

Cambria Will Not Yield
Volume 4: March 21, 2015 – February 2, 2013

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| Hallowed Be Thy Name - March 21, 2015..... | 3 |
| The European Fairy Tale - March 14, 2015..... | 5 |
| Thus Is Our Faith Tested - March 7, 2015 | 7 |
| The Last Battle - February 28, 2015..... | 9 |
| For God So Loved - February 21, 2015..... | 11 |
| The Outlaws of Europe - February 14, 2015 | 13 |
| The Miracle Culture of the European People - February 7, 2015 | 15 |
| Rejecting the Demonization of the White Race - January 31, 2015 | 18 |
| Sacred to the Memory Of - January 24, 2015..... | 20 |
| Where Two or Three Are Gathered Together - January 17, 2015..... | 23 |
| To the Extreme - January 10, 2015 | 25 |
| Born to Raise the Sons of Earth - January 3, 2015..... | 27 |
| Remembrances IV: God, the Devil, and Mau Mau - December 18, 2014 | 29 |
| The People of Christmas - December 13, 2014..... | 57 |
| A Covenant Renewed - December 6, 2014..... | 59 |
| True to Our Blood - November 29, 2014 | 61 |
| Through a Glass Darkly - November 22, 2014 | 63 |
| White Skins – White Souls - November 15, 2014..... | 65 |
| To Love Our Own - November 8, 2014 | 67 |
| The Day Is Ours - November 1, 2014 | 69 |
| The End of Multiculturalism - October 25, 2014 | 71 |
| At the Poetical Core of the White Man's Soul is the Cure for Ebola - October 18, 2014 | 73 |
| The Dark Night of Ebola and the Light of Europe - October 11, 2014..... | 75 |
| The Heroic Brood - October 4, 2014 | 76 |
| Returning to Our Home - September 27, 2014 | 78 |
| Why Europe Must Die So Liberalism Can Live - September 20, 2014 | 80 |
| They Serve Us Still - September 13, 2014 | 82 |
| Parasitical Ideologues - September 6, 2014..... | 84 |
| Who Shall Restore Europe? - August 30, 2014 | 86 |
| The Return - August 23, 2014 | 88 |
| It Begins at Home - August 16, 2014..... | 89 |
| Rights of Memory - August 9, 2014..... | 91 |
| As the Systems Fail, the Light of Europe Remains - August 2, 2014 | 93 |
| To Begin Again - July 26, 2014..... | 95 |
| The Cross - July 19, 2014 | 97 |
| Two Separate Worlds - July 12, 2014..... | 99 |
| Charity and Mercy Have One Name and It Is Not Mau Mau - July 5, 2014 | 101 |
| In Defiance of Augury - June 28, 2014 | 103 |
| Our European Hearth - June 21, 2014 | 105 |
| The Sweet Vale of Europe - June 14, 2014..... | 107 |
| Cross & Sword - June 7, 2014..... | 109 |
| Laying to Rest the Speculative European - May 31, 2014 | 111 |
| The Black Plague - May 24, 2014 | 113 |
| The Liberals' Kingdom of Malice - May 17, 2014 | 115 |
| The Sentinels of the Lord - May 10, 2014 | 116 |
| In the Name of All That is Holy - May 3, 2014 | 118 |
| The Return to Our Blood Faith - April 26, 2014..... | 120 |
| Easter - April 19, 2014..... | 123 |
| The Lay of the European Minstrel - April 12, 2014..... | 124 |
| The Christ Bearing People - April 5, 2014 | 126 |
| Beyond the Swelling Flood - March 29, 2014..... | 128 |
| From Out of the Depths - March 22, 2014..... | 130 |
| The Last Enemy - March 15, 2014 | 132 |
| The European Vision - March 8, 2014 | 134 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Turning Back the Tide of Color - March 1, 2014 | 137 |
| The Love That Never Falts - February 22, 2014..... | 139 |
| Hearts of Flesh - February 15, 2014 | 142 |
| The Rage That Stems from Charity - February 8, 2014 | 144 |
| Dismantling the Kingdom of Satan on Earth - February 1, 2014 | 146 |
| One Race, One Faith, One Shepherd - January 25, 2014 | 148 |
| Armed with Cruel Hate - January 18, 2014 | 150 |
| Confessions of a Stupid Man - January 11, 2014 | 152 |
| We Few - January 4, 2014 | 154 |
| Remembrances III: The Woman Who Loved Much - December 21, 2013 | 156 |
| The Little European Town of Bethlehem - December 14, 2013..... | 188 |
| Till the Ending of the World - December 7, 2013..... | 189 |
| The Warm, Beautiful Summer of Christian Europe - November 30, 2013..... | 191 |
| Our Race is Our People - November 23, 2013 | 193 |
| The Ancient Chivalry - November 16, 2013 | 195 |
| European Hearts that Still Live - November 9, 2013 | 197 |
| For Sympathy - November 2, 2013 | 199 |
| The Shadows of Hell - October 26, 2013..... | 201 |
| The European Side of the Great Gulf - October 19, 2013..... | 203 |
| The Evil That Men Do - October 12, 2013..... | 206 |
| The Resurrection of Europe - October 5, 2013..... | 208 |
| Passion and Honor - September 28, 2013 | 210 |
| Breaking Free of the Unholy Union - September 21, 2013 | 212 |
| Elegy at the Gravesite of Christian Europe - September 14, 2013..... | 215 |
| Resisting the Categorical Imperative - September 7, 2013..... | 217 |
| Of Soda Pop and Babylon - August 31, 2013..... | 220 |
| The Burning White Child - August 24, 2013..... | 222 |
| The Return to Our European Hearth Fire - August 17, 2013..... | 225 |
| The Shadow of the Cross - August 10, 2013..... | 227 |
| Europe's Man of Sorrows - August 3, 2013..... | 229 |
| The Liberals' War of Extermination - July 27, 2013 | 231 |
| The Better Part - July 20, 2013 | 233 |
| Clerical Devils - July 13, 2013..... | 236 |
| The Evening Mists of Europe - July 6, 2013 | 237 |
| The Return Home - June 29, 2013..... | 240 |
| Rivers of Blood - June 22, 2013..... | 242 |
| The European is the Opposed Principal - June 15, 2013 | 245 |
| The Return of the Heroic European - June 8, 2013 | 247 |
| The Devils in our Midst - June 1, 2013 | 249 |
| The Prejudiced European - May 25, 2013..... | 251 |
| The Blood Royal - May 18, 2013..... | 254 |
| Satanic Diversity – We Shall Not Bend Our Knees to Satan - May 11, 2013..... | 256 |
| Not of Their World - May 4, 2013 | 258 |
| Our Race is Our Home - April 27, 2013 | 260 |
| The People of Mercy - April 20, 2013..... | 263 |
| Nearer to Thee - April 13, 2013 | 265 |
| Why Do the Heathen Rage - April 6, 2013..... | 267 |
| And the Dead Shall Be Raised Incorruptible - March 30, 2013 | 269 |
| The People of My House - March 23, 2013..... | 271 |
| Eternal Constancy - March 16, 2013 | 273 |
| One People, One Lord - March 9, 2013..... | 276 |
| The Greatest of These - March 2, 2013 | 278 |
| The European Upper Pasture - February 23, 2013 | 280 |
| On Earth As It Is in Heaven - February 16, 2013 | 282 |
| Heart and Soul - February 9, 2013 | 284 |
| Mankind's Whole Tale - February 2, 2013..... | 287 |

Hallowed Be Thy Name - March 21, 2015

Abide with us, for it is toward evening and the day is far spent. –Luke 24: 29

The white people of Europe, if these shadows are not altered, are going to be exterminated by the Moslems they have allowed into their nations. I recently saw on the internet several black Moslems at some kind of Islamic demonstration in Britain, who are indicative of the plague enveloping Europe. They were holding up signs that read, “Your sons and daughters shall be Moslem.” And so they shall be if the Europeans refuse to fight back as a people. In South Africa, “Kill the Boers” has become a national mandate. And in the U.S.A., the most maniacally anti-white country in the world, negro worship has become a criminal absurdity. White students that chant anti-negro songs in private are punished with rigor and merciless swiftness while the rape and murder of whites not only goes unpunished, it is covered up by the liberals with malice aforethought.

When you look at all the satanic forces arrayed against white people, samizdat publications such as mine seem more futile than Don Quixote’s legendary tilting at windmills, but I liken such windmill tilting to prayer: It often seems futile and hopeless, but something inside of us tells us that it is not.

A YouTube video I saw the other day made me think of a passage from a John Buchan book that I read many years ago, called *Huntingtower*. Here is the passage:

Dickson groaned. What had become of his dream of idylls, his gentle bookish romance? Vanished before a reality which smacked horribly of crude melodrama and possibly of sordid crime. His gorge rose at the picture, but a thought troubled him. Perhaps all romance in its hour of happening was rough and ugly like this, and only shone rosy in retrospect. Was he being false to his deepest faith?

The video was called *Angry, White, and Proud* [no longer available – ed.], and despite the cynical commentator’s snide remarks and the crude language of the angry, white, and proud British nationalists depicted in the video, it was the stuff of romance. The men depicted had the makings of that within which is Christian and white, the stuff that European counter-revolutions are made on. They had three attributes that all of the other British nationalist groups, such as the BNP and the EDL, lack: They love and hate with all their hearts, they are not committed to non-violence, and they are Christian not neo-pagan (there was some skirmishing when neo-Nazis tried to join one of their demonstrations). Granted, they are hopelessly outnumbered, they are confused and leaderless, but they are the last men left in Britain. If anything good ever happens in Britain it will come from these men and others like them. When the largely white police force arrested the white nationalist protestors and not the Moslem jihadists during one of the white nationalists’ protest marches, it was worse than scandalous, it was criminal. The British police are the scum of the earth, committed to defending a liberal state hell bent on exterminating every white man, woman, and child in Britain. Claiming “I’m just doing my job” doesn’t excuse the crime. The white British policemen should join the white nationalists. But in order to do that, they would have to be heroes, willing to stand with the righteous few against the multitudinous legions of the wicked.

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.

When the government of a nation is not committed to conserving its people but is instead committed to exterminating them and replacing them with colored, heathen savages, all those who support such a government should be considered enemies. And they needs must be fought just as the colored heathens must be fought. Elections are useless when they are just elections to determine which liberal party shall preside over the extermination process. The white Britons depicted in the video have grasped that essential fact. Democratic governments are not the friends of white people.

Neither the Mau Maus nor the Moslems, who are often the same, are invincible. They see that white people of Europe are weak, so they do what colored heathens do to the weak: They rape and murder them. They are not going to stop raping and murdering whites until whites respond with force. This seems so obvious that it should not have to be stated, but until I saw that video, I had never heard of any white people who believed that whites had a right to defend themselves, in the full meaning of the word ‘defend,’ against the onslaught of the colored heathens. My daughter, who is passionately in love with old Europe and partial to her people, asked me if anything could really come of a small band of disenfranchised, outnumbered British patriots. I told her I didn’t expect to see immediate results, but I do think such white nationalist groups are tiny sparks of a romance that could eventually reconquer Britain for Christ and His people.

The obstacles to the reconquest of Europe are only insurmountable if we refuse to identify them as obstacles, thus leaving them forever blocking our path. The major obstacle in front of white, Christian Europeans is organized, Christless Christianity. The Christless Christian churches are against white people, because they are not true Christian churches. The church of Christ has never consisted of an organization of men with a theory about God. The true church consists of those who believe in and love the Son of God in and through their people. St. Paul sent his epistles to small groups of men and women who loved Christ; such groups have always constituted the Christian church. Those people who hate their brothers (the anti-white clergymen of organized Christianity) and say they love God are liars.

White Christians who love much, who want to fight for the people of their racial hearth fire, should expect to be condemned and hated by the white, post-Christian heathens who run the organized churches. This was all foretold to us by our Lord, who said that we would be hated by the world that first hated Him. It is passion the anti-European clerics are afraid of, the passion of European men and women who love and hate with all their hearts, because they are the one force on earth that can defeat organized Christian Jewry, negro-worshipping liberalism, and colored heathenism. When our passion is connected to His passion, miracles occur.

When I was a boy there was a white shop owner in my neighborhood who had been robbed repeatedly by black thugs. One day a black thug came in and gave the usual command: "Give me the money or I'll blow your ——— head off!" The owner seemed to comply, but instead of taking money from the cash register he took out a gun and shot and killed the black thug. That incident took place before the day when white self-defense was illegal, so the shop owner was not tried. And I should mention that no one ever attempted to rob that shop owner again. Every European is now in that shop owner's position prior to the self-defense shooting. The liberals, the Moslems, and the colored barbarians have told us by word and deed what they intend to do to us. White self-defense is not only permissible in such circumstances, it is laudable and necessary. We can't be as open about self-defense as the shop owner was, because the white race is now an outlawed race of people, but the first step in this battle, which only the heathens are fighting, is spiritual preparedness. We must realize that white people have a moral right and duty to defend themselves against the forces of evil that are arrayed against them. We don't want to see young white men, such as those British counter-revolutionaries, running out into the streets and gunning down Moslem murderers and liberal enablers. Such acts would be morally right, but they would be tactically unwise. Christian white men who are in the midst of the fray will pick their own time and find their own way to retaliate against the liberals and the colored heathens. The thing to remember is that the liberals and the colored heathens want to isolate white men from each other and their God and make white people feel the inevitability of the victory of liberalism (what the liberals hope for) or the victory of Islam (what the Moslems hope for), but neither victory is inevitable. A few whites with passion, acting in accord with each other and in union with Christ, can turn the tide of battle in favor of the European people.

In his Gulag books, Solzhenitsyn asks himself and his readers what would have happened if those Russians who were arrested by the KGB had not waited for the communist inquisitors to come for them one by one, but instead had joined together, armed themselves with whatever weapons they could lay their hands on, and fought back. He was not suggesting open warfare – the commies had the tanks and the army – but he was talking about violent resistance, midnight raids on communist officials, and sabotage. We are outlawed men, marked for death; it is right and necessary that we should fight for our survival.

Europeans should be practical and plan strategies that have some chance of success, but ultimately it is not for practical material gain that we fight. We fight to purge our souls of the accumulated filth of modernity. The theology of Christian atheism, allied with colored heathenism, has ruled the Western nations for too long. It is a sickness unto death. When we fight that theology from hell, we will reclaim our souls and quite possibly we will reclaim our European nations as well. But whether we win or lose in the material realm, we will be men with souls again. That is a victory that cannot be taken away from us. Who was the real victor in the conflict in the Sudan – Gordon or the Mahdi? And who ultimately triumphed in the American Civil War – Lee or Grant?

I have used the British nationalists as exemplars of a fighting European remnant, because I know of them and because I have a special love for "this earth, this realm, this England," and for the Britain of "Hail, Britannia," Walter Scott, and "Cambria Will Not Yield." But all white Europeans are in the same boat as the white British nationalists. We are a tiny white minority up against a majority coalition of liberals (post-Christian whites) and colored heathens (Moslems, blacks, Aztecs, Chinese, etc.) who, left to their own devices, will cannibalize each other but are united in their hatred of Christ and the white race.

Of all the white minorities it is the white South Africans who are suffering the most. They were the last whites to lose faith in their God and their people, but when their leaders lost faith the white South Africans were the first to feel the brunt of colored savagery since they had started out as a minority: The colored heathens did not have to slowly build up a majority coalition before moving against them. By all accounts it is over for the white South Africans, as it soon will be for the rest of us, if there is no divine intervention. Which brings us to Shakespeare's Prospero:

And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.

Is it true that every prayer offered “in Christ’s name” will be answered? Our faith tells us that such is the case, but only once in my life did I receive a dramatic answer to my prayers. That does not mean my prayers have not been answered. With the eyes of faith, I know that He has heard and answered my prayers, but the temporal eyes have not seen His answers. Is that the sign of a faith that is weak? Certainly, my faith is a trembling faith. I imagine that is the case with most of us: We feel, more frequently than we want to, the God-forsakenness of this world. But then there is the vision. I have seen the living God amongst the people of my racial hearth fire and only amongst those people. Perhaps that vision is the answer to all those prayers made in Jesus’ name, a vision that is given only to those who have circumcised their hearts and consecrated them to the God who comes to us in and through our people. Pray for South African whites, pray for all the white Europeans in their battle against all the powers of hell, pray in Christ’s name, Amen. +

The European Fairy Tale - March 14, 2015

“Who is that boy?” asked Mr. Newby, as the horse was led away.

“A green country boy with a pedigree,” said a low voice at his shoulder.

“Where does he come from?”

“Virginia,” said Colonel Ashland. “And his name is Theodoric Johnston. It’s bred in the bone.”

—Thomas Nelson Page

The Netanyahu visit brought out all the contending factions of Liberalism. The Evangelicals praised him because they believe in a strange new faith that is a mixture of Christianity, Judaism, and Nostradamus-like prophecies. The liberal conservatives love Netanyahu because they believe that he, like Superman, supports truth, justice, and the democratic way. The mad-dog liberals have a problem with Netanyahu: On the one hand they must support the Jews, who are part of the liberal coalition and still fill many of the top posts in Liberalism, but on the other hand the liberals know they must also support the Moslems, because all anti-Christian, and therefore anti-white, religious sects must be upheld. But American Jews are not all that concerned about Israel; the zealous support for Israel comes from the “conservatives” and the Evangelicals, which is a sure indication that the Evangelicals are not Christian and the conservatives are not conservative. The more perceptive, consistently radical liberals support the Moslem cause in Palestine, because they see the Moslems as the real anti-Western underdog. Likewise the neo-pagans and the right-wing Catholics support the Moslems over Israel, but for different reasons than the radicals.

The whole Netanyahu spectacle, like all modern, liberal extravaganzas, was hard to take, because one realizes when viewing such events that there will be no Christian European voice in the proceedings. Scott’s Ivanhoe, whose Christian faith was bred in the bone, knew how to protect his people from a militant, anti-Christian faith while still extending mercy and charity to those Jews who respected the ethos of the Christian faith, even if they didn’t believe in its tenets. Such a delicate balance is impossible in an either/or intellectual Christianity, but it is possible for those who believe, as St. Paul believed, that charity never faileth. From a practical standpoint, it seems that the Christian warrior who is obliged to fight under the constraints of Christian charity is at a disadvantage when fighting the Jew, the Moslem, and the colored tribesman, who do not practice charity and mercy. But our ancestors fought under such a disadvantage with more than moderate success. Of course, the Europeans have no choice in the matter. Win or lose, the Christ-bearing people must fight according to the code.

In right-wing circles, it is considered blasphemy to suggest that all problems cannot be resolved by the eradication of the Jews. But such a view is unhistorical. The Jews aided the Jacobins in the French Revolution, but it was lapsed Catholics, not the Jews, who led the charge against everything Christian and European. So it remains today: almost every radical organization has Jews at the forefront, but such organizations also contain lapsed Christians who would continue the anti-European work of those organizations if the Jews suddenly disappeared from the scene. Although most Jews are secularized (they no longer believe in the first five books of the Bible), they still retain an inbred abhorrence for all things stemming from incarnational, Christian Europe. For what is the essence of Judaism? It is a hatred for our incarnate Lord, which makes it particularly ironic that the most vehement enemies of the Jews are the neo-pagans, who deny the reality of the Incarnation, and the Roman Catholic traditionalists, who are uncomfortable with the main implication of the

Incarnation, namely that our Lord has a human heart. Such a God makes it difficult for those who like to hurl 'too much human respect' anathemas at their flocks.

The secularized Jew is the more consistent Jew: He sees that having broken his covenant with God by rejecting Christ there is no need to retain Moses and the prophets because they existed for one purpose, that is, to prepare the Jewish people for the coming of the Messiah. Why are there no more prophets? The Christian says there are no more prophets because He whom the prophets said would come has come. Reject Him and you have no faith; you have nothing except an instinctive hatred for those who do have faith.

The Orthodox Jew is a more subtle danger than the secularized Jew, because the intellectual Christians such as Peter Kreeft take all those who affirm God, such as Orthodox Jews and Moslems, and put them in the same ecumenical stew, neglecting the essential fact of our existence here on earth: We are all doomed to die and only one God can raise us up on the last day. All other faiths, save the one, will leave us in the dust. The Christian European is not helping his own people nor any of the heathen peoples by allowing the Christian faith and the Christ-bearing people to be blended with other faiths and other peoples.

Most of us in the Western world, with the exception of the neo-pagan and Catholic right, are tempted to side with the Jews over the Moslems. This is only natural, because many of us went to public schools with Jews, lived in the same neighborhoods as the Jews, and mixed with the Jews socially. This was not a good thing, but it was the reality for most of us. In contrast – obviously this is now changing – the Moslems were a people that someone of my generation only saw in desert movies. (1) If I had to choose between the Jews and the Moslems, I would certainly, because of my upbringing, choose the Jews, but we are not supposed to choose between two evils. The Christian European should cling to his own with hoops of steel and forsake the heathen faiths and the tribes of color. But now that the Christian faith is a philosophy and Christ no longer has a local habitation by the Europeans' racial hearth fire, the European people have gone whoring after new abstract faiths. The Evangelicals have created the aforementioned Judaic-Christian-Nostradamian faith, the conservatives have chosen democracy ("We must support Israel because it is a democracy"), the liberals have chosen negro worship... and on it goes. Our incarnational faith, our European hearth fire faith, has been left behind in the age of fairy tales and fables.

Judaism in its secularized and Orthodox form has remained the same over the years. So has Islam and the various tribal faiths of the colored peoples. It is the European peoples' Christian faith that has changed. The Europeans were the only people who stood in the presence of the living God. But they couldn't stand the light, so they sought to distance themselves from the living God by abstracting the Christian faith and blending it with the heathen faiths. The modern clergymen's obsession with racial blending is the result of their desire to escape from God's light and return to the Egyptian night of the heathens. They won't be welcome there. Is it really so terrible to follow in His train? Haven't we, the Europeans, by rejecting the burden of race and faith, a burden that becomes a source of grace when it is accepted, brought down every evil under the sun upon our heads? The one common denominator between all the European factions now choosing up sides in the Moslem and Jewish debacle is their rejection of their European heritage. And why have they done this? Is it because the old fairy tale seems too hard to believe? "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

There is no other. There is one Christ, and He is to be found in the midst of His people. Walter Scott was a rare poet, a poet who lived up to his vision of what a man should be. And what was his vision? He believed that the only true mystic vision came from the charity that never faileth, the charity learned at home, at our racial hearth fire. Likewise Scott's American heir, Thomas Nelson Page, the greatest writer on the American side of Europe: his happy endings did not stem from a man who couldn't see reality, they came from a man who could see reality. He saw the reality of a spiritual realm presided over by our Lord and kinsmen.

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. Still, when we have come so far together, it is necessary to go a little farther.

-*Red Rock* by Thomas Nelson Page

All of us need go no farther than our visionary ancestors, men like Walter Scott and Thomas Nelson Page, who believed that the highest wisdom was contained in the ever-ancient and ever-new fairy tale faith of the European people. What good is an intellectual faith if our hearts wither and die? White women abort and white men let them abort, because of the clerical abortion of the white race from the Christian faith. Save the mother and abort the child is a devilish ploy of the liberals. You save both mother and child, because the mother's heart will die without the child. So it is with the Europeans: separate the European people from bred-in-the-bone Christianity, and a living faith becomes the dead philosophy of a soulless people.

When I was a young man, I used to go to the local mall with some prolife groups to pass out anti-abortion literature. We had good intentions, but I came to realize that we, the proliferers, were operating under a false premise when we passed out information designed to show that the baby in the womb was a human baby; we were assuming that the abortion plague was just a result of a lack of knowledge. We thought that once we got the information out, all would be well. But legalized abortion is the result of a deficiency of the heart. People know the baby in the womb is a human being, but they have hardened their hearts against God and His Creation, and they are willing to kill in order to defy God.

Islam, Judaism, negro-worshipping liberalism and all the other satanic faiths that are resurfacing to fill the spiritual void in the formerly Christian lands of Europe will lose their power if the European people regain their heartfelt faith in their people and their God. The first Christian Europeans bent their knees to Christ and rose up free men, willing and able to conquer the world for Christ. The shriveled up men and women of modern Europe are cringing, crawling creatures, afraid of offending the heathen gods of multiculturalism. Let us kiss the hilt of our swords, bend our knees to Christ, and once again rise up as free men, loving and hating with all our hearts. +

(1) The old mantra used to be: It doesn't matter whether you are black or white, Jew or Christian, so long as you are an American. The new mantra is: It doesn't matter if you are black or white, Christian, Jew, or Moslem, so long as you are an American. But what is the moral essence of such a melting pot? There is no moral essence; hence, there is no nation. Our anti-nation, like the multi-cultural anti-nations of Europe, is a collection of warring tribes united in one thing: their hatred of the white race.

Thus Is Our Faith Tested - March 7, 2015

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...

Sure we are that a fire that would consume all the theological and other philosophical speculations of the last two centuries would be a happy Godsend.

—George Fitzhugh *Cannibals All! Or Slaves Without Masters*

Al Sharpton – we'll dispense with his title – has been handed a bully pulpit on a major news station and direct access to the President. And every time a white public figure makes what is deemed a racial slur, that public figure must go and genuflect before Al Sharpton. So it would not be an exaggeration to conclude that the moral essence of the anti-nation called the United States of America is Al Sharpton. And what has our nation's Moral Essence been pontificating about this week? Sharpton wants the Federal government to rescind the right of self-defense when the perpetrator of a crime is black and the victim is white. That a white man has no right of self-defense against colored savages is currently the unwritten law of the United States, but occasionally, as was the case in Ferguson, Missouri, a potential white victim fights back, and a jury, following the antiquated law of self-defense, acquits the white defendant. This won't do. White people must never defend themselves against black savages. White self-defense is a sin that cries out to the Federal government (the liberals' equivalent of heaven) for vengeance. The white man must submit to the will of his gods. Even if they slay him, still must he trust in them.

I would prefer that the unwritten rule not become a written law, because a few whites have escaped liberal "justice" under the unwritten "no white must defend himself" law, but whether the Al Sharpton law is adopted or not will not change the ruling ethos of our land: The white man must do nothing to stop black aggression against whites. The codicil to that law is that the white man must not defend himself against any non-white race or any non-Christian religious sect.

All anti-white and anti-Christian laws are adhered to in Europe as well as in the United States. There is no white nation not committed to the extermination of all things white and Christian. This liberal commitment to Satanism results in

criminal absurdities. For instance, white liberals claim to have discovered the fact that rape is a terrible crime. We are harangued with all sorts of educational programs that are designed to “sensitize” males to the problem of rape. And the definition of rape has become so broad that no male is innocent; we are all rapists now. But wait – that statement must be modified – all white males are guilty of rape. As the Scandinavian countries become rape havens for Third World savages, and the United States follows in their train, the liberals stay focused on white kindergarten boys who pull girls’ hair on the playground, while they ignore the Muslim, Hindu, Oriental and negroid tribesmen who look on the rape of white women as their right. The same principle is applied to street crime. It is bad when whites shoot black thugs, but it is “no big deal” when black Mau Maus torture, rape, and murder white people. One need not have the acumen of Sherlock Holmes to see the pattern that emerges. Every act of violence that serves the savage hordes of color and the anti-Christian faiths is a good act of violence, and any effort of white people to prevent the murder and rape of white people, or to punish those who murder and rape white people, is a reprehensible act.

Should white people submit to their own extermination? Should they go quietly into the Babylonian night or should they rage against the dying of the light? We know the answer to that question. On every front, the answer is yes, the white man should go quietly into the Babylonian night. The liberals tell us we must self-destruct, because the white race is evil and not fit to live in the brave, new Babylonian world. The conservatives in church and state, the great intellectuals, tell us that the whole notion of white people with white souls distinct from other people of color is nonsense; there is no such thing as race. There are just generic, interchangeable people who are cogs in the mechanistic systems of the philosophical speculators: “My philosophy and existence are one. There are no racial hearth fires in my philosophy, ergo, there is no such thing as white people.” And by extension: “Since there is no such thing as white people, there is no such thing as white genocide.” Isn’t that comforting? And you thought white genocide was a real problem. The next time you feel that way, take two strong doses of philosophical speculation and call your local clergyman in the morning.

Whites have been fed the doctrine of passivity in the face of colored savagery with their mother’s milk. On the one hand, white people are evil; therefore, they must do penance and serve the negro, but when the colored races do evil, it is not really evil, because there is no evil in the colored races; that is a mirage, a white racist mirage. And the ribbon that ties the neat little anti-white box together is the doctrine of white non-existence. Whites can’t fight white genocide, because there is no such thing, in the spiritual realm, as white people. It always comes back to the separation of nature from spirit. Are we quickening spirits or are we the walking dead, mere creatures of nature? Race and faith are interrelated, just as spirit and nature are interrelated. As we lose our consciousness of the distinctness of the Christian faith, how it differs from all of the other nature religions, we also lose our consciousness of the distinctness of the white race. Philosophy demands that we stay on the natural plane, on the surface of existence. But what if truth exists below the surface of existence? “There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies.” So long as the white man resists that essential truth, he will remain a passive recipient of the evil that blacks do.

Herbert Butterfield, one of the few great historians, tells us that a true historian must really want to discover the truth about the historical period and/or person he is studying. That type of historian uses primary sources, secondary sources, and his reason, and then he binds all those factors together with intuition and comes up with what he feels is an accurate history. The bad historian proceeds on a different path than Butterfield. He starts out with an a priori assumption about a particular historical subject, and then he only looks for evidence that supports his a priori assumption. The modern, anti-white, anti-Christian liberal has taken the bad historian’s approach. He looks at Christian Europe with just the eye of reason, or else he only looks at secondary sources from outside of Europe that do not tell an accurate, integral story of the Europeans’ history. The end result of the acceptance of the liberals’ bad history is the isolation of the modern European from his past and the God that resided there.

The liberal rejects Christianity because he claims European Christianity was evil. The conservative accepts the liberals’ view of antique Europe, but his response is different. He rejects the European people, but he keeps Christianity by maintaining that the Christian faith is not an incarnate faith passed on from one generation to the next by the people who loved Christ. Instead, the faith is a philosophy that great thinkers have passed on from one generation of great thinkers to another. It is easier to defend one or two theologians than an entire people. But if Christ cannot be known through a sympathetic attachment to and love for the people who loved Him, how can He be known? That other way, the way of philosophical speculation, seems simpler, but it leads to the house of desolation, not to His Kingdom come.

The common ground of all the organized churches, conservative and liberal, is their faith in intellectual Christianity. Each sect believes they can win in the open market of speculative theology. They all are emperors without any clothes, and they have left their adherents naked to their enemies, who are the liberals and the savage hordes of color. The Pauline Christianity of the antique Europeans has been thrown into the dustbins of organized Christianity, but that faith is the only restorative for white people. St. Paul did not try to define Christ, he bore witness to Him. St. Paul’s charity that never faileth and Burke’s charity of honor point us to one faith and one people that must be defended. If 300 pagan Spartans could hold the pass until the Athenians stopped debating and speculating, can’t we, the remnant band of Christian

Europeans who have rejected intellectual Christianity, hold the pass until our modern white Athenians finally decide to fight?

Al Sharpton's speech marks a new stage in the war against the white race. What was implicit is now explicit. The white race must be destroyed. The liberals will never oppose any force on earth that is anti-white and anti-Christian. They only hesitate when two anti-European forces collide, as in the case of Islam and Judaism. It's significant that in such cases white Europeans are merely cast in the role of supporters. The conservative liberals and the moderate liberals support Israel while the more radical liberals and the neo-pagans support the Muslims. But the significant factor is that the white Europeans have no cause of their own, because they do not exist as a people. They have become what the church men wanted them to become: disembodied minds without souls.

Anthony Jacob correctly diagnosed the fatal weakness of the good Europeans in his book *White Man, Think Again!*:

It was the very trustfulness of the Kenyans which was employed as the means of betraying them: their Anglo-Saxon fair-mindedness which was employed as the means of overthrowing them. Above all, they consented to their own execution because their minds had been focussed on the Blacks instead of on their own White standing. The White tribe in Kenya could not have been dispossessed and expelled if it had not first been persuaded to surrender 'some' of its power, and to work for the benefit of the Black tribes instead of for its own benefit. The Blacks had to 'evolve', they were told; and they did not realise that all this meant was that the racial tables had to be turned and the Whites had to retrogress. Did they not think it morally imperative, they were asked, that they should do their utmost to help their black charges advance? And of course they agreed it was; for had they not since early childhood donated pennies and knitted garments for the poor naked peoples of benighted Africa? But if the question had been framed differently, and properly; if the question had been: 'Are you going to make a sacrifice of yourselves and your children for the sake of the myth of Black advancement?', then their reaction would have been quite different as well.

I saw this process at work in my own family. My grandfather was staunchly white in faith and ethos. He duly gave money to feed starving Africans, because his clergyman told him to do so and because he was a charitable man. But my grandfather never thought darkies should be placed on an equal footing with whites. He told me, approvingly, of his grandfather (I repeat myself with this story, but I claim an old man's privilege to tell the same story over and over again) who was a veteran of the Civil War on the Union side. The grizzled veteran, who lived into his mid-nineties, told my grandfather that he would never have gone to war had he known it was a war to put blacks on an equal footing with whites. "They told me it was to save the Union." The French Revolution in Haiti was the beginning, on a large scale, of the white liberal's betrayal of his own people, and our un-Civil War was the next stage in that process. The deification of the negro in the 20th century was the beginning of the final stage. My father was part of the familiar pattern of white decline. He loved his father, but he denounced his prejudice. Why did my father denounce his father's prejudice? Because my father trusted church and state. And all the King's horses, and all the King's men in church and state put their moral stamp of approval on the new intellectual Christianity that had no place for white souls with a thirst for the living God. I hope that family decline, the decline of white prejudice in favor of one's own people over the colored barbarian, stops with me. Then my children will have something to pass on to their children besides a second-hand faith in the sacred negro.

When a black god can openly declare that all white resistance to the torture, rape, and murder of white people must come to an end, we know that we are in a new, bloodier, more desperate stage of the extermination process. No white who has crossed the line from a first-hand faith in his people and their God to a second-hand faith in intellectual Christianity will be able to resist the extermination of the white race, for the simple reason that the second-hand white man does not believe there is such a thing as the white race. The defense of the white race will depend on the few — all great defenses depend on just a few — white men who have not crossed over the line from His eternal Europe to Babylonian Europe. Wherever that line is drawn, no matter how few defend it, that battle line is Europe. In the old Welsh battle hymn, I hear our Savior's command: "Stand and never yield." +

The Last Battle - February 28, 2015

And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army. And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. And the remnant were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth: and all the fowls were filled with their flesh. — Revelations 19:19-21

February, which has been decreed black history month, is the liberals' Christmas. We are supposed to reverence our black gods during every month of the year, but during the month of February we are enjoined to be extra solemn and reverent and to reflect on the great blessings that the black gods have given us. It sounds quite ridiculous when stated so bluntly, but that is the essence of the liberals' faith. They worship the negro.

Just as it was once a given that the Christ story was at the center of Western civilization, it is now a given that the negro is at the center of Western civilization. Every official in church and state is judged according to how well he serves the colored races, particularly the negro. The conservatives might demur and say that they do not worship the negro as the liberals do, but they differ in degree, not in kind. The conservatives are quite willing to jettison white people and place negroes, Mexicans, and Chinamen in their systems. It's true that they worship their systems more than blacks, but they dream of a better, more compliant people of color who will live in some kind of conservative utopia, whether it is democratic capitalist or democratic Christian. But the given is always that the rise of the negro and the demise of the white man is a blessing.

It is necessary that we challenge the bedrock faith of the mad dog liberals and the conservative liberals. Why should the colorization of the European nations be considered a blessing? It is only a blessing if rape, torture, and murder are blessings. Why should white Europeans suffer the presence of a single black in a European nation? Is it because it is the Christian thing to do? It most certainly is not. To allow one's own people to be cannibalized by black savages has never been the mark of a Christian European, but it is the mark of the Christ-haters who run the modern organized churches.

Church and Academy have been sacred cows in the European countries for 1500 years and more. Those institutions were sacred because of what they represented. The churches were the guardians of Christianity, and the Academies were the custodians of the culture that stemmed from a belief in the Christian faith. When the churches no longer guard the Christian faith and the Academy becomes the vanguard of a new satanic faith, should they remain sacred cows? Every major university was initially founded by a Christian sect. But the universities gradually became independent, militantly anti-Christian, anti-European institutions, and the churches became mere adjuncts of the Academy. On a weekly basis John Paul II used to meet with a panel of experts from every academic discipline. What kind of faith emerges from that kind of alliance? A faith in which Christ is relegated to the status of a social worker, the negro is deified, and the white man is demonized. That is the type of faith that emerges from the union of Church and Academy.

Conservatism can never be the mere preservation of the furniture of church and state. Such exteriorism does not conserve, it destroys. It is the spirit of our people that must be preserved, not their furniture. An old chair of my father's only has significance to me because of what it represents, the spirit above the dust, or in that instance, the spirit above the furniture. As far back as we can remember, to our great, great grandsires' time and beyond, good Christians went to church, and boys and girls who wanted to be learned went to school. That process no longer works: our churches are not Christian and our schools do not make us wise. If the European people had not been spiritually neutered from attending churches and schools, they would be able to see Church and Academy for what they are: citadels of Satan. Black, white, yellow, and brown people all learn to hate white people and the Christian God at those twin pillars of Liberalism. The colored races have a built-in antipathy for the white race, but that natural antipathy increases tenfold when they are educated at Western universities or attend Christian seminaries. Jomo Kenyatta, the Mau Mau chieftain, was educated at Cambridge University, and Martin Luther King Jr. went to Boston University. And the list goes on and on. Church and Academy must be destroyed before the white man can begin to reclaim his own again.

When I was young I was very fond of the Norse mythology. I didn't dislike the Greek myths, but I was particularly drawn to the story of Odin and his last great battle, the Day of Ragnarök, against the forces of evil. During that battle we get a sense that the last battle is not the last battle, that somehow the nobility and bravery of Odin and his fellow warriors will give his people a rebirth; they will reclaim a world renewed by the sacrifice of Odin and his kinsmen. Am I alone in seeing more genuine Christianity in Odin and his people than I see in the modern intellectual Christians? While lacking the whole vision, the men of the pre-Christian North seemed to have intuited in their blood the divine miracle that was to come: a brave, noble Hero, who was a God and a man, coming to destroy the devil and his minions. They couldn't quite put a name to the Hero-God, but they knew, in the deepest regions of their soul, that He was coming. And when He did come, the Norsemen were ready to accept Him, because they had done the necessary work: they believed in kinship and fidelity to their racial hearth fire.

The great error, the heretical error that the church men rammed down the Europeans' throats, was that the followers of Christ had to lessen their ties to their kinsmen and abandon their ties to the people of their racial hearth fire in order to become fit for a universalist religion. That pernicious doctrine, the doctrine of intellectual Christianity, is diametrically opposed to the Christian faith. Christianity is a religion of depth; only those men and women who have learned to love much at their familial and racial hearth fires can come to know and love the Son of God. The intellectual Christianity of the church men tells Christians to kill their hearts so that they can know God. For centuries the Christian faithful resisted the satanic temptations of intellectual Christianity, but once they succumbed to the relentless pressure from the twin pillars of Satan the consequences were staggering. Wars became cold-blooded democratic affairs, babies in the womb became collateral damage, and the love and defense of one's own kith and kin became mortal sin. We need Christian Goths who love and hate with all their hearts, and we need them very badly. That which is opposed to Christ's reign of charity – and

Church and Academy are opposed to His reign of charity – must be fought to the death, just as Odin fought against the devil and his minions in the last battle.

In my late twenties, I had a chance meeting with an old classmate whom I had not seen since high school. Unlike myself and most of my other classmates, Bob had always known what he wanted to do with his life. He wanted to go to college and then enter a seminary to prepare for the ministry. I remembered Bob's plans and asked him if he was now a minister. He laughed and told me his story, which is the story of the modern Europeans. Bob majored in religion in college, and there he studied Christianity along with all the other religions. Bob's studies led him to conclude that Christianity was not the one true faith, it was just one more 'dying and rebirth' religion, significant only because it emphasized man's yearning for some transcendent being, etc. Every student of Religion 101 has heard that blather. I differed with Bob, because my own experience was quite the opposite from his; the study of other religions had made me appreciate the uniqueness of the Christian faith. But Bob, like the dwarfs in C. S. Lewis's seventh volume of the Narnia Chronicles, *The Last Battle*, was not going to be fooled again.

I have had many years to reflect on Bob's loss of faith and the loss of faith of all the other Europeans like Bob. And I think it comes to this: I did not study Christianity; I saw Christ's image in the people who loved Him, the first apostles such as St. John and St. Paul, and then in the collective face of the European people as depicted by the bards of Europe. That bardic road, the road less traveled upon in the 20th century, is the road we need to travel in order to see Christ above and beyond the nature religions. When we study Christ, we lose Him, but when we listen to our people, gathered around our racial hearth fire, telling us stories about Him and His people, we come to love Him. King Lear is a Christ story, Scott's Ivanhoe is a Christ story, the lives of our people, when they were a people, was and is the Christ story.

The lonesome road in the old hymn is the road of intellectual pride. The devil was persistent, just as Delilah was persistent, and he eventually convinced the European to go down the lonesome road. Now his intellectual pride makes him too proud to bend his knee to Christ but not too proud to bow down to the negro gods and support all religions except the one true religion. Is this an ascent? Church and Academy tell us that it is. But Church and Academy are the twin pillars of Satan, so why should we listen to them?

In the church histories written by the intellectual Christians, one looks in vain for Christ the Savior who fights with His people against the forces of evil. Instead we are told of a God who came down to earth to give His blessing to a system, derived from Judaic and Roman laws, and then went back to some remote heaven where He waits for an intellectual elite to come and discuss things with Him in the manner of the virtuous pagans in Dante's first circle of hell. Christ is so much more than a Socratic Buddha. He is our Lord, He is our kinsman, not in the flesh that perishes but in the spiritual flesh that never perishes. The same spirit of kinship that binds us to the people of our own race binds us to our Lord. Where there are no familial and racial ties, there is no connection to Christ who comes to men through such ties, not by way of a philosophy or a religious system. Negroes are worshipped instead of Christ because white men have followed the commandments of Church and Academy: Thou shalt have no Savior but the negro, and thou shalt have no racial or familial hearth fire.

Every February I try to do something that is in contradiction to black history month. Last year I reread Anthony Jacob's book *White Man, Think Again!* This year I listened to Christmas carols every day during the month of February. The old Christmas carols are in direct contrast to the type of theology that spawns negro worship. They tell us of a Savior who is also an intimate friend; He rules over our racial hearth fire, but He also resides with us there. He is the God and comrade that Odin longed for, the True God and true kinsman that gave us second birth. That little house on the river was all that Ratty wanted or needed. Our racial hearth fire presided over by our Lord and Kinsman is our equivalent of Ratty's home on the river, the European river. When the European walks away from Church and Academy and returns to his European home, he will be a man again. And he will be ready for the last battle whenever his Lord and Kinsman calls on him. +

For God So Loved - February 21, 2015

One grave to me was given—
To guard till Judgment Day—
But God looked down from Heaven
And rolled the Stone away!

One day of all my years—
One hour of that one day—
His Angel saw my tears
And rolled the stone away!

-Rudyard Kipling

In the past year I've read several liberal attacks on my hero, Walt Disney, and on the film director, Alfred Hitchcock. And it struck me, when reading the attackers, that it is indeed true that, "The children of this world, are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The liberals seem to have an unerring instinct that helps them to know their enemies. And their enemies are the men and women whose view of existence conflicts with liberalism. In Disney's case — he is the Hans Christian Anderson of the 20th century — it is his moral imagination, rooted in the life blood of the antique Europeans that fuels the liberals' attacks on him. Disney's Christian view of existence is incompatible with liberalism; therefore, Disney is racist and sexist. So it is written in Liberaldom and so it shall be.

Hitchcock's films have a darker tint than Disney's; he dwells much more in the dungeons of the human heart than Disney. But what the liberals hate about Hitchcock (they camouflage their hatred with accusations of sexism, which makes it completely legitimate to demonize him) is his belief in original sin. In picture after picture, Hitchcock tells us that men and women are terribly, sinfully flawed, and their sinfulness has nothing to do with social conditions; hence, they can't be redeemed by denouncing racism and becoming liberals. They need redemption from some power that is more than nature. In his best films, Hitchcock makes it clear who that power is. His films are an antidote to the Marxist, liberal, Grapes-of-Wrath view of existence. Which is why Hitchcock, along with Walt Disney and the older Westerns, were hated by the communists. The children of this world are wiser than the children of light; they know who they must demonize.

Why are the children of this world wiser than the children of light? If we look to the dramatic arts, we can extract a clue to that puzzle. Actors always tell us that it is much easier to play a villainous character than a virtuous one, because villains, who might be subtle in their villainy, are not complex in character. They pursue their evil intentions with a single-minded intensity, while the man of virtue is often confused and uncertain, like Edgar in *King Lear*, "who is so far from doing harms that he suspects none." Is that not the merely virtuous man's great flaw, that he cannot recognize evil?

