just my imagination, but I like to think the longing was real, that it was a sign of a man reaching out to God through the lifeline of his childhood.

Even if I'm wrong about the old man's longing, it is still clear, from our own experience of life and our Lord's words about little children and the kingdom of heaven, that a childlike comprehension of existence is indeed the lifeline to God. And it also seems clear to me that Satan's greatest desire is to destroy the humanity in men by destroying their childlike faith in the things of the spirit. Satan wants men to "grow up," not in the Pauline sense, but in the Darwinian sense. He wants men to evolve, to think faith in Christ is infantile while faith in science, the intellect, and the black man is mature and adult. And Satan has been remarkably successful. Satan's minions have built Liberaldom on his hatred; finding a man in Liberaldom who still has a childlike faith in Christ is like finding a needle in the proverbial haystack.

Liberal childishness is opposed to the childlike qualities in men. Childishness is selfishness, cruelty, and egotism. Institutionalized childishness is the permanent state of liberal adolescence. Liberals hate the childlike qualities of the spirit, but love the fleshpots of adolescence. They have made adolescence the permanent state of modern man. We are constantly encouraged to use every means possible to stay physically, emotionally, and spiritually in a state of childish adolescence. But we can't know the true God in a permanent state of adolescence, which is why liberals and halfway-house Christians worship Negroes and have tea with Buddhists and tree-huggers; they have left the God of their European childhood behind so they must cling to the bloodthirsty, childish gods of the barbarians and the pagans.

Before Liberaldom existed there was Christendom. And every time a stone from the walls of Christendom was removed, it was removed in the name of "removing a prejudice." The European Christian's belief that a man's skin color was more than skin deep, that it formed a vital part of his soul, was a "prejudice" that the white man had to overcome so that Christendom could become Liberaldom. The white man's abhorrence of race mixing died hard, but eventually under the unrelenting propaganda of the "We-must-progress-beyond-prejudice" clergy inside and outside the church, the European people started to "progress." And when the racial stone was removed, every other stone forming the walls of Christendom came tumbling down. Legalized abortion, homosexual marriage, and widespread sexual promiscuity all came as a result of liberal tampering with the soul of man through race-mixing. And the liberal felt licensed to commit his outrages, because he rejected the God of his European childhood, Jesus of Nazareth, for the cruel gods of his childish adolescence, the gods of color.

When the Christian God is invoked by the modern Babylonian Europeans, He is only invoked in a supporting role; the colored gods are the reigning deities. A people who still believed in the truth of the Christian fairy tale would not place the dragons and the devil's minions, the dark men, in the role reserved for the Christian hero and his God.

In that wonderful European fairy tale, *The Wind in the Willows*, Toad, through his childish, irresponsible infatuation with modernity in the form of the automobile, nearly loses his ancestral home and almost destroys his friends' land of the "evening lingerings." But Toad Hall is saved thanks to Toad's three stalwart friends, Ratty, Badger and Mole, who believe in their childlike hearts that good conquers evil, no matter that the forces of evil are numerically superior, when good men fight with a clear moral purpose. *The Wind in the Willows* is a fairy tale, but it is also a spiritual history of the European people. If we make every issue in life subject to the moral arbitration of the

democratic process, the Europeans will always lose, because they are and always have been numerically outnumbered by the barbarian hordes. But a few Europeans of spirit were always enough, and always shall be enough, to keep the barbarians away from the sacred ancestral halls of Europe. It is only now, when the descendants of Ratty, Mole, and Badger have ceased to believe in their people and their God that they have turned Toad Hall and the land of evening lingerings over to the stoats and weasels. I even heard a report that Ratty's great grand-daughter (thank God he is not alive to see it) is marrying one of the stoats and will be living in an apartment in Toad Hall; the old ancestral home has been turned into condos.

All wars, if we look below the surface, are religious wars. And no war is lost until the people of one side lose faith in their cause. The Southern people didn't stop being Southern in 1865 after their defeat on the battlefield; they stopped being Southern in the 1950's when they lost their moral certainty that their ancestors and their ancestors' God were worth fighting for. But the Southern people and every European with evening lingerings in his soul should have the moral certainty that his fight for a white Christian Europe is moral and just. To concede one inch of the high ground to the liberals is morally indefensible and will make cowards of every white European.

What is the liberal, halfway-house Christian case against the antique European people? That they didn't live up to the tenets of Christianity? Well, if we judge by divine standards then the European people did not live up to their professed faith. But what if we compare the antique Europeans to the utopians? By any comparative Christian measure the antique Europeans differ from the modern utopians as heaven differs from hell. But of course the liberal utopians think hell is heaven.

And always the race card is used by pope, minister, doctor, lawyer, witch doctor, and Indian chief to show that the European has not been Christian in the past and therefore deserves to be exterminated. Who is defining Christianity? Should it be the liberals, who don't believe that Christ was the Son of God, and the halfway-house Christians, who have reduced Christ to a glorified Mahatma Gandhi? No, the people who took Christ into their hearts and their homes, the antique Europeans, are the people who should tell us what the "good Christianity" is. And they have told us through their culture.

In the European past, which is only dredged up by the liberals so they can vilify it, the great Christian heroes were men who defended their own against barbarians. The man who did not defend the hearth fire was an outcast from Christian society. And the man who mixed his blood with the heathen was considered to be worse than a heathen because the heathen never knew Him and therefore could not be convicted of knowingly defacing the image of God in man. Life was about the soul in old Europe. The antique European took his whiteness seriously, because he was not a blasphemer who felt he could tinker with human souls in order to remake God's world into man's world.

Modern liberal Europeans are so used to correcting and rebuking God that they never even consider why, if divinity and racial integration are synonymous, a loving God created separate and distinct races. And the halfway-house Christians never consider why the people who gave them their Christian churches, their Christian art, and their Christian traditions failed to understand anything about race until satanic liberals came along to inform them. Nothing in the New Babylon can stand up to the bar of truth. But then the liberals know that. It's all about who shall rule, Satan or Christ. The liberals and their halfway-house Christian dupes who rubber stamp whatever they say have decided that Satan must rule. The European of the old stock has also made his decision. Our ancestral homes in the land of evening lingerings will not be won back by integrating our faith or our race; they will only be won back by Europeans with a childlike faith in the God who wove Himself into the great, and everlastingly true, European fairy tale. +

Labels: defense of the white race, fairy tale of European civilization, Wind in the Willows

The Trumpet Shall Sound

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 2011



The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them the light shined. – Isaiah 9:2

I once read an account, which I have no reason to doubt since his work verifies the account, about something that happened while Georg Friedrich Handel was composing *The Messiah*. He had locked himself in his study for several days and his friends and family were worried. What had happened to him? Was he ever coming out? Finally his friends decided that they had to risk disturbing him, so they pounded on the door and demanded that he come out of his study. Handel came out. His hair was disheveled and his eyes shown with a special light. He looked at his friends and finally, as he comprehended their presence, he said, “I have seen the face of God.” Can anyone listen to *The Messiah* and doubt that Handel did indeed see the face of God?

And I would ask one additional question. Can anyone look at the heart of pre-modern European culture, the culture that nurtured men like Friedrich Handel, and doubt that we see the face of Jesus Christ imprinted on that culture? The liberals certainly see Christ in the culture of the antique European and that is why they denounce the antique European culture; they hate the Son of God. The halfway-house Christians? They denounce the vision of Christ seen in Handel’s *Messiah*, claiming it is a distorted vision of Christ, but they maintain the right to refashion the Christ of Handel’s *Messiah* into a Christ more conformable to modern liberalism. Handel’s “King of Kings” vision of Christ has given way to the anti-apartheid, integrationist, civil rights worker Christ, who is quite content to work in the background of the civil rights movement, which is of course, the Negro-worshipping movement, and to lick envelopes and send out letters for feminist candidates, who are legion.

The Renaissance poets and painters often brought the old pagan gods into their works, but the pagan gods were no longer real to the Europeans; they were used to symbolize some aspect of the Christian faith, which had supplanted them. It might seem like a sad fate for a god, to become merely a symbol for another religion, but the pagan gods could not satisfy the longing in the European’s heart. He needed a Hero-God who was a hero because of His humanity. Christ was like unto men, but He was more than men, not by virtue of His inhumanity but by virtue of His humanity. He was strong yet meek, and He was just yet merciful. And above all His heart was

afame with the charity that passeth all understanding, at least the understanding of the human mind; European hearts did understand and believe.

Handel's *Messiah* is just one of many testaments to the European peoples' Christian faith. For centuries the European King of Kings was Jesus Christ. It was not so with the colored tribes. They never formed an attachment to the Man of Sorrows. Their desire for a cruel god of blood and sacrifice kept them from a deep understanding of the Christian faith, but now in this, the 21st century since our Savior's birth, death, and resurrection from the dead, the European has severed his ties to Jesus Christ. Our Lord has become a dead-letter god to the modern Europeans just as Thor and Zeus became dead-letter gods to the antique Europeans. Why has He been dethroned, and who has supplanted Him? He was dethroned because of the intellectual pride of the European, and He was supplanted by the Negro.

After Christ was dethroned as Europe's King of Kings, the Negro did not immediately become the new king of the white man. It was many years after Christ's dethronement that the Negro became lord of Europe, because such great spiritual upheavals do not take place in a day, but ultimately the worship of the Negro is the logical consequence of the intellectual pride of the white man. When Handel's Christianity was seen as too stupid, too repressive, and too difficult for the European, he created his own natural religion in which he, the white intellectual, remade God into the image of a natural savage, the Negro.

Of course many of the progenitors of the natural religion, such as Darwin and the Scholastics, did not envision that the Negro would be the endpoint of their natural religion, but when you confine man within the natural process and deny him a life outside that natural process, it is inevitable that you will declare the most savage of men to be the most natural and therefore the most holy of men. It was the more visionary of the white-hating Europeans, such as Rousseau, Dryden, Voltaire, and Addison, who saw in advance that the new god would have to be the Negro. The scientific Darwinists and the followers of the scholastic naturalists did not fall in line with the consequences of their progenitors' abstractions until the 20th century.

If you take the church road, you will end up in Babylon, and if you go by way of the school road, you will also end up in Babylon. In Liberalism all roads lead to Babylon, where the Negro is worshipped and the white Christian is considered to be a pariah who must be driven off the face of the earth. And the white man will be driven off the face of the earth if he believes that he deserves to perish because he polluted the world with a vision of the God of love and mercy depicted by Handel in *The Messiah*. It sounds absurd when it's stated outright, that the white man should be exterminated for being the Christ-bearer, but this is what all the liberal blather about white racism amounts to – the European championed the Christian faith; he told the dark races that the true God required mercy, not sacrifice, and he had the audacity to proclaim that his culture, with Christ at its center, was superior to all other cultures. No amount of white *mea culpas* to the colored races or the rulers of Liberalism will absolve the white man's original sin, the sin of making common cause with Jesus of Nazareth against the colored tribes of Babylon. As long as the modern Europeans feel they must be punished for their racist past, they will continue to try to save themselves by sacrificing other whites – it is always other whites – while inching ever closer to their own annihilation. And they might as well be annihilated if they truly believe that the darkness of Babylon is superior to the light of His Europe, because the people who believe such a blasphemy are already dead inside.

When Europeans such as Jules Verne and Rudyard Kipling wrote stories that took place in the future, they always depicted a Europe inhabited by white men. They never dreamt in their wildest fantasies that a time would come when Europe would be filled with colored barbarians, and the white man's love of his own God to the exclusion of all other gods and the white man's love of his own kith and kin would be called "white supremacy," a crime punishable by death. But such a time has come.

Trust not in churches. In every denomination, the treason is the same. The churches deny the validity of the Europeans' union with Christ and present their union with the kingdom of Babylon, with the Negro on the throne, as the true Christianity. Any attempt to criticize Babylon or praise Christian Europe is treated as the sin of white supremacy, which (as we have already shown) is viewed by all the lords of Liberaldom as the unpardonable sin.

The dead-ember culture of Liberaldom provides no spiritual warmth for any living soul. It is truly a kingdom of dead souls. No European has to live in such a kingdom. The God who rose from the dead on the third day is capable of sustaining His own people in the Kingdom of the dead and raising them at the last trump. Only a European without a heart would fail to weep at the sight of Babylonian Europe. But if a European has the heart to weep for Europe he will also have the heart to fight for Christian Europe. I loved the way Thomas Nelson Page described the heroic European:

“He was a Goth in all his appetites and habits, a Goth unchanged, unfettered. True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing nothing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart – a Goth.”

When – and it is not written – the European stops running from the racist police of Liberaldom and starts to fight, “true to his instincts... loving and hating with all his heart,” Liberaldom will start to crumble, and Handel's hosanna to the King of Kings will overwhelm the liberals' paeon to the colored gods. And that is how it should be, because Jesus Christ is the lawful King of Europe and the Lord of Lords. +

Labels: Resurrection

The European Garden

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 2011



For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

-Rudyard Kipling

I once attended a parent-teacher meeting, during which a father defended his son's spitting in the classroom by saying that nowhere in the students' manual was there any rule against spitting in the classroom. I responded to the father by saying that the student manual did not specifically forbid urinating in the classroom either, but nevertheless students were expected to refrain from that practice. Of course the whole conversation was ridiculous. When the common thread of a shared religious heritage and the code of conduct that came from that heritage is lost, there is no point in screaming across the chasm that divides an antique faith from an ultra modern faith.

There has been a revolution in Europe, a revolution that was brewing for centuries, which has come to fruition in the last fifty years. The new religion has its own inquisition -- all religions do -- and its own set of laws, unwritten and written. What is truly amazing to me is the great number, an overwhelming majority, of Europeans who have complied so willingly with the tenets of the new religion. Let's be clear about what the old religion was and what the new religion is. The old religion 'was bred in the bone' Christianity. The new religion is 'bred in the mind,' propositional Christianity, which is called liberalism. There are some Europeans who want to fuse the old Christianity with liberalism; I call such people halfway-house Christians, but can the devil be wedded to Christ? Such a blasphemy can never be sanctioned. The halfway-house Christians are in league with the liberals.

There are millions of liberal tomes in the workplace, the church, and the university that tell us about the necessity of diversity and the dangers of white supremacy, but let's go to the heart of the matter: the new religion has two commandments from which all the voluminous tomes of liberal minutiae stem:

I. Thou shalt love the black man with all thy heart, mind, and soul.

II. Thou shalt hate the white man with all thy heart, mind, and soul.

On these two commandments rest all the laws of Liberaldom. And the laws of Liberaldom are satanic. It is the duty of European Christians of the old stock to destroy Liberaldom. It's not the work of a day, but the destruction of Liberaldom begins with the European who countermands the two commandments of Liberaldom. He must hate the blasphemy of Negro worship with all his heart, mind, and soul, and he must love his kith, kin, and God with all his heart, mind, and soul. Please note that the white Christian's hate is not like unto the hate of the liberal and the black

barbarian. The white Christian hates the works of the devil, and Negro worship is the work of the devil, but the Christian's hate, though more passionate than the liberal's and the barbarian's because it comes from the depths of his soul, is of a different kind than the liberal's or the barbarian's. It is a hate that stems from love – love of one's kith and kin who have been condemned to die at the hands of the liberal-backed barbarians, and the love of the God who enjoined us to fight against the devil and all his minions.

In contrast to the white European, the liberal and the barbarian hate for the sake of hating, just as the followers of Kali kill not in defense of, but for the sake of killing. The white man's task then is to set himself in defiance of those two commandments of Liberaldom.

To date there have been no battles between the Europeans and the liberals. There have only been a series of surrenders by the Europeans. It seems apparent that white Europeans have been overawed by the new faith of the liberals. Why should this be? I can only conclude that there are very few antique Europeans left, which seems incredible; such a glorious heritage -- how could the Europeans renounce it? St. Paul and Shakespeare give us the answer: Reality is unbearable without faith in Christ. Every religion, save the Christian religion, is based on a flight from reality. The barbarians flee from reality in the cults of blood and sex. The more philosophically inclined escape reality in the abstraction philosophies, such as stoicism, Buddhism, and Thomism, that bid us divorce ourselves from humanity because any in-depth contact with humanity is painful. I always keep the pages in Scott's *The Antiquary* marked, in which the young hero castigates the divorced-from-humanity theologians:

"We harden ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling—"We harden ourselves in vain to treat with the indifference they deserve the changes of this trumpery whirligig world—We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the teres atque rotundus of the poet—the stoical exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life, is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!" said Lovel warmly—"Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sear and indurate our feelings, that nothing should agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of our own selfish interests!—I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the nether mill-stone."

Isn't that what the modern European has done, rendered his heart like a piece of the nether mill-stone in order to escape pain? Yes, he has. And he has done the stoic, the Buddhist, and the Thomist one better; he has syncretized abstracted indifferentism with the sex and blood cults of the barbarians. "Divorce oneself from the true God and His people, and then plunge into the blood and sex cults of the barbarians, of which the Negro is the lodestar." That is the vaunted new religion, blending two very old pagan religions. There is no love, no spiritual passion, and no charity in the new, liberal, syncretized faith, because things of the spirit that cause pain have been eliminated from Liberaldom. The "heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" comes from an excess of love. If a man severs his emotional ties to his kith and kin and the personal god who created man in His image, or if he sees all mankind as part of a Babylonian blood and sex orgy, he will be able to bypass the pain that comes from having a heart of flesh and blood, but he will have ceased to be human.

There are certainly phony declarations of love in the new religion, but there is no genuine love. Does the liberal love the black god whom he worships? No, the liberal loves his own abstracted image of the black man. Does the black man love the liberal? The question is ludicrous. The black man despises the white liberal. What then is the essence of Liberaldom? It is hatred of humanity and the humane God, because humanity, in the liberal's eyes, is pain, unrelenting pain without end, because

the liberal thinks no redeemer liveth, and no redeemer will raise him from the dead. Hence, the liberal must join with the colored hordes to kill the white man, who would force him to look at the Gorgon's head of death.

The essential difference between the antique Europeans and the non-Europeans is revealed in their reactions to the Gorgon's head of death. The non-European cannot look at the death's head without being anesthetized by sex and blood or abstracted from it by a theology of negation. In contrast to the non-European, the antique European believes that Jesus Christ, the man of sorrows, looked at the Gorgon's head and lived. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The European must be prepared to go it alone against the liberal-barbarian dragon. There is no guarantee that any other Europeans will join with him in the battle, but there is a possibility that others will follow once they see that accusations of "white supremacy" and demands for "diversity" are ploys of the devil which he uses to unman Christian Europeans. The man blind from birth in the Gospels, to whom Christ gave sight, did not at first see with blinding sight. Christ told him, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." After he washed in the pool, he saw things clearly. It's always about vision, which comes from the heart. The blind man receives his sight after washing in the pool of Siloam, because he already had seen the Son of God in his heart.

There are Europeans who occasionally get a glimpse of the horror of the new faith, but they shrink from the horror and take refuge in lies. I recall an incident, all too typical, at a college where I was working. A black administrator had come out and found the word "nigger" spray-painted on her car. Of course the F.B.I. was brought in and every man, woman, and child on campus was questioned. In addition everyone employed by the college was forced to take a course in "diversity." And the classes were not cancelled when it was discovered that the incompetent black administrator had spray-painted the word "nigger" on her own car. Nor was the black administrator disciplined by the university or charged with a crime by the police. There was one white teacher on the faculty who was quite upset that no one wanted to discipline the Negress. I tried to explain to her that Negro worship was the new faith of the liberal and no argument, no matter how valid or articulate, would succeed in shaking the liberal's faith in his Negro god. That was too much for the lady in question; she sank back into the swampland of platitudes. "We must understand their culture", "You can't judge them all by one bad apple", "One must make allowances for years of oppression", and on and on into the night it goes.

That was just a minor incident. What happens when a Negro commits a murder? We are not allowed to say that a black man committed a murder. And if it somehow slips out that a black man did commit a murder, we are usually told, as soon as the cuffs are on the black barbarian, that we mustn't draw any racist conclusions from "one bad apple." And sometimes we are told, as in the case of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom that, "These things happen all the time, and we mustn't conclude that black people go around killing whites simply because they love to kill whites." Why mustn't we make that conclusion? I made that conclusion long ago, because I saw what blacks did and I listened to what they said they were going to do. It is a religious war, with the black-worshipping liberals, the black-worshipping halfway-house Christians, and the black gods on one side. Pitted against that triumvirate are the European Christians. Are there any? So long as there is one, we are enough. Our Lord taught us that. And our European ancestors, men who saw with their hearts, followed in His train.

I recently finished a rereading of my favorite Walter Scott novel, *The Antiquary*. Spring was finally coming through the window, and my cat honored me by sleeping on my lap while I read. What a world Scott invokes! It is Christian Europe, peopled with saints, sinners, and those who are a combination of both. But they are all Europeans with souls. They have not sold their birthright as Europeans in order to worship at the shrine of the Negro. Nor have they denounced the living God for an abstract, propositional god. Their world is my world. I don't want any other world, and I refuse to worship the colored gods of the new world order. Buried deep in the white man's blood is a

faith that says, “Nothing eternal dies.” And the Europe built by Europeans who loved Christ is eternal. “So long as the blood endures.”+

Labels: blood faith, propositional God, Sir Walter Scott

Returning Home

SATURDAY, MAY 07, 2011



“Once beyond the village, where the cottages ceased abruptly, on either side of the road they could smell through the darkness the friendly fields again; and they braced themselves for the last long stretch, the home stretch, the stretch that we know is bound to end, some time, in the rattle of the door latch, the sudden firelight, and the sight of the familiar things greeting us as long-absent travelers from far oversea.”

Two sad events, sad from my perspective at any rate, both occurred within the last seven days. The first event was the royal wedding. I did not find the wedding sad because I am in love with pure democracy and think that all the money spent on the royal family should be absorbed by the working class. Far from it. White people thrived under monarchies, and they committed suicide in the democratic era, so I have no desire to see a democracy anywhere in the European world. What was sad about the spectacle of the royal wedding was that all the symbols of Christian Britain were dug out of moth balls to serve the new secular Britain. If the royal wedding was the occasion for the abdication of Britain’s mad-dog liberal Queen and the ascension to the throne of a fighting King, determined to wrest Britain from the Muslims, the colored barbarians, and the liberals, it would indeed be a wedding to celebrate. But that was not the case; the wedding was merely a celebration of the British peoples’ desire to leave traditional Christian Britain behind, while maintaining their right to have a big dress-up party once in a while. The modern Brits are like King Lear who wanted to retain all the privileges of kingship while abdicating the responsibilities of kingship. And if the Brits do not stop the colored invasion, they will soon discover that their colored “friends” will no longer allow them to have their little dress-up parties, just as Regan and Goneril did not permit Lear to maintain his one-hundred knights.

The second sad event was the death of Bin Laden. It was not a tragedy that he was killed – he was a murdering, Islamic jihadist, just as George Bush II was a murdering, democratic jihadist, but it was tragic that he was not killed for the right reason, which makes all the difference. Bin Laden was killed because he attacked Liberalism. He was not killed because he was a militant Muslim who killed white Christians. The rulers of Liberalism would not have tried to kill Bin Laden had he confined his killings to white Christians; it was his attack on Liberalism that earned him the ire of the liberals and the grazers. A Christian is not permitted to choose the lesser of two evils, but if one was forced to choose between the evil of Bin Laden’s Muslim faith, and the evil of the liberals’ black-worshipping, Israel-worshipping faith, who’s to say which is worse? It’s the Cyclops vs. the Dragon.

On a certain level, it’s understandable that Americans should applaud the death of Bin Laden. He murdered people, and he finally paid for it, but when the applause becomes applause for America, the foremost nation of Liberalism, it should sicken and anger every white European. As soon as Bin Laden was dead and buried, The Obama was proclaiming America’s undying love and respect for Islam. Is religious indifferentism something we should applaud? Is the death of Osama Bin Laden

going to stop Negro worship and the massacre of whites? Is the death of Osama Bin Laden going to stop the ruling elites in Europe and America from allowing Muslims to overrun their nations? Is the death of Bin Laden going to stop Pakistani Muslims living in Britain from raping white British girls? Is the death of Bin Laden going to stop black barbarians from raping white women who join the Peace Corps to “help Africans”? Is anything good going to happen to white people as the result of Osama Bin Laden’s death? No, nothing good will come from Bin Laden’s death because “once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right.” Our nation is not a traditional European nation. We are not a nation that treasures the evening lingering of Europe. Our people, like the European people throughout the world, look to a Utopian, Babylonian future, not to the Europeans’ Christian past.

A neighbor told me he was delighted with the Bin Laden killing because it showed that the “United States still had guts,” but that is hardly something to be so proud of. Every nation in the world can find men willing to fight for that nation’s government, but every nation cannot always produce men with the vision to see the good and the moral courage to fight only for that good. Even if the killing of Bin Laden ended terrorism, which of course it won’t, his death would not be a victory for white Europeans. The white European would be, and is, in the position of Tennyson’s King Arthur, in the chapter titled, “The Last Tournament.” Arthur’s knights win the last tournament, but in winning they break every rule of chivalry, “So all the ways were safe from shore to shore, But in the heart of Arthur, pain was lord.” When young white men are sent overseas to kill Arabs on behalf of Israel and Israel’s satanic partner, the United States, their success brings me no joy; in my heart, pain is lord.

If we could see with the eyes of an antique European knight of the cross, we would see something quite different than the modern European, who sees with not through the eye. The antique European does not see the Muslims, the Jews, and the liberals as separate and opposed religious groups; he looks upon them all as part of one religious body that is opposed to the mystical body of Christ. The Jews, the Muslims, and the liberals are all competing to fill the void left when Christian Europeans decided to abandon their God and their respective European nations. What we are witnessing are turf wars between religious atheists with denominational differences. Who will prevail? Will it be the Muslim, the liberal, or the Jew?

The white liberal tries to conquer by assimilating the other atheistic religious denominations into his own denomination. This is the reason the leaders of the Western world always insist that they are not against Muslims; they are just against fanatical Muslims like Bin Laden. The anti-Christian, anti-white rulers of the Western world are of the opinion that Muslims can be made conformable to Babylonian liberalism. Their plan doesn’t seem to be working, but viewing life realistically was never a favorite pastime of the liberal. The Jews seem to be more conformable to modern liberalism than the Muslims, but that could be because the white post-Christian liberal never opposes the Jews. It is not given to us to know who will conquer, the liberal, the Jew, or the Muslim. We only know that there is no place for the white Christian with the Jews, the Muslims, or the liberals, but then why should we want a place with any of the blasphemers?

The common thread of the religious atheists is their hatred of the incarnate God. They do not believe that the spirit can take flesh. Christian Europe stands as a monumental contradiction to the religious atheism of the Jew, the liberal, and the Muslim, so all three work to remove that monumental contradiction by demonizing the European past and destroying any remnants of that past. This is what makes the racial issue so important. God took flesh and dwelt among us, and the European people, as a people, took God’s loving embrace and made it the lifeblood of their culture. A home was no longer just a dwelling place to the European; it was an altar to the incarnate God. If the people who became a sign of contradiction to heathendom because of their faith in Christ can be eliminated, there will no longer be a sign of contradiction to the heathens. Without a human dwelling, Christ will become merely an idea for the philosophers to play with and discard as it suits their fancy. You cannot defend a king without defending his Kingdom. The halfway-house Christians who claim we can keep Christ while jettisoning the European people are either fools,

cowards, or a combination of both. They would give a hungry man the bare bones of a carcass and tell him it was meat enough for him.

The European needs the incarnate God, not the black God of the liberals, or the cruel remote God of the Muslims and the Jews.¹ He is now a pawn of the Muslims, the liberals, and the Jews because he has accepted Gnostic Christianity as the true Christianity. Conservative politicians tell us that it doesn't matter if all formerly white European nations become colored nations. What matters is that the idea of the conservative party, or the Republican Party, survives. And the way to survive is to "win the coloreds over to our party." The coloreds are sacred to the white conservatives, and to the liberals as well, because they bring numbers, and in a democratic world numbers rule.

It's the same in the churches. The churchmen tell us to let the sacred coloreds come to the Lord: "Christ's church does not need Europeans to survive; so long as we have our church documents and pure, natural savages, we will survive and thrive." Will they? The soul needs a body, a local habitation and a name. If the true faith that was embodied by the European is set "free" and forced to float through the airy halls of academia, how will men of flesh and blood, because the Gnostic's denial of flesh and blood does not change the reality of flesh and blood, know God?

The royal wedding celebration and the celebrations of Bin Laden's death were spiritually linked. In both cases the European people were celebrating the demise of the European people. At the royal wedding the Brits were celebrating a puppet monarch pledged to support the liquidation of white Britain. And at the celebrations of Bin Laden's death we saw Europeans celebrating a victory for an anti-European government that is determined to turn the United States into a colored nation.

The experts tell us that human beings do not have a homing instinct as animals do. 'Tis not so, at least it is not so for the European. The European does have a homing instinct. Liberalism was built to kill that instinct, but there are certain men who refuse to let go of their homing instinct. They will make their way back through shipwreck, fire, and storm. And once back they will cleanse their home of heathens, be they liberals, Muslims, or Jews; they must do this because every European hearth fire needs to be kept pure and undefiled for the day when Europe's King of Kings returns. +

1. When Christianity was supreme in Europe the Jews and the Muslim often came together to undermine the European status quo. They are natural allies really, as both worship only God the father and reject the Son who was the Light of Europe and is still and always shall be the Light of the world.

More Than Nature

FRIDAY, MAY 13, 2011



Those who look for God only in nature, or judge the universe from what they see in the jungle, are liable to debase even religion, as we have already noted, and are themselves in danger of coming to grievous harm.

-Herbert Butterfield in *Christianity and History*

I live in two distinct and separate worlds. In one world, the modern post-Christian, anti-European world, I struggle for the necessities of life and must come in contact with the creatures of modernity, who are much scarier than the Creature from the Black Lagoon. In the other world, the world which constitutes my home life, I come into contact with Europeans such as Walter Scott and Kenneth Grahame. I infinitely prefer the second world, the antique European world, to the modern world.

I've noted, while wandering through the wasteland of modernity, that the modern European regards the Europeans who lived prior to the 20th century as evil. This modern practice of regarding your ancestors as evil was not the common practice of Europeans prior to the 20th century. There were always a few intellectuals, such as Mark Twain, Voltaire, and Rousseau, who condemned the Europeans of the past for their inability to achieve utopia, but the main body of Europeans looked on their ancestors as men and women deserving of respect and emulation. I take more than just an academic interest in the reasons for the modern Europeans' condemnation of their ancestors, because I identify with the older Europeans and therefore stand with them as a man condemned.

The antique European was put on trial in the 20th century for the crimes of racism, sexism, and anti-Semitism. On all three counts he was found guilty. He was found guilty of racism because he did not give the black man equal status with the white man. He was found guilty of sexism because he placed the female of the species by the hearth fire with her children and endeavored to keep her out of the workplace. And he was found guilty of anti-Semitism because he thought the unrepentant, unconverted Jew was an enemy of Christian Europe who needed to be carefully watched. In all three cases, racism, sexism, and anti-Semitism, the antique European is only in the wrong if Christ is not the son of God, because a hierarchical structure of the races, a patriarchal ordering of society, and a healthy suspicion of the Jew, is entirely in keeping with the Christian faith. But in modern, Humpty-Dumpty Europe, non-Christian liberals label the antique Europeans as "unchristian" for condoning racism, sexism and anti-Semitism. But why should non-believing liberals be allowed to define the Christian faith? And why is it considered unchristian to keep the savage races in check for their own good as well as the good of the white man; to keep the life-bearers and life-nurturers out of the workplace; and to keep the unrepentant Jew at bay? There is no reason to consider these exemplary acts of "racism," "sexism," and "anti-Semitism" to be unchristian other than the obvious reason: the

liberals are not Christian and they want to see the safeguards of a Christian society – racial segregation, patriarchy, and protective measures against the Jews – eliminated so that Satan, not Christ, can live and thrive in Europe’s “pleasant pastures.” And they have got their wish; Satan reigns where Christ once reigned.

If we look at the European people’s history we can see that racial integration is at the top of the slippery slope that leads to feminism and religious indifferentism. Why? Because our hearts are designed to love the particular, not the generic. When you deny your own particular race, you will not become a great lover of mankind, even though you might profess to be such; you will be an abstracted human being incapable of loving anyone or anything. If you don’t care enough about your own people as a distinct race of people, why then should you care about distinct and separate sexes and distinct and separate faiths? You won’t care. A man who blends races also blends the sexes and religious faiths.

In Ben Jonson’s eulogy for Shakespeare he makes reference to “insolent Greece and haughty Rome.” Even though the Greeks and the Romans had much to be proud of their insolence and haughtiness strikes a discordant note with the Christian European. But the Greco-Roman pagans had an excuse; they did not know the God-Man who showed His people the strength of humility and the weakness of pride.

What can we say in defense of the modern European, who has surpassed the ancient Greeks in insolence and exceeded the ancient Romans in haughtiness? Nothing can be said in his defense. The modern European is drunk with the sneering, insolent, haughty pride of science. The infamous atheist George Bernard Shaw, in his essay entitled “Back to Methuselah,” tells his readers how the Christian faith withstood the onslaughts of all the secular pagan religions until it ran into the scientific onslaught. Science put the atheistic sneer – and no one could sneer like Shaw – on the face of the European. Prior to the Age of Science, the history of the Christian, European people was much like the history of the ancient Hebrews. When they went bad, they slid back into the nature religions. And when they responded to the God above nature, they pulled themselves out of the mire of nature worship. Once the scientific view of man is institutionalized there is no exit for the European; nature is his permanent god. In the 20th century, natural apologetics, which showed that Christianity was not in contradiction to the physical sciences, were all the rage in Catholic and Protestant seminaries. But Christianity is against nature. It is not natural to rise from the dead! “We who are about to die demand a miracle.”

Modern civilization stinks of the laboratory, the test tube, and the microscope. Since nature is all, there is no spiritual significance to skin color, sexual orientation, or religious faith. They are all part of nature and therefore subject to nature’s laws. The pagan temptation was always an ever-present threat to European civilization, but paganism, the worship of nature, did not become the permanent faith of the European until he became, “under the influence of the scientific outlook,” more insolent than the Greeks and more haughty than Rome.

There is no room in the new scientific Babylon for the antique European because the antique European carries that within which would destroy Babylon. In his heart the ancient European carried the ability to distinguish between good and evil. Having never succumbed to the natural law of science, he does not worship the black man, kill babies in the name of sexual equality, or worship the same God as the Jews. It is not primarily a lack of courage that makes white males in Britain stand by while white women are raped and murdered, nor is it primarily a lack of courage that makes halfway-house Christians turn their backs on black atrocities, worship at the shrine of the black gods, and turn to the unrepentant Jews as the Chosen People of God. It is a lack of moral vision that makes the white man a prisoner of Babylon. If he could only see. But he doesn’t see, and it seems to be the last post for the European.

Something that the mad-dog liberal Senator Bill Bradley said in a speech at a Democratic convention highlighted the difference between the Europeans of modern scientific Babylon and the

Europeans of Scott's and Shakespeare's Europe. He stated that real Americans did not accept the existence of tragedy. Bradley did it! He put into words the hitherto unspoken faith of the European liberal. The liberal does not accept the existence of tragedy. All illnesses, wars, accidents, and natural disasters can be prevented by a proper ordering of society, which usually entails the removal of all Europeans who still have a tragic sense of life. It would seem, from the perspective of an antique European, that the liberal must succumb to a tragic sense of life when he faces death, or is death itself preventable by a proper manipulation of our natural environment? No, it is not preventable; most liberals will concede. But death is not tragic to the liberal because he doesn't care for particular human beings (that is a Christian concept); he cares about the generic human race, which is why Earth Day has replaced Good Friday on the liberal's calendar. In the liberal view, pain and suffering are tragic, but they will cease when we find the right drugs; the destruction of the earth would be tragic, but that will be prevented when all those who do not believe in global warming are eliminated. In the absence of a belief in a God who created human beings in His image, the tragic sense of life, which is the lifeblood of the European people, disappears and the people perish.

There is nothing natural in the new, scientific naturalism of the modern liberal. Prior to the scientific age, Europeans used to talk about the natural bonds between parent and child and between members of the same race. When talking about the natural ties of kinship and blood, the antique European was referring to spiritual ties. A natural tie was formed in heaven and all Christians felt bound to uphold those ties of the heart.

When the liberal uses the term 'natural' he uses it in a different sense than the antique European. The liberal does not believe in natural ties of affection, he believes in nature as defined by science, the nature that consists of raw matter. The liberal sees no animating spirit within a man's nature; he is simply a biological specimen. The most perfect man, in the eyes of the liberal, is the natural man who is seemingly devoid of any animating spiritual life. The liberal has seized on the black man as the supreme natural man.

The "natural world" of the liberal was built by the reasoners. It is no accident that the villains in the novels of Scott and La Fanu and the plays of Shakespeare are all great reasoners. They have abstracted themselves from real nature, where bonds of kinship and ties of blood and race are sacred, and immersed themselves in the natural world as defined by Darwin. In that world the spirit is subject to the worm, and the cunning mimic the good in order to perpetuate evil. Natural theology becomes Negro worship and natural affections are bestowed on generic mankind while genuine natural ties of blood are demonized and proscribed.

The great reasoners started out by chiseling out pockets of infamy within the walls of Christendom until those small pockets of infamy coalesced and became a Satanic replacement for Christendom. The Christian counter-attack will come from Europeans who have formed pockets of resistance within Satandom. And the spiritual ground upon which the counter-revolutionary European will take his stand is the ground all Europeans were born to defend – the land where ties of blood, to our kin, our kind, and our God are sacred ties, natural ties of the spirit. No force in biological nature is as strong as those natural ties of the spirit which were forged by God so that through those ties we might be linked to Him, the God of mercy. When we look at the sick, twisted, degenerate world of darkness that the reasoners have prepared for us as an alternative to His world of the spirit, we recoil. How can fears of being called white supremacists or stupid deter us from defending His world, in which there are genuine natural ties of love and affection, against their world in which the cruelty of biological nature reigns supreme? Every form of paganism produces a few men who turn from paganism to Christ. The modern, syncretistic, scientific paganism is paganism with a different twist, but it is still paganism. What is needed is a few men to turn away from modern paganism. And from those few will come many, just as the fidelity of Christ inspired millions of Europeans to reject the darkness of paganism for the light of the Gospel. All the blather about diversity and the accusations of white supremacy boil down to this: the liberals do not want the people that walked in darkness and saw a great light to believe in the reality of that light. They want the light extinguished,

but that shall never come about for we, the last of the old guard and the first of the new faithful, will
“break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us.”+

Labels: 'natural' man, modernity

Destroyed by Fire

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 2011



"I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

-Samuel Taylor Coleridge

I recently saw a baseball game at a relative's house, but it was far from the enjoyable experience it could have been if white Americans did not worship Negroes. The players all wore the uniforms of the old Negro Leagues. (Apparently it was "civil rights' week" in baseball – although isn't every week "civil rights' week" in baseball?) And every other word out of the white, play-by-play announcer's mouth was in condemnation of the bad old days when evil white men kept Negroes out of baseball. The other word out of the announcer's mouth was of course in praise of the godlike Negroes, past and present. I feigned some vague illness and left my negro-worshiping cousin's dwelling before the game was over.

In a totalitarian, democratic, egalitarian society such as the United States of America, there is no aspect of the citizen's daily life that is not used for propaganda purposes. Sport, at least as pertains to males, is the primary propaganda instrument of the government. You could claim that the United States government does not force white males to watch Negro-worshiping sporting events, and you would be correct, to a certain extent. The U.S. government does not use the straight-forward, masculine form of compulsion championed by the former Soviet Union, but the United States does compel in a more feminine, seductive way. In the soulless, meaningless world of modernity that is the United States, where can a man turn to get some transitory relief from the mundane reality of modernity? The more energetic turn to illicit sex, while the rest of the white males turn to sport. And our sports reflect the ideology of our government. Men that couldn't be reached by any other means, because they don't care about anything else, are reached and indoctrinated through sporting events. The South was not dead as a viable living alternative to the modernist, Unitarian North until they integrated their local Little League teams in order to be allowed into the universalist, integrated

Little League of the liberals. And likewise the white South Africans; they sold their souls for the right to participate in worldwide sporting events.

While watching the ballgame and watching my cousin's enraptured love for the Negro ballplayers, I thought of Carl Jung. Jung was a protégé of Sigmund Freud, but he broke with Freud on the issue of religion. It was Freud's contention that all religious belief was neurosis, but Jung saw that all of his patients had some kind of longing for the transcendent. "How," Jung asked, "could you call something a neurosis that was a universal feeling or sentiment?" The religious impulse was not a neurosis confined to one individual, like an impulse to drive one's car off a cliff or to plunge a dagger into a stranger's heart, so how could the religious sentiment be a neurosis? It couldn't, Jung decided. And ministers and priests were delighted with Jung. "You see he says we are not sick." Who is the greater danger though: Freud or Jung? I think it is Jung. Freud attacks your faith head on, and you can meet his attack head on. But Jung tells a Christian that it's OK to have a faith in Christ, because He is a symbol of a need for some kind of transcendent being that exists in all people. "But what of Jesus of Nazareth?" the Christian asks: "Did He rise from the dead on the third day?" Of course, not," Papa Jung tells us, but it's all right to feel the need to go to Church and pretend that He rose again from the dead on the third day. "You're alright, and I'm alright." Thanks for nothing, Carl Jung.

Jung and his disciple Joseph Campbell, the author of the *Hero with a Thousand Faces*, uses the term 'oversoul' and the 'oceanic feeling' to describe man's religious longing, but in the end Jung, like Shaw with his "creative evolution" bids us have faith in an airy nothing without a local habitation and a name. It is regurgitated Platonism, and like the original Platonism, it proved unsatisfactory to men because "hope without an object cannot live."¹ Which brings us back to the baseball game. What if we combine the psychological mumbo-jumbo of the 'oversoul' and 'creative mind' with Negro worship? At last! Now the liberal intellectual and the common man are one; they have found an object to worship – the generic black man. Of course the new fusionist religion of abstract philosophy, pop psychology, and Negro worship is a very superficial religion. There must be constant state-sponsored events and programs to keep the Negro ever before the white man's eyes, lest he forget that he is supposed to worship and adore the Negro, who is not really (when we look at him as he is) a very adorable object of worship.

The reason right-wingers from the BNP and the American Renaissance fail to make a dent in the liberal machine is because they do not see that the civil rights movement was not about equal rights for blacks. Some whites who were involved in the civil rights movement, quite possibly a majority, might have told themselves and believed their own lie, that they wanted civil rights for the black man. But that is not what they were after then or now. The white liberals wanted a new god to replace the old, dead God named Jesus Christ. No disenfranchised white European will become enfranchised by pleading for equal rights with the black man. Such a plea strikes the white liberal as blasphemous. How can sinful man (remember original sin still exists in the white man) obtain equality with the black gods? It's not possible within the Negro-worshipping confines of Liberaldom.

The white man cannot fight for equality within Liberaldom, equal rights will not be given to him; he has only the right to dig his own grave. But the European can and should fight with his whole heart and soul to destroy Liberaldom. Think in terms of kingdoms. We live in a kingdom that is irrevocably opposed to everything an antique European holds dear. And it's not a question of choosing war over peace; there is no choice. We can't make peace with liberals that have only one definition of peace: an open grave for white men.

Liberaldom has been set up along the lines of the old Roman Empire. All faiths are tolerated so long as they are subservient to the state gods. That's where the Christians ran afoul of the Roman Empire. They refused to bend their knee to any God but Christ. The new halfway-house Christians, who are not Christian by the old European standards, save their "faith" by discarding their belief in Jesus Christ as the one true God. In the modern Christian churches Christ is a 'best man' type of God; He plays 'best man' at the one-sided marriage (all the love comes from the white man) between

the European and the black man. Of course the new marriage vow is somewhat different than the traditional Christian marriage vow. In the new vows the white man pledges to forsake the true God and to worship and obey only the black god.

In old Europe the Christian faith was woven into the fabric of European culture. When you attacked the European's God, he rightly saw that it was an attack on his home and everything he held dear in life, because everything that the European valued was connected to Christ. Likewise the modern liberal. If you attack Negro worship, you attack a whole pantheon of values that stem from Negro worship. The feminist circles the wagons, because Negro worship precedes feminism on the slippery slope; without racial Babylon there could be no sexual Babylon. And sexual Babylon is a necessity for the feminist and her cousin, the homosexual. The capitalist who thrives on the idea that there are no natural ties of kith and kin, only ties forged by self-interest between atomistic individual units, will fight to preserve the atomistic theology that dissolves all bonds of kinship within the white race. How can he run roughshod over his fellow competitors in the marketplace if he respects kith and kin? And on it goes, doctor, lawyer, and Indian Chief all have a vested interest in keeping the Negro as the centerpiece of the new religious faith.

The white liberal has given up his childlike faith in Christ for an adolescent crush on the Negro. And he thinks, in his mush-brained adolescent way, that if he will only be faithful, loving and true to his new god, the great black god will be true to him. "Only bad whites will be exterminated," the white liberal intones. I can still hear the voice of that insipid, loathsome, play-by-play announcer mawkishly weeping over the poor Negroes who were forbidden to play baseball with the evil white players, while he simultaneously hurled invective at the evil white players of the segregated era. Someone tell that modern homosexual version of Little Lord Fauntleroy that Pope John's nuns were flaming Negro-worshippers, but that didn't stop the Negroes from raping and torturing them. And I have yet to hear of a black rapist or murderer extending mercy to a white person because of their liberalism. "Though you slay them, yet will I believe in you," is the cry of the white liberal to his black god.

The European who still calls his soul his own is in the same situation as Hamlet the Dane. A kingdom of Satan has been built over a once Christian kingdom. All the externals of a Christian kingdom are intact, but they are being used for satanic purposes. A hero is needed, a man who has "that within which passeth show..." It was our Lord who said, "For behold, the Kingdom of God is within you." In that kingdom, the kingdom inside a faithful European's heart, is the fire and passion to destroy ten thousand Liberaldoms. If we wonder where our ancestors got the innards to keep the Jew at bay, defeat the Moslems, and turn back the colored hordes, we need only go back to the deserted European village, which still exists, waiting to be repopulated, in the heart of every European.

It's not second sight that we need. The European needs first sight. He needs to see God as the first Christian Europeans saw Him, pure and undefiled. He calls us still, to follow in His train. The old hymn tells of "a glorious band, the chosen few on whom the spirit came." It's a mystery why so many do not see. St. Paul tells us that moral blindness comes from a hardened heart. The vision of our Lord softened St. Paul's heart and turned his hate for Christ into love for Christ. The simple vision of a European hearth presided over by Christ the Lord once inspired the European people to build Christendom. When the external façade is removed from Satandom, the façade of Negro worship, and all that Negro worship spawned, the light of the world will once again be able to touch the hearts of Europeans who now seem dead to the light.

It's difficult, when viewing the immense superstructure of Liberaldom, to believe that there ever was anything besides Liberaldom, or that Liberaldom could ever cease to be. But the faithful heart sees through the external façade of life to the Kingdom within. In that Kingdom He still reigns and will reign forever and ever. It is now only an underground whisper, the European Hallelujah Chorus, but just a whisper of His name once set Europe ablaze. Liberaldom is not forever; eternal Europe, which is His Kingdom, is forever. +

1. The result of Hardy's management was that Tom made a clean breast of it, telling everything, down to his night at the ragged school, and what an effect his chance opening of the Apology had had on him. Here for the first time Hardy came in with his usual dry, keen voice, "You needn't have gone so far back as Plato for that lesson."

"I don't understand," said Tom.

"Well, there's something about an indwelling spirit which guideth every man, in St. Paul, isn't there?"

"Yes, a great deal," Tom answered, after a pause; "but it isn't the same thing."

"Why not the same thing?"

"Oh, surely, you must feel it. It would be almost blasphemy in us now to talk as St. Paul talked. It is much easier to face the notion, or the fact, of a demon or spirit such as Socrates felt to be in him, than to face what St. Paul seems to be meaning."

"Yes, much easier. The only question is whether we will be heathen or not."

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why, a spirit was speaking to Socrates, and guiding him. He obeyed the guidance, but knew not whence it came. A spirit is striving with us too, and trying to guide us--we feel that just as much as he did. Do we know what spirit it is? Whence it comes? Will we obey it? If we can't name it--we are in no better position than he--in fact, heathens."

Labels: barbarian nation, European Phoenix, Europeans and Christ

Blood Shall Bring It Down

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 2011



Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers. Isaiah 1:7

I'll always be grateful to Walt Disney, the Hans Christian Andersen of America, for keeping the European storytelling tradition alive in his wonderful movies. My parents were math-and-science people who didn't have much use for stories, so my first exposure to the European storyland came to me from the films of Mr. Disney.

I saw most of the Disney films in one of those big old plush theaters that no longer exist. A quarter bought you an enormous box of popcorn, which I'm sure was meant to make us thirsty for the theater's over-priced soft drinks. But my mother gave us enough money (a child could go to the movies in those days without an armed escort) to pay for the movie and one box of popcorn. No soda. I get thirsty now just thinking about eating all that popcorn without any liquid, but I don't recall feeling thirsty during the movie. Perhaps our eat-popcorn-without-getting-thirsty gene deteriorates with age like our eat-enormous-quantities-of-chocolate-chip-cookies-without-getting-sick gene.

I saw most of Walt Disney's films, animated and live action, when I was a child; and when I was an adult, before the day of VCR and DVD, I tried to see the re-releases of the old classics such as Snow White and Pinocchio.

In my early twenties, about thirty years ago, I went to see a re-release of the Disney classic, *The Song of the South*. At that time in my life I was not unaware of the growing insanity about the Negroes and their newly sainted status, but I was not yet aware of the extent of the mass Negro-worshipping insanity that had taken hold of the country. Outside the theater was a huge protest group, consisting of white liberals and blacks. The protestors formed a ring around the theater, and they were doing the usual ranting and raving while carrying placards denouncing racism and Walt

Disney. All the signs and the protestors struck me as offensive, but one sign and one protestor struck me as particularly offensive. A fat, mad-dog liberal was carrying a sign that depicted a pornographic image of Minnie Mouse and Walt Disney. Liberals always use pornography when they protest any aspect of the older, white, European culture. And that makes sense, because the Babylon that they bid us return to is nothing more than the institutionalization of an endless cycle of pornography.

The holder of the particularly loathsome placard was offended when I destroyed his poster, but fortunately for me the policemen presiding over the protest weren't too fond of the protestors. I was told to go into the movie theater and to refrain from hitting anyone, but I was not arrested for destroying the liberal's sign. I was fortunate; I don't think our modern police would have been as sympathetic to an outraged white man.

I doubt that many of the protestors, black or white, had seen the movie *Song of the South*, but let's assume that some of the protestors had seen the movie. Why the protest? Why was this the last theatrical re-release of the movie? Why must you now get a pirated copy from Europe if you want to see the movie on DVD or VHS? The reason is quite simple. The hero of the movie is Uncle Remus, a kindly old black man, who loves his white master, and especially loves his white master's young son. I have my doubts that such loyal darkies ever existed, but there is a spate of old novels by Dixon, Caroline Gordon, and Margaret Mitchell that claim there once really were some good darkies. Thomas Nelson Page, in his short story "MAM' LYDDY'S Recognition," probably came closest to the truth. He depicts a good, darkie, 'house servant' who becomes corrupted when the family moves up North, where she is exposed to "free niggers." She returns to sanity when one of the free niggers tries to make free with her life savings, and her good, kind, white master saves her from the clutches of the free nigger. Happy day! But Uncle Remus never falls from grace. Through his fidelity to the traditions of his white masters, he inspires the white people to live up to their traditions. The message is clear: white people and the civilization they created are good; black people can only be good by being faithful and loyal to their white masters within a hierarchal structure in which they are subordinate but loved. That image of white and black brought out the black barbarian protestors and the mad-dog liberal protestors. There were only three black people in the theater, among a sea of white people, at the time I saw *Song of the South* -- a black mother with her two children. Apparently that unenlightened black woman thought Uncle Remus was a better role model for her children than Superfly or Shaft. Are there no limits to the foolishness of the un-illuminated?

Thirty years ago the concrete supporting the Negro-worshipping edifice of Liberalism was in the process of hardening. Now it has solidified. Every aspect of European culture that reminded men they were born for something more than eternal Babylon has been eliminated. The word 'European' has become a devil word, and Europeans who still revere the memory of antique Europe have dwindled down to a precious few. It would be very comforting if the faithful Europeans were more than a precious few, but a few good men were enough for our Lord.