The children of this world, the liberals, the Moslems, the Jews, and the colored tribesmen, are in the ascendancy, while the white Europeans are in suspended animation, because the evil that men do requires only a sick, distorted mind connected to Satan, while the good that men should do requires a heart connected to the Son of God. Satan has always sought to block those channels of grace that flow from God to the hearts of men, so that men will hear only Satan's voice in their distorted minds. God's grace is more complex than Satan's persistent urging, but Europeans once prevailed over Satan, not through thinking, but through vision, the vision of men and women with hearts of flesh connected to His sacred Heart.

In the Garden of Eden, Satan got Adam and Eve to look on God as the end product of a syllogism. To eat or not to eat the apple became a problem in philosophy rather than a commandment from a loving, benevolent God. When man seeks to know God with the mind alone, he will always end up doing Satan's will, not God's. "Yet what can I give Him, give Him my heart," shall always be the bred-in-the-bone wisdom that defeats the mind-forged, satanically-inspired ideologies of the children of this world.

It seems unfair, from a purely intellectual viewpoint, that God should allow a demonic being, vastly superior in intelligence to humans, to prowl about the world seeking the ruin of souls. The Grand Inquisitor in Dostoyevsky's novel *The Brothers Karamazov* certainly thought God was unfair ("He thought too much of men"), so he decided to eliminate Christ and replace Him with a man-made Church of Christ without Christ. Did the Grand Inquisitor and all his heirs, the managerial conservatives in church and state, get it right? Are think tanks and systems that come from the minds of the best and the brightest more efficient and practical than a circumcised heart? It seems to me that the Inquisitors are wrong. Mere virtue, derived from an intellectual commitment to the good, will always finish second best to Satan and his minions, who are armed with one truth: "We must destroy what we hate, and what we hate is Christian Europeans." The virtuous conservatives are focused on affirming an abstract good, which they are always in the process of defining and are never totally sure what it is. So while the men of "virtue" debate the truth, the liberals and the colored hordes act on their truth: "White Christians and their culture must be destroyed."

The "unfair" battle that the white man seems destined to lose does not have to be lost. It is only lost so long as the white man believes that all of life is lived second-hand through the intellect. The antique Europeans did not believe in a second-hand life:

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

The tragedy of the Cross was first-hand: our Savior died for His people so that our personal tragedies could be redeemed and turned into personal triumphs. Melville cried out from the depths of despair, "Is all this striving in vain?" No, it is not

if we stay true to the bardic Europeans who lived life first-hand. In storybook Europe, which is the real Europe, white people loved and hated with all their hearts. They loved God and hated Satan and his minions. “What can I give him, give Him my heart,” is the bardic European’s clarion call from out of the dark night of Europe. It will, if acted upon, be the equivalent of Gideon’s trumpet that shall bring down Liberalism and turn back the blood red tide of the colored barbarians.

The European is currently acted upon by the liberals and the colored heathens. He does not take action against the liberals and the colored heathens, because he has only a second-hand faith. He can’t see a vision of Christ in his heart, and say, “This is truth.” Instead he turns the vision into a Socratic dialogue and in doing so turns himself into a second-hand human being. He will remain so until he stops believing Satan’s lie that disembodied thought, not Christ, is the Alpha and Omega of human existence.

The intellectual Christian tries to attach himself to virtue, but it is a virtue incapable of seeing evil and of passionately defending the good, whereas the liberal attaches himself to an inverted Christianity that is the complete antithesis of Christianity. Both faiths are second-hand, but the liberal’s intellectual faith is connected to Satan so he has the support of the angelic demon, while the intellectual Christian has only the support of his own intellect. Hence the liberal has the clarity of satanic hate and will never renounce an anti-Christian religion such as Islam, while the intellectual Christian has a mish-mosh, muddled faith that makes him unable to identify evil and support the good. He sees no evil in Islam as Islam; there are only bad Moslems. And conversely he sees nothing good in the white race as a race; white people are road blocks in the way of his abstract Christian utopia.

The moment the white man realizes that tragedy is first-hand, that he has a people whose lives matter, the reconquest of Europe will begin. Yeats was right when he said that the best lacked all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity. But he knew this because he was one of those who lacked all conviction. He sought to return to pagan Ireland in order to escape from a second-hand life of the intellect. Can a European still be a man if he is not a Christian? I do not think he can; the European can never return to paganism without destroying something within that makes him an integral man. But a European becomes something worse than a pagan if he is only an intellectual Christian. What is an intellectual Christian? An intellectual Christian is Pope John tendering his “loving forgiveness” to the black savages who raped, tortured, and murdered his people. It is John Paul II condemning abortion with one breath and then praising feminism with the next breath. It is all the white “Christians” who talk about “ecumenical jihads” and the dangers of a white, Euro-centered Christianity. If intellectual Christianity is the only Christianity, then Christ be not risen, because intellectual Christianity is a false, man-made faith.

Off this modern stage, which belongs to Satan, our people lived life first-hand. They saw life as a tragedy that was redeemed by a God who did not conquer by virtue of a Gnostic philosophy or by a detached oriental mysticism, but by the strength of His love, a divinely human love that brought Him to the Cross. What a vision our people bequeathed to us, to live, love, and die in the benevolent shadow of the Cross! But as time passed, the shadow of the Cross became something sinister to the European people. They fled from it and took refuge in an intellectual Christianity that left them defenseless against the wickedness and snares of the devil. We cannot make such people our visionary companions. They would have us blend Christ with other faiths such as Judaism, Islam, negro-worshipping liberalism. Europeans with hearts of fire do not need such false pagan faiths. They seek the God of the European hearth fire. Our people wait for us there. Their faith is our faith; it is a faith that gives us the strength and the wisdom to defeat the children of this world.

I don’t know that the modern Europeans will avail themselves of the vision of their ancestors, but if they do, things that now seem impossible, such as a white Christian Europe, will become a reality. The pride of intellect, which kills the vision of the heart, is the hurdle that the European must overcome. But if he does overcome it then – “Ah, what larks!” If you tell me that such marvelous transformations only occur in storybooks, I will agree with you. But old Europe was storybook Europe, not because it was utopia, but because He was truly incarnate in old Europe. The antique Europeans saw Christ through a glass darkly. The liberal has joined with the intellectual Christian to heap burning coals on storybook Europe, but what is their vision compared to the antique Europeans vision? All I see in Liberalism is darkness. Abortion is legal, Islam is on the march, and the black savage has been deified. Intellectual Christianity has only aided Satan’s merciless onslaught; it has done nothing to stop it, because there is no heart, no soul, no vision in intellectual Christianity. At the hour of our death and at the hour of our civilization’s death, we need a miracle. Neither liberalism, intellectual Christianity, nor the nature religions can provide one. Our visionary companions, the antique Europeans, bore witness to the God of miracles. Storybook Europe is rooted in His Kingdom come. If we remain faithful unto death to that Europe, we will see miracles occur once again – “And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou has loved me may be in them, and I in them.” +

We declare war upon all of those thieves, robbers, extortioners and men evil whom we find among the nobles, the clergy, and burgesses of town – in particular those who follow or accompany Prince John; false abbots, monks, bishops and archbishops, whom we will beat and bind like sheaves of corn... Then, in that wild and lonely glade, while the owls screamed over the dark forest, and an occasional wolf howled in the distance, they all knelt down together and swore their oath – a pledge as high and as sacred, though they were but outlaws, as that sworn by the noblest knights of the round table. – *The Adventures of Robin Hood* by Roger Lancelyn Green

The liberals, in loving adoration of the father of all lies, have built Liberaldom upon one lie after another. Their relationship to the truth is much like Dracula's relationship to the light: they can't bear it. The more thoroughly liberal the West becomes, the further the West slides into the abyss with the father of all lies. My own anti-nation is well on its way to the finish line in the race to achieve the liar's laurel wreath. For instance, the Obama administration recently announced their opposition to terrorism without mentioning Islam, while the liberals' conservative cousins confined their condemnations of terrorism to condemnations of "bad Moslems" and "radical Moslems." None of the above, liberal or conservative, condemned Islam as a violent, anti-white, anti-Christian religion.

And along the same lines: Did you know that there are no black criminals in the United States? The mainstream media no longer report black crimes, so that must mean that black people do not commit any crimes. How wonderful! It is indeed fitting then that the negroes have become our gods. An entire race that does no wrong is surely worthy of our reverence and adoration.

We could go on to tell of the liberals' truly wonderful efforts to reverse the previously distorted roles of men and women and their equally wonderful efforts to make sure that Aztecs are able to take over the once European dominated land mass called the United States. This would certainly please Pope Francis, who has expressed his support for the heirs of Montezuma. Perhaps the Pope would like to bring back the same fine dining that Montezuma enjoyed, once the Aztecs set up their new kingdom?

Need I go on with tedious examples of the liberals' "truth"? We all have lived in Liberaldom our entire lives, and we all, on a daily basis, feel the giant coils of the liberal anaconda squeezing the life from our bodies. Despite what our leaders in church and state tell us, that liberalism is good for us, we know we are about to die. Should we who are about to die merely salute the liberal leviathan and die? Or should we fight back and just once, before we die, feel like men instead of wretched vermin destined to live for only a moment in the coils of the serpent, and then be crushed in its coils?

In the novel *Farewell My Lovely*, the main character, private detective Phillip Marlowe, says that whenever someone tells him he won't need a gun, he knows definitely that he will need a gun. We should follow Marlowe's basic precept. When the liberals and the conservative church men tell us that faith and race should not be mixed, that we should not put on the armor of the white race and pick up the sword of Christianity in order to do battle with the colored heathens and the liberals, then we know we should do precisely that: we should unsheathe our Christian swords and put on our white armor and go into battle for Harry, England, and St. George! If white people would once again join together what never should have been rent asunder, their race and their faith, they could actually start to break free from the serpent's coils and become Europeans again.

I remember reading when I was boy, a book called *Retreat to Glory*, about Sam Houston's victory over Santa Anna at the battle of San Jacinto. The author described how Houston's men, who had signed on to avenge the Alamo, were becoming restless. Why wouldn't their commander fight instead of constantly retreating and retreating? But when Houston thought the time was right, he turned on Santa Anna; no doubt he felt as Macduff did when he faced Macbeth: "Turn, hellhound, turn!" Cries of "Remember the Alamo!" rang out, and Houston and his men routed Santa Anna and his Aztec warriors. The white man has, like Houston, been engaged for the last one hundred years in a series of retreats. He has retreated from Africa, he has retreated from India, from South America, and now he is in retreat in the white nations. But unlike Houston, the modern white man does not plan on turning on his enemies and sending them back to the dark corners of the earth from whence they came. Far from it, the white man plans to turn over his family and his people to the colored heathens.

This retreat and surrender of the white man to the colored minions of Satan is the great story of the 20th century and the early 21st century. Will the Europeans' reconquest of Europe and the other white nations be the story of the next one hundred years? It will be if the white Christian remnant takes the advice offered in the first verse of The Book of Psalms: "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." Who is more ungodly and scornful of all things white and Christian than the liberals and the colored heathens? But it is not enough to oppose just the secular liberals and the colored hordes. We must go after the ungodly clergy men who scorn all things white and Christian. At present all a clergy man has to say is, "That sounds racist," and the white man runs and hides under his bed, vowing never to sound racist again. We have been hearing nothing but anti-white

anathemas from the pulpit for too long. It is time to state unequivocally that our whiteness is an integral part of our soul; we will not become soulless zombies in order to please the spiritual eunuchs of the organized churches.

The liberals and their allies in the clergy invoke race for everything. It gives them the moral high ground. But why should it? What is higher, in the moral sense, about race mixing and all its Babylonian children, such as legalized abortion, legalized sodomy, and negro worship? While playing the race card every chance they get, the liberals still insist, when they speak to whites, that there is no such thing as race. Then they should stop demonizing the white race and deifying the colored races, shouldn't they? They will have it both ways so long as whites allow them to have it both ways. Nothing good will ever happen in the European arena until the white man recovers his white soul and confronts the liberals as a white man and not as a cringing, fawning caricature of a man begging to be given a third class ticket on the liberals' multicultural express train to Babylon. In point of fact the white man cannot cringe or fawn enough to get on the liberal express. His whiteness, even if he tries to deny it, makes him unfit for the liberals' "paradise."

Even the "conservatives" of the 20th century, such as James Burham and Russell Kirk, considered white racists outside the ken of civilization. How can the people who constituted the heart and soul of Western civilization prior to the 20th century suddenly be considered outside the ken of civilization in the 20th century? "We have evolved beyond whiteness," the conservatives told us. Which indicates to me that the 20th century conservatives were wolves in sheep's clothing. They were conserving liberalism, not the European people. There is no escaping the reality that the religious and secular conservatives of the 20th and now the 21st century are not conservatives as Burke was conservative. Burke wanted to conserve a very particular people, his people, and a very particular faith, the European Christian faith. The modern liberal-conservatives, despite differing with the liberals on such issues as gay rights and legalized abortion, will always side with the multi-cultural liberals against the conservative, racist white man, because the race issue trumps all other issues. The conservatives will break bread with the liberals and the colored barbarians, but not with the white "racists." Maybe it's time to stop looking on the people who hate us as our friends.

When Obama attacks the Christian faith and defends Islam it is not because he is a Moslem, it is because he is a puppet for the liberals. And the liberals will always side with the non-Christian, nature religions against the Christian faith. Their first preference is the outright destruction of the Christian faith, and their second preference is the blending of the Christian faith with other religions, which is not as exciting to the liberals as the outright destruction of the Christian faith, but it accomplishes the same thing and does it much more efficiently. All non-Christian religions are nature religions, differing in degree but not in kind. It was and it is the destiny of the white race to champion the one true faith which is "something more than nature." The fact that the white man is currently afraid to go to Nineveh does not change what he is meant to be. He cannot blend with the nature religions without losing his moral essence, which is what liberalism is all about, Charlie Brown: destroying the white man's racial hearth fire and leaving him a nameless, soulless creature who wanders the earth, trying to find a nature religion that will give him a home. The liberals of the 60's and 70's had a fascination for the eastern religions, and many still do. Islam is now getting more white converts and sympathizers than ever before, but the great bulk of liberals still prefer negro worship, because it gives them a savior, the noble black savage who is nature's god.

The current conflict between Islam and liberalism, a conflict the liberals refuse to acknowledge, is a conflict between a nature religion that fuses Judaism and paganism and a nature religion that fuses Christianity and paganism. It is not a question of which one is better. The white man whose Christian faith is bred in the bone shuns them both and all the other nature religions, whose names are legion. If a white man looks at existence with the exterior eye of the colored heathens and the white scientists and theologians, he will try to cling to one of the nature religions for support. And if he does not find support in the nature religions, which many of our white youth do not, he will despair and die. The seeming strength of the nature religions is a mirage. The spirit alone giveth life. But we must circumcise our hearts if we want to see the spiritual realm that exists over and above the nature religions. A divinely human God showed us that the spirit of the living God, the God who enters human hearts, is the only true source of hope on earth. How can a white man, a man whose people saw a great light, find comfort in the nature religions, which are all creations of the father of lies?

The most colossal lie, the lie that Satania is built on, is the liberals' assertion that the white Christian culture of the antique Europeans was evil. That lie robs the Europeans and all mankind of the hope that He came and dwelt with His people so that we could know the divine love. "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know Him, and have seen Him." We Europeans believe that we have seen Him and know Him through our people. If Christian Europe was a lie, as the liberals tell us, then we are of all men most to be pitied. But it was not a lie! The spiritual separation of the European's white soul from his Christian faith must end. That charity of honor bids us rise and ride: one faith, one race, one purpose, to love Him in and through our people. +

“In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.” –John 7:37-8

In 1979 a man named Cedric Messina convinced the BBC that it was possible to put all of Shakespeare’s plays on film and show the films on British television. Despite many naysayers, the project was undertaken and then completed three years later. And it was a success! There were still enough Britons and non-British Europeans willing to view the uncensored, uncut works of the Gentle Bard. The BBC even made money on their daring scheme to bring Shakespeare to the masses. There were some hostile academics (there always are) who complained that the various directors of the plays were too faithful to the original texts of Shakespeare. Those academics wanted innovation and change. But that is the beauty of the productions: the various directors did not try to touch up a Rembrandt. I’ve managed to see all of the plays over the years, and I am in awe of the work and creative effort that went into their production. There are no bad productions, and most of them are superb.

Why do I bring up the BBC’s Shakespearean triumph of what has now become, to many of my readers, long ago? I bring it up because it relates directly to the issue of liberalism, race, and faith. The BBC’s success with the Shakespeare plays was made possible because the Britain of the late 1970s and early 1980s was still white. There were still enough people of the white race left in Britain to appreciate the dramatic works of William Shakespeare, thus affirming the assessment of his contemporary Ben Jonson: “He was not for an age, but for all time.” But Ben Jonson’s assessment of the eternal and enduring value of Shakespeare only applies to a white Britain. Once Britain becomes the multicultural paradise of Hindus, Moslems, and blacks that Tony Blair (“Britain must become multicultural”) and others of his ilk dream of, there will be no more performances of Shakespeare’s plays nor will there be any other remnant of white culture left in Britain.

All the nations of European origin are taking the Tony Blair, multicultural path to white oblivion. The European nations have more of a Moslem problem than a black problem, and the U.S. has more of a black problem than a Moslem problem (the black and the Moslem problem are often one and the same), but all of the once white nations have decided to make white people extinct. The liberals all think that only the racist whites will be exterminated, but of course that will not be the case. A few white technocrats might be kept alive to operate the machines for the colored heathens, but the type of liberals who occupy the high places of Liberalism, the politicians, the pundits, the academics, and the clergy, will all perish with the grazers whom they sold down the river of blood.

While every liberal wants multiculturalism, they do not all have the same vision of what a multicultural society will be. A good deal of the aging liberals from the sixties envision a world in which European culture survives and thrives in a new colorized form. They see themselves taking hordes of adoring darkies to view European art museums and European dramatic works with all black and brown casts. Younger liberals envision a blending of colored barbarian culture and white culture, and those liberals who are younger still envision a colored barbarian world devoid of whiteness. But no liberal, not one, comprehends the utter desolation that will be the result of the colorization of the European nations. Those whites who are still left alive will find life unbearable, because even the lowest, most degraded white, a white that has blended with a black or Moslem culture, will not be able to live in a world completely devoid of the charity and mercy that was never entirely extinguished until Europe became non-white.

The utter desolation scenario is not ‘written.’ It will occur if liberalism remains the ruling ideology of the European people. But there is life and hope in the miracle culture of the European people. Currently, the only opposition to liberalism comes from conservatives who are half-liberal. They propose 11th hour democratic solutions when the 11th hour is already long past. Is it hopeless then? Yes, it is if you do not believe in miracles. But why would a white man set himself against his own race by believing in democracy and science instead of miracles? No one seemed more desolate than Shakespeare’s Pericles, but at the last trump, at the twinkling of an eye, his beloved daughter came to life again.

PERICLES: Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

HELICANUS: Sir, ’tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

PERICLES: I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.

O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

HELICANUS: My lord, I hear none.

PERICLES: None! The music of the spheres!

Our people heard His music because they saw beauty on the Cross. In contrast, liberalism is grounded in a rejection of the Cross. How can the miracle culture of the antique Europeans be blended with its antithesis? It can't. No true opposition to death-in-life liberalism can occur until the blending of liberalism and Christianity ceases. The federal government represents one of the divine branches of Liberalism. They have adopted a total dependence policy. If a low income person wants their assistance, he must have no savings. The government wants their poorer citizens to be totally dependent on them. Our Lord is more benevolent than the federal government. He sends us comforters, angelic and human, but He does want us to depend on Him more than on the rationalist opiates of modernity, such as science and democracy. If we look to such pathetic substitutes for God, how can we expect a miracle? God's grace exists, but it flows through His divine channels of grace, not through our man-made liberal sewers of bilge.

It's not 'science as the study of the natural world' or 'voting to determine a local magistrate or governor' that has led the modern Europeans down the lonesome road that leads to hell. It is 'science as the Holy Ghost,' and 'democracy as a divinely inspired multicultural government' that has distorted the vision of the European people. We no longer have Europeans who see existence with the inner eye, the eye of the spirit; they now see only with the exterior eye, the eye of science. C. S. Lewis captures the essence of this modern problem of vision in his seventh volume of the *Chronicles of Narnia* books, *The Last Battle*:

Aslan raised his head and shook his mane. Instantly a glorious feast appeared on the Dwarfs' knees: pies and tongues and pigeons and trifles and ices, and each Dwarf had a goblet of good wine in his right hand. But it wasn't much use. They began eating and drinking greedily enough, but it was clear that they couldn't taste it properly. They thought they were eating and drinking only the sort of things you might find in a stable. One said he was trying to eat hay and another said he had got a bit of an old turnip and a third said he'd found a raw cabbage leaf. And they raised golden goblets of rich red wine to their lips and said, "Ugh! Fancy drinking dirty water out of a trough that a donkey's been at! Never thought we'd come to this." But very soon every Dwarf began suspecting that every other Dwarf had found something nicer than he had, and they started grabbing and snatching, and went on to quarreling, till in a few minutes there was a free fight and all the good food was smeared on their faces and clothes or trodden under foot. But when at last they sat down to nurse their black eyes and their bleeding noses, they all said:

"Well, at any rate there's no Humbug here. We haven't let anyone take us in. The Dwarfs are for the Dwarfs."

"You see," said Aslan. "They will not let us help them. They have chosen cunning instead of belief. Their prison is only in their own minds, yet they are in that prison; and so afraid of being taken in that they cannot be taken out. But come, children. I have other work to do."

The Europeans can't see the obvious, that negro-worshipping liberalism, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Christian Zionism, Islamic Catholicism, and all the other -isms are from the devil, who roams about the world seeking the ruin of souls. And the Europeans can't see the obvious because they refuse to be fooled by the fable of the Christ which they see with the exterior eye alone. The inner eye, the eye of the heart, is pure myth; it is nothing more than an organ that pumps blood to the brain. So say our modern European dwarfs. The reason the Christian church men have brought negroes into their churches to be worshipped as gods and have been the leading advocates for Moslem and Aztec immigration to white lands is because they have lost sight of the God who can only be seen with the interior eye. You can't blend scientism with Christ. Organized Christianity on a cosmic scale is exteriorism taken to its blasphemous extreme. Such a Christianity, as Dostoyevsky so vividly describes in the Grand Inquisitor chapter of *The Brothers Karamazov*, is a religion for an evil, adulterous generation that seeketh after external signs of the living God. Are negroes and barbarous nature religions the signs of our salvation? Yes, the church men tell us.

There are some clear-thinking, democratic, white nationalists such as Geert Wilders and Jared Taylor who are trying to awaken the European people to the dangers of the Islamic and colored invasion, but they do so from outside the miracle culture of the European people. Can scientific, democratic rationalism save us from the evils wrought by scientific, democratic rationalism? When Christ had a local habitation in the hearts of the European people, race-mixing was a sin that cried out to heaven for vengeance. Moslems did not dwell in Christian lands, and the Christian Europeans did not look to Jews in order to learn about the living God. We who are about to die need a miracle. Within our racial home is that miracle. Christ still, if we ask Him to come back to our racial hearth fires, will defend His people from the wickedness and snares of the devil. We have seen, if we have eyes to see, the futility of life without a racial home and without the God of our ascending race. Of course when I say, "We have seen... the futility of..." I am referring to "we few." The grazers have

not seen the futility of life without a Christ-centered racial hearth fire, and the liberals have built a kingdom based on the hatred of the Europeans' racial hearth fire.

I don't see a single external sign that the European people will return to their racial home and become the type of people who protect and defend their own, but our faith is not something that can be seen. The spirit goeth where it lists. Our trembling faith tells us that when we thirst, Christ will give us living water to drink. And do we not, we few, thirst for Christian Europe? The European fairy tales are true: "When hope is nearly gone, God's relief to us is surely won." +

Rejecting the Demonization of the White Race - January 31, 2015

"He was a man, take him for all in all." –Hamlet

On the same day last week, I heard a radio preacher going on about the necessity of "defending Israel" and read an article by a conservative-traditionalist Catholic pundit who expressed admiration for the Moslem terrorists who murdered those 12 Frenchmen in Paris. Both men, the Preacher and the Pundit, reminded me of a classmate from my high school. Let me set the stage: Behind our school was a secluded wooded area where the boys who had irreconcilable differences would settle those differences. Since there were no blacks attending our school, the fights never went beyond the rough-hewn chivalry of a white schoolyard. One knockdown generally ended the fight, and there was no kicking, eye-gouging, or hitting below the belt. We all took the code as a given, even the punks; little did we dream that only ten years later when the school became integrated that our civilized field of honor would be a scene of brutal beatings and knifings.

Now, back to the classmate. Let me imitate Dickens and give the classmate a name to suit his character. I'll call him Freddy Spineless. It wasn't the fact that Freddy was little and avoided all fights that made him reprehensible, it was because he gloried in the fights second-hand. He was always trying to bring about a fight between potential combatants with his "Do you know what he said about you?" tattle-tale rhetoric. Freddy was often successful in his efforts to instigate a fight, but he was held in contempt by most of his classmates, because he fed off the blood and strength of other boys without taking any risks himself. He would always "toady up" to the winner, but the winners had no respect for Freddy. Which, by a roundabout route, brings me back to intellectual Christians such as the Christian Zionist and the pro-Moslem Catholic pundit.

Only an intellectual Christian, who sees life through the narrow, outward prism of the mind while avoiding the inward vision of the heart, would try to settle his differences with his white secular enemies through the good offices of the Jews or the Moslems. The Moslems and the Jews are like unto the liberals: all three are hostile to the central tenet of the Christian faith, the divine condescension: God became man and dwelt among us! Only halfway-house Christians who have intellectually leveled the profound depth of the Christian faith into a superficial affirmation of a generic God would seek to blend the Christian faith with other non-Christian faiths in order to strike back at liberals. Even if such a cowardly tactic worked, it would be morally reprehensible, but in point of fact it doesn't work. The Jews and the Moslems will never accept the white Christian as one of their own unless the white Christian denounces his faith completely.

Peter Kreeft spoke for halfway-house Christians from both the Protestant and Catholic camps when he wrote a book called *Ecumenical Jihad*. Isn't that title the classic example of an oxymoron? In the book, Kreeft argued for an alliance of Jews, Moslems, and Christians against the liberals. That type of blasphemy has two root causes. The first cause was years and years of outward-ritual-and-learned-men Christianity. "So long as we pass down the proper rituals and the documents of the learned men to each successive generation of generic men and women, we are preserving the Christian faith." Such was and is the belief of the rationalist Christians. But what about the circumcision of the heart that needs to take place before a man can have a genuine faith in the living God? Saul had an outward faith once, but he needed an interior conversion before he could become St. Paul. Intellectual Christianity ignores the channels of grace, our familial and racial hearth fires, that give us the inwardness to truly understand and love the God-man. The intellectual Christians who bid us make common cause with other religions read like those cold obituaries of our loved ones that we see in the paper. "You never knew him," we say with sorrow, "those were only the externals of his life. To his loved ones, he was so much more."

Can European hearts, hearts that love, accept any other God than the incarnate Lord who enters human hearts? What kind of victory do we achieve over the liberals if it is achieved in the name of Christian Zionism or Islamic Catholicism? The victory would be just as fruitless as a victory achieved over Zionism or Islam while we were allied with the liberals. The Christian Europeans must stand alone, separate from the Jews, the Moslems, and the liberals.

The second cause of the Ecumenical Jihadist disease among intellectual Christians is the complete triumph of liberalism and the total absence of any opposition to liberalism from the organized Christian churches. The rationalist Christian, partly because he feels bound by a false idea of non-violence and primarily because he is afraid to act alone, wants

somebody, he doesn't care who, to strike out against the liberals. This won't do. It is Christian Europeans, heart, blood, and soul Europeans, who must do battle with the liberals. If there is any killing to be done, we, not the heathen and the colored strangers, should do it. Who else can be entrusted with the task? Why should those who have no concept of charity or mercy, because they have no faith in the God of charity and mercy, decide who should live and who should die? A Jewish or Moslem state would be just as devoid of Christian charity as the liberal states we now live in. And for the people of the West a liberal state is preferable, not because it is any less immoral than a Jewish or Moslem state, but for the reason that Kipling articulates in his poem, "The Stranger":

The men of my own stock,
They may do ill or well,
But they tell the lies I am wanted to,
They are used to the lies I tell;
And we do not need interpreters
When we go to buy and sell.

"Wait," you say, "the liberals hate the men of their own stock." Yes, they do, which is why we should fight them with might and main just as we should fight the Jews and the Moslems. But the liberals are of our own stock. We should not look for outsiders to fight what should be our battle against the liberals. It sickens me to hear the self-righteous intellectual Christians say we should tolerate Islamic terrorism or even applaud it, because the West is decadent. Do such people have children? Do they trust the Moslems to only kill people of the West who deserve to be killed? And again, why should white Christians let the Moslems or the Jews decide who is to be killed in the lands that should belong to Christian Europeans?

What is missing in the propositional Christians is a love and respect for the people of their own race. They are mad at the people of the white race for their refusal to listen to their theories. So like petulant children who can't make the other children play by their rules, they try to get some neighborhood bully to come in and punish the children who won't play by their rules. But the bully isn't going to stop with the destruction of the children who won't play by the rules, he will destroy the petulant children who invited him into the house as well.

Christian utopianism is just as deadly as secular utopianism. Belloc viewed the French Revolution as a necessary purging of bad Catholics. Even if we accepted that satanic the-ends-justify-the-means ideology (which I do not), we need to ask, did we see a great Catholic age envelope France after the blood-letting? And if we look at our own benighted Europe, we see a liberal minority ruling over a majority of European grazers. Are all the grazers to be put to the sword because they are insufficiently Christian to cast out their liberal rulers? The intellectual Christians who have foisted a bloodless, multicultural, multiracial, anti-incarnational Christianity on the grazers are responsible for their stupefied indifference to all things Christian. And now those same intellectual Christians want the grazers punished and replaced by the merciless strangers of Islam, Africa, and Jewry. They live by the ethos of Freddy Spineless: "Let me see blood, so long as it is not my own."

The intellectual Christians have more in common with the liberals than with the antique Europeans. What they have in common is a propositional view of existence. They only acknowledge their own abstractions as real. The liberals envision a world of natural, black and brown noble savages presided over by an all-knowing and all-wise white liberal. The rationalist Christians envision a world of strong, vital people of strong, vital faiths. Some dream of the people of Israel, some of the "sexy, earthy" blacks, or the intelligent, inscrutable but oh-so-mystical yellow people. And others dream of Islamic Christians (another oxymoron) who will fight all the enemies of the rationalist Christians' propositional Christianity. The central tenet of the propositional faith, be it utopian liberal, or utopian Christian, is an incredible hatred for the European people past and present, because they are not and were not perfect specimens of humanity. No, they were not, and they are still not, perfect. But they were the only people that loved and championed the incarnate Lord, who was crucified, died, and was buried, and on the third day rose from the dead. And in their fallen, stupefied state, the white grazers still remain the Christ-bearers. They need to shake off the liberals' and the propositional Christians' vision of a intellectualized world devoid of the living God, the Christ, who, when worshipped in the fullness of His God-Manhood, can stir hearts and raise up men of blood who are not vital as the devil would have us be vital, but are vital according to His laws of charity and mercy.

Propositional Christianity is the Achilles' heel of the white man. It spawned propositional liberalism and turned brave and honorable white men into grazers who only come alive during natural disasters and liberal-sponsored wars. Two men mark the dividing line between the antique European world, in which God's only begotten Son entered human hearts, and the modern world, which champions a propositional God created by the minds of men. Those two men are Edmund Burke and Hilaire Belloc. Burke saw every sin of commission and omission of the French royalty and the French aristocrats, and yet he loved them and supported them against the French Jacobins. He supported them because he knew that no ruling aristocracy can stand if they must be perfect, and he supported them because he took them for "all in all." And taken for all in all, they were noble souls, who were spiritually superior to the Jacobins. In contrast, Hilaire Belloc saw only imperfect

Catholics, far below his abstract ideal of what a true Catholic should be, when he looked at the French royalty and aristocracy. They had to be purged so a noble, pure Catholicism could be built on their unhallowed bones.

I hate Belloc and his ilk with all the hate of a Christian Goth, and I love Burke and the Europeans of his stripe, Europeans with that charity of honor, with all my heart, mind, and soul. Among those aristocrats slaughtered by the Jacobins were Belloc's fellow Catholics, thousands of priests who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Jacobins. Only the non-Catholic, Burke, who looked for Christian hearts, not at Christian sects, had sympathy and support for the Catholic French aristocrats that Belloc consigned to posthumous infamy and damnation.

This Burke/Belloc conflict is alive today. All my life I have heard my people demonized by propositional Christians and propositional liberals: They were and are insufficiently Christian or else they were and are racist. In both cases they are damned, so say the propositional Christians and the liberals. From an overflowing heart the tongue speaks – I don't accept their filthy condemnations of my people, past and present. I see my peoples' real sins much more clearly than the liberals and the propositional Christians, who are so blinded with their hatred of white people for not living up to their abstract utopian ideals that they make up false sins to hurl at them. Despite their real sins, my people are the only people that reflect the image of God in man. I see them for all in all and I love them. Let the propositional Christians and the liberals take their anti-white, anti-human calumnies with them to hell. And let us stay, through our fidelity to our people, at the foot of the Cross, our only hope in this world and the next. +

Sacred to the Memory Of - January 24, 2015

Home! That was what they meant, those caressing appeals, those soft touches wafted through the air, those invisible little hands pulling and tugging, all one way! Why, it must be quite close by him at that moment, his old home...

—*The Wind in the Willows*

On Monday, January 19th, the liberals celebrated their most holy day of the year. And they have promised us that the remaining days in January and the entire month of February will be one long hymn of praise to their negro gods. It's difficult to imagine how February can be a more negro-centered month than the other eleven months of the year, but the liberals will manage – they always do – to make February an extra special negro-infested month. 'Tis a consummation we most devoutly do not wish for, but it will come nevertheless.

Just as the nations of Europe used to have “the very same Christian religion, agreeing in the fundamental parts, varying a little in the ceremonies and in the subordinate doctrines,” so do the modern liberal nations of Europe agree on the fundamentals of negro worship, varying only a little in the ceremonies and in the subordinate doctrines. The white people of the anti-nation called the United States, having twice elected a negro president, seem to have a negrophile edge on the other white nations, but the other nations of Europe will strive to catch up. If the dark shadows of negro worship are not altered, the European nations will soon have black barbarian presidents and prime ministers just like the United States. And why not? Shouldn't all the white nations make their gods their rulers?

Since I do not subscribe to the same faith as my liberal rulers, I do not take part in the great negro festivals. In fact, I intend to spend my time, during this festive time of year for the liberals, being a wet blanket and criticizing negrophile liberalism.

Negro worship is a white, post-Christian phenomenon. Only white people, whose ancestors were Christian, are now devotees of the sacred negro. The non-black colored tribesmen do not worship the negro, nor do the negroes worship themselves in the same way that whites worship them. The blacks want power, and the whites' reverence for blacks gives them that power, but the blacks do not revere blacks as sacred deities as the post-Christian white man does. Such reverence can only come from a people who once loved the living God. Satan took the white man's passion for Christ and redirected it to the black man.

The black noble savage was always a necessary part of the white utopian's rebellion against God. If nature, not Christ, is God, then the natural man, the noble negro savage, must be nature's god. This “natural” utopian faith was institutionalized in Jacobin France. What was rational and natural was also what was inhumane and bloody. Taine observed, “All means are justifiable and meritorious with traitors; now that the Jacobin has made his slaughtering canonical, he slays through philanthropy.” First it was the natural, organic, white proletariat who had the right to slaughter white aristocrats, but Haiti was the model for the future. Every European nation is moving toward the Haitian solution of the race problem.

The people of Europe were not ready, at the time of the French Revolution, to commit racial suicide, but they were also not ready to face up to the threat that a rationalist, utopian state within the bowels of Christian Europe presented to the people of Christian Europe. The people were not prepared to meet the Jacobin threat, because they too were tainted with the same rationalist, utopian fever that motivated the French Jacobins. Burke's own party expelled him, because they agreed with the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The general European consensus was that Robespierre managed things badly, but the Revolution was good. A latter day French historian and novelist, Andre Maurois, criticized Edmund Burke for being "obsessively" hostile toward the French Jacobins. Spoken like a true halfway-house Christian. How is it possible for a Christian European to be too obsessively hostile to the incarnation of Satan within the heart of Europe? And how is it possible today to be too obsessively hostile to the modern, negro-worshipping liberals of Europe who are the spiritual descendants of the French Jacobins?

Where you stand on this issue depends on your faith. From a Christian European viewpoint, Burke was right: the implementation of the Jacobin principles he opposed has brought about the creation of the kingdom of Satan on earth. From a liberal's perspective the implementation of Jacobin principles throughout the West has moved mankind closer to that utopian paradise of racial and sexual harmony which translates to negro worship and sexual depravity. Just a few more whites to eliminate, and paradise will be here.

Where do (and where did) the halfway-house Christians stand on this issue of Jacobinism, negro worship, and sexual depravity? The clergy, the "conservatives," and all the other rationalist whites who are neither fish nor fowl will never look on Liberalism and see the kingdom of Satan on earth. They are one in spirit with the democratic republicans of Europe who condemned Robespierre's excesses while applauding the Jacobin principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. They refused to accept the fact that Robespierre was not Jacobinism derailed, he was Jacobinism realized! It is the same today as it was then. Negro worship, which spawned the sexual revolution, is not civil rights gone wrong, it is civil rights fulfilled.

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. Neo-pagans 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. — CWN

So long as rational, halfway-house Christians refuse to see that the racial issue is the battering ram of liberalism, they will stay on Satan's side of the great divide. I saw an example of this just the other day: I saw a halfway-house Christian debating a mad-dog liberal on the subject of same-sex marriages. Once the mad-dog liberal equated the Evangelical Christian's opposition to same-sex marriage with the antique European's opposition to race mixing, the Evangelical became a quivering mass of jelly. He let the liberal turn the debate into an inquisition, and he was the defendant trying to defend himself against the ultimate heresy, namely, racism. "I am not a racist, I support mixed marriages," the Evangelical intoned. But the Evangelical's pathetic pleas were greeted with scorn and derision by the mad-dog liberal. He had gained the upper hand by playing the race card, and he was not about to take his foot off the throat of the hapless Evangelical.

What if the Evangelical had been a full-fledged Christian European? Then he could have fought back, and instead of trying to run from the racial issue he would have used it as the center piece of his attack. “Yes, I am against race mixing, because it is against God’s law and it leads to...” But the rational halfway-house Christian is not able to take such a stand, because he has only a rational faith that is a reed for every liberal wind that blows.

In the 20th century most whites sided with science and rationalism against the Christian faith, while a smaller minority tried to blend science, rationalism, and Christianity. By the time of the 21st century, blended Christianity had been almost completely absorbed by rationalist, scientific, negro-worshipping liberalism. You can no longer count the resistance to militant, atheistic liberalism by counting the people who go to church. That is now an indication of how many new converts the liberals are getting. Almost all of us were brought up in either a rationalist Christian household or in a completely secularized rationalist household. Very few of us ever knew the full-fledged Christianity that was once every European’s birthright. We need that full-fledged European faith, because it is the true faith and because no other faith can sustain us in our battle against the liberal pestilence and the colored barbarians’ arrows.

In the old European fairy tales the hero is often aided in his journey through the dark and sinister woods by a wise magician. But there are limits to the wise magician’s powers. The hero must go into the woods, where he will confront the evil witch or dragon, alone. This is because the heart of the hero is stronger than the mind of the wise magician. The theologians, who are the wise magicians, told the European people that the Pauline/Shakespearean/Dostoyevskian journey into the depths of the soul, a journey that ultimately results in a vision of the living God, was unnecessary. “Just learn the catechism,” we were told, “and all will be well.” But all things are not well if our faith is not stronger than the faith of the rationalist magicians. We must have a hero’s faith. Where there is no bleeding, sighing, and striving toward the Man of Sorrows, there is no true faith.

The European poets, the true chroniclers of the European peoples’ struggle toward the light, all tell us a fairy tale story of a struggle between good and evil. That story is like unto the Biblical story of God’s struggle to keep His people connected to Him in preparation for the coming of the Son of God and the final battle between God and the devil. But when we get to the 20th century, the story of the European people changes. It is no longer Christ who saves us from the devil, it is science, reason, and the negro that save us from the antique Europeans and their God. Only poets such as Kenneth Grahame, C. S. Lewis, and Walt Disney, who tried to take us back to the childhood of our people, tell us of a world where material objects are only symbols of a greater spiritual realm presided over by a God with a European habitation and a name. Sacred to the memory of: His name is Jesus.

When we were young, we knew that the Christian fairy tale was true, and scientific, rational, negro-worshipping liberalism was false. We knew this by an instinct stronger than reason. I once heard a halfway-house “Christian” broadcaster say that Christ died for interracial marriage. Is not that blasphemy the result of years and years of blending egalitarianism and rationalism with Christianity? True thought is “inwardly”; like true circumcision, “it is of the heart, in the spirit and not of the letter.” The rationalist, be he theologian or secular philosopher, wants to make the Grace of God and man’s response to that Grace into a visible, material, quantitative product of the natural world. The small units, the hearts of individual men and women, count for nothing when they are viewed by the universalist eye of the theologian. But those small units of grace, those human beings, are everything to the God whose name is Jesus. Universalist thinking shrinks men and women into insects. The divine love, which has a human heart and a human face, makes each human heart a universe.

In the New Testament, Christ is crucified between two thieves. The one thief sees Christ as a fellow malefactor while the other man sees Him as the Son of God. In Shakespeare’s *Richard III*, two men are sent to murder Clarence. One man strikes and kills Clarence, but the other recoils from the deed and cannot join in. The grace of God is real, but it cannot be put in a test tube or a silver rod. It runs through human hearts that are infinitely more complex than the most difficult problem in math. “A man lives his whole life,” Dostoyevsky’s underground man tells us, “to prove that he is more complex than piano keys.” We will be ruled by our Lord and Kinsman, the God who joined His blood with ours, not by the liberal piano tuners! The rational men, the men who worship reason devoid of thought and mankind devoid of humanity, see, when they look at “poor, bare, unaccommodated humanity,” piano keys to be played upon and put into one huge universalist orchestra, where there are no individual human beings who are connected, through their racial hearth fire, to the son of God.

Satan knows that if you destroy a man’s racial home you have destroyed his connection to the living God. The Jacobins, the New Age Christian rationalists, and the negrophile liberals are united to Satan in their hatred of the Europeans’ racial home. If we fight past their rational condemnations of our European home and stay true to the non-diverse, non-blended Europe that we loved in the childhood of our race, that blessed childhood when we loved much and were forgiven, we will know that we will always have a home in this world and the next. Surely that is a consummation more devoutly to be wished for than a place in the liberals’ negro-worshipping kingdom of Satan on earth. +

Where Two or Three Are Gathered Together - January 17, 2015

Nation is a moral essence, not a geographical arrangement, or a denomination of the nomenclator. – Edmund Burke

Islam gives liberals, who like things kept simple, problems. I first noticed this some years ago when the Iranian “students” took the Americans in the embassy hostage. It took the liberals awhile to sort that crisis out. Had black South Africans taken white Americans or white South Africans hostage, the liberals would have known what side to root for. But in the Iranian hostage affair the liberals had a dilemma. On the one hand they viewed all anti-Western groups as good, but on the other hand they viewed all religious fundamentalist groups as bad. What to do? Most liberals solved the dilemma with the ‘bad Moslem’ gambit. Islam was good, my liberal professors all told me so; it was a much more sublime and healthy religion than Christianity. But some Moslems, a tiny minority, were ‘bad Moslems’ who were giving Islam a bad name. The conservatives, who of course were really liberals, concurred with their liberal brethren. Moslems were good; they just needed to adopt free enterprise and purge the ‘bad Moslems’ from their nations.

Islam has gained strength since the 1970’s, but the liberals’ and the conservatives’ attitude toward it has remained the same. The liberals are committed to their belief that the good Moslems can be blended into their multicultural, negro-worshipping democracy, and the conservatives are committed to their belief that the ‘good’ Moslems can be blended into their democratic, free enterprise system. This false ‘bad’ Moslem/‘good’ Moslem dichotomy of the liberal-conservative coalition makes it necessary for the Western powers to bomb ‘bad’ Moslems over there, at the same time assuring the ‘good’ Moslems that the West loves Islam, while opening up their borders over here to Moslems. Thus multi-culturalist liberals and free-enterprise conservatives, by ignoring their Christian European heritage, give us the worst of all possible worlds. The people of the West are naked to their Moslem enemies at home while their liberal governments indulge in the inhumane practice of slaughtering Moslem civilians abroad.

Our Christian European forefathers—and I’m not talking about our inconsequential constitutional forefathers—knew that Islam was a militant anti-Christian and therefore anti-European force that had to be held in check. They kept Europe free of the Moslems and involved themselves in Moslem internal affairs to the extent their individual governments thought it necessary. They were not utopically perfect in their internal meddling, but they were still superior in every way to our modern liberal governments.

The two opposed forces involved here are Christianity and liberalism. When Europeans were Christian they knew that the Moslems were their enemies. Now that they are liberal they will never concede that any nation, tribe, or religious sect that shares their hatred of the incarnate Lord is their enemy. And as a corollary, the liberals will always side with blacks, Jews, Moslems, Hindus, Asians, Aztecs and so on against white Europeans, because the white Europeans were, and are still called to be, the Christ-bearers.