The coalition at the movie theater of black barbarians, anti-Christian clergymen, Jewish Marxists, and mad-dog liberals was a cross-sample of the satanic coalition that is always present when the Christian European tradition is attacked. And the battering ram of the liberal coalition is Negro worship. A war should not be so one-sided. The heirs of the Christ bearers should not leave the field without having ever unsheathed their swords. If every white European falls in line with Negro worship, the Babylonian liberals will reign unchallenged. They will make their sacrifices to the black gods while saturating themselves and the people they rule in the soullessness of pornographic Babylon.

It is the fusionist faith of the Christian churches that has placed the European at the mercy of the Babylonian Inquisition. When Christianity is joined to black barbarianism it becomes satanic, just as it does when it is fused with Islam, Judaism, paganism or any other faith. Nor can the Christ-bearing race be fused with the colored races and continue to be the Christ-bearing race. Such a race of people becomes a non-race of people and is absorbed into the multi-colored soulless world of Babylon. The antique European is not any worse off, in terms of his numerical disadvantages, than was Alfred and his small band of Englishmen when they met in one tiny corner of Christian England

and vowed to retake England from the heathen Danes. Nor is the modern European any more outnumbered than the stalwart Spaniards of 770 A.D. who met in a cave and vowed to fight to the knife against their Muslim overlords. What is lacking in the modern European is a clear vision of the God he is fighting for and the enemy he is fighting against. It is always Satan, with his angelic intelligence divorced from the divine humanity of God, that we fight against.

Once we know the primary attribute of Satan, intelligence divorced from divine humanity, we can always recognize Satan and his minions, no matter how they try to disguise their work. If the modern clergymen denounce the faith of old Europe in the name of a new, more intelligent, fusionist faith of black barbarism and Christianity, and if they renounce the people of old Europe for the new, black man-gods of Negro-worshipping Christianity, we will know them for what they are despite their clerical garments and their adherence to the outward forms of Christian worship. They are Satan's own, and they should be dealt with as Satan's own.

Twelve hundred and nineteen times Jennet Clouston (*Kidnapped*) hurled her curse at the house of Shaws: "Blood built it; blood stopped the building of it; blood shall bring it down." The blood of our Savior built Christian Europe; the betrayal of His blood brought it down; and the renewal of our blood ties to Him and His Europe can restore Christian Europe and bring down Liberalism. Satan knows that a restoration is possible, which is why he is ever-vigilant. He intends to wash away even the memory of Christian Europe by keeping the European immersed in the filth of a Negro-worshipping Babylon. Every time a human personality, a European, attempts to attack Babylon, Satan will loose his hell-hounds on the offending European. But I have great faith in the remnant band of Europeans that hate and love, like Jennet Clouston and Thomas Nelson Page's Goth, with all their heart.

Walt Disney also made a movie called *So Dear to My Heart*. It was a simple tale of a young boy's life on a Missouri farm, much like the one where Mr. Disney spent the happiest years of his childhood. The Europe proscribed by the liberals is dear to my heart. I feel a sorrow too deep for tears at its destruction; a hate beyond all passion for those who have destroyed Christian Europe and continue to calumniate it; and a love beyond all power of expression for the memory of Christian Europe and the people whose fidelity to Christ created Christian Europe. There must be other Europeans who feel as I do. Such love and hate, felt deep in the blood, will restore Europe and bring Liberalism down. +

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name." – Psalm 91:14

Labels: Negro worship, restoration of European civilization

The Old Mill

FRIDAY, JUNE 03, 2011



“And the battering ram of the liberal coalition is Negro worship.” – CWNV

There have been volumes of scholarly theological treatises written that dogmatically assert there never has been and never can be such a thing as a Christian civilization. I feel, in the presence of such scholarly assertions, much like the small boy in the old fable who listened to a group of self-proclaimed wise men declare, based on their studies of a dead bumble bee, that it was impossible for the bumble bee to fly. Unconvinced, the boy actually went outdoors where bumble bees lived and saw the bees in flight. Of course the scholarly men ignored the eyewitness account of the boy and held to their original assertion that “bumble bees cannot fly.”

There *was* a Christian Europe. I have read the eyewitness accounts of our bardic European chroniclers such as Walter Scott and William Shakespeare. Ben Gunn did not say he hadn't eaten any food cooked by English hands for over three years; he said, “But mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet.” Only an academic who is “an errant knave despite all grace,” would insist that the Europeans during the Christian era of Europe were no different, oftentimes worse, than the pagans.

There are two strands of thought, often comingled in the same thinker, running through the death-heads of the “There-was-no-Christian-Europe” Western intellectuals. The first strand is the purist strand : “I see crimes of passion, crimes of greed, crimes of avarice, etc., in the so-called Christian European culture of the past, so how can you say that the European culture was better?” And of course the purist seldom stops with his denial of the superiority of the antique European culture to all the other cultures; he usually asserts the superiority of the pagan cultures to the Christian, European culture. The non-Europeans are presented as pure and untainted by the sins of the Europeans. What is the result of such thinking? If we can't trust in the essential goodness of the people who took Christ to their hearts, whom can we trust? That brings us to the second strand that runs through the pygmy brain of the European liberal.

The second strand is the egotistical strand. If there is no reliable testimony of the truth of the Christian revelation to be found in the life blood of the antique Europeans, whom shall we turn to as our touchstone of reality? Who will tell us about the person and the nature of God? “We will,” shout

the chorus of disenfranchised, disengaged, dysfunctional intellectuals of the Western world. Tragically the European people have listened to them, and as a result they have no touchstone of reality; they have lost their God, and they have lost their identity as a people. They are subject to the egotistical whims of an elite band of intellectuals who have abstracted themselves from all things human.

The European civilization of the incarnate God, a civilization in which all things material were symbols of the spiritual realm, has been replaced by Liberalism, a kingdom where all things once believed to be part of the spiritual realm, such things as love, honor, and piety, are now seen as part of the material realm. Nature is all, not man's nature as a spiritual being, but man's nature as a biological specimen. And yet somehow, if we listen to our intellectual custodians of the light, we, as biological entities only, are supposed to be moving generically to a paradise on earth. But the paradise is always in the future; we are enjoined to celebrate a kind of reverse-Confucianism. Instead of worshipping our ancestors, we are told we must worship the men and women of the future, who will be clean and pure because they will be black and brown. The black Übermensch is the liberals' god, because he is the embodiment of a future state of bliss. In this state of bliss there will be no imperfection because the sinful, imperfect race, the white race, will have ceased to exist.

There is a short story by Nathaniel Hawthorne called "The Birthmark." In the story, a mad scientist becomes obsessed with a birthmark that he feels mars the perfect beauty of his wife. He tries to "cure" his wife's imperfection by scientific potions. The end result of the cure is the death of his wife. The European intellectuals, under the guise of curing the racial birthmark of the European people, are killing the European people. All the political and social structures of the modern Europeans are set up like the tribal structures of the black natives in the old jungle movies. "Get the white man, torture and kill the white man," is the sum total of the native black man's religion. And that "advanced" religion is now the religion of the modern European.

Of course the liberal doesn't love black people; the liberal is incapable of love. He can only worship abstractions. The noble black savage is an abstraction, a fantasy that the liberal will kill to maintain. Like the evil scientist in "The Birthmark" the liberal would much rather live in the black and brown paradise of the future than in the eternal moment given to us by a loving Creator: "he failed to look beyond the shadowy space of time, and, living once for all in eternity, to find the perfect future in the present."

The white Christian civilization that the experts tell us never existed was the only civilization that was rooted in eternity. Christ's reign of charity is eternal; it is past, present, and future. No matter its imperfections -- and of course there are imperfections because man is imperfect -- the civilization of the antique Europeans was the only civilization in history that took the incarnation of the Son of God seriously. The liberals have seized on the racial birthmark of the Europeans and used it as their reason for destroying everything European. But we should be able to see behind the racial façade. The liberals hate humanity like Lucifer, their comrade in arms.

Tradition tells us that Satan's rebellion against God came when he learned about God's plan to create mankind. Ah, the mystery starts to become clear. The real reason for the liberals' hate of the white man stems from their hatred of humanity and the humane God. The human condition is painful; better to flee from that pain and the God who created pain to a future without pain. And the liberals' professed love for the Negro can also be seen for what it is: a love for an abstracted, black god of paradise who will rule over a pain-free world of black and brown people. The liberal is not deterred from his fantasy by the whiteness of his own skin; in his pygmy mind, which is all he has left, the liberal sees himself as pure mind, and his mind is black.

Satan has built Liberalism over the ruins of Christendom by separating the European's analytical brain from the organ of sight, the heart. When the European sees with his brain he sees the imperfections of God's world and infers from what he sees that God is imperfect, imprecise, and

illogical. So he feels free to create a new and better world. If challenged to show in what way the brave new world of the godless ones is superior to Christendom the liberal will tell you that we are not there yet, but just give him time.

The European who sees with his heart sees something quite different from the liberal. He sees a Hero-God of charity, who will bear any burden and fight any foe to deliver his people from the bondage of sin, which is death. Life is a fairy tale; when we cease to see life in the fairy tale mode — God vs. the devil, the knight vs. the dragon — we cease to behave as men and become swine subject to the imperial commands of the rulers of Liberaldom. Just as a mind-forged structural analysis of a work of literature kills the work of literature, so does a mind-forged structural analysis of man kill the humanity in man. Death in life and lifeless death is all that man can hope for in Liberaldom.

I come back to what a man *can* hope for. He can hope to live in the eternal moment of his European ancestors. That world, which is non-existent to the liberal and the intellectual dilettante, called Christian Europe still provides us with the chariot of fire and the arrows of desire with which we can reach out and touch the hand of God. Yes, the hand of God was upon the antique Europeans and His hand is upon us if our heart's blood is joined with theirs.

My children recently gave me a book containing the works of the English landscape painter, John Constable (1776 – 1837). For me, Constable's paintings constitute a pictorial *Chronicles of Narnia*. Through the simple human things Constable takes us through the wardrobe door and gives us a glimpse of the divine. When is a landscape more than a landscape? When it is painted by an Englishman whose heart and soul is rooted in eternal Europe. Black-worshipping Liberaldom will be consigned to the fire, but Constable's European landscapes are forever. +

Labels: antique Christianity, black faith, Christian Europe

The Heroic Temper

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 2011



[He] loved chivalry, truth and honour, freedom and courtesy" but was head-strong, stubborn, romantic and most unwise. – *Soldiers of Misfortune* by P. C. Wren

In Baroness Orczy's magnificent novel *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, an English nobleman frequently risks his life to rescue members of the French nobility who have been condemned to die on the guillotine in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity. In subsequent novels, the Scarlet Pimpernel (Sir Percy Blakeney) brings down Robespierre and the entire revolutionary government.

I think of the Scarlet Pimpernel whenever I read some underground newspaper report from Rhodesia or South Africa. The people in those nations are desperately in need of Sir Percy Blakeney. But would he be of any use to them? The French aristocrats were given refugee status in England while the beleaguered whites in Rhodesia and South Africa are denied refugee status in every nation of the world. Where then could the Scarlet Pimpernel take the Rhodesian and South African whites? It is against the rules of Liberalism to flee paradise, and don't you realize that Rhodesia and South Africa are paradises now that black men are running the show? No matter how trivial the reason, a black African can be granted refugee status in the white countries, but a white Rhodesian or South African is denied refugee status in the face (at least it would be 'in the face' of the liberals if they hadn't turned all their faces away) of an unrelenting campaign to murder every single white person in Rhodesia and South Africa.

You would be incorrect if you claimed that the Scarlet Pimpernel only existed in the imagination of Baroness Orczy. He exists in the spirit of every European who refuses to allow colored barbarians to torture and kill other Europeans. Christian chivalry was embodied in [Nathan Bedford Forrest](#), the first Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan; in [Henry Havelock](#), the British avenger of Cawnpore and liberator of Lucknow; and in [Andries Pretorius](#), the hero of Blood River, who led the punitive expedition against the Zulus after they massacred Piet Retief and his followers. The Scarlet Pimpernel is a true myth; he is the embodiment of the antique European's vision of the proper response to bloody tyranny and the murder of the innocents. The response must be non-democratic -- no petitions against murder and torture to a people addicted to murder and torture -- and it must be violent if violence has been used against one's people. We react according to how hard the enemy is attacking. In the case of the modern liberal and the black barbarian attack on white people, there is no question that the white man must fight back, certainly using different tactics than men like

Forrest and Pretorius, but never doctrinally renouncing violence, claiming it is unChristian or impractical. What could be more unChristian than standing idly by while your white countrymen and kinsmen are slain, and what could be more impractical than declaring your Quaker-like pacifism in the face of savage, bloodthirsty barbarians?

Of course any plea for white people to start defending white people falls on deaf or hostile ears. Satan has destroyed the spiritual resolve of the European by poisoning his love for his kith and kin. Without that spiritual resolve the European is cut off from his source of strength – the God who comes to man through His love of kith and kin. If a man does not love his own, he cannot know God, which is why the godless liberals have joined with the black barbarians in a bloodbath that equals in horrific intensity and surpasses in numbers the massacre of Piet Retief and his followers.

The Boers died fighting hopelessly to the last. Retief was made to witness the death of his son and his followers. The young boys were killed with the others. The bodies were piled upon the hill of death, and over them were the bodies of the grooms and attendants. The heart and liver of Retief were removed and taken to Dingaan so that he might look upon them. Over sixty Boers, one Englishman, and numerous attendants lay dead in the sunlight of that morning in February, and the vultures of Hlomo Amabuta came down from the sky. – In Search of South Africa

The Zulu chief Dingaan always feasted and celebrated after the torture and murder of white people, much like The Obama who recently partied at the White House with rapper Lonnie Rashid Lynn Jr., who sang a song of rapture about Assata Shakur, convicted murderer of the white New Jersey State Trooper Werner Foester. It's an ongoing race war with only one side fighting, the liberals and the black barbarians. And let no white man hope to vote the war away. Every Republican candidate renounces white people before he runs for office. Witness Ron Paul, one of the better candidates, who recently decided that the deportation of illegal aliens was "too harsh"! Is this the promised end? The white Democrats campaign under the banner of an immediate extermination of the white race while the Republicans campaign under the banner of a gradual extermination of the white race. The promised end of the white man that both parties yearn for is not the promised end that a European, who still remains a European, longs for or supports.

In 1971, two men, Nathaniel Weyl and William Marina, published a book called *American Statesmen on Slavery and the Negro*. In the book Weyl and Marina made a modest proposal that they thought would end much of the racial conflict in the United States. They suggested that white people should have the right of private association, in other words, the right to segregate themselves from blacks in sport, in housing, and in schooling. Such a practical measure, the authors felt, would eliminate the racial tension which was sweeping the country. The authors of *American Statesmen on Slavery and the Negro* were right, and they were wrong. They were right in saying that their proposals would eliminate much of the racial unrest in the nation, but they were wrong to think that white liberals want to live in a diverse society where black and white get along by respecting their neighbors' segregated fences. Liberals don't want the blacks to have their culture and the whites theirs; liberals want to eliminate the white European culture altogether and replace it with the black Babylonian culture. And now, some 40 years since Weyl and Marina penned their modest proposal, the liberals have created their own version of a "diverse" culture. It is a culture dominated by anti-European liberals and black barbarians.

Weyl and Marina were well-meaning, practical sons of Martha who lacked a deep understanding of good and evil. The liberals do not want to co-exist with antique Europeans; they want to eradicate them. The false assumption behind every practical, well-meaning proposal to prevent bloodshed between the black and white is the assumption that the liberals want to prevent bloodshed. Quite the contrary is true. The liberals want to see rivers of blood flowing from white victims who have been offered up on sacrificial altars built to appease the black gods of the liberals.

If you doubt that the liberals want blood, the white man's blood, just look at the evidence. What happened when blacks ran amuck in the New Orleans Superdome and the surrounding areas where

white people were especially vulnerable, because of the flood, to black marauders? Were the liberals outraged? Yes, they were outraged. They were outraged that some white people armed themselves with shotguns in order to save their families from being sacrificed to the black gods. Recently the columnist Matt Drudge reported that which is not supposed to be reported: black on white crime. Again, are the liberals outraged? Yes, they are, but not with the black atrocities; they are outraged with Drudge for reporting the atrocities. And such is always the case, from the “cry me a river” black columnist exulting in the torture murders of Channon Christian and Christian Newsom, to the satanic “loving forgiveness” of Pope John XXIII after black savages tortured and murdered his own priests and nuns. The message is clear: our ancient foe is using his minions, the liberals and the black barbarians, to destroy the Christ-bearing race. He hopes to strike the Creator by attacking His Creatures.

There are two fallacies in the modern propaganda of tolerance, “you respect my culture and I’ll respect yours.” The first fallacy is what we have just articulated: liberals and black barbarians do not want to respect any culture other than their own, especially the white European culture. And the second fallacy is linked to the first: how can people who have no concept of charity or mercy, like the liberals and the black barbarians, have any respect for a people who want to maintain their link to Christian Europe where men revered the God of charity and mercy? The principle of “you respect my culture and I’ll respect yours” can only be applied to differences between Christian European nations. The non-European does not respect other cultures; he wants to destroy them. The Christian European was the only man who could be trusted to treat “the lesser breeds without the law” with paternal charity instead of merciless cruelty. Now that there is no Christian European presence of any significance in the formerly European countries, there is no charity or mercy to be found there. We live in Babylon, where a green-haired, white girl can walk into any abortuary and destroy her child or, if she so desires, cohabit with one of the black gods. In either case the green-haired girl with the ring through her nose is a citizen of Babylon, a nation ruled by merciless, techno-barbarian liberals and black, barbarian demigods. The European hero is a hero because he still has his spiritual resolve, his love for kith and kin. “Mock my people and my God, and I’ll strike you. Strike my kith and kin, and I’ll kill you.” That is the vow of the hero: William Tell, Alfred the Great, Robert Bruce, Henry Havelock, Charles Martel, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Andries Pretorius, and every European who love their own so much that they see His blood upon the rose.

While wandering through Britain in the early 1970s I saw an old English newsreel in an old, small town movie theater that proudly proclaimed Piccadilly, the center of London, to be the center of the civilized world. The newsreel went on to praise such stalwart Brits as Lord Wellington, Lord Nelson, and Alfred the Great. There was even great praise lavished on Andries Pretorius and Robert E. Lee as men of the heroic temper, and therefore spiritual brethren of the Brits. Such respect for the heroes of our race has completely died out. The mere mention of the fact that your heroes are antique Europeans is enough to label a man an imbecile and/or a racist. But we are a race of Scarlet Pimpernels. In fact we are the only race of people who hold the heroes of charity, the defenders and not the conquerors, to be the greatest of heroes, because they follow Him, the King and Lord of Heroes. In that hideous plastic song of the sixties, “The Age of Aquarius,” the lyrics speak of the wonders that will ensue when the stars are in alignment. The European does not care about the stars; he cares about the things of the heart. When the European’s heart is aligned with His heart, the age of the hero will return; it will be “The Age of the Man on the European White Horse,” who rides in defense of the European things, faith, hope and charity; above all charity.

I like the sagas from the Christian era that the liberals call the Dark Ages. (Of course the age when the Europeans saw the light of Christ’s love would be considered the Dark Age to liberals.) I recall one such saga from my childhood. An Icelandic warrior, newly Christianized, was in constant strife with his still pagan neighbors. The Christian Icelander called the heathen world the “twilight world” and his new-found Christian world he called the “world of light.” Every time the twilight world infringed on the Christian warrior’s world of light, he felt compelled to defend his world by driving the heathen back to their world of darkness. The task of the modern European Christian is the same

as that of the Icelandic warrior. We are called upon to drive the heathen back to their world of darkness. Blackness is sacred to the liberal and the black, but it is virulent poison to the antique European, and the people who peddle it are the European's enemies. But the psalmist assures us that He will not fail us in the day of battle.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. -- Psalm 91: 1-7

The hero believes that God's word applies to him. How can we doubt it? He set His love upon our ancestors, and He will set it upon us if only we listen to and heed the wisdom of our European hearts. +

Labels: Christ the Hero, European hero culture, honor, love of one's own

They Turned All Their Faces Away

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 2011



“Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.” – Banquo in *MacBeth*

Atrocities against whites by non-whites are commonplace, and the only unusual thing about this particular atrocity was that it was reported:

Racial Rapes

by Abigail Wilson LL.B. -- from the Australian [On Target](#):

CBS foreign correspondent Lara Logan, an attractive blonde, blue eyed Nordic woman, suffered a “brutal and sustained sexual attack”, being raped for about three hours by Egyptian males in Tahir Square, Cairo. This brutal degradation was performed by the freedom loving Egyptians celebrated by the Western media.

The full details of the brutal rape was heavily censored by the mainstream media. Thus The Sydney Morning Herald, February 16, 2011, “US Reporter Lara Logan Sexually Assaulted and Beaten in Egypt: CBS” only says that “She was surrounded and suffered a brutal and sustained sexual assault and beating”. And that’s all.

However internet sources report that she was vaginally and anally raped for three hours, masturbated on, urinated on, beaten with sticks and she may have had her left nipple bitten off. (The lady in question held just one media interview and revealed she was rescued by women in full Muslim attire. They formed a circle around her thus protecting her from further brutal degradation and she was then able to flee...ed)

Brutal rapes by Middle Eastern men of women of a similar racial profile have occurred across the West – in Sweden, where the rape rate is 20 times higher than that of some countries in southern and eastern Europe, in France and in Australia. In Australia sentences for rape are lenient compared to other countries, but the head of the pack of the Middle Eastern rapists from a few years back got 55 years and others – 25, 23, 18, 71, 11 and 15 years. That is an indication of how horrible the crimes were. Yet the crimes were never seen as racially based. Why?

Essentially women of our race have been deracinated by the Establishment. They have no identity as an ethno-racial group, whereas if these events occurred to any other group, we would never

hear the end of it. To suppose that Nordics, especially Anglo-Saxons could be targeted and racially profiled is a great no-no because it just might give this dying ethnoracial group ideas about its own racial rights and the need to preserve its racial identity. Multiculturalism has been based on the dilution of Anglo Saxons so the Establishment will never, never, ever admit any racial crimes against Anglos. Their race doesn't exist, therefore there can only be crimes against individuals. I think about this as I leave work late at night, hoping that I make it to my car and survive the long drive across this thing they call a capital city.

What is left to say after such reports? I think of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's great work *The Gulag Archipelago*. He wanted to give an accurate, faithful account of life in the Communist Gulag, but after taking us through over 600 pages of Communist brutality, he stopped at one point to tell his readers it wasn't necessary to give any more graphic details: "you know the story." Yes, by that time we did know the story. But as bad as the Russian Gulag was – and it was horrific – the new gulags are worse. There is now a worldwide system of gulags set up for the purpose of torturing and exterminating all members of the white race. In countries such as Rhodesia and South Africa, the extermination process is proceeding at a rapid pace. In countries such as the United States, Britain, and France the extermination process is slightly slower, but only slightly, because there are more whites in those countries.

One of the most terrifying aspects of the Russian Gulag was the completely arbitrary nature of the incarceration process. A man or woman could be thrown in the Gulag to be tortured and or murdered for no particular reason, other than the fact that the Russian Communist officials suspected that every Russian was plotting against the government; no one could be trusted. And no white person can be trusted in the Babylonian countries of the West; all are guilty, without a trial, of being white, which is the color of sin. Some tribunal was held somewhere in the past, at which the white man was found guilty of a heinous crime; hence there can be no such thing as an atrocity against white people because they are monsters who destroyed a colored Babylonian paradise in the past and are the obstacle to mankind's progression to a Babylonian future. Of course it is not the colored barbarians who have adopted an anti-white metaphysic; the coloreds have no metaphysic. All they know is that their once formidable enemy has become "easy meat," so they take advantage of that fact. It is the liberals who have developed an anti-white metaphysic which they have spread throughout Liberalism to ensure that no white will ever regard himself as white. In fact, any white in Liberalism who looks on himself as white is *ipso facto* guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors and will be subject to fine, imprisonment, and often death.

It's quite true that white people, particularly the Anglo-Saxon whites, do not regard themselves as a race of people, separate and distinct from the colored races, and sharing a common heritage and destiny as a people. But that is only part of the reason that whites turn their faces away from atrocities committed against whites by the colored tribesmen. The white man has become a liberal, and the liberal is not merely indifferent to the antique European's desire for racial solidarity, he is in rebellion against white racial solidarity. Mere indifference to race would not allow the liberal to stand by, and often applaud, the torture, murder, and rape of whites. In order to ignore or applaud atrocities, the liberal must hate the white race. And the liberal does hate the white race because he hates Christ. When my youngest daughter was seven years old, she asked me what a liberal was. It was a natural question coming from a child who must have heard her father mention liberals over a thousand times, and never once say anything good about them. The question was difficult for me because I wanted my daughter to understand the satanic nature of liberals without over-complicating the subject or causing her undue alarm. So I told her the simple truth: "Liberals are people who hate Christ. They might not say it outright, but we can tell by what they do that in their hearts they hate Christ." Then I went on to tell her some of the things liberals did, such as kill babies ("Don't worry, I won't let them near you or your baby brother") and offer up other white people to be killed by colored natives whom they worship ("You've seen them in the old jungle movies. Don't worry, I won't let them take you.") It comes down to Blake's profound and succinct insight:

"Man must & will have Some Religion; if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the Synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World, God; and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God."

The first Europeans who heard and believed did so because the Christ story spoke to something buried deep in their racial memory: the memory of a fall from grace due to the influence of a spellbinding charlatan who peddled knowledge and power, and the memory of a promise of a savior who would redeem them from the consequences of their fall from grace. The European, when he was European, was the most fully human of God's creatures, because he was the most fully conscious of the living God acting in his life and the life of his people. When the European lost his consciousness of the true God, he lost his identity. He can't become a proud pagan because he already rejected the pagan gods. The colored people still cling to their pagan gods while the European is left bereft of God, of race, of place, and of soul. He truly is a man of clay, so why should he be upset if he hears about other white, clay people being mutilated and destroyed by flesh and blood colored men? Clay is of no significance, until it is made a quickening spirit by the living God, but that story has been thrown on the European's trash heap.

When I was growing up I never even heard the term homosexual, and even in my late teens I had only an abstract notion of what a homosexual was. All that changed in academia. I saw that what was only an abstraction to me was a very real practice of flesh and blood people. I still couldn't understand it from within, but I had to concede that it was real. This is how I feel about the liberals' hatred of their own race and their religious devotion to the black race. I must concede that it exists, but I can't understand it from within. And I abhor the liberal's maniacal hatred of the white race and their sycophantic worship of the black more than any other of the liberal's many evil manias. I think this is because the hatred of your own people is the satanic hate that produces all the other evils of Liberaldom, such as legalized abortion and legalized homosexual marriage. The denial of the blood ties given to us by a benevolent creator is the first step in the dehumanizing process that leads to the inhumanity of Liberaldom.

When Macbeth murders Duncan he severs the blood ties of kinship and kindred that linked him to his fellow men and to God, which is why he is speaking from the heart when he declares:

*"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of."*

The liberal, like Macbeth, made his fateful decision on the heath to murder his kith and kin, and having acquiesced to their murder again and again and again, the liberal has "supp'd full with horrors"; there is no such thing as an atrocity against white people, because the liberal believes that all white people who will not renounce their blood must be eliminated; they stand in the way of utopia.

*"The castle of Macduff I will surprise:
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all the unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line."*

Of course Macbeth had more of a conscience than the modern liberals – they do not consider white victims of black carnage worthy of being considered "unfortunate souls."

The European who stands with Europe is not involved in a misunderstanding with the liberals; he is involved in a war. The liberals know that it is war; it is time for the European to grasp that reality as

well and never lose sight of it. Otherwise he will be absorbed into Liberaldom; he will make his peace with the powers that be and stop believing that there ever was such a thing as a Christian Europe.

The ties of blood, once severed, are very difficult to renew, but there is a beautiful fairy tale quality to the Christian faith. One Man of Sorrows spawned a small band of brothers who overwhelmed the world. Every renewal starts with a band of brothers, who have not renounced their ties of blood to kith, kin, and Him. +

Labels: blood faith, defense of the white race

The Last Wave By

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 2011



“Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.” – Shakespeare’s *Pericles*

The comic sage O. Henry once made the following observation in his novel *Cabbages and Kings*:

There is a quaint old theory that man may have two souls – a peripheral one which serves ordinarily, and a central one which is stirred only at certain times, but then with activity and vigour. While under the domination of the former a man will shave, vote, pay taxes, give money to his family, buy subscription books and comport himself on the average plan. But let the central soul suddenly become dominant, and he may, in the twinkling of an eye, turn upon the partner of his joys with furious execration; he may change his politics while you could snap your fingers; he may deal out deadly insult to his dearest friend; he may get him, instanter, to a monastery or a dance hall; he may elope, or hang himself – or he may write a song or poem, or kiss his wife unasked, or give his funds to the search of a microbe. Then the peripheral soul will return; and we have our safe, sane citizen again.

It is the task of the devil to make man disbelieve in his central soul and believe only in things peripheral and inconsequential. ‘I see nothing at all, yet all that is I see.’ The devil labored long and hard to convince the European that the peripheral, material world was all there was. He has succeeded. The modern world is the world as Satan always dreamed it would be. And the modern European sees no difference between Liberalism and Christian Europe because the modern European does not believe in the central things of the soul. When you point out acts of heroic chivalry and Christian charity from the European past, the modern European will simply re-label those acts of heroism and charity as acts of cowardice and self-interest. Whatever is noble in the past, whatever points to the spiritual realm, is re-labeled to fit in with a modern materialist view of reality. The modern science called psychology, for instance, is nothing more than an attempt to refashion things of the spirit into a materialist garment. Reality is made to fit the liberal’s abstractions. In his fantasy world man is a glorified ape, so the world must be structured to accommodate glorified apes. If anyone suggests the world should be anything other than a world fit for glorified apes, the rulers of Liberalism will silence that person by whatever means necessary.

I’ve never cared for the science fiction genre because I don’t find the future very interesting. It is the past, where the heroes of Europe dwell that is fascinating. We are currently living through a real life version of a sci-fi horror film. The antique European living in Liberalism is living in a world more remote and antithetical to everything he holds sacred than any alien world ever created by a writer of science fiction.

Picture a planet where black barbarians are worshipped as gods, babies are tortured and murdered at the behest of hermaphrodite creatures, and religious leaders preach a doctrine of mandatory hatred of the white race. Ming the Merciless once landed on the planet and left because it was too merciless for his liking. Of course we're talking about Liberaldom, and the story is not very funny because we live in Liberaldom.

All writers of futuristic literature, with the possible exception of George Orwell, predicted that the totalitarian regimes of the future would be right-wing totalitarian regimes. Where are those regimes? All we see around us are left-wing dystopias, all centered on one basic premise: the black race is a sanctified race, and the white race is a demon race. And there can be no place for the white in the new utopian state because the premise upon which Liberaldom was built was the premise that everything from the European past is evil. Europeans who repudiate their past can avoid extermination for a small space of time, but in the end they will face the death they sought to avoid by sacrificing other whites (it is always other whites) to the seven-headed hydra of Liberaldom.

A superficial comparison of Liberaldom and Christendom reveals men and women in a daily struggle for existence dealing with the peripheral material aspects of life. But if we look deeper we see a great difference between Liberaldom and Christendom. In Liberaldom there is no awareness of the central soul. In fact the liberal denies its existence. All of life consists of "on we work without the light," going toward a kingdom of endless carnal pleasure. The European of the good old stock believed something different from the modern liberal. He believed in "on we worked and waited for the light." The man with a central soul knows that the minutiae of life must be attended to, but he does not forget that life, real life, consists of the white moments of grace. Those moments are part of our soul, a thing eternal, and they go with us into eternity when we stand before God.

A life without white moments is not a life; it is death in life. Every day I see young white people, who should, if they were still linked to their European heritage, make me think of pastoral comedies such as *As You Like It* and marriage feasts from *Much Ado About Nothing*. But I don't see the animation of the European in their eyes; they do not make me think of pastoral comedies and marriage feasts. Instead I think of Nikolai Gogol's novel *Dead Souls*. The white man tells his children there is no central soul, and then bids them look to the black race for the ultimate meaning of life. What meaning is there in blackness? Look behind the mask of blackness, and we see a death's head. The unbought grace of life has been squandered by the white men in a futile attempt to replace love for God, for kith, for kin, with love of the generic black man. But a generic love is an airy nothing.

The eternal battle against principalities and powers does not cease because white people no longer believe they have souls. The battle continues on a different front. When whites believed in Him, they fought against the devil and his minions. Now that Europeans have forsaken their God and the passionate love of their kith and kin that stems from the love of God, they have been herded into concentration camps throughout the world. Satan and the liberals regard such white people as prisoners of war, but the sheep-like Europeans believe they are living life to the fullest; they are happy if they are allowed to live life by proxy through the great black gods of the natural world. At times the white people in the prison camps – and some of the camps are quite plush – get a vague sense of something missing in their lives. But they fill the void with drugs, sex, and an increased involvement in the black-worshipping, Christian churches without Jesus Christ. Young and old, particularly the young, are told that paradise, the future world of pleasure without pain, can only be obtained by worshipping and serving the black gods of Liberaldom. I saw that a young Irishman, just 22 years of age, won the U. S. Open Golf Tournament. The press lauded him for his "growth." And what was his growth? He went to Haiti and spent time with the sacred black people of Haiti. The pathetic, indoctrinated caricature of a European came back chastened and ashamed, vowing to be a better man and not so insular and white. Does anyone care to point out that the Haitians would not need the continued support of the white Europeans if they had not massacred the French Europeans who once ruled their country with a charity that the Haitians could not understand and took for weakness? No, I don't suppose anyone did point that out. It's not intrinsically wrong for a

white man to make a goodwill trip to an African country. But it is wrong to appease the rulers of Liberaldom by worshipping at the shrine of their black gods to the detriment of the oppressed and disenfranchised white people all over the world, particularly in nations such as Rhodesia and South Africa. Let white sports heroes visit the surviving family members of murdered whites in Africa, the United States, and Europe if they want to do genuine charitable outreach. Charity is hard, not easy, and it begins with a man's own kith and kin.

The institutionalized hatred for the white man has bred a kind of hybrid Christianity among the halfway-house Christians who want to retain some vague connection to Christianity but do not want to challenge the new Christ-less Christian theology of liberalism. The halfway-house Christians stay "Christian" by abandoning traditional European-based Christianity and fusing their Christianity with Judaism and Negro worship, a kind of Christian-Jewish-pagan mix. It's not the religion of Jesus Christ, the religion of our European ancestors; it is an anti-European faith which is more acceptable to the rulers of Liberaldom.

I once, while attending what we shall laughingly call an institution of "higher" learning, attended a lecture on the subject of the European's loss of a sense of the sacred. The lecturer's analysis seemed to be accurate. He placed the blame on rationalism and science. But he followed up his analysis with a plea of impotence: "We are all Hegelian rationalists now," he intoned; "What can we do about it? There is no going back. We can't pretend to believe *that* [meaning Christianity] which we, as rational men, cannot believe."

Of course the assumption behind the lecturer's plea of impotence was that scientific, rational thought is the highest summit of thought. The lecturer and his rational, scientific colleagues were drawing conclusions about existence without having plunged to the heart of existence. They had left out the poetic of life. What philosophy and theology cannot fathom, poetry can. Christ, the King of Poets, speaks only to those who have reached the poetic depths; He speaks to men of blood, not to men of intellect. The European fairy tale has not been refuted by the rational and the scientific "thinkers"; it has been left for dead by those who thought the abstractions they created from their pygmy brains, that missed man's central soul, were accurate representations of reality.

The age of chivalry is only dead in the peripheral, statistical world of the rationalist bureaucrats, who worship in the fusionist churches of modernity. In our old European home, chivalry still lives. And those who live by the chivalric code, the code of the European, are not daunted by numbers, by principalities, or by powers. "He that endures to the end shall be saved." +

Labels: blood faith, charity, white moments

The Blood Red Tide of Liberalism

FRIDAY, JULY 01, 2011



Turn, hell hound, turn!

(Macduff's challenge to Macbeth)

Spirit, Water, Blood recently ran some excerpts from Charles Dickens' essay on "The Noble Savage." Dickens got it right: the savage is savage, but he is far from noble. From Samuel Johnson ("Don't cant to me of savages"), to Dickens, to Thomas Nelson Page, the consensus opinion of the white poets was in line with the Bible. The sons of Ham were meant to be subordinate to and kept in check by the sons of Shem and Japheth, because left to their own devices they would inevitably become predatory animals. Nothing happened in the 20th century, in regards to the Negro, to refute what would now be called the racist rants of poets such as Johnson, Dickens, and Page. In fact, everything that happened in the 20th century in Africa and the United States (read Anthony Jacob's *White Man Think Again!* and the U. S. crime reports) make the white poets' comments on the Negro seem much too mild. And the activities of the 21st century Negro has only confirmed the warnings contained in *White Man Think Again!*, just as Jacob's book confirmed the insightful writings on the Negro of the 18th and 19th century white poets.

At the time Johnson was telling Boswell "don't cant to me of savages," and even later, when Dickens wrote his attack on the noble savage heresy and Page wrote about the Negro problem, the majority of the European intellectuals and the bulk of the European people did not believe in the Noble Savage; they believed, with the white poets, that the black man and the other colored races were the "lesser breeds without the law." But there were a few atheists such as Rousseau and Voltaire who needed a substitute for the Christian God whom they had forsaken. So they created, in their sick, demented minds, abstract, paradisiacal states inhabited by pure, sensuous, earthy, noble savages (see *Till the End of Time*.) And the utopian fantasies of a few white intellectuals have become the faith of the modern Europeans.

The worship of the black man is a uniquely European phenomenon. Other colored races see the black man for what he is, a savage predator, who is a danger to any stable society. I remember asking a Korean shop owner in my home city, why, during a spate of black riots, was his business the only business in five blocks of businesses that was not touched by rioters. His answer was quite

simple: “I don’t taken any b_____ from niggers. They know I’ll shoot them.” The Korean shop owner did not believe in the Noble Savage.

Of course the time is fast approaching – in Britain it has already come – when no one will be allowed access to firearms with which to defend themselves against the barbarian hordes. The NRA has never grasped the fact that gun control and Negro worship are woven together. To own a gun for self-defense is to openly declare that you do not believe in the sanctity and goodness of the Negro. But if the will to defend one’s own is in a man, he will fight with whatever weapon he can lay his hands on.

In his excellent book *Counter Revolution* Thomas Molnar pointed out that revolutions first succeed in the hearts and minds of men before they succeed on the battlefield. The seeds of Christian atheism, which substitutes the Negro for Christ, were sown by philosophers such as Voltaire and Rousseau. “Mock on, Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mock on!” was the impassioned defiance that William Blake hurled at the utopian atheists, but the Europeans preferred the promise of a Negro-infested future to the green and pleasant pastures of Christian Europe.

Utopian atheism and Negro worship are eternally bound together. The unspeakable atrocities in Haiti that occurred in 1789 (see *Tintagel vs Haiti*) came about as a result of a fusion of utopian atheism and Negro worship. In the utopians’ minds, the old Christian regime was evil; therefore, the antithesis of white French Christians, namely voodoo-worshipping Negroes, had the right – nay, not just the right, the duty – to exterminate the white, Christian French. And they did, to the last man.

In the United States during the infamous “reconstruction” period in the South, the Negro worshipping, democratic egalitarian, atheists turned the white Southerners over to the tender mercies of the Negro barbarians. The Southerners were saved, but only temporarily because the extermination process was resumed in the latter half of the 20th century, from the fate of the French in Haiti by the emergence of Nathan Bedford Forrest and the Ku Klux Klan.

The English everyman of the 19th century reading Dickens’ “The Noble Savage” might even have said to his wife, “Why does anyone have to write this down. It’s just common sense.” But now? Just common sense is uncommon. We live in a cruel dystopian oligarchy where good common sense about the sacred things, such as the love a man has for his own and the hatred he has for those who would destroy his own, has been outlawed, and the practitioners of good common sense have been forced to go underground.

I once read a neo-pagan blog in which the author tried to maintain that the European people had never really taken Christianity seriously; they had just had it foisted on them by their leaders. Such an argument undercuts the neo-pagan’s professed love for white people. How can you respect a people who practiced, for over 1500 years, a religion that was merely “foisted” upon them? I couldn’t accept the ‘foisted upon them’ theory of the neo-pagan, nor can I accept the ‘foisted upon them’ theory when it is used to explain the reason for the Europeans rejection of Christianity for utopian Negro worship. Granted, the utopians were quite clever. At first (and some still do) they fused Christianity and utopianism in order to slowly wean the European from his Christian faith. And utopianism was always posited as a cure for some genuine evil. But ultimately a man doesn’t change gods because he was tricked; he changes gods because he believes in the truth of the new god and not in the truth of his old god. It was inevitable once the forces of rationalism and science undermined the European’s faith in Christ that the European would embrace Negro worship. Seen through the eyes of faith Christianity is the natural faith for a man, because it is a faith that encompasses all of reality; it tells a man what he is and where he is going. But if a man foreshortens his vision and looks at the natural world as a self-contained world devoid of a personal God sustaining it, he will be doomed to worship at the satanic altar of the natural savage forever. Nature divorced from God is a Medusa’s head; to look upon it in such a distorted fashion -- and science bids us to do just that -- is death.

The road to Negro worship was built brick by brick by theologians and philosophers who told the European to look to nature in order to find God. He wasn't there, so the European assumed He didn't exist. Now he has nature and nature's god, the black man. Is he content with that god? He says he is, but behind the façade of Liberalism is suicidal despair. We are a society addicted to every form of anesthetic: drugs, sex, blood sports, the list is endless. Why, if the Negro god is all sufficient, do Europeans need to anesthetize themselves?

We need to take the European's anesthetics away from him and make him look at the "utopia" in which he lives. What is the essence of this brave new world? All utopian states are built on cruelty; without cruelty the utopian state crumbles because the utopian must destroy the old order where truth, honor, and Jesus Christ reigned:

"All tender and gentle feelings of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude and even honor itself should be choked off in the revolutionary's breast by the single cold passion of his revolutionary task. He is not a revolutionary if he has pity for anything in the world. He knows only one science—the science of destruction. He lives in the world with a single aim—its total and swift destruction." (Mikhail Bakunin)

Yes, destruction and cruelty is the inner law of all utopias. Christ's law of charity, which was the inner law of Christian Europe, became the proscribed law in utopian Europe because utopias are built with the blood of the innocents of the present in order to ensure the security of the chosen ones in the future. There can be no charity in Liberalism because the liberal, of necessity, must kill Christian charity so that Liberalism can survive. It's a war to the death – the Christian European is committed to the destruction of Liberalism because the liberals are committed to the destruction of everything a European holds sacred.

When we see the essence of utopian liberalism, which is cruelty, we can see why two seemingly disparate groups of individuals are united. The rationalistic, scientific liberal seems to be miles apart from the Negro barbarians. But they are united in their cruelty. Having renounced the source of divine charity they can only live by hatred; they hate the Christian European.

The liberal hates because he must destroy Christ's people, and the black hates because it is in his nature to hate the white. Needless to say there is no love in the alliance between the liberal and the Negro; both are incapable of love, which belongs to a higher order of existence that the liberal has renounced and the Negro only knew when he served in the tents of the white man.

There is a litmus test for entrance into Liberalism. You must be willing to stand by and applaud the murder and destruction of your own people in the here and now, and you must applaud the condemnation of the Europeans of the past. Certainly the clergy of the anti-Christian churches, particularly the Catholic popes, have passed the test with flying colors. And the European laity has followed the lead of their blaspheming priests and pastors. But there will be those who refuse to pass the litmus test. God bless them.

When I was young I read a number of the Bulldog Drummond novels by H. C. McNeile. Mr. McNeile always made light of his own intelligence and his hero's intelligence. But Bulldog Drummond had wise blood. He was always up against some criminal mastermind who was trying to manipulate the various utopian radicals into a coalition that would bring Christian Britain down. Drummond was always in defense of, and he was always up to the mark. Two white moments from the novel Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back stand out in my mind. While convalescing in a hospital from wounds inflicted by the evil mastermind, Bulldog Drummond is informed that the evil mastermind has destroyed a trainload of innocent people in order to further his own devilish schemes.

"He listened in silence whilst Darrell told him everything that had happened: then without a word he got out of bed and rang the bell. He was still shaky on his legs, but on his face was the look of grim determination that Darrell knew well of old."

And then later:

“This thing is going to be finished one way or the other, Peter,” he said after they had turned the car. “This globe isn’t big enough for Demonico and me. And he and I will have a final settlement tonight.”

His law of charity demands that we refuse to accept the liberals’ law of cruelty. From Marxist Russia to the black-worshipping nations of America and modern Europe, the force behind the utopian movements is the same: it is our ancient foe. It’s not all that complex; either we serve Satan or Christ, Babylon or Christian Europe. +

Labels: liberals are the true haters, Negro worship

Shielding Innocence

FRIDAY, JULY 08, 2011



“There can be no charity in Liberaldom because the liberal, of necessity, must kill Christian charity so that Liberaldom can survive. It’s a war to the death.” – CWNV

The recent skewering of the liberal-conservative commentator Glenn Beck was a striking example of the cruelty of the utopian liberals. Beck was one of their own. He regularly had shows on “our black founding fathers,” he said that Geert Wilders, the Dutch immigration restrictionist, was “too extreme,” and he always made sure to have blacks in his audience. Still he was driven off the air while the mad-dog liberals sat around gloating. Why was he driven off the air? He was driven off the air because he failed to understand the nature of the democratic liberal utopian machine that he served, just as Alexander Solzhenitsyn failed to understand, prior to his conversion, the nature of the communist utopian machine he served. Solzhenitsyn told us in his *Gulag* books that he was a good communist before going to prison. He was a true believer. He had merely written a letter to a friend criticizing some of Stalin’s wartime strategies. There was no criticism of communism in the letter, but Solzhenitsyn was more of a believer in communism than Stalin. Stalin believed only in the personal aggrandizement of Joseph Stalin, so Solzhenitsyn got what turned out to be a fortunate trip, for him and us, to the Gulag.

Beck was more of a believer in democratic egalitarianism than the mad-dog liberals. He failed to understand that in all utopian states “some are more equal than others.” From Beck’s perspective all racism in utopia is evil whether it comes from the white or the black, so he pointed out the racism of The Obama. But utopian states are not about democratic egalitarianism; they are about power. The liberal must have power to crush the enemies of utopia. He believes in an anti-white paradise presided over by a benevolent black god. With the election of the Obama, the United States liberal feels he has lived to see the coming of his god. When the Obama was elected the ecstatic faces of the liberal commentators told us all we need to know about liberals, utopian states, and the noble savage. It’s a war between two diametrically opposed visions of existence. The liberal sees Babylon, and the antique European sees Christian Europe. Beck’s failure to understand the nature of the conflict was not surprising: how can you understand the satanic nature of the democratic egalitarian heresy if you are a true believer in the democratic egalitarian heresy?

So long as white “conservatives” believe in utopian democracy they will continue to be white meat for the liberal machine. And it is a machine the white man is up against, an inhuman entity devoid

of pity and full of remorseless cruelty. The white man must renounce Founding Fathers egalitarian democracy or he will be ground into nothingness in the gears of the liberal machine.

In America and Europe the democratic era is treated as an ascent, a triumph of progress, but in reality the democratic era signals the demise of Christian Europe and the rise of Babylon. From approximately 1914 to 1965 the European people had problems believing in Christ's divinity, but they still maintained the ethical standards of Christianity. From the mid-sixties to the present the European has been trying to live without faith in Christ and without the ethical system that stems from a belief in Christ. The result has been legalized abortion, war without the mitigating influence of chivalry, the absence of charity and mercy, sexual permissiveness and sexual perversion, the rise of the effeminate white male and the decline of the masculine white male, and the de-feminization of the white female. And at the top of the perverted list of European innovations is the innovation that holds Babylon together (or should we say keeps Babylon from being anything but Babylon): the worship of the Negro. For how can a man be expected to be better than his god? With the Negro as his god the white man can descend to the level of a primitive ape and call such a descent progress because he is getting closer to his god. But he cannot quite make it. He can't be as truly "natural" as his god; there is always something in his way. That something is of course his racial memory of a Christian past; it is a memory he denies in himself and seeks to eradicate in other whites. He has been largely successful in his denial and eradication, but he will never be wholly comfortable with the noble savages.

Some conservatives such as Beck and some halfway house Christians such as Pat Roberson and Pope Benedict XVI will express dissatisfaction with the declining sexual mores of the modern European, but in the same breath they will denounce the racism of the Europeans of the past and praise the new racially diverse future mankind is heading toward. You can't have it both ways. Racial Babylon and sexual Babylon are one! If white people worship the black they will have no frame of reference to launch an attack against the evils of a sexual Babylon presided over by black gods.

In a religious cult the leaders of the cult try to get the members to have only one frame of reference: the cult leader or leaders. The behavior of cult members might seem bizarre to individuals outside that particular cult, but that is precisely because they are outside of the cult. From inside the cult it makes sense to drink poisoned kool-aid, to go into battle believing no bullet can harm you, to sit on a platform waiting to be taken up to heaven... and on and on. Everything the cult leaders say makes sense to the religious devotee because whatever the cult leader says represents God's truth. That is why it is useless to point out the savagery of the NWCL (Negro Worshipping Church of Liberalism) because as a member of that organization the liberal believes that whatever the black does is good and right. That is the liberal's unshakeable faith, his black gods can do no evil. This is why crimes of rape, murder, and mayhem, when perpetuated by blacks against whites, are called natural responses to racism – or a simple overflowing of youthful exuberance. Only members of the NWCL could remain steadfastly loyal to their gods despite the white genocide going on around them.

In my mid-twenties I was a member of a parish in which a young white boy, about 14 years of age, was shot by several black "youths" in a drive-by shooting. The boy was an only son with four sisters and a mother and father who loved him with an intensity of love that only a white man could fathom. Neither parent asked the men of the parish to go out and find the blacks responsible for the shooting; they knew vigilantism would be punished, but the parents did hope for justice. They were old-fashioned enough to believe that the murdering scum who killed their son should be killed themselves, even though they were black. The poor, unenlightened bigots! Didn't they know that black youths were never wrong? If they didn't know that they were soon going to be informed of that doctrine. The parish priest gave the most blasphemous homily I had ever heard (since that time I've heard many such) in a house of God. The priest talked about racial justice, about white people who called black people niggers; about healing the wounds caused by slavery... you know the litany. But not one word about the necessity of loving one's own and protecting them from Satan's minions, the

Negros. Nor was there a call to punish home so that such an atrocity would be less likely to happen in the future. Of course I was naïve! Imagine expecting a Christian response to existence from a modern clergyman who was a card-carrying member of the NWCL.

If I'm becoming too anecdotal, forgive me and just chalk it up as an old man's failing. I see another young white boy in my mind's eye. He was a student in my English Literature class. In that class I took it for granted that my students had all been born and raised to be good liberals. I saw it as my task to try to make them start to divest themselves of their liberalism, or, failing that, to let them know that the literary giants of the Western world were not liberals.

There was one particular student who was always shocked at what he saw as my off-the-wall declarations: "With very few exceptions there has been nothing written of any value since the early 1900s", "All English literature is a footnote to Shakespeare." He would respond to my off-the-wall declarations with exclamations of "Mr. ____, how can you say that!" I got into so many arguments with the young man that I began to think of him as the "How can you say that" boy. But he was alive, he had a soul, and he was open to the call of the poets. When he asked me, "How can you say that," after I called Stephen King a hack writer he actually listened to me when I explained the difference between Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and a Stephen King horror novel. And during the course of the year the How-can-you-say-that boy actually saw the difference between Shakespeare and Stephen King. "It has to do with spiritual depth, doesn't it?" "Yes, it does," I told the How-can-you-say-that boy, who became a man during my class. Only God knows why he died at the hands of a "black youth" who robbed the convenience store at which he was working the late shift. Don't ever let your children work at such places. Convenience stores are convenient places for blacks to drive to in order to murder and steal.

There is an organization that all remaining antique Europeans should be members of; we needn't write up any official documents because we don't need paper and ink and notary for things of the spirit. We are members of the OWT (Order of William Tell). Our order is dedicated to the fight the enemies of His reign of charity and to hunt down and kill anyone who comes against our kith and kin. There is certainly enough work to last a lifetime for men who want to join such an order. What did the old Jacobite say? "I've drawn my sword and thrown the sheath away." +

*Time was, my dearest children, when with joy
You hail'd your father's safe return to home
From his long mountain toils; for, when he came,
He ever brought with him some little gift,--
A lovely Alpine flower—a curious bird—
Or elf-bolt, such as on the hills are found.
But now he goes in quest of other game,
Sits in this gorge, with murder in his thoughts,
And for his enemy's life-blood lies in wait.
But still it is of you alone he thinks.
Dear children.—'Tis to guard your innocence,
To shield you from the tyrant's fell revenge,
He bends his bow to do a deed of blood!*

Labels: democracy, Negro worship, William Tell

The Darkness of Diversity

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 2011



The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide! – H. F. Lyte

In his book *Language is Sermonic*, Richard Weaver made the point that every society has God words and devil words. Such words convey a meaning beyond the mere dictionary meaning of the words. Weaver used the words "democracy" and "reactionary" as examples of God and devil words. Both are still used today as God words and devil words, but there have been a number of new God words and devil words created by the liberals since Weaver wrote *Language is Sermonic*. A perusal of the new lexicon of God and devil words is like reading the pages of a tragic volume; it tells us the sad tale of the Europeans' descent to oblivion.

The great God word of the liberals is diversity. Every college curriculum must have it, every business mandates it, and every neighborhood and school is supposed to celebrate it. What is this marvelous thing? It sounds even more wonderful than flubber, that miraculous substance Fred MacMurray invented in the Disney movie called *The Absent-Minded Professor*. After all the superlatives we've heard about diversity, aren't we entitled to regard it as something more incredible than flubber? Yes, we are so entitled, and fortunately, the liberal informs us, diversity is just as beautiful and stupendous as we were told it is. Diversity is the cornerstone of paradise; it is what ushers mankind into the land of liberal milk and honey, much tastier and sweeter than the Biblical milk and honey which came with the taint of God upon it.

God words are seldom defined, and when they are they do not behave according to their definition. Diversity is supposed to mean a variety of differently colored people all living and working together inside of a great pleasure dome. But the outside observer (Martians are convenient for that type of work) notices that liberals do not mean varied when they use the word diversity; they mean a non-diverse monolith. The Martian observes formerly white countries with their own religion and their own culture based on that religion turning their country over to colored people. He further observes that the retreating whites forsake their God and worship the colored people as gods. He also notes that formerly white neighborhoods become all black neighborhoods, and formerly white customs and white traditions become banned customs and traditions, while all things pertaining to the worship of the Negro are proclaimed "diverse" and therefore sacred. The Martian observer leaves our planet in a daze and is unable to explain our bizarre double- and triple-speak to his fellow Martians.

The white leaders, the sons of Voltaire and Rousseau, talk diversity to the masses, but what they dream of is a non-diverse, non-white society. What about the white grazers? Do they really believe in the myth of "I'll respect your culture and you'll respect mine"? Yes, I suspect most of them do. The rationalist, scientific revolution was the prelude to Negro worship. Without their faith in Christ,

the grazers lost their grip on reality. They became members of the liberal cult. Whatever their leaders tell them, they believe. And their leaders have told them that diversity means, "I'll respect your culture and you'll respect mine." The white grazers would need the blinding sight that only comes from being an antique European to see that the white is not permitted his own culture; it has been labeled demonic. The antique European is only given the right to worship and serve the Negro. The "I'll respect your culture and you'll respect mine" gambit was only necessary for older whites who had a culture separate from the Negro culture. Now that every white child is taught "diversity" at his daycare provider's knee, it is no longer necessary to tell whites that the Negro will respect their culture if they will respect the Negro's, because the modern white man knows only one culture, the culture of Negro worship.

Diversity, as the liberal defines diversity, means the extinction of the white race. The colored hordes have always known what diversity means. That is why they support diversity in white nations while they outlaw it in their own nations. When the white nations have become diverse, in the liberal sense of the word, then the colored peoples will put an end to all diversity, in the actual sense of the word.

Racism has been a devil word in the European world for over half a century, but it does not mean what the straight dictionary definition says it means. Racism as a devil word can only be applied to white people. There are no black racists in Liberaldom. All white people are racists just by virtue of being white, but some whites are more racist than other whites. The racist whites, a vanishing breed, are the whites who persist in regarding white people and white culture as a people and a culture worthy of respect, love, and honor. That small remnant refuses to accept diversity. They are, according to liberal dogma, racist vermin who must be exterminated. The anti-white liberals who have denounced the white race have filled the spiritual void in their lives, caused by their rejection of the God of Europe, with a very real and personal hatred of antique Europeans and an abstract love of the black man. Their hate is more real to them than their love; hence, the primary passion of the liberal is his hatred for "racist" white Europeans who refuse to go gently into the dark night of diversity.

The heroes in the novels of the English author A. E. W. Mason and the Southern author Thomas Nelson Page all have one thing in common: they are uprooted from their one special spot of ground that they love over all, and must fight for spiritual and physical survival in foreign lands. In the case of Mason's English heroes, the foreign land is usually India, and in the case of Page's Southern heroes the foreign land is the North. But the heroes do not go to the foreign lands alone. They take their homeland and the code that sustains their homeland with them; it is in their blood. Hence, when Mason's heroes face down howling devil worshippers, the servants of Kali, and prevail against all odds, they have made that spot of ground part of English soil, part of Christian Europe. And when the Southern heroes of Thomas Nelson Page refuse to abandon their bred-in-the-bone chivalry for the ethics of the utilitarian moneylenders of the North, they too have made foreign soil part of their soil, part of Christian Europe.

We few, we "racist" few, we Europeans, are in exile. But we hold Christian Europe in our blood, and wherever we fly our flag, that land remains Europe. There can be no compromise with the haters, because the essence of Liberaldom is the hate of white Europeans. How can they compromise and survive? They can't and they won't. Nor can we compromise. We can't try to become part of Liberaldom, as the conservatives do, by proving that we are not racist. That policy doesn't work, and it is a satanic policy because it requires that we renounce our blood. We are racist, we prefer our own to the stranger, and we hold Christian Europe as a sacred land separate and distinct from the colored lands. As Europe and the other white countries become colored countries, Christian Europe will become a vague memory and then a fantasy to the remaining Europeans still left alive. It is the task of the hero (and the remnant band of Europeans must assume the heroic mantle for the simple reason that there is nobody else) to make sure that Christian Europe remains a vivid reality to the liberals who hate it and the grazers who have forgotten it. We no longer have a country to return to

as Alexander Smollet did, but we can still say, as Alexander Smollet did, that where we stand is Europe.

In the old Perry Mason novels and movies, Perry Mason is both the defender and the prosecutor. He defends his client by exposing the guilty party. We stand in that position vis-à-vis the antique Europeans and the culture they created. They are accused of the unpardonable sin, which is racism. And because of their alleged sin, the building of paradise has been delayed. The sentence of the liberal tribunal is death. Why have no clergymen come to the defense of Europe? Why is it left to the inarticulate peasant class? Because the Christian clergy heard the siren call of paganism and succumbed. In the pagan religions the sacred rituals performed with the proper wording, form, and ceremony, by a member of the elect priestly caste, is the way to God. 'Tis not so with Christ. His blood was our blood, and He comes to us through the blood, not the rite. The clergy jettisoned Christ our brother in order to hold on to their privileged status as keepers of the esoteric rites.

Have Europeans polluted the world and delayed the building of Utopia because they believed in Christ? No, the guilty party, the murderer of everything pure and decent is the liberal. There is an historical record. The only glimpse of charity and mercy ever seen on the face of the earth came from the antique Europeans, who have been convicted without a trial by the guilty-as-sin liberals. What have the liberals, after 60 plus years of power, produced?¹ “The result has been legalized abortion, war without the mitigating influence of chivalry, the absence of charity and mercy, sexual permissiveness and sexual perversion, the rise of the effeminate white male and the decline of the masculine white male, and the de-feminization of the white female. And at the top of the perverted list of European innovations is the innovation that holds Babylon together (or should we say keeps Babylon from being anything but Babylon): the worship of the Negro.” At present the liberals don’t even bother to defend themselves because their power is such that they don’t have to answer to anyone for their crimes. But in the early days of their reign, when they still felt unsure about the permanence of their triumph, they defended the more blatant crimes of Liberalism, such as increased sexual promiscuity and rising black violence, as mere growing pains of a brave new world. When the Utopian system was completely in place, they insisted, there would be no more glitches in the machine. And who became the glitch that had to be eliminated? Yes, it was the remaining white Europeans who wanted to remain white Europeans.

All antique Europeans living in modern day Liberalism face a crisis similar to those crises faced and overcome by the British grenadiers in the A. E. W. Mason novels. The liberals and their black minions are howling Afghans, Fuzzy-Wuzzies, and the devilish followers of Kali all rolled into one. It would seem that we, like Mason’s heroes, must fight on alone without hope of reinforcements. But we are not entirely alone. We take our European home, and the strength that those home associations give a man, into battle with us. The Christian European has never been afraid of the valley of the shadow of death, because he knows, with a faith bred-in-the bone, that the Son of God walks by his side. It is eventide for Europe, but no one’s death, and no civilization’s death, is a mathematical certainty so long as He abides with us. +

¹ I noticed a news item on the *AmRen* page that was one more proof of the ascendancy of liberalism over Christianity.

Young people, according to the post, now use the term “that’s racist” in a mocking way, much like an Eddie Haskell in a bygone era might have told a dirty joke in a church parking lot. The young people are being iconoclastic; they are poking fun at the establishment.

The liberals, despite trying to present themselves as downtrodden outsiders, are The Establishment. If a young white person wants to be truly anti-establishment, let him take up the cause of Christian Europe. It was a cross our ancestors gladly bore.

Labels: cultural diversity, Richard Weaver

That Which We Hold Dear

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 2011



And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—
--Rudyard Kipling

In Arthur Koestler's autobiography he told of a woman who had spent years as a devoted communist and then one day became an ardent anti-communist. Koestler, now a former communist himself, asked her why she had left the Party. She replied, "One night I heard screams." Of course there had been nights and nights of screams, but one night the screams of one tortured soul penetrated the soul of a communist who thought there was no such thing as a soul. Such conversions were rare, Koestler went on to say, but they did occur.

Because "one night I heard screams" conversions sometimes occur, we should never stop trying to report the atrocities of the black barbarians. There is always the chance that an atrocity story will penetrate the soul of a liberal and he will be converted, but we cannot make the reporting of atrocity stories our only hope. In the main, the liberals have formed a protective shell around their hearts that makes them immune to an appeal for charity and mercy. Augustine once said that there was one deathbed conversion in Scripture, lest you despair; but there was only one lest you presume. We cannot hope for the equivalent of mass deathbed conversions from liberals as a result of getting the information out about black atrocities. What can we hope for then, in lieu of the conversion of the liberals? We can hope and work for the destruction of Negro worshipping Liberalism.

In a centralized state such as the United States only a small minority of people are really committed to the preservation of the state. The vast majority of people are merely grazers; they go along with the powers that be, but if a different group took over the grazers would go along with them. The late John Tyndale, a British Nationalist, was well aware of the grazers. He once wrote an article explaining that more often than not he found that the British grazers agreed with him on the necessity of a white Britain, but they wouldn't support him because they feared the loss of their jobs and the stigma of "racist." Seize electoral power, Tyndale argued, and the grazers would go along

with the new powers that be, the BNP. I agree with Tyndale about the grazers, but I don't think you can defeat democratic, utopian liberalism from within utopia. You must destroy utopia and rebuild Christian Europe.

Behind Negro worshipping diversity is the desire to eliminate all that elevates a man to a spiritual plane above the nature-worshipping societies of antiquity. And the return to nature, which results in the worship of the savage, occurred in the European world when religious faith became a philosophy. When a man looks at religious faith philosophically he has already started the divorce proceedings between his heart and his head that will lead to the betrayal of his God and his people. He is a man fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Stanley Weyman, in his novel *The Long Night*, depicts a staunch and principled Switzer who betrays his people during their wars with Savoy because he succumbs to the philosophical temptation.

After all, a live dog is better than a dead lion – only you will not see it. We are ruled, the most of us, by our feelings, and die for our side without asking ourselves whether a single person would be a ducat the worse if the other side won. It is not philosophical, with another shrug. “That is all.”

Therein lies the key to the demise of the European. The devil bids us divorce ourselves from our people and our God in the name of a higher philosophical principle. In reality, an egotistical adherence to a “higher” philosophical principle, higher than “mere feelings,” leaves a man in a morally ambivalent state in which he can be easily manipulated by the devil.

This brings us to the necessity of concluding that the upholders of mere dialectic, whether they appear in this modern form or in another, are among the most subversive enemies of society and culture. They are attacking an ultimate source of cohesion in the interest of a doctrine which can issue only in nullity. It is no service to man to impugn his feeling about the world qua feeling. Feeling is the source of that healthful tension between man and what is – both objectively and subjectively. If man could be brought to believe that all feeling about the world is wrong, there would be nothing for him but collapse. -- Richard Weaver

The European has been brought to believe that all his feeling about the world is wrong, and he has indeed collapsed. The abstract philosophical poison, the European's inheritance from Greece, killed the Roman Empire, and then in turn killed Christian Europe. It's not hard to see why the Greek poison is so deadly, nor is it hard to see why men drink it so readily. The Greek philosophical poison consists of the “you shall be as God” liquid. If existence can be put in the silver rod of the philosopher, the philosopher can become God. It's ironic that Plato, the most anti-European of the Greek philosophers, has been carried in the humanities curriculums of European universities for century after century. Plato's cruel utopia, where the patriarchal family is outlawed, abortion is legal, and all ties of kith and kin are obliterated for the sake of the common good of an abstract humanity, was to become a shining light to anti-European intellectuals throughout the long history of Christian Europe.

Every utopia is antithetical to Christianity, even though many utopian schemes, in fact most utopian schemes, come from heretical Christians. Christianity celebrates the living God who saved individual human beings from sin and death. The utopian celebrates humanity in the abstract, which he plans to deliver from the pain of existence by virtue of the power of his mind. Such egomania always ends in oblivion, because individual human beings cannot live in the prison of the abstracted mind, abstracted from God and from man. The Roman Catholic priest, Jean Meslier, who rejected Christianity for his own abstract theology of utopia, at least had the decency to follow his abstract theory to its logical conclusion: After stating “I myself am not more than nothing...,” he committed suicide. The same fate has befallen the modern European people; believing they are nothing, a people without kith or kin, they are committing suicide.

All my life I've heard of the Greco-Roman heritage of Europe. And the unchallenged assumption is that the Greco-Roman heritage is good. But the type of heritage that liberals and conservatives are referring to, the Greek philosophical tradition and the Roman organization, have not been good for

Europe. The discarded poetical heritage of Homer, Sophocles, and Virgil, the men who felt that there was a God beyond the gods, would have been a heritage for the Europeans to build upon, but it was not that heritage that became “our Greco-Roman heritage.”

Our Greco-Roman heritage is the heritage of the utopian Greek philosophers and the race-mixing Romans who put loyalty to the idea of Rome above loyalty to one’s blood. The startling fact that comes to the forefront when we look at the European’s history is that the classicists have always regarded the European as a barbarian because the European regarded the purity of his race as something sacred. I remember being shocked, because I had always been told the Europeans who invaded Rome were barbarians, when I first read about the real Europeans, such as Dietrich of Berne and Alaric the Goth, men of great heart and of a great civilization. They kept what was good in the Roman empire, the Christian faith, and discarded what was evil, the Roman policy of mongrelization in the name of Roman unity. It was the task of the European hero then, as it is his task now, to keep the Greco-Roman hell-hound at bay.

Right from the beginning then, there was a Greco-roman dagger aimed at the heart of European civilization. So long as the Europeans’ maintained their bloodlines, they were shielded from the Greco-Roman dagger. But when the shield of race was lowered the dagger of the Greek philosophic tradition and mongrelizing Rome was able to penetrate to the heart of the European civilization. In the purely material world a dagger to the heart is fatal, but in the real world, the world of the European fairy tales, a man and his people can survive a dagger to the heart; they can rise again, and ride triumphant over ruin and death.

Of course all talk of the European riding triumphant over anything is futile if he doesn’t recover his identity as a European. He is the Christ-bearer who preserved the faith by preserving the purity of his race. Whenever he wavered toward a Greco-Roman-philosophical utopia, his faith in the living God diminished. How could it be otherwise? Love, charity, and mercy stem from a living God, a God who is man and God; they cannot exist as philosophical abstractions or the “ethical ideals” of an organization dedicated to one-world, one-family, one-multicolored race.

The first European Christians viewed fidelity to their race as they viewed fidelity to their wife and fidelity to their God. The liberals accept that European vision of race and faith as the true Christianity, and then damn Christianity. The halfway-house Christians condemn the “racist” faith of the antique Europeans and point to a new Christianity where Christ appears, blesses Babylon, and then leaves the stage.

Can there be any faith in Christ outside the hearth fires of the condemned Europeans? The answer to that question is obvious to anyone who has a heart that still lives. The path through the European woods takes us to Him; the path through the new improved woods of the liberals leads to Babylon, and beyond that, hell. I have no desire to be wiser than my ancestors. They knew and loved God because of His divine humanity. They saw the human in the divine, because they were faithful to a particular race of people, not a philosophical utopia or a multi-racial organization. The European cottage in the woods, when inhabited by men and women of our own race, is infinitely more beautiful than the gaudy palaces of Babylon peopled by an indeterminate race of subhuman monstrosities. In the former dwelling we see the face of Christ reflected in his people; in the latter we see only darkness. We’ve truly lost our way if we prefer the Babylonian palace to the European cottage. +

Labels: blood faith, Greek philosophical tradition, restoration of European civilization, Resurrection

The Code of the European

FRIDAY, JULY 29, 2011



“But I have all my life long been prejudiced against that form of underhand violence which I have heard old men contend came into fashion in our country in modern times, and which certainly seems to be alien from the French character. Without judging others too harshly, or saying that the poniard is never excusable—for then might some wrongs done to women and the helpless go without remedy—I have set my face against its use as unworthy of a Christian soldier.” -- Stanley J. Weyman in *A Gentleman of France*

In the wake of the Norwegian massacre which is reportedly the act of a self-styled “Christian fundamentalist,” the Christian fundamentalists are rushing to renounce the shooter and violence in general. Christians should renounce the shooter for the reason that no Christian kills children, no matter what their color or party affiliation; killing children is what liberals are so fond of doing. But the second renunciation, the renunciation of all violence, is wrong. Christians must defend their own people, using violence when the enemy uses violence. When I hear self-anointed white nationalist leaders urging white people to renounce all violence, while the violence against white people is reaching unheard of levels, I know that the nationalist leaders are more concerned about their own careers than they are about the plight of white people.

I know Anders Behring Breivik, like Timothy McVeigh, was against many things antique Europeans are against – multiculturalism and Islamic encroachment on the West – but he was also a Zionist Christian and he made no attempt, like the IRA makes no attempt, to distinguish non-combatants from combatants. It is true that the murdered young people were liberals in the making, but that type of killing, destroying the enemy’s offspring, is pagan, not Christian. Christian warriors have often failed to live up to the code of chivalry, but that doesn’t make the code invalid or any less binding. Europeans of the past have successfully fought Muslims without becoming like unto the Muslims.

The liberals have quite predictably labeled Anders Behring Breivik a right-wing Christian and an immoral monster. But he is not a Christian as our European ancestors were Christian, nor is he an immoral monster. Anders Behring Breivik is a child of liberalism. He is the product of the new, theoretical Christianity first championed by Thomas Aquinas. If we cannot know the living God via the European people, who made Him the incarnate center of their civilization, how can we know Him? The Christian intelligentsia on the Roman Catholic side said that we could know God through the intercession of an infallible expert's opinion of Church documents. And the Protestant experts told us we could know God through their interpretations of the Holy Scriptures. Both theoretical versions of Christianity left out the heart of Christianity, man's personal encounter with the living God, as exemplified in the incarnational culture of the European people. By demonizing the Europeans' past and denying the validity of their culture of "mere feelings" the European religious theorists cut the European off from his intuitive, instinctual life, which is a man's only touchstone of reality, and allowed him only a second-hand life in which he was totally dependent on his own mind. He became a reed for any liberal wind that promised him some release from the void in his soul. The post-Christian European, the European who sees only a mind-forged reality, might become a mad-dog liberal and support the mass slaughter of babies and the extermination of the white race; he might become a halfway-house Christian and support the extermination of the white race and acquiesce to the slaughter of babies; or he might become a pro-Zionist white nationalist who believes in the extermination of the children of the mad-dog liberals. It is internecine warfare we are witnessing. We have yet to hear from the men of Christian Europe who do not fight as the pagan liberals or the pagan Muslims fight in order to combat the pagan liberals and the pagan Muslims.

Did our hearts soar when we heard the news of Anders Behring Breivik stalking and killing the Norwegian young people? No, but our hearts were stirred to the depths when Paul Hill stepped out and killed the abortion doctor and his assistant. That was life imitating art. When Paul Hill said, "You won't kill any more babies," it reminded us of Nicholas Nickleby's response to Wackford Squeer's brutal beating of Smike: "Stop! This must not go on." It's in the European's blood, the instinct to stop brutality at any cost. But if the European has divorced himself from his blood, he will be a dead man from the neck down; he will be all head, a head brimming with the semi-Pelagian, mind-forged theology of St. Thomas Aquinas. In that theological schema, ensoulment occurs when the human mind says it takes place, and not when God ordains it. From a purely logical standpoint, Anders Behring Breivik was completely right to do what he did. He was following the dictates of his own mind-forged faith. The Labor Party was destroying his country, the party members and their children would never have souls – ensoulment takes place when the human intellect says it takes place – so the soulless liberals and their children were fair game for Anders Behring Breivik. All quite logical if the human heart is left out of the equation, as it is in all philosophical and theological systems.

We must fall back on Christianity, which embraces man's whole nature, and though not a code of philosophy, is something better; for it proposes to lead us through the trials and intricacies of life, not by the mere cool calculations of the head, but by the unerring instincts of a pure and regenerate heart. The problem of the Moral World is too vast and complex for the human mind to comprehend; yet the pure heart will, safely and quietly, feel its way through the mazes that confound the head."

Without the unerring instincts of his European heart, Anders Behring Breivik became one with the liberals who view the world and all those who inhabit it as grist for the satanic mills of their minds.

A friend who shares my loathing for Liberalism told me that it was disingenuous to talk about fighting for the destruction of Liberalism while denouncing the first man who had the courage to strike back at Liberalism. I don't see it that way. Liberalism is the incarnation of Satan where Christ was once incarnate. Are we striking a blow for Christian Europe when we fight as a liberal would fight, with no regard for Christian chivalry? It seems to me that we fall into a satanic trap

when we use the tactics of the devil in order to fight the devil. The lodestar of Europe has always been and always shall be Jesus Christ. I don't believe that we have to abandon Him in order to fight, and win, against Satan and his liberal minions. As with Timothy McVeigh there will be no attempt to understand Anders Behring Breivik's rage. "He is a monster," the liberals tell us. But the rage is justified; all Christian Europeans should feel a rage against the liberals and their barbarian allies. It is still possible to channel that rage against the liberals and their barbarian allies without breaking the code of chivalry. In his book, Anders Behring Breivik linked the cause of Christian Europe with the cause of Israel. No man who fuses Judaism and Christianity can be trusted to act as an integral Christian. The Jews regularly attack the Palestinians, making no distinction between combatants and non-combatants, and quite possibly that was a significant influence on Anders Behring Breivik.

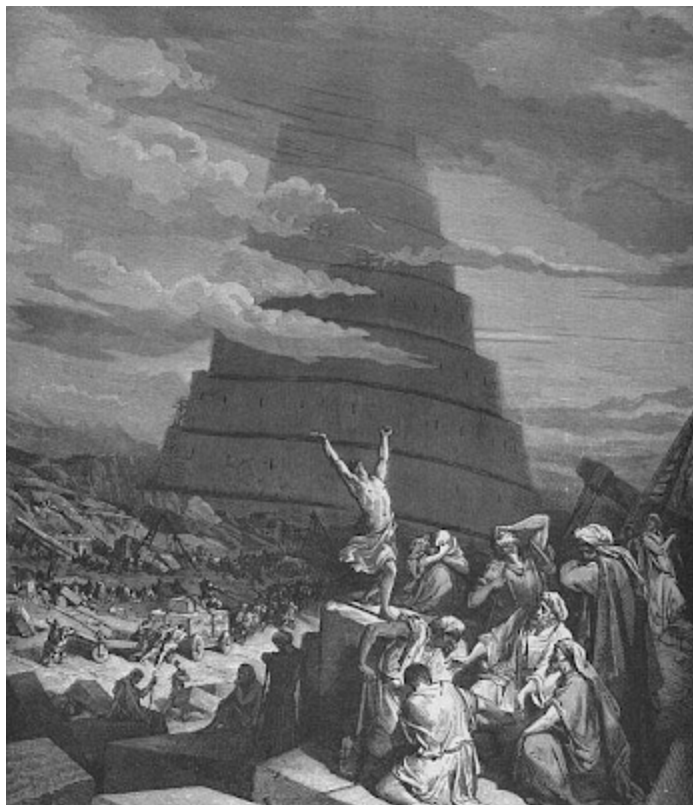
No doubt it is easier to never use violence for any reason or to use violence on all occasions and for any reason, than it is to make distinctions and use violence when necessary within limits and to refrain from violence when restraint seems necessary, but such is the cross the Christian must bear. In Caroline Gordon's novel *None Shall Look Back*, she tells us of Nathan Bedford Forrest's actions after he liberated a group of Confederates from a Union prison camp. He took one liberated Southern soldier aside and asked him if any of the Yankee soldiers had abused the Confederate prisoners. There was one who had, and he was shot. The rest of the Yankee prisoners were treated humanely. And again, when Forrest became the Grand Wizard of the K. K. K., he didn't ride against every Negro; he rode against those who raped and murdered.

True Christian charity often demands that we kill, always in defense of, and always with men like Tell, Havelock, and Forrest before us as exemplars. They knew when to kill and when to refrain from killing, because they had faith that was bred in the bone, a surer and more certain faith than the mind-forged faith of the modern, wayward Europeans. +

Labels: antique Christianity, code

Soulless, Godless Diversity

FRIDAY, AUGUST 05, 2011



“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead...” – Sir Walter Scott

Every so often I'll read a conservative writer's expose of the public schools. He tells us of the gender-mixing classes: "Gender identity is a spectrum where people can be girls and feel like girls, or feel like boys, or feel like both, or feel like neither." Or he'll tell us about some hideous sex ed class in which the only sexual option that is never considered a viable option is the Christian option. The assumption in all the expose-type articles is that the public, especially the parents of public-schooled children, would be "scandalized" if they knew what was being taught in the public schools. It's as if the conservative writers are frozen in time and think there is a generic American public out there from the 1950's who are shocked by the sexual depravity taught in the classrooms of America. The public does know, and the ones who do not completely approve, a small minority, are indifferent. The indifferent ones don't really care what the curriculum is; they just want their children to have a "good education." Why does the conservative hold on to the belief that there is a "moral majority" out there who do not want the sexual ethics of Liberalism taught in our public schools? For the same reason pro-lifers back in the 1970's and 1980's kept insisting that the majority of the American people did not want legalized abortion. If you believe in the democratic heresy, and the majority of your countrymen want to live where sexual degeneracy is taught in the classrooms and practiced in society, you must acquiesce to degeneracy. After all, "majority rules"!

In the beginning of all radical movements there is not a majority in favor of radicalism, but once the radicals come to power and institutionalize their beliefs they manage to get the approval of the vast majority of people because they control the educational establishments, the churches, and the media outlets. Conservatives keep referring to a moral majority on their side long after there has ceased to be a moral majority on their side. They fail to realize that once a revolution is successful and revolutionary ideals become part of the establishment, a conservative can't continue to merely conserve, because he will simply be conserving radicalism; he must become a counter-revolutionary.

And saying that the conservative “fails to realize” is being charitable. I suspect in most cases the conservative doesn’t want to look too closely at the sins of Liberalism, because he doesn’t want to be part of a counter-revolution trying to destroy Liberalism; he wants Liberalism to survive because he dreams of ruling Liberalism. Again, the pro-lifers are a classic case. They persisted, despite all evidence to the contrary, in viewing legalized abortion as a misunderstanding, because if it was not a misunderstanding, if liberals were really killing babies because they wanted to kill babies, then that would necessitate a counterrevolution, which would take the conservative outside the parameters of liberal democracy. And of course outside the parameters of liberal democracy is, according to the conservative and the liberal, nothing but darkness. But by failing to let go of liberal democracy, which celebrates racial, religious, and sexual diversity, the conservative has ensured that he and his mad-dog liberal brethren will live in a world without light.

The conservative who deplores the teaching of degeneracy I and II in our classrooms is not a reliable ally in the war against Babylon. Such “conservatives” think it is possible to pick and chose what parts of Babylon they desire while discarding the Babylonian elements they don’t desire. That is impossible; once you have accepted the democratic principle of diversity you must then accept racial diversity, religious diversity, and sexual diversity. The conservative’s protest against the teaching of sexual depravity is never that strong because he has accepted the principle of diversity. John Paul II, for instance, once issued a mild protest against the feminist love of infanticide, but then in the next breath, he called feminism a great boon to mankind. Such will always be the schizophrenia of the diversity-loving conservative.

Sadly the greatest purveyors of diversity are the Christian churches. It is an unquestioned belief of the Christian churches that racial diversity and religious diversity are the main tenets of the Christian faith. It’s not possible, if you listen to the Christian clergy, to deny that “diversity” is the sum total of their faith. What is difficult to comprehend is the reason diversity became synonymous with Christianity when the Bible, a book Europeans used to respect, and the traditions of the European people, traditions Europeans used to respect, expressly forbid sexual, racial and religious diversity. The answer can be found in Shakespeare: Human beings, the bard told us time and time again, have an incredible capacity to lie to themselves. The European intelligentsia wanted passionately to jettison the traditional faith of Europe, but they still wanted to use the organizational strength of the Christian churches, especially the Roman Catholic Church, so they kept the churches and banished Christ. The Son of God now wanders throughout the European nations, looking for a non-diverse, antique European hearth fire at which to warm His bleeding hands. He can’t find any because the great lie of the modern Christian churchmen is that they still believe in the Son of God, but they do not believe and they cloak their unbelief in diversity. They tell us that Jesus wants the sons of Shem and Japheth to mix with the sons of Ham, and that Jesus wants to make Mohammed, Nelson Mandela, Gandhi, and Buddha equal – even more equal in some cases – with Himself. Liars! You hate the Man of Sorrows because He bids you take up your cross and follow Him. How gauche. You want the diversity of the pleasure dome, where there is no sin, except the sin of opposing religious and racial diversity, and you tell us there is no God who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords; there is only a pantheon of heathen gods. One yearns for the days of honest atheists like Nietzsche and Freud. They said it outright: they hated Christ.

Home and church are linked in the spiritual imagery of the European people. In the past if you wanted to describe a good city, you would call it a city of homes and churches. Satan knew that and he used that imagery to destroy the spiritual home, which is the European people, of the Christian faith. Destroy the Christ-bearing people and you destroy faith in Christ.

A diverse home is not a home. When the Christian churches pushed diversity down the throats of the European people, the European people ceased to be a people! At the local park I frequently see families having reunions. Recently I saw a family reunion consisting of approximately fifty white people and one dreadlocked, vacant-eyed, black creature in their midst, who was attached to a white girl at the reunion. What is the future of those families? Will they adhere to the faith of their

ancestors – they were obviously already undermining it – or will they become part of the new Babylonian world of the future/ One doesn't have to be a prophet to answer that question. The white grazers will become part of Babylon and instead of munching on charcoal-broiled hamburgers and mumbling nominal prayers of thanks to an ecumenical Christ; they will become charcoal-broiled treats for black savages who will mumble some non-ecumenical prayers to their heathen deities before they dine on the white grazers.

Racial diversity has always been the battering ram of the liberals, because it opens the Christian churches up to all the other diversities. If the white race is evil and the colored races are good, how can the religion of the white man be good and the religion of the colored people be bad? The white people must give way to the fusionism condemned in the Book of Revelation. Christianity must be blended with black voodoo, Islam, Judaism, and every non-Christian faith of the colored tribes. And how can the sexual perversity of the heathens be condemned? They are non-white and therefore without sin. We all remember the horrible image of Pope John Paul II celebrating a Mass with bare-breasted African women. "Once our grace we have forgot," by accepting racial diversity as a consummation devoutly to be wished rather than an abomination to be condemned, all the other faiths and sexual orientations come streaming through the church door and make themselves at home with the good "Christian" people of Europe.

The home, not the church, is the citadel of faith. Every antique European, no matter how poor, no matter how disenfranchised, can say, "Where I live there shall be no diversity." The first Christian counter-revolution was started in a manger, by a poor, outcast infant wrapped in swaddling clothes.

There is an evil intelligence behind diversity. He instructs his white minions, even though they deny his existence, that there shall be no diversity in the colored tribes because diversity weakens a people, and he wants the colored people to be strong in their demonic pride of race. He wants diversity only for the white race, because a diverse race is not a race of people, it is nothing at all. Without the white people's love of race there can be no personalities, no human beings capable of knowing the human in the divine and the divine in the human. The earth will truly be a house of desolation when the white race becomes as diverse as Satan desires.

A people with no identity as a race will soon cede their religious and sexual identities as well. They will be diverse, which means they will be spiritually dead. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land!" The diverse white man is such a man. How can he love his homeland when he doesn't believe in the home? He doesn't believe that the love given and received at the hearth fires of a particular people with a particular faith in a personal God spreads from home to home until those homes constitute a homeland. "Nothing can compare to the love that once was there." A diverse man cannot love because he has no connection to the source of all love, Who can only be known through an intimate connection to a particular race and one particular hearth fire. The poison of diversity kills the soul just as surely as a knife in the heart kills the body. The overwhelming majority of Europeans are whoring after diversity; they no longer see with the blinding sight of the antique Europeans nor do they feel with the passionate intensity of the antique Europeans. The few, the remnant, must stay wedded to our European home because there must be a counterpoise to diversity, a sign of contradiction to Liberalism. "Where I live," the antique European asserts, "there shall be no diversity." +

Labels: counterrevolution, diversity, homeland

Children of Wonder

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 2011



And all the old romance, retold – Robert Louis Stevenson

The response of the British establishment to the London riots was so predictable, so quintessentially liberal, that we can only conclude there is a little yellow book (yellow for cowardice) that all liberal regimes have access to, which explains the proper liberal response to every situation. On page 4 we might see the following:

Question #17: *What should we do when Muslims and coloreds start ripping our major city apart, thus exposing the violent underbelly of diversity?*

Answer #17: *First say that violence and thuggery will not be tolerated. Secondly, warn all Britons that this is no time for “right wing vigilantism.” That would be the worst thing that could happen. Third, never blame the riots on people of color or people of the Muslim faith. Fourth, criticize the police for provoking the riot and promise a more diverse police force in the future and more diversity training for the few remaining white policemen. Fifth, make sure that any act of self-defense by white shop owners or white homeowners is prosecuted to the full extent of the law.*

The London riots this summer, the French riots in 2005 and in 2007, the riots in the New Orleans Superdome during Hurricane Katrina all stem from religious and racial diversity. The Muslims and the coloreds are barbarians who want to destroy white people and their culture. The riots, when they break out, are only slightly more dramatic manifestations of the daily murders, rapes, and mayhem performed by the Muslims and the people of color. What is highly revealing is the liberals’ reactions to the crises. They always circle the wagons and protect the new Babylon. They react according to the program described in page 4 of their “Yellow Book.” Their main concern is that there shall be no “right-wing” reaction to the violence of the barbarians of color. All the standard vehicles for diversity – church, press, and state – are brought to the fore to denounce a violent, white reaction to the colored violence. And by and large the diversity machines of church and state will be successful. There might be a few white Britons who will vote for the BNP in the next election, but in the main

the white Britons will remain stupefied by the propaganda of the diversity-loving British establishment. Why will the white Britons (and there is no other kind of Briton) remain stupefied and helpless? For the same reason you can't keep a man in prison for twenty years on a starvation diet of bread and water and expect him, upon his release, to fight in the arena against a well-fed, well-conditioned gladiator. The prisoner won't have the muscle to fight, just as the modern Brits do not have the spiritual muscle to fight the satanic, diversity-loving British establishment. The Muslims have a faith, the Negroes have a faith, but the white European has no faith. Men of faith have "prejudices" which see them through life's emergencies. Men without heartfelt prejudices about existence, men who have only formed a propositional faith of the mind, are swept away like the two little pigs who built their houses with straw and sticks.

To the extent that there is ever a response to the violence of the Jihadists and the people of color in Britain, France, the United States or any other European nation, the response is always an appeal by white people to be allowed to exist within the New Babylon. The appeal is not granted because white people, according to the wisdom of the Babylonians are evil. But even if the liberal Babylonians were willing to grant the white peoples' appeal it would not be possible for white people to coexist with Negroes and Muslims, because both groups are committed to the extermination of the white man. Diversity does not mean 'varied'; it means the death of white people. There is a type of malaise that descends on a people when they are in a hostage-type situation. The modern European has been taken hostage. His liberal foe has sentenced him to death, but he is killing Europeans incrementally. European hostages are very compliant to the murderers' demands, because each one hopes the executioners will kill them later rather than sooner. I recall a hostage situation in my police district. A black murderer was taking the employees of a restaurant back into the storeroom and killing them one by one, while his accomplice stood guard on the other victims. One man decided, "He is going to kill me anyway, so I might as well go down fighting," and he attacked the man standing guard, took his gun, killed him and then killed the other Negro when he stepped back into the front room. Why don't more Europeans follow that unsung hero's lead? The blacks, the Muslims, and the other colored tribes have been very blunt about their murderous intentions. Why shouldn't we fight back? Of course the answer to that is clear. The European people do not believe they are a people. Abstract minds cannot fight.

Practical programs of nationalist leaders that are geared to gain acceptance for white people who are living in Babylon are doomed to failure. No pagan, having defeated his enemy, turns over a piece of his conquered territory to his enemy. Only Christian warriors are magnanimous in victory. When mounting a counterrevolution, we can't leave out the faith that inspired the antique Europeans to fight, and win, against the forces of Babylon.

There have been thousands of lost treasure books written, but for me there is only one treasure book, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. In the book Stevenson shows us the type of civilization that produces men who can fight and defeat the forces of Babylon. The pirate culture that Stevenson depicts is a culture much like our modern, liberal Babylonian culture. All races are united in their love of murder, rape, and pillage, and homosexuality is just another form of recreation. Against this culture is the bred-in-the-bone Christianity of Jim Hawkins, Dr. Livesey and Alexander Smollet. When Ben Gunn says he is "sore for Christian diet," he need not say European food because Europe and Christianity are inextricably bound; who could imagine they would ever be rent asunder?

The Christianity that is bred-in-the-bone never surrenders to Babylon because... Well, because it just isn't done. If you would probe a man like Alexander Smollet and ask him why it isn't done, "Why not strike a compromise with the Babylonians?" he would tell you the same thing he told the pirates:

"Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones."

A true-bred Englishman does not beg for a share of Babylon, because he prefers death to dishonor, and because he has the Christian European's ability to distinguish between Christ and Satan. Satan's minions offer a compromise only as a means of destroying the white man. They can only be defeated; a Christian European cannot arrive at a mutual understanding with Satan.

When the spirit is right, when the ability to distinguish the difference between a colored heathen and a Christian European is bred-in-the-bone, the practical measures fall into place. Jim Hawkins is armed because he knows there is such a thing as evil.

"I began to recall what I had heard about cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenceless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly towards him."

Firearms are illegal in Britain and most of America's urban centers, because the rulers of Liberalism do not want white men to set their faces resolutely and take violent action against the murderous colored thugs of Liberalism, but it isn't necessary to wait for the legalization of firearms before we protect and defend our people. If the spirit is willing a man will find the means to fight.

Spiritually the Europeans are dead; no "practical," get-out-the-vote, nationalist movement can revive them, because the nationalist leaders have not chosen the better part. They are pleading for an allotment of the liberal-barbarian pie.¹ Death in life can only be remedied by a faith in the God who turned death into eternal life; no amount of liberal pie, no matter how large the slice, can bring the dead Europeans to life.

When the Muslim and colored riots break out, the liberal establishment treat them as aberrations, but they are not aberrations. They are the logical outcome of white-hating liberalism. Contra church, state, and press the white man must refuse to be eradicated. The "love that once was there" still resides in the hearts of those Europeans who have not renounced their blood. It's more than an uphill battle to restore Europe; it's an impossibility if we succumb to pragmatism or philosophical indifference. But if we make the battle what it truly is, a battle of good vs. evil, and we love the good, which has a name and a personality, we will do more than keep the beast at bay, we will send him back to hell.

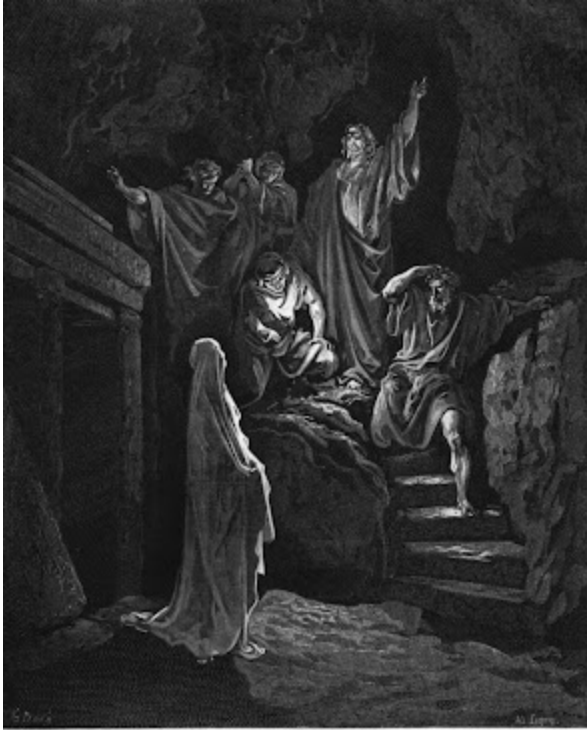
Where in Liberalism is the face of Jesus Christ? In the fusionist churches? In the mosques built next to the churches? In the abortuaries? In the black-infested urban centers? And where is the face of Satan? In the fusionist churches, in the mosques... There is nothing redeemable in Liberalism; we are bound to a wheel of fire so long as we try to adjust to Liberalism. The *raison d'être* of liberalism is the destruction of white Europeans, who are standing in the way of utopia. Our *raison d'être* is the restoration of Christian Europe, which was not utopia but something infinitely superior to utopia; it was a land where meek souls "received Him still." No mere liberal or savage barbarian can stand against a European who draws his sword on behalf of the European people who honored, in their hearts, the incarnate Lord of Europe. Set pragmatism and philosophy aside and become once again a child of wonder and soldier of the cross. That is the life for a man of Europe. +

1. "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee..."

"And no man gave unto him": there is no place for the Christian European in Babylon. We need to return to our Father's house.

Death in Life

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 2011



RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS

*And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth....
(John 11: 42)*

Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
The Spectre with his Blood Hand,
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

-Walter Scott

There is a relatively new development in the ongoing race war which only one side, the wrong side, is fighting. Blacks are now using what I believe is called 'social media' to aid them in their war against white people. The blacks target a particular area, such as a mall or shopping center, and they use their cell phones to help coordinate the attack. At the opportune moment, a black horde of twitterers descend upon their white victims to rob, rape, and murder them. O brave new liberal world that has such creatures in it!

Of course the media do not report the crimes as racially motivated. When the crimes are reported at all, and they generally are not reported, they are reported as crimes committed by "youths." Wouldn't the liberals howl if I did a documentary on Nazi Germany and reported that the upper echelon of the Nazi party was composed of middle-aged men of unknown origin?

Let's look at this as Shane would look at it. He didn't like the fact that Stark Wilson had the front wall and he was left in the open part of the room. But he accepted it as the reality he had to face and deal with. And in the end Stark Wilson was dead.

The reality is that the black race hates the white race. Blacks will kill, rob, and rape white people unless white people show them, in no uncertain terms, that there will be consequences for their actions. The black hatred of the white is not the result of slavery or poverty or anything the white is

supposed to have done to the black. The blacks hate the white race because it is in their nature to hate; they have been at war with the white race since the beginning of time. It is only in modern times, however, that a large minority of white people, called liberals, have joined with the blacks in their maniacal hatred of the white race. And the rest of the whites, the grazers, have consented to their own destruction, so long as they are properly fed with Superbowls, NASCAR, and porno movies on their way to the slaughterhouse.

There is also nothing to be gained by ignoring the obvious source of the white hatred of white people; the source is the Christian churches. I know that a great deal of white nationalists blame the Jews for the decline of the white man, but the European-hating Jew we have always had with us and always will have with us. Christian Europeans used to know how to protect themselves from the Jew just as they knew how to protect themselves from the Negro. We need to ask ourselves why the white European has caved in to the Jews and the Negroes. Again, the obvious answer is that the Christian churches preached the inclusion of the Jews and the worship of the blacks. And the clergy of the Christian churches preached those ungodly heresies because they had ceased to be Christian. Just as the Greeks abandoned their gods, the Europeans abandoned Christ.

The Renaissance poets and painters often brought the old pagan gods into their works, but the pagan gods were no longer real to the Europeans; they were used to symbolize some aspect of the Christian faith, which had supplanted them. It might seem like a sad fate for a god, to become merely a symbol for another religion, but the pagan gods could not satisfy the longing in the European's heart. He needed a Hero-God who was a hero because of His humanity. Christ was like unto men, but He was more than men, not by virtue of His inhumanity but by virtue of His humanity. He was strong yet meek, and He was just yet merciful. And above all His heart was aflame with the charity that passeth all understanding, at least the understanding of the human mind; European hearts did understand and believe. - The Trumpet Shall Sound

In Liberaldom, Christ merely represents, as was the case with the Greek gods in Renaissance Europe, the virtues of the new religion that has supplanted Christianity. Christ is the civil rights worker, the man who condemns apartheid and segregation; he is the pacifist who is against violence; he is the communist who condemns private property and greed... he is the embodiment of all the liberal virtues, but he is not, to the liberal, the Son of God. The reason the liberal clergymen scream "Inclusion! Inclusion! Inclusion!" is because they hope to fill the void, created by Christ's demotion to a virtuous liberal, with a pantheon of heathen gods such as the generic black man, Mohammed, Buddha, the unrepentant Jew, the gods of Montezuma, and every other heathen deity they can stuff into their new, inclusive pantheon of heathen gods. What about Christ's warning that He is a jealous God? That's the old Christ; the new Christ is a hero from an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel. He is the nicest liberal in town, and he would never be jealous of other gods.

The Christian clergy, who are not Christian, are the embodiment of Stark Wilson, the hired gun who came to town to destroy the white homesteaders. We must face them, just as Shane faced Stark Wilson. I know the objections by heart, "What about the sacraments -- how will I get valid sacraments?" "What about honoring the Sabbath -- God wants us to attend Church!" There are one thousand reasons and ten that one could list in favor of a pious, humble acceptance of clergy-worship. But in the end we must ask ourselves if Christ, the Son of the Living God, wants us to hate our own kind. And we must also ask ourselves if Christ wants to be worshipped as one god among many and have His name linked to modern liberalism. When the modern clergy blather about inclusion, we should take a page out of Cyrano and tell them, "Say this to all the world, then whisper to me, 'I no longer believe'."

The white-hating clergy have managed to make the white man's love of his own into something filthy and dirty. The mere mention of black on white crime or the need for segregation brings the label of "white supremacist" down on the head of the white man who dares mention the unmentionable. I've noticed that even "white nationalists" try to escape the white supremacist label. I recently heard a white nationalist leader deny that he was a white supremacist: "I'm for equal

rights for all people.” Is that really something a white man should be for? Are black people willing to accept equal rights? The black man only understands a master-slave relationship. If you grant him equal rights, as the French revolutionists did in Haiti, he takes that as a sign of weakness and sets out to do what he does best: rape, murder, and pillage. The white and the black can only co-exist in a master-slave relationship with the white as master. If the reverse becomes the case, if black men rule, then the whites will be exterminated, and the blacks will be in constant warfare with each other. But since the modern world demands equality, the liberals (especially the clergy) should accept segregation: “Let the blacks have their equality of the dung heap, but keep them away from my people.” The disingenuousness of the liberals becomes crystal clear when we see their unwillingness to let the white man segregate himself from the Negro. If blacks are so wonderful, and whites are so evil, shouldn’t the liberals be demanding that the two races segregate? We have brought the lie of the liberals out into the open. They don’t want ‘separate but equal’ because without the white man the black man will perish. When the whites were exterminated in Haiti, did a new paradisiacal world emerge? No, of course it didn’t. And when the black man’s war against the whites of Europe and the United States ends with the extermination of the whites a new paradise will not emerge.

Of course it’s a “if these shadows are not altered” scenario. The death of the white man only seems inevitable when we look at contemporary, Negro-worshipping Liberalism. We know that the white European once drew strength from Christ, not from democratic ideals and dreams of liberal utopias. If He could once again become the focus of the European, then there would be no attack on the innocent that would go unavenged and there would be no “inclusiveness” in the Christian churches.

In Scott’s epic poem *Marmion* he writes about the tangled web of a liar:

*O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.*

Satan ensnared Adam and Eve with his lie about a power in nature that was greater than God. And when the clergy studied nature as something separate and distinct from God, they came to believe in the lie of their own godlike powers. “If God is less than nature, and we can understand and harness nature, are we not at least co-equal if not superior to God?” The liberals have returned to a pagan concept of God, and the grazers have fallen in line with the new-old pantheon of pagan gods. The great deathlike sleep that has fallen on the people of Europe is the result of the new paganism. There are no longer Europeans with personalities; they all resemble vegetative matter. They no longer love, strive, or worship; they simply vegetate.

Can a human vegetable become a European again? He can if he sees that other Europe, the Europe of the incarnate God. But he won’t be able to see that Europe unless someone from old Europe shows it to him. That is the task of the hero. The hero is one who has not broken faith with the past and who embodies in his person the virtues of the past. The survival of a remnant, a “chosen few,” is a mystery. Why are there always some men who still see with blinding sight? It’s not given to us to know such things as we might know the answer to a mathematical equation. God’s grace and our free will are of the spirit, and such things cannot be measured, quantified, or put in a silver rod.

There is a false dichotomy that theologians addicted to the dialectic often set up. They label certain virtues ‘active virtues’ and others ‘passive virtues.’ In reality, there is no dichotomy. The inner contemplative war against invisible principalities and powers that takes place in the dark night of our soul is a necessary preparation for the outer war against visible principalities and powers. What does that mean in the modern world? It means that white people won’t fight for their own because they no longer have the spiritual depth to fight the good fight in the deepest recesses of their souls. Without the spirit to protect and defend their kith and kin, white people have lost the will to protect and defend as well. It would take a miracle, like a man rising from the dead, to put the spirit of faith and the will to fight in the white man.

Lincoln was wrong when he claimed that the fate of modern Europeans hung on the slender thread of democracy. It was Dostoevsky who was right when he asked whether it was possible for a modern European to believe in the divinity of Christ. Is our faith still so ancient and so new? If we don't believe it is, then to whom can we turn? All the pagan world can turn to the gods of color and the god of science, but not the European who still believes that his Redeemer liveth. +

Labels: Christ the Hero, Christian view of personality, democracy

The Hope of Europe

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 2011



Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.

-Thomas Moore

The rebellion in Libya is big news because it can be cast in an angelic light: “The common people are rising up and casting out an evil dictator; soon there will be a democracy in Libya.” First, it is highly unlikely that the demise of Khadafy will bring about the establishment of a Western-style democracy. And secondly, even if the Libyans could establish a Western-style democracy, it would not be a blessing, it would be a curse. But since the “rebellion” can be placed in a utopian context, part of the ongoing and upward march of mankind, we will be treated to non-stop bulletins about the rebellion’s progress until the new government comes to power and starts slaughtering its citizens, at which point there will be silence.

The recent London riots by the Muslims and the blacks did not receive the laudatory coverage from the Western media that the Libya rebellion received. The reportage of the London riots was vague and mystical: “Some unknown thugs are causing problems.” The reason for the difference in the news coverage between the two rebellions is obvious. The Libyan riots can be proclaimed as a movement toward utopia while the London riots, if reported accurately, would show that the great liberal utopia of religious inclusion and Negro worship is not working.