Despite their shared hatred of the white race and the Christian faith, the liberals will never come to a peaceful accord with the colored tribesmen or with the devotees of the non-Christian sects. The colored tribesmen are attracted to the blood, sex, and power faiths such as Islam and voodoo. Having never been Christian, the colored barbarians feel no attraction to the post-Christian faith of the liberals. Only the white man worships the negro, because having once believed in The Savior, the post-Christian liberal still needs a Messiah. But the post-Christian Messiah, the negro, is no longer an incarnate God, he is a natural god, the purest of nature’s children. The black barbarians will take advantage of their divine status in white cultures by raping and murdering whites with impunity, but they will not become converts to liberalism. Despite their lowly status in the Moslem world, it is to Islam, not Christianity, that the blacks are turning. D. P. Dugauquier tells us the reason for this phenomenon in her book *Congo Cauldron*:

Another film depicting in symbolic form the ending of the Arab slave trade by the white man was greeted with equal enthusiasm—each slash of the long whip on the wretched black man’s back was cheered wholeheartedly, and when in coming to grips with the Arab the white hero is momentarily thrown to the ground—their shouts reached a crescendo of support for the Arab—not as representing a race, creed or idea—but simply because he symbolized power and force.

Christianity has only been accepted in depth by one people. For over one thousand years the Christian faith was the moral essence of the European nations.

The nations of Europe have had the very same Christian religion, agreeing in the fundamental parts, varying a little in the ceremonies and in the subordinate doctrines. The whole of the polity and oeconomy of every country in Europe has been derived from the same sources.

– *Letters on a Regicide Peace*

In the wake of the recent Paris terrorist attack, all the retired U.S. generals went rushing onto the Fox News channel to tell us how we could go get the terrorists. But the retired generals, like Martha, have lost sight of that which is truly important. It makes no difference whether a nation whose moral essence is liberalism defeats a nation whose moral essence is Islam. Either way the white man loses. If Europe will not be Christian and fight Islam in the name of Christ, then there is nothing of any worth at stake in the battle. Islam is a blending of Judaism and paganism, and liberalism is a blending of Christianity and paganism. Which faith is preferable? A Christian European does not choose between two evils. He fights a two-front war in the name of Christ the King. There has been no Christian opposition to either liberalism or Islam. This is because whites have abandoned the living God of the European people for a theoretical, abstract god that is the end product of a syllogism.

Let us look at the organized “Christian” churches. The mainstream Catholic and Protestant churches are merely adjuncts of liberalism which makes them a fusion of Christianity and paganism. Nothing more needs to be said about them; they serve Satan. The Protestant fundamentalist and charismatic churches that have sprung up in response to the apostasy of the liberal churches have blended Christianity with Judaism; hence the fundamentalists’ obsession with Israel. And the traditionalist Roman Catholic sects, without actually adopting Moslem rituals, have blended Islamic spirituality, which is really an absence of spirituality, with Christianity; hence the traditionalists’ hatred of Christmas carols and all aspects of Christianity that suggest the living God possesses a divinely human heart which moves Him to impart the blessings of His heaven to human hearts. (1)

Where does this leave us in the year of 2015, still referred to by European Christians as the year of our Lord? It leaves us back with our people, the Europeans. The ideologues told us that Christ did not reside in His people; instead He came to us through the minds of specially designated men of learning. But Burke was right: what the men of intellect could not bring to light, the simple faith of the European people did bring to light. The moral essence of our people is grounded in the love of Christ. When the Europeans ceased to be one in faith and one in race, they lost that moral essence, which is their reason for being.

The great spiritual crisis that almost resulted in the destruction of the entire human race took place when the “sons of God,” who were demons, were captivated by the beauty of the “daughters of men” and desired to “come in unto” them. The result was that only Noah’s bloodlines remained free of demon blood. Do we not face a similar crisis today? God’s grace flowed through European bloodlines. If those bloodlines are contaminated with the blood of colored tribesmen who are connected to Satan, what will be the result? We have already seen, in the Arab world, what happens when the races mix. It produces a faith that is opposed to Christianity. Race-mixing always produces a spiritual crisis. How could it be otherwise? Our race is our spiritual armor; without it we are defenseless against The Enemy.

The minds of men cannot understand the sublime magnificence of the Incarnation. But men with hearts of flesh can and did understand the incarnation of Christ. Behold! A God who weeps for us and with us, because He too has a heart of flesh. All non-European people hold the divine condescension, the incarnation of our Lord, to be either a blasphemy or a fairy tale. And now the Europeans have joined the heathen chorus; they too have forsaken the God with the Heart of flesh. This is a new diaspora: the people of God, the Europeans, have no geographical nation. Wherever two or three Europeans are gathered together, true to their God and their race, there is the nation of Europe.

Despite their differences, all of the –isms (negrophile liberalism, Mohammedism, Judaism, Communism, Capitalism, etc.) are united in their hatred of Christ. Which makes it all the more necessary that we, the European remnant, should stay connected to the non-blended Christ who was worshipped in the fullness of His divinity and His humanity by our European ancestors. Instead of trying to discover the day and the hour, let us take comfort in the crystal clear message of St. John in the book of Revelation:

And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

It is not a little thing to know that in the end the non-blended Christ will triumph and He will draw His people unto Himself. But will He have a people to draw unto Himself? Will there be faith left on earth? Only if the Christ-bearing people remain true to their blood. And if we are faithful unto death we will receive the benediction of the Christ, the only God for men with hearts of flesh. +

(1) The devil can assume a pleasing shape. Obviously the men and women who fill up the pews of the various Christian churches do not sign on to everything the hierarchies of their sects endorse. But the hierarchies of these churches do have a very definite anti-European, anti-Christian agenda. What kind of church is it where you have to resist the hierarchy of your church in order to remain Christian? And why do you need such a “church”?

To the Extreme - January 10, 2015

So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. – Revelations 3: 16

In a remarkable speech before the Dutch Parliament, Machiel de Graaf, a member of Geert Wilders' Party of Freedom, made a plea for an end to the Islamization of the Netherlands. It was a brave speech, a speech that no American statesman would have had the courage to give, but sadly, within the speech itself was the seed of liberalism that rendered the speech useless as soon as it was given. De Graaf stated, when listing the negative effects of the Islamization of the Netherlands, that the Moslems were not as tolerant of lesbians, gays, and Jews as were the native Dutch. No man of Europe wants to exterminate homosexuals or Jews, but a true European does want deviant behavior and anti-European groups controlled. He does not want a democratic, multicultural society.

Now, I don't think de Graaf really cares all that much about gays and Jews; he was just trying to influence the liberals by showing them that the Moslems' values are in direct contrast to the liberals' values. But does this policy ever work? In our own country did the liberals stop aborting babies when the proliferers pointed out that blacks were aborting babies at a rate disproportionate to their numbers? Did the liberals sign on to stop Mexican immigration when they discovered that the Mexicans have very un-liberal ideas about the environment and pollution? And of course the most telling example of all: The liberals who claim that they and they alone really care about women continue to worship blacks who have made the rape and murder of white women their main occupation.

We must conclude that no appeal from a white male, which, if acted upon, would stop or slow down the ongoing colorization of Europe or the ongoing destruction of the traditional Christian faith of the European people, will have any effect on the liberal ruling class. And why is this? The answer is obvious to all those who have eyes to see. The liberals worship Satan, and Satan hates everything white and Christian.

White males such as Machiel de Graaf, who try to appeal to the liberals to alter some aspect of liberalism, fail to understand the nature of modern democratic governments. These governments are not derivatives of the old Anglo Saxon tribal democracies, they are the offspring of the French Jacobin democracy that Burke fought against with such incredible ferocity and nobility of spirit. "The people" must be served in the modern totalitarian democracies, and "the people" are the anti-white colored people of the world, particularly blacks, as well as every devotee of any religious sect opposed to the Christian faith. "The people" must be and will be served. So it is written in liberal law and so it shall be. The non-liberal white male is in the same position in a society governed by liberals as were the three soldiers put on trial for cowardice in the movie *Paths of Glory*. In that film, the defense attorney made it crystal clear that no man in any regiment had advanced further than the three men accused of cowardice, but the military judges had made up their minds before the trial began: Someone had to pay for the military commander's blunder, so the three soldiers were executed. In the liberals' mind it is better that every last white man should die and every last vestige of Christian Europe disappear from the face of the earth than they should have to face up to the reality that liberalism is not only morally irredeemable but is also a hopelessly flawed system of government that cannot sustain itself. (1) Europe will either be solely white and Christian, or it will be solely colored and heathen; it will not be multiracial, multicultural, and multi-religious. The colored heathens know this: Why can't the white man grasp it?

The colored heathens see existence as they have always seen it, as a struggle for survival and dominance. They don't understand why the white man will not fight for the survival of his people; all they know or care about is that he will not fight. They can have the white man's women and everything of a material nature the white man possesses. They can never have the white man's spiritual inheritance, but that does not concern the colored barbarians.

The popular neo-pagan explanation of the whites' surrender to the colored barbarians is that their Christian faith made them weak and passive. Only a man who cherishes his abstract idea of reality as a substitute for truth can swallow such an explanation. The Europeans, during the Christian phase of their history, expanded European dominance and influence on a much wider scale than the pagan Greeks and Romans ever did. Such an accomplishment is certainly not the proof of the truth of the Christian faith, but it does give the lie to those who claim that Christianity made the Europeans weak and passive.

The European people no longer defend their civilization, because they have mistaken their descent into the gutter of rationalism for an ascent to the heavens. Christian rationalists chopped away at the "fantastical" elements of Christianity until there was nothing left but the resurrection. And in the hands of secularists, the belief in the resurrection of Christ soon disappeared as well. The colored tribesmen have never known anything but the natural world; their gods are nature gods and their faith does not transcend the perimeters of the natural world. Not so with the Christian Europeans. For them the natural world was a mirror of a greater spiritual realm, a realm of midsummer nights' dreams in a kingdom of

many mansions, presided over by a benevolent King. What happened to the Europeans' dream? Why did they stop believing in their Father's kingdom of many mansions?

In Robert Louis Stevenson's short story "The Body Snatchers," the villains of the story murder men and women in order to sell their bodies to doctors and scientists for the purpose of dissection. What a magnificent description of modernity! In order to dissect, we must first commit murder. The rational men treated God as part of the natural world and then dissected Him in order to know Him by the sum of His parts. Is this the God St. Paul encountered on the road to Damascus? Is this the God of the Christmas carols, the dear Christ who enters into the hearts of those who seek Him still? The dissected god is not a living God; he is not the God of the antique Europeans.

The consequence of making Christ the god of rationality was that the people of Europe placed rationality above everything, even above the wisdom of the heart, a wisdom much greater than reason. The liberals respond to every black atrocity with a defense of the black murderer, because they worship darkness and not the light. But why do the grazers not cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war on the black barbarians? They don't do what is natural and right – natural in the Christian sense of the word – because they have been trained for centuries to be rational and moderate. Is that not the essence of the white man's faith? The liberals are not rational and moderate; they use their reason to support their maniacal hatred of all things white and Christian. Are the colored barbarians rational and moderate? No, they are not. They are true to their animal instincts; when they sense weakness they strike, without any ethical concern about moderation and reason.

Nowhere is the sad spectacle of white rationality vs. liberal passion and black barbarism more apparent than in the letters to the editor sections of the liberal-run newspapers and websites. It's not often that liberal newspapers and websites publish letters of dissent, but when they do print them they are like the one I read a few days ago. The white author of the letter asked why there was no outrage last January when three black men kidnapped a white police officer in the state of Virginia and subsequently took him into the woods and killed him. Of course we know why there was no outrage about the murder of the white police officer. He was of the 'demon' race, and his black murderers were of the 'sainted' race. The letter writer then went on to reveal why white people are killed with impunity by black barbarians. He stated that he deplored the death of the white police officer just as much as he deplored the death of Michael Brown. Now, it is possible that the white author, like Machiel de Graaf when speaking of gays and Jews, did not really equally deplore the two deaths; he could have been trying to appease the liberals and get his letter published. Or, God forbid, perhaps he actually did deplore both deaths equally. But in either case, the fatal disease of the white man was on display in that letter. First, rational appeals to the liberals' rationality will have no effect. The liberals are rational! They are rationally committed to the inhumanity of Satan. Like the pro-choicers who know what they are doing when they murder babies, the liberals know what they are doing when they support the wholesale slaughter of whites. And secondly, the two killings are not to be equally deplored. A completely innocent white man was murdered simply because he was white and a police officer. Michael Brown was killed in self-defense by a white police officer who was responding to a report of a robbery and a beating, perpetrated by the now sainted Michael Brown. We might deplore the fact that Michael Brown chose to be a thug, but we shouldn't deplore the fact that the police officer killed him, because by doing so the police officer saved not only his own life but also the lives of the men and women who would have been killed by Michael Brown in the future.

The path of rationality and moderation is the path the liberals and conservatives always demand the white man should take. He must never, ever become "extreme" – that would be bad. But the liberals are extremists. They have taken their hatred of the white race to the extremest height of their liberal kingdom of Satan on earth, and from that height they hurl satanic thunderbolts at whites. With each thunderbolt they throw, they say to their white victims, "Be moderate, be rational." Again we must ask, are the colored barbarians moderate and rational? They are extremists, they seek the blood of the rational and moderate whites. Can a man be rational and moderate when his foe stands over his wife and children with a battle axe? Apparently a white man can be rational and moderate in the face of that threat. But should he be?

The liberals advise white men to be rational and moderate while their people are being slaughtered, because it suits their agenda. But why do the conservatives advise whites to be rational and moderate in the face of white genocide? It is in part because conservatives think in terms of abstract people. Human beings exist as generic cannon fodder for conservative intellectuals. Whether the cannon fodder is black or white makes no difference to most conservatives; they simply need abstract people to whom they can pontificate. But some conservatives do realize that without some whites left on earth they will have no one to pontificate to, because the colored races will not listen to white pontifications. Those conservatives preach rationality and moderation because they believe it is the smart thing to do, and smartness in the modern conservative's view of existence is the highest virtue. In the conservative's muddled brain he is following the Greek philosophers when he calls for rationality and moderation. Even if he was correct in his assumption that the Greek philosophers preached rationality and moderation, the conservative would be wrong to follow the Greek philosophers. There is a much deeper and profounder wisdom, a wisdom that commands us to be extremists in defense of our own, that is to be found in the Christian poets of Europe. But this "golden mean" of rationalism and moderation is not even consistent with the principles of the Greek philosophers. They advocated a golden mean between eating too much and eating too little, a golden mean between drinking too much and drinking too little, and so on. Even the Greek

philosophers, the best of them, did not claim that you could take a middle ground between two opposed principles and come up with the right principle. Only a modern post-Christian conservative believes in such moderation and rationality.

The devil preaches rationality and moderation to white Christians so that they will remain passive in the face of white genocide. He has even entered the Christian pulpits, enlisting the formerly Christian pastors into his satanic army. We should and must listen to other leaders and other voices. We should listen to Burke, who told us that a man who did not hate where he should hate would not be able to love where he should love. And we should listen to Thomas Nelson Page, who enjoined us to be Christian Goths, loving and hating with all our hearts. I don't believe that a man with a European heart can ever be defeated. Such a man will be an extremist. He will fight for kith and kin in spite of liberals and colored barbarians. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..." +

(1) The recent massacre in France is just one more example of the unsustainable nature of liberal governments. A multicultural, multi-religious government cannot protect its people, because such a government has no commitment to one people and one faith. If France was white and Christian, instead of multi-racial and irreligious, the real French people would not be sitting ducks in a Moslem shooting gallery.

The French government will respond to this new outrage as all the white, liberal governments respond to such outrages. They will condemn terrorists per se, but they will stress their love and support for the people of Islam. In short, they will be rational and moderate. The liberal west will never restrict Moslem or colored immigration, because the liberal west has only one real enemy: white Christians.

Born to Raise the Sons of Earth - January 3, 2015

God rest you merry, gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

Mau Maus walked the streets of New York City, demanding the death of white police officers:

What do we want?
Dead cops!
When do we want it?
Now!

The liberals looked on with approval and then refused to acknowledge that their approval of "understandable black rage" had anything to do with the murder of two police officers, who were – ironically – not white but mistakenly taken for white by the black Mau Mau who shot them. White genocide will not cease until white people once again hate where they should hate and love where they should love. Europeans who love much will kill to protect their own. There is only one proper response to the type of satanic hatred that was on display in the liberal-sanctioned anti-white march in NYC and the anti-white marches throughout the anti-nation called the United States of America.

The white grazer, as a result of absorbing centuries of rationalist pap, lacks the ability to recognize evil. So long as the liberal cloaks his evil in some tangentially civilized, rational form the grazer will remain a grazer. The liberal always sanitizes his evil agenda with sugarized catch words and phrases such as "inclusiveness" and "combating racism," but liberalism is pure negation; it is a parasitical ideology that feeds off the living organism of Christian Europe. This is the reason the liberal always speaks and acts according to the rules and principles of a bastardized Christianity. Lacking a soul of his own, he must feed off the ancient faith of people who did have souls. Once every last white Christian dies, liberalism will cease to exist and then colored barbarism, not liberalism, will envelope the earth. The conservative universalists tell us the colored races will usher in a new Christian era, but that will not be the case. We will either have a white Christian Europe or we will have a colored Babylon.

Liberal utopianism and Christian utopianism: The adherents of the former ideology make the destruction of everything white and Christian their *raison d'être* while adherents of the latter ideology stand by while the white race is destroyed, because they yearn for a Christian paradise where only pure and perfect colored people preside. Of course they will need a few Christian Atticus Finches to preside over the brave new Christian world. Both groups, the liberal utopians and the Christian utopians, must camouflage their hatred of white Europeans with utopian rhetoric, because what they advocate is a march toward darkness and death. Who would march to that tune if it was not cloaked in utopian finery?

There is no mercy or compassion in the liberals or in the conservatives who try to appease them. The true European will grasp this and take steps to protect his people instead of begging mercy from liberals, who have no concept of mercy. How can anything humane come from a people who have renounced the humane God? The satanically inspired, inhuman liberals and their subhuman colored gods will never cease from their efforts to destroy white Europeans. We can either fight for our people or we can betray them by universalizing them into a cosmic trash heap. I believe we should fight, but then I am not a cosmic Christian.

In the great Christmas classics such as Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* and Thomas Nelson Page's *Santa Claus's Partner*, which was inspired by Dickens' work, the main character has a Christmas transformation: he goes from darkness to light. There is no finer scene in movies or literature than the one in which the spiritually transformed Scrooge goes from the dark streets of London into the light of his nephew's living room where his kith and kin are making merry in honor of the Babe who was born in Bethlehem.

There are far fewer Christmas transformations now that the founder of Christmas has been blended with – and often replaced by – the negro, but there will always be some brave souls who will seek and find, in defiance of our modern negro-worshipping society, the God of mercy and love.

Although the conversion experience remains the same – that shall never change – the way a transformed sinner responds to society after his conversion will, of necessity, be quite different from the responses of Scrooge and Berryman Livingstone. Those repentant sinners were still living in Christian societies, so after their conversions they sought out the Christian people they had shunned all their lives in order to make amends and to become part of the mystical body of Christ. 'Tis not so with today's convertite. He must shun his fellow Europeans as he would the plague. And in point of fact his fellow Europeans do have the plague; they have a spiritual plague. The liberal contingent hates the Christ Child, and the grazers want to wrap Him in swaddling clothes and take Him to their Super Bowl parties where He can be placed in the cloak room and ignored. The modern repentant Scrooge must walk away from his nephew's house, inhabited by liberal negro worshippers and stupefied grazers, in order to find that mystic thread to the past where his people dwell, the people who worshipped the Savior in spirit and in truth.

The repentant Scrooge of modern Europe does not shun his fellow Europeans because he lacks humanity, he shuns them because he has left the cult of liberal inhumanity behind, and as a consequence he needs communion with Christian souls rather than community with liberals, who worship Satan through the negro, or with grazers, who wander aimlessly over the fruitless plains of negro-worshipping Europe, trying to sustain themselves on the opiates of modernity, such as drugs, sex, and blood sports, while they let the ancient virtues of their ancestors – faith, hope, and charity – fade away into the dark night of Babylon.

Can a man live alone? No, he can't. But a false, fabricated communion with liberals and grazers is not a true communion of souls. Such a coupling estranges a man from God and makes him feel as if he is wallowing in a spiritual pig sty. If we stay with our blood faith, prepared to hold to that faith though the whole world be against us, God will not abandon us. He will give us the human and divine aid that we need to sustain us in the day of battle. That was the belief of our ancestors and that is our trembling faith. If it sounds like the stuff that fairy tales are made on, that is because it is. The European people are the people who believe in fairy tales. We are the all-or-nothing people. Either the Christ tale is true, and He shall raise us up on the last day, or it's all false and we are of all men most to be pitied. The ruling liberal elite in the Western world has, for virtually the entire 20th century and into the 21st century, proceeded on the assumption that Christ be not risen and our fairy tale faith is indeed false. The Europe of 2015 is the end result of that assumption.

I do not look on the European people's current fallen state as a permanent turning-away from Christ, because I believe in the one essential part of the European fairy tale – the hero who sets the kingdom right. He defeats the powers of darkness arrayed against his people, because his strength comes from a heart infused with a divine charity that comes from the heart of our Lord. The dragon that the hero must overcome is the dogmatic theology which is spewed out by the religious systematizers, the men who think that God can be put in a little box only they can unlock. If the hero can break the rationalist spell, he will be like unto the Ancient Mariner:

The self-same moment I could pray
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea

The systematizers and their adherents, who are ever ready to impose their systems on Christ's people, do not love Christ in and through His people; they have rejected the divine-human channels of grace. What they love is their own minds, so they create a god that is a reflection of their minds and put that man-made reflection in a box labeled 'God.' Then they bid

men come and worship that box. But the true God? He cannot be placed in a theologian's black box, He is the spirit who will go where He lists. His love is revealed to us in the hearts of His people. The image of Satan, which is seen in a mind concentrated in itself, is revealed to us in the hermitically sealed black boxes of the religions systematizers. Dickens depicts the conflict between the systematizers and truth in a comic sequence in *Great Expectations*:

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 (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders, and the restorative exclamation "Yah! Was there ever such a boy as this!" from my sister), 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.

The conservative Pumblechooks are in the same camp as the liberals: they drive different chaise-carts, but they both believe that abstract theoreticians in chaise-carts possess the truth. White genocide will not be halted until we abandon the rationalism of the systems and return to our fairytale faith in the God-Man. A case in point: When the NYC policemen, at the funeral of the two officers shot and killed because of the liberals' support for the sainted Michael Brown and Eric Garner, turned their backs on the liberal Mayor of NYC, they were protesting the liberals' policy of always supporting the negro criminal over the white police officer. That is all well and good. But the officers' mild protest was still within the parameters of liberalism. They had not come to a realization that white people cannot just stick their tongues out at liberals, they must fight them and their colored allies to the knife. There will be no justice or compassion in a society run by liberals for the benefit of their black gods. A counter-revolution, not a reform, is needed. But in order to see this, a man must divest himself of his rationalism and see the world as it is.

The world is as the European fairy tales describe it: there is a devil and there is a God, who is at war with the devil and his minions. We cannot seek redemption from the devil, we can only call on Christ by name and fight the devil and his minions. Once my mad-dog liberal sister heard me reading one of Grimm's fairy tales to my children. She was appalled, because that particular tale was about two children who died and came back to life. That was "unrealistic." My sister's reaction to the fairy tale was symptomatic of all liberals and the conservatives and grazers who kowtow to them. The spiritual transformation that took place in the European people after they saw with their hearts and believed in Christ, has been rationalized away. Instead of judging and condemning modern Europe for abandoning the ethos of the European fairytale, the modern conservatives, both lay and clerical, try to show the liberals that Christianity is just as logical and scientific as liberalism. And they are right. Christianity, as a system, is just as logical and scientific as the liberals' system, which is why the Christian systematizers are not Christians. Their logic and science stems from the minds of men while the ethos of our European fairyland comes from the heart of God and enters into the hearts of men who seek Him still. The true Europeans, the fighting remnant, still believe in the "sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying" God who was born in a stable in Bethlehem, and rose again from the dead on the third day.

Because liberalism is pure negation and no one can live on pure negation, there will always be some remnants of humanity in liberals. They sometimes retain a few private virtues, for instance, they might be kind to animals or read a story – albeit a liberal story – to their children, but at the core of the liberals' faith, the faith that they act on, is Satan. They are adamantly opposed to everything human, to every value and virtue that comes from the incarnate God. The Europeans won't stop white genocide until they see that the liberals are the evil half of the European fairytale. Through their worship of the negro, they worship and serve Satan. It's no coincidence that the Mau Maus are now regarded as the good guys, the much maligned and persecuted black gods. Such blatant Satanism cannot be 'dialogued' out of existence. We need European heroes who see with blinding sight, the blinding sight that comes from a heart connected to the Lord God incarnate, Jesus Christ. +

Remembrances IV: God, the Devil, and Mau Mau - December 18, 2014

"We must prepare to meet with Caliban." – Prospero

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."

When I went to divinity school at the turn of the century, the vast majority of my professors and fellow students believed that the answer to Dostoevsky's question was, "Yes, a civilised European can believe in the divinity of Christ." But by the time I was dismissed from my duties in 1950 I was virtually alone among my fellow clerics in my belief that a civilised European could still believe in the divinity of Christ. My fellow clerics had suddenly developed "problems" with every aspect of the Christian faith. We were supposed to redefine the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, which was based on the Bible, in order to "meet the needs of a changing world." I fail to see in what way the world has changed that would render my belief and my ancestors' belief in the Son of God an erroneous belief. But my fellow Anglicans did believe that airplanes, automobiles, and Charles Darwin made Christ an irrelevancy.

I was not dismissed from my parish at St. John's because of my orthodox heterodoxy, because my parishioners were somewhat behind the clerics in their wisdom of the world. Having just survived a second world war in which they spent a good deal of time in bomb shelters and rebuilding bombed-out buildings, they still tended toward fairy tale beliefs in God, country, and beauty, so my "quaint" sermons, devoid of quotations from the modern Biblical exegetes and the demythologizers, struck a responsive chord in my war-torn countrymen.

And because I had forged such a close bond with my parishioners, I did not want them to think that I was leaving St. John's at my own insistence. I was offered full retirement pay if I resigned voluntarily, but when I refused to retire I was dismissed, without pension, and I was forbidden to perform any service in the Anglican Church.

I have complied with that edict in a fashion. I have not performed an Anglican service in an Anglican church, but I do have a home in London, purchased with my own personal savings and the donations of my former parishioners. And what I do in the privacy of my own home, for the benefit of my friends, is my own business.

Though I had many quarrels over changes in the prayer book and the new Christianity, I was not ultimately dismissed because of what my superiors called my "hopeless provincialism." That might have been a factor in weakening my reputation with my immediate superiors, but the final straw that broke the camel's back was my criticism of the Anglican missionary outreach in Africa and my public support of my fellow Britons in Kenya and South Africa. Certainly my friendship with Peter Delaine, whose great-grandfather had had first-hand knowledge of the events in Haiti that came in the wake of the French Revolution, had helped solidify my opinion about the horrific, satanic nature of black-dominated nations. And before that there was Thomas Jenkins, who also gave me some insight into the growing menace of a liberal-induced, black plague which involved actual black natives rather than germs.

But ultimately I think I would have retained my English "prejudice" against the colored stranger, because of a basic Christian instinct to be true to my own and to resist the encroachment of the colored stranger who would, if I let him, destroy my hearth and my neighbors' hearths. The conflicts of the Europeans in Africa are going to be the conflicts we have right here in Europe. In America it already has happened, under the guise of a false, universalist Christianity: the black barbarians and the liberal clergy men are making war on the confused remnant of white people who are at least trying to hold on to a Christian ethos even though they have lost their vision of the living God. No doubt that loss of vision is partly because their clergymen are marching around demanding, in the case of America, civil rights, and in the case of Britain, the wholesale extermination of the whites in Africa. Oh, they call it democracy and equality of the races, but in every African nation in which the blacks come into power, under the guise of democracy, the whites are slaughtered. As it was in Haiti, so it was in Kenya, and so it will be in South Africa if the South African people ever abandon apartheid and democratize their nation.

But it is of Kenya I want to speak, because it was to Kenya I was summoned, and it is in Kenya that Satanism in its purest form, certainly not pure in the good sense of the word, reared its satanic head. Mr. Anthony Jacob, my good friend, has pointed out in his book *White Man Think Again* that Kenya is very much the world:

"Kenya, we must understand, is a microcosm of the entire West. Therefore let us ask ourselves, What would have been our general White position today if the world had consisted only of Kenya, with no other place for us to go to and no other form of government for us to live under? What then? We, the White race, would already have been obliterated or reduced to everlasting serfdom, would we not? Yet however fanciful it might still seem to the white peoples of the northern American states and occupied Kenya, for we cannot keep on being racially overruled and uprooted and moved on. Wherever we are now we are in effect in Kenya..."

I concur with Mr. Jacob's opinion; I saw the Mau Mau close up when I went to Kenya in 1953 and stayed there through 1955. I saw hell close up during those years, and I saw that white Europe must not perish or satanic Kenya will become the world. I'm writing this part of my memoir in the year of our Lord 1966. I was a man in my early seventies when I went to Kenya, and now, in my eighties, I have been asked why I bother to write so many unpopular things about the African menace to European civilization. Such questions puzzle me. I write because I love my people, because I love my God, and because I hate Satan. Are those not motives enough to keep striving in this world and the next?

My summons to Kenya came from a young man of 22 years of age. His parents had been fourth-generation farmers in the Kenyan Highlands, a very poor area for farming initially which the British farmers had somehow transformed into a prosperous, striving, agricultural community. They constituted five percent of the farming population of Kenya yet they produced 90% of the agricultural yield of Kenya. Of course, now that “independence” has come to Kenya and the white farmers have either fled or been exterminated there is virtually no agricultural production. The black Kenyans simply demand money from Britain and the United States, which they always receive. Considering what was done to white people in Kenya, you would think that the correct moral response from the colonial powers would be men with guns and bayonets. But it isn’t. The British equivalent of carpet-baggers have flooded Kenya as the great dispensers of “charitable relief.” Charitable relief for whom? Why, for the Mau Maus, of course, not for the white victims of Mau Mau terrorism. And let’s be clear about the Mau Mau uprising. It was a united effort; those black Kenyans who didn’t actually run with the Mau Mau – the house servants and the black workers on white farms – were all Mau Mau supporters. As it was in Haiti so it was in Kenya: there were no “good darkies.”

In previous pages of my memoir, which is not a traditional memoir, I’ve mixed the dramatic mode of expression with the novelistic mode of expression. In this case I’ve chosen to use only the dramatic mode, because that is how the story of the death of British Kenya strikes me, as a tragic drama.

London, 1966

Act I. Scene 1. 7 May 1953. The Montgomery farmhouse, Kenya Highlands.

[William Montgomery has invited four prominent members of the Kenyan Farmers’ alliance to discuss the Mau Maus and decide whether they should act alone, forming their own private army against the Mau Maus or continue to rely on the colonial government to protect them. In addition to the four coalition members, Thomas Bennet, Sir Charles Belcher, Michael Green, and John Williams, are Christopher Grey, Edward Owen, Margaret Montgomery (wife to William), Susan Montgomery (daughter, age 18), Jennifer Montgomery (daughter, age 16), Ethan Montgomery (son, age 20), and Peter Montgomery (son, age 13)]

William Montgomery: I’m glad you all could come. We know what we’re here for, gentlemen, but let’s leave the serious business for after dinner. Reverend, will you do us the honor?

Christopher Grey: Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life (in the which thy son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility); that in the last day, when He shall come again in glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and forever. Amen.

William Montgomery: Thank you, Reverend. And I must apologize for not having you over to dinner sooner, but I hear you’ve been well taken care of by Edward.

Grey: Yes, he’s been taking good care of me.

Edward Owen: It’s more the other way around.

Margaret Montgomery: I understand you grew up on a farm yourself, Rev. Grey.

Grey: Yes, in Yorkshire, it’s a good countryside, right out of Constable.

Margaret: How do our Kenyan Highlands compare to Yorkshire?

Grey: That’s not a fair question, Mrs. Montgomery; nothing compares to the haunts of our childhood.

Susan: Even if you grew up in a city?

Grey: I think so. I’m not a born-and-bred Londoner for instance, but I’ve grown to love it like a native. A city, if it is a European city, can capture a man’s soul just as a European farm can capture his soul.

John Williams: I could never be happy in a city. My people have been farmers for more generations than I can count.

Grey: Many farmers feel that way. I know my parents did.

Susan: Why did you become a minister, then?

Margaret: Susan, I must remind you that we invited Rev. Grey for a dinner and not an inquisition.

Grey: I don't mind. But it's difficult to say, Susan. I suppose it was because I loved the parents who raised me on that farm so much that I became a preacher instead of a farmer.

Susan: I don't understand what you mean.

Williams: Nor do I. For a man who has a reputation for straight-forwardness and clarity, you're being very obscure.

Grey: I don't mean to be.

Ethan: He probably just doesn't want to hurl pearls before swine. He doesn't want to waste his...

William Montgomery: Ethan!

Grey: I don't see any swine here, Ethan, except for what's on the table. I'll answer Susan's question:

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.

Jennifer: [addressing Susan] Are you answered?

Susan: Yes.

Thomas Bennet: On a much more mundane level, let me say that the mutton is excellent and the pork roast even better. Mrs. Montgomery, there is no finer cook in the Kenyan Highlands or in Britain itself than you.

Margaret: I doubt that you've sampled all the cooking in the Highlands let alone all of Britain, but I thank you, Sir Thomas, for your gallantry. Ethan, fill Sir Thomas's glass again.

[Bennet raises his newly filled glass to Margaret Montgomery.]

Sir Charles Belcher: I'm an Australian by birth and breeding, but no matter where I settle I'll always be a Britain. I don't think anyone here feels any different.

William Montgomery: I know what you mean. I feel British to the bone, even though I've never been to Britain.

Sir Charles Belcher: We're both of the same blood. Nothing can change that.

Ethan: Do you think we'll be allowed to keep the Kenyan Highlands British?

Michael Green: I don't see why not. My family fought in both wars, and we've lived and died on our land here for four generations.

Edward Owen: That doesn't make any difference to MacLeod and company. They're here for one reason: to turn the Kenyan Highlands over to the Mau Maus.

William Montgomery: We all sympathize with what you've been through, Edward, but the Mau Maus are an aberration. They do not represent the average black Kenyan. I grant you that the Mau Maus are inhuman beasts, but I hardly think that the rest of the black Kenyans have any sympathy with them.

Edward: You knew our kind and faithful black butler, didn't you, Mr. Montgomery?

William Montgomery: Yes, but...

Edward: Well, he was one of those "good darkies," wasn't he? And he held my 12-year-old sister down while they...

Grey: Perhaps we can leave that for after dinner, Edward?

Edward: [glancing at Margaret Montgomery and lowering his eyes] I'm sorry, I guess I'm not capable of polite dinner conversation any more.

Susan: Why shouldn't we discuss the Mau Maus right here and now? Is it because you don't want to offend the ladies? Why should we be spared the gory details?

William Montgomery: Because that's the way I want it, and you'll abide by my wishes [followed by a stern glance at Susan].

Susan: Yes, Father, I only meant to say that since the Mau Maus seem to have a particular hatred for white women that we should be included in the discussion.

Grey: I'm sure your father will include you in many discussions of the Mau Maus, but he does not want you involved in a detailed discussion of their atrocities. And I agree with him.

Margaret: So do I Susan.

Edward: I didn't mean...

Green: It's not your fault, son, it's these filthy times we live in.

Peter: Is it true, Reverend Grey, that you're the strongest man in the world?

Grey [laughing]: Who told you that?

Peter: Edward did.

Edward [also laughing]: I told him about your one-hand clean and jerk of 300 lbs. the other day.

Grey: I'd prefer that story didn't become too well known. It indicates a neglect of my pastoral duties. People will think I've spent my entire life lifting weights.

Margaret: I doubt that anyone would accuse you of neglecting your pastoral duties or any other duty, Rev. Grey. We are not as ignorant of English affairs as the English are of Kenyan affairs.

Grey: That's certainly true, and I hope that changes. What you're doing here, what happens here, is vital. I hope Britons will come to realize that before it is too late.

William Montgomery: We'll get through this crisis somehow; we always have in the past.

Ethan: This time it's different.

Green: How is it different, Ethan?

Ethan: This time the colonial government is against us and so is the government back in London.

William Montgomery: Now you're beginning to sound like Edward.

Ethan: I agree with him. Our government is going to sell us down the river, a river of white blood.

Margaret: Now we're getting back to the Mau Maus again, which is really why you gentlemen are here. Why don't you adjourn to William's study and I'll bring the dessert in there?

Grey: Nothing for me, thank you, Mrs. Montgomery, I couldn't eat another bite after that excellent meal.

William Montgomery: We'll skip dessert, Martha. Somehow I don't think cake and pie mixes well with a discussion of the Mau Maus.

[The men, minus Peter, adjourn to the study. William Montgomery takes Ethan and Edward aside before entering the study]

William Montgomery: You both are welcome to sit in, but please keep in mind that I know your opinions on the Mau Maus already. I want to hear those other men's opinions so I can properly represent the farmers' coalition. All right? No offense taken?

Edward: No offense taken.

Ethan: I understand.

Act I. Scene 2. The study.

Bennet: I don't really see that there is anything to discuss. None of us are military men any longer; we're farmers. I say we work closely with the colonial government to help them stamp out the Mau Maus, but I don't see the need for our own private army.

Belcher: It worked in South Africa for years.

Green: This isn't South Africa. We have our own set of circumstances.

Belcher: The issues are the same. Are we going to accept black rule?

Williams: Nobody said anything about black rule. I understand that there is going to be a coalition-type government with blacks and whites and that we will still be allowed to own our farms.

Belcher: Do you believe that?

Williams: Of course, I do. What could be gained by confiscating the white farms and the white businesses? The whites are needed here, particularly the white farmers: we own 5% of the land and yet we produce 90% of the food. No, I can't believe a coalition, government, or even an all-black government would take our farms and businesses.

Belcher: I wish I could feel as confident as you do, but it seems, from the conversations I've had with Macleod's people, that we are heading to a coalition government, and then to a black government. And I do not have any hopes in a black government. Should that happen, well, I have friends in South Africa. I'll probably go there.

Green: I don't think the powers that be in London or Nairobi would permit black rule in Kenya. They might let a few blacks into the government as a token gesture, but they wouldn't turn the government over to them; that would be insane. What do you think, Reverend?

Grey: I don't think you'll like my opinion. And after all, I'm not a land owner in Kenya.

William Montgomery: I invited you here because I wanted your opinion, Reverend.

Grey: All right, you shall have it. What I'm going to say might sound a little fantastical, but just consider how fantastical our lives here on earth are and then consider what I have to say. I do not believe the Mau Mau rebellion is an aberration. I think Mau Mau is black Africa. The blacks will refrain from murder, rape, and bestiality while the white man is strong, but when the white man falters, when he doubts that he is the Christ-bearer, then what you call Mau Mau and what I call the normal, everyday activities of blacks who no longer feel the need to refrain from their devilish activities, will come to the forefront and make Kenya a living hell.

William Montgomery: Then you're telling me that the blood red tide of the Mau Mau will be loosed if we cooperate with the government and form a multi-racial government?

Grey: Yes, Mr. Montgomery, that is precisely what I am telling you. There can be no amicable union between the sons of Ham and the Europeans. There can be the benevolent rule of the white man, which is best for black and white – look at Kenya before and after the white man came here – or there can be black rule, which means extermination of the whites and a return to barbaric bestiality for the blacks.

Williams: I don't agree. A multi-racial government can work so long as we get the right blacks in place.

Bennet: With all due respect for your office, Rev. Grey, I must agree with Mr. Williams.

Belcher [addressing Green]: Do you agree with Williams?

Green: Absolutely, I don't think the powers that be would permit an all-African government to squeeze out the white farmers.

Belcher: Then you're a fool; you're all fools if you think there can be a coalition government of blacks and whites. The Reverend is right: whites must either control blacks or be exterminated by them. I plan to present my own petition to Macleod and company. Quite probably they'll spit in my face, but at least I'll feel like I've done all that I could.

William Montgomery: I respect you for that, Charles, but I still think we can work out some compromise.

Owen: No, there can't be a compromise. What you're proposing is a capitulation.

[Owen, young Montgomery, and Belcher exit]

Grey: I'm sorry this couldn't have been settled more amicably, gentlemen. I still wish you'd reconsider.

Montgomery: We still have more to discuss, but I think we've settled on our main course of action.

Grey: Well, Owen is waiting for me. [Exits]

Williams: You can't take any of them seriously. They're biased, and that so-called 'Reverend' is the worst of the lot.

Green: What do you mean by "so-called Reverend"?

Williams: I mean that he was defrocked. He really isn't a Reverend.

Montgomery: That's not fair, John, he was not defrocked; he was suspended from his parish duties, but he remains an Anglican clergy man.

Williams: But why was he suspended?

Green: I believe it was for expressing opinions about blacks and whites like those he expressed right here tonight.

Montgomery: He's a good man; I have nothing against him. I just don't think he fully understands our situation here in Kenya. If we don't show ourselves willing to compromise, I think we'll lose everything.

Bennet: And if we do compromise?

Montgomery: Then I think we'll be allowed to continue living and working in the Highlands.

Green: Amen to that.

Bennet [addressing Williams]: What's wrong with you; isn't a multi-racial government what you want as well?

Williams: Yes, certainly, but I think there is something more behind this Reverend Grey character.

Montgomery: How so?

Williams: He's supposed to be a man in his seventies, isn't he?

Montgomery: Yes.

Williams: Yet, he looks to be a man in his mid-forties. And by all accounts he still possesses incredible physical strength.

Bennet: What are you driving at, John? There have been some remarkably strong men who retained their strength into their seventies and beyond. It's unusual, but not unheard of.

Williams: Are you sure of that?

Green: Say what you mean outright.

Williams: I am talking about demonic possession: these High Churchers are all Rosicrucians and Templars.

Montgomery: You are ridiculous, Williams. I'm not a church-going man myself, but I can recognize a good man when I see one. And Reverend Grey is a good man. Just because we disagree on a political stance of his does not mean we have to demonize the man.

Bennet: Williams is a crazy Methodist; what can you do with him?

[Williams charges Bennet, but Montgomery and Green hold him back.]

Montgomery: He was joking.

Williams: Well, I don't like that type of humor.

Bennet: I'm sorry if I offended you.

Green: Grey's all right, John, he's just a little too mystical to be consulted on practical matters.

Montgomery: I'll present our views on the compromise to Macleod.

Act I. Scene 3. Same night.

[Edward Owen and Reverend Grey are driving back to Owen's farm. Owen is at the wheel.]

Grey: They're not bad men, Edward, in fact they're good men and true. That is the problem: "Their natures are so far from doing harm that they suspect none."

Owen: They could deal with the Mau Maus in a fair fight, but they can't deal with a British colonial government and a government in London that hates their own people. Belcher is the only one who knows what is going to happen. They're all going to lose their farms, and some will lose their lives.

Grey: Where will you go from here, Edward? Do you plan on keeping the farm?

Owen: No, I kept it this long to see if we were going to be allowed to stay here in the Highlands. And by 'stay here' I mean stay here as white men who took land that was supposed to be impossible to farm and made that land the most prosperous land in the country. You heard what Green said at the meeting: Five percent of the land and 90% of the food supply. What will happen when the government breaks up the white farms and forces us to "co-manage" them with the blacks?

Grey: The blacks will turn on the whites and murder them. Then the farms will become non-productive again, as they were before the whites came.

Owen: Precisely. I'm selling before the government orders me to work with the Mau Maus.

Grey: What will you do?

Owen [grimly]: I'll stay here in the Highlands.

Grey: You're still a young man, Edward. What are you – 22 years old?

Owen: I'm 23; I'll be 24 in a few months.

Grey: I'm not going to preach to you, Edward. In fact I think what you're planning to do is noble. But I'd hate to see you simply rush into martyrdom. Sometimes the duller, plodding, everyday martyrdom is what is needed.

Owen: I'm not going to rush into martyrdom, but I'm not a farmer any longer. Before the Mau Maus wiped out my family, I never thought of myself as anything but a farmer. Now I see myself as something else. I'm not going to let my family go unavenged.

You've never preached non-violence to me, Reverend, and I appreciate that. And I'll never be able to thank you enough for coming here in response to my letter. I never dreamed you'd actually come to Kenya. I thought, considering your views on the subject, that you'd send me a letter to help me persuade the compromising dunderheads like Williams that they can't trust their government, but you came here in person and did all you could to turn them away from their suicidal surrender.

Grey: I'm afraid I wasn't very persuasive.

Owen: It wasn't for lack of trying or a lack of eloquence. They just don't want to believe you or me. But something else has been bothering me. I should have told you that I was not a Christian when I wrote. And then when you came here, I still couldn't bring myself to tell you. I guess it's because I was afraid you'd leave, and I wanted you to stay. But there it is: I'm telling you now. I have no stomach for any of the 'God is love' rot. I loved my family; now they're all gone, tortured and murdered by the Mau Maus. All I care about is killing Mau Maus.

Grey: Then kill Mau Maus, Edward, kill as many as you can.

Owen [visibly startled]: I didn't anticipate that from you.

Grey: Why?

Owens: Because you're a Christian pastor.

Grey: Maybe I'm a rather poor one then, because I don't see anything intrinsically wrong with killing members of a tribe of men dedicated to torture, murder, rape, and bestiality. What I hate to see is a waste of life. You're the last of your line; are you sure you couldn't resettle somewhere else and continue what your father and mother started here in Kenya?

Owen: You mean cut and run?

Grey: No, I mean what I said. Continue the work your parents started.

Owen: If you were in my place, would you go and start a farm somewhere else and let your parents, your brothers, and your sisters lie in their graves unavenged?

Grey [after a long pause]: No, I would not. I'd do what you are planning to do.

Owen: Thank you.

Grey: For what?

Owen: For not lying to me.

Grey: What's that?

[Owen pulls the small truck off the road as a small band of Mau Maus, about fifteen in number, fresh from a torture and murder raid on a white farm, stand athwart the road, firing at the truck with their assault rifles. Owen grabs two assault rifles, handing one to the Rev. Grey, and then both men head for cover in the ditch beside the road. The Mau Maus, expecting a quick kill, are surprised by the sustained fire from the ditch. Without any cover, they are standing in the

middle of the road; they are all killed by the sustained fire of Owen and Grey. When the firing ceases, Owen and Grey leave the ditch and examine the bodies of the Mau Maus]

Owen: You see that?

Grey: The scarf?

Owen: Yes, that is the type of scarf Jenny Williams wore. [He breaks down in tears] As God is my witness, I don't take any satisfaction in this. He was the loudest against us, but I didn't want this.

Grey: [patting Owen's shoulder with his hand] I know you didn't, son.

Owen: And I don't take any pleasure in this either [pointing to the dead Mau Maus]. I never shot anyone before. What should we do now?

Grey: I think we should pull the bodies off the road and burn them. It was self-defense, but we're liable to be charged with murder if we report this.

Owen: That seems like the best thing to do. I'm sorry to get you involved in this, Reverend.

Grey: You didn't force me to come here, Edward. I knew what I was coming to.

Owen: How could you know?

Grey: This devil's work is not new. The blacks belong to Satan. Whenever the white man tries to impose white culture and white ethics on the black man, Satan rears up in defense of his own.

Owen: Is it possible to believe in the devil without believing in the Christian God?

Grey: Some men claim it's possible, but I don't think it is.

Owen: I do think it's possible.

Grey [laying his hand on Owen's shoulder again]: Stay true to your house and your people, Edward. That will do more for your faith than any sermon I can preach.

Owen: The fire has done its work.

Grey: Let's leave.

Act II. Scene 1. 2 months later. Offices of the Kenyan colonial government, Nairobi.

Macleod: Ruth! Ruth! Where is that damned woman. Ruth!

Ruth: Yes, sir?

Macleod: Where have you been? I need those papers on the Kimaru release. Have you typed them up yet?

Ruth: They're ready, sir, all you need to do is sign them.

Macleod: Good. Leave them on my desk.

Bureaucratic Sycophant #1: Won't the whites give you some trouble when you release Kimaru from prison? After all, Governor Ranison once called him "the African leader to darkness and death."

Macleod: I'm well aware of Ranison's comments; they were ill-timed. This is what London wants, MacMillan wants it, and the British press want it very badly.

Ruth: The whites are afraid that the Mau Maus will become worse if Kimaru becomes the head of Kenya.

Macleod: Possibly, but then maybe Kimaru will help put down the Mau Maus. But what the whites want is unimportant. They have no choice; they must work with the blacks if they want to stay in Kenya. And Kimaru is going to be in charge of Kenya.

Bureaucratic Sycophant #2 [addressing BS #1]: He's already released Bunda and Kuanda, why shouldn't he release Kimaru?

B.S. #1: I'm not saying anything one way or the other. I just think the Kimaru release is going to ruffle some white feathers.

Macleod: I don't care about white feathers. I care about Macmillan and the British press. The whites are supposed to share power with the blacks, and anyone who doesn't like that can sell his farm or his business and leave Kenya.

Ruth: I think a lot of whites will leave rather than become bond slaves to the blacks.

Macleod: We're not talking about bond slaves, we're talking about sharing – is that too hard for you to understand?

Ruth [under her breath]: Sharing with blacks means slavery for the whites.

Macleod: What was that?

Ruth: Nothing.

Macleod: Look, this thing will work if the whites cooperate.

Ruth: Sir Charles Belcher is here again. It's the 14th day in a row. What should I tell him?

Macleod: Tell him that I'm still too busy to see him.

BS #1: Maybe now that the Kimaru deal is set, you should see him. It might help relations with the farmers in the Highlands. You can appear sympathetic to their plight.

Macleod: All right, send him in.

Act II. Scene 2.

Macleod: Sir Charles, I had no idea you were waiting so many days to see me. There must have been some secretarial mix-up.

Sir Charles Belcher: Undoubtedly.

Macleod: But now that you're here, please let me know what I can do for you.

Belcher: I've come here to try and stop a process, which might already be nearing completion, that I believe will be ruinous for the whites in Kenya. It will also be ruinous for the blacks in Kenya, but they are not my main concern.

Macleod: What is this dangerous process?

Belcher: The process by which the whites are forced to turn over their farms to the blacks.

Macleod: Sir Charles, no one said anything about confiscating white farms and handing them over to the blacks. It would be unrealistic to expect the blacks to run the farms. What we want to see is whites helping blacks to become self-sufficient.

Belcher: First off, blacks are incapable of being self-sufficient. And secondly, you have no right to make white farmers slave away for blacks while the blacks, through their Mau Mau brethren, try to slaughter the whites.

Macleod: Sir Charles, I really must...

Belcher: Let me finish and then you can be done with me. The Kenyan Highlands are a miracle of British heart and British ingenuity. The liberals claim the whites have exploited the black Kenyans, but the facts tell us something different.

If you look at the soil, temperature, and rainfall of the Highlands you would say that the entire area was unfit for farming. But starting from scratch, over approximately the last seventy years, British farmers, who own only five percent of the land – and not the best land either – have produced nine times as much per square mile as the African farmers have produced on their land. And what little success the African farmers have had has been due to white support. Yet you want to turn the Highlands over to the blacks. For what purpose? To please the college professors in London and New York? Don't do this thing. For the love of God, for the love of Britain, don't do it.

Macleod: Sir Charles, I always am glad to hear from you, and I respect your opinion, although I disagree with you, but you must realize that the process, as you call it, is already completed. Cooperation is a fact of existence in Kenya.

Belcher: Next you'll be telling me that Kimaru is going to be governor of Kenya.

Macleod: Well – and this won't be announced officially for a couple of days – he is going to become a kind of co-governor of Kenya in preparation for making him the first black governor somewhere down the line. All the white officials at every level are going to be eased out that way.

[Belcher walks out, too stunned to say a word.]

Act II. Scene 3. Next Day.

Macleod: Are you sure the house is ready?

Ruth: I've been there myself. It's fit for a king.

Macleod: Good. How about the reporters? Have they been informed?

Ruth: Yes. And Cardinal Lejeune will be there, along with the Anglican Bishop and several of the ministers from the reformed churches.

Macleod: Any word of protestors?

Ruth: No, but there is a Reverend Grey here to see you.

Macleod: That man! He's killing me with those "Kenyan reports" he's sending to the London papers. Fortunately they're all against him except for The Guardian.

Ruth: He's not here to protest the Kimaru release, he's here to talk about the John Williams' case.

Macleod: Williams is the nut who went around shooting people.

Ruth: He claims they were Mau Maus he shot.

Macleod: Why must you always defend my enemies?

Ruth: I didn't know you considered every white in Kenya your enemy.

Macleod: They threw 30 silver coins at me when I passed through the Highlands. I'll teach them to respect me.

Ruth: I'll tell the Reverend you won't see him.

Macleod: On the contrary, send him in. I have something to say to him. [Rev. Grey enters]

Rev. Grey: Thank you for seeing me.

Macleod: I know why you're here, Rev. You want me to pardon John Williams. But before you do something you'll regret, let me read you parts of a letter sent to the Nairobi Times. I'll read you the part pertaining to the Reverend Grey: "What is

this man doing in Kenya? I'm told he's as old as Methuselah and as strong as Hercules. Can such things be? There is something terribly wrong here. Sent from God, to help us? I think he was sent by some other power, to destroy us not help us. We must cooperate with the plans for a new multi-racial..." The letter goes on for another page – it must have been a slow news day – but there's no more about you. The man who wrote that letter was John Williams. Do you still want him pardoned?

Grey: Yes. The man came back from a meeting, a meeting in which he spoke out for the inter-racial cooperation that you recommend. When he returned home, he found his wife, his two daughters, and his three sons had been tortured, raped, and murdered by the Mau Maus. From that moment on, he set his heart on one thing: killing Mau Maus. He didn't just go out and shoot the first negroes he saw. He found out where the Mau Maus were, and he killed as many as he could. And he'd still be out there, doing what your troops should be doing, if the British army had not arrested him.

Macleod: We can't have people taking the law into their own hands.

Grey: If the law won't help white Christians defend themselves against black heathens, then it is not the law. It is a satanic monstrosity that must be fought with all our heart, mind, and soul.

Macleod: If you keep on in that vein, Reverend, I'll have you locked up.

Grey: Do it.

Macleod: No, I won't give you the satisfaction of martyrdom.

Grey: But you still plan on executing Williams?

Macleod: Yes, I do. He'll be executed on the same day that Kimaru gets out of prison. Both actions will show we're serious about white and black collaboration.

Grey: Some whites don't see it that way. The ones who threw you the thirty pieces of silver, for instance.

Macleod: I can't be concerned about a few lunatics. I'm doing what Macmillan wants, I'm doing what the UN wants, and I'm doing what the Christian church men want. You should be on my side.

Grey: You're doing what the church men want, but not what the Christian Europeans want.

Macleod: I don't think we have anything else to talk about, Rev. Grey.

Grey: May I see John Williams?

Macleod [after some hesitation]: Yes, I'll get you a pass.

Act II. Scene 4. John Williams' jail cell.

Williams: It's kind of you to see me, Reverend, considering what I've said about you.

Grey: That's past, John, no need to dwell on it. Let me read from the Gospel.

Williams: I'd like that, but not yet. I do need to dwell on what I said about you. You see, I convinced myself that you were some kind of demon priest because I wanted you to be wrong about the compromise. I was a farmer, not a soldier, and I just wanted to continue farming in the British Highlands and taking care of my family through that farming. You and Owen upset me with your talk about the Mau Maus not listening to reason. That has always frightened me, the idea that there are people so intent on evil that they cannot be deterred by reason. What I'm stumbling all over myself to say is this: I was wrong, wrong to accuse you of demonism and wrong not to support you at the meeting. When I saw my wife and children after the Mau Maus got through with them, I saw just how wrong, how sinful my cowardly evasion of the truth was.

[At this point, John Williams breaks down and sobs uncontrollably.]

Grey: John, you didn't cause your family's death. Whether you were for or against a compromise with the Mau Maus you would have been at the meeting.

Williams: No, it won't work, Reverend. I thank you for trying. But I could have put my sons and my farm hands on the alert before I came to the meeting. I can honestly say I'm not afraid to die, except for the fact that I'll have to face my family after what I did to them.

Grey: No, John, they'll be no reproaches on their faces. There will be joy, the joy of seeing their father and husband, and the joy of knowing you'll be with them and Him for all eternity.

Williams: Do you know that to be true, Reverend?

Grey: Yes, I do. I'll stay right here with you tonight, and in the morning I'll walk with you to the gallows. Through it all look at me and say those blessed words from the Gospel with me right to the end: "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."

[John was executed at 8 a.m. the next morning. If ever a man was at peace with death, it was John Williams. One look of gratitude toward me, one quick smile of contentment, and it was over.]

Act III. Scene 1. 1960. Vatican City, the Papal Chambers.

Messenger: Monsignor Bontini is outside.

Pope John: Send him in. [Bontini enters] Monsignor Bontini, I'm so glad to see you. You've done such excellent work to put all in readiness for the ecumenical mass with Kimaru. I'm looking forward to it. The Church has been much too negligent in the past. We did not reach out to our black brothers.

Bontini: It's the Kimaru mass that I want to talk about.

Pope John [visibly upset]: Something hasn't gone wrong? I want so much to concelebrate with Kimaru.

Bontini: Nothing has gone wrong with the details, everything is ready, Holy Father.

Pope John: That is a relief [smiling]. Why do you try to upset me?

Bontini: There is not a problem with the details of the mass or with Kimaru's people, but there is a problem: it's my problem, it's something in my soul.

Pope John: Tell me about it, my son.

Bontini: It's a dream I had, Holy Father. Now, I know we are supposed to disregard such things—dreams are so disjointed and illogical – but I cannot shake off the effects of this dream. It haunts me.

Pope John: What was the dream?

Bontini: It was about Kimaru and the upcoming ecumenical mass.

Pope John: Now I see, the dream has caused you some uneasiness about the Kimaru mass.

Bontini: Yes, Holy Father. If I could talk with you about it maybe I could come to terms with my conscience.

Pope John: By all means, tell me about the dream, my son, and don't worry. I'm sure we'll be able to ease your conscience.

Bontini: It's going to seem silly – most dreams do when you tell them in the light of day – but I never had a dream of such vividness before.

Pope John: Go ahead, my son.

Bontini: It was day, I think the late afternoon, and I was preparing the cathedral for the upcoming Kimaru mass. I was alone, and I was on the altar facing the Eucharist. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned, quite startled, and saw a hooded figure with no face. He might have had a face – the hood covered something that was shaped like a human head, but there were no discernible features of a face inside the hood – no eyes, nose, or mouth.

The figure raised his hand: for some reason, I thought of the figure as a ‘he’ even though I could not see his face. He pointed to a side door leading out of the cathedral and made it clear I was supposed to follow him out the door. I did as he wished.

Once we exited by the side door, we were faced with an unbelievable horror. There was a vast field covered with what seemed an infinitude of mutilated bodies of men, women, and children of both sexes. All the bodies were white. Some just lay there, seemingly dead. Others were walking or crawling around, screaming in agony, often carrying their severed heads or a limb, as they moved about, screaming. And in the midst of the multitudinous sea of agonized white people was a giant negro with normal size black servants. The giant negro was Kimaru, and he was in the process of hacking white people to pieces. I could see that those white people were new arrivals, because they formed a long line behind Kimaru. They were just waiting to be slaughtered. And I heard a voice near me saying, “In so much as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me.” I turned to look at the hooded figure and for a split second I thought I saw the face of Jesus Christ within the hood, but then the face vanished and the hood once again had just the face of darkness.

Then I saw Kimaru grow to even greater proportions. He stopped hacking the white people in pieces and started gobbling them up whole. After each gulp, he smacked his lips and smiled at me. Finally he spoke. “I am your child, Bontini, are you proud of me?” And then he laughed again. “Look there,” he pointed to a large hill overlooking the slaughter, a hill which had not been there before. On the hill was Satan in a golden chariot. He had on all the papal vestments and held the mitre. Riding down the hill into the carnage of the open field, he blessed Kimaru and called him “My son.” And then suddenly I was no longer in that terrible field of carnage, I was back in the Cathedral, and Kimaru was there, a normal-sized Kimaru, and he was receiving your blessing, but when I looked at your face, it was no longer your face: it was Satan’s. And Kimaru started laughing and pointing at me as if he and I shared in some great devilish work. And lightning struck the Cathedral, and I saw the earth open up under my feet as I, the assembled clergy, Kimaru and his followers, and you, Holy Father, went tumbling down into hell.

In the last part of the dream, I was in a desert so hot that my skin was burning up and falling off in layers onto the dry desert sand. I thought, “A man only has so much skin, so I will be a skeleton soon, and my bones will rot here.” But then a little child came to me and started cooling and healing my body with some kind of miraculous salve. When he had finished restoring my body, He became a man, and I knew the man: He was Christ. “Take care of my people, Francesco Bontini, take care of my people. Do not suffer that man to kill my people while invoking my name. Do you understand me, Francesco Bontini?”

I answered him, “Yes, Lord, I understand.”

Then I was back in the Cathedral moving chairs and setting up the microphone, and when I awoke, my bed was soaked with sweat and blood, and I had open, bleeding sores in my hands and on the side of my body where the centurion’s spear had pierced our Lord’s body. Naturally, I went to the doctor, who said my wounds were not deep, so he put some disinfectant on them and some bandages and sent me on my way. But the wounds are deep, Holy Father, they have penetrated into my soul. Please help me to know what I should do.

Pope John: That certainly was a vivid dream, and I can understand how it could upset a man like you, a sensitive man, so much that he could self-induce the wounds of Christ upon his own body.

Bontini: But...

Pope John: Let me finish, my son.

Bontini: I’m sorry.

Pope John: You must remember that this was a dream. I repeat: it was a dream. No matter how vivid, no matter how real it seemed, it was a dream. And dreams of that kind seldom come from God, they come from our own psyche. That is what the psychiatrists tell us, and I think they know whereof they speak. You obviously have been speaking to someone who was defaming Kimaru and exaggerating the evils of the Mau Maus. You absorbed that information into your subconscious, and it came out in that vivid dream. Now, think back; did you come into contact with a racist, an individual who simply wanted to defame Kimaru and exaggerate the Mau Mau excesses simply because he hated blacks?

Bontini: Possibly. I did have lunch with that Anglican priest, Christopher Grey. He asked for a meeting with me, because he heard I was in charge of the Kimaru mass.

Pope John: I knew it. He is not even in good standing in the Anglican community. They are good men; they are our brothers in Christ, but he is an outcast man because of his racism.

Bontini: But I must say, Holy Father, that he impressed me as a very good man and very sincere. He made a case, citing many incidents that he had witnessed, against Kimaru and the Mau Maus. He has been to Kenya and seen such...

Pope John: He is a racist; you can't trust a word he says. I know that Kimaru is a Christian. Some of his followers have killed, that is true, but you must remember that they killed because they have never known compassion or mercy. The white man has only dealt with them by the use of whips and chains. They are not to be blamed for the few incidents when they shed blood, but are instead to be commended for their great restraint, because in most cases they did not shed blood. If we embrace them, take them to our hearts with loving charity and forgiveness, they will never kill again; in fact, they will show us the rare phenomenon of natural men who are infused with grace. That is a miracle, a miracle which should be celebrated; that is why we are celebrating Kimaru's journey to Rome. And you have done well in preparing for his visit.

Bontini: Have I done well?

Pope John: I have said it; that should be enough for you.

[Monsignor Bontini exits]

Act III. Scene 2. The Press Room of the Vatican.

[Members of the press from all the European countries and most of the African countries are present. Kimaru is standing up at the podium with several of his followers seated behind him.]

English reporter: Does this move by the Vatican make you feel less hostile to Christianity?

Kimaru: I have never been hostile to Christianity. I am a Christian. I believe in the teachings of Christ. I follow the line Jesus taught. I think it helps me in many ways.

Italian reporter: How does it help you?

Kimaru: It helps me forgive those who imprisoned me unjustly and it helps me govern Kenya.

English reporter: What about the Mau Maus? It is said that they are still murdering whites.

Kimaru: They are not still murdering whites, because they never did murder whites. When blood was shed, it was shed in self-defense.

Italian reporter: Will you concelebrate with the Pope? Generally a non-Catholic does not concelebrate.

Kimaru: I am a special case: I will concelebrate the mass with Pope John. Black people have been kept away from the inner chambers of the church for much too long. [he raises both hands in the air] Now the time has come for black people to regain their rightful place in the Kingdom of God.

English reporter: Could you mention something about the reforms you've instituted in Kenya?

Kimaru: We've returned Kenya to the blacks. Previously whites exploited the blacks; they used them as laborers and slaves. Now the blacks rule Kenya, and the whites are our helpers, not our slaves. No white business has been destroyed; no white farm has been confiscated. We have simply put black people in charge of Africa, for the benefit of blacks and whites.

Italian reporter: What made you accept the Holy Father's offer?

Kimaru: Excuse me, in my nation there is no Holy Father; we call a man by his name. The man called John wanted to recognize my mission before the world so he invited me here. I accepted.

Italian reporter: Is that what happened, your Reverence?

Pope John [stepping up to the podium]: Yes, that is what happened. I have followed Kimaru's career and have admired his work on behalf of his people and his efforts to bring peace and cooperation between whites and blacks in Kenya. I think Kenya can be a model for the rest of Africa and even for the rest of the world. The black race is the most Christ-like race of people; they have borne their suffering nobly and have much to show the rest of the world.

American reporter: Your Holiness, there are reports of terrible things, of torture, murder, and rape, atrocities directed against your people, against nuns and priests. What do you say about that?

Pope John: I say what I have said before. There have been atrocities on both sides of this terrible racial divide, but the great majority of atrocities have been committed by the white race against the black race. It behooves us, the Catholic people, and especially the Pontiff of Rome, to reach out to the blacks in loving charity and forgiveness and tell them how deeply sorry I am for what we, as Christians, have made them do. That is my answer to the so-called atrocities of the Mau Mau and other black tribes.

Papal Representative: Gentlemen, they'll be time for more questions after the mass when we all have dinner together. Right now, we must prepare for the mass.

Act III. Scene 3. A small restaurant in Rome on a side street near, but not too near, the Vatican City.

[Monsignor Bontini, Rev. Christopher Grey, and Edward Owen occupy a corner table in the restaurant. Bontini has spoken with Rev. Grey before, but this is his first meeting with Edward Owen. We join them at the beginning of their dinner after the introductions are over.]

Bontini: I hope you don't think my joining you for dinner means I agree with your views on Kimaru.

Owen: I don't know what Rev. Grey told you, but my views on Kimaru are quite simple: I think he should be killed. And if it takes him a long time to die, that is all to the good.

Bontini: The Rev. Grey told me of your family, Mr. Owen, and I sympathize with you. But surely you cannot mean what you say. Vengeance is always wrong, but blind vengeance, where you merely strike out blindly against men whom you do not even know are guilty, is the worst type of vengeance.

Owen: Save your sermons for your parishioners, Monsignor. I'll do what I must do.

Rev. Grey: I don't think Edward is wrong, Monsignor. But I'm curious as to why you requested this meeting. You seemed to be adamantly opposed to my views on Kimaru when we talked last week.

Bontini: I'm still opposed to your opinions, but I can't help but have a certain affinity for your... well, for want of a better word, for your passion. You love your people; I can see and admire that. And I asked you to bring Mr. Owen along so I could hear more from the other side and maybe convince Mr. Owen and you that our side is in the right on this issue of Kimaru and the Mau Maus.

[Owen gets up to leave.]

Bontini: Please stay; I'm sorry if I've offended you.

Owen: You haven't offended me. It's just that I've heard all the pro-Mau Mau propaganda I can stand. There's no point in listening to more.

Bontini: If you stay I promise you'll hear no more propaganda from me. I'd like to listen to you and Rev. Grey.

Owen: All right. [he sits down again]

Rev. Grey: It's as I told you last week, Monsignor. This issue of Kimaru and the Mau Maus cuts right to the heart of existence. Is Christ the living God and did He become incarnate in the culture of the European people? Despite all their

sectarian differences, despite the wars, an infinitude of all the human fragilities, did Christ come and abide with the European people?

Bontini: Yes, he did.

Grey: Was He incarnate in any other people?

Bontini: No, He wasn't, but surely you're not suggesting that God only came to save white men?

Grey: No, I am not. I am saying that the Europeans are the Christ-bearers, that the way to Christ is through the hearth fires of the European people. If you destroy those hearth fires and the people who dwell there, you will have effectually cut off mankind from the living God. Can we know God by abiding with the Asians? With the Indians? And certainly not with the blacks. Kimaru attacks the whites because he is fueled by a satanic hatred that he doesn't even understand. But his life is like it so he follows his vision of hatred and destruction – hatred for the white race and the destruction of every last vestige of Christian European culture.

Bontini: While I sit here with you and listen to you speak of Kimaru, I feel one with you. I want to strike out against him and his Mau Mau followers; I certainly don't want to celebrate Mass with them. But that feeling is only here and now, and when I leave you, I hear other voices and I'm subject to other influences.

Owen: You said that you didn't approve of blind vengeance, Monsignor. My vengeance is not blind, it is directed at the Mau Maus and most particularly at Kimaru and my family's black servant who now serves Kimaru as a manservant and chef. He not only participated in the mass murder of my parents and my brothers, but also held down my baby sister while his fellow Mau Maus raped her. Then when they had finished with her, he plucked her eyes out of their sockets and ate them. He bragged about it later. What would you do to such a creature?

Bontini: I'd kill him, but would I be right in doing so? [he looks at the Rev. Grey]

Grey: Yes, it would be and it is right to kill such creatures. The "charity of honor" that Burke spoke about demands that we do so.

Bontini: Those policemen are coming toward our table. Believe me, Rev. Grey, I said nothing to anyone.

Grey [placing his hand on Bontini's shoulder]: I believe you, Monsignor.

1st Officer: Rev. Christopher Grey?

Grey: Yes.

1st Officer: You are under arrest as an undesirable alien. You will be put on a plane and deported to England immediately.

2nd Officer: Edward Owen?

Owen: Yes.

2nd Officer: You will also be sent to England with Rev. Grey.

Owen: On what charge? [He rises and appears to be ready to strike the second officer. A third officer attempts to hit Owen with his club. Rev. Grey leaps to his feet and grabs the third officer's arm, forcing him to drop the club.]

1st Officer: That's enough of that, Rev. Grey. [turning to the third officer] Leave off; they'll come peacefully.

Bontini: By your leave, officers, I'd like to accompany these men to the plane.

1st Officer: I've no objection to that, but we must leave now.

Bontini: Please, no handcuffs.

1st Officer: All right.

[exit the officers, Rev. Grey, Bontini, and Owen]

Act III. Scene 4. Rome Airport waiting room.

[Bontini, Grey, Owen, and three police officers.]

1st Officer [addressing Monsignor Bontini, who obviously has more influence than Rev. Grey or Edward Owen]: You understand, Monsignor, that I just follow my orders; I have nothing personal against you or your friends.

Bontini: I understand that, officer, and I appreciate you're not treating them as criminals. You know how the political winds shift. At another time, they might be welcome guests in our country.

1st Officer: You're right, that's why I don't like these assignments. Somebody obviously does not want your friends around, somebody with political muscle, but I wish whoever it is would not use the police force to settle their quarrels with political opponents.

Bontini: You could do me one more favor, officer. If I could speak privately for just a few moments with my friends, I would greatly appreciate it. We could sit right over there where you can still see us.

1st Officer [glancing across the room at the vacant chairs]: All right, go ahead. [Bontini, Owen, and Grey go across the room and sit down.]

Bontini: I feel responsible for this.

Grey: We don't blame you, Monsignor.

Owen: Of course not.

Bontini: But you see I am somewhat responsible because I did tell Pope John that I had been speaking to you [glancing at Grey] when he was trying to find out why I had misgivings about my part in the preparations for the Kimaru mass. I know he is the one behind your deportation. In his mind, he is protecting me from evil influences.

Grey: So you actually did have some misgivings about the Kimaru mass?

Bontini: I didn't think I did, but I had this dream – it was terrible but also moving. The Holy Father dismissed the dream, but still it has filled me with doubts. And meeting your friend here and talking to you again has only increased my doubts.

Grey: Neither Edward nor I think we have it in our power to stop the Mau Maus without other men joining us, but with or without help from anyone else we both are committed to do what we can to fight them, because we believe they are from Satan. There is nothing more I can say to you. We've given you our witness, and you've heard and seen Kimaru. You decide.

Bontini: I pray that I do what is right. Will you pray for me?

[The Rev. Grey goes to his knees.]

Grey: Lord, abide with your servant Francesco Bontini and help him at the moment of truth to decide to fight for your reign of charity. In Christ's name, Amen.

[Both Grey and Owen walk from the waiting room and board the plane.]

Act III. Scene 5. Rome, the Cathedral.

[The Kimaru Mass is in progress. Kimaru and the Pope are concelebrating with many cardinals and dignitaries in attendance. Kimaru is dressed in his African tribal robes. Sitting in the front row are five of Kimaru's wives, four black and one white. The four black wives are topless, and the white wife is in an African-styled gown. Monsignor is seated four or five rows back. He has made all the arrangements for the mass, so he now has nothing more to do than to sit back and watch the results of all his handiwork. The Pope has done the readings, and then he allows Kimaru to give the homily.]

Kimaru: This is a great moment for Africa, and it is a great moment for the people of Italy and all of Europe. I am Mau Mau, and Mau Mau is Africa. It is not just a political movement, it is a religious revival. Once, the black man ruled Africa and Europe too. Then came the great deceivers, the white men, and they destroyed the great black kingdoms by treachery. Now I, Kimaru, and my fellow Mau Maus will restore the Kingdom of Africa. There shall be no more white deceivers on the earth. The great Jesus Christ once tried to eliminate all the black people from the face of the earth. But he failed, and now it falls to me, the black Messiah who is greater than Christ, to bring the Kingdom of Mau Mau to completion. Never shall we, the black nations, again submit to white rule. The reign of Mau Mau is here.

[The mass proceeds. After the Pope completes the consecration, he first kneels before the Eucharist and then turns and kneels before Kimaru. This is too much for Bontini, who rushes toward the altar.]

Bontini: Stop this blasphemy, this must not go on! [He reaches the altar, leaps on Kimaru, knocking him down, and starts to strangle him. The Italian police pull Bontini off Kimaru and take him out of the Cathedral. The Pope steps up to the podium.]

Pope John: Please be seated; Monsignor Bontini has been suffering from a troubling illness. Let us go on with the mass.

[The mass proceeds although half of those in attendance have left.]

Pope John[as the mass ends]: The mass is over, go in peace to love and serve the Lord and make a vow to love and serve your black brethren, whom our brother in Christ, Kimaru, has represented so wonderfully here today.

Kimaru: Mau Mau now and forever, amen.

Act IV. Scene 1. London, Christopher Grey's home.

[Rev. Grey has a visitor, one Inspector Chambers from Scotland Yard.]

Grey: Edward Owen resides in Kenya now; I haven't seen him since he left Britain some six months ago.

Chambers: I know that. I didn't come here to question you about Edward Owen. There was some interest in Mr. Owen after Kimaru's manservant was found murdered in his apartment right here in London about eight months ago. The manservant had been a butler in the Owen household when the Mau Mau butchered his family. Owen accused the man of participating in the massacre, so it was only normal police procedure to check out Edward Owen.

Grey: How did he check out, as you call it?

Chambers: There was no compelling evidence against him. At least no compelling evidence that was brought forward.

Grey: I'm not certain I follow you.

Chambers: I'm not playing cat and mouse with you, Reverend, although it might appear that way. I know for a fact that Edward Owen killed that loathsome creature, but I'm the only man outside yourself and Edward Owen that does know it. I can see you suspect a trick, and I understand that. But I'm a man first, and a police inspector second. I would have done what your friend did if I was in his place. He did what was right, and I wasn't about to turn him in for it.

Grey: I'm afraid I can't comment one way or the other on your rather surprising information, Inspector Chambers.

Chambers: I don't want you to, but I'm going to lay all my cards on the table about this whole Mau Mau business, and you can believe me or not believe me after I'm finished. I'll think you'll believe me when I tell it all.

Grey: By all means, Inspector, tell your story.

Chambers: You'll remember it was about eight months ago when Kimaru was visiting England. He met with the Prime Minister, he met with the Queen, and he met with the Archbishop of Canterbury. You name them, and he met them. And we, Scotland Yard, were charged with providing him security, because we were told he was a Mau Mau and there were those in the country who didn't hold with the Mau Maus. I didn't know a thing about the Mau Maus at the time. I had

heard some things, good and bad, but hearing something is not the same as knowing something. So I had no definite opinions about Kimaru and the Mau Maus before I was put in charge of their safety while they were in England.

Once I got to know Kimaru, I didn't like him, but I still couldn't believe some of the things his detractors said. How could they have let him out of jail if he did half the things they said he did? But I kept telling myself I was a police officer; my personal opinion of Kimaru didn't matter. But he was a handful. He took offence at just about everything. If you walked in front of him, that was an offense to his dignity. If you didn't address him as 'His Highness' that was an affront to him and his people. Yet he never stopped insulting everything white, English, and Christian. I needed all my self-control to keep from punching that fat, bloated monstrosity. And his wives – they all acted like Scotland Yard existed solely to cater to their whims.

Well, he made the rounds and was courted and petted by the English press and the English royalty until his main toady, Mugo, the man who used to work for your friend's family back in Kenya, was found murdered. It was a clean job; he was knifed through the heart in his hotel room. Whoever got to him had climbed up to the window from ten stories down. Of course I now know that it wasn't somebody, it was Edward Owen.

I had been briefed on Owen before the murder. He, along with you, was listed as a person we should keep away from Kimaru. In terms of physical violence we were more worried about Owen. You had that column you wrote for the Guardian; it didn't seem likely that you'd try to kill Kimaru after excoriating him in print. Of course, I was wrong, but I'll come to that later.

Owen wasn't seen anywhere near the hotel where Mugo was murdered, but he also couldn't provide me with an alibi. But still, the fact that he was known to have hated Mugo was not enough to arrest him. We had him in the station for over four hours of questioning before we released him with instructions not to leave London until we told him he could leave. I was certain we'd have enough evidence to arrest him within the week.

The next day I was called into the commissioner's office. He said, "I got a call from Kimaru. He says he has some evidence regarding Mugo's murder that he'd like you to see."

"All right, I'll go out there and see what he's got for me."

Kimaru, when he wasn't in London, was living in a big country estate about ten miles west of London. I had no idea what the evidence might be, but it was my case, so I headed for his estate as soon as I left the commissioner's office. I don't need to tell you what a fuss the papers were making about the poor innocent negro who came here on a peaceful diplomatic trip with Kimaru and was then brutally murdered. I wanted to clear the case up quickly, but I also didn't want to be railroaded into making an arrest before I had enough evidence.

Kimaru was scheduled to go back to Kenya in a few weeks, but he had certainly fixed up the place as if he planned on staying there forever. Inside it looked like a pleasure palace of one of those Arab potentates. He was surrounded by a large circle of scantily clad women and numerous black toadies, all of which I had come to expect when dealing with Kimaru. He cleared the room and bid me sit down.

Kimaru: I have incontrovertible evidence that Edward Owen murdered my servant Mugo.

Chambers: If you have such evidence, I'd like to see it.

Kimaru [responding to a bell, two of his men wheel in a film projector, and Kimaru dismisses them]: Flip the switch on the lower right corner, and then watch the film, Inspector Chambers.

[What I now saw was Edward Owen climbing in a window – you couldn't tell it was Owen until he turned on the light – and confronting Mugo. The film also recorded their speech.]

Owen: I've come to send you to hell, Mugo.

Mugo: You won't touch me, white filth. You haven't the courage. You're too afraid of Mau Mau to do anything against its power.

[Owen simply walked up to him, knocked him down, and plunged a knife through his heart. Then he left by the window he had come in by. It took less than five minutes. When the film was over, Kimaru turned the lights on and addressed me.]

Kimaru: Will justice be served, Inspector?

Chambers: With that film as evidence, I think justice will be served.

Kimaru: I think Owen should be handed over to me for Mau Mau justice, but I don't suppose you will do that.

Chambers: No, we won't. He'll be tried in a British court.

Kimaru: Will he die for his crime?

Chambers: I don't know; that is not up to me.

Kimaru: I suppose his lawyer will bring up that old story about Mugo's massacre of the Owen family.

Chambers: Yes, I'm sure that will be brought up.

Kimaru: Do you believe his story?

Chambers: What I believe doesn't matter.

Kimaru: Oh, but it does matter what you believe, Inspector Chambers. You see, I attended one of your English universities, and I know about your jury system. If the jury feels that Owen was acting out of a justifiable rage over the massacre of his family, they might not exact the death penalty; they might be much too lenient. So I ask you, as a typical Englishman, do you believe what Edward Owen told you about Mugo and Owen's young sister and the rest of the family?

Chambers: Before I answer that question, let me ask you a question. Why did you film Mugo's room that night?

Kimaru: Because I was hoping that we could catch Owen in the act of killing Mugo.

Chambers: So you knew that Owen was going to kill Mugo that night?

Kimaru: I didn't know which night, but I was sure he would try.

Chambers: Did Mugo know that he was being filmed, did he know that he was being set up?

Kimaru: No, of course he didn't.

Chambers: So you just let him be killed?

Kimaru: Of course, what is one man compared to the cause of Mau Mau? I would sacrifice 10,000 Mugos in order to destroy an enemy of Mau Mau. Owen is an implacable enemy; he needed to be destroyed. Of course most of the damage has already been done. He brought that priest into the picture.

Chambers: You mean the Rev. Grey?

Kimaru: Yes, he has done harm to the Mau Mau cause, but not much. Only a few of your English commoners believe what he says. Your politicians, your clergy, and your professors all support Mau Mau.

Chambers: And what is Mau Mau?

Kimaru: It is everything Reverend Grey says it is. Mau Mau is dedicated to the complete destruction of the white race, by torture, murder, and rape.

Chambers: Why?

Kimaru: Because we worship Satan and hate Christ. You British should pay more attention to history. Before the white man came to Africa there was Mau Mau, and now that the white men are being driven out of Africa, the Mau Mau will resurface. And not just in Africa, we will occupy all of Europe, your professors and politicians will invite us in, and then...

Chambers: You'll torture, murder, and rape.

Kimaru: Yes, Englishman, I think you're beginning to understand. But I understand you as well, Englishman. I know you won't lie to me. Will you submit this film as evidence against Edward Owen, knowing that Mugo was indeed the key conspirator in the torture, murder, and rape of Owen's family?

Chambers: No, I will not submit that film as evidence. I'll take that film and destroy it.

Kimaru: I knew you wouldn't lie. You have the mark on you. You're what they call a true bred Englishman. But you know this means that you must die.

Chambers: Yes.

Kimaru: Unfortunately I can't have my people do the usual mutilations, because your body must be found, and it must appear you were killed by Edward Owen. But I still think we can find some other way to make your death as painful as possible without leaving any marks. You can see why I asked you to leave your revolver at the door.

Act IV. Scene 2. Still in Rev. Grey's home.

Chambers: You know what happened after that, Reverend. He had his henchmen take me downstairs to his homemade torture chamber. Every Mau Mau should have one. He told me grisly stories of what he had done to whites in Kenya and what he was going to do to them when he got back to Kenya. He also told me of the white slavery rings he had started right here in Britain. Then he gave orders to his henchmen to start in on me. But they never started. A masked figure, just like in the Zorro and Bulldog Drummond books, suddenly appeared. He put a bullet through each of the henchmen's heads and then he walked up to Kimaru and strangled that 400 pound monstrosity, after which he cut me loose and left.

You had no way of knowing about the film, Reverend, or that I had already decided to destroy it, so you didn't reveal yourself. But let me assure you that I destroyed the film; it perished in the fire, which according to my report and that of the fire commissioner, was started by faulty wiring. It was a shame that Kimaru and two of his colleagues were burned beyond recognition. The rest of his people got out safely. No doubt they'll return to Kenya and attach themselves to another Mau Mau dictator.

Grey: Yes, the death of Kimaru doesn't end the Mau Mau uprising. In point of fact, the Mau Mau element we shall always have with us. It can be contained and controlled if whites are strong, but it will always be there, lurking in the subterranean recesses of the black man's soul, ready to surface whenever white Christians lose faith in their people and their God.

Chambers: You might think I was negligent in not reporting what happened that night, but I knew they wouldn't believe me. Torture chambers and a mysterious masked man? They'd have locked me up as a murderer and a madman.

Grey: You did what was best. Now, you can still keep an eye out for the Mau Mau movements right here in Britain.

Chambers: We're in for it, aren't we?

Grey: I'm afraid so.

Chambers: Something to do with reaping what we've sown?

Grey: Yes.

Chambers: Well, I'll be heading back to my flat.

Grey: Inspector, before you go...

Chambers: Yes?

Grey: It's possible that you didn't destroy the film and still mean to use it against Edward Owen, or possibly there never was a film and you want to bluff me into implicating Edward. I don't believe any of that. I believe everything you told me, but I have no right to violate another man's confidence, so I'll not say anything about Edward Owen.

Chambers: I understand.

Grey: But I will say something about that masked figure. Of course it was me. I'm glad I got there in time, and I was proud to stand with a true bred Englishman. If you'll let me, I'd like to shake your hand.

Chambers [shaking Grey's hand and then kneeling]: I'd like your blessing, too.

Grey: Everlasting God, which has ordained and constituted the services of all angels and men in a wonderful order: Mercifully grant, that they which always do thee service in heaven, may by thy appointment succor and defend us in earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Act V. Scene 1. September 1963. The Papal chambers, Rome.

Paul VI: Welcome, Monsignor... I mean, welcome, Francesco. [Bontini bows but does not kiss the proffered ring] I hope you do not blame the pontiff of Rome for your troubles.

Bontini: I don't blame anyone but myself for my troubles. There are some lines from that great English playwright Shakespeare that describe me:

"Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

In my case, it was the Pope, but the result was the same, and the fault was mine, not for attacking Kimaru – I'm proud of that – but for putting the Pope's will above God's will.

Paul VI: You've strayed far from the true faith, if you can say such a thing.

Bontini: I've spent three years in prison dwelling on this thing we call faith, and I don't think slavish devotion to an organization that has completely abstracted itself from Christ and His people constitutes "The Faith."

Paul VI: You're just bitter against the Church, because of your time in prison.

Bontini: Why would you say that, your Reverence? It was not the church authorities that had me imprisoned, although you could have used your influence to get me out sooner.

Paul VI: I asked you to come here, to welcome you back, and to assure you that the Holy Father loves all of his children, even the wayward ones.

Bontini: But especially the black, wayward children, if "wayward" is what you call torture, rape, and murder. Your predecessor had nothing but "loving forgiveness" for the Mau Maus that tortured, raped, and murdered Catholic priests and nuns. One of those nuns came from my village; she was a second cousin. And I still went ahead with the Kimaru mass. There is blood on my hands and blood on Pope John's hands as well as on your own, Montini, because you continued your predecessor's policy of betrayal. To you, a white man is nothing; he is just grist for your satanic mill of negro worship. I don't know what your ultimate aim is, nor, I think, do you. You are just following the liberal winds of the times. You don't want to Christianize the blacks; you want to worship them. I saw this at the Kimaru mass, and I see it in your so-called evangelization efforts in Africa. Christ loves us all, but does He hate the white race enough to sanction what you are doing? Is He willing to play second fiddle to your black gods?

Paul VI [infuriated]: I asked you here in loving forgiveness, and this is how you respond. Now we will speak, and our voice is that of the Church. You will cease and desist with your newspaper articles against the Church's outreach to Africa and the other colored lands.

Bontini: Or else?

Paul VI: Or else we will be forced to excommunicate you.

Bontini: I've already been defrocked and I haven't been to mass in three years, so do your worst.

Paul VI: I can also have you fired from your job on the paper.

Bontini: I suppose you can, but I still say do your worst. I've had it with you people. You're very good haters when it comes to white people, and you have no real warmth for your abstract little black gods. Good day, Montini.

Act V. Scene II. A road in Kenya.

[A band of Mau Maus, over fifty in number, are on their way to massacre a white family who have been labeled as white oppressors, for their failure to turn all of their profits over to the official Mau Mau-dominated government. As they near the farm of the recalcitrant whites, a hooded figure appears. With his long gray beard and glittering eyes, he looks like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner or some Hebrew prophet from the days of old. In point of fact, he calls himself Ezekiel.]

Ezekiel: Stop! The wrath of the Lord has come upon you. [He starts firing.]

Mau Mau Leader: It's that mad prophet. Kill him... [A bullet rips through the Mau Mau's body and he falls down dead.]

Mau Mau Warriors: Run or he'll shoot us all down like dogs!

[Ezekiel keeps up a steady stream of fire. The Mau Maus try to run in the opposite direction, but they run right into gunfire from Edward Owen, William Montgomery, and Ethan Montgomery. Caught between Ezekiel's gunfire and the other men's gunfire, all the Mau Maus are cut down.]

William Montgomery [looking out over the dead bodies]: It's a sickening sight, isn't it, Ethan?

Ethan: Yes, it is, but I'd sooner see dead Mau Maus than you, or Peter, Mother, Susan, or Jennifer lying there.

Owen: He's right, Mr. Montgomery. It had to be done.

William Montgomery: I know that. It just sickens me that I have to be the one to do it.

Ethan: He's gone. I'd like to thank him; he warned us the raid was coming. How did he know, Edward?

Owen: I don't know, but he always seems to know when they'll strike.

Ethan: Even though there were more guns firing at them from our side of the ridge, they still ran away from him and toward us.

Owen: That's because they're afraid of him; they don't believe he's mortal. They think he's some sort of ghost, an avenging ghost.

William Montgomery: They're partly right.

Ethan: What do you mean by that, Father?

William Montgomery: Ezekiel is mortal, but unless I miss my guess, he's also a ghost of a man. It was about five years ago that he first started appearing at the most opportune moments for whites and the most inopportune moments for the Mau Maus. He seems to have a sixth sense about their movements. He anticipates where they're going to strike, and then he strikes first.

Owen: Who do you think he is?

William Montgomery: I think he is Thomas Cooper. His family was massacred by the Mau Maus in the same month that John Williams' family was massacred. He almost never set foot off his farm, but on that particular day he was at a neighbor's farm to look at a prize bull and some heifers his neighbor was selling. His whole family, his wife, his four daughters, and his three sons, were all murdered.