In my first year as a police officer I shared a patrol car with a veteran officer who was, looking back on it, one of the last instinctual Europeans. His uncommon common sense came from his instincts as a white man, instincts that modern white men have forsaken. Jim was particularly sound on the subject of Negroes. When they were under lock and key, and when one of the weaker Negroes needed help against the stronger, predatory Negroes, Jim was humane to them, much more humane than the Negroes were to each other. But Jim knew the Negroes; he knew about their propensities toward rape, robbery, and murder, and he knew that those propensities could break out at anytime

if the Negroes were not kept in check by white men. Jim never could understand why the educated establishment of his own country encouraged black violence and persecuted and prosecuted white men, especially policemen, who tried to stop black violence. Having come from academia I tried to explain liberals to Jim, but I never could get him to understand liberals. Their beliefs were just too alien to him. He retired a confused and embittered man.

It was good for me to look at liberalism from Jim's perspective, because we tend to get too accepting of liberals, too tolerant of their inhumanity, and too tolerant of their presence among us. They are loathsome, reptilian creatures devoid of all the attributes of humanity. Jim understood that. What he failed to understand was the reason for the liberals' inhumanity. Why would people who seemed to be white themselves preach white genocide? And why would outwardly respectable whites laud and praise black barbarians? Of course, we know the answer. The liberals preach white genocide and praise and honor black barbarians because they worship the Negro, who is the centerpiece of their utopian vision of a Christian paradise on earth that is devoid of Christians and Jesus Christ. Everything that seems to serve the liberals' vision of a brave new world devoid of Christian Europeans is supported by the liberals. The rebellion in Libya, for instance, feeds the liberals' fantasy that all people everywhere (except antique Europeans) want to move their country towards the universal utopian state envisioned by the liberals. And often Arab rebels, who know the liberals' vision of utopia, use that vision of the liberals for their own propaganda purposes. Do you remember, if you're old enough, when the Iranian "students," who took the Americans hostage in the late 1970's, let the Negro and women hostages go? They were aware of the liberal hierarchy. Blacks and women were part of utopia and therefore valued; white men were not slated to be part of utopia, therefore they were of no consequence.

There is a wall, a spiritual wall, that is much more formidable than the old Berlin Wall. It is the wall that Satan has built around Liberaldom. Outside the wall are the antique European males and the European women who have remained faithful to them. Inside the wall are the people of color, the liberals, and the white grazers. The grazers are permitted to feed in the pastures of Liberaldom so long as they behave themselves and don't make a fuss when some of their own are taken out of the herd and sent to the slaughterhouses of Liberaldom. When the grazers seek to improve the conditions of their grazing pastures, they must frame their appeals in terms that do not suggest there is anything wrong with Liberaldom. Indeed, what could be wrong in paradise? So when grazing whites protest abortion, they make it a black issue: "It is black genocide" they say, "and therefore it is racist and wrong." The Pope of the grazing whites includes all faiths in his pasture and talks about the necessity of getting a black pope to preside over the integrated pastures of black and white sheep. "Christianity is compatible with Liberaldom," the head grazer tells the liberals, "and we are quite willing to subordinate our faith to the dictates of your Negro-worshipping faith."

The walls of Liberaldom are invisible but they are real and the liberals guard them with a religious zeal. The United States of America has the most impregnable walls. Just look at American-European Liberaldom and compare it to European Liberaldom. In European Liberaldom there is some room, albeit not very much, for dissent, because of the European multi-party systems. A Le Pen or a Geert Wilders can actually run for office while holding views that are contrary to Liberaldom, but even those men must couch their dissent in the mildest terms: "I respect all people; I just want my people to receive equal rights." And when has a mild dissenter ever achieved actual power in Liberaldom? But still we must give the liberal star to the United States, "The Land of the *Free*." In the United States there are only two parties and no one running for office in either party is permitted to speak against Liberaldom and for white Europeans. The only voting option that is left an American European is a vote for a candidate, such as Ron Paul, who wants to liquidate the white race at a slower rate than his democratic counterparts. We ultimately are talking about a minute difference between the European and the European American. They are both in the same boat, and they are both, as the saying goes, seasick.

Every parent who home schools now, or did home school when his children were growing up, has heard the refrain, “But what about socialization? How will your children become socialized? Of course, that is the point. The antique European does not want his children socialized. He wants them to hate Liberalism with all their heart and soul. And if they don’t hate Liberalism with all their heart and soul, they will eventually become part of Liberalism.

The antique European is like the home schooled child. Christ has nurtured and taught the European at home, by the hearth fire where charity reigned supreme over ruin and death. If we leave that hearth fire to become part of Liberalism, instead of spreading that hearth fire throughout Liberalism until Liberalism is in flames, we will be drained of faith and life by the liberal succubus.

When you claim, as I do, that there is no hope for the white man within the framework of liberal, Negro-worshipping democracy, the conservatives and the halfway-house Christians claim you are depriving them of hope. I don’t see it that way. I am trying to turn their hearts away from a false hope in order that they might someday turn to our only hope. Spiritually Russian communism was akin to liberal democracy. Just as Russian prisoners living under a death sentence needed to divest themselves of a false hope in a reprieve from the Central Executive Committee, so do white men living under a death sentence within the walls of democratic Liberalism need to divest themselves of their false hope.

There were eight prisoners under sentence of death in the cell, but every one of them, after all, had sent a petition to Kalinin and every one expected a commutation, and therefore: “You today, me tomorrow.” They moved away and looked on indifferently while the condemned man was tied up, while he cried out for help, while they shoved a child’s rubber ball into his mouth. (Now, looking at that child’s ball, could one really guess all its potential uses? What a good example for a lecturer on the dialectical method!)

Does hope lend strength or does it weaken a man? If the condemned men in every cell had ganged up on the executioners as they came in and choked them, wouldn’t this have ended the executions sooner than appeals to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee? When one is already on the edge of the grave, why not resist?

But wasn’t everything foredoomed anyway, from the moment of arrest? Yet all the arrested crawled along the path of hope on their knees, as if their legs had been amputated.

There is no mercy in liberals, so let’s keep our powder dry and at the right moment cry, “God for Harry! England and Saint George!”

Hope is part of a triumvirate that includes faith and charity. It would be blasphemous to think that true Christian hope can exist in a world without faith and without charity. It is not pleasant to feel one’s self alone in a hostile world, but it is far more unpleasant, in fact it is unbearable, to live in a land without faith, hope, and charity, and to think that there is no other world. This is the reason we need to believe in a spiritual realm, the realm of Christian Europe, beyond the walls of Liberalism. So long as we see that other world clearly we will never be part of Liberalism; instead we will be the scourge of Liberalism. There is no higher calling for a European.

Look at the two worlds clearly. There can be no fairy tale endings if we no longer chose to live in that land of faith, hope, and charity called Christian Europe. Liberals systematically constructed a world where genuine faith, hope, and charity are outlawed, but for how long can they maintain such a kingdom? They will maintain it only so long as the Europeans deny their blood. When the men of fairy tale Europe, His Europe, see with their hearts instead of their heads they will be ready to take back their own again. And once taken, they will hold Christian Europe against all the world. +

Labels: antique Christianity, hope

Europe Regained

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 02, 2011



Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

-King Lear

About ten years ago, when my mother was still alive, she sent me the obituary of the man who had been my Little League manager. He was the type of man who would make a good subject for the old *Reader's Digest* feature called "My Most Unforgettable Character." Mr. Gulf was the only manager who didn't have children on a team. His kids were all grown, but he stayed on as a volunteer umpire and a manager. When he died at 88, he had only been retired from Little League baseball for six years. Mr. Gulf was a tall, barrel-chested man with a gravel voice, but he was very patient with his charges and seemed to have grasped the fact, unlike some of the other adults involved with the Little League, that Little League baseball was supposed to help boys become men, in the 'Battle of Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton' sense. The Little League was not designed, in Mr. Gulf's eyes, to help grown men become little boys again. To many of the parents and other managers Mr. Gulf was a figure of ridicule because he regularly sat on the edge of the dugout and spouted sport clichés. But he wasn't comical to us, because Mr. Gulf actually believed in the clichés and his belief made us believe.

One of Mr. Gulf's favorite axioms, which he delivered to every boy before he stepped up to the plate, was, "Son, you've got to believe that you can hit that ball. If you don't believe in yourself, you'll never get a hit." A cliché? Not to Mr. Gulf and not to us. More often than not, we did hit the ball because Mr. Gulf made us believe we could hit. And it seems to me that the problem with the modern European man is that he no longer believes in himself. I don't mean this in the blasphemous sense, in that a man should believe only in himself and in nothing outside himself; I mean it as an extension of Mr. Gulf's 'Battle of Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton' metaphysic. The European used to believe that his culture was superior to every other culture, and that superiority, which came to him by the grace of God, entailed certain responsibilities, chiefly the responsibility of defending his race and his people against the onslaught of lesser breeds who were outside the law and did not know or respect the God of charity and mercy. Strength, vigilance, and unflinching loyalty to white

culture was thought to be necessary because the European considered his race as the Christ-bearing race.

The modern European, to the extent that he has any strength, vigilance, or loyalty, expends it all in attacking the white race and the religion that was championed by the white race. There is no escaping that fact. Halfway house Christians will claim that they are just removing the bad European cultural baggage from Christianity and restoring the Christian faith to its original purity, but it is not difficult to see the disingenuousness of their claim. Every single “improvement” on the European-centered Christianity is in line with liberalism; not the gospel of Jesus Christ, the God of the antique Europeans. The new spirit of inclusion is not an improvement; it is a dethronement of Christ. The new cult of Negro worship is not an advance; it is a blasphemous capitulation to the lowest form of paganism. And where in Scripture did Christ say that it was permissible to make Him subordinate to the democratic process?

The new Christianity is not Christianity. Those who equate Christianity with an organized, philosophical system or a social club will follow the new anti-Christian Christianity to its logical conclusion, which is hell. But the Europeans who yearn for a God of charity and mercy above the nature gods will still seek the Son of God. The problem facing the drug-soaked, sex-crazed, nihilistic European, who still feels a void in his soul, is that the Christ he sees before his eyes is a liberal Christ. He needs to seek out the same hovel that Lear took refuge in. And there, in the hovel of spiritual desolation, he will see the Christ, not the Christ of the liberals, but The Christ, The Son of the Living God.

In one post I wrote, titled “The Gingerbread House,” I mentioned that the United States and the western European countries used the seductive form of the egalitarian heresy. They covered the books about the European past with monkey-vomit and told the lost souls of modernity that they were welcome to read that filth if they could stand the stench. By and large the confused modern turned from a past covered with monkey vomit. But some pilgrims were so desperate or possibly so cynical that they had to see the monkey vomit books for themselves. I was such an individual. And in those books whose covers were sprayed with the liberal monkey vomit of scorn, derision, and accusations of racism and infantilism, there was a compelling image of a God whom the European people used to worship. He was not the God of the modern, organized churches; He was not the God of the philosophers or the Negro-worshippers; He was Jesus of Nazareth, the Man of Sorrows, who took flesh and dwelt among us. This the antique European believed.

The antique European also believed in his eternal moment. He believed that what he did on this earth made a difference, because his blood was connected to a loving Savior who had forged a connection to His people more mystical and mysterious than the most devout devotee of the ancient mystery religions could conceive, and more intrinsically humane than any philosopher or moral theologian could possibly imagine. The liberal has convinced the European that he has no eternal moment, that there is no link between mortal man and a loving God. We are all, we Europeans of the old stock, in Hamlet’s position. We are born to set it right. We will not be played upon by liberals who are determined to pluck out our mystery by denying our blood connection to the living God:

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

There is a world in those words, "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

Just as Claudius sought to impose his world, based on adultery and fratricide, on Hamlet, so do the liberals seek to impose their world of Negro worship, infanticide, and Christ-less Christianity on the European. The grazers have accepted the legitimacy of the liberals' world, but we few, we Europeans, will not accept their world. In our blood, which we have not forsaken, we have seen another and better world than Liberaldom.

The majority of the French people at the time of the French Revolution did not support the radicals who murdered the King, but the majority of French people had become grazers. They were indifferent to the ancient ideal of "I serve the King and the King serves Christ." And no doubt the indifference of Louis XIV and Louis XV, not Louis XVI, to that ideal did much to breed the indifference. A small minority with conviction will always triumph over a majority of indolent grazers. This is why the polls constantly fool the conservatives. They take a poll among the grazers and find out that a majority favor older traditional values. "Behold!" the conservative exclaims, "We are turning the corner." But the grazer is indifferent traditional. He would prefer his neighbor to be white, but he isn't going to get upset if he is a Somalian; he doesn't like the idea of homosexual marriage, but he isn't going to lose any sleep over it so long as the network keeps showing football games. And on and on it goes. Has the white man really become such a creature of indolence that he can be played upon so easily by the liberals? Yes, he has become such a creature.

Virtually all white Europeans are liberals by what they acquiesce to. But liberalism still has only a minority of adherents who have given their hearts and souls to liberalism. If a European Hamlet emerges, he who has that within which passeth show, who is willing to attack liberalism, he will find that the walls of Liberaldom are not as impregnable as the liberals want us to believe. They are vulnerable to a passion for His Europe that is greater than their passion for Satan's mind-forged walls of Liberaldom.

One of the many admirable aspects of Hamlet's counter revolution was his complete unconcern as to whether the people, the grazers, were for or against him. He knew what his duty was and he did what his high calling demanded of him. We don't know if any of the grazers will follow in our train if we attack Liberaldom, but by the same token we will never know if we don't attack Liberaldom without any expectation of help from the grazers. There might be genuine heroes among the ranks of the grazers who are just in need of a heroic example. If the last Europeans do not act as Europeans they will truly be the last Europeans.

Last week I took my youngest children to an amusement park to enjoy the last rose of summer. While they were enjoying themselves on the rides, I ordered our hamburgers at the food stand. Ordering food at the same time were some liberal 'care providers' (liberals can always be identified) for a large group of retarded young adults and older adults. As the retarded people sat waiting for their food, they started yelling the f-word at each other. The care providers didn't ask them to stop; in fact they seemed quite amused. I went up to the care providers and told them I wanted them to tell their charges to stop screaming the f-word as my children would soon be coming to eat their lunch at a nearby table. The care providers told me what was obvious, that their charges were retarded. Then they went on to explain that we all had to understand that retarded people had to be treated differently than other people; "we must make allowances" etc. But who teaches retarded people to yell the f-word across a crowded room? The liberal care providers do, by their smiling

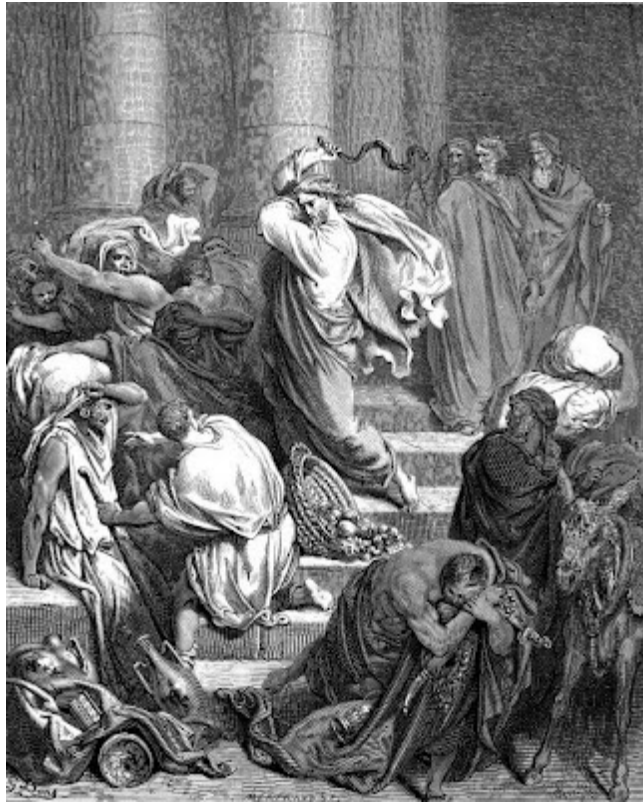
acquiescence. It is just as uncompassionate to allow retarded adults to wallow in moral filth as it is to allow them to sit in soiled diapers. I never remember retarded people screaming obscenities when I was growing up. They take their cue from their leaders.

The white grazers that I see every day remind me of those retarded people. They take their cue from the liberals and say and do horrendous things. But what if some Europeans would emerge and present a different example for the grazers to follow? Would miracles occur? We don't know. But we do know that truth needs to be embodied in a person. He taught us that. The hero, not the solecism or the platitude, is the European bridge to His Kingdom come. +

Labels: antique Christianity, Christian Hero, grazers, internal resistance

In Defense of the Non-Inclusive European

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 09, 2011



Yet many a minstrel in harping can tell
How the Red-cross it conquered, the crescent it fell:

-Walter Scott

When I was an undergraduate I had a professor who was a Marxist. Now, a Marxist in academia is not a rare thing, but this particular Marxist was different from the typical American Marxist. For one instance, this Marxist was a Stalinist. He denied the purges that even Khrushchev said took place. It was all lies -- the Gulag stories of Solzhenitsyn and so many others -- lies, lies, according to my professor. Secondly, the Marxist academic was more consistent than his liberal brethren, most of whom considered themselves Marxists as well. He was more consistent because he hated Shakespeare and regularly denounced him from his Marxist pulpit. A Marxist should hate Shakespeare's vision of life; it is diametrically opposed to Marxism. On the other hand, the other academics, the liberal fellow-travelers of the Marxist, did not share his opinion of Shakespeare. They went into raptures about Shakespeare's poetry, about his humanity, and about his keen insights into human nature. But they had no right to rhapsodize about Shakespeare. The Marxist professor was correct. From a liberal or Marxist view, which amounts to the same thing, Shakespeare is poison; he is a corrupter. As much as I hated the Marxist for hating my Shakespeare, I hated his liberal colleagues more, for trying to take comfort and sustenance from Shakespeare when, based on their professed beliefs, they should have left Shakespeare to the non-liberal Europeans and tried to take sustenance and solace from their modern garbage poets of Liberalism.

I've come to have the same feelings toward the halfway-house Christians that I had towards the Marxist professor's liberal colleagues. Why do they want to retain Christ for comfort and solace while remaining steadfast supporters of Liberalism? They support Negro-worship, Christian fusionism with the Jews, the Muslims, etc., and they have an undying commitment to secular democracy. When they oppose the liberals, on such issues as abortion and evolution, they do so within the framework of Liberalism. They differ respectfully and never try to topple Liberalism for

institutionalizing infanticide or blaspheming God. Indeed the halfway-house Christian believes that democratic, egalitarian Liberalism is the Christian form of government. How does he reconcile that belief with legalized abortion and the sacred status of the theory of evolution? He reconciles his Christianity to liberal egalitarianism by calling legalized abortion and Darwinian evolution a misunderstanding: "If they only knew that the fetus was a child, and if they only knew the scientific evidence against evolution, they would understand and join hands with the Christians and celebrate what we all believe in: the worship of the Negro, the inclusion of all faiths in a pantheon of faiths, and the divine mandate to live and die according to the principles of democratic egalitarianism." Negroization + inclusion + democracy = Christianity. Such is the faith of the halfway-house Christian.

The new false Christianity of the halfway-house Christians has done more damage than all the direct assaults on the faith by outright Christ-haters such as Marx and George Bernard Shaw. Why? C. S. Lewis gives us the answer in his seventh and final Narnia novel, *The Last Battle*. The Christian heroes of the novel find out, to their horror, that the result of years of false teaching about Aslan has made people stop believing in the real Aslan. "Tirian had never dreamed that one of the results of an Ape's setting up a false Aslan would be to stop people from believing in the real one." And where has halfway-house Christianity, the false Christianity, come from? It has come from the organized churches. If we break the stranglehold that the organized churches have on Christianity, we will have taken the first step, the most important step, toward bringing down the walls of Liberalism.

There are no liberals in the colored cultures. There are some coloreds, like the Obama, who parrot liberal catch phrases because their bread is buttered by the liberals, but there are no people of color who have formed a passionate attachment to the liberal faith. The reason for the absence of liberal coloreds is obvious. Liberalism is a disease of the post-Christian white; the non-white people have never embraced Christianity, so they have never suffered the after-effect of post-Christianity.

The white man's fate has been the same as Peter's when he walked on water but then fell victim to fears and doubts:

"But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

The building of Christian Europe, through the grace of God, was equivalent to walking on water, but when the European started to sink he didn't ask Christ to save him; he turned to science, and he turned to organized, inclusive Christianity instead of Christ. Churches are buildings; they are not the faith itself. If Christianity is not preached in the Church buildings, then the Christian Church is somewhere else. Why should this be so difficult to understand? St. Paul clearly tells us that the Church consists of those who believe in Jesus Christ. There is no other church. The Christianity of St. Paul, of the Gospels, is not compatible with the fusionism of the modern churches.

In the black mass the devotees have a valid priest say the mass, using the proper words of consecration. The Satanists think they can use Him for their own satanic purposes. What blasphemy! As if the Son of God would allow Himself to be used in that manner. The devil and his adherents are strict formalists, but our Lord, who bids us worship in spirit and in truth, is not.

Something similar to a black mass is taking place in the Christian halfway-house churches. They want to further the cause of their black gods, so they invoke Christ's name to aid them. But does anyone believe that Our Lord, who sees into the secret recesses of our hearts, can be made to support the worship of Negroes just because halfway-house Christian clergymen invoke His name? Negro-worshipping clergymen will be forever at war with Christian Europeans, because in order to deify the Negro they must demonize the Europeans of the past, who did not deify the Negro. And in that European past, in the lifeblood of the European people, is the true image of Jesus Christ. You can't have a church that worships the Negro and that worships Jesus Christ. The liberals and the halfway-house Christians have made their choice, and we have made ours. All talk about a European

resurgence is useless if we do not break with the Negro-worshipping, anti-Christian Christians, who constitute the heretical center of organized Christianity.

Time and time again, I've seen some struggling white turned away from drugs or alcohol or sexual depravity by a burgeoning faith in Jesus Christ. And time and time again, I've seen the stream of that emerging faith diverted into a fusionist hell of Negro worship. The halfway-house Christian is like the seed in the Gospels that falls on the rocks; he has no roots, he has nothing to keep his faith in Christ from being washed away by liberalism.

Satan knows what has to be done to keep his kingdom, Liberaldom, in order. It is necessary that the European should divest himself of prejudices. And what are prejudices? They are the European's link to the past. He prefers the values of white Christians to the values of black barbarians, and he prefers his exclusive Christian faith to the inclusive anti-Christian faith of the liberals. Burke said all this many years ago:

... in this enlightened age I am bold enough to confess that we are generally men of untaught feelings; that instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and to take more shame to ourselves we cherish them because they are prejudices, and the longer they have lasted and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them!

Herein constitutes the great blasphemy of the Negro-worshipping, halfway-house Christian: he flies in the face of the time-honored prejudices of the Christian European people. The modern, halfway-house Christian self-righteously takes it as a given that the Europeans of the past were insufficiently Christian because they placed a wall between the races and punished those who tried to breach the wall. Why would you assume such a time-honored prejudice was wrong? Was God wrong to discriminate against Ham and his descendants? Were millions of Christian Europeans wrong for century after century because they discriminated in favor of the white Christian civilization against the black barbarian civilization? If we are looking for diseased souls, we will find more than enough in the ranks of the halfway-house Christians. They see, when they look at the Europeans of the past, nothing but shameful prejudices, when (if they had eyes to see) they should see the image of the God they have forsaken for the Negro and the gods of the inclusive Christian churches.

The white man's sphere of activity has been limited to "whatever serves Liberaldom." It's sad to see a once great race of people, the Christ-bearing race, beg to be allowed a small corner of Liberaldom. In the wake of the recent race riots in London, for instance, some 60 members of the English Defense League gathered in a park in a London suburb, sang patriotic songs, and chanted, "England, we love you!"

When I read that statement for an instant my heart soared. Were patriotic Englishmen about to make a stand for white, Christian Britain? No, they were not. They followed up their patriotic songs with a declaration that indicated they belonged to the new, inclusive England which is not England; it is nothing: "The EDL and all decent people be they black, white, Christian, Sikh, Jewish or Muslim are sickened by this mindless, selfish and ultimately self-defeating behavior." The white man has been carefully trained to preface all his protests against colored violence with "not all blacks, not all Muslims, not all..." – why go on repeating the drivel of trained parrots? The black and Muslim violence is not "self defeating"; it is meant to further the defeat of the retreating white Englishmen. The blacks and the Muslims do not dream of a multi-racial Britain where "all decent people" live together. The blacks don't dream at all; they just murder, rape, and pillage, and the Muslims dream of an Islamic Britain. Only white men who consider their race, their nation, and their faith as one sacred entity, which must be defended against all the world, will be of any use in the ongoing war against Satan and his colored legions. +

Labels: churches as halfway houses, Negro worship

One Civilization

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 2011



The poison of diversity kills the soul just as surely as a knife in the heart kills the body. – CWNV

In H. V. Morton's book *In Search of South Africa* (1946), he tells us of waking up in a small town in South Africa on Christmas day and feeling homesick for England. But then he hears the villagers singing some English Christmas carols, and he attends a Christmas dinner "right out of Dickens." The carols and the dinner make him feel at home. In fact Morton felt so 'at home' that he eventually settled in South Africa. The European people used to make foreign countries – such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the United States, and South Africa – into European countries. Now the reverse is the case. The European people invite colored tribesmen into formerly European nations and allow the colored tribesmen to turn European nations into colored, tribal nations. And the assumption behind all the suicidal surrenders to the colored barbarians is that there should be less white people in the world and more colored people. Why? Because white people are bad and colored people are good. That, in the liberals' eyes, is a self-evident fact. It is not self-evident to me; in fact I think the reverse is true, but we'll let that pass for the moment.

No-one except the antique Christian European has faced the present consequences of a diminished European presence in formerly all European nations. Nor has anyone, except the antique Christian European, faced what will be the final consequences of the absence of any European presence in the formerly European countries.

The mad-dog liberal sees a coffee-colored future where only black skins and brown skins exist. But in his mind he shares that coffee-colored world with the black and brown skins. The Gnostic liberal believes if he thinks black, he will be black. The mad-dog liberal also sees, in his coffee-colored world, wine and cheese parties where everyone uses biodegradable cups. He sees a world where Elizabeth Gaskell is awarded the honors over Shakespeare, and non-polluting homosexuals and feminists join together to stop global warming. Does the mad-dog liberal realize that blacks do not read the white man's literature, whether it is feminist literature or genuine literature? Does he realize that black and brown people do not care about biodegradable coffee cups or global warming? Of course the mad-dog liberals don't realize such things; they are too intent on their headfirst plunge off the cliff, like the swine in the Gospel.

The conservative-liberal does not hate white people as the mad-dog liberal does. He simply views white people as irrelevant. In church and state the generic person is what counts to the conservative-liberal. "If white people won't work for slave wages in the factories then we will get

non-whites to work in the factories.” “The faith is transmitted from great minds to lesser minds; it doesn’t matter what color the new neophytes are; it is the docility of their brains we are interested in, not the color of their skins or the state of their souls.” Thus the capitalist wants an influx of colored people into his nation so that he can “compete” in the “free market,” and the churchman wants an influx of colored so that he can compete with his different denominational rivals. Both variants of the conservative-liberal do not see the consequences of their betrayal of their race. The conservative-liberal might stave off economic disaster for a time, but ultimately the social unrest caused by anti-white immigration policies will kill the businesses that sought to profit by betraying the white race. And in the church the conservative-liberal who tries to transmit an anemic philosophy to the colored barbarians, while holding as naught the bred-in-the-bone faith of the ancient Europeans, will reap a whirlwind of barbarism that will kill the Christian faith by diffusing it into other faiths.

In the last week throughout my anti-nation, which none dare call a country, there was much devastation wrought by floods. Many people were left homeless, and whole towns looked more like abandoned towns than towns where people actually lived. The flood-devastated towns represent the present spiritual state of the European people. The floods of diversity have left the European people in a state of shell-shocked somnolence. Will they never wake from the hideous nightmare of diversity? If they don’t their future will be that of the people and towns who were not merely devastated, but were actually consumed by the flood waters.

We must – those of us who are not Negro-worshipping liberals of either the mad-dog or conservative camp – ask why Europeans must now be governed by a barbarian race. Is the black lifestyle, the black religion, which is really an absence of religion, something a European should adapt as his own? Of course it isn’t, but the liberal seldom deals with the black man as a black man. He casts him in the role of the noble savage as described by Rousseau, as the noble victim as described by Harper Lee, and the noble man of the future as described by the liberal legion. What kind of future is there for a people who worship a lie? The cult of the great black god is like the cult of the golden calf; it is unadulterated paganism, made all the more heinous by the shameful spectacle of the white Europeans worshipping at the altar of their black god.

During the recent floods white grazers came to life. They manned pumps and organized rescues for stranded flood victims. They were finally allowed to do something! Rescuing flood victims is still not a proscribed activity in Liberaldom, but in the floods of the future, when the white rescuers are extinct, who will rescue the flood victims? Will the great black gods step forth to rescue white people? Will they step forth to rescue black people? Anyone who has eyes to see can answer those questions.

I once served on a police force in a city that lost its power for three days. The mayor said that looters would be shot. Immediately the black organizations and the liberal press called the mayor a racist. But why did the blacks and the liberals assume the looters would be blacks? Isn’t such an assumption racist? In point of fact, all the looters were black, and the liberals put their own spin on the black looting. “It’s only natural that black people should steal things during a power outage. They are the most disenfranchised people and they don’t have the extra quantities of food and water that whites have.” But why do they never steal food and water? Why do they steal television sets and electronic devices? And why do they step up the rapes and murders during a power outage? Is that because they are poor and oppressed? Of course the liberals don’t really try to answer the last question; they just scream ‘racist’ and that, in their minds, ends all arguments. Nothing the black man does is the black man’s fault. Everything is the white man’s fault because he and he alone has the taint of original sin. The colored people were all born without original sin; they are the pure, innocent children of nature.

It’s a curious phenomenon, which could only occur in a post-Christian nation, this phenomenon of white grazers suddenly leaving their pastures to protect and serve in national emergencies. Then, when they are no longer needed, they are sent back to graze, while the blacks, who raped, murdered,

and looted during the national disaster, are set right back on the altars of the white church-going grazers to be worshipped and adored. "Penance have they done, and penance shall they do," is the liberal plan for white men.

The European countries and their offspring, such as the United States and Canada, are dying slower than countries like South Africa or the San Domingo of the 1790's, because whites, up until the last 20 years, were the vast majority in those countries. When the blacks outnumber the whites, the rules of egalitarian democracy dictate that formerly white countries will be transformed into modern day South Africa's and modern day Haiti's. And the black majority in those newly-formed black European countries will not respect the rights of the white minorities any more than their black brethren in South Africa and Haiti respected the rights of their white minorities.

Edmund Burke almost singlehandedly turned English public opinion against the French Revolution. He appealed to the innate conservatism of the English people, and they responded. Only the utopian liberals, such as Priestly, supported the homicidal radicals of the French Revolution. One of the overlooked aspects of Burke's criticism of the French radicals was his defense of the French aristocrats. Burke personally met with and aided many of the French nobility who managed to find asylum in Britain. Burke found the French aristocrats to be the best of the breed, whose loss France could ill afford. It's quite possible if France had not lost such men, and many others who didn't manage to get to England, that Europe would have been spared the militarism of Napoleon who became an inevitable consequence when the French radicals murdered their aristocracy.

France never did recover from liberty, equality, and fraternity. Appalled by the extreme violence, they decided, after Napoleon was deposed, to commit national suicide at a slower, democratic rate. And all the other nations of Europe have followed France's lead. "Utopia Now," if it meant violence, was not acceptable to Europeans (except to the Russians), but "Utopia Soon," so long as the death toll was not excessive, was acceptable to Europeans.

What happens when the radical ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity are injected into a nation with a white ruling class and a black majority underclass? The result is Haiti. The U. S. Civil War almost produced another Haiti, but white Southerners had greater solidarity than the French of San Domingo. Now white people do not have either the solidarity or the faith to stand up for white people and their civilization.

The black barbarian we will always have with us. The white men never civilized the blacks. When white men were strong and believed in their civilization, they kept the blacks in check, but that is all they did. Contrary to what the Unitarians and the other assorted sectarian sects have said, the black man was never civilized. The fuel on the fire is the Utopian white man. When the white forsakes Christianity for Utopianism the inert mass of black men are set on fire to murder, rape, and pillage.

Should there be less white men? No, there must be more white men, ready to fight for the only civilization that ever existed. Don't tell me about the pyramids or even the Parthenon. I care only about the civilization that produced men and women who took Him into their hearts and lived by the creed articulated by the Gentle Bard:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,*

*It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.*

The humanity of God! A people who once felt so close to God that they could hear His heart beat, just as the Apostle John heard it on the night of the Last Supper when he laid his head on the Sacred Heart, is a people that must not perish from the earth, lest the earth lose all connection to His Sacred Heart. +

Labels: Christ's humanity, Europe as the Christ-bearer, human heart

Eternal Ties That Bind

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 2011



“I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beams on my soul. Woe to those who seek justice in the dark haunts of mystery and of cruelty! She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Woe to those who would advance the general weal by trampling upon the social affections! They aspire to be more than men – they shall become worse than tigers.” – Sir Walter Scott

Writing in the late 1800's the English historian William E. T. Lecky claimed that Edmund Burke had exaggerated the dangers the French Revolution posed to the rest of Europe. After all, Lecky asserted, was not England still standing, free, constitutional, and Christian? But if Lecky had been able to see through the surface events of life to the spirit animating the events, as Burke could, he would have seen that the ideology that made Christian men and women into inhuman monsters in France was slowly and insidiously enveloping Britain and all of Europe. What in essence is the ideology of liberty, equality, and fraternity? It is a flight from the non-abstract, personal faith in Jesus Christ, to an impersonal abstract faith in humanity. And the most striking thing about the practitioners of the new faith, which is now a very old faith, was their hatred for the natural ties of affection that had previously bound all Christian Europeans to their nations and their people. When Edmund Burke strongly criticized the radical clergyman, Dr. Price, for exulting over the capture and humiliation of the King and Queen of France, Price asked Burke why he was so concerned about the Monarch and his Queen.

Why do I feel so differently from the Reverend Dr. Price, and those of his lay flock, who will choose to adopt the sentiments of his discourse?—For this plain reason—because it is natural I should; because we are so made as to be affected at such spectacles with melancholy sentiments upon the unstable condition of mortal prosperity, and the tremendous uncertainty of human greatness; because in those natural feelings we learn great lessons; because in events like these our passions instruct our reason; because when kings are hurl'd from their thrones by the Supreme Director of this great drama, and become the objects of insult to the base, and of pity to the good, we behold such disasters in the moral, as we should behold a miracle in the physical order of things.

“Because it is *natural* I should.” Ah, there’s the rub. Burke, and most of his fellow Englishmen at the time, had no desire to have a new religion where original sin was vested in one unpopular branch of the human race, such as the rich or the white, and virtue was invested in only “the people” as narrowly defined by their lower class origins or by their noble, black skins. The sentimental English still believed that natural attachments to kith, kin and God were the best attachments. They did not, except for the radicals like Price and Priestley¹, abandon their natural ties to each other for a new faith in the god of abstract Humanity. One can appreciate the pride Burke had in his people when he wrote of the contrast between them and the French radicals.

I almost venture to affirm, that not one in a hundred amongst us participates in the "triumph" of the Revolution Society. If the king and queen of France, and their children, were to fall into our hands by the chance of war, in the most acrimonious of all hostilities (I deprecate such an event, I deprecate such hostility), they would be treated with another sort of triumphal entry into London. We formerly have had a king of France in that situation; you have read how he was treated by the victor in the field, and in what manner he was afterwards received in England. Four hundred years have gone over us, but I believe we are not materially changed since that period. Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers. We have not (as I conceive) lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century, nor as yet have we subtilized ourselves into savages. We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire; Helvetius has made no progress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. We know that we have made no discoveries, and we think that no discoveries are to be made in morality, nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mold upon our presumption and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity. In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff and rags and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of men. We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms.

“Oh, what a falling-off was there.” All Europe has now gone astray and institutionalized the abstracted, cruel inhumanity of the first French radicals. The European has been “completely embowelled” of his natural sentiments. In the French Revolution of America, the Civil War, the white people of the South became victims of the brave new doctrine of abstracted humanity. White Southerners became non-persons and the negro was declared a demigod and invested with all the humanity that the evil, white Southerner was said to be devoid of. Then, in the 1960’s, to the eternal shame of the Roman Catholic Church, the pope of abstracted humanity, Pope John XXIII, institutionalized the satanic principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity in the Roman Catholic Church. He spit on his own people, who were tortured and mutilated by bestial black savages, by lovingly forgiving the black barbarians who gleefully tortured and murdered white Christians. And every black atrocity since that loving forgiveness was extended by John XXIII has been praised and excused by the abstracted inhuman creatures that have come to be called liberals. The original French radicals were moral monsters – they had no right to kill their king. Nothing he had done reached the level of tyrannical despotism. But everything the French radicals did and everything our modern liberals do clearly marks them as tyrannical despots. Are such men fit to govern? Macduff had the answer to that question: “Fit to govern? Not fit to live!” Such men as the Rev. Price, Priestly, Pope John XXIII, and the legion of modern liberal academics and clergymen were created by God, so we will not, as they have done to the Christian Europeans, abstract them from the human race, but we will call them what they are: inhuman hellhounds who have betrayed their own people and their God in order to serve the satanic abstraction called “The People,” which in modern times has

become equivalent to serving the negro. And why should we oppose them? We oppose them because it is natural that we should oppose those who try to kill our feelings of affection and love for our kith and kin. Such feelings and attachments sustain us in our day of battle against principalities and powers, and keep us connected to Christ, the God of the European hearth.

The new, abstract, utopian faith of the liberal combines the rationalism of the Greeks with the pagan rites of the mystery cults. Rationalism alone leaves a void in the soul, so the liberal adds an infusion of colored blood to inject mystery and direct communion with his god into his faith. The obvious missing link, a real missing link, is a loving God, who surpasses the understanding of the rationalists and who also surpasses, in breadth and depth, the cruel, loveless mysticism of the mystery religions.

Despite our Lord's and St. Paul's insistence that our organ of sight is the heart, not the head (or maybe because of that), the heretics of the European world have always insisted that reason, divorced from the heart, is the lodestar of mortal men. It was of no small significance that the bloodthirsty French utopians enthroned a prostitute as the goddess of reason, for reason, divorced from the heart, is always a whore.

The history of the noncolored people is a boring continuum of blood and sex. The only time their histories rise to the level of interesting is when they intersect with the histories of the white people. When the white people were strong, when they stayed close to the virtues of the heart and eschewed rationalism, their contact with the colored cultures did them no harm and humanized the colored people, to the extent that they could be humanized. But when European rationalism intermixed with colored barbarism, the bestiality of the coloreds was intensified, and the satanic evil of reason divorced from the moral sentiments inculcated by Christianity, was allowed to run rampant throughout the formerly Christian nations of Europe. The rationalist white Europeans returned to paganism and called it progress. Look at modern interracial Europe. Every pagan abomination has returned tenfold because the European has mixed his technology with colored barbarism in order to enhance and magnify the paganism which is called, by the European rationalists, the onward march of mankind toward heaven on earth. The dark minds of the rationalists will always seek to blend with the dark skins of the heathen because the light of Christian Europe is an anathema to them.

In Anthony Jacob's magnificent book *White Man Think Again*, he emphasizes that the white race is not in decline because the black race is advancing. The white race is in decline because white people are retreating. And if we look at the retreat clearly, we can trace the retreat to one source, rationalism. When the white man renounced the ties of honor, faith, and love that formerly bound all white people to their European hearths, he became a creature created in the image of Satan, a sneering debunker of everything holy and sacred:

For this purpose Mephistopheles is, like Louis XL, endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions, the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification. – Scott

Yes, Scott has masterfully described the modern liberal. He uses his reason not to champion the divine longings in the heart, but to deprecate the very notion of divine longings. He is dead to the eternal verities; all he seeks, with the desperate cunning of a dope fiend deprived of his dope, is that which fulfills his own selfish appetites. The liberal doesn't love his black god; he loves the gratification he gets from worshipping at the shrine of a god who permits every self-indulgence, so long as the devotee fulfills his sacrificial obligations. And such sacrificial offerings are easy for the liberal because he always sacrifices other whites, never his own sacred, self-indulgent person.

In capital letters writ large and ever before our eyes we should see the words, "Every time we abstract humanity, we aid Liberalism and hurt the European people." I recently saw a neo-pagan blogger applauding the beating of a white girl, by black marauders, in one of our major cities. The blogger was delighted because he thought that the beating and more such beatings would help whites to "wake up." Nothing but more liberalism will come from such inhuman creatures as that white, neo-pagan strategist. To love the white race as a generic race, abstracted from individuals of

that race, is liberalism. It is the liberalism of Hitler and other false purveyors of racial solidarity. There can be no solidarity where there is no humanity. The European does not love in the abstract. He loves his own particular nation, his own particular race, his own particular family, because God ordained that he love them over all. Such love – particular, intense, and personal – enables us to understand and respond to His love, which is particular, intense, and personal.

Exaggerate the dangers of French rationalism and utopianism? If anything, Burke underestimated the dangers. We have fallen infinitely lower than the French radicals that Burke so rightly deplored:

Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists; and calculators has succeeded...

We still have our eternal, defiant “No” to the sophisters, economists, and calculators. And all Europeans still have a racial memory of the God who is the light that shineth in darkness, even in the darkness of rationalism and barbarism. +

1. Priestley’s “advanced” views on the subject of bloodletting in the name of the universal brotherhood of man were so abhorrent to his English neighbors that they burned down his house, forcing him to flee to America, where he was petted and adored by American liberals.

Labels: abstract Humanity, Edmund Burke, kith and kin

The Walls of Utopia

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 2011



“Hope for the future has been transferred to the peoples of the developing countries, to disaffected national minorities, for example the blacks in the U.S.A....” -- Igor Shafarevich (1975)

Utopian visions of society existed in pre-Christian Europe (witness Plato's *Republic*) but the virtual explosion of utopian literature did not occur until the Christian era in Europe. It was an easy leap, in the minds of the utopians, to go from a belief in the second coming of Christ that would usher in the end of history, to a belief in a paradise on earth that signified a new era of equality, liberty, and fraternity. The utopian schemes usually came from clergymen, and those that were actually instituted were maintained by violence and eventually suppressed by violence. The utopian “visionaries” were amazingly consistent in their insistence on the abolition of private property, the abolition of the family, the abolition of traditional Christianity, and the enforced equality of all mankind. In almost all of the utopian fantasies of the Christian era Christ was part of the utopia, but it was not an incarnate Christ who had a local habitation in the hearts of the European people. He was an abstract Christ who was invoked to give men like Thomas Muntzer permission to sleep with any woman past sixteen years of age or to bless the bloody rampages -- in the name of utopia, of course -- of men like Dolcino and Robespierre. The common theme was always a denial of the Christ of the Gospels in favor of a pantheistic figurehead Christ who gave his blessing to insane visions of an earthly paradise founded on sex and blood. In the modern, post-Christian era many of the utopian liberals dispense with Christ altogether, but there are still some who keep Christ somewhere in the background of their plans for heaven on earth.

The noble savage has always been a central figure in utopian literature. He was prominent enough in 18th century and 19th century utopian literature to invoke critical reactions from Samuel Johnson and Charles Dickens, but there is a big difference between the popularity of the negro in certain academic and clerical circles and the institutionalization of negro worship throughout the European world. That doubtful blessing did not occur until the latter half of the 20th century and the first eleven years of the 21st century. In fact we should probably change our dating system to acknowledge our new god. Under the new era, which began in 1965, 2011 A. D. becomes 46 A.N. (After the Negro), the Year of our New Lord.

It is depressing to read white nationalists literature from the 1970's and the 1980's, because their literature reads the same now as it did then: “White people are starting to wake up.” But they are not starting to wake up. What is the use of lying to ourselves?

The reason for the failure of the white nationalists, such as William Tyndale and Samuel Francis, to 'wake up' white people is similar to the reason a tree cannot be felled by merely chopping its limbs. You need to cut the tree down at its roots. And the root of negro worship is the utopian mindset of the European liberal. So long as the European views existence through a distorted utopian prism he will worship the negro and attack the four pillars of antique Europe: faith in Christ, the patriarchal family, private property, and a hierarchical, non-egalitarian society.

I remember seeing a Hercules movie starring Steve Reeves when I was young. At the beginning of the picture a beautiful maiden had lost control of the horses pulling her chariot and was about to plunge headlong over a cliff. Suddenly Hercules appears, tears a tree from out of the ground, and hurls it in front of the runaway chariot in time to stop the horses and the maiden from plunging over the cliff. That type of Herculean effort is needed from the antique European. Liberal, bloodless, utopianism has been planted in the soil of Europe. There needs to be an uprooting, because utopian ideals, when they become part of the fabric of a nation, kill the soul.

That the European people in mass have turned from Christ to a sci-fi world in which the black man is worshipped and adored is self-evident. The reason for the great apostasy is not self-evident. It involves a mystery, the mystery of iniquity. Why do some people fall in love with a vision of the true God and others fall in love with their satanic, abstracted, mind-forged gods? We seldom view intellectual dishonesty as a sin, but is it not the greatest of sins, having its origin in the pride of the intellect? Isn't a utopian using his reason to create his own world separate from God's world? And isn't that the height of blasphemy?

In his notes in the margins of his copy of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Herman Melville made a comment next to an impassioned speech of Edmund, the evil, illegitimate son of Gloucester, that demonism often has an energy that mere virtue lacks. The poetic whaler was right. The vast majority of modern Europeans are not card-carrying members of an utopian organization, but they do not have a passionate faith in the non-utopian Man of Sorrows who stirred the hearts of their European forefathers. And in the absence of such a faith the grazers and the halfway-house Christians have been swept along on the current of the passionate faith of the utopian liberals. Rather than stand athwart the liberal current and try to stop it, the barely virtuous grazer and the merely virtuous halfway-house Christian swim with the worst who are full of passionate intensity.

The lack of passionate intensity is the most significant factor in the decline of the white European. The communist revolutionaries in Tsarist Russia did not try to get the Russian Everyman to convert to communism; they merely tried to weaken the Russian people's passionate attachment to their Tsar by constantly pointing out just how far the Tsar's regime fell short of utopia. It was the same in Louis XVI's France. The radical utopians didn't have to make a large number of converts to their cause; they just had to turn passion into tepid virtue. C. S. Lewis makes a profound point when he emphasizes in *The Chronicles of Narnia* that Aslan is not a tame lion. The lukewarm are grist for Satan's mills.

When the utopian is out of power he tries to kill the passionate love a man has for race, family, and faith by pointing out the deficiencies of a man's people, his family, and his faith. And when the utopian obtains power, he continues to attack the moral pillars of the older, non-utopian regimes in order to keep the passion levels of the grazers and the halfway-house Christians as low as possible. When egalitarian democracy produces a sexual and racial Babylon, the liberal keeps the placid, white people in the fold by pointing out the excesses of the European monarchs. When the new Babylonian churches preach a blended Christian faith, the liberals stifle all opposition by pointing out the racism of the antique Europeans, the religious wars of the antique Europeans, and the antique Europeans' unscientific notions about the origins of man and the cause of lightning. The criticisms of old Europe and its inhabitants are unremitting. There is no evil, past or present, which is not attributed to the European people of the pre-modern era. And by and large the modern European has accepted that liberal condemnation and forfeited his right to be passionately opposed to anything that is detrimental to the European people. Do whites ever criticize black murderers

without prefacing their criticism with a litany of all the truly “good black people” who are just too wonderful for words? Do they dutifully turn their faces away when whites in South Africa and Rhodesia are routinely murdered by state-sponsored terrorists? Of course they do. They do so because their Christ is a blended Christ subordinate to the black gods of utopia. When was the last time a white man refused to be understanding about the slaughter of his own people and the denigration of his white forefathers? Such an event, and it would indeed be an event, has not occurred in my lifetime.

It is the white man’s Christian conscience that has been used against him. In C. S. Lewis’s book *Reflections on the Psalms* he points out that the Jew looks on himself as a plaintiff in a court case in which he expects God to award him damages, while the Christian looks on himself as a defendant in a court case who is hoping for mercy from the judge. But the consciousness of our own shortcomings and our people’s shortcomings, when compared to God’s perfection, should not blind us to the infinite value of a civilization and the people of that civilization, who built a Europe consecrated to Him. The utopian liberals should not be allowed to continually attack white people and their Christian heritage. Who will stand up for antique Europe? I loved Burke’s feelings of horror at the lack of French cavaliers ready to rise and ride in defense of God and country: “I thought ten thousand swords must avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.”

There is only one sin in Liberalism, and it is not any of the seven deadly sins, which are approved and lauded by liberals. The one sin is a white man’s love for his own people and His non-blended god. That love compels him to defy the idolatrous black gods which form the metaphysical basis of Liberalism. The satanic intelligence behind the new utopia is correct. The white man who loves and hates with all his heart is his greatest foe. If the European ever comes to love his own again, the walls of utopia will come tumbling down. +

Labels: liberals are the true haters, love of one's own

The Red Cross Knights of Europe

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 07, 2011



During what the Northern liberals called “Reconstruction” and the Southern people experienced as hell, the liberals of the North tried to exterminate the white race in the South, just as the whites in San Domingo were exterminated, by placing them at the mercy of black barbarians who had no concept of mercy.¹ The Northern liberals failed to exterminate the white Southerners for one reason and one reason only. Thomas Nelson Page, this nation’s Walter Scott, tells us the reason:

“It was a veteran soldiery that reseeded the plantations and the homesteads of the South, and withstood the forces thrown against them during the period of Reconstruction. In addition to such racial traits as personal pride, self-reliance, and physical courage, they possessed also race pride, which is inestimable in a great popular struggle. This race pride the war had only increased. However beaten and broken they were, the people of the South came out of the war with their spirit unquenched, and a belief that they were unconquerable.”

And of course the man who wrote *The Needle’s Eye* is not referring to the racial pride of the pagan, he is talking about the racial pride of a Christian, which is pietas, the love of one’s own and a consciousness of one’s responsibilities toward a God who enjoins His people to love their own as He loves them.

The civil war in this country was just a slightly more dramatic manifestation of the civil war taking place in every European nation. And in every European nation the outcome was the same. The “love that once was there,” the love that the white man had for his own people, died and the European succumbed to the liberal-barbarian coalition. By the mid-1960’s white Britain, the white South, white France, and so on, were no more. White people still existed in all of the European nations, but a people without pride of race are not a people; they are cattle waiting to be taken to the slaughterhouse.

What made the European stop loving his own? The philosophers and “thinking men” told him ad nauseum and into infinity that his own people were unworthy of love, and over time the European came to believe in the unworthiness of the European. “Better to lose one’s self in a cosmic secular faith, in which the white race is absorbed by the all good and all powerful black race.” It’s not superior numbers that killed the white man; it was the white man’s loss of faith in the goodness of the European people and the truth of their vision of Christ. Where the old European Christianity was personal, intuitive, and connected to the hearth fire, the new Christianity was impersonal, rationalist, and connected to a cosmic, Babylonian pleasure dome. The New Orleans Superdome during Hurricane Katrina and the United Nations’ building during the ongoing bloody carnage in the streets of New York (no more tripping the light fantastic with Mamie O’Rourke) are perfect examples of the heart and texture of the new Christ-less, hopeless world in which the white man has

chosen to exist until his liberal and black masters decide that it is time for his body to join his soul in the Kingdom of the Dead.

Is a death in life existence worth living? Even the grazers have said that it isn't. In the midst of their somnolence they have cried out. They cannot bear the banality of the racial and sexual Babylon in which they live. The traditional soporifics, blood sport, pornography, and Christless cathedrals presided over by a faithless clerical elite, have only produced despair. Men and women, especially white men and white women, need to feel that they are loved for what they are, not because of how well they denounce what they are. The color of a man's skin is part of his essential soul; if he must deny that soul in order to exist he will pine away and die. That is what is happening to the white man, particularly the grazer. The halfway-house Christian has more successfully tapped into the demonic energy of the liberal.

Taken out of context Edgar's words in *King Lear* – "Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say," sound like some hippie platitude from the sixties – "Hey, man, I just got to go with what I feel." But in the context of the play Edgar's words cut to the heart of existence. King Lear has destroyed his realm and ruined the lives of his subjects because "he has but little known himself." He created a false image of reality, which reinforced his own exalted image of himself, and tried to inflict that abstraction on his subjects. The result was a world where "Humanity must perforce prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep." Such will always be the case when the European does not see life "feelingly." When he worships at an altar created in his own abstracted mind, divorced from every clean and noble sentiment of the heart, such as love of race, family, and God, he becomes either a grazer who is preyed upon by the inhuman, liberal monsters of the deep, or else he becomes an inhuman, liberal monster of the deep.

The mind-forged altars of the black gods of Liberalism were built by men like Voltaire, Rousseau, Twain, and Pope John XXIII. Their lies about the intrinsic evil of the European people became the faithless faith of the European people. There were no more mea culpas for personal sins; there was only one mea culpa, the mea culpa for being white. And the only acceptable penance for whiteness is self-destruction. This liberal-recommended self-immolation is not what the white should do. He should refuse to be part of the penitential rites of the Christ-less church of the liberals, and instead he should return to his own hearth fire and learn to see life feelingly again. Once the heart is engaged, sight will return to the white man and he will leave his Babylonian pleasure dome of oblivion to return home, to his people and their ancient faith.

The liberals were not reconstructing the South. If we reconstruct something we rebuild that which was broken or destroyed. The attempted reconstruction of the South was in reality an attempt to destroy the South. The first attempt failed, but subsequent attempts were successful, just as they were successful throughout the European world. The terminology used to describe the liquidation of the European people varies from nation to nation, but the desired object, the death of the European people, is the same throughout all the formerly white Christian nations.

I don't dispute the math of the conservatives and the white nationalists who tell us of the coming colored majorities in all the formerly European nations, but I do dispute the notion that white nationalists need to "wake up" a majority of white people before they can affect any "meaningful change." Is that the way Europeans, when they were real flesh and blood Europeans, used to view existence? The hero doesn't wait for followers; he acts. The unquenchable spirit that rides triumphant over ruin and death does not care about demographic charts and prophecies of doom. Hamlet's defiance of augury still stands today. Nothing is impossible in the spiritual realm. The European must decide to enter that realm once again. If we allow the "this world only" liberals to set the perimeters for us we will never come out of Babylon. But if we turn from the Duessa of Babylon, as St. George did, and keep our eyes focused on Una, the Faerie Queene of truth and beauty, who bids us look to Him as the beginning and the end of every quest, we will win. The liberal-barbarian dragon has no defense against the Red Cross Knight of Europe.

*“The knight himselfe euen trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem’d;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeem’d,
But yet at last, when as the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieu’d so great a conquest by his might.”*

Fairy tales again? Yes! Isn't a belief in a fairy tale what separates the European from the colored races? Michelangelo (whose work is no different from an African voodoo sculpture, or so the liberals tell us) depicts the hand of God reaching out for the hand of man. Christ was and is the hand and heart of God. If the liberals were given ten thousand years to come up with a more sublime and beautiful image of God than the European vision of Christ, they could not do it. Keats was profoundly Christian without knowing it: "Beauty is truth and truth beauty." Stripped naked the outwardly alluring Duessa was revealed as an ugly witch that turned men's stomachs. The tragedy of the European is that he still sees Duessa clothed in the outward splendor of Babylon. It is the task of the Red Cross Knights of Europe to show the naked evil of Duessa. Then all will be clear. The battle lines will be drawn. It is the Red Cross Knights of Europe versus Duessa's liberal-barbarian coalition. +

1. Are there any blacks that have a concept of mercy? Yes, those who are loyal to their white masters and have adopted the values and beliefs of the white Europeans. Such blacks are few and far between. In all of San Domingo, for instance, there was only one recorded case of a black servant who didn't turn on his white masters. Uncle Remus? The man was a saint, but he was a creation of a white man. Still, let's concede the existence of a few faithful, black Uncle Remuses. How are they viewed by the black barbarians? Aren't they vilified because they don't hate the white race? Of course they are. We are engaged in a war with the prince of darkness and his minions. Let's not indulge in "Find the good negro" parlor games.

Labels: Babylonianism, Christian counter-attack

The Seat of the Scornful

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 2011



“Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. – *Psalms 1:1*

Walter Scott in the introduction to *Quentin Durward* and again in *Kenilworth* states that the mark of the devil is a sneering, mocking, scornful countenance. My own observations of liberals leads me to concur with Scott; the scornful derisive, sneer is truly the mark of the devil. Scott lamented that in his own time the contemptuous sneer was used to attack the Christian faith:

There has never been an hour or an age, in which this formidable weapon has been more actively employed against the Christian faith than our own day. Wit and ridicule have formed the poignant sauce with which infidels have seasoned their abstract reasoning, and voluptuaries the swinish messes of pollution, which they have spread unblushingly before the public. It is a weapon suited to the character of the Apostate Spirit himself, such as we conceive him to be—loving nothing, honouring nothing, feeling neither the enthusiasm of religion nor of praise, but striving to debase all that is excellent, and degrade all that is noble and praiseworthy, by cold irony and contemptuous sneering.

What would Scott say about modern liberals, who have mocked and sneered at the Christian faith to an extent that makes the 18th century mocker look like a good Joe in comparison? He would say what Macduff said: “Fit to govern? Not fit to live!” We are governed by an elite band of mockers and scornors who in healthy times would have been imprisoned for their poisonous, hate-filled ideology.

I think Scott was correct in calling our attention to an inordinate fear of ridicule that puts the antique Christian in a state of terror before those who mock and ridicule his Christian faith. Dickens makes a similar point in *Great Expectations* when he shows Pip to be obsessed with gaining the good opinion of those people whom he most despises.

The Rousseauian liberal – and all liberals are Rousseauian – used two very basic tactics to undermine the antique European's faith in his people's vision of God and the culture they created based on that vision. First, the liberal mocked the intelligence of the antique European, claiming he was unscientific and childish. And secondly, he accused the antique European of being hypocritical because he fought wars in the name of the Prince of Peace, and he failed to treat all men, particularly the colored man, as his brother. In the first instance, the liberal's assumption of superior intelligence does not stand up to the test of reality. Is Freud smarter than Shakespeare because he wore a lab coat, smoked a pipe, and had a doctorate? And was Darwin wiser than St.

Paul because he was “scientific” and objective while St. Paul was unscientific and subjective? This is nonsense; the liberals’ heroes are intellectual pygmies because they can’t think with their hearts, the true source of knowledge. Shakespeare and St. Paul knew that; Darwin, Freud, and their liberal descendants never knew it and never will.

In the second instance, we are faced with another liberal hypocrisy. They deny the truth of the Europeans’ vision of Christ, that He was indeed the Son of God, yet they demand the right to tell Christian Europeans how they should live the Christian faith. What right does a liberal, who is a past and present advocate of mass murder (Stalin, Mao Tse-Tung, legalized abortion) have to condemn the Christian European for his failure to end war? Better to ask if the European’s Christian faith has made a difference in the way war is viewed and the way wars are fought? The man who looks through not with the eye can see a difference. And the brotherhood of man? No European of the Christian era ever equated the Christian belief in the universal brotherhood of all men and women in Christ, with a democratic, egalitarian society where there was no recognition of the spiritual difference between the races. Spiritual gifts are aristocratic, not democratic. The attempt to democratize things of the spirit is liberal utopian, not Christian European.

The liberal rejects the older culture of the white man because the incarnate Lord can be found in that culture, and he hates the incarnate God just as much as the Jews and the Muslims hate the incarnate God. With the colored barbarians it is a different story. They don’t hate the Christian God as the liberals do; they are completely indifferent to Him. He doesn’t reach them at a deep level; they are more attracted to a God who promises them wealth and power than a suffering servant God who promises them a cross. This is why the “Christian” T. V. pastors who preach an Islamic Christianity always have an audience that is almost entirely black. And it is also why black Africa is becoming Islamic. If the Europeans were strong in their Christian faith they could at least compel the colored people to comply with the ethical standards of the Christian faith, even if interior assent to the faith itself was withheld. The blacks can always be kept in check if the white man is strong in his faith.

But of course the white man is not strong in his ancient faith, which is the Christian faith; he is zealous in behalf of his new mind-forged utopian faith. This new, bastard faith of the white man is based on a maniacal hatred of the incarnate Christ of Europe and an obsessive love of the generic black man, the noble savage. And the essential paper edifice of the liberal’s new faith is the abstraction. The Sadducees and the Pharisees were unable to recognize the true God when He came amongst them because they made the minutiae of the law the entirety of the law. They worshipped their own abstractions and neglected the true object of God’s law, which is justice, mercy and faith. Directly parallel in their mind set to the legalistic Jews were the French revolutionaries of 1789. Burke reports that the majority of French legislators had law degrees. Forgetting that all change in a Christian society should be change that conserves what is Christian, the French assembly of lawyers killed Christian France with a lawyers’ brief against their Christian King. All the governments of Europe and the European nations have followed the lead of the ancient Jews and the French revolutionaries, and have built a new world based on their own abstractions and a hatred of Jesus Christ. Why the hatred? Because the modern European, like the pharisaical Jew, cannot abide a God who bids us take up our cross and follow Him. What was once the hope and the symbol of Europe, the cross of Christ, has become a scandal to the European, just as it was and is a scandal to the Jews.

When the old “anti-semitic” Europeans warned about organized Jewry, what were they talking about? They were talking about a people who had hardened their hearts against all things Christian. Their legal system was set up to shield them from Christ’s love. This is why Antonio realizes the futility of looking for mercy from the hardened Jewish heart:

*I pray you, think, you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf*

*Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that--than which what's harder?--
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.*

Of course Shylock didn't get his will, because in that instance Christians refused to allow Europe to be run by the laws of Jewry. But now Europeans have become like unto the Jews in the hardness of their hearts toward all things Christian and in their use of the minutiae of the law to kill the spirit of God's law, the law of justice, mercy and faith.

In his anti-communist manifesto entitled Witness, Whittaker Chambers told us of the communist leaders' obsession with official documents. Every government department had mountains and mountains of official documents. In reflecting on that phenomenon Chambers came to the conclusion that the Communists inundated Russia with official documents because their regime had no moral legitimacy. They sought to replace moral legitimacy with an artificial legitimacy of official documents which were the moral equivalent of the deaf shouting warnings to the deaf.

America has achieved, or should we say has deteriorated to the same moral illegitimacy as the Russian communists. Justice, mercy, and faith count for nothing in America and Europe; the upward and onward push to a democratic, interracial, godless world counts for everything. But is equality ever really the goal of the utopian? No, it isn't. Some will always be more equal than others. Remember the seven commandments of Animal Farm?

*Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.
Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
No animal shall wear clothes.
No animal shall sleep in a bed.
No animal shall drink alcohol.
No animal shall kill any other animal.
All animals are equal.*

And then the seven commandments became one:

*All Animals Are Equal
But Some Animals Are More
Equal Than Others*

When "our grace we have forgot," when we abandon our faith in a spiritual aristocracy we will have an aristocracy of the cruel and degenerate (the liberals) who will elevate the base (the negroes) to the status of gods.

In the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm, the third dumb brother who is pure of heart often wins the hand of the King's daughter despite his lowly origins. In the older European regimes there was seldom such a direct correlation between spiritual gifts and high office. The best man, as the character Sapp in Prisoner of Zenda tells us, does not always become King. Nevertheless the older Europeans tried to structure their societies in such a way that the principle of noblesse oblige took precedence over the rights of man. The former principle, though not utopian, is more conducive to fostering Christian faith and Christian charity than the latter principle, which, despite sounding quite humane, always produces a world where "humanity must perforce prey on itself, like monsters

from the deep.”

Orwell, having fought his way through the process, saw the devil’s horns protruding from every utopian scheme. The liberals’ utopia started with a few high-minded edicts about racial equality, but in the end the liberals have only one commandment: “The white is evil, and the black is sacred.” And missing from the liberal’s “utopia” is the God who the racist Europeans held aloft as the Savior of all mankind. The only equality shared by all men is their dependence on His mercy. What kind of society is it that holds His mercy, and the people who sought His mercy, as something to be sneered at and held up to ridicule? It is a satanic society where black-worshipping liberals sit in the seats of the scornful. They think their reign will be forever, but the men of Europe who still see the Cross of Christ through a glass darkly will live to see the end of the men of scorn and the triumph of the Man of Sorrows. +

Labels: liberals are the true haters, love of one's own

Hearts of Stone

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 2011



This sort of people are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man, that they have totally forgotten his nature. Without opening one new avenue to the understanding, they have succeeded in stopping up those that lead to the heart. They have perverted in themselves, and in those that attend to them, all the well-placed sympathies of the human heart.

– Edmund Burke

It is one of the great ironies of history that Robespierre, the infamous architect of the reign of terror, was an outspoken opponent of capital punishment before the revolution took place and even after the revolution. How then did he justify what he did during his bloody reign? He used the justification of all utopian zealots. He claimed that for a very short period men had to harden their hearts against all human sentiments and be merciless and cruel in order to usher in a world where there was no need for cruelty and killing, because there would be equality and harmony. Such is always the mantra of the utopian reformers, whether they be French revolutionaries, Russian Marxists, Northern Reconstructionists, or modern day democratic egalitarians. Everything that stemmed from the ancient faith, love of kith and kin, honor, and fidelity to the time worn traditions of one's nation, all had to give way before the new utopian creed which entailed hatred of kith and kin, a sneering contempt for the code of chivalry, and a hatred for the ancient traditions of one's nation. The transition period in which there is to be no human sentiment is always supposed to be short. But it never is; it always becomes permanent. Humanity never returns to utopian nations unless the utopian heresy is rooted out of the offending nation.¹

The abstract principle to which the utopian appeals to justify his bloodletting is “the people.” But of course it is a people narrowly defined. Everyone outside the orbit of “the people” such as French aristocrats, white southerners, or Russian nobles are to become the necessary sacrifices to the new world order that is to be ushered in by Comrade Robespierre, Comrade Lincoln, or Comrade Lenin. All “human respect” must be burned out of the new breed of men so that they can murder every man, woman, and child that stands in the way of “the people.”

And who are the people? That has changed over the years. Initially the people were the proletariat of every race, but the liberals discovered, over the centuries, that it wasn't just the French nobility, the Southern aristocrats, or the Czar and his Cossacks that were impeding mankind's onward march to the light, it was all white people – poor, rich, and in-between – who had blighted the world. It does no good to ask the utopians to compare the old, racist, non-utopian regimes to the new utopian regimes in order to show the superiority of the old order to the new order, because the new pigs of Animal Farm are in that “transition stage” during which the heart must be closed to every human sentiment and the mind must be focused on abstract notions of the people, which currently translates to blacks, first and foremost, and then the other colored races.

If the modern Europeans could see Christian Europe next to contemporary Europe, all but the worst, the liberals with the passionate intensity of the possessed, would follow the call of old Europe and old Europe's God. But the grazers do not see; they have been anaesthetized incrementally. They no longer believe there ever was any other world other than Liberalism. The halfway-house Christians? They are wedded to liberalism. They feel uncomfortable with some aspects of it, but they remain allied to the liberal succubus because of their inability to see that modern, democratic egalitarianism, in which the negro has been elevated to the status of a God, springs from the same utopian roots as the French and Russian revolutions. We have not dispensed with utopian animal farms because Robespierre was deposed and communist Russia is no more. The hideous, inhuman ideology of utopia still dominates every European country in the guise of an abstraction called democracy, which in reality is a negro-worshipping oligarchy.

It can't be stressed enough that the transitional stage of utopia, during which the heart must be hardened against the old, antiquated notions of love, honor, loyalty, and faith, is a permanent stage. The liberal's utopian promised land is a desert in which nothing human can live. If Europeans were not morally anaesthetized, they could see this clearly. Look at our comedy; it is base and degrading. Our drama? We have none. Our great works of art? They celebrate the disintegration of the human personality. A desert would actually be a step up from democratic utopia. We need to go to the Old Testament prophets to describe the “utopia” we live in:

Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire: your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overgrown by strangers.

Yes, that succinctly describes the “utopia” that is modern Europe. Strangers devour our land because we do not believe in the antiquated, non-utopian virtues that sustain a land against devouring strangers; faith, hope, and charity. And the greatest of those virtues is the virtue that is so obviously missing from the desolated lands of the European people. Divine charity incarnate reached out to mankind; the Europeans responded to Him and Christian Europe was the result. Is it possible for a heart that has been touched by that divine charity, through the good offices of the antique Europeans, to permit their civilization, which is ours as well, to be obliterated, along with those who are faithful to it, from the face of the earth? No, it is not possible. The hearts that truly love never forget. No Christian European can forget that the interracial utopia of the liberals was built with and is sustained by sacrilege and blood –the sacrileges of a legion of Voltaires and Rousseaus and the blood of Christian Europeans that are sacrificed on the altars of the new barbarian gods. But of course, the liberals tell us, the absence of charity in the new utopia is only temporary. Charity will return when the recalcitrant remnant of Europeans are eliminated. Liars! It is the remnant band that must restore the Europe that revered the Man of Sorrows from whom faith, hope, and charity comes.

I do not agree with G. K. Chesterton's flippant summation of Thomas Hardy's work, “The village atheist commenting on the village idiot.” Hardy was an atheist, but he was not a sneering atheist. He wanted the Christian faith to be true but could not bring himself to believe that a loving God could permit the suffering that came with the human condition. And the village idiots? They are us. I certainly don't feel morally or intellectually superior to the characters depicted in Hardy's novels. Hardy was spiritually akin to Ivan Karamazov: “I don't reject God, I reject His world,” and to the

embittered, blinded Gloucester prior to his conversion: "As flies to the wanton boys, are we to th' gods, They kill us for their sport." Hardy's vision is hard to refute. It certainly cannot be refuted by Thomistic rationalism or by the type of Christian apologetics ("let me tell you why God makes you suffer") practiced by Job's comforters. But there is a response to Hardy, and the response came from Him, as Alyosha tells his brother Ivan.

"That's rebellion," Alyosha said softly, lowering his eyes.

"Rebellion? I wish you hadn't used that word," Ivan said feelingly. "I don't believe it's possible to live in rebellion, and I want to live! Tell me yourself—I challenge you: let's assume that you were called upon to build the edifice of human destiny so that men would finally be happy and would find peace and tranquility. If you knew that, in order to attain this, you would have to torture just one single creature, let's say the little girl who beat her chest so desperately in the outhouse, and that on her unavenged tears you could build that edifice, would you agree to do it? Tell me and don't lie!"

"No, I would not," Alyosha said softly.

"And do you find acceptable the idea that those for whom you are building that edifice should gratefully receive a happiness that rests on the blood of a tortured child and, having received it, should continue to enjoy it eternally?"

"No, I do not find that acceptable," Alyosha said and his eyes suddenly flared up. "But a moment ago you asked whether there was in the world 'a single creature who could forgive.' Well, there is. And He can forgive everyone for everything, because He Himself gave His innocent blood for everyone's sin and for everyone's sake. You forgot to mention Him, although it is on Him that the edifice must be founded, it is to Him that they will sing. 'You were right, O Lord, for Your ways have now been revealed to us!'"

Our Lord has been condemned for breaking a promise He never made. He promised to redeem our earthly suffering, not to end it. The Jews of the hardened hearts could not forgive Him, despite the fact that the prophets told them of the coming of the suffering servant and not the king of the revels, for not setting up a paradise on earth. And the modern liberals have joined with the Jews in their hatred of the Man of Sorrows. Once again Christ has been rejected by His people. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." But the promise was kept; He has redeemed our suffering. The antique Europeans bore witness to His act of redemption. "Truly," the ancient Europeans tell us, "this man was the Son of God."

By seeking to create a world different from God's world, a world without suffering, the liberals have plunged us into a world in which there is even greater suffering, because it is a world devoid of charity and a world devoid of the faith and the hope that our suffering has some meaning because He has redeemed our suffering through His Holy Cross. We have lost so much by allowing the liberals to replace Christian Europe with their mind-forged paradise on earth, in fact we have lost everything that makes life bearable. Must we accept this brave new world? I don't accept it. The liberals have convinced the grazers that there never was any other world but theirs, and they have convinced the halfway-house Christians that their advanced Christianity is the real Christianity. But the liberals have not charity; their regime is built on pillage, sacrilege, and murder. If we don't love our faith and our people enough to fight the liberals and their barbarian allies to the death, we are worse than dead men, we are men without souls.

If we are alive to the Europeans' Christian journey, the *Via Dolorosa*, we will know that there is a Man of Sorrows who stands ready to renew the covenant that was so shamefully discarded by an adulterous and evil generation of liberal vipers. We can go home again by simply affirming what Peter affirmed, many months after the night of his denials, "Yes, I know that man, He is the Christ, the Son of the Living God." We know he said those words or words like them because we know that he was crucified because of his affirmation of Christ. We all suffer and we all die. The great question

is whether we suffer and die for nothing, for *nada*, or whether our pain, suffering and ultimate death in this world has been redeemed by His pain, suffering, and death on the cross. The collective voice of the much-vilified and hated Europeans of the olden times says that we have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. We will hold to their vision in defiance of the Babylonian liberals and their dark barbarian legions. +

1. Neither France nor Russia ever went back to their Christian roots. The French shifted to a more incremental utopian scheme, the democratic egalitarianism of the United States, and the Russians did the same in the latter half of the 20th century. Only those who equate Christianity with democracy would see Christianity in post-Communist Russia and post-revolutionary France.

Labels: suffering, utopia

The Forsaken Past of Europe

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 2011



That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past.

--William Shakespeare

Writing in the war-torn London of 1939, H. V. Morton had this to say of an Englishman's debt to his past:

In times of peace it is permissible for all but a few antiquaries to forget the past and to forge ahead cheerfully into the future; but in war-time a nation, calling up its spiritual reserves, draws unconsciously upon the strength of its past, and owes to its ancestors more than it knows, or than may be set down in words. So if these sketches of a past that still influences the present have any interest, it is because they remind us of certain permanent values, and they promise that London, so old in experience, will one day pick up the threads of her existence and go onward in history.

Things didn't turn out as H. V. Morton hoped. As a true-bred Englishman of the old stock, Morton quite naturally thought that the essential England would always remain: "There will always be an England." But the jettisoning of the past which holds a nation's spiritual reserves had begun before World War II, indeed it was the main reason for World War II, and it continued at an accelerated rate throughout the European nations after the war. This pillorying of the past, which is tantamount to national suicide, has continued unabated in every European country up to the present day. There is virtually nothing left of Europe's past in any European country. Of course this is by design. You can't get your ticket punched on the great Liberal Express train to Babylon if you don't sever your ties to the past.

Tragically most Europeans have complied with the required act of renunciation. And by doing so they have lost their spiritual reserve when they need it most, when they should be fighting a war for the survival of the white race. They are not fighting that war, a war infinitely more vital to their interests than any of the World Wars, because they have surrendered their right to exist as a people.

At this point the conservative always brings in Malcolm Muggeridge's 1979 article about the great liberal death wish. But the liberal doesn't have a death wish. The policies he advocates will certainly result in his death, but the liberal is not supposing his death when he proposes the death of European civilization. The essence of the great liberal death wish is the sacrificial offerings of other whites, in order that the liberal can be ensured of life eternal. It's a twisted reversal of Christ's death on the cross. Christ shed His blood so that men might have eternal life; the liberal demands that the

blood of others shall be shed so that he can attain a Faustian life everlasting. Babies shall be aborted so that the liberal will have breathing room, and the black gods must be appeased with white victims so that they will not vent their wrath upon the liberal. Of course the black gods will vent their wrath on the liberal and the non-liberal, but the liberal doesn't believe that, and he doesn't want the white grazer to believe that either. Which is why the victims of the black "gods" such as Eugene Terreblanche, the South African nationalist murdered by blacks, are called 'white supremacists' rather than 'white nationalists' or 'white rights advocates'. The implied message in the use of the term 'white supremacist' is that the white victim would not have been a victim if he had not been an advocate of 'white supremacy'.

There is an element of fear in the liberals' new-found faith in the black man. They keep their fears at bay by the continual sacrificial offerings to the colored gods, and by constant propaganda against the European people who lived prior to our modern age of Aquarius. The obsessive-compulsive nature of the sacrifices and the relentless propaganda campaigns is a result of twin fears: the fear of the wrath of the black man and the greater fear of the return of white, Christian Europe. The second fear is the greater fear to the liberals, because such a restoration would mean, in the liberal's mind, a return to Christianity that would necessitate the return of justice, mercy, and faith. The liberals want only justice as they, not God, define it. They have no need for mercy because they are the righteous ones, and they have no need for faith in Christ because they now have a new god in the form of the black man. Thus the liberal keeps his fear of the black man in check with sacrifices of white people and the pillorying of their past in order to avoid what he most fears, the Christian faith.

Satan serves as a kind of technical advisor to the liberals. And he has advised the liberals not to destroy the Christian churches or directly insult the Christian God. "Instead," Satan advises his liberal fellow-travelers, "you must attack the European version of Christianity as something cruel, racist, and unscientific. Urge people to practice a new Christianity which is kind, non-discriminatory and up-to-date (meaning Christ is not the exclusive son of God – we are all sons of God)." Satan is very flexible – "whatever works" is his motto, and the attack on European Christianity and the people who championed it has proved most effective. All the white "Christians" have fallen in line with Satan's command. In the name of racial equality, the Christian churches preach a "purer," non-culture-bound Christianity designed to appeal to the colored races. The problem with that broad-based, broad-minded Christianity is that it is not true. In every century of the Christian era of Europe there were blasphemers who championed the forms of the faith against the substance of the faith. Walter Scott depicts such a "Christian" in his novel *Old Mortality*. John Balfour, a fanatical Scottish Covenanter, violates the law of chivalry, which was written in the hearts of all Christian Europeans, by killing, in the name of his mind-forged Christless faith, a Christian soldier of the royalist party who came to Balfour bearing a flag of truce.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but—"

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul. Amen!" said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

"What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother officers.

"My duty," said Balfour firmly. "Is it not written, "Thou shalt be zealous even to slaying"? Let those who dare NOW venture to speak of truce or pardon!"

Such individuals as Balfour have always been part of Christendom, and they often obtained positions of leadership in their particular church, but the substance of Christianity, the vision of a merciful God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, has always been at the

center of the Europeans' view of existence. Faith needs to be embodied. Where is the Christian faith now that the incarnational faith of the antique Europeans has been vilified and rejected? In academia? You jest. In our churches? They have become adjuncts of academia. Do we see the Christian faith embodied in the people of color? No, we don't. The clerics and academics have made the colored people their gods, but that is not the same as seeing the face of Christ in His people. The attack on the white race and their antiquated Christian civilization – antiquated by modern liberal standards – is not a purification of Christianity, it is a termination of Christianity. The halfway-house Christians who want Babylon and Christ can spin it how they will, but it always comes back to a very basic betrayal: the white man turned from his God to the gods of the stranger. And the result has been the devastation of Europe.

*“They that do change old love for new,
Pray God they change for worse.”*

Why in the present war, the war for the preservation of the white race, do the Europeans not unconsciously turn to their past and draw upon their spiritual reserves, as they did in other lesser wars? Is it because they have exhausted their spiritual reserves in a losing battle with the liberals who have convinced them that the past is evil and the Babylonian future is good? Yes, that seems to be the case. We no longer see the “animation of the European” in their eyes.

I seldom read the white nationalist publications because they don't seem to have any respect or love for antique Europe and her people. Their god is not my God, and their people are not my people. They treat the Europeans' Christian past as the liberals treat it, as something that is dead, and good riddance to it. But does that narrow, modernist interpretation of the past, in which people are studied like dead insects, tell us the truth about existence? The testimony of our ancestors puts things in a different light. To them the things of the material world were symbols of the things of a greater spiritual world. In such a world the past, present, and future form a trinity in spirit, all three are separate, but all three are also united, because they are of the spirit. When the liberal or the neo-pagan posits a future without the Christian past of the European people they are trying to breathe life into a corpse. There is nothing eternal in liberalism or neo-paganism; both lack an animating spirit because both have rejected the European past, where the God who united the past with the present and the future dwells. When you see the gulf, the mind-forged gulf, between the modern European and his past you are tempted to despair and join with Melville in asking, “Is all this struggle in vain?” But then the past wells up before you, a past in which a whole people loved a Fairy Prince who rescued them from the dragon of death. And the love that once was there is still there for the European who rejects the liberal's Babylonian world of the future in order to live in the European past, rooted in the spiritual trinity of past, present, and future.

It's not possible to predict a gloomy future for the European people or a glorious future, because the love that built Christian Europe is not subject to the rules of the material world. A fire kindled in that world will burn according to certain laws of the physical sciences. But a spiritual fire, engendered by a man's love of antique Europe's people and their God, could become a consuming fire that destroys Liberalism. Satan knows that, which is why he never sleeps, but neither shall we sleep till we have restored Christian Europe.

*“I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.” +*

Labels: death of Christian culture, demolition of Europe, internal resistance

The European Vision: Sources of Hostility

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 04, 2011



“It is sufficient,” said the Disinherited Knight. “Half the sum my present necessities compel me to accept; of the remaining half, distribute one moiety among yourselves, sir squires, and divide the other half betwixt the heralds and the pursuivants, and minstrels, and attendants.”

The squires, with cap in hand, and low reverences, expressed their deep sense of a courtesy and generosity not often practiced, at least upon a scale so extensive. The Disinherited Knight then addressed his discourse to Baldwin, the squire of Brian de Bois-Gilbert. “From your master,” said he, “I will accept neither arms nor ransom. Say to him in my name, that with lances, as well on foot as on horseback. To this mortal quarrel he has himself defied me, and I shall not forget the challenge. Meantime, let him be assured that I hold him not as one of his companions, with whom I can with pleasure exchange courtesies; but rather as one with whom I stand upon terms of mortal defiance.”

-*Ivanhoe* by Walter Scott

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "To talk of many things: Of shoes--and ships--and sealing-wax-- Of cabbages--and kings-- And why the sea is boiling hot-- And whether pigs have wings." A friend whose advice I respect recently advised me to open up my column to comments. By doing so, my friend argued, I could have a greater influence and I could deal with all my detractors. "Do you know what they are saying about you?" With all due respect I don't intend to follow my friend's advice. On the question of influencing more people: if you haven't been able to "influence" a person with a heartfelt, carefully written article, why should you be able to influence them with a shorter, less carefully written letter? Comments written by way of email tend to be sloppy and snippy, and being full of original sin I'm sure my replies would tend to be sloppy and snippy. So right away I would be involved in a sloppy and snippy quarrel. Hardly in keeping with the code of my exemplars, such as Walter Scott.

And what about those detractors? For the brief space of time that I received comments the detractors outnumbered the supporters by ten to one. Who has the time or energy to deal with that many detractors? Despite being time and energy-consuming, I still might debate my detractors if I genuinely believed that I could convince one living soul among them that I was right and they were

wrong by the use of rational, dialectical argument. But I've lived long enough to see the futility of such arguments. Human beings form their opinions based on passions. They use their reason to defend their passions. No rational argument can change a man's passions. He has to come to a belief that his passions are misplaced by an internal process that defies rational exposition. For instance, I converted to Christianity in my mid-twenties thanks to the good offices of the European poets. Their vision of Christianity was my vision. After converting to Christianity I was determined to find a church that shared my vision of Christ. My passion to worship led me to the Roman Catholic Church. At the time of my entry into the Roman Catholic Church there was no argument on the face of the earth that could have convinced me that the Roman Catholic Church was not the one and only Christian church just as Edmund Gwen in Miracle on 34th Street was the one and only Santa Claus. After a short purgatory in the Novus Ordo Church and a longer stay with the traditionalists, I came to the conclusion that my vision of Christ and the Roman Catholic Church's vision were incompatible. I had to choose between two passions, my vision of Christ or my desire to belong to a church. I chose to stay with the vision. At that point I was open to all the rational arguments against the Roman Catholic Church's claim to be the one true church, because an internal non-rational process had made me receptive to reason. You can only reach people who are going through an internal process much like your own. When they see their inmost passion embodied in words they respond, and a rare thing happens: two kindred souls meet.

"Do you know what they are saying about you?" Of course I know. I've lived in Liberaldom my entire life. I don't have to listen to every single liberal rant in order to know the enemy. Their rants are not that original. And what could I do to stop the rants if I did listen to them all?

*No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?*

If even a king cannot stop back-wounding calumny, how can we lesser mortals stop it?

The antique Europeans did not put forward any theories of race. They had a prejudice that whites should stay with their own and coloreds should stay with their own. Conquistadores, pirates, and mountain men often violated the white man's code, but it was a definite code that existed in the heart of the Christian European Everyman of the Catholic and Protestant persuasions up till the latter half of the 20th century. (1) Then it seemed that almost overnight all the old prejudices were thrown away and a new Christianity was posited. In the name of the universal brotherhood of man race-mixing was not only permitted, it was encouraged as the Christian thing to do. What caused this colossal change?

The liberal will tell us that a new enlightened philosophy caused the change. The cobwebs of superstition and prejudice were washed away and light and progress came into the old, dilapidated European house. But when we see the bitter fruits of the new enlightened Christianity we must reject the liberals' assessment.

One spring I took a walk around a nearby lake on two successive days. On the first day the lake was covered with ice. On the second day the ice was entirely gone. It appeared that the ice had melted overnight. But of course this was not the case. The melting process had taken place over a longer period of time. The final deicing only appeared as a sudden overnight phenomenon.

Such is the case with the new Christian universalism. It took centuries for Christianity to become a propositional philosophy in which the nature and the personal attributes of God could only be known by studying things outside of man, such as nature and abstract philosophy. Nothing inside man was of any consequence; He, the rational, godded men told us, was to be found in the vaporous mists of their cogitations. All the humanity was extracted from the Christian faith, leaving a hollow shell of a church, dedicated to abstractions such as 'humanity' and 'brotherhood', and opposed to actual flesh and blood human beings, who held to very basic notions of fidelity to kith and kin. If we

replace the God of the hearth fire, the God whom we know through the human things, with a propositional God who can be known only through the intercession of experts on the subject of God, we will become slaves to the new fusionist faith of the Christ-less Christian churches.

The hostility toward the antique, European Christianity that does not equate Christianity with propositional, philosophical liberalism comes from four sources: the liberals, the Roman Catholics, the Protestants, and the neo-pagans. The Roman Catholic is wedded to the doctrine of papal infallibility even though no two Catholics agree on the definition of it; some Catholics invoke it for almost every Papal encyclical, and other Catholics in the traditionalist ranks, for the obvious reason that they want the leeway to disregard what the Vatican II popes say, claim there was only ever one or two infallible Papal statements. Not all traditionalist priests are as cynical as Father _____, who when asked what Papal encyclicals were infallible, said, "Whatever one I agree with is infallible." Actually such cynicism is preferable to the papolatry of the conservatives. I was once given the boot from my parish when I asked my priest, who taught that John Paul II's strictures against capital punishment were infallible, "How can Peter contradict Peter? The popes prior to Vatican II supported capital punishment."

"Those popes didn't speak infallibly, but John Paul II is speaking infallibly," was the rather confusing answer.

It was inevitable that papal infallibility would become part of the modern church, because the new doctrine makes the layman completely dependent on the religious expert to tell him what the Christian faith is. If the experts tell him that to love God means to hate one's own and love the colored races, the poor Catholic layman feels he must do as the experts say. The reason the Catholic grazer can watch his daughter walk down the aisle and marry a black man is because outside of his church he has no faith to cling to. It is to no avail to tell the Roman Catholic layman that there is another Catholic church besides the modern Roman Catholic Church and there is another faith: the heartfelt faith of the people of old Europe. Their secret was discovered by George Fitzhugh, the Southern cavalier and man of letters:

The prevalent philosophy of the day takes cognizance of but half of human nature – and that the worst half. Our happiness is so involved in the happiness and well-being of everything around us that a mere selfish philosophy, like political economy, is a very unsafe and delusive guide.

We employ the term Benevolence to express our outward affections, sympathies, tastes, and feelings, but it is inadequate to express our meaning; it is not the opposite of selfishness, and unselfishness would be too negative for our purpose. Philosophy has been so busy with the worst feature of human nature that it has not even found a name for this, its better feature. We must fall back on Christianity, which embraces man's whole nature, and though not a code of philosophy, is something better; for it proposes to lead us through the trials and intricacies of life, not by the mere cool calculations of the head, but by the unerring instincts of a pure and regenerate heart. The problem of the Moral World is too vast and complex for the human mind to comprehend; yet the pure heart will, safely and quietly, feel its way through the mazes that confound the head.

Why belabor the point by going through the mini-Romes of the Protestant churches? They have their own denominational popes and their inflexible belief in the propositional faith of the experts, who condemn the blood faith of the antique Europeans in the name of the universal faith of Babylonian Christianity. You will never convince such Christians, Roman Catholic or Protestant, that they are wrong, and the antique, racist Europeans are a more certain touchstone of reality than their "infallible" experts. Such "Christians" produce sadness more than anger. No matter how beautiful, in my eyes, the culture of old Europe seems to be, in comparison to the filth of modern Babylon, the condemnations still come. "We must support the Pope and love our black brothers." "You seem to be suggesting that Europeans did something special when it was nothing but the grace of God; you are a free-willer." Modern anti-Christian Christian theology is designed to support the outward forms of the faith to the detriment of the substance of the faith, which is a belief in Christ

crucified, Christ risen. What is wrong with modern man? Dostoyevsky told us, “He has lost Jesus Christ.” He still lives though in the European past, which is past, present, and future.

The liberal is a product of the propositional faiths of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. If human reason has the final say about the nature of God, what stands in the way of human reason becoming God? Liberals have created a Humpty Dumpty world: “When I use a word, it means anything I want it to mean,” in which they invent abstractions, such as the Noble Savage, and then worship the abstraction. Burke, the supreme anti-liberal of Europe, cut right to the heart of the liberals’ madness when he wrote, “I hate abstractions.” Like their mentors, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Satan, the liberals will mock on. Our task is to hold to the vision that is not dependent on the research of the rationalists.

“It is useless to tell us that we know nothing of these things, that we can know nothing until their critical examination is over; we can only say, ‘Examine away; but we do know something of this matter, whatever you may assent to the contrary, and mean to live on that knowledge.” We cannot find God in nature or in the abstractions of the rationalists; He is incarnate. We live in Him and through Him; at least that is what the ancient Europeans bore witness to. They wept and believed.

The final chapter in this tragic history is the neo-pagan revolt. Neo-pagans are in rebellion against Christ because, they claim, He has killed the white race with His talk of love and universal brotherhood. To believe such an enormous lie the neo-pagan must join with the liberals and the Christian rationalists in proclaiming the new Christianity of the abstract Christ to be the true Christianity. The Europeans who walked in the garden of Gethsemane with Christ knew differently. And so would the neo-pagans if they truly loved their people.

The collective voice of the antique Europeans says, “We know that Man, and you do not know Him; that is the sum and substance of your tragedy.” Is there one voice that can speak for all those voices? Yes, there is. Writing towards the end of the Christian era of Europe, John Watson (pen name Ian Maclaren) wrote two novels which stand together as one work, titled *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. He speaks for the European people in those works. Such a people, with such a vision of God, must be our guide through this vale of tears. (2)

“Ye’re right, Saunders, and a bonnie stack it makes;” and then Charlie Grant went in with Drumsheugh to the warmth and the kindly light, while the darkness fell upon the empty harvest field, from which the last sheaf had been safely garnered. +

(1) Inclusiveness is all the rage in the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. Yet there is no room for Europeans who believe, as Langland the Catholic, Bunyan the Puritan, and every European Christian prior to the 20th century believed – that a man should cling to his own people and love them over all.

(2) The psalmist reminds us that we walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The saints and poets of incarnational Europe show us that He walks with us through that Valley to the Mountains beyond it. If the Scottish dialect in Watson’s books is too much for you then let Sheridan LeFanu have the last European word:

It is not easy to recall in calm and happy hours the sensations of an acute sorrow that is past. Nothing, by the merciful ordinance of God, is more difficult to remember than pain. One or two great agonies of that time I do remember, and they remain to testify of the rest, and convince me, though I can see it no more, how terrible all that period was.

Next day was the funeral, that appalling necessity; smuggled away in whispers, by black familiars, unresisting, the beloved one leaves home, without a farewell, to darken those doors no more; henceforward to lie outside, far away, and forsaken, through the drowsy heats of summer, through days of snow and nights of tempest, without light or warmth, without a voice near. Oh, Death, king of terrors! The body quakes and the spirit faints before thee. It is vain, with hands clasped over our eyes, to scream our reclamation; the horrible image will not be excluded. We have just the word spoken eighteen hundred years ago, and our trembling faith. And through the broken vault the gleam of the Star of Bethlehem.

Labels: antique Christianity, modernity

The Homing Instinct

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 2011



I am dreaming of the mountains of my home,
Of the mountains where in childhood I would roam.
I have dwelt 'neath summer skies,
Where the summer never dies,
But my heart is in the mountains of my home.

I can see the little homestead on the hill;
I can hear the magic music of the rill;
There is nothing to compare,
With the love that once was there,
In that lonely little homestead on the hill.

I can see the quiet churchyard down below,
Where the mountain breezes wander to and fro,
And when God my soul will keep,
It is there I want to sleep,
With those dear old folks that loved me long ago.

-- W S Gwynne Williams

As a confused undergraduate, desperately concerned about the existence or nonexistence of God, I sought out a Roman Catholic priest who taught courses at the university. I went to him because I had read one of his books in which he indicated he believed in the Christian God in a non-modern sense as defined in the Apostle's Creed. During a lengthy conversation we touched on many aspects of this thing called faith. He shared his thoughts with me, and I told him of my perplexities. I still, after forty years, remember his response when I asked him what he found to be the biggest obstacle to faith. With a look of intense pain on his face he said, "There are so few signs." The New Testament passage about an evil and adulterous generation which seeketh a sign did not occur to me then, and if it had I would not have applied it to that man, because he was kind to me.

After that first lengthy meeting I only saw my priestly friend in passing. After I graduated I didn't see him again for ten years. He was still teaching at the university, and I was on campus to participate in a kind of religious roundtable discussion in which my friend was also a participant. He greeted me warmly, and I told him what I had been doing, placing particular emphasis on my conversion to Christianity and my membership in his church. He said he was delighted and that he too had taken a spiritual journey in the last ten years. I didn't quite know what he meant and before I could ask for clarification the roundtable discussion began.

I knew before the discussion started that I would be facing a sneering group of former clerics and intellectual something-or-others who would be united in their sneering ridicule of the simple faith that set Europe ablaze in times past. But I knew I would have one ally, the friend of 10 years ago. I pictured us fighting back to back, like Will Starrett and Shane, against an army of sneering academics. It didn't turn out as I expected. My believing friend had become a member of the sneering intelligentsia. I had to shift scenarios; instead of Shane and Will Starrett fighting against difficult odds I was the disinherited knight fighting against impossible odds. I didn't acquit myself very well, frequently losing my train of thought and stumbling with my responses to the panel of sneering atheists.

Much to my surprise, my "good friend" came up to me afterwards and acted like we were ever the best of friends. It was all just a fun, scintillating discussion to him. Not so with me. I come from Welsh coal miners and German farmers who believed that a man who insults your faith is not your friend. I did not hit the man as my ancestors would have, but I did walk out without shaking hands or pretending we were all educated men who could forget our differences over something as silly as the Resurrection of Christ and still get along just swimmingly.

I've had many years to think about the old priest's apostasy and I've formed some definite opinions on the subject. I think the old priest's statement, "There are so few signs," was an indication of a man teetering on the brink. Man is a social animal. He tends to conform to the values of his peers. The old priest had spent most of his life in academic circles, which is probably why he yearned for a sign; he needed something to buttress up a faith that was beginning to erode. I spent three hours with the academics he saw every day, and my faith was reeling after contact with such people. I needed to go home and reconnect with Walter Scott's Europe before I felt cleansed of the academic disease. Little wonder then that the once firm-in-his-faith priest succumbed to sneering liberalism.

*"Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd; therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?"*

Who so firm? No one is. Over the years I've seen such a falling off of friends. There was the Southern segregationist who, once removed from his native land, ended up marrying a black girl. A fire-brand of a fundamentalist who went to California and became a free love advocate. Then there was the "good" Italian Catholic girl who left her husband, my friend, for another woman. In my mind's eye I can still see them all, and it's not a pretty sight.

The liberals and the halfway house Christians are fond of telling people like me, who write about the moral gulf between old Europe and modern Europe, that every sin known to man existed in old Europe just as it does now. And that is true; but we must make two distinctions. First, the antique Europeans did not deny that they were sinners. When they committed adultery they called it sin; when a woman killed her child, she was called a murderess. And the second distinction is like unto the first. When a man or woman sinned they were not supported by their peers; they were shunned. For instance, in antique Europe if a man was addicted to sodomy he had no support system. He knew if he couldn't control his sinful desires then he must confine them to secret places where the outcast men dwelt. And repentance was possible, because if a man persisted in his sin he knew he lost the fellowship of his fellow men, just as Scrooge cast himself into greed-forged isolation by his illicit love of money. The sinner could be reclaimed, because there was a world beckoning to him in which people believed there was a such a thing as sin. Not so today. I remember a congressman in the not-too-distant past who was, in addition to being a congressman, a columnist for a conservative Catholic magazine. He got caught in a homosexual tryst. Not something unusual, such things happened in Old Europe as well. But what followed was completely modern. The congressmen, after first expressing contrition, ended up becoming a member of a Catholic homosexual organization (I believe it was called Dignity) which claimed homosexual acts were sanctioned by God. And therein is the great difference between our current Western society and antique Europe. Miscegenation,

infanticide, sodomy, and academic atheism all existed in old Europe, but such things were not sanctioned by society. Virtue was encouraged and sin was discouraged in old Europe by labeling sin as sin and by socially ostracizing the unrepentant sinner and the advocates of sin. Today a sinner is lauded and told he is virtuous. He has a support system for his sin. Miscegenation becomes “striking a blow against prejudice,” infanticide becomes “a woman’s choice,” sexual promiscuity becomes “free love,” and institutionalized blasphemy becomes “liberalism.” Who is so firm that cannot be seduced in such a society? Only the prejudiced, intransigent Europeans will survive, those who cling to an older segregated Europe with the ferocity of Ratty in *The Wind in the Willows*:

“The River,” corrected the Rat.

“And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!”

“By it and with it and on it and in it,” said the Rat. “It’s brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It’s my world, and I don’t want any other. What it hasn’t got is not worth having, and what it doesn’t know is not worth knowing.”

And even he was almost seduced away from his European river by the siren call of exotic foreign climes.

“Why, where are you off to, Ratty?” asked the Mole in great surprise, grasping him by the arm.

“Going South, with the rest of them,” murmured the Rat in a dreamy monotone, never looking at him.

“Seawards first and then on shipboard, and so to the shores that are calling me!”

He pressed resolutely forward, still without haste, but with dogged fixity of purpose; but the Mole, now thoroughly alarmed, placed himself in front of him, and looking into his eyes saw that they were glazed and set and turned a streaked and sifting grey—not his friend’s eyes, but the eyes of some other animal! Grappling with him strongly he dragged him inside, threw him down, and held him.

The Rat struggled desperately for a few moments, and then his strength seemed suddenly to leave him, and he lay still and exhausted, with closed eyes, trembling. Presently the Mole assisted him to rise and placed him in a chair, where he sat collapsed and shrunken into himself, his body shaken by a violent shivering, passing in time into an hysterical fit of dry sobbing. Mole made the door fast, threw the satchel into a drawer and locked it, and sat down quietly on the table by his friend, waiting for the strange seizure to pass. Gradually the Rat sank into a troubled doze, broken by starts and confused murmurings of things strange and wild and foreign to the unenlightened Mole; and from that he passed into a deep slumber.

He was brought back to his senses, to his instinctual love of his home and his people by the “unenlightened” Mole. And he in turn, along with the Badger and the Mole, brought the Toad back to an appreciation of his ancestral home. So long as something of the homing instinct is alive in a white man, he can be reclaimed by the fidelity of other whites. If he can’t be reclaimed it’s because propositional Christianity and the lure of the exotic peoples and exotic lands have killed his homing instincts. A friend once told me about a white nationalist rally he attended. A white male sat up front and held hands with a black girl while the main speaker talked about the necessity of segregation and the preservation of the white race. As it became obvious that the interracial couple were there to make a statement, the speaker stopped his talk and addressed them. He asked them if they thought there was anything wrong with race-mixing. Of course the couple replied that there wasn’t anything wrong with it. It was sanctioned by love, and what could be wrong with love? Now the speaker could have responded as Princess Flavia responded to Rudolf Rassendyll in *Prisoner of Zenda*:

“Is love the only thing?” she asked, in low, sweet tones that seemed to bring a calm even to my wrung heart. “If love were the only thing I could follow you—in rags, if need be—to the world’s end; for you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! But is love the only thing?”

I made her no answer. It gives me shame now to think that I would not help her.

She came near me and laid her hand on my shoulder. I put my hand up and held hers.

"I know people write and talk as if it were. Perhaps, for some, Fate lets it be. Ah, if I were one of them! But if love had been the only thing you would have let the king die in his cell."

I kissed her hand.

"Honor binds a woman, too, Rudolf. My honor lies in being true to my country and my House."

But that would have given a European dignity to the couple that they did not deserve. What the speaker did say was that there was nothing to be said to the young couple. They had no instinctive horror about what they were doing, so there was nothing that any white man could say to convince the degenerate couple nothing good stems from a betrayal of kith and kin.

Race-mixing is an abortion of the white race. Liberals have decided that the white race deserves to perish because it was sexist, racist, and Christian. No matter how far the modern white moves away from his ancestors, the liberal still wants him destroyed because of his past history. The white grazer might be spared for a time if he complies with the dictates of the liberals, but in the end the grazer will be killed with the last Europeans. Or so the liberals purpose. Their triumph is not mathematically certain, because the grace of God exists. European civilization was the result of a marriage between the European people and Christ. Liberalism was built when the Europeans divorced Christ and married Satan. The second marriage can be annulled, and if it is annulled it will be because the European's homing instinct became stronger than the siren call of Babylon. But there must be a home for the prodigal European to return home to. It is the task of the hero to stay wedded to the European hearth fire and never yield his place or waver in his devotion until His God calls him home.

How can the remnant band of Europeans remain faithful unto death when they have no support system? How can they avoid the fate of that apostate priest who made a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformation from a Christian to a sneering academic? They can remain faithful by staying close to their kith and kin who have left this world but live in His eternal Europe. The death-in-life existence of the modern Europeans is not life. Their life, the ancient Europeans of Christian Europe, is the genuine life; it is life eternal. The communion of the saints is not mumbo-jumbo. Where two or three are gathered together in His name... There is a legion of Europeans gathered in His name who are willing to sustain us in our day of battle against the liberals and their colored gods. If God and His legions of saints are for us who can be against us? I don't want to minimize the feeling of God-forsakenness that envelops a man when he tries to adhere to the code of the ancient Europeans without the support of his peers. But at the same time I must emphasize that the bond of love and affection that can exist, if a man stays connected to the antique Europeans and their God, is something that can sustain a man as he walks through the valley of the shadow of Babylon.

Le Fanu is right. The devil approaches the citadel of a man's heart by stealth, "with many zigzags and parallels." Satan did not, at first, ask the European to give up his faith. He walked right in the church door preaching a new, a purer Christianity, devoid of racism and superstition. And once the initial betrayal is made, the betrayal of kith and kin, a man is primed for the next betrayal and the next, until a man becomes, as my old friend the apostate priest became, a sneering academic, one of Satan's own.

We live amongst an evil and adulterous generation of men who laugh in derision at the old faith, asking us, "Why, if your God is the true God is there no sign? Why does He not come down off the cross and punish us and save you?" But we have been given a sign, the sign of the cross.

In a black Mass, I am told, the satanic devotees worship an inverted cross. Isn't that the essence of liberalism? Christianity is still preached, but it is an inverted Christianity. Pope John XXIII forgives non-repentant, black, torture-murderers for the sins they committed, not against him, but against others. The liberals offer up other whites as an atonement, not for the sins of liberals, but for the

sins of the racist, white people of the past. And the definition of sin itself has been inverted. Only one race and one sex within that race has the taint of original sin. Is such a faith the Christian faith? To be young again is not permitted in the natural world, but in the realm of the spirit we can become young again. We can rescind the first betrayal and return to our ancestral European home and clean out the stoats and the weasels that have overrun it.