He wouldn't let anyone else touch their mutilated bodies. He piled them in a truck and drove off into the jungle. The truck was found a few weeks later, but there was no sign of him or the corpses of his wife and children.

Before John Williams died, he said something to me that I didn't understand at the time. He said, "Ezekiel still lives." I now think that Williams teamed up with Cooper after his family was massacred. They caught Williams, but Cooper has kept on fighting, learning more and more about the Mau Mau ways and putting that knowledge to good use.

Ethan: He saved our family.

William Montgomery: Yes, he did, for now. But I think it's time to get out of Kenya, son. I've been talking it over with your mother, and we can't see any other option. British Kenya is dead. We've thought of buying land in South Africa, but we'd soon be facing the same thing there that we faced here.

Ethan: But won't we be facing the same thing in Britain if somebody doesn't fight here?

William Montgomery: Yes, we will, but not right away, and I'd like some peace for a change. A farm in Scotland will give me more breathing space than one in South Africa [looking at Edward]. I suppose you think I'm cutting and running.

Owen: Not in the least; you can only do so much. I'd hate to see any member of your family the victim of the Mau Mau.

William Montgomery: What about you, Edward? Why have you stayed so long in Kenya? There's nothing left for you here.

Owen: What's left for Ezekiel?

Ethan: The war against the Mau Maus?

Owen: Precisely. I'd like to meet this Ezekiel and see if he really is Thomas Cooper. And whether he is Cooper or someone else, I'd like to join him.

William Montgomery: God bless you, Edward. But my war ends here. Let's burn their bodies.

Act V. Scene 3. Christmas Eve Day, 1964, London, Rev. Christopher Grey's house.

[The doorbell rings and Francesco Bontini answers it. William Montgomery is at the door.]

Bontini: Won't you come in? The Rev. Grey is not in at present, but I expect him back shortly. My name is Francesco Bontini, and I've been residing here for the last three months. The Reverend tells people that I'm here to help him with his pastoral duties, but I'm really here because I'm not welcome in Italy. My mother and father, who were so proud of me for becoming a priest, are now ashamed of me for getting myself defrocked. So I'm taking an English sojourn until I can decide where to go and what to do with the remainder of my life.

William Montgomery: I've heard about your story from a mutual friend, Edward Owen.

Bontini: Ah, Edward, the man of passion. How is he now? Is he still in Kenya?

Montgomery: Yes, he's still in Kenya. And I suppose you could say he's well, at least as well as a man who has chosen Edward's path can be. But I might as well wait before I say anything more.

Bontini: Why is that?

Montgomery: Because Edward is the reason I'm here. He sent me a letter that he wants me to give to Reverend Grey. He sent it through me in case the Rev. Grey's mail was being checked.

Bontini: That was a wise precaution. The Reverend has many, many friends, because his life has been a life of charity, but he also has many enemies in the government who would like to see him in prison.

Montgomery: It's all madness, the Labour Party's hatred for all things white and British.

Bontini: It is madness. But my own nation is suffering from the same madness. Only in my nation, whose history is so tied up with the Roman Church, the Pope has given religious sanction to the hatred of the white race.

Montgomery: There's no real difference between our two nations regarding the love of the negro and the hatred of the white race. In England the state church removed Rev. Grey for being a "racist," and the leaders of the Scottish kirks have recently abandoned the commandments in favor of the one great commandment, "Thou shalt not be a racist." Which of course translates to "thou shalt love the negro with all thy heart, mind, and soul, and thou shalt hate the white man with all thy heart, mind, and soul."

Bontini: Are you living in Scotland now?

Montgomery: Yes, but I've brought the family down to stay a week in London. I've got a few hired workers that can take care of the farm until I get back.

Bontini: You and your family will be here for dinner tonight, won't you?

Montgomery: Yes, I wouldn't miss it for the world. It was kind of Rev. Grey to invite us.

Bontini: You know the Reverend is even busier now than when he was the official pastor at St. John's. Now he is the unofficial pastor of the entire city of London. So many lost souls are drawn to him, trying to find something, or perhaps I should say someone, to keep them afloat in this terrible modern world we live in. There he is now.

[The Reverend Grey enters the room and walks over and embraces William Montgomery.]

Grey: I know that's a very un-English welcome, but I'm so very glad to see you.

Montgomery: I wanted to come sooner, but the farm I bought needed a lot of my attention. I haven't felt confident that I could leave it until now, when there isn't a whole lot to be done.

Grey: No apologies necessary. You forget I grew up on a farm.

Bontini: Mr. Montgomery has...

Montgomery: Please, I'm not a 'Mr.' to my friends.

Bontini: All right then. William has a letter for you from Edward Owen. He sent it through William for reasons of security. [Montgomery hands the letter to Rev. Grey.]

Grey: If you'll excuse me for a moment, gentlemen, I'll read the letter. [Grey exits the room.]

Act V. Scene 4. One-half hour later.

Grey: I'd like to share – I have Edward's permission – some parts of this letter with you. Let me start about one page in, right before he meets Ezekiel:

"Even though I was sleeping light (I've learned to sleep light since the Mau Mau business started), I still didn't hear him come into my camp. He left me a little map; without it I never would have found his cave, which was covered by underbrush too thick for anyone to see through.

"I was surprised how vast it was inside considering how small the opening and the initial passage to it was. When I got to the larger part of the cave, where I could stand upright, I couldn't see anything. Before my eyes could become accustomed to the semi-darkness, I heard a stern voice, 'Stay where you are. The footing is treacherous over there. I'll come and get you.' He turned on a large flashlight and came to my side. 'Come this way.'

"I did as I was told and we soon entered his main living quarters. There was a small stove, one chair, a box of books, a radio, a large supply of water and food stuffs, and a sleeping bag.

"Now, Mr. Owen, what do you want from me?"

"I'm not here to inform on you; my family was massacred by the Mau Maus too.'

"I know that, otherwise I wouldn't have invited you here.'

“I smiled. ‘How did you manage that?’

“‘There are things I’ve learned to do.’

“‘Listen, the long and the short of it is that I’d like to join you in your fight against the Mau Maus.’

“He spread his hands out and bid me look at his cave. ‘Could you live here?’

“‘No, not for more than a few weeks.’

“‘I’ve lived here for over 10 years. Some nights when I go out on a raid I sleep out, but this has been my home.’

“‘Surely there must be something I can do to help.’

“‘You’ve done many things to help already.’ He pointed to the radio. ‘I hear things. You’ve gone to Britain to kill Mau Maus.’

“‘Yes, I have.’

“‘The Lord will bless you for it.’

“‘I’d like to know more about you – are you Thomas Cooper?’

“‘I was Thomas Cooper, a lukewarm, worldly Christian. Now my name is Ezekiel.’

“‘Why take the name Ezekiel?’

“He took me to another section of the cave. What I saw took me aback, but I was not shocked. Ezekiel’s manner kind of prepared you to see things that were out of the ordinary. ‘This is my family.’ He said this and pointed out his family in the most natural way imaginable. And he wasn’t pointing to gravestones, he was pointing to eight skeletons, the skeletons of his seven children and his wife. He stood in the midst of the skeletons and quoted from memory, “‘And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. Again he said unto me, Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them. Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. 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.”’

“Then he stared at me and spoke in a voice of ecstasy, ‘I shall be allowed to die in this cave; though pierced with Mau Mau spears or shot by Mau Mau rifles, I will come back here to die and I shall see those bones, the bones of my wife and children, come together and live and breathe again. And we shall be a great army that goes against the Mau Maus, who are the devil’s own. I have seen him at their rituals; he is their lord. But my Lord, the Christ, the Son of the Living God, will go forth and send the Mau Maus and the devil to eternal hell. And I will embrace my family again.’

“I’m not fully conveying the passion of this man called Ezekiel. If you picture King Lear in the storm you might get an idea of what he sounded like, and how I felt as I listened to him.

“Is he crazy? He didn’t appear crazy. And really, is there anything he said about his family that isn’t in keeping with the Christian faith, at least the true faith that Europeans used to believe? He loves his family and his people, and the Mau Mau massacres of his family and his people have made him a raging apostle of the God who raises the dead to life.

“I once thanked you for not preaching to me, Reverend. But I now realize you were preaching to me in the only way that I could understand. Christ is our holy defender, and the cult of the Mau Mau, which is the cult of Satan, has one foe who hates that devilish cult more than Ezekiel and Edward Owen hate it. Christ hates Mau Mau because He loves us. There are so many Europeans, the only ones who I respect and love, that have borne witness to the Christ who is ‘the grave where buried love doth live.’ He is their Savior and He is mine. But then I guess you always knew that.

“How could you not know it; you always knew my heart.”

Grey: He goes on to tell how he keeps an eye on Ezekiel, but he does not meet him at his cave, because he doesn't want anyone to follow him there. Twice a month he lets Ezekiel find him, and he passes on some food stuffs, ammunition, and reading material. Ezekiel did not want any 'secular' reading, but Edward persuaded him to take a copy of King Lear and Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. Ezekiel says King Lear's journey is his journey – “I let my family down, because I didn't know the Lord enough to recognize the devil, who was in the Mau Maus, when I saw him.”

Montgomery: I'm sure Ezekiel will live and die there in Kenya, but what about Edward? I don't like to think of him staying there.

Grey: He mentions South Africa; I think he'll eventually settle there.

Bontini: And who knows, maybe I'll join him there.

Grey: Not so fast, I need you here.

Bontini [laughing]: All right, I guess we do make a good team. You're kind of a religious version of Sherlock Holmes, and I'm your Italian Doctor Watson.

[The phone rings and the Rev. Grey answers it.]

Grey: It's for you, William.

Montgomery [taking the phone]: It's my wife; she wants to know if she and the girls should dress formally.

Grey: They can if they want to, but they'll put the rest of us to shame if they do. I'd suggest informal attire. There will be a service, then dinner, and then some festivities, all very un-Cromwellian. On this blessed night we'll forget all about the Mau Maus and concentrate on the Lord of the feast.

[Montgomery relays the message and then hangs up the phone. Grey kneels, as do Montgomery and Bontini. Grey prays.]

“Almighty God, which hast given us thy only begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and this day to be born of a pure virgin: Grant that we being regenerate and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit; through the same our Lord Jesus Christ who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.”

-The End-

The People of Christmas - December 13, 2014

“There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,” returned the nephew: “Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around – apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that – as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!”

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out Nothing! – Charles Dickens

While traveling in the Lake District of England one summer I got lost, which turned out nicely for me, because I was offered a night's lodging by an elderly English couple who were very kind and hospitable. In the study where I slept that

night there was a painting that my host told me was by an unknown German painter. The painting depicted a Santa Claus-type figure keeping a black devil under lock and key. The painting brought to mind Prospero and Caliban.

I think, and possibly I'm alone in this, that works like the old German painting and Shakespeare's *The Tempest* take us back to a time when the white man's racial memory was still functioning. He remembered when his people fought for the light against Cush and Nimrod, who fought for the devil and the powers of darkness. And if such things sound too fantastical to be true, I would ask you to look at what is happening in the European nations. Can there be any doubt that black people have a special relationship with the devil? Why, in the European fairy tales, is the devil depicted as a black man? I think, and the evidence is all around us, it was because our ancestors had wise blood; they knew instinctually that the blacks had to be held in check or they would rise up and destroy everything white and Christian.

There is no contradiction between a benevolent Santa Claus and a fierce, fighting Santa Claus. Doesn't that "charity of honor" demand that all true Christian hearts should fight evil and champion the good? And who is more Christian and charitable than Santa Claus? Only our Lord, whom Santa Claus serves. We need a fighting Sinterklaas who will lead his people against the colored barbarians and the liberals.

I saw an article by a self-styled black muckraker who wrote that white complaints about black violence revealed white racism, because black violence against whites was part of black culture. The black pundit went on to explain that the slightest murmur of protest from whites was an indication of "racism," which is evil. That bit of black logic has been accepted by white people. They truly believe that they must accept black violence against whites. Whenever a black atrocity occurs that cannot be hushed up (and most of them are) some Professor So-and-so declares that the black atrocity is nowhere near as dangerous as the prejudiced reactions of white people who deplore the black atrocity. We are not only supposed to countenance black atrocities, we are also forbidden to call them atrocities. They are just expressions of black culture or else they are 'justifiable' killings and rapes, because of "the terrible legacy of white racism."

The white man's acceptance of black atrocities against whites stems from his lack of a religion. He has jettisoned his belief in the Christian God for a belief in an ongoing evolutionary process toward a heaven on earth that is always in the future, never in the present. So the white man lives in black hell while he dreams of a kingdom of heaven on earth that can and will become a reality as soon as all prejudiced white people are eliminated from the face of the earth. Prejudice is always the enemy, but only white prejudice as defined by the liberals and the colored barbarians. This prejudice pervades the very air we breathe, according to the liberals and their colored gods, and it can only be eliminated when white people are eliminated. This is why there are never any concessions made to whites. They can elect a black president, they can say nothing as their kith and kin are murdered, but still they are prejudiced. Nothing a white man does can eliminate his original sin, which is his whiteness.

I love Clement Moore's "The Night Before Christmas," Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, the old Christmas carols, and everything that goes with a truly white Christmas. But we must never forget that Christmas is a European custom: there will be no Christmas if the colored barbarians are allowed to pollute the European nations with their presence. The formerly Christian clergymen have already handed the churches over to the colored gods: should we follow their lead and hand over our kith and kin to be sacrificed at the altars consecrated to the negro gods? No, we will not. I see a fighting Sinterklaas in my mind's eye, and I will follow his lead, because the liberals and the colored barbarians are maniacally and unalterably opposed to Christmas. How could it be otherwise? The birth of mercy incarnate is an anathema to Satan and his liberal and colored minions.

In the European Christmases of old there was a wonderful stress on intimacy: Intimacy with our kith and kin — "peace on earth, good will toward men" — and intimacy with our Lord — "Away in the manger, No crib for His bed, The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head." Intimacy is also stressed in modern Europe, but it is intimacy with the devil. We are urged, through every official channel of church and state, to get closer to the devil by loving and adoring the sacred negro. You can't serve the devil and Christ; a man must choose one or the other — mercy incarnate cannot be blended with cruelty incarnate.

For centuries literary critics, who do not understand literature, have been trying (and failing) to find the 'secret' meaning of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. The secret is that there is no secret meaning. The *Tempest* is Shakespeare's 1st Corinthians 13. Prospero, like St. Paul, rejects the way of "all mysteries, and all knowledge;" and follows the simplest yet most profound way to God — "Charity never faileth." Prospero loves in and through his people. He protects his daughter from the negroid Caliban, and he forgives his kinsmen their sins against him, binding up their wounds and reconciling them to each other. By being merciful Prospero points us to the God of mercy, just as Sinterklaas does every Christmas when he helps us to celebrate the birth of the God of mercy. But the God of mercy can only come to human hearts. He needs such men as Sinterklaas and Prospero who are willing to be fierce in defense of charity, mercy, and innocence. Caliban, by his own admission, would have raped Miranda and made Prospero's isle a hellish black Babylon.

Prospero. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Caliban. O ho, O ho! Would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had people'd else
This isle with Calibans.

Prospero. 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 was thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

The murder and rape of the European people is proceeding at a rapid pace, because we no longer see that the Sinterklaas who keeps the black devils in chains and the Sinterklaas who gives presents to all the good boys and girls is one and the same. The Christmas virtues, faith, hope, and charity, must have a local habitation; they must have European hearts to dwell in. The liberals and the colored barbarians are on a satanic mission to root out those European virtues by having the heart's blood of every single European. The ghost of Christmas present tells us that we must keep the spirit of Christmas in our hearts for all 365 days of the year. So be it, let us keep the fighting spirit of Sinterklaas and Prospero in our hearts this Christmas season and throughout the year.

As I grow older I find that I am becoming one with the old squire depicted in Washington Irving's narrative of a Christmas in England. The old squire was fierce in defense of the old Christmas customs. We now need a legion of old squires to defend Christmas. What kind of people are these liberals and colored barbarians who want to destroy the Christmas traditions of the European people? I think we know what kind of people they are. They are Christ-hating technocratic liberals and Christ-hating negroid devils. Let us not blend our European Christmas with liberals or let the savage hordes of color destroy it. Instead we shall celebrate His birth as all Europeans should, with faith, hope, and above all with the charity that never faileth. Merry Christmas! +

A Covenant Renewed - December 6, 2014

Precious memories, unseen angels
Sent from somewhere to my soul,
How they linger, ever near me,
And the sacred past unfolds.

There are so many atrocities committed by blacks against whites that it has become impossible to give each white victim the attention they deserve. By rights every murdered white should have their name put on a war memorial, because they lost their lives in our nation's bloodiest war, the war that only one side is fighting. Amidst the barbarities of any war there are always some victims that stay in your memory permanently. One such victim who stays in my memory and my prayers is Jonathan Foster, the young boy who was burned to death by a demonic black woman. I know there are some Christian groups that do not believe in prayers for the dead, but how can we put a limit on God's grace? That poor child: surely our prayers must be able to comfort him?

Another white victim who will stay with me forever is Brendan Tevlin, the young teenager in New Jersey who was murdered this past summer by a homegrown black Moslem jihadist. "He had to die," the sub-human negroid monster declared. There was no outrage in the white community over Brendan's murder. There were no cries for "justice" as there were when the murderous black thug, Michael Brown, was killed in Ferguson, Missouri. Nor did our black attorney general or our black president come forward and condemn black America for making the murder of whites such as Brendan Tevlin a common occurrence in our nation. Instead we were treated to the spectacle of liberal sycophants and black hoodlums such as the Rev. Al Sharpton being wined and dined at the White House as they spewed out one anti-

white tirade after another. One white chief of police, who is unfit to live let alone be a chief of police, suggested that white police officers should just walk away from confrontations with black thugs. That is the unwritten law right now. But should the law become codified the predatory negro savages, who already have very little fear of white reprisals, will be able to completely indulge their blood-thirsty appetites. Maybe that is best; after all we don't want to stifle the natural impulses of the noble, black savages.

When I worked as a police officer our instruction manual encouraged us to "aggressively confront those who break the law." We quickly learned how hypocritical our manual was. Aggressively confronting crime meant aggressively confronting black barbarians, and that meant facing an aggressive prosecuting attorney who asked you why you struck, beat, or shot that good, pure, and noble black man. If you make the rules of engagement too complicated and too one-sided in favor of the criminal, white police officers will be at an enormous disadvantage when confronting black barbarians. And as a consequence a great many white officers, who could survive if they knew they were really allowed to "aggressively" confront black thugs, will be killed by black savages. But of course that is what the liberals and the colored barbarians want. They want whites to be completely defenseless against the colored tribesmen. In London the colored jihadists screamed as they chopped off a British soldier's head, "Your police won't protect you!" That is essentially correct. We must protect ourselves now, not because white police officers are cowardly; they are not. But they are not paid to protect and serve white people, they are paid to protect and serve the negro. The Swedish police put it quite succinctly when they said that there was "good violence," which was black on white violence, and there was "bad violence," which was whites defending themselves against black violence. Is it not horrifically obvious what is going on throughout all of the European nations? When whites defend themselves the liberals and the colored tribesmen unite to make sure such a horrendous event never happens again. But the daily massacre of whites does not even warrant a comment. The liberals and the colored barbarians say nothing, because when blacks murder whites, the world is as it should be: the sacred black gods are destroying the white devils. The white grazers say nothing about the massacre of whites, because they are afraid of being called racist, which is the ultimate scarlet letter in Liberaldom.

The modern police force came into being to counteract the criminal gangs that were roaming the city streets. The citizens hired their own gang to fight the criminal gangs. Now we must face the fact that the police are not hired to protect white people from black criminals, they are hired to serve the negrophile government. That is why the white police officer in Ferguson, Missouri had to resign and must live in fear for his life and the possibility of federal charges against him. He did not protect and serve "the people" who are and always shall be, so long as liberals reign, the sacred negroes.

I have nothing against hunting or sports per se, but I do have a grudge against the modern white hunters and sportsmen. In Walter Scott's Europe, hunting and sports were a means to an end. They helped a man to prepare himself for the real battle against principalities and powers. In that battle a man, if he is a true European, must adhere to the code of chivalry. A man without chivalry is not a man. Winston Churchill said in reference to Rommel: "In modern war there is no room for chivalry." The Europeans cannot accept such cynicism. There must always be room for chivalry; it falls on us, the remnant, to make sure that there is a Christian European presence in the modern world. And by "presence," I mean a fighting presence. Our people are being slaughtered: "Is it time to jest and dally now?"

Hunting and sports in Liberaldom are dog bones the liberals throw to the white grazers to keep them content. What if the same amount of masculine energy currently being spent in sport and hunting was diverted to the chivalrous defense of whites? That would be a sight to behold: white men actually fighting back against liberals and the colored barbarians! Such a blessed event does not seem possible, because white men appear to be completely and invincibly passive in the face of evil. If you threaten to take their dog bones away, they grumble, but if you kill their people and make them worship the negro gods they remain docile and compliant. Obviously, the root cause of the white man's tragic indifference to white genocide stems from a deeply ingrained disease of the spirit. The white man has walked away from his past, and in doing so he has walked away from his soul.

In 1944 there was a remarkable movie made called *A Canterbury Tale*. (1) It was not a retelling of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales; it was a tale about miracles, and the grace of God. The unlikely hero of the story is a man who pours glue in women's hair. Both Butterfield and H. V. Morton described how the British people gathered strength to fight through the war by reconnecting with their past. The hero of *A Canterbury Tale* lives a life that is connected to his people, living and dead. He is not connected to them solely through the intellect, through a perusal of an old document, or through an adherence to a traditionalist sect. He is connected to his honored dead "feelingly": his heart beats as one with their hearts: "The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep, if but for sympathy." The white counter-revolution will come from the ranks of men such as the hero of *A Canterbury Tale*, men who go into the future while holding onto the strings of the past.

An intellectual people, as distinct from an intelligent people, do not go into the future holding onto the strings of the past; they sever all sentimental ties to the past and look to the future for sustenance and inspiration. A intellectualized modern might reference the past; he might even express a preference for the philosophers and theologians of the past, but if his heart is dead, if he doesn't connect spiritually with the "good old folk from long ago," he is a man with a "soul so dead," a

man who prefers a postponed life, waiting for ensoulment to take place when his abstractions become reality and take the place of the God who he has never really known.

The colored tribesmen have, as yet, no history; their lives are an endless cycle of bloodlust. The liberals look to a Jacobin future with the negro as the penultimate representative of the new man, devoid of the imperfections of the evil white man. And the conservatives, the men who quote the old documents, look to a future where managerial men, who live only from the neck up, rule a world devoid of human imperfections. I do not see anything of value, anything human, in colored paganism, in liberal Jacobinism, or in abstract, managerial conservatism. I see only hell fire and the pit in those monstrous vehicles of inhumanity.

We had a covenant with our European ancestors, a covenant of blood. Not the type of blood covenant that unites the colored tribesmen in their satanic hatred of the white race. No, our ancient covenant was a covenant of spirit and blood. When we broke that covenant we lost our souls. The modern Europeans are spiritual nomads without a place to call their own. Our people, who rest in the arms of the Lord, are calling us home, home to our racial hearth fire where He has prepared a place for us in this world and the next. Christmas is coming, the goose is getting fat; why don't we renew the covenant and become Christian Europeans again, men who will not permit our people or our heritage to be blotted out of existence by colored barbarians and liberal techno-barbarians? We are a people with a sacred past. If we rise and ride, united with the people of that sacred past, miracles will occur, and the Europeans, the people of Christmas, will ride triumphant over ruin and death. +

(1) If you ever get a chance to see A Canterbury Tale, make sure you see the British version. The American version has been cut by a half-hour. Apparently the American distributors of the film felt that Americans were too restless to sit through a two-hour movie.

True to Our Blood - November 29, 2014

Conservatives have written volumes about the dumbing down of our children. But unfortunately they are only talking about declining scores on math and English achievement tests. The real tragedy of the European people has been and continues to be the deterioration of their spiritual nerve endings. They have been desensitized to things of the spirit. How else can we explain this unholy zeal to mate with and worship the negro? This deification of the Mau Mau, this unholy trinity of Satan, the negro, and the liberal, should be opposed by the European Christian with all his heart, mind, and soul. If a man says he is a Christian but will not fight against the unholy trinity, he is neither a Christian nor a European: he is one of Satan's own. -CWN

After Obama legalized millions upon millions of Aztec invaders by imperial fiat, the conservatives pointed out that his imperial fiat was the act of a despot, not the act of a president of a constitutional republic. Of course it is the act of a despot, but why should we expect a man with African blood to understand how to run a republic founded by white men? A black man knows how to get what he wants from white liberals, but he hasn't the slightest idea about running any government besides a tyrannical, cruel, despotic government. Only conservatives who don't believe in racial differences would expect a black man to honor the laws, customs, and the people of a white republic. Obama is being true to his blood. He wants to exterminate the white race. Why should he let some paper-and-ink scruples of white men deter him from his bloodletting by fiat?

What prevents a ruler from acting as if the nation he governs exists only to fulfill his selfish needs? Only a sense of duty that is stronger than his selfish instinct for self-aggrandizement and power can keep a ruler on the right path. And from whence comes a man's sense of duty? It comes from the faith that is in him. Nelson's dying words were, "Thank God I have done my duty." Such an ethos stems from a bred-in-the-bone faith in the Christian God; it does not come from out of Africa or from a book of philosophy.

Only white men of the old stock, men who believe in that charity of honor, are fit to rule white nations. Liberals and colored barbarians, who know everything about power and entitlements but nothing about honor and duty, are not fit to rule over rats in a garbage dump let alone white men in white nations. But liberals and black men do rule over white men in white nations. The slaughter of whites will not be stopped until the liberal techno-barbarians and the colored barbarians are no longer the rulers in white nations.

The United Negro-Worshipping States of American is currently having a larger than usual Negro-geddon because a white police officer was found not guilty in the self-defense shooting of a negro barbarian. Every day white children, white women, white men, and white policemen are tortured, raped, and murdered by black barbarians. The liberals and the black barbarians never protest against those atrocities. In fact they put the racist label on anyone who dares to protest against the negro atrocities. And once the magic racist label is used, the negroes and the liberals cannot be held

accountable for barbarities committed or countenanced. Yet one self-defense killing by a white police officer has set off what the blacks and liberals feel is a justifiable Negro-geddon.

In the midst of Negro-geddon the conservatives cite the Constitution, which is like trying to put out a raging inferno with a water pistol. Something greater than an intellectual affirmation of the “rule of law” is necessary. But genuine conservatism died with the South. Twentieth century “conservatives” want to preserve a generic people living in a generic nation. It was, and is, of no consequence to the conservatives whether their nation consists of black or white people, because they look on all people as interchangeable cogs that exist solely to be manipulated by the abstracted minds of the conservative intellectuals. Right after Obama’s fiat I heard the self-professed conservative Mike Huckabee proclaiming that he was not against colored immigration; far from it — he welcomed it. What he was against was illegal immigration. That has always been the mantra of the “conservatives.” They are not against white genocide: they simply want it done in an orderly fashion. This is sheer lunacy. The extermination of whites is wrong whether it is done legally or illegally. What is legality outside of His reign of charity? There is no such thing: it is an invention of the greatest legalist of them all — Satan.

I’ve always felt akin to the great Russian writer Fyodor Dostoyevsky, because we both were drawn back to the Christian faith in the same way. When the revolutionary Bakunin lectured his new convert, the young Dostoyevsky, on the necessity of burying all sentimental attachments, even one’s sentimental attachment to Jesus Christ, Dostoyevsky wept. He couldn’t do it. I felt the same way when I entered the university. The philosophical defenses of Christianity disappeared like the mists of the morning, but His sacred image, the image of the European Christ, stayed with me. The theologians and the modern conservatives give us nothing to hold on to. A man can’t go into battle with a syllogism; he must have a faith in the heroes of his race, and through them he must have faith in The Hero. The negro barbarians are burning and looting in Ferguson, Missouri, because one of their own, a thieving murderous thug who had just beaten and robbed a shop owner and was trying to wrest a white police officer’s gun from him, was killed. Not one single rioter cares about Michael Brown. They care about black power: white people cannot be allowed to defend themselves against black violence. Ferguson, Missouri is a mirror of the European world. There must be no resistance to black violence, because black people are the chosen ones: they are the man-gods who have replaced the God-Man in the hearts of the liberals.

Conservative intellectuals who favor abstract people of no particular race over the people of their own racial hearth fire are no match for the liberals and the colored barbarians. Their universalism is not a moral evolution, it is a descent to a Gnostic Christianity diametrically opposed to the Christianity of our European ancestors. The conservatives are all in favor of God, but they want to be in charge of God. From their standpoint God is messy and inefficient. “Why is it necessary,” they ask, “to pass on divine truths through the blood? Why can’t we all just discipline our minds so that we can understand and know God through our intellects?” No doubt God could have done things as the managerial conservatives in church and state wanted, but then He would have been something other than the God who imparts to human hearts: He would not have been our Lord and Savior. And that is the problem with the new universalism of the kindly conservative grazers. They want to make everyone happy in the abstract by ignoring God’s channels of grace. The colored savages and the liberals know what they want: they want to exterminate the white race. The former want to do so because they have never known Christ, and the latter want to do so because they hate the living God. The European grazers do not know what they want, because they have been denied their racial hearth fire where love, honor, and duty reside. It’s time for the Europeans to rise and ride, but they must be led by Europeans who love their own people more than humanity in the abstract.

What was unthinkable in Christian Europe is commonplace in liberal Europe. Savage barbarians of color are exterminating the white race while liberals look on with “remorseless glee.” It would take a miracle to revive the European people. But haven’t such miracles occurred in the past? Was not Christian Europe a miracle? Will He forsake His people? That is not possible. We have left Him: that is why we are defenseless before the hordes of color.

While waiting in the dentist’s office the other day, I got to talking with a man in his mid-nineties who had spent 40 years as a postman. He loved his route and the people on his route until his route became colorized. He watched, over the course of 40 years, a nice white neighborhood become a crime-ridden negro neighborhood. He made the same point that Anthony Jacob made in reference to Kenya: “I retired and moved farther out into the country, but eventually they’ll come out here.” Yes, eventually they’ll be everywhere. There are already parts of London that the police are afraid to enter for fear of the Moslem tribesmen. And most of the cities in the United States belong to either the Aztecs or the Mau Maus. Why should whites accept this as the natural order of existence? They should not, but they will accept racial Babylon so long as they are afraid of being racist. Is it wrong to hate the spawns of Satan who tell us by their words and actions that they are determined to destroy our people and our culture? “Yes, it is wrong,” the liberals tell us. But who gave the liberals the right to make the white man’s love of his own people a crime punishable by death? They are the satanic enablers of the demon races of color. Look at their faces: their satanic sneer tells us all we need to know about liberals who murder whites with the aid of the colored barbarians.

In the past our ancestors kept colored barbarians at bay and punished the slightest violation of the color code. That was not so far back in time. Those Europeans were giants of faith, hope, and charity. Are we not their spiritual heirs? God’s

grace is not bound by time. If we love our people in and through our Lord, without blending our Christian faith with negro worship, Islam, or any other –ism, miracles will occur. The colored barbarians rule because whites have abdicated. It is time for whites to become racists, to fight for our kith and kin. If we are true to our blood, we will be true to our Lord and then, thank God, we will have done our duty. +

Through a Glass Darkly - November 22, 2014

All men that are ruined, are ruined on the side of their natural propensities. There they are unguarded. Above all, good men do not suspect that their destruction is attempted through their virtues. This their enemies are perfectly aware of: and accordingly, they, the most turbulent of mankind, who never made a scruple to shake the tranquillity of their country to its center, raise a continual cry for peace with France. Peace with Regicide, and war with the rest of the world, is their motto. – Burke

For some reason the liberal governments of Britain and the United States have decided that Somalis should inhabit the more northern climes. The British government sends them to Scotland, and the United States government sends them to Minnesota. One Minnesotan grazer spoke for the entire Western world when he said the Somalis were quite difficult to live with but he was trying to understand them. “Understanding” our fellow man is supposed to be a good thing, because understanding brings about peace and accord between peoples. Does it? Or is “understanding” merely another myth of the liberal world? Burke understood the Jacobins so well that he wanted to go to war with them. I understand the liberals, and I am at war with them because they are evil. As for the Somalis, if you truly understand them then you will refuse to let them into your nation, because they are monsters of cruelty that worship the savage gods of blood and sex.

In the margin of Melville’s copy of *King Lear*, right after a fiery soliloquy by Edmund, the bastard son of Gloucester, Melville notes, “There is an energy and fire to demonism that mere virtue often lacks.” The virtuous brother Edgar, “[w]hose nature is so far from doing harms, [t]hat he suspects none...,” is unable to help his father, who has both eyes plucked out, or anyone else until he “understands” that there are evil men in the world who will not stop doing evil until they are confronted by men who have more than mere virtue in their hearts. Evil must be confronted by men who love and hate with a passion greater than the men who worship darkness and not the light. It’s not enough to know the good – every moral theologian knows what is good – one must love the good enough to fight for it. But a fighting faith is outside the ken of moral theologians and philosophers. We must go to the realm of the poets, where men see with blinding sight and love and hate with all their hearts, to know how to deal with satanic liberals and their colored minions. When Edgar sees the evil that men do to his kith and kin, he leaves mere virtue behind and confronts evil:

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor and thy heart—thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant ‘gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from th’ extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou “No,”
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edgar is a Minnesotan grazer at the beginning of *King Lear*, but he is a Goth by the end of the play. The white Europeans are re-enacting *King Lear*, because they will not understand evil. The French Revolution is still glossed over as a much-needed, democratic reform taken a little too far by Robespierre. Likewise the Communist revolution: “Uncle Joe was too extreme, but the communists’ hearts were in the right place.” The refrain is always the same. White people do not believe that anyone means them harm. Liberals are nice people and so are the colored barbarians: we are all nice people. The only worry is people like thee and me who talk about negro worship and the satanic nature of liberalism. That is extremism, which is bad.

It is not physical courage that is lacking in the white nations. There are always men willing to fight for the official government. What is lacking is moral courage, the will to fight for the good, for kith and kin, despite the unpopularity of the fight. It is moral courage that distinguishes a white man from the barbarians of color and the beasts of the jungle who only fight when they have the upper hand. To call the soldiers of the pro-abortion, negro-worshipping government of the United States or the soldiers of all the other negro-worshipping pro-abortion nations of Europe “our troops” is blasphemous. Our troops are those whites who fight for white, Christian Europe, not those who fight for liberals.

A nation is a moral essence, not a spot on the map. If Britain becomes a colored Moslem state, it ceases to be Britain, just as France ceases to be France, and so on. It’s not the colored people who are forcing the white people out of their own

nations, it is white liberals, who have brought the colored barbarians into the white nations and protect those same colored barbarians from white retaliation, that are turning white nations into colored nations.

There are still white grazers enough to resist the colored invasion. My N.R.A. neighbor, for instance, would gladly bring his arsenal of weapons along on a campaign to rid our nation of colored barbarians, if the government gave the word. And that is the key. The respective governments of all of the white nations will not give the word to drive the colored barbarians from their lands. The exact opposite is the case. The governing elites in all the European nations are committed to the extermination of white people, so the grazers sit back and watch the colored barbarians cannibalize the whites.

Nothing will be done to stop the colored barbarians so long as the white grazers do not see that every aspect of their fast dwindling world is dominated by Satanists. Our governments, our churches, and above all, our educational establishments, are committed to the extermination of whites. The liberals are very clever: they have ecumenical services with Moslems, they call our attention to “Christian” black rappers, and they enjoin us to be tolerant and kind to black barbarians, because under the skin we are all alike. But that is precisely the point: under our skins we are not all alike. White skins envelop white souls. And white souls differ from black, brown, and yellow souls. The liberals acknowledge this when they demonize whites and deify the colored races. When they want to move Somalians into the grazers’ neighborhoods, they tell them we are all alike under the skin; but their actions belie their words. The colored people are sacred and the whites are demons: that is the liberals’ faith. This brings us back to the central point. The liberals are Satanists. If you accept their theology you will be serving Satan. “I shall not serve,” was Satan’s defiant declaration to God. “We shall not serve,” should be our response to the rulers of Satandom.

If white souls differ from colored souls, how do they differ? The answer should be obvious to us, but in this age of anesthetized souls it no longer is obvious to most people. So let me quote from D. P. Dugauquier’s book *Congo Cauldron*:

Africans have respected power deriving from force for too many centuries to acquire any moral shackles—they admire and follow the man with strength. Here is an illustration, amusing but unfortunately quite true. In a school run by the Catholic Church for young men showing aptitudes which might befit them for eventual priesthood, a film was being shown. The film represented in silent form the trial and crucifixion of Jesus Christ. At the scene in the Palace where the Roman soldiers struck Him with whips and placed a crown of thorns upon His head, excited cries of ‘Pika! Pika!’ rang out from the Congolese. Pika means hit or strike, and quite naturally, as in a Western film we cheer on the goodies and boo the baddies, they were encouraging the strong against the weak.

Another film depicting in symbolic form the ending of the Arab slave trade by the white man was greeted with equal enthusiasm—each slash of the long whip on the wretched black men’s back was cheered wholeheartedly, and when in coming to grips with the Arab the white hero is momentarily thrown to the ground—their shouts reached a crescendo of support for the Arab—not as representing a race, creed or idea—but simply because he symbolized power and force.

This inability to grasp the essential point of Christianity, God’s divine charity, is not confined to the black race alone. I recall the story of a white missionary, having spent many years in China, relating how he showed a film of the crucifixion of Christ to a large gathering of Chinese. Their intense interest in the film encouraged the missionary. Later, the Chinese in the audience had gone out, ambushed a caravan of whites, and crucified them. Enough said. The theologians of the West are fond of telling us that the history of the European people is not different from that of the colored people, because all the seven deadly sins are present among whites just as they are present amongst the colored people of the world. But a man who becomes a theologian has made an a priori decision about existence. He has already decided that truth can be seen with, not through, the eye. That a priori decision makes the theologian blind to all things that exist in the realm of the spirit. There is hell and redemption in the soul of the white man. He can become like unto Satan, an intellectualized demon with a burning desire to strike the Creator by defacing his image in man, or he can, by adhering to His will, bear witness to the Light of the World. That the Europeans, prior to their rejection of Christ in the 20th century, bore witness to the Light of the World is clear to all those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. A civilization based on “that charity of honor” was created right before their eyes, and the theologians knew it not. They opened up their minds while closing their hearts to God, who comes to us in and through our people.

The colored tribesmen know only hell. They had no redemption in them, until they saw the light emanating from the hearth fires of the Europeans. Now the humanoid-demons who have consecrated their souls to the devil, the liberals, have joined forces with the savage hordes of color to build a kingdom of Satan on earth. God so loved mankind that He gave His only begotten Son to redeem us from sin and death. The Europeans made that belief a part of their white souls; hence the attack on Christ’s divinity and his humanity always comes by way of an attack on the European people. The Jews sought to kill Lazarus after Jesus raised him from the dead:

But the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death; Because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus.

Because of the Europeans, our beloved forefathers, our brethren in Christ, many believed in Christ. This is why the liberals will be forever at war with the European people: the Europeans are the Christ-bearers. Even though they are currently grazing in the fields of oblivion, there is always a chance they might return to life, which is why the liberals are forever vigilant, committed to destroying everything white and Christian.

The one essential difference between the colored races and the white race is not intelligence. It is something much greater than intelligence: it is charity. Only the Europeans loved Christ for His divine charity – “because He first loved us.” The people who saw life feelingly were the antique Europeans. Against all reason, against the wisdom of the world, the Europeans made the suffering servant, a man crucified between two thieves, their Lord and Savior. The true faith is revealed when Europeans act in accord with His reign of charity. “This slaughter of whites shall not go on, in the name of charity, it shall not go on.” That is the only war cry that will put an end to white genocide.

The liberals have blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts: His divine charity does not move them; they regard it as something that must be purged from the earth so that utopian, heartless, sterile liberalism can prevail. In order to kill charity the liberals must pluck it out of every European heart. They have already purged it from their own hearts. But does it still exist in some European hearts? That is the question that haunts the liberals. Yes, charity still lives in some European hearts. And it is a fire that will destroy liberalism. A love that passeth all understanding moves the Europeans who have that charity of honor. The liberal techno-barbarians and the colored barbarians will fall before those hearts of fire. +

White Skins – White Souls - November 15, 2014

After many, many years there came a king's son into that land: and an old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns; and how a beautiful palace stood behind it, and how a wonderful princess, called Briar Rose, lay in it asleep, 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 that they had all stuck fast in it, and died. Then the young prince said, ‘All this shall not frighten me; I will go and see this Briar Rose.’ The old man tried to hinder him, but he was bent upon going.

A big Republican winner in Ohio immediately announced in his victory speech that his top priority was “diversity.” Rand Paul followed suit. After the Republican victories, he scolded Republicans for ignoring black and Hispanic voters. He, the great Rand Paul, would change that. And on it goes into the night. We can elect different executioners if we want, but the extermination process will still proceed at a steady pace.

The white Europeans are in the position of Antonio in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. Shylock wants Antonio's heart's blood, and he will use the letter of the law to get it: “I crave the law, The penalty and forfeit of my bond.” To move Shylock with an appeal for mercy is futile:

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:

Of course there is a crucial difference between the white man's current rulers and the rulers of Shakespeare's imaginary Venice. Antonio did not have his heart cut out because the spirit of the law, which was adhered to by the Christian ruler of Venice, requires that justice should be tempered with “the quality of mercy.” Not so in Liberaldom. The liberals, whether they are Jews or non-Jews, have Shylockian hearts. They will have their pound of flesh. The history of the European people is now a history of slaughter. Every day the blood-red tide of colored atrocities rises, and the concern of the liberals who govern white nations is to attack the white victims of the colored atrocities. By some twisted liberal logic, it is always the white man's fault when colored barbarians murder whites. No atrocity is ever the fault of the negro barbarians or other barbarians of color. Evil resides only in white people; therefore, the evil that the colored barbarians do is either not evil, or, if it is deemed evil, it is the fault of the white man.

I feel toward the white grazers as Anthony Jacob felt toward the white Kenyans. He had no wish to deride the already much derided white Kenyans. They were guilty of only one thing: they trusted white liberals. That, in a nutshell, is the reason for white genocide. Liberals are in a minority in every white nation, yet they rule in every white nation, because white grazers permit them to rule. And please don't respond with “vote them out of office.” There are no non-liberals running for office. The liberals understand the historical moment and the grazers do not, because they have no Burke to rally them. An implacable satanic foe armed with cruel hate has hired a mercenary army of colored barbarians to destroy the white race. It seems impossible to get the grazers to turn away from their football games long enough to grasp that

essential fact of life in modern Satania. But the grazers are white people, so I will not assume that they are irremediable. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..."

White people are between a rock and a hard place. The Shylockian liberals want their blood, and the colored barbarians are quite willing to shed white blood. White people's only refuge, their racial hearth fire, is forbidden them, so they languish in a death-in-life limbo while they wait for the final death blow. Every white nation has a proud history of fighting men who were once part of the fabric of their nation. What has happened to the race that produced such men as Alfred, Tell, Wallace, Forrest, Bozzaris, Roland, and Winkelreid? I recently read of 10,000 Somalians who have overrun Scotland. How can this happen to the country of Wallace, Bruce, and Sir Walter Scott? How can any white European permit his nation to be defiled by the presence of colored barbarians? It has to do with our spiritual backbone, which is our race. If white people don't believe they are a race apart from the colored races, a race of people who must protect and love their own, then they will not fight to preserve their race. How can a man fight for something he doesn't believe exists?

As white people have disappeared as a race so has the quality of mercy disappeared. Cruelty and sexual depravity are all that is left in the formerly white nations, because there are no white people left who will fight negrophile liberalism. The grazers will "support our troops," who are not our troops, and they will support their local clergy and the local schools, but they will not fight for race and faith. "Our troops" are the troops of negrophile liberalism, our schools are liberal, negrophile factories, and our clergymen are blasphemers who have made the living God an adjunct of negro-worshipping liberalism. Instead of voting for our executioners we should take the same vow that Tell took when Gessler threatened the lives of his sons, his wife, and his people.

My boys, poor innocents, my loyal wife,
Must be protected, tyrant, from thy rage!
When last I drew my bow – with trembling hand –
And thou, with fiendishly remorseless glee
Forced me to level at my own boy's head,
When I, imploring pity, writhed before thee,
Then in the anguish of my soul,
I vow'd
A fearful oath, which met God's ear alone,
That when my bow next wing'd an arrow's flight
Its aim should be thy heart.
The vow I made,
Amid the hellish torments of that moment,
I hold a sacred debt, and I will pay it.

Just a story? Europeans come from the land of storybooks. The heroes of our race point us to The Hero.

When the liberals and the clergy command us to progress beyond provincial, bardic, racist Europe to a universal, scientific world consecrated to the Negro, we should respond as Tell did that day at the mountain pass near Kussnacht. Our innocents are threatened. We have tried pleading, but to no avail. There is no mercy in the liberals or in the colored barbarians. How could there be mercy in the souls of those who have rejected the God of mercy or in the souls of those who have never known the God of mercy? The words "fiendishly remorseless glee" resonate with us today. Doesn't that describe the liberals? The fiendish glee with which they respond to the colored atrocities against whites make me feel as Tell felt. There can be only one response to such creatures from hell: "Amid the hellish torments of that moment, I hold a sacred debt, and I will pay it."