*“God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!” +*

Labels: Christian Europe, love of one's own

Yet Death Cannot Our Hearts Divide

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2011



And the LORD came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men built. And the LORD said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. – *Genesis 11: 5-6*

I once read, with growing horror as I progressed in my reading, an article by a Jansenist priest who professed to know beyond a shadow of a doubt that Martin Luther was in hell. Anyone with even a modicum of Christianity in their soul (which would exclude Dante) knows that we are permitted – nay we are enjoined – to make judgments here on earth about the nature of good and evil. But the final judgment of souls, Christians believe, is left to God.

I include that rather basic Christian tenet as a preface to this post in order to make it clear that when I use words such as ‘condemn’ and ‘judge’ it is in the traditional Christian sense; I am condemning actions and individuals whom I believe to be evil, but the final disposition of their souls rests with God. I wish that I could say that I had never, even for a moment, wished one of my enemies in hell. I can’t say that though, because there have been such moments, but when the darkness lifts I realize such ultimate judgments belong to Him alone. Having issued that disclaimer, let me proceed to the subject of these wars.

By what right do the liberals or the halfway house Christians condemn the football coach recently accused of sodomizing young children? As an antique European I can condemn him, because his actions are considered sinful when judged by antique European standards.¹ But how can the liberals and their New Age Christian allies condemn a child molester? There is no such thing as a sex crime in Babylon. For a liberal to draw back from that obvious tenet of Babylon is a monumental act of hypocrisy. What did Jerry Sandusky do that was not in keeping with the ethos of Babylon? Is sodomy a sin in Babylon? No, it is not. Is sex with children a sin in Babylon? No it is not; the liberals start sex education classes in kindergarten. Is Sandusky being condemned because the sex was not consensual? It appears that it was. And please, Mr. Liberal, don’t tell me that a child can’t decide those things for himself when you hand out contraceptives to children like candy and you provide abortions for them without obtaining their parents’ consent. And if it wasn’t consensual? So what? Wasn’t Sandusky simply ‘breaking another taboo’? And isn’t that always a good thing? How can we progress toward paradise on earth if courageous men like Jerry Sandusky do not break down antiquated moral barriers put in place by older Europeans who did not worship the idols of Babylon? Liberals are forever condemning their own children because they do not act according to the liberals’ preferred vision of Babylon. Just as they condemned Hitler for preferring his Aryan version of Babylon to their wine-and-cheese-party Babylon, they have condemned Sandusky for not

adhering to their homosexual ideal, where a man has one significant other for a time and then moves on to another significant other, just like the heterosexual liberals. But Sandusky didn't conform to the liberals' ideal. He preferred young boys to adult males. Who in Liberaldom dares to condemn him? They all do, but they have no right to do so.

The liberals even have the audacity to talk about the loss of innocence! Every liberal program for "children" is designed to destroy their innocence. Our public schools and the mainstream private schools are cesspools of debauchery. No child comes out of such bastions of Liberaldom with a shred of innocence. The liberals will now insist that what the sports charities need is more state supervision. But how can degenerate, inhuman monsters be the moral arbiters of what is good for children? They have already told us what they consider good for children: children must be brought up to take their place in Babylon. In order to do that they must learn to hate white people, because white people once oppressed the human race, and to adore the new multi-colored (minus the white) Babylonian world in which there is no sin but racism and sexism. When the liberal condemns the Jerry Sanduskys of Babylon he is exhibiting a remnant strain of Christianity. In time, if no Europeans stand against Babylon, even the man-boy activities of such degenerates as Jerry Sandusky will be sanctioned. Just give the Babylonians time and much worse crimes than Jerry Sandusky's will become part of the fabric of everyday life in Babylon. Actually I should cancel the future tense; much worse crimes than Jerry Sandusky's are already part of the fabric of modern Babylon.

It is my belief that the Christian churches joined with organized Jewry to usher in the age of Babylon. The Jews, after being marginalized by the people who embraced the Messiah they rejected, became a people whose central tenet of faith was the hatred of the white European. In keeping with their central tenet they encouraged race-mixing among the Europeans in order to fuse Christianity with paganism, which always leads to the death of Christianity. When the Europeans became part of organized Jewry and began to hate their European ancestors they fused their faith and their race with the colored tribes. It is truly remarkable, considering the transfigured Christ came down to earth to condemn the building of the tower of Babel, that professed Christians should condemn sodomy on the one hand (which God also came down to earth to condemn) and on the other hand accept the first step toward institutionalized sodomy, which is race-mixing, for once we defy God's order in one instance we will defy Him in other instances as well.

In the civil rights movements in this country during the 1950's and 1960's we frequently heard Christian pastors push race-mixing as the Christian thing to do. But are such pastors really Christians? I don't think so, for a number of reasons.

- 1) The so-called Christian pastors do not take the Biblical injunctions against race-mixing seriously. They interpret the Bible mythically and feel free to ignore it as true history.
- 2) Their new Christianity is based on hate. While they are preaching love for the "oppressed" colored races they spew out hatred for the white race. This is in stark contrast to the Christian segregationists such as Thomas Nelson Page. If we read his commentaries on the Negro for instance, we do not find hatred for the negro in his writings. We do find, in the new age Christians' commentaries about white people, vehement hatred of the white on every page. Now the "Christian" pastors would tell us that is because the white is evil and the colored races are good. But that is the point. Is it Christian to ascribe all evil to one race?
- 3) The anti-Christian Christian pastors have no concern for truth. Can there be faith without truth? Our Lord did not think so. The civil rights pastors (and we know that civil rights means race-mixing) don't care to look at the results of racial equality in Haiti or race-mixing in Mexico. In Haiti racial equality turned into black domination and the extermination of the whites. In Mexico race-mixing allowed the Aztecs to reconquer Mexico. When the colored pagan mixes with the white Christian, a Christian society is not the result. Instead we see a gradual transformation from a Christian society to a pagan society. And please don't repeat the hackneyed argument that the pure and noble

coloreds will regenerate the decadent white race. Most Europeans are post-Christian pagans, but their regeneration will not come, if it comes at all, by mixing with the colored races. Then there will be no white race from which to launch a counter-attack. If everyone is a mixed-race Babylonian, there will be no light, no vision of the European Christ to look to for our salvation. And truth be told, which is the solemn duty of the Christian, there is a remnant band of Europeans who have not bent their knees to Baal. Their vision needs to be followed, not obliterated or watered down by the colored races.

4) Where there is no humanity there is no God. I worked one summer, during my college days, at an inner city camp for boys. Since most of the campers were going to be black, a white social worker was sent from the local university to tell the counselors, who were predominantly white, how to be nice to black children.² The hard-eyed social worker told us that it was very important not to force the black children to abandon their neighborhood pals or their brothers in the name of some group activity. "These bonds of neighborhood and family are very important to a black child's self-esteem," the Ph.D. intoned. I was hardly a white separatist at the time, but I did ask the obvious question: "Should we encourage the same solidarity amongst the white boys who come to camp?" The answer was quite illuminating. "I don't care about white boys." But shouldn't someone care about white boys? I do, because they are my people, and I don't want to be wiser than my ancestors and become part of a Babylonian world where there are no close ties between kith and kin because nobody has any recognizable kith or kin.

To date there has only been one fully human race. The other races have yet to become fully human. Yes, they care about their own, but they do not love their own as the Europeans once loved their own. God's spies, the European poets, who are the true chroniclers of European history, have shown us that to be fully human a man needs the depth of feeling that comes only from an attachment to a particular people and a personal God who sustains those people. How did Scott put it?

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!*

What kind of world will it be when whites mix their blood with the colored races? It will be a world of dead souls.

*The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.*

What kind of man condemns his children to a life without a connection to a particular people where they can learn, through their attachment to kith and kin, how to love the living God? A man without honor, a man who hates his own people so much that he wants to kill his kith and kin by eradicating every trace of their blood lines in the cesspools of Babylon.

Once, in a conversation with a traditionalist priest, I expressed, or tried to express, my love for the older European culture. The priest took particular pleasure in informing me that the Europe I loved didn't exist anymore. I thought that was a rather odd comment coming from a man who was supposed to believe in Christ's resurrection from the dead. Of course I knew that the modern European people had turned their back on Europe. I wasn't living in a cave for thirty years, reading only books by Walter Scott. The Christian reveres that which leads him to Christ. A man who knows the heart of old Europe will know the heart of Christ. Nothing eternal dies. If I unite my heart and soul to the ancient Europeans who rest in the arms of the Lord, then Christian Europe still lives on this earth. And one faithful soul will breathe life into another faithful soul, and so it will go on till Christ returns. There is never a good reason to cease the fight for antique Europe.

We know that the struggle availeth because the devil still attacks the European. Even though there does not seem to be the slightest possibility of a European revival, the devil is afraid that the Europeans might once again call on His name and rise and ride. Why else would he order his minions to intensify their assault on white people?

Over the years I've seen so many friends and acquaintances who I thought were strong in their faith and committed to old Europe heart and soul succumb to the lure of Babylon. And when I look back on those "friends" – now enemies – I can see their tragic flaw. They had an intellectual commitment to certain philosophical and theological principles, but they didn't love the people of antique Europe and the civilization they built. They saw the European past with only their minds, not their hearts. Without a heartfelt love for Europe to sustain them, they succumbed to the siren call of Babylon.

Ultimately I cannot understand the Europeans who betray their blood. I know they exist in legions, but there is nothing inside of me that I can draw on to understand them. Do they have hearts of stone? Does not the beauty, the spiritual beauty of antique Europe, move them in the very depths of their souls? Don't they have children they want to grow up loving the culture in which He resides? It's the mystery of iniquity. The devil saw Christ with, not through, the eye, and consequently he saw only an archrival. We few, we Europeans, who see through the eye shall go, not once more unto the breach, but unto the breach again and again, until His Kingdom come. +

1. I don't know whether Sandusky is a child rapist or child molester, but in either case the immoral monsters of Liberalism have no right to condemn him. He is their child.

2. Most of the black counselors were fired because they beat the children.

Labels: Christianity is neither a theory nor a philosophy, racial Babylon

In Remembrance

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 2011



“Why, it’s old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it’s Fezziwig alive again!” – from *A Christmas Carol*

I’ve now become old enough (how did it happen?) to bore my children with “when I was young” or “when I was your age” stories. So let me proceed with a “when I was young” story.

When I was young there was a television show called *Tombstone Territory*. The Theme song (most Westerns had to have a theme song) went something like this:

*Whistle me back a memory
Whistle me back where I wanna be,
Whistle a tune that will carry me
To Tombstone Territory.*

*When your past has gone afoul of the law
It’s a handy place to be
Because your future’s just as good as your draw
In Tombstone Territory.*

It’s been 45 years since the show aired, so I might be a bit sketchy about the words, but I think I’ve captured the sentiment. As the theme song indicated, *Tombstone Territory* was not yet part of the United States; bad men went there to escape from their crimes. The show featured a different good guy every week that would go into Tombstone in order to put “paid” to the account of a bad guy, who found out, too late, that he couldn’t escape from the knights without armor who dealt out justice without regard to legalistic technicalities.

After that mini-introduction you would be entitled to anticipate an article about Westerns. Well, even though I’m due for another article on Westerns, this article is not going to be about Westerns. It’s going to be about whistling back a memory, a memory of Dickens’ London.

Do you recall old Fezziwig, who employed Ebenezer Scrooge when he was a young man? If you do then you will know that Fezziwig was a wonderful employer and a man who kept Christmas as it should be kept. But there is another aspect of the Fezziwig story that should be told.

A young orphan boy, about the same age as Oliver Twist when he roamed the streets of London, found himself alone and homeless and desperately trying to avoid the Fagins of the world who prey on the innocent. When hope seemed nearly gone the young orphan was rescued from the streets by the self-same Fezziwig of the *Christmas Carol*. Fezziwig, who was about 35 at the time, took the young orphan into his family home and he and his wife raised him as their own. He taught Johnathan, for so he was named, that God was love, and he made Johnathan feel loved by God by

loving him in the name of God. And when the time came for Jonathan to enter the world, Fezziwig started him in a business of his own. Such men are rare indeed.

A few years after Fezziwig's Christmas party, depicted in *A Christmas Carol*, Fezziwig was put on trial for fraud, embezzlement, counterfeiting, and numerous other charges including that of sorcery. In point of fact all the charges were false. They were put forward by a cabal of sophisters, economists, and calculators who sought to ruin Fezziwig. Some sought his ruin because they hoped to profit financially by his demise, and others sought his ruin because they hated any man who refused to descend to their level of inhumanity. The fiendish cabal succeeded! Fezziwig was ruined and sent to prison, where he died in the first month of a 20-year sentence.

During the trial only Johnathan Fezziwig spoke in defense of Fezziwig. But he had no hard evidence of Fezziwig's innocence to speak of. All he could speak of was Fezziwig's kindness to a poor orphan boy, and of his kindness to the poor and to his employees.

Johnathan also told the court that Fezziwig's voice always trembled with emotion when he read certain passages from the Bible, especially those passages which described Christ's miracles of charity, such as the raising of Jairus's daughter and the raising of Lazarus from the dead.

"Objection. Such anecdotes are hardly relevant," the prosecuting attorney asserted.

"Objection sustained," the judge replied. "You will confine your remarks to hard evidence."

But Johnathan had no "hard evidence," only a deep and abiding love for a man he knew, with a certainty deeper and more profound than mathematical certainty, to be the finest, noblest man that ever lived.

The trial and the subsequent death of Fezziwig did not change Johnathan's desire to restore Fezziwig's reputation and to reclaim Fezziwig's business from the sophisters, economists, and calculators. Johnathan wanted to restore Fezziwig's reputation because he loved him, and regarding the business: Johnathan didn't want to reclaim it because he needed money; he wanted to reclaim Fezziwig's business because he knew the new owners (the sophisters, economists, and calculators) had not charity. Under their reign, the beast in man would rule instead of the divinity in man.

What happened to all of Fezziwig's friends? Johnathan went to them after Fezziwig's death and asked them to help him restore Fezziwig's reputation and reclaim his business. Joseph Gage, an Alderman, told him, "I liked old Fezziwig; I never thought the serious charges against him were true. But he was a man who had 'a taste'. At some of those Christmas parties he gave I'm sure he was intoxicated. Yes, he had his faults, old Fezziwig did, and you'd best forget about trying to restore his reputation and reclaim his business. Things will get along nicely without him."

William Taylor, city clerk: "Fezziwig seemed to be a good man, but obviously he wasn't since the courts found him guilty of so many terrible crimes. It just goes to show you that you really can't know a man properly until he goes to court or dies. That way you have access to all his secret papers."

Richard Allen, neighbor: "Nothing surprises me about that man. He was enamored of works. He thought all of the charity work he did would be pleasing to God. But our works are rags; we are saved by grace. I'm sorry for you, Johnathan, but you should not have made a whited sepulcher of Fezziwig."

Johnathan: "He never sought to buy his way into heaven, Mr. Allen. He gave because he felt sorry for people; it was that simple."

Allen (with an insufferable, more-pious-than-thou look on his face): "I think you see Fezziwig with rose-tinted glasses. I see him for what he was: a sinner who thought he could get to heaven through works alone."

And so it went. Johnathan soon gave up trying to enlist the support of Fezziwig's "friends." He had one last hope; he sought out the man who had been Fezziwig's pastor for the last thirty years of his life, the Rev. George Grey.

Johnathan: "Do you believe the charges against him?"

Rev. Grey: "I don't know what to believe. I didn't attend the trial, and they wouldn't let me see him in prison."

Johnathan: "But you worked with him on so many charitable projects. You were a guest at his house. Surely you must have known the man?"

Grey: "He seemed to be a good man, but what am I to think about all the testimony against him?"

Johnathan: "But Reverend, look at the men who testified against him. They are the scum of the earth not fit to tie his shoelaces, let alone supplant him in his business. What will happen to all your charitable enterprises without Fezziwig? He was the heart and soul of the charitable outreach in this church for the past 45 years."

Grey: "I see no reason why Fezziwig's successors can't carry on the same charitable activities that Fezziwig maintained. In fact their business should do better because they have brought in Chinese and African labor."

Johnathan: "Are they maintaining the charities?"

Grey: "Well, no, not at present, but I have every hope that they will in the future."

Johnathan: "It's always in the future, isn't it, Reverend?"

Grey: "I think we all must look to the future, Johnathan. And I must say, at the risk of giving offence, that you have an overly romanticized view of Fezziwig. He is in the past; you should look to the future."

Johnathan: "I don't think I'll take your advice, Reverend. I'll stay with Fezziwig and Fezziwig's God."

Grey: "You're taking a very narrow view of things."

Johnathan: "Yes, I am. Didn't someone once say something about a narrow gate?"

Grey: "I fear..."

Johnathan: "That I'm going to wrong those honorable men? I'm not going to wrong them. I'm going to see justice done. You won't see me at church anymore, but when you read about the untimely deaths of a few sophisters, economists, and calculators, you'll know that a narrow-minded, overly romantic, Fezziwig-partisan is still in the vicinity."

There is a moral gulf between the pre-20th century European and the modern European that makes one believe the pre-modern European is a different species from the modern European. An even wider moral gulf exists between the colored peoples and the pre-modern European. The contrast seems to be the greatest between the pre-modern white and the black, but the moral gulf is an infinity of cubits wide between the pre-modern European and all the colored races, Asians, brown, etc.

The reason for the moral gulf is Jesus Christ. The pre-modern Europeans took Him into their hearts and hearths and became the Christ-bearers to the heathen nations. In contrast the modern Europeans of the 20th and 21st centuries rejected Christ and became the vanguard of Satan, destroying everything European and Christian in order to create a kingdom of Satan on earth.

In the satanic phase of his history the European sought out the colored tribes, not to convert them as he attempted to do during the Christian stage of his history, but to mix his blood with theirs in order to eradicate the European from the face of the earth. Modern anti-Christian Christians who

mix their blood with the colored in order to “Christianize” them must answer the question, “Why, when Christianity was the faith of the European people, didn’t the Europeans mix their blood with that of the colored people?” It seemed clear to the antique Europeans that in order to convert the heathen it was necessary to stay European. A mixed colored and European race soon becomes a thoroughly colored monster race. The New Age Christian, who wants Christianity and race-mixing, is always forced by the logic of his new Christ-less faith to deny the European Christianity of his ancestors and replace it with a propositional faith that can be all things to all people. In the new Babylonian Christianity, Christ is part Buddha, part witch doctor, and part guru, but he is not the Son of God whom the Europeans of old worshipped in spirit and in truth.

That the antique European’s vision of Christ is the true vision we should not question for one moment. There will always be the Twains, the Shaws, and the Voltaires who want to treat the European miracle as a debatable hypothesis or even as an outright falsehood. Such creatures are not seeking the truth. They, like Satan, their mentor, cannot stand to look upon a God who loves according to what is in the heart, not the head. Nor can they abide a people who prefer to be ruled by the Man of Sorrows rather than by satanic theories from the pygmy brains of the anti-European intellectuals. It is the task of the remnant Europeans – there will always be a remnant – to stay bound in spirit and blood to their ancestors and their God so that the prodigals can return to the fold and the heathen can see The Light of the nations.

In England radical “educators” are trying to ban the use of white paper in the schools because they feel the use of white paper gives black children the idea that white is good and black is bad. There is a demonic wisdom in the educators’ new gambit. They have comprehended there is a mystical element to race, but because they are satanic liberals they have inverted the racial hierarchy. In reality, the white represents the extreme good and the black the extreme evil with the other races in between. Farfetched? No, it is not. Good and evil exist in every race, but the potentialities for evil and good are not the same in every race. We are more appalled at the evil white men do because of what we know they can be, and we are less appalled – or should we say less surprised – at the evil colored people do because we don’t expect as much from them as we do from the white man. Such sentiments stem from prejudice, a prejudice derived from looking through the eye at the differences between modern Europeans, the colored peoples, and the antique Europeans. The liberals have an opposing view; they see a black race of people who should be worshipped above all other people by a supporting cast of Asians, Indians, and liberals. It falls to us, the remnant Europeans, to defend Europe against the modern Babylonians, not to debate with them, for if we debate with the liberals we concede that the absolute necessity of the survival of the Christ-bearing race is a debatable point. Such a concession is blasphemy. Better to be against the world than against our God. +

Labels: antique Christianity, restoration of European civilization

The Hills of Europe

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 02, 2011



I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. *Psalms 121: 1*

Let's suppose I'm a British soldier of the 19th century, just returned "from Injia's sunny climes" where I was "servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen." At the dinner party my friends and family throw for me, the subject of the lesser breeds without the law comes up.

"As far as I'm concerned, we should dig a huge hole and bury the lot of them in it," one of the guests asserts.

"Not so fast," I tell him, "they worship a black-hearted god, but some of them, if they are shown a different God, can become something better. Take my regimental bhisti Gunga Din, for instance..."

And the 19th century British soldier serving in China or Africa would say something similar to the "dig a hole and bury 'em" civilian in those instances as well. When the white man's role as the standard bearer for Christian civilization is taken as a given by his fellow whites, and when the white man is strong enough to impose his will on the colored people who resist white rule, the Christian soldier, because he is a Christian soldier, is generous in his praise of the colored people who are trying to move toward the light. A good soldier defends the wall of the fort that is under attack. So when the 19th century Christian soldier praised his colored allies, he was not betraying his people, because the racial wall of the European fort was not under attack at that time.

It is quite a different story when we come to the 20th and 21st centuries in which the rule of whites over the colored tribes is looked upon as something immoral and opposed to Christianity, and when the white man is considered some kind of venomous creature not fit to share the earth with the noble black savage, the oh-so-spiritual oriental, and the brave and honorable Indian. At such times as these, when the battle is raging at the racial wall of the fort, it is a base betrayal of the European people and the Christian faith to attend university seminars and church socials where the beautiful people talk about the true and noble colored people and the evil white people. It would be like attending a funeral of good and noble man and insisting on speaking nothing but evil about the deceased.

Our Lord enjoined us to read the signs of the times. Is it really time to cover the antique Europeans with scorn and hatred and anoint the black race and their supporting cast of yellow, red, and brown people as God's elect? I don't think so. I would suggest that now is the time to talk about the ignoble

barbarism of the black savage, the fiendish cruelty of the Asian, the savagery of the Indian, the merciless heathenism of the modern Mexican Aztecs, and the incredible contrast between the antique European culture that liberals condemn, and the modern techno-barbaric, colored-barbaric culture that liberals bid us applaud and support.

The emergence of a barbaric, technocratic, white culture whose people worship the colored races is a direct result of the scientific revolution that took place in Europe in the late 1600's and into the early 1700's. That revolution triggered the great betrayal; in response to the scientific revolution the European severed his ties to his past. Who needs the past when a fun-filled future of gizmos and gadgets awaits man?

The first men of science were Christians as well as scientists and would have been appalled at the logical consequences that the Voltaires and Rousseaus drew from their findings. Nor did the first philosophers of the scientific era think of themselves as atheists. But what is the logical consequence of Descartes' declaration that a man could "only study the universe after divesting himself of all that he had been brought up to believe"? Do we see in Descartes the echo of the medieval monk who sought to ride the rationalist chariot all the way to heaven? Such a deification of man's power to dissect and analyze led to the French Revolution and the rule of the metaphysicians.

Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the principle of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. It is no easy operation to eradicate humanity from the human breast. What Shakespeare calls 'the compunctious visitings of nature' will sometimes knock at their hearts, and protest against their murderous speculations. But they have a means of compounding with their nature. Their humanity is not dissolved. They only give it a long prorogation. They are ready to declare, that they do not think two thousand years too long a period for the good that they pursue. It is remarkable, that they never see any way to their projected good but by the road of some evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering through the wild waste of centuries added to centuries of misery and desolation. Their humanity is at the horizon—and, like the horizon, it always flies before them. The geometricians, and the chemists, bring, the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the soot of their furnaces, dispositions that make them worse than indifferent about those feelings and habitudes, which are the support of the moral world. Ambition is come upon them suddenly; they are intoxicated with it, and it has rendered them fearless of the danger, which may from thence arise to others or to themselves. These philosophers consider men in their experiments, no more than they do mice in an air pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas. - Edmund Burke

Burke and later Herbert Butterfield and H. V. Morton were justifiably proud of their people's refusal to jettison the past:

Let us praise as a living thing the continuity of our history, and praise the whigs who taught us that we must nurse this blessing—reconciling continuity with change, discovering meditations between past and present, and showing what can be achieved by man's reconciling mind. Perhaps it is not even the whigs that we should praise, but rather something in our traditions which captured the party at the moment when it seemed ready to drift into unmeasurable waters. Perhaps we owe most in fact to the solid body of Englishmen, who throughout the centuries have resisted the wildest aberrations, determined never for the sake of speculative ends to lose the good they already possessed; anxious not to destroy those virtues in their national life which need long periods of time for their development; but waiting to steal for the whole nation what they could appropriate in the traditions of monarch, aristocracy bourgeoisie and church. - Butterfield

But in the latter half of the 20th century the British people did jettison their past. And they seemed to feel a need, like the American Southerners who were the Burkean conservatives of their nation, to jettison their past at an accelerated rate in order to show themselves just as forward-looking and

modern as the liberals on the continent. It is difficult to say who is more zealous in their current pursuit of racial Babylon, the British or their continental cousins in Spain, France, etc., but it does seem that the white nations who were the most reluctant to mix their blood with the coloreds in the past are now at the forefront of the European suicide movements.

Great writers, great defenders of Christian Europe, such as H. V. Morton, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Edmund Burke, Walter Scott, Herbert Butterfield, and Rudyard Kipling all wrote about the dangers of caving in to the inhumanity of the scientific-philosophic, new age rationalists. "Don't break faith with your past," was their warning. However, none of those writers mentioned could foresee a time when the white European would allow the total annihilation of his past through race-mixing. It was too abhorrent to those men of blood. But is not race-mixing Satan's supreme triumph? If he can kill the white race, then he can eradicate the past, the Christian past of the European people. Without that past there is no future for poor, unaccommodated mankind. It's of no consequence to Satan if a theoretical Christ, fashioned to please the liberals and the colored races, exists in the Christian churches. All that concerns Satan is the non-abstract Christ, the Christ of the antique Europeans. If the European blood line dies, then faith in the non-abstract Christ dies with it. Racial Babylon is the work of a diabolical intelligence beyond the comprehension of our minute brains.

Satan's plan to destroy Christianity through race-mixing seems to be succeeding, but there is a flaw in his plan. There always seems to be a few European recalcitrants who refuse to comply with Satan's plan. Let's call those Europeans 'the human element'. From first to last Satan has always hated the human element. He rebelled when God created man, and he laughed with scorn when Christ became incarnate. Humanity makes Satan livid with rage, because in the fully developed human being Satan sees the face of his arch enemy, Jesus Christ, the God-man born to destroy him. Is it any wonder then that he wants to eradicate the face of God in men through race-mixing? If the Christ-bearing race exists only in a past that is scorned and ridiculed by the Babylonians of the present, then where is the face of Jesus Christ? Whose face appears in the techno-barbarian, colored-barbarian culture of Babylon. Yes, it is the face of Satan, and he is exulting over his newly created world, the Babylonian world of white-hating, race-mixing Liberaldom.

The parasitic liberals of the academic and clerical professions, who owe their existence to the antique European culture which they despise, are all heirs of the scientific-philosophic revolution. Their great motivating fear is that they might be regarded as backward-looking ignoramuses. Balzac took their measure:

In Paris, when they want to disparage a man, they say: 'He has a good heart.' The phrase means: 'The poor fellow is as stupid as a rhinoceros.'

And I believe it was Péguy who said, "It will never be known what acts of cowardice have been motivated by the fear of not looking sufficiently progressive." There is no room for the antique European in Liberaldom, because the existence of the liberal technocrat and the colored barbarian depends on the eradication of the European past. The threads of the past, which a European Christian wants to weave into his future because they are connected to Christ, must be severed by the Babylonians who look to a future world devoid of the faith, hope, and charity that permeated Christian Europe. Burke understood such liberals aright when he insisted that two thousand years of cruelty is nothing to them so long as they see themselves as progressing toward utopia.

But what kind of utopia is it that can only occur after the white race and the Christian faith are eliminated? And even the current petted and adored black gods of Liberaldom will not be as adored as the black gods yet unborn, who will be more noble and more progressive than the current ones, because true perfection is always in the future. I think much of the incredible liberal hatred of the unborn – for what is more hateful than willful murder? – is a bitter resentment that the unborn will be superior to the liberals because they will be further along the progressive highway toward utopia. It is the liberal who wants to stop the future, not the antique European, because the liberal glorifies himself by the abstract future he claims to be building for mankind. He doesn't want non-abstract,

real human beings to ruin his dream of utopia, and this is why the liberal yearns for the death of everything human that might impinge on his abstract unreality. In contrast, the antique European, who always moves into the future while holding on to the threads of the past, relishes the birth of concrete, non-abstracted Europeans, who will become part of a blood line that has its roots in His Kingdom, which is to come and is within us.

The late John Paul II once asked, with obvious perplexity, why the people with the correct views on racial equality and democracy had the wrong views on abortion. But it was John Paul II who was being inconsistent, not the liberals. The abortion that is race-mixing is akin to the abortion of the unborn. Once you permit the first type of legalized abortion you will ultimately permit, and even celebrate, the second type of abortion. You can't stop halfway down the slippery slope of Babylon.

When I was a young man the charge that I "over-romanticized" old Europe usually forced me to at least re-examine my passion for Europe. But I always came back to my first love. And now that I am an old man, I can say, without ever intending to re-examine my passion, that it is impossible to over-romanticize antique Europe. The psalmist looked up unto the hills and saw his redemption. It is from the hills of Europe that we can see our Redeemer. Help will not come to us from the techno-barbarian, colored-barbarian world of Babylon. It will come to us when we honor our past by staying faithful to our people and their God. We are all, we Europeans, called to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe, William Tell of Switzerland, and Men of Harlech. Let Cyrano have the last word, for his white plume is the European vision:

*Yes, all my laurels you have riven away
And all my roses; yet in spite of you,
There is one crown I bear away with me,
And to-night, when I enter before God,
My salute shall sweep all the stars away
From the blue threshold! One thing without stain,
Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom
Mine own!—*

(He springs forward, his sword aloft.)

and that is...

(The sword escapes from his hand; he totters, and falls into the arms of LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.)

ROXANE

(Bends over him and kisses him on the forehead.)

--That is...

CYRANO

(Opens his eyes and smiles up at her.)

My white plume...

+++

A Christmas Carol

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 09, 2011



'I am mortal,' Scrooge remonstrated, 'and liable to fall.'

'Bear but a touch of my hand there,' said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, 'and you shall be upheld in more than this!'

It's the time of year when I read *A Christmas Carol*, Dickens' marvelous Christmas gift to the people of Europe, with my family. There is always something new that comes across to you when re-reading a great work of literature such as *A Christmas Carol*. On this reading I was struck by the relative ease with which Scrooge was brought to repentance by Jacob Marley and the three spirits of Christmas. Scrooge was in desperate spiritual straits, which is why the spirits visited him, but he was a mere traditional sinner addicted to greed and avarice. The spirits of Christmas touched his heart by showing him scenes from his childhood, former loves lost because of his avarice, and his eventual lonely demise if he remained obdurate. And Scrooge *did* repent, but what if he had been a liberal (which is something infinitely worse than a miser)? Would the spirits have had such an easy time of it? Could the Spirit of Christmas Past touch a liberal's heart as he touched Scrooge's and transform the liberal into something other than a liberal? No, the triune spirits of Christmas could not melt a liberal's heart; we have seen the liberals reject the spirits' overtures time and time again. What enables the liberal to remain steadfast against the light that caused Scrooge to repent? Solzhenitsyn wondered about the phenomenon of the liberals' stubborn resistance to the light in the second book of his *Gulag* memoirs. He concluded that it was ideology that gave the liberal such an advantage over the regular sinners like Scrooge and the Macbeths. The Macbeths had guilty consciences after their blood-letting, Solzhenitsyn opined, because they lacked a utopian ideology that could kill all the "compunctious visitings of nature" in the human breast. Burke made the same point as Solzhenitsyn centuries earlier when he wrote about the radical French revolutionaries, the progenitors of the Russian communists and the European liberals:

Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the principle of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil.

To completely divest oneself of all humanity is no easy task, but the liberal, for all practical purposes, has done it. He has built a world where every good and noble sentiment stemming from the human heart is condemned by law, or else, if not proscribed by law, covered with scorn and ridicule. The liberal has succeeded where Scrooge failed, because he has made his rebellion against the light into religious orthodoxy. He has become a Jew by hardening his heart just like the Jew:

*You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.*

The spirits of Christmas had to convince Scrooge that his contra mundum stance had alienated him from his fellow men by killing the ties, such as our attachments to kith and kin, that make us human. The spirits of Christmas have quite a different task ahead of them, a much more difficult task, when they face off against the modern liberal. Unlike Scrooge, the liberal is not, at least at the superficial level, an outcast from his fellow men. Nor is the liberal contra mundum; quite the contrary, he is completely in sync with the modern world. It's ironic – the repentant Scrooge, were he to be transported to modern Liberaldom, would have to be contra mundum if he wanted to hold onto his new faith in the God who “made lame beggars walk and blind men see.” The repentant Scrooge living in modern Babylon would face different visitations than the unrepentant Scrooge living in Christendom faced. The satanic Spirit of Earth Days Past would show him the girl he could have married had he been willing to abandon his sexist, patriarchal notions of marriage. He would also show him scenes of his childhood in which the other children shunned him because he didn't worship negroes or blaspheme the living God. Then the demonic Spirit of Liberaldom Present would show Scrooge all the jobs he had lost because he would not bend his knee to Babylon. And finally the Spirit of Liberaldom Future would show Scrooge his lonely demise, shunned by his fellow men for his refusal to worship the gods of Liberaldom. But of course the satanic spirits would not show Scrooge what awaits him beyond the grave, a crown of glory, for having fought the good fight. Nor will any of the demonic spirits of Liberaldom past, present, or future, show their adherents what awaits them when they cross the bar.

A direct attack on God Himself is beyond Satan's capabilities. But he can attack His people. Following the same procedure that a farmer might follow to eliminate vermin (and that is how Satan views human beings) Satan works to destroy the breeding grounds for God's grace. He seeks to separate a man from his ties to kith and kin that enable him to feel there is a human heart at the center of the universe. “From my hearth fire,” the antique European asserts, “to His heavenly kingdom is not such a great leap, because my God has taken flesh and dwelt amongst us.” The desire to keep the vision of a loving God revealed to us at the European hearth remains the same. But the struggle has changed. The arch enemy of mankind has shifted the scene of battle. Satan used to fight contra mundum; he was against Christian Europe, but in the Babylonian present he fights in defense of Liberaldom. The antique European now must be contra mundum; he is against the Babylonian state, against the negro-worshipping church, and against the new family structure of the liberals which consists of inter-racial couples gathered around one universal bonfire dedicated to the gods of Babylon.

The antique Europeans' situation is far from hopeless. We are no worse off, as regards the numbers arrayed against us, than Alexander Smollett was when he flew his sovereign's colors in defiance of a seemingly invincible horde of pirates. But we must respond to the liberal-barbarian coalition as Smollett responded to the pirates. He was confident in the rightness of his cause, and he knew that his enemies had an implacable hatred for him and his fellow Englishmen. The fight had to be to the death; pirates do not give quarter. Nor do the liberals and their barbarian colored allies give quarter to white Europeans. Babylonians can never unite in love, because there is no love in Babylon, but they can unite in hate. And they hate with the satanic fury of a people wedded to darkness. If the remnant band of whites were to be eliminated the dark races and the liberals would dry up and die, because the sum total of their lives is the hatred of the white, and they feed off that hatred like vultures feed on carrion.

You can't reason with the liberals or the colored tribesmen. Their hatred is deeply ingrained in their souls, and they will not abandon it because it is wrong -- they have declared that wrong is right -- or because it is un-Christian -- they are at war with Christ. Jean de La Fontaine wrote a fable called “The Wolf and the Lamb” that the European who wishes to remain European should take note of.

*Might has a conquering logic of its own,
As will immediately be shown.*

*A Lamb one morning to the brink
Of a clear stream went down to drink.
A Wolf adventuring in quest of food
Came to the spot, and flew into a passion,
Saying: 'I like your hardihood,
To foul my drink in this disgusting fashion.
Now for the chastisement I owe you!'
'Nay,' said the Lamb, 'so please Your Grace,
Your Lordship's wrath is out of place.
A moment's thought will clearly show you
I'm drinking twenty yards below you,
And therefore cannot possibly
Befoul your beverage in the least degree.'
'You do,' he snarled; 'moreover, I'll be sworn
'Twas you maligned me last July.'
'How could I, when I wasn't born?
I'm not yet weaned,' was the reply.
'Well, if it wasn't you, it was your brother.'
'I have none.' 'Then it was some other
Of your insufferable crew--
'Tis common talk on every side.
I'm sick of being vilified
By sheep, lambs, dogs, and shepherds too:
'Tis time I made my vengeance good.'
Thereon he haled him to the wood,
And ate him in a righteous fury
Without recourse to judge or jury.*

The antique European has been found guilty, "without recourse to judge or jury," of crimes against the colored races. And for his crimes he, and all those who refuse to renounce him, are to be destroyed as the Lamb in La Fontaine's fable was destroyed. If you feel angry at the unjust condemnation of the ancient Europeans, and if you are enraged at the liberals' efforts, in tandem with the colored barbarians, to destroy the European remnant, you will face the liberal and colored coalition with the resolve of the European heroes of old. We are told to hate the devil and his works. The techno barbaric-colored barbaric world of Liberaldom is the work of Satan. The passionate love of our people, the remnant Europeans, will enkindle a hate for Liberaldom that will ultimately break down the walls of Liberaldom. What is needful is that the European should hate and love with all his heart.

It's quite telling that Scrooge's journey toward redemption starts when the Spirit of Christmas Past touches his heart. That is our starting point for a European counter-revolution: a heart connected to our European past. Christ loved so much that He refused to let those He loved die. We, who love His people and the Little European Town of Bethlehem that they built and consecrated to Him, should love enough to keep the European Bethlehem alive.

The modern liberal professes to be very wise, much wiser than the Europeans of the past. But if the liberal is so wise, why does he worship the ignoble black savage? And the churchmen who ape the beliefs of the liberals? Why does their new faith of the illuminated elect boil down, in practice, to the worship of the negro? Because the modern liberal and the modern cleric have forsaken the incarnate God of the *Christmas Carol* for a mind-forged, esoteric system that bids its devotees kill the heart so that the mind can be 'illuminated.'

And we see before us the results of their wonderful cogitations. We must reject their world, in which the Light of the world is replaced by darkness, and stay connected to the non-esoteric world of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. That is our world, a world where a repentant sinner can become a man with a heart connected to His Sacred Heart:

...and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

Labels: Christian counter-attack, restoration of European civilization

Blessed England, Blessed Europe

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2011



“This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England...” – Shakespeare

I saw two Londons the other day. The first London was in a short documentary following a movie made in 1940. An American photo journalist gave Americans a close-up view of Londoners going about their daily lives despite the fact that every night the Germans destroyed their buildings and killed thousands of their people in air raids. Still, in spite of doom, the Londoners remained undaunted. The American journalist concluded that “London will survive.”

I saw the second London in a recent news report from a London newspaper:

Carol singers raising money for a cancer charity in Trafalgar Square were attacked by protesters during a night of disorder that saw 139 arrests.

Shops were attacked, passers-by threatened and car windows smashed during a demonstration in central London against the election result in the Democratic Republic of Congo...

Masked teenage boys ‘stormed’ the singers, throwing bottles of water and hot drinks into the crowd. A woman in her 40s, said to be undergoing treatment for breast cancer, was pulled to the ground. A youth attempted to set light to the Christmas tree, an annual gift from the city of Oslo since 1947, one witness said.

The obvious question is, “Why did the Londoners of 1940 stand firm against megatons of German bombs while the Londoners of 2011 cannot even prevent a few black punks from terrorizing their people?” The answer is quite simple: The Londoners of 1940 might have loosened their ties to the past prior to World War II, but they hadn’t yet made a complete break with their heroic past. Hence they had the spiritual reserves to survive as a people. But the modern Londoners, like all modern Europeans, are morally adrift. They don’t believe in the same God that their ancestors believed in, so they can’t respond to black barbarism in the way their ancestors would have responded. If you don’t regard black people as gods you can treat them like the thugs that they are.

In the 18th and 19th centuries the British not only defended their own in Britain, they defended their own abroad. For instance, in my school days of long ago, I remember reading about an incident that took place in an African country in the 1800s. A British couple were jostled in an African riot, and in

retaliation the British invaded the country and deposed the black dictator. Nor did the British in India allow their people to be killed or injured without retaliating. It's sad and tragic when white men no longer believe they should defend their own people.

The incident in Trafalgar Square was typical of the ongoing war waged by the colored races against white people. And the liberal response to such incidents is always the same. "Let's not let the acts of a few violent 'youths' prejudice us against the vast majority of fine, moderate black people who are a credit to multi-racial Britain!" If the white-liberal does not know by now that there is no such thing as a moderate black person he will never know, because he has no intention of removing the mind-forged blinders from his eyes. The only reason every single black in a formerly white country doesn't riot, rape, pillage, and murder is because some are still afraid that there might be consequences for their actions. The escalating number of black atrocities in every European-based nation is the result of more and more blacks coming to an awareness that there will be no white response to black violence except the usual liberal double-speak. Gangs of black murderers and rapists will be called 'youths,' and their criminal activities will be described as 'unfortunate' but (as if some outside source was making them commit violent acts) "understandable under the circumstances, blah, blah, blah..."

No matter what acts of violence are perpetuated by blacks we must, our clerical elite tell us, keep up the refrain, "Let's not let a few misguided youths prejudice us against a whole people. And let us not become violent; that would be counter-productive." But why shouldn't whites be prejudiced against blacks? Have the negroes as a race ever shown themselves capable of supporting the good and hating evil? The bolder ones seem to genuinely enjoy murder, rape, and mayhem. And the more timid majority enjoy the violent activities of their fellow blacks vicariously. While working as a police officer I was struck by the contrast between the black and white neighborhoods. When we went into white neighborhoods to arrest white punks the people there cheered us. When we went into black neighborhoods to arrest black punks the people threw rocks and homemade explosives at us.

And why is it a given that white people must not respond violently to black crime? Because it is 'counter-productive'? I beg to differ; immediate, violent retaliation is the only thing that does deter black violence. As whites retreat and appease, the blacks advance and escalate their violence. If the anti-Christian Christians of the new Christless churches would stop looking for the mythical, moderate blacks whom they can worship and adore and face reality, they would see that every humane, charitable impulse on this earth emanates from white people. It's quite simple, Mr. Negro-worshipping Liberal. When the white remnant disappears so will charity. And then what will happen to your beloved black gods?

In view of what Savanhu considered to be European unfitness to govern Rhodesia, we might examine what he would consider to be African fitness. Having already glanced at African political fitness we can leave that on one side. But where for example the Africans' purely humanitarian regard for their own kind is concerned, we find the Native Affairs Department reporting that film scenes of African children suffering from disease and starvation are greeted with shrieks of laughter by African audiences, "We have found that a distressingly large proportion of our rural population see nothing but humour in the sufferings of other people," Mr Nesham, the N.A.D. senior information officer, reported. Similarly, Mr Guy, of the Rhodesian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, stated: "I have met no Coloured, Asiatic or African workers in the campaign against tuberculosis. Is it too much to ask members of these communities to come to our assistance?" Likewise, the only African-managed orphanage in Rhodesia reported that it has to rely entirely on White generosity for its support, as Africans themselves refuse to contribute because they feel that that is "the white man's job."

It is the colored barbarians' love of cruelty and indifference to human misery (and the Asian surpasses the black in this regard) that separates them forever from the antique European. Between such wholly different peoples there can be only enmity. The white is repulsed by the black's

barbarism and the black is enraged by the white man's attempts to bring him out of his beloved Babylonian night. The new "unity" between whites and the colored races has come about because the white liberal has become a techno-barbarian. The techno-barbarian, like the colored barbarian, has not charity, but there is a difference between the two barbarian tribes. The techno-barbarian, because he once was Christian, does not want to look at the consequences of his inhuman philosophy. He relies on his technology to shield his eyes from his own cruelty. Where a colored barbarian would kill a child up close and personal with no compunction whatsoever, a white liberal has the child tortured and killed in an abortuary hidden from his liberal eyes. The modern liberal is like the head bad guy in the old gangster films. He tells the hero that he deplores violence, but he must torture him if he doesn't talk. When the hero refuses to talk the leader exits the room and "regrettably" leaves the hero to the not-so-tender care of his subordinates. Robespierre, an ardent opponent of capital punishment who had thousands killed in the name of humanity, was a forerunner of the modern technocratic liberal.

The crazed voices you hear from the hinterlands of Liberaldom are the "conservative Christians" of the Catholic and Protestant denominations. "It doesn't matter that white people no longer support the antique faith of Europe," they tell us. "The black, yellow and brown people of the world will take up the cause of Christian Europe." Oh really? Where is the evidence for such an astounding claim? In Africa where the inhabitants, in the absence of white rule, have returned to cannibalism and voodoo? In China where Asian cruelty still reigns supreme over all other forms of cruelty? How about Mexico where the ancient Aztec faith has returned? Et tu, Mr. Conservative Christian? Why must you plunge your dagger into the European remnant? Aren't there already enough bleeding wounds in the Europeans? If the conservative wants to regain his honor as a man of Europe instead of trying to hold on to his cherished corner of Liberaldom, he must venture forth with the remnant band of Europeans to wrest the kingdom of Europe from the liberals and colored barbarians. But it is easier to proclaim heathendom the new Christendom than it is to fight for the restoration of Christendom. Which is why we won't see the conservative in the ranks of the antique Europeans. That's just as well, because the conservative, when forced to choose between the antique Europeans and black-worshipping Liberaldom will always side with the liberals. Something to do with the side their bread is buttered on.

In a short story called "The Haunted Man," Charles Dickens tells the story of an educated man, a Chemist, who makes a bargain with a phantom from the world of spirits. The ghost grants him a "gift." The Chemist asks to be released from the remembrance of all the sorrow, wrong, and trouble he has ever known.

"I have the power to cancel their remembrance – to leave but very faint, confused traces of them, that will die out soon," returned the Spectre.

And the Chemist is also granted the power to erase the remembrance of sorrow and trouble in the lives of others.

"And take this with you, man whom I here renounce! The gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will. Without recovering yourself the power that you have yielded up, you shall henceforth destroy its like in all whom you approach. Your wisdom has discovered that the memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble is the lot of all mankind, and that mankind would be the happier, in its other memories, without it. Go! Be its benefactor! Freed from such remembrance, from this hour, carry involuntarily the blessing of such freedom with you. Its diffusion is inseparable and inalienable from you. Go! Be happy in the good you have won, and in the good you do!"

Of course the "gift" does not make the Chemist a happy man; he becomes a haunted man, and he does not bring happiness to others, for without the remembrance of past sorrows there can be no present joy. The haunted man and the people he blights with his presence know neither sorrow nor joy; they are devoid of all humanity. And without a knowledge of past sorrow the haunted man

cannot know the Man of Sorrows who turned our sorrows to joy with His resurrection from the dead. It is only when a woman breaks the curse by refusing to give up the remembrance of her dead infant, that the chemist and those he polluted can once again see the light.

Redlaw fell upon his knees with a loud cry.

‘O Thou,’ he said, ‘who, through the teaching of pure love, hast graciously restored me to the memory which was the memory of Christ upon the cross, and of all the good who perished in His cause, receive my thanks, and bless her!’

I would suggest that the great majority of modern Europeans are in the spiritual state of Redlaw, the Chemist. They have tried to build a utopian world of science in which there is no remembrance of past sorrows. So the faith of their ancestors, who believed in the Man of Sorrows, must be either eliminated or modified into a Christianity without the cross.

I love the ending of Dickens’ story. The haunted man is not restored by a wise man; he is restored to life because one simple, unlearned soul loves too much to give up her remembrance of past sorrow. Christ’s Europe, the Europe of Grimm’s fairy tales, “A Christmas Carol” and Christmas caroling, church bells at midnight, and evening lingerings, depends on our loving remembrance of the cross of Christ and our determined refusal to let His Europe, with all its sorrows and troubles, die. Europeans who love deeply will simply not let barbarian hordes rule His Europe. God has never abandoned His people. If we hold fast to our remembrance of Christian Europe we will see miracles in the blessed plot of land and throughout the sacred realm of Europe. +

Labels: memory, suffering

Remembrances

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 2011



And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

I was pastor at St. John's Anglican Church in London from 1910 to 1950. When I started there as assistant pastor I was thirty-one years of age. For the first five years I was assistant pastor and for the last thirty-five I was senior pastor. Many people have passed through the doors of St. John's while I was pastor there, but I only came to know a small minority of the people who came to St. John's. Let me clarify that. I came to know a large number of people by name, and I knew their occupations and their family histories, but I know the souls of only a few of my parishioners. I think that must be the way with all pastors. When you leave the seminary you have notions of taking a world of troubles onto your shoulders and solving the deep and perplexing spiritual problems of your many and myriad parishioners. But reality quickly sets in. The spiritual problem of most of my parishioners was that they didn't believe they had any spiritual problems. They needed Christ's pastors to baptize them, marry them, and bury them. In return for those services they were willing to put up with a Sunday sermon and a few pastoral visits. That is the reality, but there are a few, the men and women who seek you out because you have publicly avowed your allegiance to Him. Those men and women need something more from a pastor than the average parishioner. It's not for me to judge whether their need makes them better or worse than the average birth-marriage-and-death parishioners. I can only say that those men and women who came to me in the throes of spiritual dilemmas are the men and women I came to know. My remembrances are not of things past; they are of people past. Every human personality is a universe. What follows are my memories of those universes.

"The Policeman"

John Talbot looked, at first glance, to be a man in his early forties, broad-shouldered, deep-chested

with eyes that looked quite through you. In point of fact he was in his early sixties; except for the few grey hairs he showed no outward signs of age. Before I knew his profession I had marked him as a military type. John approached me one day after a Sunday sermon in April of 1921.

“Reverend, sir, could I speak to you for a moment?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“I’d like to come see you sometime about a matter of some importance, at least to me.”

There were many people around me at the time, most of them waiting to ask me something, and I could see John did not want to make his private problem a public one, so I quickly made an appointment with him for Tuesday night of that week and we parted.

The front of my house, which was next to the church, faced the main street, but the door to my study faced a side street. That is usually where I received the nocturnal Nicodemuses such as John Talbot.

“It’s kind of you to see me.”

“Not at all, it’s one of the most pleasant aspects of my calling. I get to meet so many different people.”

“I’m not a particularly religious man, Reverend, but I heard you were not a typical religious man.”

“I won’t inquire who it was that said that about me.”

“She meant it as a compliment.”

“Then I’ll take it as a compliment. But what is it you want from me?”

“I want you to listen to me for about an hour, and then I want you to pass judgment on me.”

“I’m not really in the business of passing judgment on people.”

“I put that rather crudely, Reverend. What I meant was... well, if you listen to what I have to say, you’ll be able to understand what I mean when I say I want you to pass judgment on me.”

“Certainly, I’ll listen to you. Do you want what you say to be under the seal of confession?”

Talbot looked at me a long time and then took his time answering my question. “No, I don’t think that will be necessary. I was raised in the Church of England, though I haven’t been to church in years, and I know about the seal of confession. But if you’re the type of man who would break his word, then you’d be the type of priest who would violate the seal of confession. So I’ll take my chances with your word. If you tell me that what I say here stays right here with you, then that is good enough for me. You see I’ve already decided that you’re a man of your word.”

“So soon?”

“Not that soon, Reverend. I’ve made my living as a police inspector at Scotland Yard for over thirty years, and I’ve learned to read people pretty well.”

“And you’ve read me already?”

“I guess I’ve put my foot in it again. I don’t mean to sound presumptuous. I certainly don’t know you inside out from just one meeting, but I know enough to take a chance with you. And I’m not taking a chance based on just one meeting. I listened to your sermons the last four Sundays. Actually I didn’t do much listening, I observed you. That’s when I made up my mind that you were my man, the man I needed to judge me. Then when I came here and saw you and your study, I was even more convinced that you were the man I needed.”

“I hope I can be of some help to you, but I’m also afraid you might be making something of me I’m not, because I most definitely am not a seer or a man with the ability to read souls. You seem to be a man with a great weight on his heart – that I can see – but that is all I can discern.”