I was blessed to grow up during a time when the real Walt Disney was making pictures, so let me mention a short story-type of cartoon he made about Johnny Appleseed. We see Johnny as a young man who decides to plant apple seeds throughout the United States. The years roll by, and Johnny stays true to his mission. At the end of the story, Johnny lies down under an apple tree, and his immortal body steps away from his mortal husk. The transfigured body then goes on to plant apple trees in heaven. That image of death was comforting to me; in fact it was the only comforting image of death I ever encountered in my childhood. I couldn't articulate the reason why I found the Johnny Appleseed death comforting; I just knew that I did. Looking back I realize that I was comforted by the fact that there was a real bodily resurrection and that heaven was not depicted as some other worldly, unfamiliar existence. It was a continuance of what was good here on earth.

After World War I, the first European War in which both sides abandoned chivalry (in our uncivil war only the North abandoned chivalry), a new European came to the forefront. He was a man who followed a different path than the one Johnny Appleseed followed. Johnny stepped away from his mortal husk into his immortal body. The new European reversed the process: he stepped away from his immortal soul and proceeded to wander the earth without it. He went from a divinely infused man of grace to a man without a soul, trying to make up for its absence by the power of his disembodied

intellect. Such men, the men of the disembodied intellects, are cannon fodder for the demonic man of intellect who rules Satandom through his liberal minions.

The white man's refusal to fight for his people – let us use the Somalian invasion of Scotland as the mirror image of what is occurring in every white nation – is the result of the white man's flight from his soul. His white skin contains his soul, and as long as he retains his soul he is subject to all the terrors of the spiritual life that a blood-and-sex pagan is not subject to. "Do I simply go from a corruptible body to an incorruptible body, or do I enter a state of suspended animation somewhere between death and life? Or worse yet, do I melt into nothingness?" The fear of that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns has sent the white man into an intellectual retreat from which he supports the colored heathens, because their religions give him the opiates of sex and blood. But even here, the white man feels cheated; he can only participate in the heathen religions second-hand; lurking somewhere in the darkness is his white soul, trying to envelope him in that old world of crosses and redemption.

A religion that is not embodied soon becomes a dead religion. This is why the liberals must continue to attack every last vestige of Christian Europe. That Europe must remain in the grave so the new Europe, the Europe of the anesthetized zombie whites, can live. A Christian European is, in the eyes of the secular liberal and the clergyman, a fiend who will impede mankind's progress toward a colored utopia where all mankind can forget the Man of Sorrows. Whites won't fight back against the colored invasion, because they don't know the answer to Melville's question, "Sentry, are you there?" The answer can be found in the collective face of the European people, before they separated themselves from their souls. There is no magic formula, no intellectual gambit that can make the white man fight for his people and his God. He must see existence feelingly before he will fight. Beyond the rational man, beyond the philosophical man, is the man of storybooks, the true European. He is the hero that by a miracle of grace has not succumbed to modern Babylon; he is a man with a soul. Let us follow such men to fairy tale Europe where we will discover that His Kingdom come and eternal Europe are one and the same. +

To Love Our Own - November 8, 2014

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;

–Walter Scott in *Lady of the Lake*

The old ditty goes something like this:

Christmas is coming, the goose is getting fat.
Please do put a penny in the old man's hat,
If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do,
If you haven't got a ha'penny, then God bless you.

The modern ditty is quite different:

Election day is coming, negrophile Liberalism is a fact.
No self-respecting politician will wear a white hat.
If you haven't got a dark skin, a half-dark skin will do
If you haven't got even a half-dark skin, then the liberals damn you.

The white-hating liberals and the white-hating barbarians of color have an infinitude of candidates to vote for, because all the candidates, whether they be Democrat, Republican, or Independent, are committed to the ongoing extermination of the white race. There are no white candidates, candidates who have campaigned for the preservation of the white race. So vote for the candidate that believes in a slower extermination rate, but do not think for one second that voting will stop the extermination of whites. The liberal hierarchy has flown their colors; they believe in the sacredness of the negro and the evil of the white man. They shall not cease from mental strife until their colored minions have killed every last white.

"Haiti is the world," the liberals cry with all the fervor of the devotees of a cruel barbarian mystery cult. As they gather round the sacred fire, they kiss the bloody knives of their black gods and start chanting, "Blood, blood, blood, we must have more white blood." We can hear Charlie Brown asking, "Can anyone tell me what elections are all about?" Linus responds, but not with approval: "Thou shalt love the negro and hate the white man: that's what elections are all about, Charlie Brown."

The sickness unto death that has come upon the whites who still have something in their souls is the result of living in negrophile Liberalism. Spiritually, it is the equivalent of living in a dark, rat-infested room, presided over by a demon who never lets you see the light of day but continues to let more and more rats into your room. The rats bite you as you fight with them for the scraps of food the demon jailer throws on the floor of your cell. Every other year the demon jailer gives you light enough to vote for a new jailer and for a different set of rats to gnaw at your entrails. Once you have voted, the lights go out again and the extermination process proceeds. Is not democratic, negrophile liberalism the very best of all possible worlds?

In the 6th Narnia book, *The Silver Chair*, the English children spend so much time in the Underworld under the influence of the evil witch that they begin to doubt that there ever was an Overworld. The Europeans have reached that state of existence. The liberals started in the overworld, the land of Christian Europe, and they have slowly transformed the European overworld into the Underworld. What is needed is a loving remembrance of that which was lost and a will to reclaim that which was lost. In a Spenglerian universe of birth, maturity, decay, and death, that which is lost remains lost. But Europeans do not live in a Spenglerian universe.

We can't overlook the part the churches have played and continue to play in the destruction of Christian Europe and in the building and maintenance of a negrophile underworld, which has become the overworld, that keeps white people in a perpetual state of despair. From time immemorial organized Christianity has been at odds with paganism and Judaism, because both religions denied the incarnation of Christ. Why then did the church rely so much on the pagan philosophers and the Jewish system? The people of God, the Europeans, were not accorded their proper place in the church. Without the people of God, the Europeans, there is no human conduit for the divine presence. The human theater was empty, so the stage was set for a new people, a better people, to emerge. First, there was the Jacobin, then the proletariat, and finally the negro. The personal, human element that organized Christianity rejected for pagan philosophy and pharisaical Judaism, when the human element consisted of Europeans, became the keystone of Liberalism once the negroes became the people of God, and then became the gods of a new Christless, Babylonian Christianity.

Satan is not threatened by an intellectual Christianity. In fact he encourages it, because he can make intellectual Christians do whatever he wants. Without a blood faith they will go whoring after new gods, such as the negro, or they will seek to blend Christianity with Islam or with the rapture of Israel.

The love of the negro and the hatred of the white has entered the bloodstream of the liberal. He now instinctually reacts against his own people. This hatred of the white unites him with the colored barbarians, because the hatred of the white race has always been in their blood. I saw a video a few days ago of several thousand German youths marching in Cologne in protest against radical Islam. Such things are good to see, but will that white rage be sustainable without a blood faith? Our rage and our eternal 'no' to racial Babylon must be rooted in the Cross of Christ. It is because Islam, negro-worshipping liberalism, and Judaism are opposed to His reign of charity that we rage against the dying of the light. Christ, despite what the clerics tell us, is not on the side of racial Babylon. It is up to those of us who still have a loving memory of the European past to show the sickness unto death Europeans that it was by the Cross that the Europeans of old conquered, and it is by the Cross that we shall conquer once again.

That Europeans should feel completely bereft of God and nation is the fulfillment of Satan's dream, because when every channel of God's grace has been destroyed he can rule unimpeded. When the European lost his racial hearth fire he lost his connection to the incarnate God. And all other gods are hollow caricatures of the living God. No true European can take sustenance from them. Yeats' prophetic words, "The best lack all conviction," can be applied to the modern Europeans. The best of them know something is wrong, but they don't know who their enemies are, and they can't find any solid ground to stand on while they're trying to fend off the slings and arrows of the unknown enemy. If we tell them their enemies are the liberals, gentile and Jewish, who, with the aid of the colored barbarians, intend to destroy them, they will not believe it. Their "natures are so far from doing harm that they suspect none." This above all makes my blood rage against the liberals and the colored barbarians. The worst of the grazers are worth more than all of the liberals and the colored barbarians put together. And the best of the lot, who hate modernity but cannot believe in an evil as sinister and malevolent as negrophile liberalism, are so morally distinct from the colored barbarians and the liberals that they seem to be a different species altogether. Like Lear, they are more sinned against than sinning. A life spent protecting that remnant and avenging the slaughtered white innocents will not be spent in vain.

There are times in our lives when we must look at death head on. A loved one dies and we have only our "trembling faith" to get us through. It seems like no comfort at all at first, because we feel only the unbearable parting – someone who was supposed to be immortal is no longer with us. Tennyson expressed it better than anyone: "The tender grace of a day that is dead... shall never come back to me." But over time, the pain can be eased if we come away from the coffin to a society in which all the everyday activities point us to the Savior. When that is the case death loses its finality and is ultimately replaced by the sure and certain hope in the resurrection of the dead, a hope that is almost completely buried in the coffin when we are still at the graveside. But when there is a racial and familiar hearth fire to return to, a hearth fire of precious

memories and loving hearts who share those precious memories with us, we do not despair. And when there is no racial and familiar hearth fire? We push death away with drugs and the opiates of superficiality. But inside there is always the feeling that we are:

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

In a Christian society where the racial hearth fire is honored, all of the “trivialities” of life, such as sport, festivals, and business, point us to the Savior who destroyed the frightful fiend called death. The trivialities in such a society become something much more than trivialities: they become channels of grace. A man who does the everyday duties and participates in the every day festivities in a white, “racist” Christian culture is connected to the world of Handel’s Messiah. Death is swallowed up in victory. All this comes from that which the liberals and the colored barbarians despise, the Europeans’ racial hearth fire. No candidate for public office ever fights for that hearth fire, but we must, because it contains the only things that matter in this world and the next: Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The Europeans are currently being crucified with no hope of a resurrection. The frightful fiend, through negrophile liberalism, has laid hold of their souls. But he can’t hold us if we burst the devil’s bonds by returning to our racial hearth fire. The love that exists there, the love of kith, kin, and the Savior who sustains our Kith and kin, will make us heroes again. We will be men and women who love and hate with a sure and certain instinct more powerful than reason. Negrophile liberalism will prove unreal at last, and Christian Europe will prove to be eternal. +

The Day Is Ours - November 1, 2014

Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight—

—Psalm 144

For many years, from 1917 to 1956, whoever was head of the Russian Communist Party was the liberals’ pope and Russia was the holy land. But when a sitting pope, Nikita Khrushchev, denounced a former pope, Joseph Stalin, the liberals were in a quandary. Khrushchev’s repudiation of Stalin was their Vatican II. Do we go with the living pope or the dead pope? Most liberals rejected Stalin (not all though; I had a professor who was still a devout Stalinist), but they didn’t embrace the chubby Nikita; instead they went over to the non-European communist leaders such as Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh, who became the new popes. When the Asian communists lost their luster, they were replaced by the colored tribesmen of all nations, with the negro serving as the penultimate representative of “the people.” You must, if you are a liberal who despises the white race, have a utopian people to hold up as the all-virtuous, all-holy alternative to the white race, because if evil is endemic to all races how can the white race be demonized? There must be a utopian people who will “astound the world” with their virtue if only the white race can be exterminated.

Even though the liberals’ enthusiasm for communist Russia waned, they still maintained a soft spot in their hearts for the communist pigs of Russia. The divorce was an amicable one, because the communist pigs’ ideals were closer to the liberals’ ideals than they were to the beliefs of an antique European such as Alexander Solzhenitsyn. In point of fact, Solzhenitsyn earned the liberals’ wrath when he came to the West and told them that Christ, not liberalism, was the answer to communism. Had he told the liberals that their new kingdom of negrophile liberalism was a wonderful refinement of a slightly flawed communist system he would have become their hero.

The current leader of Russia, Vladimir Putin, has become an anathema to the liberals. They have already expressed greater outrage and disapproval of him than they ever expressed against Lenin, Stalin, and the rest of the communist popes. Why is this? Is Putin more murderous than Lenin, Stalin, and company? Hardly. Putin is not a Christian knight, but he has done nothing to justify the moral pariah label the liberals have pinned on him. Putin is hated by the liberals because he is a Russian nationalist and not a multicultural liberal. He has publicly told minorities in Russia that they must adhere to Russian cultural norms or leave Russia. And he has told homosexuals that they will not be allowed to foist their homosexual agenda on the Russian people. Shouldn’t any sane leader seek to defend his people from the dangers of multiculturalism and homosexuality? Putin is not my hero, because he is a pagan warrior not a Christian Goth, but I don’t see how any white European can quarrel with his attempt to defend his people against the multiculturalists and the homosexuals. If the Russian people accept multiculturalism, then they will cease to exist as a people. My only criticism of Putin is that he is not strict enough. For example, I don’t think having a black man on the Russian basketball team serves

Mother Russia. The Russians don't need to win basketball medals in the Olympics; they need to keep Mother Russia white. All multicultural encroachments are to be shunned. We cannot let the desire for liberal approval and for success in international sporting events make multicultural cowards of us all.

Russia under Putin has not made a pilgrim's regress to a Christian nation, but Mother Russia is still infinitely sounder than the Western nations. Whenever a people resist multiculturalism there is hope that their nation might "regress" toward the light. The essence of communism was its rejection of the light in favor of a Godless kingdom of heaven on earth. It is ironic that the negrophile nations of Europe are now more communistic than Russia.

The liberals' "we-must-be-multicultural" mandate means that all white nations must permit the colored strangers to exterminate their people. We all, we Europeans, are in the same boat as the white Russians. If we don't fight multiculturalism, refusing to be broadminded and understanding when the murderous hordes of color invade our land, we will surely perish. Our resistance must amount to more than mere disapproval: we must hate the multiculturalists as we hate the devil. It's no coincidence that as the Europeans lost their faith in Christ they also lost their desire to fight Satan and his minions. Putin cannot be our guiding light, because he is a pagan. What we need are Christian warriors. We need Alfreds and Tells, Christian men who are not under the thumbs of the clergy, who will fight for their people no matter what the odds against them.

If the clergy have given their blessing to negrophile liberalism how can Christian men support them? We can't. We must oppose them as we would oppose the devil, because where negro worship is present the devil rules. These "Christian" clergymen who have elevated the negro to divine status and repudiated the Christian faith of our European ancestors are merely the lap dogs of the liberals, seeking the favor of their masters for doing the right tricks such as running off to Africa to "help" the African Ebola victims and then returning to the West to infect the evil whites who deserve what they get "because of slavery." The hatred of the white and the love of the negro is what motivates the liberals. So long as we allow the Christian churches to sustain that love and hate we shall live in the pigsties of Liberaldom, waiting for our final extermination.

The hero of Walker Percy's mock heroic novel, *Love in the Ruins*, tries to invent a machine that will reconnect the European's brain with his soul. Of course no machine can perform that miracle, but it is necessary for the post-Christian European to come to the same conclusion as Orlando in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*: "I can live no longer by thinking." The portals to hell run through academia, which was spawned by the churchmen who thought that it's better to have an intellectual concept of God than to know Him in and through the love of our people. There seems to be no limit to the degeneracy of a thoroughly trained academic. He is a man without any of the attributes that distinguish a man from a demon. So long as the spirit of academia, the demonic spirit which possessed Louis IX, governs white men, they will continue to look on the negro as a god who must be appeased with the blood of the white man.

I hope the Ebola illness is not spread throughout the Western nations, but whether the disease spreads or its progress is abated, the Ebola crisis gives us a window into the perverted souls of the liberals and the completely cowed souls of the conservatives. A nurse, recently returned from treating Ebola patients in West Africa, refused to accept a quarantine of 21 days. "It is unconstitutional and unscientific," says the liberal star of the moment. "Her heart is in the right place," the liberals and the conservatives intone, "She wants to help Africans." No, the woman's heart is in the wrong place, in fact, she has no heart. People who care nothing for their own kith and kin love only themselves. The nurse in question and the doctors who go over to West Africa and return for treatment to American medical centers are taking a gamble with their lives, but they are not taking that gamble because of a love for the sacred black man. They are taking that gamble because of an exalted egotism. They want to be worshipped as Atticus Finch was worshipped. And so far it is working. These monsters of selfishness (one Ebola-infected doctor came back, rode the subway, and went bowling!) couldn't care less about their own family or their own people: all that pales in comparison to the praise they hope to receive for serving the negro gods of the Western world.

Liberals, a new breed of subhumans, have no humanity, because they reject God's channels of grace. They will not love small, through their familial and racial hearth fires, they must love big, and they will love an abstract people who are deified because of their natural nobility, untainted by the sinful white man. That is the liberals' view of existence. Our people, of the not too distant past saw life through an entirely different prism:

God gave all men all earth to love,
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That, as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good...

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought,
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

— “Sussex” by Kipling

Yes, the liberals love big. But the antique Europeans loved small. The former have never seen the face of God in their kith and kin, because they have rejected their kith and kin and as a consequence have gone whoring after strange gods and an alien people. The latter have seen the living God, because they never looked upon their familial and racial hearth fires as evils to be shunned. They saw Christ in those hearth fires, and they learned to love and felt what it was like to be loved, at those hearth fires. We have not supped full of horrors yet. The satanic tentacles of liberalism are always expanding and increasing in strength. But my heroes, the bards, warriors, and everyday men and women of Christian Europe, have shown us another world, a world consecrated to an entirely different God than the god of the liberals. Surely if we love that God in and through our people, we will, at the last trump, be able to say, “The day is ours, by the grace of God.” +

The End of Multiculturalism - October 25, 2014

If indeed they can mix the blood of the heroes of Manassas with this vile stream from the fens of Africa, then they will never again have occasion to tremble before the righteous resistance of Virginian freemen; but will have a race supple and vile enough to fill that position of political subjection, which they desire to fix on the South. — R. L. Dabney in *A Defense of Virginia and the South*

The lesbian Mayor of Houston, Texas recently threatened to subpoena the sermons of Christian pastors to see if any of the pastors were condemning homosexuality. This aggressive move by the perverted mayor was not surprising—it would be more surprising to find a pastor who had condemned homosexuality—but it was significant. Such blatant, uncamouflaged acts of aggressive liberalism are becoming more and more commonplace. This indicates that the liberals no longer fear any white resistance to liberalism. They don't have to take great pains to cover up the extermination of white people under the blanket of “civil rights”; they no longer need to explain away the slaughter of the innocents by citing “hard cases”; and they no longer think they have to hide homosexuality. The acceptance of pedophilia, incest, and bestiality will soon follow the acceptance of homosexuality. And why not? Can a man be morally superior to his god? Where the negro is god, there is no such thing as morality. There is only one sin in negrophile Liberalism: The refusal to worship the negro.

The conservatives of the 20th century, who were not conservative enough, all predicted the demise of liberalism. Even some of the liberals, such as Lionel Trilling, predicted liberalism's demise, but the demise did not come. Instead we saw, in the latter half of the 20th century, the complete demise of conservatism, which was devoured by liberalism as a smaller fish is eaten by a larger fish. Why was this? It was because of the passion factor. The conservatives intellectually supported God, family, and nation while running away from any passionate defense of Christ and His people. A telling example: Why, in a book that is supposed to tell us of conservatives, *The Conservative Mind*, does Russell Kirk leave out Robert L. Dabney, George Fitzhugh, and Thomas Nelson Page? The reason has become painfully obvious as we look at the ruins of the European people. Such conservatives were left out of the conservative tent because, as Burnham asserts in his book *The Suicide of the West*, they were “racists” and therefore outside the ken of civilization. But it was precisely that personal attachment to their own, which Kirk and Burnham would call racism, that gave the Europeans of the 19th century and all the Christian centuries prior to the 20th century the spiritual backbone to love and defend their people and their God against the attacks of liberals and colored barbarians. When white “racism” died so did Christian Europe. When the Kirk/Burnham conservatives treated conservatism as something that could be abstracted, bottled, and passed from one people to the next, they broke the bloodlines of the European people and left the liberals, who were ripe for the taking, masters of the battlefield, because they had no opponents.

Eliot, Kirk, Burnham, Tate, and the rest of the 20th century conservative thinkers were right in principle. We should defend God, family, and nation. But our passions are not ignited by an abstract God, an ‘idea’ of the family, or a generic nation. We need our one God, the Suffering Servant, and we need our kith and kin. Thomas Nelson Page, one of the castaway conservatives, described genuine conservatism, the conservatism of the heart and hearth:

On the instant stood revealed, as though he had blown down the ages, a pure Goth, unchanged in any essential since his fathers had left their forests and through all obstacles, even through ranks of Roman legionaries, sword in hand had hewn

their way straight to the goal of their desires. 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.

There is a great difference between an intellectual affirmation of an idea of God and a heartfelt attachment to God. It is the difference between St. Paul and St. Thomas Aquinas. Likewise with our people, a man can defend his race, as Anthony Jacob does, or he can defend an abstract idea of a nation as Burnham and Kirk do. The liberals survived because they revitalized their troops by adding the negro god, which gave liberalism a personal, passionate component that rational, common-sense conservatism lacked.

Though negrophile liberalism is now at the top of the world, it is ripe for a fall, because the passion for the negro is waning in the ranks of the younger liberals. A few Christian Goths could mount a charge that would shake the foundations of Liberalism, but that which is necessary for such a charge, a passionate love for our race and a passionate love for the God of our ascending race, must be present before a European counterrevolution can occur. It's like Dickens' *Christmas Carol* in which he tells us that it must be "distinctly understood" that Marley was dead "or nothing wonderful can come of the story." It must be distinctly understood in our hearts that our racial home is our spiritual backbone before anything as wonderful as a Christian Goth can be seen cleansing the European nations of the barbarian hordes.

I'm not certain there are any Christian Goths left within the ranks of the European people. I hope there are. What I am certain of is that liberalism is entering a new era, the era of the mailed fist. The colored hordes the liberals have unleashed will have no restraints placed upon them, and there will be more and more liberals such as the lesbian mayor who will not care one iota for the rights of white Europeans. Polite debates will not stop the liberals and the colored barbarians from destroying the European people. Only the fighting spirit that comes from the depths of a heart that truly loves can defeat the liberals and their colored barbarian allies. Would a father who loved his children let ravaging wolves into his home in the hope that the wolves will not harm his children? Of course he wouldn't. But the love that once was there has left the European conservatives. They want to conserve their systems, not their people. In fact, they are quite willing to let their people be devoured by the wolves of color if it means their system triumphs over their white opponents' system. James II set the standard for the betrayal of one's race in the name of a higher loyalty to a religious system that all subsequent "conservative Christians" have followed.

The sincerity of those converts who change their faith at a moment, when favour and power can be obtained by the exchange, must always be doubtful, and no character inspires more contempt than that of an apostate who deserts his religion for love of gain. Not, however, listening to these obvious considerations, the King seemed to press on the conversion of his subjects to the Roman Catholic faith, without observing that each proselyte, by the fact of becoming so, was rendered generally contemptible, and lost any influence he might have formerly possessed. 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.

There's a lack of depth in managerial men like James II who never ask themselves why the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. Without the Europeans, the Word has no place to dwell. "We must be multicultural," the liberals insist. On the contrary, we must not be multicultural, we must not let Ebola-carrying negroes, Moslem jihadists, and colored monstrosities from every corner of the globe into the white nations so that the white race will be exterminated and the Son of Man shall have no place to lay His head.

I love the H. V. Morton books on England, Scotland, Wales, and so on. In the Morton books we get poetical vignettes of old Europe from a man who seems to truly love the European people. And yet in his book on South Africa, a country he eventually made his home, Morton praises the white South Africans' achievements but never takes a stand in favor of his people against the black barbarians. If you love a civilization and its people, then shouldn't you want to defend those people and their civilization against those who would destroy them? The liberals hate old Europe and the God who dwelt among the European people, but what can we say about the conservatives who praise antique Europe but will not lift a finger to protect and defend the European people? They, the great betrayers, respond to accusations of treachery with the 'replacement' theory. The Africans, the Orientals, and the Indians will embrace the religion and culture of old Europe, and they will bring forth a better Europe, a "more vital, earthier, sexier Europe." Is that what multicultural Europe has become? A bastion of orthodoxy that is more vital, etc., than old Europe? Nothing good comes from a white man's betrayal of his people. The Europeans are the Christ-bearers. If the vast majority won't bear that burden because they no longer see beauty on a cross, then the Christian hero must bear the burden alone until the rest of the Europeans see the vision again. It's worse than foolish, it is satanic to turn to the colored races under the guise of keeping the faith. Satan's minions serve Satan, not Christ, and their negro gods are their conduits to Satan. This is why the formerly Christian churches are doing the work of Satan. The negro has become their lode star, replacing the Son of God.

When the Moslem jihadists killed defenseless Canadians this week, the Canadian grazers, like the grazers throughout the European world, asked, why? The answer is simple. The liberals and the barbarians of color hate white people while the grazers' love for their own people is too lukewarm; it doesn't inspire them to protect and defend their people. You can say you are broadminded, peace-loving, democratic, and give a thousand other evasions, but the reality is that a true European, a Goth, loves his people and hates those who would destroy them. It is not a civilized advance to love the stranger and hate your own. It is a return to barbarism and cannibalism in an intellectualized form. The liberals watch with a voyeur's pleasure as the colored barbarians cannibalize the white race: "Europe must be multicultural." No, we shall not be multicultural, we shall be true to our house, our race, and our God. +

At the Poetical Core of the White Man's Soul is the Cure for Ebola - October 18, 2014

Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease.
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty, –
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

–Shakespeare

On a television news panel this week I heard a member of the panel, during a "what's to be done" discussion of the Ebola crisis, ask why we didn't just ban all Africans from entering the country. The practical panelist's suggestion was honored with stony silence from the other members of the panel, and the discussion moved on to what could be done to limit the spread of the disease once the Ebola infected Africans had come into the country.

Of course, what the naïve panelist suggested is the only solution to the Ebola crisis. But we know that such a policy, the policy of refusing black Africans' entry into our country, will not be adopted by our government. And we will not adapt such a sane policy for the same reason that the gay bath houses were not closed down when the AIDs epidemic broke out: it goes against the liberals' religion. In the case of the AIDs epidemic the idea of closing down the gay bath houses to prevent the spread of AIDs was viewed as a direct challenge to the liberals' belief that sexual license is good and repression is bad. And in the case of the Ebola crisis, a proposed ban on African immigration strikes at the heart of liberalism, because it threatens the very pillar of liberal society, the liberals' fervent belief in the sacred negro. How can any society that worships the black barbarian permit the exclusion of black barbarians from their nation? They can't do so and still be true to their faith. Before this Ebola epidemic is over, there will be some liberal hypocrites who will secretly yearn for a ban on African travel to the United States, just as there are many negro-worshipping liberals who send their children to private, all-white schools in order to avoid the sacred negroes whom they are supposed to love and revere. But all religions have slackers and hypocrites in their ranks; the true believers will just have to work all that much harder to ensure that negro worship remains the supreme faith of the Western world.

The Ebola "crisis" is not a new crisis; it is part and parcel of the liberals' assault on the white race. Just as whites are forbidden to protect themselves against the deadly assaults of black barbarians roaming the nations of Europe, so are whites forbidden to protect themselves from the deadly black Ebola virus. This assault on the white race, the Christ-bearing race, is wrong from the standpoint of the Christian faith, but it also goes against the liberals' stated faith, which is to love the negro with their whole heart, mind, and soul. If they truly loved the negro they would have taken the trouble to know him. And then they would have kept him in captivity and not left him to his own devices. "Because of slavery," the CNN reporter said. Yes, because of slavery the black man actually had a longer life expectancy than the white coalminers in the North, and he was made to stay with his family instead of roaming the streets, killing and raping white people and forming umpteen polygamous families.

What has Africa become since the liberals of the West "gave Africa back to the blacks"? In *Africa: A Political Travelogue*, Thomas Molnar points out that the most poorly developed, diseased-ridden, poverty-stricken nations in Africa were the ones that were outside white control and white influence. Independence? What is independence for the blacks? It is the

absence of white restraint, which means blacks are free to destroy themselves and whites through murder, mayhem, and hideous diseases, which are the result of their desire for unbridled murder, mayhem, sexual depravities, and bestiality. If the white man does not control the blacks, they will destroy themselves and the white race. That is the reality that goes against the liberals' faith. It is their utopian belief that once the black man is free from white restraint, he will "astound the world." So said the late John Paul II who was not the first nor the last negro worshipper to occupy the chair of St. Peter. Shouldn't a "Christian" whose Lord said, "I am the truth, and the truth shall set you free," be interested in the truth? Yes, a Christian should be interested in the truth, but a utopian needn't be interested in the truth at all. He sees everything in the light of his utopian vision. Hence the great divide between the anti-Christian Christian clergymen and the Christian Europeans. The former have exchanged Christ for the negro, and the latter are still connected, through their people, to the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

The Ebola crisis in Africa and its spread to the West is simply another hideous manifestation of the liberals' revolt against the God of Christian Europe. In old Europe men and women suffered and died as they do today, as they have always done since Adam and Eve disobeyed God. But the men and women of old Europe, of Christian Europe, did not suffer and die without hope and without experiencing genuine moments of joy in between the suffering and dying. Because they had faith in Christ's resurrection from the dead, they had hope that the joyous white moments here on earth were a prefiguration of an eternal life where there are only white moments and no more suffering and death.

The liberals', in their desire to create a kingdom of god on earth, the negro god, have created a world without white moments. There is no joy amidst the pain and suffering, because there is no hope that there is a Savior who will redeem our pain and suffering and turn our white moments on earth into eternal white moments in heaven. A liberal cannot have white moments, because he has lost all contact with the God who lives in and through His people. The liberal can sneer at everything decent and honorable, which gives him a certain perverse pleasure, but it is nothing akin to joy. And the liberal can sing hymns of praise to his black gods who will rule over a new Babylon consisting of midnight trysts under the palms and endless wine and cheese parties. Is that not paradise? No, it is not. There is a certain unhallowed thrill in tasting previously forbidden fruits, but we have already seen how quickly forbidden fruits become bitter ones. The liberal has written his own death sentence, and like his devilish master, who also wrote his own death sentence, he is bereft of all joy here on earth; he'll never have white moments of grace, and he is without any hope for the next world. Was Dickens so wrong for feeling that a Christ-centered non-utopian Europe was still better than Satan's brave new world of sneering death heads?

Let us leave our old friend in one of those moments of unmixed happiness, of which, if we seek them, there are ever some, to cheer our transitory existence here. There are dark shadows on the earth, but its lights are stronger in the contrast. Some men, like bats or owls, have better eyes for the darkness than for the light. We, who have no such optical powers, are better pleased to take our last parting look at the visionary companions of many solitary hours, when the brief sunshine of the world is blazing full upon them.

Life is nothing but dark shadows unless there are visionary moments of white light when we see the Europe that Dickens saw, an infinitude of provincial European hearth fires presided over by the Creator of those moments of unmixed happiness. Outside of those hearth fires is the black night of negrophile Liberalism. It is an aggressive, malevolent force – the Ebola virus is just one of its many tentacles – that will, if whites abandon provincial, racist Europe, envelope Europe and her people in a death-in-life embrace. The future and the past will appear before the white man as one horrific vision of eternal night. The liberals tell us that if we embrace the negro, unmixed happiness will be ours. The Christian vision of our European ancestors tells us the exact opposite. Who would be married to hell? The liberals would. But do we have to follow them to hell?

The conservative reaction in Church and state to negrophile liberalism has been a non-reaction. This is because the conservatives of the 20th century were not conservatives, they were managerial bureaucrats who had an intellectual preference for the older governments, rituals, and documents but no feeling for their own people, without whom there can be no governments, rituals, or documents. The conservatism of Burke and Anthony Jacob, which was grounded in their love for their people, is the only type of conservatism that inspires us to love and protect our people instead of our systems. White people, my people, are not cogs in a managerial expert's infernal system, whether it be a secular or a religious-based system. The devil, as Macbeth discovers, can tell us small managerial truths to win us over to the deeper lie. I've seen the devilish, sneering hatred of the European people on the face of the "conservative" theologian just as often as I've seen it on the face of the secular liberal. Did God dwell amongst the European people or did he not? If He did, then a trip to the Holy Land is unnecessary. We walk on sacred ground when we approach a European hearth fire where His people, the ones who love much, dwell.

The Ebola virus is the result of a spiritual virus in the European people that has rendered them incapable of taking arms against a sea of negro-worshipping liberals and colored barbarians. The mystic flame, which consists of a burning love for the European hearth consecrated to Him, must be revived before Ebola and negrophile liberalism can be purged from the

earth. Poor, bare, unaccommodated men? Yes, that is, and was the antique Europeans. But such men! They saw beauty in the cross and made the cross a reason for joy. If we feel as one with the antique Europeans at the deepest level, the poetical core of our soul, we will not be mesmerized by the sneering negrophile experts in church and state, nor beaten down by the multitudinous hordes of colored barbarians. It is not a little thing to see Christ's blood upon the European rose. It is everything. +

The Dark Night of Ebola and the Light of Europe - October 11, 2014

Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.

—The Tempest

Considering that Ebola has reached epidemic proportions in Liberia, it is criminally insane to allow tens of thousands of Liberian refugees into this country. But CNN recently aired an interview with the author of a book on Ebola who said we must let Liberians into the nation, "because of American slavery." If you accept that obscene, twisted logic you are either a mad-dog liberal lay person or one of the legions of anti-Christian Christian clergymen who are busy making the churches fit for Satan to dwell in.

The American and European response to the Ebola "crisis" is what we would expect from liberals who regard negroes as sacred and their own people as vicious vermin that must be exterminated. If white people were a people again, we would never let one single Liberian into our nations: they would be prevented from entering by the only means colored barbarians are ever prevented from entering a nation. And that would be the Christian thing to do. When the survival of your own people is at stake, charity must begin at home. Once your family and home is secure, you can do what you can for others. But to turn your own people over to the colored barbarians, who can kill with Ebola just as easily as they kill with knives and guns, is to commit a sin that cries out to heaven for vengeance.

There is no question that the European people, in the main, have lost their protective instincts. They do not feel connected enough to the people of their racial or familial hearth to fight for them. This is only something I can understand from the outside; I can't understand it from inside. When I was attending the Police Academy, an older police chief, nearing retirement after almost 40 years on the force, taught the section of the criminal code that dealt with sex crimes. While talking about child molesters, the chief paused and made a brief comment: "I have to tell you what the law says about this, because I'm supposed to tell you about the criminal code, but if any of those animals [pedophiles] touched my grandchildren, they wouldn't live to be tried in court." I didn't have grandchildren, but I did have children, and the chief expressed my sentiments exactly. I didn't regard what he said as controversial or unusual. Later another student came up to me and expressed concern that a representative of the law would recommend going outside the law. I didn't understand that student then, and I still don't understand such sentiments even though I must acknowledge that virtually the entire white race feels that the instinct to kill in defense of your own and to strike home against those who have hurt your own, stems from some terrible prejudice best left behind in the unenlightened era of the European people.

Of course liberals do have a people for whom they will fight and kill, but 'their' people, the colored barbarians, are not their own as an antique European would define his own. But that is the point. The liberals consider themselves new, rarified human beings devoid of the prejudices of the evil white people of the past. In reality the liberals are subhuman creatures devoid of all humanity; their sole reason for being is to strike out against all things human. Like Satan, the great hater of humanity, the liberals have focused their attack on the people who bore witness to the God with a human heart, a God who bleeds. In Kipling's short story, "The Man Who Would Be King," the pagan tribesmen thought that the proof of a god's divinity was that the god did not bleed. That always has been and always shall be the stumbling block for the pagan and the Jew – a God with humanity, a God who bleeds. The negro-worshipping liberals, who seek to destroy the white by helping the negro transmit negro diseases and negro spirituality to the white race do so to avoid the God who bleeds. Like the ancient pagans and the Jews who shouted, "Crucify him!" the liberals want a triumphant, natural God who will destroy their enemies and end all suffering in this world. They have no use for a God who does not end suffering on earth, but instead redeems our suffering by connecting it to the Cross, which is our salvation.

The devil has always, since Christ rose from the tomb, whispered in the ears of those who believe in Christ, "He is not risen; it is all a lie." The liberal is someone who believes the devil. "Christ be not risen," is at the heart of our negro-worshipping modern world. If Christ be not risen, we must look to another god, a more natural god. The liberal wants to return to Baal by blending with and worshipping the negro while demonizing the white. The white liberal's refusal to fight the Ebola-bearing Liberians and the murderous negroes already amongst us stems from his religious faith: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Try as he might, the post-Christian European, the liberal, cannot be like the barbarians of color. The colored barbarians never knew the God of the Europeans. Their blood is still barbarian blood. Their religion, no matter its local variants, always consists of sex and blood. The post-Christian European, whose people once worshipped the living God, cannot bring himself to participate first-hand in the barbarians' sex-and-blood cults. So he participates in the colored barbarians' religions second-hand by lending his technology to the colored gods in return for a voyeur's privilege to watch the sex-and-blood rituals of the colored heathens.

After Macbeth caves into his wife's ambition and kills Duncan, he has a moment of moral clarity:

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 European Everyman stood on the heath with the weird sisters just as Macbeth did. In order to acquire a place in the new Babylon, the land of negro worship and free sex, the European had to purge his blood of all things Christian and invite Satan to come into his heart to stay. At first there was remorse: "All is but toys; renown and grace is dead." But then the white man became hardened to his fate. He fights against the grace of God with the same satanic fury that drove Macbeth: "Lay on, Macduff, And damm'd be him that first cries 'Hold enough.'"

The white man's fall is a Shakespearean tragedy, but the final act has not yet been written. Europeans can, if they face the tragedy of King Lear, which means accepting the burden of race and faith, turn tragedy into a romance. The shipwrecked Prospero and St. Paul are one in vision. They both, amidst the ocean tempest, see the God of charity and mercy, and they call on Him to save. The mysticism of St. Paul and Prospero is the mysticism which never faileth, because it is rooted in charity, which begins at our racial and familial hearth fires and perishes without those hearth fires.

The liberals' vision — really the absence of vision because their eyes see only the darkness of Babylon — is already losing its force. The older liberals (Chris Matthews is a good example) are still passionately attached to their utopian vision of a brave new world in which white Atticus Finches are loved and appreciated by the negro gods whom they serve. (1) The younger generations, whites who have grown up in the era of institutionalized negro worship, all know that you must fulfill your daily obligations and pay homage to the negro gods, but the passion is missing in the new generation of utopians. This doesn't bode well for the future of liberalism, which is grounded in negro worship, because the poets are right about passion: it rules us all.

What will replace negro worshipping liberalism? That all depends upon the passion factor. Spengler thought that civilizations, once dead, never came back to life. But Spengler did not believe that Christ rose from the dead. Just as He rose from the dead, so can a dedicated body of European Christians, passionately attached to His Europe, bring the European nations back to life. Only those whose vision has been too long diverted by the cesspool culture of modern Babylon can fail to see the light still shining over our racial hearth fire.

Negro worship will continue in all its ugly, diseased manifestations, so long as white people are without a passionate faith in Him who is the antithesis of the negro god. No appeal to reason or science will halt the onward march to complete white annihilation. Already the rational, scientific negro-worshippers of the West are discussing how to treat the Ebola-carrying negroes when they come to the West. There is no discussion among the rational men of science about refusing to admit any negroes into the white nations. Only when the white man loves much, in and through His people, will the black plague in its spiritual and physical aspects be removed from the European nations. +

(1) In *To Kill a Mockingbird*, one of the liberals' sacred books, there is no negro problem. The problem is with prejudiced whites. Black men only commit rapes in the prejudiced imaginations of white people. What is evil is the white man's protective instincts toward his own. That essential commandment, "Thou shall not protect thy own people," is what white school children learn from pre-kindergarten on through high school and into the unhallowed halls of academia.

The Heroic Brood - October 4, 2014

I tremble for the cause of humanity, in the unpunished outrages of the most wicked of mankind. —Burke

When the Oklahoman, black Moslem was shot by a white male before he could chop a second woman's head off, the liberals experienced one of their awkward moments. It is hard to defend public beheadings, but it is even harder to defend white males acting like knights errant, particularly when the knight errantry involves violent action against black barbarians. "So let's just skip over that story and proceed to more important stories such as girls pitching on boys' Little League teams and racist whites hiding out somewhere in the hinterlands of the United States."

Once you know who a man's heroes are you know what his faith is. And if a man has no heroes? Then he has no faith. He is the man Scott writes about in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* – "The wretch, concentrated all in self..." The Oklahoman, white, male protector cannot be accorded hero status in Liberaldom, because the heroes and heroines of Liberaldom are the people who move us upward and onward to a feminist, negro-worshipping utopia. The heroes of Liberaldom are always feminists and black men. A white male can only become part of the heroic march to utopia if he supports feminism and negro worship. This is why successful white athletes go to Haiti and adopt black children and give millions to important feminist causes. They want to be part of the brave new Babylonian world called Liberaldom.

In a thousand different ways, some subtle, most not so subtle, white children are told that the old heroes of Europe, men such as Forrest, Alfred, Havelock, my great grand sires, and your great grand sires, were not a heroic brood of men and women, they were in point of fact racists who must be condemned if mankind is going to proceed to the promised land. No man who loves the Lord God Jesus Christ, in and through the people of his own race, can enter the Kingdom of Liberaldom.

Simply saying that pure mind determines everything cannot change reality. The liberals, who condemn the antique Europeans for using human conduits – their kith and kin – to connect them to the living God, also use human conduits to connect them to their god. Through the unsexed, feminist harpies and the sacred negroes, the liberals enter their hellish holy of holies and come into the presence of their royal master, the archangel Satan, who, the liberals tell us, is not really satanic: that was an invention of the old racist Europeans. Sympathy for the devil? Yes indeed, the liberals love him and all of his works.

The hero culture of the antique Europeans is the culture of the Christ-bearing race. The new propositional culture of the modern Christians and their liberal brethren is the culture of Satan. Once you deny the divine link between a man's racial home and his spiritual home, you have successfully separated a man from the living God. While affirming his intellectual faith in propositional Christianity, the New Age Christian forsakes his people, the people who kept him close to God. Pride of race? No, the colored tribesmen have pride of race. The antique Europeans accepted the burden of their race. They didn't Gnostically affirm the existence of a divine force, they lived, loved, and died enveloped in the benevolent shadow of the Cross.

A hero comes from the heart of his people and acts according to the blood faith of his people. So long as we are ruled by liberals in church and state, who condemn every action that stems from the blood faith of the European people, the right kind of heroism will either be down-played, as was the case in the recent shooting of the black Moslem in Oklahoma, or demonized, as was the case when Paul Hill executed the abortion doctor. Whenever the hero goes forth he takes his people and the God of his people with him. Those two forces, comingled in his heart, help the hero to persevere against all the powers of hell that come against him. If the European does not have a people, or a God that comes to him through his people, he will not venture forth against the liberal or colored barbarian foe. Instead he will try to serve as an orderly or squire in the liberals' army of colored barbarians and feminists.

The type of sustained heroism necessary to uproot and destroy liberalism can only come from heroes who are grounded in that charity-of-honor culture of the antique Europeans. Until that connection is restored, heroic acts against liberalism will be isolated and often tainted with the madness that comes from living and acting completely alone. White people today are in much more desperate straits than they were during the so-called Reconstruction period after the Civil War. The southern whites were disenfranchised from the official government, which was artificial and propositional, but they were not separated from their true nation, which was their race, nor were they separated from their God, who was the Man of Sorrows. The heroism of the original Ku Klux Klan members stemmed from the fact that they did not have to act in spiritual isolation from their people or their God. The modern white man, having lost a spirit-and-blood connection to his people and his God, finds himself unable to strike out against the liberals and their colored barbarian allies on a consistent basis, because he hasn't the support from his God and his people that the white counter-revolutionaries of the Reconstruction Era South did have.

I just read about some white professor at a generic satanic institution of "higher learning" who claimed he was one in spirit with the black barbarian rapper shot and killed by a heroic white police officer. "We must do more to show our oneness with Michael Brown," the great professor solemnly declared. And it struck me that the professor is right about one thing. He is one in spirit with the black barbarian rapper. Both men belong to Satan. The satanic armies of the abstracted-from-God-and-their-race academics and the barbarians of color are the satanic legions that must be defeated by Europeans with

that charity of honor burning in their souls. St. Paul tells us that the last enemy who shall be destroyed is death. Shouldn't we, so that we can encounter that last great enemy with hearts of faith, eliminate the great enemies of our people, the post-Christian, white-hating academics in church and state and the white-hating barbarians of color?

The academic germ has infected the European's soul. The germ has grown into a virulent virus that destroys all things decent and honorable. Until that raging academic virus is purged, the white man will continue to follow the path of death-in-life oblivion all the way to his grave where he will reap the rewards of his pursuit of an academic paradise. There will be much less of a transition for the academic going from his soulless academic existence here on earth to his soulless academic existence in hell than there will be for the antique Christian going from this world, which is dominated by the ethos of hell, and the next world, which is dominated by His ethos, the ethos of eternal Europe. And that really is the issue. When we go to the core of their culture, were the Europeans of old right about the nature and the person of God? If they were not, we should look to another people and another culture. The liberals and the New Age Christians have done just that. But what if the antique Europeans were right? There is no 'if' about it: they were right, and we must defend that ancient Christian culture lest we become like unto the death-in-life academics of Liberalism who, at the hour of their deaths, will defile hell with their presence.