Talbot had a way, no doubt developed from years as a detective for Scotland Yard, of seeming to ask irrelevant questions that were in reality very relevant. Such was the case in this instance. “I see a *Bible* on your bookshelf and the *Book of Common Prayer*, and I see Shakespeare, Dickens, and Scott as well. But I don’t see any books of theology or church history, which are the books one usually sees on a clergyman’s shelf. Why is that?”

“I have the books that give me spiritual sustenance. I never had much use for theology or ecclesiastical history. I love the poets and the novelists, though. Do you read literature yourself?”

“No, I don’t; well, I do read one author.”

“Who?”

“Shakespeare.”

“If I could only read just one author, he would be the one.”

“I find he helps in my work, Reverend.”

“He helps me in mine, too.”

“How so?”

“For the same reason he helps you, I imagine. He helps me to understand people, for good or for ill. Surely a minister needs to understand people just as much, if not more so, than a police inspector?”

“I suppose you do. But most ministers wouldn’t go to Shakespeare to find out about people.”

“Not just people, Mr. Talbot. I go to Shakespeare to find out about God. It never ceases to amaze me, and trouble me, that Christians who profess to believe that God has a human heart think that they can’t learn anything about God from the human heart. Speaking for myself, I can honestly say that I only know God through the hearts of his creatures. But you didn’t come here to listen to me; you want me to listen to you.”

“You just made my point, Reverend. You are not the run-of-the-mill cleric, and I need a man who is not run-of-the-mill.”

“I think then, Inspector, you should proceed with your story.”

I won’t present what the Inspector told me verbatim, but I will, to the best of my recollection, relate what John Talbot told me.

In 1895, there was a murder in the town of Langsford, England. Langsford was a small fishing village on the west coast of England between Liverpool and Blackpool. The people there were not strangers to violent death. The sea is cruel. But murder was something else. There had never been a murder in Langsford. The town had a constable, but he was an elderly man and more a night watchman than a constable. He felt, and the Mayor of Langsford agreed with him, that the town needed someone from Scotland Yard to “come up.”

John Talbot was in his mid-thirties at the time and considered to be one of the best detectives on the force.

“The locals expect Scotland Yard men to get results. Make sure you get results.” With those words from his superior, Talbot was sent to Langsford to “wrap things up in two weeks.”

“Some things have changed considerably in law enforcement since 1895,” John related, “but the basics still remain the same. In murder you look for motive, opportunity, and means. Find those three components, and you’ve found your murderer.”

The victim in this case was a twenty-year-old woman, who was found on the Langsford docks at 1:00 AM by the town constable. She had been raped and stabbed in the heart.

John had seen many dead bodies before in his capacity as a police detective and before that in his capacity as a soldier in India's sunny climes. But this murder hit John personally.

"It's hard to describe, Reverend. I know all human life is precious, but that young woman seemed more precious. Even in death, she had... I can't really describe it... she was beautiful but also something more than beautiful. She seemed like an angel. I felt such a rage inside me. If her murderer had been beside me when I viewed the body, I have no doubt I would have killed that man on the spot with my bare hands."

As it turned out, it didn't take the Inspector long to find the murderer. The one suspect was a young man who had been engaged to the victim two years before she was murdered. About a year before her death she broke off the engagement and became engaged to another young man from Langsford. The first thought of many of the townspeople when Jennie was found murdered was that her former fiancé had committed the crime. But he had an unassailable alibi; he had been out with the fishing boats during the time of the murder. That left the constable without any other suspects and necessitated calling Scotland Yard.

As John related to me, he followed the usual procedures. He talked to everyone connected to the young woman: her parents, her friends, and her fiancé. It was during his interview with the fiancé that John knew he had found the murderer.

"It wasn't because he didn't show any emotion when he talked about the woman he had been about to wed. I'd learned by that time that people respond to grief in different ways. Some go cold outside, kind of numb, while others get hysterical. There isn't one set pattern. So it wasn't his lack of emotion that made me certain he had murdered Jennifer Cowley. It was the cold hate I saw in his eyes every time he talked about her and every time I mentioned her name. It's not evidence you can present to a jury -- I knew I still had to prove my case -- but I knew as sure as the turning of the earth that Arthur Windom had raped and murdered Jennifer Cowley."

John needed evidence of a motive if he was going to get a conviction. He could easily establish means and opportunity, but why would a man kill his fiancé? John came up with nothing useful in his countless interviews with people of Langsford. By all accounts Arthur Windom was a beloved native son. He grew up in Langsford, got into some trouble as a school boy, but not anything unusual. He was handsome and a great athlete. The only period of his life in which he didn't live in Langsford was the four years he spent in India, "a servin' of her Majesty, the Queen." When he returned to Langsford at age twenty-six, he was viewed as a conquering hero. And as a conquering hero he became engaged to the prettiest girl in town, Jennifer Cowley. Windom was twenty-eight at the time of Jenny's death.

After two weeks, the time limit which his superiors had given him, John had no evidence to support his belief in Windom's guilt. Nor had he told a living soul of his conviction. He was hoping he could turn up something or that a witness would come forward. He asked Scotland Yard for one more week, telling them he was about to crack the case. He was given one more week.

It was more than just the detective in John Talbot that made him unwilling to let go of the case. He had fallen in love with Jennifer Cowley. I can remember the exact words he used to describe his love. "It's not just a romantic love, Reverend, in fact it isn't that type of love at all. It's... well, it's a spiritual love, and I know a man like me has no right to talk about spiritual things."

"It's not a question of rights, John. The spirit goes where it lists. There is no law that says God's love is confined to church-goers."

"Thank you for not laughing at me. It was, and still is, of absolute importance to me that Jenny Cowley should know that I loved her. I needed to love her; she deserved to be loved. I spent some time with her family and there was something that her brother told me about her that confirmed for me what I already knew about her.

“He was twelve when she was eighteen. And he was passionately fond, as most English boys are, of football. His favorite team was playing in Liverpool on an upcoming Saturday. Neither the boy’s father or mother could get away from Langsford on the day of the game, so Jennifer agreed to take her brother to the game. At some point during the game, Jennifer spotted a boy, around eight years old, who had somehow gotten separated from his parents. Jenny took that crying boy in her arms and assured him he could stay with her until his parents found him. ‘She took care of everyone like that,’ her brother said through his tears. ‘Why wasn’t there someone there to take care of her when she needed someone?’ Could you have answered her brother, Reverend?”

“No, I could not.”

“Neither could I, but I vowed then and there that if I didn’t collect the evidence to have Windom hanged, I would kill him myself. Oh, I knew what the Christian pastors would tell me. ‘Vengeance is wrong; leave him to God’s justice. She would have forgiven him.’ All that they would say and more. But there was something inside of me then, and it’s still in me, that said, ‘Someone has to stand up for Jenny in the here and now. If anything is to make any sense, someone has to stand up for her.’ I couldn’t get past that. I suppose you’d call it an obsession.”

“An obsession isn’t necessarily bad.”

“But was my obsession wrong?”

“Suppose you finish your story before I say anything more about your obsession.”

After John failed to “crack the case” during his one week extension, he was called back to London. The Langsford murder case was still his case, but only if the local authorities found some evidence, and in that event he would be sent for again. So John went back to his work in London, but he spent all his spare time working on another aspect of the Cowley murder. He checked on Arthur Windom’s war record. That took time, but John was a bulldog on every case he took on, even when he wasn’t emotionally involved with the victim. With the added incentive of love, John was indefatigable.

Windom’s war record was quite good. He had been decorated for bravery on two separate occasions. Talbot found three former officers, now back in England, who had served with Windom. They all spoke highly of his character and his courage under fire. Gathering incriminating evidence via Windom’s war record seemed to be a dead end. But six months after his return to London from Langsford, Talbot received a visitor in his office.

“I’m looking for Inspector Talbot. I’ve come in reference to that advertisement in the paper. It said you was looking to interview them that was in the 2nd Irregular Calvary Regiment from '89 to '93. There was also mention of some kind of reward.”

“Come in and sit down, Mr. uh...”

“My name is Thomas Hughes.”

“Sit down, Mr. Hughes. The reward is not large, just five pounds, but I would be most grateful if you could tell me if you knew Arthur Windom. He was said to be in your regiment.”

“Five pounds ain’t much, but it’s better than nothing. Yes, I knew Arthur Windom. What do you want to know about him?”

“First, I would like to know what was your relationship with Arthur Windom while you were in the service.”

“I was his orderly, and he was my superior officer. I was a private, and he was a captain. I got assigned to him after his promotion.”

“And for how long were you his orderly?”

“Two years.”

“During that time did you notice what his relationships were with women?”

“Privates don’t get to go around with captains.”

“Certainly they don’t, but surely during the two years you were Windom’s orderly you must have been told to get out his uniform and clean it and polish his boots for those special affairs officers are always invited to.”

“Yes, Captain Windom went to a lot of those affairs. And he made a lot of married officers pretty nervous.”

“And why was that?”

“Cause he was handsome and had a way with the ladies.”

“Was there ever one special lady?”

“Well, there was the Colonel’s daughter. She must have been about seventeen or eighteen. And she hated India; most of the women do. Her mother was always after the Colonel to invite the young officers for dinner and cards and so on. So the girl wouldn’t be bored. The Colonel was a tartar with us, but he was a weak sister when it came to his wife. Whatever she wanted, she got. So he always tried to get the young officers over to his place to please his wife who wanted their daughter to meet young men her own age.”

“And that’s how she met Arthur Windom?”

“Yes, but it wasn’t long before they were meeting each other places that neither the Colonel nor his wife knew about. They were very private meetings, if you know what I mean.”

At this point in the interview John Talbot felt he had to make a decision about Thomas Hughes. If he was to get the type of cooperation he needed, he had to appeal to Hughes’ humanity. That was the rub. Did Hughes have any humanity? Talbot decided that he did. He sized Hughes up as a man who would fight with his friend over a shilling, but would never think of taking a single shilling from the same friend if that friend had entrusted his life savings to him.

“Mr. Hughes, I need to appeal to you man to man. I can give you another twenty pounds on top of the five I gave you, but that’s about all I can give you for something that is worth more than a million pounds to me. I need to know if you ever heard or saw anything in those private meetings between Windom and the Colonel’s daughter that would suggest that Windom was capable of raping and murdering a young woman.”

“This sounds serious, Inspector. I don’t know that I want to be involved in ...”

“I think Arthur Windom raped and killed a young woman in Langsford because she refused to give him what he wanted before they were married. I can’t save that woman’s life, but I can, with your help, make sure that Windom is called to account for the murder he committed. And if he murdered once, he will do it again, so you would also be helping me to prevent other murders.”

“I’ll help you, Inspector. I never liked Windom, but I didn’t want to be the type of man who does a man dirt just because he doesn’t like him. But if it’s murder, and worse yet, rape you’re talking about, I’m for you and that woman that’s been murdered, and I’m against that Windom.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hughes. Is there something then that you saw or heard that would indicate that Windom was capable of rape and murder?”

“Yes, sir, there was. He had been seeing the Colonel’s daughter privately for about six months, and one night she came out to the Captain’s tent. I was just about to come in and ask if there was nothing else he wanted me to do before turning in. I stopped short of going in though because I could hear him screaming at someone. It didn’t take long for me to make out that it was the Colonel’s daughter he was screaming at.

“He was boiling mad at her for coming out to where we was camped and showing herself where somebody might see her. Oh, she cried something awful and said nobody had seen her and she just had to see him and when was they going to get married like he said they were.

“Well, he made it clear they were not going to get married ever. That he wouldn’t marry damaged goods and such talk like that. It was pretty clear, Inspector, that it was him that made her damaged goods and that he had promised to marry her. But after she settled down from all her crying she got real calm and she told him that she didn’t care what happened to her; she was going to tell everybody what he had done.”

“What was his response?”

“That’s what sent chills down my spine, Inspector. He said he’d kill her; not in the way you say ‘I’ll kill you’ to somebody that cheated you at cards or because you’re angry but you don’t really have any intention of killing ‘em. I mean he meant it. And she must have believed him because she never said a word about what he done. Not even in the hospital.”

“Why did she go to the hospital?”

“‘Cause she almost drowned. Her parents said she fell into the river, but I think – no, I don’t just think it, I know it – she jumped in after what he said to her that night. Some young lieutenant that was just going back to the barracks after having a few saw her go off the bridge, and he jumped in and saved her. She spent some time in the hospital, but she came out alright. And you know at the time I left India I heard she was engaged to that young lieutenant, only he wasn’t a lieutenant anymore, he was a captain. Imagine that, he went out for a few beers and ended up saving the Colonel’s daughter!”

“I’m glad it worked out for that young girl. But let’s not forget the girl that it didn’t work out for. I can’t prove it, but I’m convinced more than ever, after what you’ve said, that Jennifer Cowley was going to break off her engagement to Windom, or else she refused to have relations with him before they were married. He most likely had no more intention of marrying Jennifer than he had of marrying the Colonel’s daughter.”

“No, I don’t think Windom was made for marriage, Inspector, leastways not to a fisherman’s daughter. He always said he’d only marry a woman as wealthy as a duchess and then he’d be as faithful to her money as he was unfaithful to her.”

“I need your help, Thomas, and I want to make it clear what type of help I’m asking you to give me. I don’t have enough evidence to arrest Windom, let alone to have him convicted of the murder. I intend to confront him, give him a chance to confess, and then kill him. You needn’t know all the details. All you need to know is that I plan to go outside the law to bring Windom to justice.”

“What do you need from me, Inspector?”

“I need you to write him a letter, which I’ll dictate, asking him to meet you on a certain date on the moors near Cheviot Hills.”

“Don’t you think he’ll be a bit suspicious, me asking him to meet me on the moors?”

“Possibly. But why should he be suspicious of you? And when you tell him you found a way to make 10,000 pounds, but you need the help of a bold Officer of the Dragoons, he’ll meet you. And we’ll make sure to tell him to destroy the letter after he reads it. That way there will be no way anybody will link you to his death.”

“It all sounds kind of crazy, Inspector. Two hours ago, I was reading an advertisement in the paper that said there was 5 pounds reward for anyone that had served in the 2nd Irregular Calvary Regiment. Now I’m to invite Arthur Windom to be murdered on the moors.”

“Not murdered, Thomas; he is going to be executed.”

"Begging your pardon, Inspector. I didn't mean to call you a murderer. I think you're a man."

"Then you'll help me?"

"That I will. You dictate the letter and I'll sign it and send it, though I'm a bit slow on the writing."

"Does Windom know that?"

"Yes, sir, he does. He once asked me to write a letter for him, and he was mad at me when he saw what a bad job I made of it."

"Then we'll send him a letter that is a bad job of it so he'll know it came from you. But I should warn you, Thomas; once he sees me there, he'll know who set him up. And if he kills me, he'll come after you."

"I'll take that chance. There's just one thing, Inspector."

"What?"

"I'll take the five pounds 'cause I need it, but I don't want no more money from you than that. I just want you to let me know when it's done. Just send me a line that says, 'It's done.'"

"Thomas, you're a man. God bless you."

A certain chill came over me when John came to the end of his description of his meeting with Thomas Hughes. I knew that I was now going to be told about Inspector John Talbot's meeting with Arthur Windom on the bare lonely moors of Cheviot Hills, after which I would be expected to render some kind of judgment. I told John one more time that I was not fit to judge anyone, and he was not obligated to go any further. Though I must admit I was not immune to the all too human failing of morbid curiosity. I was afraid he was going to tell me what happened on the moor between him and Arthur Windom, and I was afraid he wouldn't tell me. But John was not a man for half measures. He had chosen me as the man to whom his tale had to be told, and there was no going back. He accepted a glass of water, finished it in one gulp, and proceeded with his narrative.

"The letter did the trick. Two weeks after we sent it I met Arthur Windom at midnight on the moors. It sounds like some kind of detective story, but that's how it turned out. There he was. If he was surprised to see me instead of Thomas Hughes, he didn't show it. He was completely self-possessed and calm. Probably because he thought I was there to trick him into a confession or something like that. The surprise came when I pulled my revolver and leveled it at his heart."

"What's that for, Inspector? Surely you don't intend to shoot me?"

"I do."

At those words his self-possession left him, and he assumed the defensive posture of a hunted animal at bay.

"Why?"

"You raped and murdered Jenny Cowley."

"That's absurd, she was my fiancé. I loved her."

"So you told me."

"Then why are you accusing me of murdering her?"

"And raping her."

"All right, why are you accusing me of raping and murdering her?"

"I'm not accusing you. I'm telling you I know you did it. And I'm going to give you one chance to save your miserable life. You confess and I'll put this gun down."

"You'd let me go?"

"No, I'll put this gun down and we'll settle it between us with knives. I'm sure you carry some kind of blade; maybe it's the same one you killed Jenny with. You're supposed to be quite an athlete as well; maybe you'll get lucky. If you do you can drop me in the moor and live happily ever after."

"And if I refuse?"

"I'll put a bullet between your eyes."

"How do I know that you'll keep your promise?"

"You've been in the service. You can read a man, even if you're not a man yourself."

Windom's eyes flashed hate at John's remark, which was what John wanted.

"You're an English gentleman, and an English gentleman never breaks his word, is that it?"

"Let's just say I prefer to take you on man to man, and to the knife."

"All right, you'll have your knife fight. And I'll dump you in the moors after I slice you up. Oh, wait, you wanted a confession first. It's all quite simple. The young lady wanted to call off the marriage. It seems that she had detected certain deficiencies in my character. I wasn't really put out by her breaking off the marriage, because I had no intention of going through with it. But I wasn't leaving without my... well, to put it in military terms, without my commission. She owed that to me. It was her own fault that I killed her. She made such a fuss that I had to shut her up. Now, I ask you, man to man, does it really matter that one silly twit of a girl died before her time? I saw young men and plenty of children die in India, and no one cared. Why make such a fuss over one dead girl? Well, say something, you stupid copper."

John never said a word. He set his gun aside and drew his knife as Windom drew his. The fight was long, and John received a wound in the thigh, which troubled him the rest of his life, but in the end, Arthur Windom was buried in the moors of Cheviot Hills. Three days later Thomas Hughes received a letter of just two words: "It's done."

"I know it's unfair to place my burden on you, Reverend, but I needed someone to hear my story."

"Tell me, John, now with benefit of hindsight, do you regret what you did?"

"No."

"Then I'm at a loss to understand why you want my judgment, as you put it, at all."

"It's like this, Reverend. There are things you know inside, things that just are. I fell in love with Jennie Cowley, and I couldn't let her murderer live. Nothing will make me regret what I did. But it's been lonely keeping the secret all those years. I needed someone to share it with, and not just anybody, but someone who could, if not agree with what I did, at least understand why I did it. Even if your judgment goes against me, I'm still glad I told you my secret."

"There is a passage in the Bible, John, which you may be familiar with. Under attack from the Pharisees who accuse Him of undermining the law, Christ tells them: 'Think not that I come to destroy the law and the prophets, I come to fulfill.' Any law, it seems to me as a Christian, to be a binding law must be rooted in God's law. If there is something in the letter of our law that prevents a man from carrying out the spirit of God's law, then I must side with the man who carries out the spirit of God's law in defiance of the letter of man's law."

"You surprise me, Reverend. I never expected your approval."

"You have it."

I don't think John was the type of man who cried often, but he cried then, and we embraced.

"There's one more thing, John. You said you read Shakespeare."

"Yes, often."

“Have you read the sonnets?”

“No, just the plays; I’m not too fond of sonnets.”

“Well, there is one sonnet I want to read to you. It’s the greatest Christian work of devotion ever written, yet it is seldom noted by the members of the Christian community. If you hand me that volume of Shakespeare on the table there, I shall read it to you.”

John handed me the volume of Shakespeare’s works, and I read him Sonnet 31:

*Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.*

“What you loved and still love in Jennifer Cowley is still alive with Christ. If you have Him you have her. Our Lord said in the Kingdom of Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but we shouldn’t take that to mean that there are no special bonds between a man and a woman in heaven. How could the Source of all love banish any genuine, pure bond of love between a man and a woman? Jenny waits for you, John, in the arms of the Lord.”

“Do you believe that, Reverend?”

“Yes, I do. And you’re not to be stranger here after tonight. I expect to see you often, if not in church, then here in my study. Now, will you kneel and let me give you my blessing?”

“Yes, please do.”

“Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of thy only Son, our Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.”

John retired two years after our meeting with over thirty years of service to Scotland Yard. He lived well into his eighties, and we became very close friends. He only attended services on Christmas and Easter, but he visited my study almost every week. I must relate the circumstances of his death.

During World War II, England was under siege from German planes. We were in complete darkness every night. The lights of London could not be used for fear of the German war planes. Although he was in his mid-eighties, John Talbot was still strong and healthy. He served as an air raid warden, and he was always the last to seek shelter. “Women, children, and everybody else before me,” was John Talbot’s code of conduct. One night the German bombers exploded a building on top of John. He was still alive, but no one knew quite how. He asked for me. When I got to him he was almost completely covered with the remains of the building, but I could see his face and shoulders beneath the rubble.

“I didn’t want to die until you came, Chris.”

“Are you in much pain, John?”

“No, not much. I see her now, Chris. It’s as you told me that first night in your study. She’s alive and in His arms. I’m going to her and to Him. I must thank you for...”

“No, John, I must thank you.”

I made the sign of the cross over him, and gave him my final blessing.

“O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life, in whom whosoever believeth, shall live though he die, and whosoever liveth and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also taught us (by his holy Apostle Paul) not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him: We meekly beseech thee (O Father) to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, as our hope is this our brother doth; and that at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive that blessing which thy well-beloved son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our mediator and redeemer. Amen.”

The most remarkable thing about John Talbot was that he didn't see himself as a remarkable man. He saw himself as a sinner, and his constant prayer to our Lord was always, “Lord, have mercy on me a sinner.” I loved him then. I love him now, and I shall always love him. I think in many respects, John was the last of a breed. His Christianity was in the blood. He was of the same metal as Alfred and the Christian heroes of Walter Scott. When there are no Englishmen left like John Talbot, there will no longer be an England. +

Labels: Remembrances I; The Policeman

Against the Heathens

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 2011



How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

-Henry Francis Lyte

The former Prime Minister of Britain, Tony Blair, recently stated that massive Third World immigration is “a very positive thing, and there’s no way for a country like Britain to succeed in the future unless it is open to people of different colors, faiths, and cultures.”

Now if Blair’s opinion was the opinion of one isolated lunatic, we could ignore it. But Blair’s opinion on the subject of diversity is the opinion of the ruling elites in every single European nation, so it behooves us to examine Blair’s opinion in the light of reality.

The first point Blair makes is that the influx of colored people with different cultures and different religions from white Britons is a “positive thing.” Why is it a positive thing? Liberals such as Blair never give us a direct answer to that question. It is supposed to be one of those self-evident truths that cannot be questioned. But if we listen to what the liberals in every European country say about the traditional culture of their ancestors we can ascertain the liberals’ answer to the question, “Why is the destruction of white, Christian Europe by colored barbarians a good thing?”

The liberal answer, which is implicit in their hate-filled rhetoric and their hate-filled immigration policies, is that the traditional culture of the European people must be destroyed because it, and the people who created it, were evil. Because the liberals are lunatics their condemnation of the antique Europeans is illogical and inconsistent. On the one hand the antique Europeans are criticized for being insufficiently Christian: “They were racist when they should have been egalitarian and they fought wars with each other when they should have made peace.” But then on the other hand, the antique Europeans are criticized for being *too* Christian: “They held to their belief that their God was not just a manifestation of the good in man; He was, they claimed, the one true God; all other religions were false; only their faith was true. This was terribly narrow-minded, hate-filled, and prejudiced. And we shouldn’t forget that the Europeans of old polluted the world with their repressive attitudes toward sex and marriage.”

The most negative aspect of the older European culture, according to the liberals, was its unscientific nature. At the center of the Christian Europe was a belief in a fairy tale God who

impeded the upward and onward march to a future of science, diversity and sexual pleasure. Such great liberals as Darwin, Freud, Marx, Voltaire, and Rousseau taught us that man was a glorified animal that could only be happy so long as he believed in gods who were merely manifestations of the natural world. The pagan faiths of Voodoo, Islam, Hinduism, and so on, are all acceptable to the liberals because they are not transcendent faiths. Only the antique faith of the Europeans, which proclaimed that Gandhi, Buddha, Socrates, Mohammed, and the generic black man were not co-equal with Christ the Messiah, is a proscribed faith. And the edict against the Christian faith includes, of necessity, the white race because the whites are the Christ-bearing people. So when liberals such as Tony Blair tell us that the destruction of the white race is a positive thing, what they are saying is exactly what Julian the Apostate was saying at the beginning of the Christian Era of Europe: "The Christian God is a false God, and His followers have polluted the world." Julian sought a future that was a regression to paganism just as the modern Tony Blairs want a future that is a regression to Babylon.

The conservative branch of Liberalism has tried to "save" Christianity by making it a propositional religion. But our God is an incarnate God; He needs a people to say "Come, Lord Jesus, into our hearts and to our hearth fires." The incarnate God is not a propositional God who can be passed from one people to the next by sprinkling magical philosophical pixie dust on the new devotees. The "race has nothing to do with Christianity" conservatives are in a state of denial. Having nothing but a propositional faith themselves, they cannot see that a genuine faith must be rooted in the hearts of a people connected to the heart of God. The seeds of European Christianity can be planted in other nations, but if they are not nurtured by Europeans they will never bring forth Christian fruits. The Christ-bearing race must return to Christ; salvation will not come from the colored tribes.

Blair's second point, echoed by all European liberals, is that in order to "succeed in the future" white people need to open up their nations "to people of different colors, faiths and cultures." If we needed any more proof of the liberals' insanity, that statement would provide it. Are white people succeeding in the new diverse nations that have come into being? Spiritually? Heavens, no! Are they succeeding financially? Don't be ridiculous; they are becoming the lower rungs on a Third World ladder. So what kind of "success" are Blair and his fellow liberals talking about? They must mean a successful shift from the Christian faith to a faith in the colored races of the world, particularly the black race. What kind of success is that? It is the same kind of success achieved by the swine in the Gospels. But the liberal must, like Jonah, hide from God no matter what the cost. And never let a "conservative" tell you that European suicide is really Christian charity. The colored races might make short term economic gains as a result of pillaging the West, but in the long term there will be nothing to pillage when there are no whites to build economies containing something worth pillaging. But the real cost will be in souls. There will be no colored conversions to the light, because the light that shone from Europe will have become the darkness of Babylon. Such a future of "success" is *not* a consummation devoutly to be wished for. It is an abomination to be resisted with all one's heart and soul.

The clerics and their liberal brethren tell us that resistance to the colored barbarians is wrong. The conservative, statistical men tell us that resistance is futile because the demographic charts show that the European nations will be colored nations by 2050. And the nationalist leaders tell us that our only hope is to eschew violence and win elections by "getting the message out."

We should take note of the grim demographic figures in order to get an idea of what we are up against, just as the British soldiers took note of the number of Zulus arrayed against them at Rorke's Drift. And certainly if a pro-white candidate ever appears we should vote for him. But ultimately the battle for Christian Europe will not be decided by the number of colored barbarians who occupy the European nations. Nor will the battle be decided by elections. The battle will be decided by the Europeans' fidelity to their God. We don't know what miracles of grace might occur if the Europeans renew their covenant with God. We do know that miracles occurred in the past when white and

Christian were synonymous, so why shouldn't similar miracles occur in the future if the Europeans pick up the discarded mantle of their Christ-bearing ancestors?

Of course, we can't simply make an intellectual commitment to "old-fashioned" values in order to save the secular, democratic West or a faltering economy. We must truly love His Europe, which has nothing to do with democracy or capitalism, and refuse to let it die, because we came to know Him at the European hearth fire.

The colored barbarians rape, murder, and pillage because white people do not believe themselves to be a people; they believe they are walking propositions without a past or future. They exist to the extent that they can serve the non-propositional people of color. When black "youths" rampage through the Mall of America in Minnesota, attacking white people, they are not, by liberal logic, doing any harm, because they are only attacking propositional people who do not have a genuine existence. We are facing the Cartesian theory carried out to its logical conclusion. The white thinks he is an abstraction without any blood connection to a particular race or God, so he acts out the part. He is a man cut off from everything that makes life worth living, a loving attachment to a particular people and a particular God.

John Stuart Mill, the utilitarian philosopher, worried at one point in his life that he was becoming mad through an excess of rationality. He tried listening to music in order to subdue the rationalist monster inside him, but he couldn't bear it because he kept thinking about the finite nature of musical compositions. Mill then turned to the reading of fairy tales. Judging from what he wrote, it doesn't appear he ever successfully conquered the rationalist demon, but he was on the right track when he started reading fairy tales, because the sickness of the modern European is the result of his inability to see life feelingly as the heroes of the fairy tales do. The third dumb brothers of fairy tale fame do not wait for a consensus against dragons before they venture forth to slay the dragon devouring their people. Nor do they allow Cartesian philosophers to tell them that they and their loved ones are not worth fighting for because they don't really exist at all. The fairy tale hero is a simple soul who loves his people and hates those who attack and menace his people. If a mere handful of modern Europeans were to become like unto the fairy tale heroes of old Europe, the tidal wave of colored barbarians would be turned away from European shores. And the multitudinous herds of colored barbarians that are raping, murdering, and pillaging within the European walls would be driven back to the black holes from whence they came.

My favorite comedians are Laurel and Hardy. They are both, in their best movies, third dumb brothers. In *March of the Wooden Soldiers* they reach their zenith. At a critical juncture in the film, the very existence of Toyland, which is Europe, is threatened by the evil liberal, Barnaby. Motivated by sheer hate, Barnaby leads an army of negroized bogeymen against Toyland. When hope seems nearly gone Laurel and Hardy set in motion 100 six-foot wooden soldiers, who miraculously become flesh and blood soldiers that drive the bogeymen back beyond the walls of Toyland and into a river of crocodiles. How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable would our existence seem if we did not believe that the European fairy tale is true. If Christ be not risen, it would be better to become propositional people and fade away into the Babylonian night. But Christ is risen, and He enjoins us to rise from our lethargy and defend and champion His fairy kingdom, which is ours to defend, against the liberals and their armies of colored bogeymen. +

Labels: propositional God, Third Dumb Brother

Into the Hand of God

FRIDAY, JANUARY 06, 2012



I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,
'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'
And he replied: 'Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.
That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'
So I went forth, and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into the night.
And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

In Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle*, the hero of the novel tries to explain to his friend why he is going to attempt to do something honorable. He tells his friend that he would like to be able to say that at least once in his life he didn't behave like a complete scoundrel. The hero's sentiments were my own when I first read the novel in my early twenties, and they are still my own now that I'm in my late fifties. There have been many dishonorable moments in my life, but I like to think that there were a few moments in my life when I didn't behave as a complete scoundrel. One such moment occurred when I was twelve-years-old; I had occasion to stand between an eight-year-old boy and some teenage boys who were pelting him with snowballs. The snowballs weren't the soft, fluffy kind either; they were the hard, icy type of snowballs. I didn't know the boy well – twelve-year-olds don't go around with eight-year-olds – but he was one of those boys, like Arthur in *Tom Brown's School Days*, who brought out the protective instinct in anyone with a modicum of Christianity in their soul. I stood in front of the boy and screamed out something like, "Throw snowballs at somebody your own size if you want to throw snowballs." Though big for my age, I actually wasn't as large as the teenagers, but I thought that was what you said to bullies, because I had seen heroic boys in the movies say that in similar situations. The bullies took me at my word and pummeled me with snowballs, while young Arthur (I'll call him by that name) stood behind me. I stood there until the school bus came and Arthur got on it. Then I got on the bus as slowly as possible to show the bullies that their snowballs had not hurt me at all. I think my strategy in the incident of Arthur and the bullies was rather questionable, because I never, in subsequent years, received such painful blows to the head in either boxing or football. But on the whole I think that was one time in my life when I did not behave as a complete scoundrel.

I bring the school boy incident up for this reason: my heart was aflame with righteous indignation that day because I saw what I perceived to be goodness personified, young Arthur, assailed by evil personified, the teenage bullies. Maybe I exaggerated Arthur's goodness, but I don't think so, and maybe I exaggerated the evil of the bullies, but again, I don't think so, but that nightmare, the nightmare of evil relentlessly attacking the good, set my heart aflame and made me want to defend goodness.

I have felt for many years, and still feel, the same way toward the antique Europeans and their culture as I did toward young Arthur. They are being attacked by evil personified, and they are incapable of defending themselves. "Will no one step into the breach and defend them?" "Yes," I answer, "I will." How could a man with even a modicum of Christianity in his soul not want to defend the antique Europeans against the unrelenting attack of the satanic liberals and their colored henchmen?¹ Well, it's apparent that very few people want to defend the antique Europeans, but I don't know why so few want to defend them. Is it because there isn't any of the "good Christianity," the fighting Christianity, left in the Europeans? Or is it because the liberals have "done it awfully well," meaning they have cleverly kept the focus on the motes in the eyes of the antique Europeans and ignored the logs in their own eyes? Whatever the reason, the antique Europeans and those Europeans who refuse to break faith with them are under the relentless attack of satanic liberals and colored barbarians. And the white grazers who do not understand the evil that menaces them, and hate those who try to tell them about it, are being attacked along with the recalcitrant remnant of the European faithful.

The actual physical attack on white Europeans, the murders, the robberies, the rapes, and the beatings, have been going on for the last forty to fifty years with increased ferocity and intensity every year. But it was the non-violent attack of the scientists and philosophers that laid the foundations for the actual physical attack on the European people. This is the vital point we must understand. The colored races have always hated the white race because the coloreds worship darkness and not the light, but it was only when white people lost their faith, because they succumbed to liberalism, that they became incapable of defending themselves against the colored barbarians. If faith returns to the white man his will to resist the savage colored hordes will return.

There is, of course, no magic wand we can use to make liberalism disappear from modern Europe. Nor can we go back in time and kill liberalism before it kills Christian Europe. Liberalism, which is the antithesis of Christianity, is now a part of every European's heritage, just as Christianity is part of a European's heritage. The modern European whose heart belongs to old Europe can exorcise liberalism from his heart, but he can't ignore it because liberalism is part of his people's history. Nor can the liberal ignore the antique Europeans' heartfelt faith in Jesus of Nazareth, because that too is part of the white man's history. He must exorcise it from his heart and kill the Christian hearts of other white Europeans.

The liberal thinks that the Christless European, with faith in nothing except the Babylonian night of Liberalism, is the new, improved European who is here to stay, living and loving in a Godless world of scientific wonders and sensual, earthy people of color who do not have to kill the Christianity in their hearts because they never had any heartfelt faith in the Christian God. Which is why the liberal so desperately wants to merge with the colored races. He knows mankind can never be truly happy till the European's racial memory of his past is completely eradicated by the extinction, through miscegenation, of the white race. In the Jimmie Stewart movie *It's a Wonderful Life*, the teacher tells Jimmie Stewart's daughter that every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings. The modern liberal tells his children that every time a white marries a person of color mankind moves closer to paradise. It's as if a sorceress has placed white Europeans under a spell, a spell of science, sex, and futurity that renders him incapable of seeing who he once was, and whom he once believed in. It is the task of those of us who still see His Europe, as Puddleglum still saw Narnia, to destroy Liberalism so that the Europeans grazing in the pastures of Liberalism can look up from their seemingly green pastures, that "lead but to the grave," and see their true Master and their true destiny.

The valley of the shadow of Liberalism should not, and it shall not, be the final destination of the Europeans. We are, despite the fact that most Europeans can no longer see it, the Christ-bearing people. God will not abandon us if we call on Him by name. The main thrust of an attack against Liberalism should focus on the ideological undergirding of the liberals, because without an ideological foundation Liberalism will crumble, and the white man who once was blind will be able

to see what his ancestors saw. With that vision before him, the vision of the Living God, the white man will reclaim his own again.

It is very easy to fall into despair when we look at the numbers arrayed against white Christian Europeans. But the numbers are deceiving. The vast majority of whites follow their leaders, who are in a minority but are full of passionate hatred against the European people. If you destroy the liberal elite you can destroy liberalism. The liberal elite are like the men who saw Jesus raise Lazarus from the dead; and seeing that miracle their only concern was to hide it from the people lest those people might see and believe. "But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done. Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, 'What do we? For this man doeth many miracles.'" In those two verses from John 11: 46-47, we see the essence of liberalism.

A small cabal of intransigent liberals and their devout followers have banded together to hide the light that was Christian Europe from the eyes of the white people who are not liberal at heart but are grazing in the locust fields, deprived of the memory of what they once were and could be again. I have been accused, by the type of friends of which you say, "with such friends I don't need enemies," of being too easy on the white grazers. To those "friends" I reply that being called a grazer is hardly complimentary, so I'm not that "easy" on the grazers. But I do see more than just a little bit of the "spirit above the dust" in the grazers. Those football, NASCAR-stupefied men are the same ones who come to life when flood waters threaten to engulf such cities as New Orleans. And I still have the image of a white grazer of a policeman on our force coming to life long enough to go unarmed against a knife-wielding negro (see "The White Deer"). Unfortunately such outbursts of whiteness are few and far between and often misdirected toward liberal causes, but it is to our own people we should look for a revival of Christendom, not to the dark races that never have supported, and never will, the cause of Christian Europe. The devil knows this, which is why he has placed race-mixing at the very top of his agenda. No matter how stupefied the grazers seem they are still white, and the devil fears the white man. Why risk a revival of that hated Christ-bearing race when they can so easily be eradicated? It is our task, the remnant band of Europeans, to foil the devil's plan by continuing to hold the banner of Christian Europe aloft, even in the midst of and in spite of Liberaldom.

Men in battle need clarity. They need to know their enemy. It's clear that the colored races are the enemy of the European. But what is the ideological underpinning of liberalism that sustains the liberal and makes the white grazers hopelessly acquiescent to the assault of the colored hordes? We need not drag in all the philosophers, Greek, secular, and "Christian" who had a hand in trying to make the spiritual world subject to laws of the natural world. Suffice it to say that the edifice of Liberaldom is built on the idea that the natural, material world is the world. Men so deluded seek to scientize that which cannot be scientized, the soul of man. Anything that stinks of the spiritual is "dealt with" in a liberal state, sometimes with brute force, sometimes through ostracism or economic disenfranchisement, but whatever method is used the objective is the same, to kill all things of the spirit by scientizing existence.

There has only ever been two non-materialist civilizations in the history of the world, the ancient Hebrew civilization and the ancient European civilization. If you tell me that they are one and the same, I won't dispute you, but whether the Europeans are the ancient Hebrews or whether their adherence to dictates of the living God made them seem like unto the ancient Hebrews does not have to be decided definitely before we can act on the sure and certain faith that the European people are the Christ-bearers, born to champion Christ against the satanic liberals and the colored barbarians. The European knows that over and above the natural world of the liberals and the colored tribes is His world, the world of storybook heroes and heroines, whose hearts are set aflame every time they see His Europe and His people attacked by the relentless forces of evil. Those forces of evil, and the personality behind them, shall not prevail because there are always a few Europeans

who will respond to Christ's call to arms. A handful of Cyranos are more than a match for a magnitude of liberals and their colored allies. +

1. The most striking thing about the apostasy of the Europeans from European Christianity is the apostasy of the white clergymen. They truly seem to rejoice in not only the destruction of European culture, but they also condone, by their silence, the violent physical assaults on white people by colored barbarians. "If you have not charity." There is no Christianity left in the Christian churches because the "Christian" clergymen have not charity toward their own people.

Labels: Christian Europe, defense of the white race, grazers

The Liberal and the Colored -- United in Hate

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 2012



The crimes that the White community of Southern Rhodesia had committed were obvious. In the first place they are White, and in the second place they are guilty of having brought civilization to a land of black Stone-Age savages. – Anthony Jacob

The hostility in the liberal and black community toward that young football player, Tim Tebow, is another sign of the times. What has the young man done to elicit such hatred from the liberal-colored coalition? He prays before, during, and after his games to the God of the Christians. And during last year's Stupor Bowl, which is sometimes called the Super Bowl, he and his mother did an anti-abortion commercial. For that the liberals and the blacks want him eliminated. I'm told that *Saturday Night Live*, the sacred theater of the liberals, did a sneering satire of Tebow's Christian faith. So what else is new? Don't liberals usually attack and mock the good and defend and praise evil? Yes, they do, but the noose is tightening around white Europeans. Just 10 years ago the appearance on the scene of a mild-mannered white sports figure who claimed to be Christian would not have evoked such blatant and open hostility. And forty years ago the liberals would have kept their hostility to themselves, but we live in the era of liberalism triumphant; the liberals feel that they no longer have to tolerate even the slightest deviation from liberal orthodoxy. Why should they? Does the wolf tolerate the lamb? And we should note that Tim Tebow has not said one "racist" thing. In fact, I'm sure he has all the correct views on race, but that doesn't matter to the liberals and the colored barbarians. He is white, and he has become a hero to many young white people. That is bad. Why is it bad? Because whites, particularly young whites, are not allowed to have heroes who are Christian and white. That could lead to white youths thinking they are entitled to regard themselves as a particular people with a special destiny as a people. Such a departure from liberal orthodoxy is forbidden.

From Tim Tebow to Patrick Buchanan – a liberal-black organization has called for his dismissal from television because of his "racism." But mild-mannered Pat has never said anything "racist." He merely pointed out in his last book that multicultural America is not working because the new wave of non-European immigrants do not want to be absorbed into American culture; they want to impose their culture on white Americans. For such views he is supposed to be a dangerous racist. Pat receives the liberals' seal of *disapproval* despite the fact that when he ran for President the last

time he choose a black running mate and despite the fact that he has never advocated segregation or the deportation of colored people. Buchanan's moderation counts for nothing with the liberals and the coloreds. They still consider him a racist and therefore damned. Unless you are a rabid, blaspheming negro-worshipper, you will be linked with the racists anyway, so why not, if you fashion yourself a conservative, go all the way over to the side of the kinist, Christian, European remnant? The adage, "one might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," applies here.

If we cross the ocean we come to the once proud nation of Ireland. The left-wing administration of Trinity College in Dublin cancelled a scheduled talk by British National Party (BNP) Chairman Nick Griffin, on the subject of immigration, claiming that the cancellation was a "victory" for multiculturalism. I view the cancellation of Griffin's talk as vindication of the late John Tyndall, who was the founder of the BNP. Griffin ungraciously purged Tyndall from the BNP because he was supposedly too extreme. Griffin thought his conciliatory approach of asking that whites be looked on as a legitimate part of multicultural Britain was more practical than Tyndall's "whites only" advocacy. When will the "practical" white men learn that nothing but the annihilation of the white race will satisfy the liberal-colored coalition?

The condemnation of whites for being white never ends. Geert Wilders asks for restrictions on immigration, and the Muslims sue him in court. Arizona's Maricopa County Sheriff Joe Arpaio tries to enforce the state immigration laws, and Obama's communist Justice Department accuses him of discrimination against Hispanics. And in every case I've mentioned, from the football player to the sheriff, the white in question is simply hated for being white. They have not attacked, either verbally or physically, anyone of the colored races. And that is the pity of it. The colored races are fighting a war against the white race, and whites are not fighting back.

Every conflict between faiths ends up as a conflict on the battlefield. The whining lawsuits of the liberal-backed Hispanic, black, and Asian organizations are to the colored hordes and the liberals what the *Communist Manifesto* was to the Bolsheviks. The whining lawsuits are their declarations of war. From the liberal and colored standpoint the murders, rapes, and other assorted atrocities perpetuated against white people by the colored savages are the sanctified acts of a people fighting a holy war in defense of Babylon. No white conservative will ever be able to convince the colored people to allow the whites to be part of a multicultural state, because the essence of a multicultural state is the hatred of the white. In fact the only shared value of the yellow, the black, and the brown is their hatred of the white man.

The colored hordes know only about the bloody sacrifice of other races to the needs of their own race. They have no concept of mercy. Mercy is a white man's word, and to the colored tribes a sign of weakness. They do not see that the sight of innocence under attack, of decency under attack, of one's people under attack, can stir up feelings of mercy in a man's heart that makes him want to do battle in defense of innocence, decency, and his people for mercy's sake. The colored races do not see this because they fight for bloodlust and gain, never for mercy's sake. "This is all too extreme and harsh," the white halfway-house Christian tells me. But is it harsh? Wouldn't it be more accurate to say that it is too truthful for the halfway-house Christian to accept? First and foremost, the Christian European loves and extends mercy to his own. But did the European's mercy end with his own race? No! The only mercy that the colored races, particularly the beloved black race of the halfway-house Christians, ever knew came from the hated and persecuted white race. And I will repeat what has become a refrain with me, a necessary counterpoise to the liberals' white-hating refrain: If the white race disappears, absorbed into a Babylonian, mixed race, mercy will disappear from the face of the earth. An old Christian hymn warns the sinner to "Look down, look down, that lonesome road before you travel on." The halfway house Christians need to look down the negro-worshipping road and see where it ends. It ends in a hellish, nightmare world of lost souls.

I recently read a conservative columnist's careful analysis of the upcoming Presidential election. He concluded that despite The Obama's terrible record as President he was going to be re-elected. He professed to be clueless as to the reason for this: "How can the American people re-elect such a

terrible President?" I find it hard to believe that the conservative columnist did not know the answer to that question. I suspect he was being prudently disingenuous. But then again, white people who genuinely believe that all of life consists of propositional faiths, and propositional people, might not be able to understand that the colored races do not believe in the propositional theory of existence. The reason, Mr. Conservative, Obama is still the favored darling of the American electorate is because black people always support their own, and white liberals have replaced their Christian faith with negro worship.

The conservative who draws back from the obvious conclusion to be drawn from the coloreds' rhetoric and their actions, that there is a race war in progress, does so because he is still laboring under the false impression that the liberals and the coloreds are just as reasonable and willing to participate in the give and take of a republican form of government as 19th century Englishmen. Such is not the case. The 19th century Englishman was still operating under the assumption that his political opponent was a human being created in the image of God. And men on both sides of the political aisle believed in the humbling doctrine of original sin.

"And none is so unforgiving to the transgressors as the person who does not believe in original sin. Here is a system which releases us from self-discipline, authorizing us to treat the political enemy as subhuman, irredeemable. In consequence the good are engaged against the wicked in a more irretrievable warfare, where the makeshift of the ballot-box may itself become intolerable, and nothing is left but the resort to force."-- Herbert Butterfield

Prophetic words indeed! Now we have come to a state of "irretrievable warfare." The liberal has transformed the Christian belief that all men are tainted with original sin into the belief that only the white male is tainted with original sin. Eliminate the white male and the rest of mankind will live happily ever after in a white-free paradise. Such is the liberal agenda. By a special form of Gnostic denial the liberal has convinced himself that he is not white, so he doesn't apply the jeremiads against whites to himself. Nor does he envision himself in the black stew pots into which he is consigning all non-liberal, and therefore subhuman and irredeemable, whites.

The transference of all sin to the white male and all virtue to the colored people is the reason we never hear any criticism of the black race. No crime committed by a black is ever the fault of the offending black. The explanation for the crime is always twisted around and becomes the fault of the white man. If you doubt that liberals have made a god of the black man, simply observe them at work and play. Do they blaspheme Christ in their theaters and ban Him from the work place? Yes, they do. Do they permit one single critical statement to be made about the black man on stage or screen? Of course, they do not. Do they ban the black man from the workplace? Far from it, the liberals grant blacks privileged status in the workplace and regularly pay homage to the greatness and the magnificence of the black god who condescends to preside over white devotees, providing they pay him proper homage.

The current battle between the liberal-colored coalition and the white European is not a one-sided war because the colored barbarians outnumber the white Europeans; it is a one-sided war because the liberal and the colored barbarian have made the hatred of the white the central tenet of their religious faith, while the white man has no faith to set in opposition to the liberal-colored faith. On whom can the European call in the day of battle? He doesn't have a clue. He is back with the god-with-no-name championed by the pagan Greek philosophers.

I once, while traveling in England, viewed an old historic English church that had been built, the guide told me, over the ruins of a pagan temple. It occurred to me then, and it seems even more certain today, that we are witnessing the reverse of the Christian church being built over the ruins of a pagan place of worship. The current liberal, negro-worshipping churches have replaced, not physically but spiritually, the old Christian churches. Europeans need to break their attachments to the church structures and the church organizations so that they can reconnect with the substance of

the Christian faith, The Man of Sorrows. From such a connection comes the will to fight for mercy's sake.

The only sure thing about the historical process is that it cannot be used as a magic talisman to predict the future. Human beings make human events, and they are too complicated to be played upon by the Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns of the world. We know nothing for certain about the future of the Europeans. At present they don't seem to have a future. But there is the grace of God and there are still Europeans who believe that one man of faith can move mountains. We fight without yielding because we only know Him through His people; we are all called, those of us who still belong to His Europe, to keep the European light shining in the darkness of Babylon. +

Labels: liberals are the true haters, mercy

The Threads of Our European Past

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 2012



St. Gallien Enters Jerusalem
Attacked by stones, arrows and flames, Gallien and his soldiers prevail over the Samaritans and enter Jerusalem.

“It is with an armed doctrine that we are at war.” – Burke

Martin Luther King Jr. Day has come and gone, but we are enjoined by the liberals to keep the spirit of Martin Luther King Jr. Day in our hearts 365 days a year. And most whites do just that. I saw a horrendous story out of Britain (there don't seem to be any good stories coming out of Britain) about a 14-year-old white girl who was beaten by a gang of black girls. The white girl's father said his daughter “was just a grain of sand,” without significance; no need to make a fuss about the incident. And the white girl who was beaten reiterated her father's unconcern. Some have suggested that the girl who was beaten and her father are suffering, like so many whites, from the Stockholm or Patty Hearst syndrome, in which a kidnapped victim, after long captivity, starts to identify and/or sympathize with his captors. There are certain parallels. The white race is currently held captive by the black race, and the white people have given up their own identities in order to submerge their whiteness in a sea of blackness. But there is a huge difference between the Stockholm syndrome type of kidnapping victim and the modern black-worshipping Europeans. The Stockholm syndrome hostages and Patty Hearst were forcefully taken prisoner and converted after months of isolation from anyone but their kidnappers. The modern Europeans were not forcibly taken; they willingly surrendered to the black marauders. Why? What took place before the whites' surrender to make them so willing to become worthless grains of sand, who lived only to serve the needs of the black race? I think my sister, who is a mad-dog liberal, can supply us with the answer. My sister has been mugged many times by negroes, but after each mugging she is more vehement than ever in her defense of the essential goodness and divinity of the black man. While listening to her talk about the ‘black man’ I can't help thinking of the words from the Bible: “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.” My sister's credo, which is the credo of all mad-dog liberals, is, “Though the black man slay me and thee and every white person, yet will I worship him.” And why must the liberal worship the black man? Because the post-Christian white needs to worship something, and the black man fulfills that need.

At first it was only the post-Christian liberal elite who worshipped the black man, but the halfway-house Christians soon followed in the mad-log liberals' train. If we look at the phenomenon of Abraham Lincoln, we can better understand the relationship of the halfway-house Christian to the liberal. Lincoln found the mad-dog abolitionists personally abhorrent, yet he ultimately did their

bidding, saying, "We are both moving toward Zion." Dishonest Abe was a halfway-house Christian. In the absence of a firm Christian faith, he was unable to resist the passionate intensity of the thoroughly secular abolitionists. Such is always the case. When a man wavers in his faith moral rot sets in, and he is unable to resist the blood red tide of men who are full of the passionate intensity of demonism. The modern halfway-house Christians have gone with the tide of liberalism because it is easier to surrender than resist, and because they lack the intensity of faith of the negro worshipping liberals. The end result is that the halfway-house Christians become one in faith and brotherhood with the liberals. The whites who do not suffer from the Stockholm syndrome are those men and women who have strong religious faith. If the halfway house Christians had not already had one foot in the liberals' camp they would not have succumbed to the new faith of the liberals.

The grazers fill in the European demographic chart. They do not love the negro like the liberal and the halfway house Christian, but the grazers want to survive and they think they can survive if they appease the ruling elite. Their position is kind of like the average Joe who works for a boss who has made his son plant supervisor. The average Joe must be nice to the boss's son for the obvious reason that he wants to keep working. The grazers must pay lip service to the liberals' gods because they want to keep working as well. But sadly the grazers do not figure in the liberals' plan for the future, because in the end the liberals do not trust the white grazers. They are always worried that a leader might arise and turn the grazers into white men again. So the mad-dog liberal, the halfway-house Christian, and their black gods will trudge on into the future together. Or so the liberal and the halfway-house Christian purpose. Their black gods have something else in mind for them; not by plan but by instinct, they hate the white man.

Many of the saints and mystics (we won't debate here how saintly they really were) talk about losing themselves in God. They talk about dying to self in order to be open to the will of God. I see this religious mysticism, directed toward the negro rather than the Christian God, in the white liberals such as my sister and the 'grain of sand' father. Such "mysticism" seems somewhat sick to me even in the Christian mystics, because it seems in the extreme cases to be an attempt to place the ecstatic religious experience above communion with the living God. But in the case of the liberals, who want to die to all things white in order to become one with the soul of the black man, it is the height of blasphemy. And just as the Christian mystic often puts the religious experience above genuine contact with God, so does the liberal put the ecstatic experience of losing himself in cosmic blackness above the experience of actually dealing with the black as if he was a fellow human being. If the latter was the case, that the liberal really viewed the negro as a human being, he would deal with the negro as Prospero dealt with Caliban; he protected his own from the savagery of Caliban while sternly, but kindly, showing Caliban the light:

*Prospero. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.*

*Caliban. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!*

The secular-oriented nationalist publications set great store in "getting the message out to white people." But isn't that putting the cart before the horse? White people have to first regard themselves as a people before they will respond to pleas to rise up in defense of their people. The colored races have the same pagan blood and sex religions that they have always had. They hate each other, but above all they hate the white man. And the liberal worships the negro and hates the white man with a religious fervor. How can mere pragmatism counter such hatred? Passionate religious intensity can only be countered with passionate religious intensity. I share the white nationalists' disgust with the Christian churches, but mere occupancy of a building that was once a

place of worship does not make a gaggle of fusionists into Christians. It's not as if there is no historical record of Europeans who were Christian. There is! And European Christians, for all of their faults, did not betray their own people by blending with the colored races or by sacrificing their own to the colored savages to be tortured and murdered. Let me amend that. No honorable white mixed his blood with the coloreds or offered his people up for sacrifice to the coloreds. Pirates, prostitutes, and carpetbaggers did just that.

After the worst of the reign of terror was over and France was under the Directory, the practical men thought it was time to make peace with regicide France. Edmund Burke objected to such a peace. He pointed out that no man could be a member of the Directory who had not given his consent to the murder of the King. How could such men be trusted to make an honorable peace with Christian nations? And how could Englishmen and men of honor in every European nation permit the principles of atheistic revolution to spread throughout Europe because of the failure of the European nations to punish regicide? Well, practical men did make peace with the regicides, and the ideals of the French Revolution did poison and kill Christian Europe.

The racial suicide of the Europeans is the final denouement of the French revolution. First, regicide was permitted and celebrated as a great step forward for mankind. Then every advance that pushed Europeans further away from God and closer to Satan was celebrated until an atheistic hierarchy passed a death sentence on the Europeans by mandating the worship of negroes throughout the formerly white Christian nations of Europe. In Liberaldom there is one major condition, to which one must agree in order to be a member of the governing Directory of Liberaldom. One must consent to the death of the European people through miscegenation, and no member of the *base populi* can dissent from the primary credo of the Great Liberal Directory if they want a share in the post-Christian, post-European world of the future.

Time has proven Burke right, and the practical men, who thought Burke exaggerated the dangers of the spread of French utopianism to England and the rest of Europe, wrong. For years England was held up as a model of civilization by French and English historians. England vowed "never again" after their bloody civil war, and they kept that vow, always moving into the future "while holding on to the threads of the past." This was true of England up to and through World War II, but then England let go of her past at an accelerated rate as if the English people, having been the most "backward" of people (from a French *avant-garde* viewpoint) became the most determined anti-European nation in Europe. It is only a difference in degree though, because all European nations are liquidating everything that stinks of old Europe.

The spirit of abstraction that Burke rightly saw as the spirit of atheism and revolution turns a people into an aggregate herd and an individual into an inanimate grain of sand. There is no such thing as a practical world distinct from the spiritual world. We are not meant to be divided men; we are meant to live connected to a non-abstract, personal God who bids us live and die connected to Him through our love for our kith and kin. When the liberals tell us we must walk away from our race in order to be accepted in their world they are really telling us to turn from our personal God to their abstract black idols. The eternal quest of Satan is to separate man from God by dehumanizing and depersonalizing every aspect of our existence here on earth. And the most dehumanizing and depersonalizing thing a man can do is to give up his racial identity, which is of the spirit, in order to serve in Satan's Babylonian dystopia. That man who said the beating of his daughter had no more significance than a grain of sand is a man of whom we can say, "He did not die but nothing of life remained."

When Burke turned the sentiment in his own country and other European nations against the French revolutionists he evoked images from his nation's past. He showed his countrymen that in their past was kith, kin, and God. Why should they give that up for an abstract future devoid of kith, kin, and God? And the Burkean vision of a people that marched into the future while holding on to the threads of the past stood the blessed plot and her people in good stead, until they cut the threads

to their past in the second half of the 20th century. Now the blessed plot is leased out to the abstractionists and the barbarian hordes of color.

The moral conservatism of Burke was not invented by Burke; it was embedded in the soul of all European nations. But Europeans needed a Burke to redirect their vision to the sacred treasures contained within their own countries' traditions that were not the traditions of abstract thought unconnected to the human heart; they were traditions connected to the hearth fire, where a man was not an abstraction, but a particular person connected to a particular people and a personal God. Burkean conservatism was the conservatism of our Lord. Throughout His ministry here on earth, He took great pains to show that His future death and resurrection were tied to the past that His people must know and cherish. "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

And at the inn at Emmaus it was Christ who showed the apostles, His people, just how intimately their past was connected to Him.

Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?

"Did not our hearts burn within us..." Yes our hearts do burn within us when we are connected to our European past that contains the European Christ story, which is not an abstracted theory about the rights of man; it is the story of God's grace and a people who responded to His grace. The new multi-racial, multi-faith world that we are told we must accept is a world we most certainly **will not** accept. We will not accept that world because He doesn't dwell in that world. We are bound to our European past with ties that cannot be broken by liberals, colored barbarians or Satan himself. In the midst of the Babylonian night the European remnant turns to Him, who never has and never will refuse to hear the prayers of His people:

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." +

Labels: abstract Humanity, Edmund Burke, Europe as the Christ-bearer

For Whom Should We Weep

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 2012



“What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?”

-Hamlet

I recently saw a news special in which a group of conservationists were lamenting the fate of the African black rhino. Apparently the black rhino has become extinct because the Asians believe the black rhino’s horn has magical healing powers. That superstitious belief, of the oh-so intelligent Asians, made the extermination of the African black rhino very profitable. And the African authorities, who could care less about the extinction of the black rhino, were quite willing to look the other way while poachers made enormous profits selling “magical” black rhino horns to Asians.

Oddly enough the liberals in the special did not blame the Asians for the extinction of the black rhino. Nor did they blame the Africans. Guess who they blamed? No, I’m not going to tell you; I want you to guess. What’s that you say? You’re right! They blamed the white man. Why was it the white man’s fault? The conservationists didn’t say; I suppose it was another one of those self-evident truths apparent to everyone who can see the Emperor’s new clothes and not apparent to those of us who only see a fat, naked emperor.

Two points need to be made about the liberals and their concern for the extinction of the black rhino. The first and lesser point to be made is that the people of color whom the liberals worship do not support the liberals on most issues, such as the preservation of endangered animals, in which the liberals happen to be in the right because they retain a remnant of Christianity in their souls. The colored tribes only support the liberals when it comes to the one central issue, the hatred of the white man. It’s a contradiction the liberals are unwilling to face: their colored gods do not value what they value. Other than their shared hatred for the white man, the liberals and the colored

tribes have nothing in common. Is a shared hatred something to build upon? Only in the short term; in the long term the liberals and their colored gods are going to come into conflict. What a shame.

The second more important point is this: an infallible way to learn what an individual or a people value is to look at whom they have compassion for. Because I am a white man I regret the extermination of the black rhino. It was not a good thing. However, my sympathy for the black rhino is nothing compared to my sympathy for the white race, which is also being exterminated. But do the liberals who weep for the black rhino share my sympathy for the white race? No, they don't. They are worse than indifferent to the sufferings of white people; they rejoice in everything that hurts the white man and moves the liberals and the colored people further along the road to Babylon. When white people are tortured, murdered, and raped by black people, the liberals go on the attack against anyone who tries to hold blacks accountable for their crimes. And yet when there is even a suggestion that a black has suffered at the hands of whites, as in the bogus rape allegations against the Duke lacrosse team, the whole liberal world is roused to a fevered pitch of righteous fury.

Such sympathy for black Hecubas is truly revealing. Why do the liberals have such sympathy for the blacks and no sympathy for their own people? Because the generic suffering black is the liberals' substitute for the Suffering Servant of the Christian faith. They have created the black suffering servant to worship and adore, so even a hint of an attack on their god elicits their sympathy. It has always been thus and it always shall be. Liberalism is from the devil; therefore, the liberals will always reserve their sympathy for their devilish gods and those who further the cause of their devilish gods.

In Burke's third letter against a peace with the regicide French, he comments on the English liberals' hatred of their own Christian countrymen and their love and concern for French atheistic rebels.

Men are rarely without some sympathy in the sufferings of others; but in the immense and diversified mass of human misery, which may be pitied, but cannot be relieved, in the gross, the mind must make a choice. Our sympathy is always more forcibly attracted towards the misfortunes of certain persons, and in certain descriptions: and this sympathetic attraction discovers, beyond a possibility of mistake, our mental affinities, and elective affections. It is a much surer proof, than the strongest declaration, of a real connexion and of an over-ruling bias in the mind. I am told that the active sympathies of this party have been chiefly, if not wholly attracted to the sufferings of the patriarchal rebels, who were amongst the promulgators of the maxims of the French Revolution, and who have suffered, from their apt and forward scholars, some part of the evils, which they had themselves so liberally distributed to all the other parts of the community. Some of these men, flying from the knives which they had sharpened against their country and its laws, rebelling against the very powers they had set over themselves by their rebellion against their Sovereign, given up by those very armies to whose faithful attachment they trusted for their safety and support, after they had completely debauched all military fidelity in its source.

The man who sympathizes with the demonic 'other', whether the demonic other is a French Regicide or a colored barbarian, is a man with a disordered soul who will always champion the cause of Satan over Christ. I agree with Burke; once we see where a man's sympathies lie we know the man. My sympathies lie with the white victims of colored atrocities, and I hate those who have made gods of their murderers. I don't think a white man can feel any other way and still be a human being, because once a man severs his natural ties to kith and kin, he is open to every unnatural tie that comes his way, compliments of Satan. And the satanic, unnatural ties – feminism, homosexuality, and negro worship – are all presented to the European as progressions toward a multi-racial, multi-sexual utopia. Only prejudice can stop the building of utopia, so prejudice must be, according to the liberals' bible, eradicated.

Mainstream conservatives in church and state spend most of their adult lives trying to prove they are not prejudiced. But we are all prejudiced; we could not live, as Richard Weaver so eloquently told us, without prejudice. Our prejudices stem from our heartfelt sentiments about the nature of existence. The liberals who deride “prejudice” have deep-seated prejudices of their own. When they accuse their enemies of “prejudice” they are merely using a diversionary tactic. It is not prejudice that bothers the liberal, it is prejudice that does not coincide with his prejudice that he is against. It is not then a question of eliminating prejudices, it is a question of whose prejudices are correct. Is the negro really a demi-god devoid of original sin? Is the Christian faith of the antique Europeans based on a lie? The liberals’ deep-seated prejudices compel them to answer yes to both questions, just as my deep-seated prejudices compel me to answer No! to both questions.

Just because all God’s children have prejudices does not mean all prejudices should be tolerated. A man’s prejudices must stand the test of reality. If they are false and vicious, they should be challenged, and the people who hold such prejudices should be fought. Because the liberals have a prejudice against white Europeans, they have no sympathy for the torture and murder of white Europeans. Because the liberal is prejudiced against Christ, he makes a substitute Christ out of the black savage. Liberal prejudices are not based on reality. They are the prejudices of men and women who have severed the ties that bind them to humanity, in favor of abstract theories of life which promise them unlimited pleasure in a paradisiacal world devoid of the pain and suffering, caused by white people and their God.

In a Christian European society liberals would either be incarcerated or be in hiding in some cellar writing hate-spewing pamphlets against their own people. But we do not live in a Christian society. We live in Liberaldom, which has institutionalized the satanic love of the demonic stranger and the hatred of one’s own kith and kin, so Christian Europeans have been relegated to jails and cellars.

Liberals frequently say of other liberals, when one of their utopian schemes goes awry, that their hearts were in the right place. But the exact opposite is the case. The liberals’ hearts are not in the right place! Their hearts should be with their own people and with their peoples’ God. Rousseau’s heart was not in the right place when he fantasized about the Noble Savage. Pope John XXIII’s heart was not in the right place when he forgave the unrepentant black savages who tortured and murdered his people. Nor is any liberal’s heart in the right place when he longs for the destruction of everything European. A utopian mind stems from a sick soul. One’s own race is always the hated race in the mind of an utopian liberal. Maybe his mother beat him, or his father abandoned him, or he does not feel that his own people truly appreciate his great genius. So the demented liberal creates, in his mind’s eye, a kinder, gentler race of people who truly love and appreciate him. And in doing so the liberal steps away from humanity and walks into the arms of Satan. God gave us one people to love over all others so that we could be connected to Him through that love. The liberal who rejects the personal and particular love of his own people for the love of an abstracted image of the demonic stranger is a man without a soul.

The soullessness that Scott’s *Last Minstrel* speaks of – “Breathes there a man with soul so dead...” – is the modern European. Just as Christian chivalry was bred in the bone of the antique Europeans, so is a condition of soullessness bred into the very bone of the modern European. He says that his world has been expanded so that his potentialities to love and be loved have expanded. But that is a bitter, loathsome theory very far from the truth. Love stems from a depth of feeling that can only come from a close attachment to our own kith and kin. The modern existentialists such as Camus, Becket, and Sartre wrote that any contact with one’s fellow human beings was hell. Their prejudices against humanity stemmed from their loss of faith in the humane God. Human contact of any kind without faith in Christ is indeed unbearable. Who can stand such an existence? Certainly not the liberal, so he seeks oblivion in Babylon where the colored, demonic ‘other’ dwells. “Blessed stranger, lead me into the darkness of oblivion and away from the unbearable burden of my race,” is the prayer of the modern liberal European.

Whenever (which consists of the bulk of my waking hours) I place myself back in the Europe of my ancestors by way of book, movie, or vision, I am struck by the tremendous gulf separating them from the modern Europeans. And if I was asked to explain that deep gulf, I would say that it was the result of the antique Europeans' fairy-tale comprehension of life, which is in direct contrast to the modern European's material view of existence. Like the ancient Hebrew the antique European was aware that there were laws of nature: a man had to eat; a spear, an arrow, or bullet could kill him, and so on. But the world of nature was not the antique European's world anymore than it was the ancient Hebrew's world. The antique European viewed the natural world as a mere backdrop for the greater world of the spirit. The soulless modern European needs to find that ancient world again. And it falls upon the remnant band, the last Europeans, to place the threads of the European past into the soulless Europeans' hands and bid them make their way back to the land of the fairy tale, the land of love, the land of honor and of faith. The evil wizards and witches of Liberaldom will try to prevent the return of the Europeans to their homeland, but the liberals are not infallible or invincible. "We are in God's hands, brother, not theirs." +

Labels: antique Christianity, black faith, kith and kin

In Spite of Liberaldom

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 03, 2012



That nature which contemns its origins
Cannot be bordered certain in itself

-Shakespeare

The billboards in Duluth, Minnesota on which white people are depicted as loathsome reptiles not fit to live were put up by the mad-dog, liberal Directory of Duluth. The usual suspects make up the Directory:

Central Labor Body

CHUM (Churches United in Ministry)

City of Duluth (the white, effeminate Mayor, Don Ness – no relation to Eliot – from the Mayor's Office, the Human Rights Commission, and the American Indian Commission)

Community Action Duluth

Domestic Abuse Intervention

Lake Superior College

NAACP

St. Louis County Public Health and Human Services

University of Minnesota Duluth

University of Minnesota Superior

YMCA

It's not often that white-hating liberals surprise me by the extent of their white-hating programs, but I must admit to being somewhat surprised by the billboards. It's so blatant. If I were a mad-dog liberal on Ness's advisory committee, I would have advised them not to be so blatantly anti-white, lest they arouse some whites, who had, prior to now, been too stupefied to act in their own behalf. Then again, jackals and vultures have an instinct for carrion, so maybe Ness and the Directory knew the white grazers were soul-dead and would not tear down the posters and launch a punitive expedition against Don Ness and company. Kipling warned the world that the English "were not easily moved," but when they were they were dangerous:

*It was not suddenly bred,
It will not swiftly abate,
Through the chill years ahead.*

*When Time shall count from the date
That the English began to hate.*

Would that such a chilling prophecy was true today, not just of Englishmen but of all white men.

What has happened to the white man? Why does he permit his race to be vilified? Does he really believe what the liberals say about the white man? Unfortunately, to a large extent the white grazer does believe what the liberals say about the white race. He accepts the liberals' interpretation of the white man's history, which is, according to the liberals, a history of white exploitation of the colored races. Where the grazer differs from the liberal is on the subject of racism present. The white grazer does not believe he is racist, and he resents being told he is. For a time the "institutionalized racism" charge, that is, "you're not necessarily racist but all your institutions are" kept the white man's resentment at bay. Not anymore. Every major institution is stocked full of colored barbarians. So the resentment smolders: "Why am I accused of racism and labeled a pariah?" The white grazer doesn't do anything with his resentment, because he doesn't know what to do with it. Instead he tries harder to prove he is not racist and grumbles in private to his fellow grazers about being called a racist.

The white grazers lack two things that are needed to make them into white men again: they lack leadership and they lack faith. And the two components, leadership and faith, are interrelated. When the European intelligentsia, which consisted of the clergy, the academics, the politicians, and the journalists, succumbed to rationalism, they inevitably – over time – infected the European people with their faithless faith. The emergence of negro worship within the ranks of the white intelligentsia signified the failure of rationalistic materialism. Something more, something with blood in it, was needed. Enter the black *Übermensch*. Not exactly what Nietzsche envisioned, but negro worship is the logical outcome of a fusion of rationalism and vitalism. It's the bloodless rationalist's attempt to renew his blood by losing himself in the sacred blood of the black man. The once-Christian liberal will always keep elements of Christianity, in twisted, perverted forms, in his new Christless faith. Christians once believed that they were saved by Christ's redeeming blood. Now the liberal believes that he will be freed from his rationalist prison by fusing his lifeless blood with the "vital, earthy, sexy" blood of the black man. It sounds insane, this new religion of the white intelligentsia, but it is their religion. They are attempting to become pagans again, not realizing there is no vitalism in blood without the spirit; there is only death. The antique Europeans were vital because their blood was infused with the spirit of God. That infusion of spirit and blood is quite different from the satanic fusion of white and black blood that the modern Europeans seek.

The great English historian, Herbert Butterfield, stressed that most of the important changes in the Europeans' history came quietly, almost imperceptibly, while the noisier, seemingly more important events, but in reality less significant, got all the attention. He cites the Protestant-Catholic divide of the 1500s as an example of one of the less significant developments that got all the attention while a more significant revolution occurred that quietly changed the European people forever. That revolution was the scientific revolution of the late 1600s and early 1700s. The Protestant revolt was not an atheistic revolt against God; it was, in its essence, the revolt of a Christian people against a clerical elite that valued an abstract, rational system more than Christ. In contrast the scientific revolt was a revolt of positivist materialism, even though the original advocates of it were professed Christians. If that philosophy prevailed in Europe, the European would be worse than ere he ever was, because prior to his embrace of the Christian faith the European had 'eat, drink, and be merry' paganism to comfort him. Unable to return to paganism and unable to believe in Christ, the European would be lost. And of course that is what has happened. Positivist materialism, which sailed into Europe on the good ship *Abstract Theology*, has triumphed in Europe. There will be no revival of European culture or the European people until the positivist, materialist dragon is faced and overcome. But in order to face the dragon we must be connected to our past and believe what our ancestors believed. In the absence of that connection and belief we are dead souls whose spiritless faces appear on billboards that proclaim the evil of white people.

The liberal does not forbid the white grazers to invoke their past because the whites of the past were racist; that's just a subterfuge. The liberal has closed the door on the Europeans' past because he can't bear to look at life as the antique Europeans did. Only the European of the old stock looked positivist materialism in the face without caving into despair. He didn't need the soul-deadening escapism of negro worship because he had a faith in the God who lived. Life is indeed unbearable without faith, but the white cannot return to paganism. If he won't have the faith of his ancestors, he will have oblivion.

The great enemy of the white man are those whites who jettison the Europeans' Christian past in order to lead mankind to a new and brighter future in which the white man becomes one with inanimate nature, rather than transcending dumb nature through faith in Jesus Christ. Tolstoy was one of those false prophets of the future. He rejected St. Paul's Christianity and replaced it with a type of Jungian, Emersonian, over-soul religion in which a man's personality is extinguished by death, but he survives as an essence. The reluctant atheist, Anton Chekhov, rejected Tolstoy's brave new faith.

He recognizes immortality in its Kantian form, assuming that all of us (men and animals) will live on in some principle (such as reason or love), the essence of which is a mystery. But I can only imagine such a principle or force as a shapeless, gelatinous mass; my I, my individuality, my consciousness, would merge with this mass – and I feel no need for this kind of immortality.

Nor do I. Chekhov gives us life without a commercial. The men and women he writes about are personalities of infinite worth, but because of some horrendous cruel trick of the universe they are condemned to die and fade into nothingness. But is that the promised end? Even Chekhov the atheist saw hope in the European past:

Now the student was thinking about Vasilisa: if she wept, it meant that everything that had happened with Peter on that dreadful night had some relation to her...

He looked back. The solitary fire flickered peacefully in the darkness, and the people around it could no longer be seen. The student thought again that if Vasilisa wept and her daughter was troubled, then obviously what he had just told them, something that had taken place nineteen centuries ago, had a relation to the present—to both women, and probably to this desolate village, to himself, to all people. If the old woman wept, it was not because he was able to tell it movingly, but because Peter was close to her and she was interested with her whole being in what had happened in Peter's soul.

And joy suddenly stirred in his soul, and he even stopped for a moment to catch his breath. The past, he thought, is connected with the present in an unbroken chain of events flowing one out of the other. And it seemed to him that he had just seen both ends of that chain: he touched one end, and the other moved.

Maybe Chekhov was not the atheist he purported to be. For one moment when he wrote of the event that took place nineteen centuries ago, Chekhov stood in the presence of the redeemer who defeated dumb nature and will stand between us and extinction at the hour of our death. Would that Chekhov had been able hold to that vision for more than one shining moment.

It was Chekhov's countryman, Dostoyevsky, the prophet with blinding sight, who diagnosed Chekhov's dilemma and the dilemma of the modern European. "Can an intelligent man, a European, believe in the divinity of Christ?" The intelligentsia of Europe answered Dostoyevsky's question with a definitive 'no.' But why should the answer to that question, the only question that matters, be no? Why should the advent of science make Christianity false?

In my father's hometown the town character had an answer for anyone who wanted to talk about rocket ships and space. "Space is no place," he told the townspeople. And likewise, "science is nothing." It is not wise, because wisdom comes from the heart, and science has no heart. Chekhov was right to weep in the face of death. But he was wrong to separate his heart, which wept, from his

head, which saw only dumb nature claiming its own when a human soul passed from this world to the next. Shouldn't our tears in the face of death remind us of the Man of Sorrows who wept in the face of Lazarus's death? And shouldn't the heart that truly loves remember what occurred on that day long ago? "Lazurus – come forth!" I have much more sympathy for Europeans like Chekhov, who want to believe but cannot see past the façade of the material world to the spiritual world, than I have for the liberals who rejoice at the demise of Christianity and place their hopes in the fusion of science and negro worship. But ultimately, whether it is the heartfelt hopelessness of Chekhov, or the triumphant, satanic glee of the liberals, I don't understand them. Nor do I want to understand them. A European who is connected to His Europe and His people will know, in his blood, that his redeemer liveth. The strength of the European people was always their faith in Christ. In the midst of paganism they cried out from the depths, "In life, in death, O Lord, abide with us."

A false conservatism seeks to preserve the forms of things past even if those forms no longer conserve the spiritual values of one's ancestors but are in fact used to further the destruction of the older civilization's spiritual reserves. There is no need to preserve our democratic process, our established churches, our universities, or our "free" press. What needs to be preserved are our ties to the past, our ties to a people who placed their kith and kin above all others.

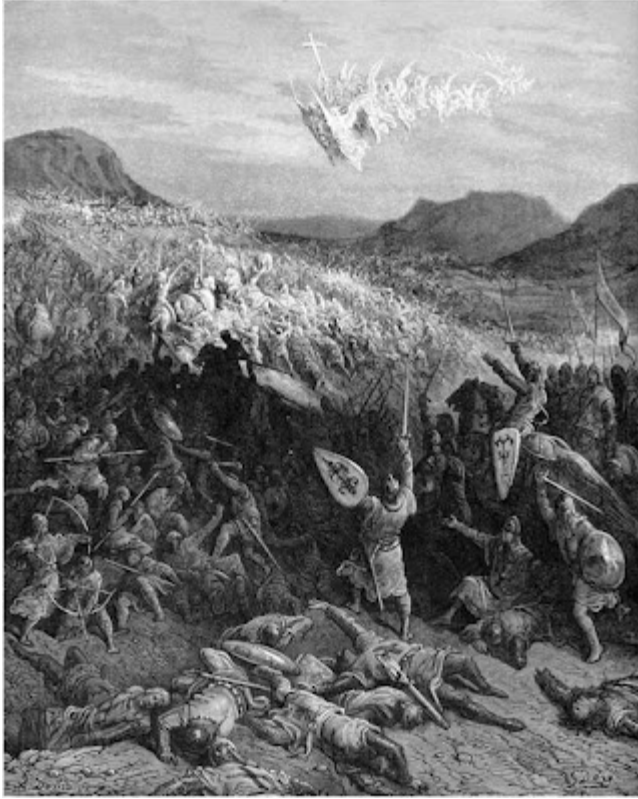
The grazers will return to their blood when the remnant band produces leaders who see with blinding sight because they see life with the heart of an antique European. Nationalist leaders who reject the Europeans' Christian past are no more fit to lead white people away from the darkness of negro worship than a chimpanzee is fit to command a battleship. The European hero is a Christ-bearer, a warrior. His weapons are vision and memory, the vision of the Risen Lord and the memory of a Europe that was consecrated to Him.

The liberal Directory of Duluth did white people a favor. They made it crystal clear. Church and state consider themselves in a holy war against all things European. Since mercy only abides in old Europe we can expect no mercy from the rulers of Liberaldom. And to expect mercy from the barbarians of color is the height of absurdity. We have no choice but to call on Him who saves and ask Him to abide with us in the day of battle. +

Labels: conflict between Christianity and scientific world view, Europe as the Christ-bearer

Against a Regicide Peace with the Liberals

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 2012



They never will love where they ought to love, who do not hate where they ought to hate. – Edmund Burke

Burke had great success in turning the tide of English public opinion against the French revolution, but he was not successful in convincing his fellow countrymen that the war against France should continue even after the death of Robespierre resulted in a diminution of bloodshed. The same regicides who had killed the king and broke with all the traditions of Christian Europe were still in power and still unrepentant.

The murderers of Robespierre, besides what they are entitled to by being engaged in the same tontine of Infamy, are his Representatives; have inherited all his murderous qualities, in addition to their own private stock. But it seems, we are always to be of a party with the last and victorious Assassins. I confess, I am of a different mind; and am, rather inclined, of the two, to think and speak less hardly of a dead ruffian, than to associate with the living. I could better bear the stench of the gibbeted murderer, than the society of the bloody felons who yet annoy the world. Whilst they wait the recompense due to their ancient crimes, they merit new punishment by the new offences they commit. There is a period to the offences of Robespierre. They survive in his Assassins. Better a living dog, says the old proverb, than a dead lion; not so here. Murderers and hogs never look well till they are hanged.

Burke poured his whole heart and soul into his letters against Regicide France and, by his own admission, was broken-hearted when his countrymen were willing to sup with the devil.

The same anti-Christian principles that Burke so correctly and passionately urged his countryman to fight against are the principles on which the nations of Europe have built Liberalism. Every European nation has traveled the same road, some at slower rates than the other nations but in the end every European nation arrived at the liberal wayside inn; the inn of liberty from God, equality with the ape, and fraternity with the devil. And the Goddess of Abstract Reason was the lodestar

that guided the Europeans to the wonderful utopian inn in which the negro is worshipped and adored in the chapel by the staircase and abortions are provided in the room down the hall.

There is no room for the Christian European in the inn of the Regicide liberals who have killed Christ, the crowned King of Europe. But why should we want a place in an inn reserved for Regicides? I'm sick to death of white nationalist and conservative leaders who tell white people to remain democratic, non-violent, and respectful of other races so the liberals and the colored barbarians will allow white people to live in Babylon. The problem with such advice is that it is based on three false abstractions.

1. As long as you have a democracy you will have a liberal oligarchy of men and women who know how to manipulate the masses through a system that rewards politically correct behavior, such as negro worship, and punishes anti-social behavior, such as the refusal to worship negroes. We are not permitted to vote for rulers who do not worship negroes, because no candidate is permitted to run for office who does not pay tribute to the gods of color.

Democracy is not compatible with the Christian faith of the antique European. You can't take a vote to determine truth. There have been Christian republics and Christian monarchies, but there has never been – and there never shall be – a Christian democracy. The end result of democratic government is Babylon, which is opposed to the faith from which all our legitimate governments come: "On that religion, according to our mode, all our laws and institutions stand as upon their base." (Burke) We need to destroy democratic, Babylon and return to our base.

2. It sounds very nice to say, "I'm against all violence," but who is being served when white men renounce "all violence"? The blacks who murder and rape are being served, because if white people remain nonviolent blacks will not be held accountable for their crimes. And the white-hating liberals will be served because they will retain power, free to abort babies and worship the negro. It is not Christian to maintain a Quaker-like pacifism in the face of an enemy like the liberals and the colored barbarians, who are alternately the liberals' gods and their henchmen.

The white nationalists' call for non-violence in the face of negro atrocities could only come from white men who have abstracted themselves from existence. In the abstract non-violence sounds good, but when actual people, your own people, are the victims of terrible atrocities, perpetrated by the barbarians of color and encouraged by the liberals, a call for non-violence is not just muddle-headed, it is obscene. There are tactical considerations; when surrounded by Caesar's assassins with their daggers still covered with Caesar's blood, Mark Antony let them think he was going to passively accept their butchery of his friend. But such was not the case:

*O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou are the ruins of the noblest man
That every lived in the tide of times...*

*Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.*

Can such passion only come from a pagan? It was a Christian who put those words in Antony's mouth.

And they were Christian soldiers who rode with Forrest when he assumed the leadership of the Ku Klux Klan. The only reason that the Southerners of the late 1800's did not suffer the same fate as the French in 1798 Haiti was because Forrest and his fellow soldiers loved their own enough to eschew platitudes and to respond to violence with violence. The white Southerners only succumbed to the forces of Babylon when they became non-violent and democratic in the 1950s. The same can be said

of South African whites. They avoided the wholesale extermination of white people in 1838 when Andries Pretorius avenged the massacre of Piet Retief and his followers by killing those responsible for the massacre, and they fell victim to systematic extermination in 1994 when they became democratic and non-violent. Should this really be that hard to comprehend? There is no mercy in the colored barbarian; we have ample proof of that. And the liberal? Will he try to stay the hand of his black gods? Never! The revolutionary, Mikhail Bakunin, stated the underlying ethos of the liberal:

All tender and gentle feelings of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude and even honor itself should be choked off in the revolutionary's breast by the single cold passion of his revolutionary task. He is not a revolutionary if he has pity for anything in the world. He knows only one science – the science of destruction. He lives in the world with a single aim – its total and swift destruction.

Most liberals do not have the will to maniacally and consistently break off all human ties, but Bakunin's ideology of hate is their ideology. The only difference between the liberals and Bakunin is that now the liberals are the establishment. Their task is to preserve Liberalism and destroy all resistance, in contrast to Bakunin who wanted to destroy the existing order and preserve and nurture the revolutionary cabals. But in their cruelty and in their hate of Christian Europe the liberals and Bakunin are one.

How can a professed white nationalist remain a pacifist in the face of such ideological hatred against whites, particularly when that hatred is the direct cause of the murder of white people? A man cannot remain passive in the face of such ideological hatred, but a modern caricature of a man, a man who wants to jettison actual flesh and blood white people for a new world order in which white, black, yellow and brown all share equal but separate portions of Babylon, can remain passive and indifferent to the murder of white people and their culture. And therein lies the secret of the pagan, white nationalist. He has more in common with the liberal who looks to the future than he has with the white Christian European who looks to the past. He and his liberal soul-mate merely differ over the allotment of the utopian pie.

Thus far I have only talked about the white nationalist's bizarre views on violence and the defense of the white race. But we need to look at the conservative Christian's – or what I call the halfway-house Christian's – views of violence in defense of the white race as well. The halfway-house Christian has no problem with violence if it is state-sponsored violence against people far away in Iraq, Afghanistan, or Palestine. Saturation bombing of innocent civilians far away is a holy and good thing in the eyes of the "conservative" Christian. But what about local killing in defense of white people? I think you know the answer to that question. How can the sacrificial killing of white people by black people be called murder? Can mere mortals judge gods?

The conservative's love for murder if it is far away and condemnation of killing in defense if it is local is not confined to the issue of white self-defense. I once mentioned to a fellow pro-lifer of Irish extraction, who regularly sent large checks to the communists in the IRA so that they could kill innocent English civilians, that abortion doctors should be killed. The tough IRA enthusiast suddenly became a mad-dog pacifist before my very eyes. "Killing an abortion doctor would be murder," he told me. I remember thinking of those lines from King Lear: "Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind." The conservative who eschews violence in defense of the innocents at home and applauds violence against the innocents abroad is most assuredly mad, and those who follow him are most assuredly blind.

Most old saws are correct, but the old saw that proclaims "sticks and stones can break my bones, but names can never hurt me" is incorrect. Louis XVI, his Queen, and his son were killed because the French philosophers put the tyrant's name upon the King. White people are being murdered and their lands pillaged because the liberals have been demonizing white people in print, pulpit, and university for the past fifty years. The barbarians of color did the murders, but the liberals provided

the words that convinced the white grazers that they were not a people who had a right to self-defense.

The seemingly insurmountable obstacles preventing white self-defense, such as the extreme isolation of modern life and the negro-worshipping nature of all our major institutions, would not seem as insurmountable if white people believed themselves to be a people distinct from other races of people, with a common heritage that was worth preserving. Then they would work to stay in non-diverse communities and defend their own from governmental and barbarian encroachments. It wouldn't be an easy task; the enemy is maniacal and implacable, but an integral (as distinct from an integrated) white populace could prevail over the liberal and the colored barbarian. It all starts, the white counter revolution, with a deep and abiding love and respect for the people of antique Europe and the heritage they bequeathed to us.

3. It's all very high-minded I'm sure to say that we, as white people, respect all cultures and all religions, but such claims, which I hear ad nauseum from the white nationalists and the conservatives, are at best empty verbiage and at worst harmful to white people. All a white person can say about other non-white cultures is what Dickens said in his article on the "Noble Savage":

We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object, than for being cruel to a William Shakespeare or an Isaac Newton; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.

We certainly have no justification for being cruel to the lesser breeds without the law. But we have every justification for protecting ourselves against liberals and militant colored barbarians who do not believe in charity or tolerance.

There are two fallacies in the modern propaganda of tolerance, "you respect my culture and I'll respect yours." The first fallacy is what we have just articulated: liberals and black barbarians do not want to respect any culture other than their own, especially the white European culture. And the second fallacy is linked to the first: how can people who have no concept of charity or mercy, like the liberals and the black barbarians, have any respect for a people who want to maintain their link to Christian Europe where men revered the God of charity and mercy? The principle of "you respect my culture and I'll respect yours" can only be applied to differences between Christian European nations. – CWNy -- [The Heroic Temper](#)

The triune principles of democracy, non-violence, and tolerance are not the guiding principles of the Europeans. We are not democratic; the truths of our faith and the fate of our people shall not be determined by popular vote. Nor are we committed to non-violence in the face of evil. And lastly, we are intolerant of any faith or race other than our own, and we are intolerant of aggressive, militant barbarians of color who seek to impose their faith, which is really an absence of faith, on the European people.

How should we then live? If we are anti-democratic, violent when necessary, and intolerant and disrespectful toward colored barbarians and liberals, we will be keeping faith with our people and our God. And that is all that matters. +

Labels: blood faith, defense of the white race, false religion

That Which Endures

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 2012



Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

-Dylan Thomas

It's truly remarkable, and not in a good way, that not one of the remaining presidential candidates cares to bring up the only question that matters: Do the European people have the right to survive as a distinct people? If the answer to that question is 'yes', then the presidential candidates should outline their programs for the preservation of the European people, who one would have thought were at least as important a resource as natural gas or oil.

Since no candidate has brought up the most important issue, we must conclude that none of the candidates think the survival of the European people is an important issue. In fact, I would go further. I think all the presidential candidates subscribe to the proposition that the world will be a better place when there is no such thing as a European.

Because the Republican presidential candidates have already given their assent to the extermination of the white race, this upcoming election will not be an election, as some conservatives have suggested, to determine whether the United States will become a third world nation or remain a viable European-style nation. That determination has already been made: the United States will become a non-European third world nation. What the election will determine is just how fast the United States will move toward third world status. The Democrats and their little black idol favor Babylon Now, while the Republicans, with the exception of Gingrich, prefer a slightly slower movement toward third world Babylonian status. I will vote for any Republican other than Gingrich, but in doing so I have no illusion that I'll be voting for a man who wants to preserve the European people by ending all illegal immigration, restricting all legal immigration to whites only, and evicting all the colored people from the country. I'll be voting for a President who prefers to execute

his European prisoners in small groups at monthly intervals in contrast to his more impatient opponent who wants all Europeans shot at dawn.

The American political contests, in which every candidate tries to be inclusive and non-European, remind me of August Strindberg's play *The Dance of Death*. In that play Strindberg, who had the misfortune to marry a feminist, describes a marriage that has become hell because one partner in the marriage has decided to rewrite the laws of Christian marriage. The European, who was wedded to Christ, has become the female harpy depicted in Strindberg's play. God's merciful ordering of existence became unbearable to the European rationalist, and he plays the part of the shrewish female: "I will have my way and not God's way." Hence the dance of death, in which white, soulless puppets dance to the music with Satan playing the tune.

What would it take to make a European cut the strings binding him to Satan and walk away from the dance of death? It would take a sustained, passionate rage against the dying of the light. Dylan Thomas was speaking not only to his father but to all Europeans when he urged us to "Rage, rage against the dying of the light." But against whom should that rage be directed? And who will hear our passionate, enraged cry from the depths of our soul? Does the light still shineth in darkness? The European doesn't know. He doesn't know, because the rationalists of Church and academy have convinced the poor, bare, unaccommodated European that the outer crust of existence, the part of existence that can be put into a silver rod to be analyzed and discussed via the dialectic, is the whole of existence.

Faith does not exist on the surface of life, that outer crust that can be seen with the material eye. Faith exists only in the depths of the heart. A man must see life feelingly or he won't be a man. Europeans are entering the last phase of a hideous dance of death, because they have blinders on their hearts:

Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart. – Ephesians 4:18

If the European stays on the outer crust of existence with his inclusive democracy, fusionist Christianity, and racial Babylon, he will surely die. But if he sees life feelingly and rejects inclusive democracy, fusionist Christianity, and racial Babylon, he will walk away from the dance of death and start to rebuild Christian Europe in whatever blessed plot of land in Christendom that God gave him to love over all. If the European's love is like unto His love, and the European's passion is like unto His passion, he will prevail over all the forces of hell which now *seem* so invincible. Lest we forget, the true European, the European who sees with his heart, knows not "seems." The Hamlet analogy is apropos. Claudius was guilty of fratricide and regicide. And like Claudius, the modern rulers of Liberalism are guilty of fratricide and regicide: the fratricide of negro worship, which entails the sacrificial offering of your kith and kin to the black gods, and the regicide of democracy, which entails the murder of all Christian kings and the dethronement of Christ the King, is absolutely essential for the survival of Liberalism.¹ And the one thing necessary to ensure that fratricide and regicide remain the ruling principles of Liberalism is the institutionalization of superficiality. There must be no Hamlets, no men of depth, because it is in the depths of the human heart that a man finds the truth about God and man. Listen to Claudius's attempt to gloss over fratricide and regicide with platitudes:

*'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolence is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;*

*It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd: whose common theme
Is death of fathers, ...*

The liberals follow the same method as Claudius. They cloak their murderous intentions with high-sounding words: "Tis a fault to heaven if you are not inclusive," the halfway-house Christians tell us. "Tis a fault to nature if you don't worship the natural savage," the mad-dog liberals tell us. And we have heard the other banalities too: we are stubborn, unmanly, simple, and unschool'd -- the liberals must have been schooled by Claudius! But we should look past the platitudes, as Hamlet did, and see the evil that lurks behind the wall of platitudes. Yes, we are stubbornly committed to the God of old Europe rather than the black gods of the modern European. Yes, we are unschooled and simple enough to love our own people, and we are 'unmanly' enough to shed tears for the death of our people. But the liberal should take note: first we weep, then we fight. There shall be a reckoning:

*Hamlet. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?
Follow my mother! [King dies.*

We know against whom our rage should be directed -- against the liberals and the colored barbarians. They have one abiding passion, the hatred of the white European. And we know to whom we should go for aid in the last great fight of all. Dylan Thomas's prayer was a prayer to the unknown God; our prayer is to Christ the Lord.

When I went to college it seemed that every student in the dorm had the Henry David Thoreau poster: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." Every student fashioned himself a rebel stepping to the music of a different drummer, when in reality the students were one large herd of cattle, stepping to the same music, the music of modernity. The rulers of Liberaldom are the same as those students (in fact some of those students are the current rulers of Liberaldom); they fashion themselves as rebels against the status quo when in reality they are the status quo. The liberal rule of misrule is one big carny show. Behind the glittering lights of new, technological gizmos, and newer, better people -- better because they are not white -- is the grinning, hideous face of Satan.

The neo-pagan blames the Christian faith for the demise of the European. 'Tis not so; the rise of the European people stemmed from their faith in Christ. When the Europeans' passionate faith in Christ turned into moral theology, then the European people declined. When faith becomes a series of moral precepts, genuine faith dies. The moral theologians, pagan and Christian, never seemed to grasp the fact that a man must have his passions and his sentiments. Those who want to replace passion and sentiment with rationality must be judged, as Richard Weaver said, "the most subversive enemies of society and culture."

Christ didn't come to destroy man's passions; quite the contrary, He came to inflame men's passion for the things of the spirit. Illicit passions cannot be defeated by philosophy or moral precepts. A man's passion for all women can only be overcome by his passionate love for one woman. A man's lust for money and power can only be overcome by a passionate love for the God-Man, who bids us seek a Kingdom that is not of this world. And so it will always be; only passion can defeat passion.

The culture created by the European people was a miracle of grace. Their culture was not, as were the cultures of the people of color, created to give religious sanction to man's baser passions. The Europeans' culture, inspired by their passionate love for the Man of Sorrows, was based on the passions and sentiments that elevate a man, rather than debase him.

We come once again to the subject of these wars. The European people are hated because they were the Christ-bearing people. Even those who are willing to renounce their race are still suspect because they are the same color as the Europeans of old. And those of us who will not renounce the antique Europeans and their God? We are to be exterminated. But our hope lies in precisely that which the liberals order us to renounce. If we love the European hearth of our ancestors, where kith, kin and Christ were honored and loved, with a passionate intensity which passeth the understanding of the liberal and the colored barbarian, we will have the best hope of prevailing in the battle against principalities and powers. +

1. In a very revealing remark, France's President Sarkozy said recently that his country is a "regicide country" whose people "could, for the sake of a symbolic measure, overthrow the country." He's proud of it! It makes me want to rise and ride for God and King!

Labels: blood faith, passion grounded in His passion, politics

The Symbol and Substance of Europe

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 2012



“The sign o’ the cross – the spirit above the dust.” – Herman Melville

Edward James Corbett was a British hunter, conservationist and author. He was born (1875) and raised in British India, holding the rank of Colonel in the British Indian Army. Between the years 1907 and 1938, Corbett tracked down and killed 19 tigers and 14 leopards. But Corbett did not hunt for sport. He hunted man-killers. It is estimated that the man-killers Corbett disposed of had killed more than 1,200 men and women.

Corbett always hunted the man-killers alone and on foot, at great peril to his own life. The natives regarded him as a saint with mystic powers. But of course Corbett had no mystical powers; he was simply a white man whose Christian faith was bred in the bone. In later years Corbett wrote a book about his experiences (*Man-Eaters of Kumaon*) and tried to teach the natives of India how to preserve their wildlife. The man-killers never got Edward James Corbett; he died peacefully in bed in 1955 at age 79.

Without in any way trying to diminish Corbett’s remarkable achievements in India, I must assert that Corbett’s efforts on behalf of Indian natives (“the least of these my brethren”) were duplicated by white men in India, Africa, and all of the colored lands. Wherever white men set foot, there was charity and mercy where there had never been charity and mercy before. Corbett’s efforts only differed from other whites’ charitable efforts by virtue of the fact that Corbett’s work was acknowledged and appreciated by the natives. Most other whites were rewarded for their charitable work with hatred. And some, like the missionaries Edmund Hodgson and Elton Knauf, suffered torture and death at the hands of the natives for whom they had labored their entire lives.

In hindsight it appears to me that men like Corbett and Hodgson should have stayed in Europe and worked to defend Christendom from the heathens instead of trying to make heathens part of Christendom. But what we cannot say about the liberals, that their hearts were in the right place, we can say with certainty about whites like Corbett. Their hearts were in the right place. They tried to

convert the heathens of color. Their efforts were unsuccessful because of the colored peoples' hatred of the light, not because of any failing on their part.

Will I not concede any imperfections in the whites who lived and worked in the colored lands? No, I will not, because throughout Liberaldom there is a hue and cry against the whites who took up the white man's burden. I will not join the mob of liberal Jacobins. When taken for all in all -- and that is how human beings should be taken -- the white man's efforts on behalf of the colored heathens should be lauded to the skies, not condemned and covered with liberal scorn and derision.

The liberals present themselves as the light-givers. On a daily basis they shed light on the terrible racist past of the white men who ruined the Eden-like perfection of the colored lands. In print, television, and movie the white man is depicted as the great despoiler of the noble colored people. But is this unquestioned doctrine of the liberals true? Isn't there anyone left who can see that the liberal Emperor has no clothes on? The naked truth is this: Wherever the Christian European went -- China, Africa, India, and so on -- the colored heathens in those lands were shown there was something infinitely more sublime and beautiful to be found in Christianity than in their heathen faiths. What has happened since the white man left the colored lands? The natives have returned to their Egyptian night.

I wouldn't want to see the white imperial era return, not because the whites of that time period were evil -- far from it -- but because I don't think whites should waste their spiritual energy in a futile attempt to convert colored heathens to the light. Far better to keep the faith in your own corner of Europe and let the heathen who has the humility to do so learn by the example of the Christian Europeans. Still, what the antique Europeans did by going to the lands of the colored barbarians and trying to convert them was far better than what the modern Europeans have done: they have denounced Christianity and invited the colored people into the European lands so that they can worship them, always reserving the center of the church altar for the black gods.

And we must ask, "Is this what our ancestors fought for during the Christian era of Europe? Did Alfred fight so that his posterity could worship negroes? Did the great composers, writers, painters, and sculptors of Christian Europe work and labor so that colored barbarians could destroy the work of centuries in one moment? Everywhere we see Satan triumphant. He has placed black idols at the center of what used to be Christian Europe, and he has managed to turn Christian worship into negro worship. Such abominations will end when the Europeans' awake from their death-in-life existence. What would it take to awaken them? If God took flesh, dwelt among them, was crucified, died and was buried, and then rose again from the dead, would that revive the death-in-life Europeans? Yes, it would, and it shall. The neo-pagan is wrong to try to abandon the Cross. It is now and always shall be our hope, our strength, and our salvation. We need to strip all the theological blasphemies and anemic ethical systems away from the Cross. The Cross is a flame, a sword; it is the symbol and substance of Europe. By the Cross we conquer.

The liberal has pushed Satanism to its logical extreme: the worship of the negro and his culture and the demonization of the Christian European and his culture. It certainly would have been preferable to live in the 1950's and the early 1960's when white people still had a Christian hangover. But the evil was present then, couched in high-sounding words such as 'civil rights.' Now with the benefit of hindsight, we can see that the civil rights movement was the final nail in the coffin of Christian Europe. From that movement came women's rights, which means abortion rights, and diversity, which means the extermination of white people. Satan needed a sign of contradiction to be the focal point of his earthly reign. And the negro was chosen to be that sign of contradiction to Christian Europe. Christ cannot reign in a nation consecrated to the negro. And if the whole world is consecrated to the negro? Then the Son of Man will have no place to lay His head and all the earth will resemble our modern college campuses where lost souls wander in and out of houses of desolation.

In the not-to-distant past, when there were a few social conservatives left in the conservative ranks, American conservatives would debate whether America was polluting Europe or Europe was polluting America. When Obama was elected that question was answered. The Europeans are like unto the American Europeans, but the United States has earned the title of The Most Satanic Nation on earth. When the Ayatollah Khomeini called the U.S. the “Great Satan” he was correct, but he was correct for the wrong reason. The Ayatollah looked on the U.S. as the foremost nation of Christendom, which made the U.S., from the Ayatollah’s Muslim perspective, the Great Satan. In reality, the U.S. was and is the leader of the new anti-Christian states of Europe. The sooner the current rulers of this nation and their European puppets are dead and gone, the sooner we can rebuild Christendom, purged of the colored tribesmen and the mad-dog liberals.

It has been a heart-breaking experience for me to watch my children, who were raised in the Europe of Walter Scott, have to go out into the cities of desolation in an effort to make a living. I recently told one of those children, now an adult, that I was sorry I hadn’t managed to fix it so she never had to have anything to do with Liberalism. My daughter told me, “At least I know that Europe, and I’ll always carry the memory of it in my heart.” God bless her.

The death of Christian Europe is like the death of a loved one. The pain of their passing is only eased by the memory of their life here on earth and the hope of their resurrection to a better life. Of course the analogy isn’t a perfect one. All mortal men must die in the flesh so they can live eternally in the spirit; such is the will of God. But Christian Europe did not have to die; its death was not the will of God, but the will of the liberals and their master. And that is where our passionate hate should come into play. If we spend our whole life hating Satan’s Liberalism, hating it because we love His Europe, we will at least be able to say we kept faith with our people and our God.

As regards our daily existence the Christian hangover years were certainly better than this our modern age. During the hangover years, there was still a certain sense of modesty and decorum between the sexes, and ordinary kindness had not yet become the political entitlement of only one sainted race. But there is one great advantage for an antique European living in modern Liberalism. That one great advantage consists in this: The liberals have flown their colors. They have raised the flag of negro worship for all the world to see. Wherever that flag flies, we can strike home and know we strike an enemy.

I’ve been forced to observe the liberals at work and play for many years. And two pillars of liberalism stand out as the primary pillars of the liberal cathedral. Those two pillars are the church and the university. Every major university at one time was an adjunct of a Christian church. Now every church is an adjunct of the university. Such a reversal was inevitable once the church men unfettered reason from revelation and the human heart. If reason is all, why shouldn’t the academy, the citadel of unfettered reason, be all? But if reason is all why did the Christian churches’ only genuine theologian tell us that understanding comes from the heart and ignorance stems from the blindness of the heart? Academy and church keep the anti-European bonfire aflame and the flag of negro worship flying. At the onset I said that Edward James Corbett had no mystical powers, that he was just a white man whose Christianity was bred in the bone. That type of faith is far greater than any mystic mumbo-jumbo. The white man with such a faith will endure to the end. We must refuse to evolve, and stay with the bred in the bone faith of our ancestors who rejected the wisdom of the sages and placed their hope in the foolishness of The Cross. By the Cross we conquer. +

Labels: bred in the bone Christianity, Negro worship