I have no foreknowledge of the ending of the world. Our Lord said we know neither the day nor the hour, but what is glaringly apparent in our modern, post-Christian age is the openly satanic nature of the many modern, anti-European movements. It seems as if Satan, having destroyed the white Europeans' connection to the living God, no longer feels like he has to hide his intentions to destroy everything good, noble, and Christian. If white people have lost all sense of who they are and who God is, then who is left to oppose Satan? Certainly not the colored tribesmen.

Everywhere we see the blood-red tide of Satanism in all its hideous, naked fury. Feminists openly avow their love of Satan and their hatred of life in the womb. Men like Lindsey Graham and John McCain support the invasion of the European nations through massive Moslem and colored immigration while they insist on the complete annihilation of the anti-democratic nations "over there." The anti-Christian Protestant Evangelicals support the secularized Jewish state of Israel against their own people. The Roman Catholic Church insists upon uniting all the religions of the world into one, great, white-hating, Christ-hating faith. Militant Islam and militant Zionism are on the march, fully confident that since there are no European Christians left, there will be no resistance to them. Homosexuals have stopped asking for forgiveness; they now demand acceptance. And the colored tribesmen, always the enemies of the white Christians, with the certain knowledge that whites will not strike back, have resumed their ancient ways: the torture, murder, and rape of white people. Is this the promised end? No, it is not. White heroes were born to fight and conquer the blood-red tide of Satanism. Without Him, it is hopeless; with Him, and united to that heroic brood of men and women, the antique Europeans, we shall conquer. +

Returning to Our Home - September 27, 2014

Pausing there a moment and looking back, they saw the whole mass of the Wild Wood, dense, menacing, compact, grimly set in vast white surroundings; simultaneously they turned and made swiftly for home, for firelight and the familiar things it played on, for the voice, sounding cheerily outside their window, of the river that they knew and trusted in all its moods, that never made them afraid with any amazement.

As he hurried along, eagerly anticipating the moment when he would be at home again among the things he knew and liked, the Mole saw clearly that he was an animal of tilled field and hedgerow, linked to the ploughed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingerings, the cultivated garden-plot.

– *The Wind in the Willows*

There is an infinitude of atrocity stories on the Internet, every one of them featuring a colored barbarian tribesman beating, raping, or murdering a white. And all these atrocities fall under the label of "good violence." If a white person ever responds with violence against the barbaric colored tribesmen, it is called "bad violence," and it must be punished. We get that helpful distinction from the Swedish police, but it applies to all whites throughout the European nations. For instance, the recent self-defense killing of a black barbarian by a white police officer was labeled "bad violence," and the usual collection of communists, black barbarian witch doctors, and liberal clergymen are demanding the head of the "offending" police officer, who would have been awarded a medal for valor in another and better time. One atrocity among the infinitude of atrocities caught my attention last week. The incident involved a white Dutch woman and three Moslem barbarians. The video, filmed and posted on the Internet by one of the barbarians, showed one Moslem punching the woman until she was knocked to the pavement, and then a second Moslem kicking her in the face while she lay on the pavement. There were also some white males standing by who did not come to the aid of the woman. I would like to use

that incident, which was quite typical of what is taking place throughout the European world, as a mirror into the soul of the modern European.

If we take that incident back in time and place to Victorian England, in the mid-1800s, for instance, we see something different unfold. Of course we're assuming, for the sake of comparison, that the Victorians would have let three Moslem barbarians walk the streets in broad daylight. What happens when they strike an English woman and start to kick her after knocking her down? All three barbarians would be killed with either sword canes or pistols. And then there would be a hue and cry, not against the men who killed the colored barbarians, but against the civil authorities for allowing such men to walk the street amongst decent women.

On the face of it, the modern European males seem very cowardly compared to their 19th century counterparts. And they are rather cowardly, but there are some mitigating circumstances. There no longer is, as there was in Victorian England, any institutional support for violent action against colored barbarians. In point of fact, the white man who acts on his own authority to prevent and/or punish the evil that colored barbarians do will face imprisonment. I think this, the fear of reprisals from his own government, more than fear of the colored barbarians, keeps the white everyman from responding as he should when colored barbarians strike. Of course the government's disarmament plan is part and parcel of their anti-European pogrom. White men are not supposed to carry arms, because they might use them against colored barbarians in an effort to defend their people. But the greatest disarmament of the whites has been, and continues to be, their moral disarmament. From cradle to grave the white man is taught he must never act with violence against colored barbarians no matter how evil their deeds appear. The alleged evil deeds of the colored barbarians are not really evil, the liberals insist, because there is only one source of evil in the world and that is the white man. This absolute law of the liberals' Godless faith has entered the bloodstream of the white man. Just as the Victorian Englishman would instinctively strike home when colored barbarians attacked an Englishwoman, so does the modern European cringe and retreat when white women, white children, or any white, is attacked by colored barbarians. It is now in his blood; he cannot make himself fight to protect his own people, because he has been taught that the defense of the white race is evil.

One thing is certain: neither the liberals nor the colored hordes will be eliminated managerially. We can't work out a deal with them, a kind of 'live and let live' policy of mutual respect. Liberalism is Satanism, and Satan does not compromise; his colored minions and his liberal stewards have but one goal: to destroy the white race.

This new faith of the white man, which has entered his blood and made him a nonhuman, does not stop him from using violence. On the contrary, the white liberals and the white grazers are quite willing to use violence so long as the violence is not in defense of home and race. The U.S. and Britain will bomb Moslems over there, because that is in defense of Israel, democracy, and multi-culturalism, but they will not defend their borders, because that would be a defense of home and race, which is immoral. And throughout the European nations the same anti-white theology of liberalism is in the ascendancy. Smaller European countries that lack the capacity to bomb them 'over there' still open up their homelands to the colored invaders. A small town in Switzerland (1,000 people) recently allowed a black Haitian women with seven children to come into their town and be "taken care of." Every single Switzer in the town has had to pay an extra five percent in taxes in order to sustain the Haitian's seven children's medical, recreational, and educational needs. Why is it the right of colored barbarians' children to displace white children? Is there no one in the West who will tell the colored barbarians to care for their own, in their own nations? No, there isn't. When the European nations are no longer inhabited by Europeans there will be nothing left for the colored barbarians to feed off. They will have killed the European milch cow. If the liberals really loved the colored savages as much as they say they do, they would make more of an effort to keep the European milch cows alive. But their hatred has no bounds, and they will destroy the whites with the aid of the colored barbarians, who will then turn on the liberals themselves. The true-to-life *To Kill a Mockingbird* story is different from the Harper Lee story. The real story does not show us a bunch of grateful darkies idolizing Atticus Finch, it reveals a band of negroes, led by the rapist Tom Robinson, murdering Atticus Finch and his family after he invited them in for a post-trial victory celebration.

At the heart of the liberals' story is a lie. Their story tells us that the evil Europeans enslaved the perfect, innocent, colored people of the world in the name of a perverse, fanatical religion. The liberals place themselves in the role of liberator. They will free the colored people and share the pleasures of a new world of endless wine and cheese parties and sexual license.

The liberals' paradise on earth is here, and it is a living hell. The sacred colored people, those pure, innocent children of nature, turned out to be (when white Europeans ceased to keep them in check) fiends from hell. Had the Europeans kept their prejudices about the lesser breeds without the law, they would never have invited colored barbarians into Europe to torture, rape, murder, and destroy the European people. The blood faith of the ancient Europeans is the only faith that can purge the new blood faith, the faith of negro worship and the hatred of whites, from the blood of the European people. How will such a miracle occur? We really don't know how, because God's grace cannot be put in a test tube and studied. But we have seen it work before: the European story is true. Christ once lived by our racial hearth fires. Has He ever really left those fires? No, He hasn't; we have left him. He waits for us there. The liberals have placed sentries to guard our racial

hearth fire so that we will be unable to return, but no liberal, no colored barbarian, can stop the white man whose heart longs to return to his people and his God.

The European grazers currently assuage their loneliness with their devotions to their sport teams, but such devotions are devoid of any connection to their people and their God. No grace flows through the blood of a man who worships at the shrine of multi-culturalism. Sport, the greatest influence on the male, and the auxiliaries of sport, church and state, all support multi-culturalism, because they are part and parcel of Satan's brave new world. He doesn't want the blood faith of the white man to resurface again. It is in his interest that the Christ-bearing people shall never again stand upright. His nightmare is the William Tell European, one man standing athwart the mountain pass through Liberaldom with his crossbow, ready and willing to kill the multi-cultural Gessler who threaten his people.

St. Paul in I Corinthians 13 tells us of a better way than prophecy and speaking in tongues.

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. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

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.

Only the European took that advice to heart and placed that charity of honor at the heart of his culture. Burke asked why there were no longer any French cavaliers ready to defend their queen. Then he supplied the answer. Where there is no blood faith, there can be no honor. An intellectual affirmation of God is a reed for every ill wind that blows, while a heartfelt affirmation of faith – “My Lord and my God” – from a man who has seen the living God in and through his people, is the faith that cleanses and purifies. Such a faith was our ancient faith: the man who has it possesses the only broadsword capable of defeating Satan, his liberal lieutenants, and their colored minions. The tragedy of the Dutch girl lying unconscious on the pavement while Moslems kick her in the head is a tragedy of faith. So long as Europeans remain in multi-cultural hell, separated from their God and the people of their own house and their own race, Satan shall reign in the European nations. +

Why Europe Must Die So Liberalism Can Live - September 20, 2014

“Here’s a good world the while! Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?”

—from Shakespeare’s *Richard III*

The late John Tyndall of the BNP once stated that he didn't want to comment on the specifics of the American waterboarding torture of Iraqi prisoners because he was against the war to begin with. I'm not a white nationalist, I'm an antique Christian, but I often find myself, like Tyndall, so outside the mainstream (Burnham placed fascists and racists on the lunatic fringe), that I can't enter any modern debate on a major issue without completely redefining the debate in order to put it into what I feel is its proper context. How could it be otherwise? If we truly believe, based on our Christian faith, that our modern European culture is demonic, how can we possibly expect to be at one with the people who frame and debate the important issues of our time?

One of the devil's favorite ploys is to present us with two evils in the hope we will embrace one of them in order to combat the other. He does not want Christian men to say, “A plague on both your houses,” and then branch out on their own to form a third army opposed to the devil's twin evils. World War II would be a perfect example of the twin evils ploy of the devil – Hitler's new world paganism or Stalin's communist utopia, which will it be? The Western powers chose to side with communism, which was probably the greater evil, but that is not the point: we were not supposed to choose Hitler over Stalin because he was the lesser evil, we were supposed to – if we truly were knights of Christendom – steer our own

separate course opposed to Nazism and communism. Of course when the ranks of white Christians have dwindled to a tiny minority, it is tempting to say evil is good and join a more powerful army than the Christian European one. Thus the evangelicals join the 'Rapture of Israel' army, the Roman Catholics join the 'Ecumenical Liberal' army, and on it goes: the good cause, the cause of Christian Europe, is left without a people to champion it, and the European people languish in the darkness of Babylon.

All the modern issues are debated without taking the Christian perspective into account. The modern feminists, for example, have suddenly discovered that black football players like to beat their significant others. So the entire football establishment jumps on the anti-domestic abuse bandwagon and promises a no-tolerance program for any football player who physically abuses a woman. What is wrong with the pro football league tightening its rules on domestic violence? Everything is wrong with the policy, because it is driven by the feminist hell hounds. I once read a neo-pagan's column in which he said we should not refuse to join with feminists when our interests coincided. I disagree, because our interests, at the deepest level, a level the managerial neo-pagans never go to, will never coincide. The feminists want to use the domestic abuse issue to further the cause of feminism; they want women to have unconditional power over men so they can abort babies and use men as milch cows in support of whatever career they choose. I keep hearing from the suddenly outraged male football establishment, who are simply saying what the feminists tell them to say, that it is wrong to hit a woman. Is it? I think we need to make a distinction. A chivalrous Englishman from the Victorian era would not hit a lady; that would be the act of a cad. But the feminists have repudiated Christian Europe. They hate chivalry, all the males who once practiced it, and the contemporary males who still practice it. You can't have things both ways, at least you shouldn't be allowed to have things both ways. The feminists want the rights that should only be given to those Christian women to whom the European poets wrote sonnets and the Victorians placed on domestic pedestals. Is it wrong to hit a woman? No, it is wrong to hit a lady. There is a huge difference between the two. A man of the old school might defend a feminist virago from an equally ferocious black barbarian, but he would do so because of noblesse oblige (another ethos that the modern world can't stand) and not because of some law that compels him to do so. In terms of the law, a feminist should have no rights, because like Lady Macbeth she has placed herself outside the only law that counts: God's law. Why should we care about the domestic abuse of feminists when white ladies, white men, and white children of both sexes are being slaughtered throughout the European world by the barbarians of color? Let the feminists who have asked the devil to unsex them face the consequences of their demonic rejection of the Christian, patriarchal society.

Masculinity is not evil in and of itself as the feminists have been screaming for the past fifty years. Masculinity can be a source of grace if it is consecrated to the King of Kings. In old Europe, the true Europe, it was Christian males who took care of rogue males. They took care of them in the same way Shane took care of Stark Wilson. There is no escaping that very basic and very fundamental law of civilization. There must be good men and true to confront the rogue males who believe that what good people call civilization is simply a supply camp they can use to fulfill their predatory needs.

What is the alternative to Christian patriarchy? We are living with the alternative, it is called liberalism. This is how liberalism works – white males are subject to the rules of a fierce matriarchy. If they impregnate a woman, be she girlfriend or spouse, they have no right to stop said girlfriend or spouse from aborting that baby. Any manifestation of masculinity, be it the pagan kind or the chivalrous Christian kind, will be severely punished by the matriarchal powers of Liberalism. But there is a devilish twist in our modern matriarchal system. When it comes to males of color, the matriarchal rules that apply to white males no longer apply. Males of color have free rein to murder and rape so long as they confine their murders and rapes to white women. To murder or rape a woman of color is bad, but to murder and or rape a white woman is good. So this utopian mixture of negro worship and matriarchy benefits the barbarians of color, but it does not ultimately benefit the white feminists who helped to create it. The feminists have outdone the fisherman's wife: they didn't know what they wanted, but they wanted it very badly. And now they have got it. They have a society in which there are no chivalrous white males, because white males have been trained since birth to never contradict a feminist and to never regard any form of black or colored behavior as wrong, no matter how barbaric or evil that behavior might be. The evil that blacks do is all in the racist minds of whites. There can be no evil blacks, unless they practice their evil on women of color. Wow, that seems like a difficult catechism to learn. It is, but that is what our educational system exists for, to teach white males there is no God of charity and mercy who bids us fight for His reign of charity, there are only the savage negro gods and the cruel matriarchal goddesses of feminism who must be worshipped and obeyed.

The neo-pagans seek to restore the white male to manhood by getting him to take pride in his genes, in his superior intellect. But the pride of intellect is what brought the white man down. The intellectual separation from all things decent and honorable in the name of a Nietzschean future is not the restorative we need. The white man needs to feel at one with William Tell, who was moved to fight when innocence was threatened. Pietas: that is the mark of the European male, that is the spirit Burke fought to keep alive in his beloved Britain, and that is what separates the Christian hero from the pagan hero. Blood lust is the mark of the pagan warrior; that charity of honor, which comes from pietas, is the mark of the Christian warrior.

Bill Bradley gave the keynote speech when Bill Clinton was first nominated by the Democratic Party for President. In that speech he outlined the essence of liberalism. He said that all true Americans (and all European liberals are like unto American liberals) refuse to accept the existence of tragedy. They believe that tragedy can be overcome by the proper (that is, liberal) management of peoples' lives. Think about the stunning hubris of the liberals. Bradley, who spoke for all liberals, did not claim the tragedies of life could be mitigated, he said they could be eliminated. It is that promise, the elimination of the tragedies of life, which keeps the modern European grazers from becoming men again. They have sold their souls to the liberal managerial experts with the sure and certain hope that the managerial experts will eliminate the tragedies of life. Even if the liberals could actually win the fight against cancer, defeat heart disease and AIDs, would such triumphs spare men from the ultimate tragedy? No, of course they wouldn't. There is still death itself, the last enemy. But the liberals have an answer for death. If they destroy the image of God in man by pouring monkey vomit on the European people's past, they will have successfully destroyed the Christian European's belief that every personality is a universe, a universe deserving of eternal life, because He has made us, He has infused us with His divine spirit. Once that Christian belief fades away and is succeeded by naturalist universalism – which says that we are not individual personalities connected to a personal God, but are instead isolated atoms connected to impersonal nature, the tragedy of death is eliminated. A part of nature returns to nature, why should that be tragic?

There was a romantic comedy called *Houseboat* made in 1958, starring Cary Grant, the king of romantic comedies, and Sophia Loren, a queen by virtue of her beauty. Most movies of that era reflected a Christian ethos while avoiding the question of, 'who created that ethos?' This movie couldn't avoid the question, however, because Grant played a widower who has moved his young family to a houseboat after the death of his wife. His youngest son broods over the death of his mother. Grant's character does not try to comfort his son by telling him of Christ's promise, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live." He can't tell him that because he is a modern man and doesn't believe such impossible things. Instead he takes a glass of water and throws it into the river. "That glass of water still exists," he tells his son, "but has just become part of the greater river." Would such a "natural" explanation of death satisfy a son who truly loved his mother? What kind of people have we become who settle for such a casual dismissal of our honored dead? It must be all or nothing. Either Christ rose from the dead on the third day as He will one day raise us up from the dead, or else we plunge to the depths of despair, but to accept such naturalistic mush... Almighty God, forbid it.

This unceasing campaign of the liberals to laud masculine women, to demonize masculine white males, and to destroy all vestiges of whiteness is consistent with their new religion of nature. Anything that stinks of humanity, that distinguishes the human personality from the great compost heap of nature, must be eliminated, because human beings reflect the image of a personal God. We have left personality behind so that the ultimate tragedy of life can be defeated, not by a redeemer, but by absorption into a beneficent, impersonal universal called 'nature.' In the older European culture that contained white-skinned people who were white, pure white inside, there were masculine white men who were committed to the code of chivalry and there were feminine white women who deplored feminism. The liberals will never allow such a spirit-infused world to come into being again, because such a world stands in direct contradiction to their soulless world of universal nature. This is the real War of the Worlds, a war between death in life liberalism and life after death European Christianity. Don't count the numbers against us; just look on Him who saves. +

They Serve Us Still - September 13, 2014

Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether... –Kipling

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.

After my father's death in the late spring, most of the family historical documents were given to me. I spent this last weekend going through old photograph albums, family records, keepsakes such as old Boy Scout caps, and other memorabilia that would only be of interest to me and my children. The word 'bittersweet' probably best describes my weekend immersion in my family's history. It was very pleasant to see pictures and personal records of my parents, my grandparents, and my great-grandparents. Most of the pictures were taken on special occasions – birthdays, holidays, marriages, and vacations – all occasions where the clan was assembled and having fun. Funerals are not generally a time for family photo opps. I also felt a great deal of sadness when looking at the old photos and family records, because all the subjects of the photos and the records have passed away. My hope is that my loved ones have not passed away, that death "will prove unreal at last," but my faith eases the pain, it does not eliminate it. Possibly there are people of firmer faith who do not feel a sense of loss when they think of their honored dead, but I can't count myself among their number.

When I look through my family records on both the maternal and paternal sides, I do not see anyone who won great honors and distinctions in this world. On the Welsh side, they were coal miners and on the German side they were craftsmen and farmers, not one member of the royalty or aristocracy in their ranks. And though many served in the military, none won medals for astounding feats of bravery. But they seemed to be, from my perspective as family historian, very great men and women because they were all white people. I'm not talking about just the outside: they were "white, pure white inside." They lived and died close to their racial hearth fire and the God of their ascending race; the spiritual treasure that they passed on, a bred-in-the-bone faith in the living God, was of infinitely more value than any material treasure.

I still go to some of the same parks where my ancestors held family reunions. But I no longer see white people who are white, pure white inside, having family get-togethers there. Instead I see blended families of white, black, yellow, and every other color having a type of anti-white family reunion. They are celebrating their diversity, which translates to a celebration of everything that is not traditionally white and Christian. The mad-dog liberals say such new family gatherings are wonderful because the old, all-white families were evil. The propositional Christians say that there is no reason why an interracial family can't be just as Christian and just as traditionally European as an all-white family. "Nothing has changed except the pigmentation of the skin, which is of no significance." Is that true? — can a racially blended family still be Christian as our European ancestors were Christian? I say most emphatically that they cannot, because the Christian faith is passed on through the blood, not the head. The propositional Christian says that blended families can be wonderful Christian families, because pure mind, from which we receive our knowledge of the true God, has no color; therefore, there is no need for a familial, racial hearth fire.

The propositional view of faith and race is taken as a given by modern Christians, despite the fact that the Christian faith has virtually disappeared since the new non-"racist" version of Christianity has become the norm. Of course if you change the definition of Christianity to 'How diverse are your families and your churches?' then you are in line with modern liberalism and you can declare the modern age to be the most Christian age in history. You can ignore legalized abortion, the breakup of the patriarchal Christian family, and the ongoing assault on the white race, because such things pale in significance to the one essential sign of the true faith: "Do you worship at the shrine of the colored gods and do all homage and honor to them by offering your children up to them in loving sacrifice for the sins of the white race?"

This is why there is such consternation in the churches when there is not enough "diversity." They must be diverse, because where there is no diversity there is no faith. The racist Europeans of the past believed, as St. Paul believed, that there could be no faith without charity, but that article of faith has been replaced by diversity, which is the supreme article of faith in the churches and in Liberalism at large which encompasses, and its ethos rules, the Christian churches.

In Shakespeare's *Henry IV Part I*, the mystic Owen Glendower claims he can conjure spirits from the deep: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep." Hotspur will have none of that: "Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them?" We are ordered to believe that the new faith, which has not charity and has no place for our people, is the true faith. We are asked to make this mystic leap, against the dear-bought wisdom of our ancestors and against our hearts, which tell us to cling to one non-diverse people and one non-blended God.

There is a continuity in my family's bloodline that ends with my parents. Until the time of the World II generation there were no liberals in my family tree. They were working class people who lived by their prejudices. Their faith was Kiplingesque: "This was my father's belief, And this is also mine." But both my father and my mother were the first of their line to go to college. They learned what they believed to be the better way, the way of enlightenment. They became progressive Christians. My own spiritual journey entailed, of necessity, what my parents considered a regression to prejudice and superstition. I think most children of modern parents must make a similar regression if they want to

establish contact with the living God, who can only be known in and through our people. By rejecting my parents' liberalism in order to reconnect with my grandsires, I became spiritually older than my parents. I viewed them as my beloved, but wayward children. Both became much closer to God by the time of their deaths, because of a lingering nostalgia for their people and an inability to accept the homosexual agenda of the modern churches. The strings of the past can often pull a lost soul back into the fold, which is why the liberals, at Satan's command, seek to sever every single string connecting the Europeans to their past.

In H. V. Morton's book *In Search of Wales*, he writes with amazement about the amount of good reading done by ordinary Welsh coal miners. They were poor, but they were not uneducated. This was the case with my ancestors, many of whom came from the Welsh coal regions that H. W. Morton wrote about. I saw many of what we now call the "classics," which remain unread in our modern, more 'sophisticated' times, in the trunks and boxes of my grandsires – Dickens, Defoe, Scott, Cooper, the Brothers' Grimm, etc. And the most important thing about their reading was that it was not done for a 'class,' the bardic European authors were not put through the academic ringer and found to be irrelevant fools. They were read for enjoyment and for enlightenment, but not the type of enlightenment that comes from intellectual speculation. The bards of Europe point us to the light of Europe, not to the light of a new utopian age.

The Greek system of education is a flawed system for the simple reason that it is a system conceived by abstract minds. The idea that a select band of men, isolated from the community, can sit around and think great thoughts, which they will then share with the world is nonsense. Look to the other side of Greek culture, where Homer sits by the hearth fire and tells stories of the Greek heroes and heroines. We, the "educated" Europeans, have lost contact with our bardic culture. The Christian European minstrels have been silenced, and all we hear at the European hearth fires are stories of liberals, which always amount to some type of Atticus Finch/Tom Robinson tale of the prejudiced whites, the sacred black man, and the unprejudiced, enlightened white man. We must reconnect with our older bardic culture and divest ourselves of our university educations before we can see the light that shineth in darkness.

The Europeans' divorce from their bardic ancestors took place incrementally, but once the change took place, it became deeply rooted in the Europeans' collective soul. It will take the spiritual equivalent of a blazing inferno to burn the intellectual speculation virus from the European people. It will take Christian Goths, loving and hating with all their hearts. It doesn't seem possible to purge Europe of the liberals and their colored henchmen, but large fires are often started with very tiny sparks. The liberals still worry about their own demise, hence they squelch all opposition to their reign of terror. All negro atrocities are permitted, because such atrocities serve Liberalism, but let one white man resist any part of the liberal agenda, and all the powers of Liberalism are brought to bear against such an individual. Nevertheless, we can summon strength from our past and overcome our liberal overlords if we are willing to embrace the prejudices of our provincial, European ancestors, those "dear old folk from long ago." +

Parasitical Ideologues - September 6, 2014

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 man. It is like that of the principle of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. -Edmund Burke

A man with an ideology can commit all sorts of bloody deeds and countenance all sorts of atrocities without succumbing, as Lady Macbeth finally succumbed, to pangs of conscience. Robespierre did not prowl around his chambers at night trying to wash the blood off his hands, because Robespierre had on the armor of ideology. The blood on his hands was sanctified blood, shed in the name of his ideology, which was "The People."

The modern liberals, the heirs of Robespierre, feel no pangs of conscience for their part in the ongoing torture, murder, and rape of the European people, because they, like Robespierre, serve 'The People.' They glory in the blood on their hands, because it is the blood of white people, the enemies of the people. The definition of 'The People' has been narrowed since Robespierre's day until they now consist only of the colored people of the earth, but the ideology of "The People" remains. All white people, who are not really 'people' at all, must be exterminated.

An ideology is a parasite that feeds off of a living faith. Once Christianity became an ideological system rather than a living faith, parasitical liberalism was born. The reason there is no difference between modern organized Christianity and secular liberalism is because they are both parasitical sects that are the diseased offshoots of Christianity. They have grown to such enormity, like the Ebola disease, that they have completely taken over the healthy organism, which was a faith in Jesus Christ, true God and true Man.

Liberalism is a parasitical disease of the soul that dries up all the humanity in the infected person. We often see different branches of parasitical liberalism fighting it out, such as the modern conservatives and the liberals, but they are both infected with the same disease, which they think is health. The diseased liberal mutants will continue to feed off the remnants of old Europe until there is no healthy remnant left, unless the living remnant of Europeans, who have resisted the parasite, cry 'halt' and purge parasitical liberalism from Church and state with fire and sword.

The grazers who have the parasitical disease, but not in its advanced stages, are the unknown factor. Would they respond to the leadership of men who have fought off the disease and want to purge the European nations of spiritual Ebola? It doesn't seem like they are capable of knowing and following the good. But we'll never know if we don't proceed against the liberals. The devil, who was the first liberal, is their master. The devil uses the liberals as his officers and the colored barbarians as his shock troops. Has there ever been an army with a more demonic purpose? — the eradication of everything white and Christian. Only a diseased soul, a soul infected with parasitical liberalism, could fail to see what is occurring.

We see before us wave upon wave of colored barbarians motivated by pure hate. They will continue to torture, murder, and rape whites until they are stopped by white people who have overcome the internal parasite that makes them deaf to the cries of innocence violated and to the cries of burning white children whose only crimes are that they are white. Only those who have purged their soul by joining with the Man of Sorrows, who abides by the European hearth, will hear the cries of His suffering people.

The merciless cruelty of the liberals and the colored barbarians is much more open now. They have squelched all opposition so they see no need to put on a false front. The newspapers and the television news shows still refuse to report negro atrocities, but that is by an institutionalized policy that has been in place since the 1960s when the liberals still feared white backlash. Today they no longer fear white backlash — in fact one gets the impression that they would actually like to find a white bogeyman somewhere so they could have something to write and pontificate about. Look at the liberal hysteria over the self-defense killing by a white police officer of the black barbarian gang member, whom the liberals call "The Gentle Giant." The evil intent of the liberals is always glaringly apparent after such incidents. One black gang member gets killed, and the liberals pour out their sympathy for him and demand vengeance. Contrast that with their reaction to the horrific atrocities committed against their own people. Can there be any doubt about who the liberals serve? Can there be any doubt that the self-professed Christians who serve the liberals are not Christians?

The difficulty that we encounter with an ideologue is this: the ideologue has adopted his ideology to escape from the truth. So it is of no use to appeal to him as a fellow human being who desires to know the truth. In fact, your ideologue will strike out against anyone who comes anywhere near to the truth of existence. His parasitical ideology must be defended at all costs. This is why white people will never be accepted in Liberalism. They, as a people, built a culture that was centered on the truth. The New Age Christians seek to retain the benefits of living in a truth-based culture while supporting and living in a lying, parasitical culture. You can't have it both ways. The sign of a Satanic parasitical sect is fusionism. You can't mix faith in Christ, which is spiritual health, with negro worship, Jewish rapture, Islam or any other modern or ancient parasitical ideology. The purity of St. John's Revelation cries out against such demonic blending: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

In times of plague one sees nothing but sickness and wonders if there ever was something called health. This parasitical, ideological disease called liberalism is so widespread that the European people no longer believe that genuine faith, hope, and charity once existed. The modern faith of the parasitical European is in the sacred negro; their hope is in a future devoid of white people. And their charity consists of work done in the name of the sacred negro and for the sake of a future where colored people dwell in blissful contentment, after the white race has been purged from the earth.

"Jesus saves" can be seen on thousands of billboards and bumper stickers, but if we trace such sloganeering to its source we usually discover that some parasitical sect is responsible for the slogan. It is the incarnational Christ of the European people who saves, not the Christ of the parasitical Christians. The Christ of the European hearth fire comes to us through the blood of our people. He was in the bardic side of the ancient Greek culture just as sure as He was in the blood of the Hebrew people. When Homer's Odysseus refuses Calypso's offer of immortality in order to stay true to the people of his own house and race, he was maintaining the bloodline that could be traced all the way back to the beginning of the world when men talked and walked with the living God, and he was looking forward in time to the coming of Christ who would give men an immortality beyond the power of Calypso's immortality. And when Sophocles' Hercules looks to a God above the gods, a Hero God, he is looking for The Messiah who will redeem the world. These racial memories point us to the truth. How can we, the heirs of the bardic Greeks and the bardic Christians of Europe, accept a parasitical ideology that celebrates the science lab, the unrepentant Jew, and the negro, when we have seen, through our people, the face of the living God?

The parasitical Christian always dismisses the European Christian, who wants no other Christ than the Christ of the European hearth fire, as a “cultural Christian.” Such a Christian is supposed to be bound to something excessively anthropomorphic, which translates to something too human, too bound to one culture and one people. But Christ used the human way to bring the divine presence into this world. He lived and died true to His house and His people. A parasitical ideology about Christ is not an improvement on the real thing – faith in the Christ who comes to us through the European hearth fire.

Underground news sites that tell us what the savage hordes of color are doing perform a valuable service, but such sites only tell us the symptoms of a disease. They don’t tell us the source of the disease or the cure. The source of the disease is ideological, parasitical Christianity, and its modern name is liberalism. And the cure is the pure unadulterated faith of the racist, prejudiced Europeans. “I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.” The antique Europeans who believed in Christ, the Christ who entered human hearts, stand in direct contrast to the parasitical ideologues such as Pope John, the pope of “loving forgiveness” for the torture murderers of his own people. Such “Christians” and their liberal allies have flown their colors and we should all stand against such hideous, diseased souls as Stevenson’s Alexander Smollett stood against the pirates:

“Now you’ll hear me. If you 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.”

In what is an excellent book in many ways, *Suicide of the West*, James Burnham, the author, ends a discussion of conservatives and liberals with this rather telling remark: “At the extreme wings there are small sects of communists, anarchists, fascists, racists, and crackpots outside both liberal and conservative boundaries.” He is wrong about communists and anarchists: they are not outside the boundaries of liberalism. Witness the communist Southern Poverty Law Center and the anarchist Black Panther sects. Both groups are respected members of the liberal pantheon. However, Burnham is right about fascists and racists being outside the conservative boundaries. But should they be out of bounds? I don’t care about the fascists, but the ‘racists’ that Burnham places outside the pale of conservatism are the European people as they existed for over two thousand years. They were ‘racists’ in that they loved their own people, not a universal idea of humanity. The racial door is the door we must reopen if we are ever going to live in a nation where parasitical sickness does not pass for glowing health. All the managerial conservatives who place our racial hearth fire beyond the boundaries of our nation must ask themselves why managerial conservatives have no concern for the ongoing slaughter of the white race and the ongoing attack on Christian Europe. What is there to conserve if not our people and our faith? They, not the union, are one and inseparable. +

Who Shall Restore Europe? - August 30, 2014

“Under favour, most learned and honoured sir,” said the Dominie, “I trust He who hath restored little Harry Bertram to his friends, will not leave his own work imperfect.”

— Walter Scott in *Guy Mannering*

The avalanche of criticism that Ann Coulter received from the “conservatives” over her Dr. Brantly article was quite revealing. Conservative publications such as *National Review* and conservative organization such as ISI have certainly taken a dive into liberal waters. The essential liberalism of the *National Review* magazine and the ISI organization was implicit from their inception, but their anti-communist rhetoric hid their innate liberalism and tended to make them seem more conservative than their pro-communist liberal cousins. But once the communist issue disappeared, the liberalism of the American conservatives became apparent. Abortion was a “debatable issue,” colored immigration was unopposed and often lauded, and the ongoing attack on the European people under the guise of civil rights was aided and abetted by the so-called conservatives. All that remained as a bone of contention between the conservatives and the liberals was the economic issue. The conservatives favored corporate capitalism which they called “free enterprise,” while the liberals favored state capitalism, which they called the “Great Society,” or whatever other utopian label that suited them at the moment.

We must go back to the pre-Civil War South to find Burkean conservatives, men who were concerned with preserving their people and their customs rather than an abstract ideology: “Men are not tied to one another by papers and seals. They are led to associate by resemblances, by conformities, by sympathies... They are obligations written in the heart.” American Jacobins won out in the Civil War and the consequence was that obligations written in the heart gave way to ideologies written on papers and seals. The men who have come to be known as conservatives are not interested in preserving the European people; they are interested in preserving democracy and what they call the free enterprise system. In their minds all that is necessary to become an American citizen or a citizen of any European nation is to affirm democracy and

free enterprise. This is why the *National Review* types do not campaign for white immigration and white immigration only. Instead they campaign for an “educated” people of color, because it is obvious to them that intelligent people of color will see the values of *National Review*, free enterprise conservatism. To date, the liberal liberals are winning that war. I suppose the conservative liberals could not find any intelligent Third Worlders, men and women who were willing to eschew welfare for the free enterprise system.

While they’re waiting for the intelligent people of color to flood the country and cancel out the unintelligent people of color, the conservatives keep busy by denouncing racism in all its forms. Even when they see that every new colored wave of immigrants always prefers welfare to free enterprise, the conservatives still hold out the hope that they will convert the people of color to their color-blind version of democracy and capitalism. After every election, which the conservatives always lose, they sit down to talk about what can be done to win the Mexican vote, the black vote, the Puerto Rican vote, etc. The conservatives never ask what should be done to help white people reclaim the nation that they founded and they alone can maintain, because the conservatives do not believe they belong to one particular racial hearth fire that is their link to the living God. Apparently St. Paul was going on a racist rant in 1 Timothy 5: 8, and every European of the past and present who loves his own race above all other races is a moral pariah unfit to enter the promised land of modern conservatism. Someone go tell these new conservatives that they are not conservatives, they are traitors to their race who will be trampled into dust by the New Age Jacobins, they who do believe in race: they believe in and worship the black race. Abstractions such as democracy and free enterprise cannot motivate men to fight against the liberal leviathan. Only those who warm their hands at the racial hearth fires of the European people, where “love and all love’s loving parts” dwell, can take the measure of the liberal leviathan and defeat it. We do not fight as Ahab fought the leviathan, without hope and in despair of God’s grace.

What made the French Revolution so completely different from any other revolution or any other change in government that had preceded it was the religious aspect of the revolution. The Jacobins replaced Christianity, the blood faith of the European people. All subsequent changes in European governments were judged to be good or bad, in the minds of the liberals, to the extent that the revolutions killed the traditional faith of the European people. In most of the mini-electoral revolts and revolutions the French liberals and their European counterparts were careful not to be as overt as their Jacobin predecessors. They toned down the rhetoric and the blood (except in Russia) and advanced utopian liberalism at a slower rate than Robespierre did. But now, having no conservative opposition, because the conservatives are liberals, the liberals have begun to rule without the pretexts and subterfuges of yester year. The acceptance of gay marriage is an example of the New Age. Liberals used to hide their Babylonian sexual agenda, but now they glory in it and dare anyone to oppose them.

In my twenties I bought Raymond Aron’s book *In Defense of Decadent Europe* from the Conservative Book Club. The book made me quite angry because I thought (foolish me) that Aron’s defense of Europe would be a defense of my Europe, which was Christian Europe. But that Europe, Aron stated quite emphatically, was dead. The Europe that was not dead, according to Aron, was democratic, free enterprise Europe. That is the Europe Aron was defending. Now you might say that Aron was a Jew and therefore he had no feeling for Christian Europe. But Aron’s views on what he called the European miracle were no different from the conservative gentiles then and now. They, like Karl Marx, their kissing cousin, think all of life boils down to economics. Anthony Jacob, the 20th century Edmund Burke, gives the lie to the atheistic utilitarianism of the modern conservatives and their liberal brethren:

We do not accept the Marxist – and Capitalist – belief that man is motivated primarily by economic considerations or plain greed. Like all his political ilk, Macleod does not understand that life comes before money – that not all the gold in the world can make a baby: that babies in any event are anything but economical: and that in the last analysis the difference between biology and economics is the difference between a mother’s breast and a two-and-sixpenny feeding bottle from Woolworths.

In Shakespeare’s *Henry IV Part I* and *Part II*, Falstaff is given every chance to become something other than what he is, a roguish jester with no inner core, but he fails his test of manhood: “What, is it time to jest and dally now?” which leads to his ultimate rejection. At each turn of the great liberal wheel, the European everyman has been asked, first by Burke, then by Jacob, “Will you continue to play the fool and try to conserve everything but that which is essential to conserve, your own people and their faith?” That is the key, for without faith the people perish. And a people who believe that the church of Christ consists of an organization of clergymen teaching that the blood faith of the European people, the faith that is written in the heart, is nothing compared to their mind-forged faith that is written on seals and paper, are a people who will perish from the lack of a God and a people. For the Europeans’ faith in Christ, the non-abstract Christ, and faith in their people are eternally interwoven. Anyone who sees the European people from inside knows this. But the bulk of Europeans no longer dwell by their racial hearth fire so they do not see their people or their God.

There is no such thing as a separation of Church and state. All people form their societies based on their vision of God. The colored tribesmen worship their heathen gods of blood and sex. The liberals worship the colored people of the world in

union with the abstract intellect of man and the scientific holy ghost that proceeds from the abstracted intellect, and the great black messiah – and with the abstracted intellect and the black savior the scientific holy ghost is worshipped and glorified. Every public ceremony throughout the European nations is dedicated to either the direct glorification of the negro or the furtherance of the great multi-cultural society presided over by the negro gods. The state churches, and all our churches are state churches, do not consider themselves churches unless they reach out to the negro, not to convert him (that would imply some weakness in the negro) but to exalt him as the supreme god of the natural world, which is the only world that the men without a god and a people can ever know.

“One night I heard screams,” was a former communist’s reason for leaving the Party. Why do the Europeans not hear the screams of all the Jonathan Fosters of the once sacred lands of Europe? Ahab fought the white whale with a relentless fury that was quite admirable. Can Christian Goths not fight with greater fury than the pagan Ahab? They have in the past, why should this moment in history be any different? The ideologues who say this is 2014, and therefore the morals of the 19th century or the 12th century or any of the other Christian centuries do not apply to the age of ‘onward and upward’ liberalism, are speaking as Satan would have them speak. There has been no moral progression, unless you truly believe that our modern, negro worshipping Babylon is superior to Christian Europe.

The spiritual rot is deeply engrained in the European people, but the men of the Right, men who want to reclaim Christian Europe rather than conserve capitalism, have yet to enter the lists. They are the human factor that could still turn the tide against liberalism. Nothing in the spiritual realm is written, except what Handel proclaims in the Hallelujah Chorus: “He shall reign forever and ever.” +

The Return - August 23, 2014

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.

– Schiller

Whenever the liberals rejoice, we know something horrendous is taking place, because liberals only rejoice when Satan’s kingdom of hell on earth is advanced. So let us take a look at the most recent cause of the liberals’ rejoicing. Behold, it is a 13-year-old girl, who is pitching successfully for a championship Little League team. Now there really is nothing unusual about a girl pitching well against boys. My sister’s girls’ softball team had a girl on their team who could have done quite well pitching against a boys’ team. As we know — or used to know before the age of ideological stupidity — girls develop sooner than boys and can, before boys hit puberty, often perform on the same or higher athletic level than boys. And even after boys become men, the female of the species can perform equally as well or better than the male at sports where physical strength is not important. But our ancestors, the ones who believed the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, knew that boys, if they were to become manly, Christian men, needed to compete against other boys and other boys only so they could learn to be stout-hearted and chivalrous. But that is precisely the point. The liberals do not want young men to grow up and become virtuous, strong, Christian males; they want them to become weak, feminized, liberal, unisex creatures devoid of all masculinity. Nowadays if a male shows any masculine traits, he is evil: only women are supposed to be masculine, and men must be feminine. This is why the liberals rejoice when a young girl excels at a young boys’ game. And you thought the liberals had suddenly taken an interest in Little League baseball. Of course, as in all utopias — and our modern feminist utopia of masculine women and emasculated men is not an exception — some are more equal than others. Boys are still generally better at sports than girls, even prepubescent boys, so boys are not allowed to play on girls’ softball teams, but girls are allowed to play on boys’ Little League teams. Isn’t it wonderful the way equality works?

If you think this is just a little, cute, feel-good story about an exceptional little girl athlete you couldn’t be more wrong. This story is about women in combat, legalized abortion, and the destruction of the Christian patriarchal family, the primary channel, along with the racial channel, of God’s grace. Liberals use whatever they can to further their satanic agendas. The 13-year-old girl’s success in Little League furthers the liberals’ myth of equality — there is no male or female, no black or white. But of course there is such a thing as a male when it is necessary to demonize masculinity, just as there is such a thing as a white man when it becomes necessary to demonize whiteness.

The entire liberal agenda is based on redefining what is natural. A Christian European would use the term ‘natural’ to describe the ties between a mother and her child, the protectiveness a man feels toward the woman he loves, and the ties between brothers and people of the same race. However, all those natural ties are called unnatural by the liberals. What is ‘natural’ is whatever reduces men and women to mere biological entities. There can be no spiritual significance to

masculinity or femininity because there is no such thing as a spiritual realm of existence. This Little League debacle is simply another propaganda campaign of the liberals to convince themselves and the world there is no God over and above nature who has infused His divine spirit into His creation.

The feminists and the feminized liberal males seem to run into a contradiction when they confront the black male. On the one hand, masculinity is supposed to be evil, but then on the other hand the black male is supposed to be divine. How do we reconcile the two? This is what the liberals have done: they condemn all masculine behavior exhibited by white males, whether it be the spiritualized masculinity of the Christian Europeans, the Havelocks and Walter Scotts of Europe, or the mere pagan variety exhibited by modern white athletes. Either way it is white masculinity; therefore, it is evil. But black masculinity, better described as bestiality, is never condemned (the feminists were silent during the O.J. Simpson trial) and is usually lauded because it is anti-white. So everything evil always comes back to whiteness. There can be no white males in the world, because they are the Christ-bearers. And if there are no white males in the world, there will soon be no white females as well, because they will breed with the colored races and produce demon children. Such is the liberal agenda, but it is not written: white men can forsake liberalism and forge a different, non-liberal world. In fact, they must do so, because this modern world of Liberaldom is the synthesis of all things blasphemous, cruel, unnatural, and inhuman.

What was called the ‘civil rights’ movement was in reality the negro-worshipping movement. And from that movement came the “sexual revolution” which spawned feminism and “gay rights.” And the most sickening aspect of the Europeans’ return to Babylon was the churches’ non-resistance to – and often their support of – the new Babylonian world of the liberals. The shocking non-resistance to evil came because church men were peddling formulaic, philosophical Christianity for so long they had lost the European people. If Christianity is whatever the church men say it is, and the church men are devoid of a blood faith, then Christianity is nothing at all. The European people became a coalition of liberals and grazers with the liberals at the top giving edicts and mandates to the docile grazers.

The white male lives in a state of constant fear and trembling lest he offend one of the gods of Liberaldom, whether it be Isis or the great black god who presides over all the other gods of Liberaldom. The recent police shooting in St. Louis is an example of the craven state to which the white male has been reduced in the European nations. Instead of awarding a medal to the white police officer who took a stand against black barbarism, the white liberals and the white grazers are rushing to denounce the white police officer and appease the black barbarians by allowing them to riot in the streets of St. Louis. By some twisted logic of self-hatred, the whites accept the fact that all black atrocities against whites, which are as infinite as the sands of the desert, must be countenanced because “after all, blacks are only responding to years of oppression... blah, blah, blah,” and all resistance to black barbarism must be treated as “racism.” But if whites are not permitted to respond to black barbarism in kind there will soon be no white people. It’s now time to give blacks their own state where they can prey on each other like monsters of the deep and leave white people alone.

Of course I know that the liberals will never consent to a separation from their black gods, which is why Christian Europeans should be at war with liberals. Didn’t our Lord say something about the evil of serving two masters? When will the craven-souled modern European walk away from his negro-worshipping liberal masters and become a European again?

The celebration of a female Little League pitcher and the negro riots in St. Louis are interrelated, because in order for the negro to reign supreme the white male must be feminized. He must never resist black barbarism in any form, because the negro is the god of the new natural world of the liberals. The Christian Europeans felt it was unnatural for Christian men to allow colored barbarians to murder, rape, and pillage their own people, while the liberals rejoice at such acts of barbarism and hurl anathemas at any whites who protest. There can be no “coming together,” no compromise between two such divergent peoples as the Christian Europeans and the liberals. The liberals know this, which is why they fight a war of extermination against the white race. The ‘neither fish nor fowl’ European grazers do not know there is war going on, which is why they are being exterminated.

The old hymn asks, “Who with me my burden shares? None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee.” And Burke asked why there were no Frenchmen left to defend their Christian Queen. In this age of the feminized male, we know the answer to both questions. There is no one but the Man of Sorrows who can give men the grace to fight Satan and his minions, and without that grace the modern European is like the cravens of France who would not fight to defend their Queen. Eschew the intellectuals of church, state, and academy and cling to your racial hearth fire, where the grace of God will come to you and you will be a European again. Is moral cowardice a sin? Yes, it is. There is no greater rejoicing in heaven than when a sinner returns to the fold. Let us put an end to the liberals’ rejoicing over the ongoing ‘evolution’ toward Babylon and make them lament the return of the Christian male. +

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 when 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.

– Anthony Jacob

The print media, which is dwindling fast, and the electronic media throw the word ‘conservative’ around a lot, but they never bother telling their audiences, perhaps because they are completely ahistorical creatures of the present, that the modern ‘conservatives’ are not conservative. A true conservative is in the Burkean tradition: he does not look on his government as a means of eradicating evil from the face of the earth and ushering in a new golden age. The Burkean looks on government as a means to an end, the preservation of a particular people and their particular culture. The government that works for one people might not work for another. And whether a European government works or doesn’t work is determined by how well it protects the people’s Christian faith. A government that works against God’s channels of grace – the familial and racial hearth fires – is not a government for a conservative, Christian people. That it was self-evident the Jacobin government was hostile to the Christian traditions and to the Christian people of France was the central argument in Burke’s case against the Jacobins. It was then and it is now impossible to reconcile a belief in Jacobin democracy, which includes its Russian communist and liberal American offshoots, with traditional, Burkean conservatism. Some modern conservatives will quote Burke while supporting American Jacobinism, but such conservatives are like the man who claimed he loved his wife’s cooking but then threw his food in the trash bin when she wasn’t looking.

Modern conservatives, because they are not Burkean conservatives, generally only argue with their liberal cousins over procedural issues within the confines of liberalism; they do not disagree about the sacredness of democracy. For instance, a small minority of conservatives will protest the government’s refusal to do anything to stop the flow of illegal immigrants, but they will not protest against the legal colorization of a white nation. This is because they believe in a democratic theory of government, and doing illegal things goes against that theory, rather than a conservative government constituted to protect its own people, a people of one race and one faith.

Since the modern conservative is loyal to a theory of democratic government rather than his kith and kin, he seldom does anything that attacks liberalism at its negro-worshipping center. When a modern conservative ventures over the line separating modern liberal conservatism from genuine conservatism, it always causes an uproar among the liberals and the liberal-conservatives. A case in point: the modern conservative columnist Ann Coulter recently wrote a column in which she criticized the evangelical missionary Dr. Kent Brantly for rushing over to Africa to “save” all of the Africans suffering from the hideous Ebola disease, which is almost always fatal. The doctor quickly contracted the disease and had to be transported out of Africa to a hospital in Atlanta. Coulter placed a toe over the line that separates the liberal conservative from the Burkean conservative when she criticized the doctor for going on a self-indulgent ego trip to Africa, while ignoring the work he could have been doing at home. Are there not souls to be saved in the United States? While avoiding the issue of negro worship, Coulter did take a step over the modern conservative line by criticizing the egotism of Dr. Brantly and his failure to practice the type of charity that begins at home. But then an egotist is incapable of loving anyone close to him and can only love abstractions of people who are far away: on such people the egotistic liberals can project their fantasies. They imagine admiring hordes of adoring negroes playing Tom Robinson to their Atticus Finch.

The Atlanta hospital where Dr. Brantly is receiving treatment has assured the public that the doctor’s presence in the hospital’s isolation unit will not endanger the lives of other people in the hospital and surrounding area. I hope that is true, but the hospital’s reassurances remind me of the reassurances of my supervisors on the police force. They told me that I didn’t have to worry about getting AIDs from incidental contact with prisoners who had AIDs. Yet I noticed that they themselves never went near the AIDs-infected prisoners.

Coulter’s mild criticisms of Dr. Brantly were roundly condemned by the liberals, who would have condemned him themselves if he had been an actual Christian missionary condemning abortion or homosexual marriage. And most of the conservative liberals, who share the mad-dog liberals’ love of the noble black savage, condemned Coulter’s criticism of Dr. Brantly as well. Which is what we would expect because it is the religion of the liberal-conservative coalition that is at stake here. Brantly went to Africa as a Moslem goes to Mecca and a Catholic goes to Rome: he went there to worship. If you criticize Brantly, you criticize the faith of the liberals and the modern conservatives. It is a faith that must be challenged and defeated before white people can rise from the ash heap of diversity and become a people with a local habitation and a name. I long for the day that a man can say “the European people,” and everyone that hears those words will visualize white people and white people only, preserving their own people and their cultures in every country throughout Europe.

My desire that European nations and their European colonies should be white and only white is now considered a heresy. Tony Blair's opinion that Britain "must become multi-cultural," has become the law throughout the European nations. But it is not a multi-cultural state that Tony Blair liberals are striving for. They are striving for a one-culture state, a Babylonian state devoid of white people. And in order to have that state, white people must be tortured, murdered, and raped out of existence. Is this the vaunted brave new world that liberals have promised us for the last 200 years? Yes, it is.

"Missionaries" like Dr. Brantly must be seen for what they are: they are heretics who have abandoned the Christian God to go whoring after the great negro gods of Liberalism. Brantly had a 'people,' a people who needed to be reminded of who they were and who they still must be: the Christ bearers. Instead, Brantly, like so many other white, negro-worshipping Roman Catholics, Protestant evangelicals, and liberals, betrayed his own people to fulfill his dream of becoming a world-renowned Atticus Finch. Is he simply a little misguided? No, a man who sides with the torturers and murderers of his own people cannot act with good intentions toward any race of people; he can only act according to the dictates of his own exalted egotism.

In the late '60s a play called *Little Murders* was written, and in the 70s it became a movie. The play-movie was a kind of absurdist dark comedy which highlighted the escalating violence in American cities. The play was considered to be "brutally honest," but it was not brutally honest, because violent crime was depicted as something that had just grown out of control for no understandable reason. It just happened. The rhinoceros in the bedroom, which the author of *Little Murders* ignored, was the black man. Violent crime did not become out of control in American and European cities until negroes were allowed to roam free in white cities. In seeking to build a utopia where violent crime was non-existent, the liberals turned our cities into places where murder, rape, and mayhem against whites became the norm, and what was considered normal, everyday life became an aberration. Is the negrophile world of the liberal and the modern conservative a paradise that we should work with might and main to perpetuate, or is it a monstrous empire of cruelty that we should destroy? I think we should pursue the latter course of action. Can men with any humanity left in them choose any other option?

No white man wants Dr. Brantly or anyone else to contract Ebola, but who is being helped by whites abandoning whites in order to serve the negro? Ostensibly the negro is being served. If that is true, then why is Africa ready to sink into the abyss now that whites have become multi-cultural? Marauding blacks in the American and European cities prey not only on whites but also on themselves like monsters from the deep since whites have become "tolerant" of multi-culturalism. And whites? The new multi-culturalism has destroyed them; they have lost their faith in the Christian God and His people. So no one is being helped by the liberals' egotistic march to the tom-toms of multi-culturalism.

The liberals have spent centuries indoctrinating the white man. He now believes that a universal love of the colored stranger is the purest, finest love on earth. To love one's own is mere selfishness, a selfishness that marked the European in the bad old days of Christian Europe. A man can only believe such satanic filth when he has no heart. Ah, there's the rub. Appeal to a man's pride of intellect and he will abandon his people and his God. Balzac saw the blood red tide upon the horizon: "In Paris to tell a man he has a good heart is the same as telling him he's stupid as a rhinoceros." And who wants to be as stupid as a rhinoceros? I do. I want to stay with the third dumb brothers of Christian Europe who slew dragons and defied Satan and his minions, because they loved their own people in imitation of their Lord, who was and is the embodiment of that charity of honor, the mark of the true European.

The new post-Christian morality is manifested in every aspect of the Europeans' lives. We don't protect our borders because the stranger is purer and better than our own people. And since the colored alien is better than the white citizens, he is allowed to murder, rape, and steal when he enters his new country. In my own anti-nation called the United States of America (it should be called the United States of Satan) elderly white people, I meet them all the time, cannot afford to pay for their health care unless they increase their incomes by applying for the welfare benefits that the colored aliens receive. But the older whites won't apply for welfare because they don't want to be a drain on their nation's resources. The liberal Jacobins depend on the innate honor of the white people that they have sworn to exterminate. There is no reasoning with such monsters of the deep, who hate their own with the passionate hatred of their satanic master. From out of the depths, the depths of a European heart, we respond to the liberals' satanic universalism of hate with a love of our own people, the people of our racial hearth fire. And surely that love will teach us to hate where we ought to hate and fight without ceasing against the liberals who hate their own in the name of a universalist theology forged in hell. Our short mortal lives will count for nothing if we don't practice the charity that begins at home. +

Rights of Memory - August 9, 2014

A fairy tale-esque appreciation of the Christian faith as expounded by our Lord in the Gospels and by St. Paul in his epistles, a charity of honor that comes from that faith, a provincialism that nurtures that faith, and a love for the hero who embodies and champions that

faith, are all woven into one exquisitely beautiful tapestry (and I speak of the highest form of beauty, moral beauty) by my European kinsman and hero, Sir Walter Scott. Just as words cannot do justice to Scott's vision of Christ's people, the Europeans, there are also no words that can adequately describe the moral separation between our modern Europe and Scott's Europe. To hate the former and love the latter is essential if we are ever to be worthy of the people and the God championed by Walter Scott. – CWN

Pirandello once wrote a play called *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Such is the plight of the European people. They passed from pagan to Christian and then from Christian to ... That is the question: what have the Europeans passed to now that they no longer see the Christian God as the author of their being?

It's obvious that the mad-dog liberal segment of the European people, the ruling elite, have latched on to the negro as their new Christ figure and they have used the old rites and the old documents of the Christian churches to buttress up their new religion. The liberals' new faith is not something that can be refuted by reason; their need to worship the negro transcends reason. They view dumb nature as their author, and who but the negro, the most natural creation of dumb nature, should sit upon the throne of nature? The liberals must blot out whiteness so that mankind can return to a state of nature, which translates to a kingdom of the negro and for the negro.

But let us return to the hoi polloi, the grazers, who are neither fish nor fowl. They lack the mad-dog liberals intense love of the negro, but they are all enslaved by some aspect of liberalism, be it science, blood sport, democracy, the sexual revolution, or some other adjunct of the liberals' new paradisiacal state. The grazers lack an author, a god, so they are at the mercy of the liberals who do have a god. They are like the Hebrew people during their captivity in Egypt, because they are enslaved by a powerful elite who worship heathen gods, but they are also unlike the captive Hebrews, because they are unaware that they are enslaved by a powerful elite that worships heathen gods just as they are unaware of the existence of the true God. Hence the European people remain in a kind of spiritual limbo like Pirandello's six characters in search of an author.

The satanic essence of liberalism is that it enslaves men and women without their knowing they are enslaved, and it erases the memory of the true God from their hearts, so that they must either wander aimlessly over the desert of modernity searching for God or else embrace the liberals' god. Resistance to liberalism is almost non-existent, because of the Yeats' factor, the mad-dog liberals, who are the worst, can do what they like with the best, the wanderers in search of an author, because the wandering grazers have no God.

There are illnesses we get that make us think, if we are young, "this feels like death, but hopefully I'm young and vital enough to survive it." And when we are older we think, "I hope I can survive this one." But young or old, when the fever breaks, when we feel health returning, it is a magnificent feeling. Even though we are still much weaker than we were before becoming ill, we feel better than when we were in complete health, because the fever has broken and a body that was beginning to take sickness as its norm now feels that health is its normal state. This is the way a man feels deep down in his soul when he purges the liberal fever from his blood. He is in health again! He's weak from the battle, but his spirit is now functioning. He knows the author of his being, and he knows who his enemy is: the ancient foe and his liberal minions.

Of course there are those long sicknesses when a man's body forgets that there ever was something called health. This is the present state of the European's soul. Deep in his soul he feels that sickness is normal. He thinks to live amidst negroes who are worshipped by the very people they kill and rape with impunity, to live amongst creatures called feminists who slaughter their children in the womb and have female bodies but no femininity, to look on existence as a closed, predetermined biological endgame, is normal living. "This is the life for a man," is the European's response to modernity.

Something called the grace of God is needed, but who shall be the conduit for that grace? There are no appeals to God, because God has been found wanting. The utopians have rejected God and gone on to a new life of eternal spiritual sickness that a vast network of demonically inspired sycophants are desperately trying to peddle as health. Our world has been narrowed down to academia; the academic mentality rules the European people. And academia is an exact replica of hell. In those unhallowed halls the abstracted intellects of men and women filled with satanic hatred for all things connected to the Son of God and His people preach the glory of the noble black savage, the wonder and magnificence of feminism, and the triumph of all things bestial, inhumane and blasphemous. When the citadels of academia come tumbling down, the end of liberalism is nigh, but until that day the European people will suffer that sickness unto death, which can only be cured by the forgotten God of the European mists.

August 15th will mark Walter Scott's birthday. The European world will take no notice of it. Why should we take notice of a dead white man when we have the martyred Martin Luther King Jr. and the sainted Nelson Mandela to honor? We should honor Walter Scott's birthday because he represented all that was good and pure and noble in the European people. Scott was the poet laureate of spiritual chivalry, the type of chivalry that beareth all things and hopeth all things

because it is grounded in charity, that indefinable essence of life that can only be found in the people of the mists, the Europeans who honored and revered the God who took flesh and dwelt by the racial hearth fires of the European people. The villains in Scott's novels are the Louis XIs of France and the Lord Dalgarnos of Britain, men who intellectualized their souls and made themselves the servants of Satan, the archangel of intellectual pride. Those villains are the minority in Scott's Europe, and their existence in high places was seen as a tragedy by Scott and his readers. Not so today, the men with the intellectualized souls rule with the assent of an intellectualized peasantry. This has been the great triumph of Satan: there is no spiritual chivalry left in the European people. They have absorbed the intellectualized spirit of the satanic men of intellect who mock and scorn the Man of Sorrows in the derisive spirit of the Roman soldiers of ancient times. Draw the sword and throw the sheath away, because the men with the intellectualized souls are legion and they will not rest until every last vestige of Scott's Europe, which is His Europe, is blotted from the face of the earth.

Do we have any rights of memory in the European lands? Yes, we, the Europeans that remain faithful to Scott's Europe, are the only Europeans who have the right to rule in Europe. In fact we must rule, because the men of the intellectualized souls have turned Europe into a third world whorehouse where spiritual syphilis is seen as health and a passionate faith in the European Christ is seen as a fatal illness.

All totalitarian regimes institute universal education, so it should be no surprise to us that the liberals have universalized education beyond the dreams of the totalitarian oligarchies of the past. "Education" has engulfed every aspect of the Europeans' lives. There is now pre-pre-kindergarten classes so that white children can learn to hate themselves and their past at the earliest age possible. And every aspect of the grazers' lives, particularly sports, is educational. All the sporting rituals are accompanied by educational lectures against anti-social behavior, which translates to prejudice, which translates to a refusal to worship the colored and hate the white. There are never any violations of the liberals' code of conduct, because white people have been very carefully educated.

The white man who wishes to remain a white man is an outcast man. What the outcast white man must become is an outlaw. The outcast is a passive creature waiting for the slaughter, while the outlaw strikes back at the world he hates. William Tell and Robin Hood are my favorite of the European outlaws, but the modern white man has no Swiss mountains and no Sherwood Forest from which to launch a counterattack against the liberals. The modern counter-revolutionary is more in the position of Zorro or the Scarecrow of Romney Marsh. He must go amongst the liberals disguised as an educated, non-prejudiced white man, content to passively submit to his own extermination. But inside he is a blazing inferno, a man who hates and loves with all his heart. He will do everything he can to undermine the liberals' kingdom of hell on earth.

Baptista tells Petrucchio that gaining Katherina's love is "all in all." That the white man should love his people enough to hate Liberaldom with all his heart, mind, and soul is also all in all. On the surface the monstrosity we call Liberaldom seems like an invincible super structure with its vast network of communications, monolithic educational system, and its powerful military. But that entire super structure of Liberaldom was built brick by brick by individual souls filled with hatred for Christ and His people. Shouldn't it then be possible for individuals who love Him and His people to tear down Liberaldom? The European counter-revolution is not manifest at present, but it has begun and it will continue, because there are always a few who see Christ in His people and respond to His divine charity with hearts of fire. At the last trump, at the twinkling of an eye, we shall see the liberals' kingdom of hell on earth toppled and His eternal European restored. +

As the Systems Fail, the Light of Europe Remains - August 2, 2014

Abide with me! Fast falls the Eventide;
The darkness thickens, Lord with me abide
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

-Henry Francis Lyte

An old friend of many years standing called me recently to lament the decline of virtually everything decent. My friend is some fifteen years older than I, so she has some memories of a time when common decency still existed on the face of the earth. Some people might say my "friend" is not a friend, since there are several topics that I cannot speak to her about. Perhaps those people are right, but I am fond of Mrs. _____, and I admire her for not going with the times and making her peace with debauchery and vileness.

There are two topics I cannot bring up with my friend. One is the Roman Catholic Church's complicity with the indecency of the times – she must look on the church as the one institution that a person can trust. And the second topic is the negro

– she hates what they do, but she would never denounce the ethos of *To Kill a Mockingbird*. She believes blacks are “basically good, it’s only a few bad ones...”

The other day I discovered a third topic that I could not bring up with the woman who I claim is a friend. She was horrified when I mentioned, with no intent to shock her, that I had no use for the Moslems of Hamas or the Jews of Israel. “But Israel is a democracy,” was her reply. “The wholesale slaughter of civilians is still the wholesale slaughter of civilians no matter if it comes from a so-called democracy or a terrorist organization,” was my reply.

I should have known not to bring up the subject of Israel and democracy, because the same people who weep for Tom Robinson in *To Kill a Mockingbird* and attend their local Christian fusionist churches are usually Gung ho Israel and Gung ho democracy. Why is this? How did church attendance, negro worship, the support of Israel, and the support of democracy become synonymous with Christianity? It starts with the pagan concept of ‘support your local clergy’ because they are the Illuminati; they and they alone possess the secret wisdom. Over and against the pagan priest-craft system is Chaucer’s humble village priest and Dickens’ real life hero, the Rev. Stephen Roose Hughes, who preached Christ crucified, Christ risen and loved God through their kith and kin.

The negro worshipping heresy, the Christian Jewish heresy, and the democratic heresy all stem from the clerical, speculative heresy that says Christ is the end product of a philosophical system passed on from God through a long chain of great minds; He is not the Man of Sorrows who enters human hearts. Men and women who have been trained to look for their salvation in systems, even if those systems include Christ, will naturally gravitate toward a system about God rather than a faith in the living God. Hence, the blending of negro worship and Christianity, Israel and Christianity, and democracy and Christianity.

There are nuanced differences between the speculative Christian sects. The Roman Catholic favors Israel because Israel is a democracy, while the Evangelical Protestant favors Israel because of his distorted view of what he calls the “Rapture.” Against the Bible he reportedly believes in, and against the traditional faith of the European people, the modern Evangelical religiously holds onto his faith in the unrepentant Jew as mankind’s only hope in an unbelieving world. And both the Roman Catholic and the Evangelical Protestant blend their esoteric systems with the liberals’ worship of the negro. The Roman Catholic fusionist, the Evangelical Protestant fusionist, and the liberal: between the three of them they have destroyed the “unbought grace of life.”

What binds the liberal, the Roman Catholic, and the Evangelical Protestant together (the latter two in a subordinate position to the liberal) is contempt for the Christian faith of the antique Europeans. The liberals say the antique Europeans were racist and sexist, and the fusionist sects agree with them because they do not feel the need to know God through their people. They know God through their theories, so what do they need with ‘a people’? The ongoing slaughter of the Christ-bearing people continues unabated because white people impede the liberals’ negrophile paradise, the Roman Catholics’ multi-racial, multi-religious world, and the rapture of the Evangelical Protestants.

Let’s go back to the days of the Ayatollah Khomeini, when those wild, fun-loving, mad-cap Iranian “students” took the Americans in the embassy hostage. Do you recall the hostages who were released before Reagan negotiated the final release? I certainly do. The Iranians released the black hostages, stating that they had the deepest respect for black people, unlike white European people, who did not respect black people. Of course the Iranians did not have any respect for black people or any other race of people for that matter, but what they correctly surmised from their observations of the West was that liberals were the powers that be in the Western world and liberals worshipped black people. The best way, they reasoned, to gain liberal support was to play on their sympathy for blacks. Unlike those Iranians of yesterday, the Roman Catholic fusionists and the Evangelical Protestants fusionists do share the liberals’ love of the sacred black. But they also, like the Iranian students, make an ostentatious display of their negro worship in the hopes that the liberals’ will allow them the freedom – in the case of the Roman Pontiffs – to kiss the Koran and visit foreign nations and campaign for the abolition “of all boundaries between peoples,” and – in the case of the Evangelical Protestant – to campaign for the continual bombing of all Israel’s enemies in the name of “The Rapture.” What is missing in the various European ideologies is a sense of original sin and a corresponding charity and humility that makes a man feel that, “there are events and circumstances beyond my ken, but in the midst of the battle against principalities and powers, I can muddle through so long as I stay connected to His reign of charity, which exists on earth at my familial and racial hearth fire.” Such quaint notions, if followed, would keep a man close to his racial hearth fire, worshipping God in spirit and in truth while avoiding dreams of rapturous, Christian Zionism, a multi-religious, multi-racial utopia, and a negro-ruled Kingdom of Babylon.

The French Jacobins took what they received in the Catholic Church, a system which explained God instead of a Gospel that showed us God’s face, and spread the new gospel throughout France and the European world. Man as a social being, united to a common social core of kith, kin, and God, disappeared. A new man emerged, who was an abstract entity without a core. He became whatever abstract theory he latched onto. The negro discovered that he had become the white man’s savage god, while the white fusionist Christians tried to live their lives secondhand through the negro, through the

Jews, through the Moslems, etc. The Christian blood that once flowed through the European's heart has congealed. He needs a fairytale revival before he can become, like Pinocchio, a real human being.

Even though many learned theologians have told us there is no such thing as a Christian culture, we know that such a culture once existed. Thousands upon thousands of silken threads reached from the European's hearth fire to His heavenly throne. It was not the work of a day to cut those threads; it was the work of centuries. Now that all the threads leading us to His kingdom have been severed, what is our hope? Is it the negro? The Jew? Or do we place our hope in democracy? Despair and die is written on all those modern medicines. If those severed threads of the past could be reconnected – and they can be reconnected by hearts of flesh – then the Europe of charity, honor, and faith will be a living reality again, instead of a dead ember.

If you believe as Spengler and the scientific historians believed, that civilizations are biological entities that are born, mature, decay, and die according to the inexorable laws of nature, then you will not have any hope in a European revival. I believe such thinking is called a self-fulfilling prophecy. Believing existence is only determined by biology, the moderns have become mesmerized by the material façade of existence, and they passively submit to what the liberals tell them is inevitable. “White nations must become multi-racial and multi-cultural, whites must give way to the colored hordes, men must give women ‘choice,’ and we must all worship the noble savage.” Why must we do these things? Because we are progressing; somehow we are supposed to believe that perversion and blasphemy are part of the ongoing, biologically predetermined movement toward the light. What light? Light is a Christian word, a word connected to a spiritual realm that the liberals and the fusionists Christians deny. They only believe in what they see with the material eye, which is why they revere the negro man-god and look on the modern Jews as God's chosen people.

The “conservatives” of the 20th century tried to compete with the modernism of science, psychiatry, democracy, feminism, and negro worship by claiming there was no ultimate conflict between conservative values and modernist values; they claimed the differences were simply over the means to achieve female equality, an integrated society, and a mentally healthy populace. But from a Christian European perspective it is more than a difference about the means to achieve the same ends. All the modern –isms are satanic. Christian Europeans do not deal with Satan. We look to Tell, to Roland, to Arthur, and to Alfred. There is no progression beyond the European hero. He is our exemplar now and always, because he fights and dies for the people of his house and his race in the sight of, and connected to, the Christ, the Son of the Living God. Sweet vale of Christian Europe, so long as we stay with thee, we shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever. +

To Begin Again - July 26, 2014

‘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

Every once in awhile, about once a month, I check out the television news stations to see what they're lying about now. What I witnessed on this occasion was a group of conservative-liberals, the Fox News variety, debating a group of Obama-loving liberals. The debaters were focused on the Malaysian airliner tragedy and the ongoing war between Israel and Hamas. There wasn't any real disagreement among the two liberal groups. Both wanted to blame Russia for the bombing and Hamas for the war. What the liberal debaters differed on was whether The Obama had “done enough.”

It struck me while listening to the liberal blather that the lack of any European Christian presence in the major institutions (church, government, press, academy) of the European nations not only has had a disastrous effect on the European democracies, but also has had a disastrous effect on the non-European nations, because in the absence of a Christian-European ethos the modern world consists of a myriad of competing factions – the Jewish faction, the Moslem faction, the neo-pagan faction, the Christian-fusionist faction, etc. – none of whose members have within them that which makes them act according to His dictates of charity and mercy. When they proceed to make political decisions upon which the fate of nations depends, they make their decisions in a moral vacuum.

Now the liberal and Christian utopians are the first to tell us loudly and clearly that European people once made decisions that stemmed from their Christian faith: “And what was the result? They couldn't agree on anything, and they fought wars, beat their wives, and enslaved and exploited the colored nations of the world.” But what has been the result of a Europe, of

a world, without any Christian European influence? We have seen the big wars, the wars without any charitable license. In fact, we have seen no end to war because daily life in every European nation has become like life in the colored nations, an unrelenting war against the light in which “humanity must perforce prey on itself, like monsters from the deep.” We haven’t progressed to utopia since we left Christian Europe, we have descended into hell. “We have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer.”

The Father of all heresy is the abstracted intellect of man, inspired by Satan’s promise, “You shall be as gods.” The French Jacobins added the Son, which was ‘the people,’ and the Holy Ghost, which was science. Karl Marx was not an original; he simply followed the Jacobins’ model that was based on an inversion of the Christian faith. The modern, democracy-crazed European liberals have streamlined the Jacobins’ model. Now the people of color and only the people of color can be the Sons of God.

There has not been any Christian European opposition to the ongoing implementation of what the liberals call a ‘benevolent evolution toward utopia.’ And there has not been any opposition because the European people lost their blood faith in Jesus Christ. The same blood-draining disease that made French Catholics too spiritually anemic to defend their Christian King and Queen also overtook the other European peoples, through their clergymen, and made them incapable of defending their nations against the new religion of the negro man-gods.

Burnet says, that when he was in France, in the year 1683, “the method which carried over the men of the finest parts to Popery was this—they brought themselves to doubt of the whole Christian religion. When that was once done, it seemed a more indifferent thing of what side or form they continued outwardly.” If this was then the ecclesiastical policy of France, it is what they have since but too much reason to repent of. They preferred atheism to a form of religion not agreeable to their ideas. They succeeded in destroying that form; and atheism has succeeded in destroying them. I can readily give credit to Burnet’s story; because I have observed too much of a similar spirit (for a little of it is “much too much”) amongst ourselves. – Burke

This clerical shortcut, in which faith consists of a belief in the intellectual acumen of a few religious experts rather than in the passionate blood faith of a people for their God, rechanneled the Christian faith back into pagan streams and tributaries. Long John Silver found it hard to accept that it was Ben Gunn who did him in: “Ben, Ben... to think as you’ve that done me!” Well might the European everyman say to the hooded men of God, “To think that it was you that robbed me of my Christian faith.”

If the faith is an intellectual system that can be passed on from generation to generation on computer printouts, then the clergy of the various denominations have not “done us wrong”; but if the Christian faith is meant to be passed from hearts of flesh to other hearts of flesh, then the clergymen have done us wrong. If the first way to God, the way of the computer printout, is correct, then there is no need for the European people. Indeed, there is no need for any people at all. We can all exist as one big blob of anti-humanity that lives only to read the printouts given to us by the godded men.

But what if the second way to God is the true pathway to the living God? What if European Christianity, in which the European people responded to Christ’s heart of flesh with the passion of their hearts, is the only accurate vision of the Christian faith that the world possesses? The message of the Bible, the message of the church documents, can only be made clear by those who took the message to heart, because the divine love must have human hearts to dwell in.

The true image of Christ appeared in the antique European culture. Defame and demean that culture with might and main, as the liberals certainly will do and have done, and still that culture will nourish those of us who refuse to let the liberals keep us from our European past. We don’t know any Christ other than the European Christ. He is the Christ that the apostles saw on the way to Emmaus and the Christ who appeared to St. Paul on the road to Damascus. This idea that there can be another Christ hiding somewhere in the civil rights movement, or in Asia, or in the Jewish nation is what is keeping Europeans in line, begging for living space in the satanic kingdom of Babylon.

In Scott’s *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, an evil dwarf assumes the outward appearance of a child of Scottish royalty. In that guise the dwarf manages to wreak havoc within the Scottish royal family. Isn’t that what the churchmen have done? They have assumed the outward garments of Christ in order to cloak their anti-Christian hearts. The dwarf is finally recognized because his evil behavior is radically different from the young prince’s behavior. So it is with the Christian clergy: their “loving forgiveness” of black torture-murderers, their love for radical Israel and the unrepentant Jew, and their deep and abiding love of the negro and hatred of the white man all indicate that they are white Christians on the outside, but black-hearted Satanists on the inside.

If we ask why the European people abandoned European Christianity we need look no further than the Grand Inquisitor scene in Dostoevsky’s *The Brothers Karamazov*. The Inquisitor gave Europeans the means to live and he gave them certain easy-to-follow rules to live by. In return for those gifts the Inquisitor demanded that the European people give up

the white moments of existence, those moments of life when a man has the vision, when he sees the living God with a heart that has been enflamed by the divine love which passeth the understanding of the intellect. The living God does not give us utopia, He sends us pain and suffering, but in that ever moaning spiritual battle in the mists our Lord sends us vision, He sends us white moments of the soul. Christianity without white moments is a dry, untenable religion. Its adherents must graft their desiccated Christianity onto other faiths in order for it to survive. But even then they walk as men walk among the dead because pagan faiths cannot sustain men and women who once had dreams and saw visions. The true Faith, the faith that creates white moments, could revive the Europeans, but the modern death-in-life fusionist Christianity will crush the European people under an unbearable weight of superficiality and meaninglessness.

It's difficult to believe now that liberalism, a synthesis of all the pagan 'isms' under the mantle of an inverted Christianity, has conquered the European world, and that Christianity was once triumphant over paganism. The mystery cults fulfilled man's need for a personal God, but they did not fulfill his need for a personal God of mercy and love. That need, a desire for a personal God whose love passeth the understanding of the Greek rationalists and the devotees of the ecstatic sects, was what drew the Europeans to Jesus Christ. But if Christ is not the European Christ, the God of charity and mercy who rose again from the dead on the third day, who or what does He become? He becomes a second-rate god who cannot provide the comforts of the pagan gods. The new European goes to the various gods of liberalism for his daily sustenance. The evangelical goes to the Jews and the negroes; the Roman Catholic goes to the Jews, Moslems, and the negro; while the completely secularized European holds onto his negro gods and maintains their divinity against all those who oppose them, which is unfortunately very few people. No one seeks the European Christ, the Christ of white moments, because He has been buried beneath a mountain of Babylonian filth along with the antique Europeans. If some spiritual excavationist could uncover that civilization, the civilization of Christ and His people, there might just be a few Europeans who would leave the darkness of Babylon to pursue the white moments of Christian Europe. And then it will begin all over again, the story that is so ancient and so new. +

The Cross - July 19, 2014

Men must endure
Their going hence even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all. Come on.

-from *King Lear*

While in the midst of untold bloodshed and slaughter, perpetuated by blacks against whites, the white people of the European nations are intensifying their worship of blacks. Why? We go against God and every human instinct in the human heart when we worship the negroes, yet white people continue to worship them. Certainly negro worship represents a return to Baal, but it is also something much worse than mere paganism. White negro worship is a blending, the type of blending that is condemned in The Revelation of St. John, of Christianity and paganism.

A Christ-less Christianity provides a religious energy to negro worship that mere paganism could never equal. For example, I recently saw a four-year old film clip of a young white woman weeping when she learned the news that a particular negro basketball player was leaving her city to play for another city. She wept at the foot of the cross for her savior who was dead. The clip was run in conjunction with recent film of fans welcoming this same negro basketball player's return to their city. "The King has returned": he rose from the dead, and came home, where he will sit on the right hand of god the father almighty, to judge the living and the dead for their sins of racism. One news commentator said it outright: "If this story does not stir your heart, you are a racist." But aren't all white people racist; haven't we all sinned against the negro gods? Even white people who don't think they are racist are really racist, the liberals now tell us, because in fact, "the most dangerous racist is a white who doesn't even know he is racist". In lieu of that terrible new finding of the liberal experts, it's best, when worshipping at the feet of the negro gods, to say that one is truly sorry not only for every overt racist thought and action, but also for the unknown sins of racism. "For these racist sins and the racist sins of my entire life, I am heartily sorry. Please forgive me my sins." That perverse, blasphemous prayer is the prayer of the new and improved white man.

There are two basic white responses to the atrocities committed by negroes. The mad-dog liberal simply goes on the attack against anyone who opposes the atrocities, because the mad-dog liberal desires the extermination of white people: anything that hurts them is good. And the second response comes in the form of "loving forgiveness" and "they're not all like that." Both responses, even though the second one usually comes from someone connected to a Christian church, stink of negro worship, which is blasphemy.

Of course if Christ is not who He said He was, the white man needs a new god, so why shouldn't it be the negro? "It should and must be the negro," the liberal tells us, "because he alone is natural, he alone is untainted by the filth of Christian Europe." There are no "evening lingerings" in the negro's soul; there is only a merciless thirst for the white man's blood, which has intensified over the years because of the liberals' and their "loving-forgiveness" cousins' constant litany of abuse against the white man. There is no one even remotely connected to any of the traditional powers that be – church, press, state, and academy – in the European nations who will defend the white man's right to exist in the here and now or defend and champion the white man's cultural heritage. The white man has been found guilty in the great tribunal of liberalism, and he must, so the liberals tell us, be destroyed.

There is no way back to white Christian Europe through the fusionist Christian churches. If you reject God's channels of grace, our blood ties to our kith and kin, you will become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. You will perform the biological functions of a human being, but you will have no spiritual life of your own. You will only come alive to serve and worship the negro gods. This is the reason the secular and Church-going liberals cling so tenaciously to the negro. Without him they do not feel alive. They have placed God's channel of grace, the European's racial hearth fire, in the realm of "prejudice," and such a realm is to be avoided in deference to the realm of "enlightenment," which is the realm of the negro, who is a conduit to Satan.

You can't hand a negro-worshipper a Bible or a great work of literature from Europe's Christian era and expect he will turn into a European again. Even if he chose to read the Bible or the great work of literature, he would derive nothing from either, because his heart is closed; he has given it to his satanic abstracted world of Babylon regained.

The liberal and the fusionist Christian don't react to things of the spirit, because they have moral blinders on. They see only prejudice in European Christianity, and they see only beauty and grace in the worship of the negro. Can such people be converted? We don't know, but we don't have to – in fact we must not – worship at their shrine. If every white man bows his knee to the negro gods, there will be no sign of contradiction to Satan's kingdom of hell on earth. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego speak for the remnant band of Europeans: "... be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods..."

In a world based on statistics and numbers, one man's refusal or a half dozen men's refusal to worship the negro gods of the liberals and the fusionist Christians might seem like nothing, but our refusal has eternal significance. He enters this world through charity: if there is no charity of honor, the type of charity that can only be known and fanned into a roaring fire at our racial hearth fire, then He cannot enter this world. So our refusal to worship the negro gods by remaining true to our racial hearth fire, allows the dear Christ to enter into this world by the only pathway He has ever chosen to take – the pathway through the human heart.

Christ told Thomas, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Christ was thinking of us when he spoke to Thomas. We would never be blessed to see Him on this earth as the apostles did, but still He came to us. We don't actually hold His hands and touch His side nor do we lay our head upon His Sacred Heart, as John the beloved did at the Last Supper, but we do see and touch Him through the heart of His people. He abides with us in our European home, the dwelling of our Fathers who rest in the arms of the Lord. The modern Europeans must worship the negroes of Babylon because they have fled from their racial homes to wander in the multi-racial, soulless world created by the demon who prowls the world seeking the ruin of souls. He is their new master, and they hope to remain secure and protected in his care.

I once, because I didn't want to go to work anesthetized, had a dentist pull my tooth without any anesthetic. It was very stupid of me to go without an anesthetic, because I suffered a great deal of pain for no particular reason; I could have been late for work or taken a day off with no consequences. But there is another type of pain, a necessary pain, that the European flees from which has resulted in the loss of his soul. This is the pain of having deep, heartfelt attachments to our kith and kin. The pangs of dispriz'd love, the pain of watching your loved ones suffer and die, the parent's sorrow over an ungrateful child, the child's sorrow at an abusive parent, all this and more is the pain of a mortal man who lives his life within the confines of the racial and familial home that our Lord has provided for us. All the Jacobins' blather about liberty, fraternity, and equality, the Marxists' raptures about a workers' paradise, and the modern liberals' paean to the sacred negro all amount to one common desire: "I hate existence in this world, so whatever takes me away from reality and furthers my utopian fantasies is good, and whatever brings me close to reality is bad." Our Lord was crucified because He asked the Jewish leaders to accept the reality of a loving incarnate God rather than an abstract dream of a cruel Jewish state presided over by a malevolent god who would reward them and punish all their enemies. And so it has always been, since Christ left this earth. The liberal, be he Jew or judaized Christian, hates the truth and will punish home when someone defends Christian Europe, because the truth became incarnate in that civilization. Edmund Burke was not hated by the English liberals because he told lies about the French Jacobins, he was hated because he spoke the truth. If the liberals had accepted Burke's truth, they would have had to give up their utopian fantasies. Likewise the negro-worshipping liberals of our day, secular and churched: Anthony Jacob is not hated because what he says is false, he is

hated because what he says is true. If negroes really are not sacred creatures, devoid of original sin, then we must consider that the racist Europeans were essentially right about existence – “This world is a vale of tears, but Christ is Risen. He has redeemed our suffering and conquered the world. Let us take up our cross and follow Him.” What is so terrible about the European vision? Why this vast network of subterfuge, lies, and violence to suppress the vision? It is the cross of Christ: the liberals want no part of it. The sign of our salvation, our common hope, has no place in utopia. But it has the central place in the hearts and homes of the antique, racist Europeans. Never the twain shall meet. We will always be at odds with the liberals who have forsaken the cross of Christ for the negro gods, whom they believe will provide them with a pain-free life of pleasure in the new Babylon.

Right now the utopian faith of the liberals has conquered the European world. But can the worship of the negro, which is the cornerstone of the liberals’ malevolent utopia, be maintained forever? The rigid, draconian measures used to enforce negro worship seem to suggest that even the liberals fear their faith does not rest on solid ground. The counter-revolution begins with the refusal to worship the negro gods. What is essential is that we refuse to bend our knees to Satan and his minions: “... be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods.” +

Two Separate Worlds - July 12, 2014

In the liberals’ bible there is a Satan just like there is in the Christians’ Bible, but the liberals have a different version of the Genesis story. The liberals claim that the earth was once a wonderful paradise, a self-sustaining paradise, where the rule of nature was the rule of the earth. Everyone in paradise was natural, loving, giving, and non-white. The black man ruled a multi-colored people of red, yellow, black, and brown. Then one day an evil white man appeared in the garden. He cunningly subverted the good and noble black rulers and gained control of paradise. He then brought other white people, who had been hiding in Bogeyland, into paradise and set up a new and unnatural kingdom over the ruins of the black man’s paradisiacal kingdom of nature. No longer could the loving, caring, sharing people of color continue their natural practices of murder, rape, cannibalism, and free unbridled sex. The white bogeyman curtailed those natural practices and introduced an unnatural, heinous religion. The white bogeyman told the wonderful, natural people of color that there was a God above nature who looked on their natural practices as abominations. They were, the white bogeyman insisted, in a state of sin. We know the rest of the story. Despite the fact that the white bogeyman told the people of color that there was a savior who would save them from their sins and the death which was a consequence of sin, the colored people fled from the white bogeyman’s world and created their own purer, more natural worlds where rape, murder, cannibalism, and unbridled sexual license were the norm.

So two separate cultures existed, that of the white bogeymen and that of the natural men and women of color. Then the wonderful thing happened. In the cruel oppressive land of the white bogeymen, a magnificent new type of man emerged, a sport of nature, a mutant. This new man was called The Liberal... -CWNY

In America we have twice elected a negro president of the United States. And every January we have a national holiday to celebrate the life of an infamously immoral and degenerate negro named Martin Luther King Jr. In France, that great land of liberty, equality, and fraternity, the former president, Nicolas Sarkozy, speaking in 2009, said with pride that France was a regicide nation. And in Britain, formerly the mother of the free, now the mother of radical Islam and the Mau Mau, the government pays reparations to the satanic followers of Mau Mau who raped, tortured, and murdered British citizens. All the aforementioned events, which occurred without a whimper of protest from white Europeans, signify just how deeply utopian liberalism has sunk into the soul of the European people.

If the European people were a Christian people, then death would be the price for those who supported negro worship, regicide, and Mau Mau. But since the European people are not a Christian people, there is nothing to prevent negro worship, regicide, and Mau Mau from being supported and lauded. We have supped full of horrors, the most dire deeds of blood perpetrated against white people go unavenged by white Europeans whose ancestors once went into battle to protect His reign of charity. The new cowardly faith came to fruition at the time of the French Revolution:

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! What a revolution! And what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she could 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 honour, 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. – Burke

The age of chivalry is gone indeed, but how could it be otherwise? When the Christian faith is drained from the blood of the Europeans so are the virtues that go with that faith: courage, honor, and charity. We have only Christian utopians left in the ranks of those who adhere to organized Christianity. They are false Christians who ape the utopianism of the secular liberals like a junior executive apes the big boss in a large corporate network by going around saying, “Yes, J.B.,” to

everything Mr. Big says. “Yes, the Europeans were racist; Yes, we must integrate; Yes, we must encourage miscegenation; And Yes, Yes, Yes, we must all love the negro with our whole heart, mind, and soul, and hate the white man and all his works.” Such is the never-ending new and improved “Hallelujah Chorus” of the utopian Christians, whom we can “see everywhere, any time of the day,” unlike the “everyday housewife,” who seems to have gone the way of chivalry and charity, into the dustbin of history.

The French Revolution, the Haitian revolution, and rebellions such as the Mau Mau rebellion of the 1950s all stem from Satan, and they all follow the same predictable pattern:

(1) Liberals from a distance all support the revolution – Price, Kingsley, Shelley, Keats, Byron, etc.

(2) Some liberals, who see the bloodshed first hand, condemn the bloodshed and claim people such as Robespierre, Jean Francois, and Kenyatta have perverted the revolution, but those same liberals never abandon their precious revolutionary ideals. When the Kenyattas and Robespierres pass from the scene, they support the ongoing revolutionary movement toward the light.

(3) The vast majority of whites in France, in Haiti, and in Kenya are not in favor of their own extermination, but their natures are “so far from doing harm that they expect none,” which makes them believe the liberals’ lies that say democracy and diversity do not mean the extermination of white people.

(4) Over time, the bloodbaths are forgotten, and the revolutions, especially the black revolutions, are sanctified and accepted as the model for the whole world. Butchery and savagery are accepted if they are attached to high sounding words such as civil rights, national independence, racial equality, or democracy.

(5) All opposition to the new world order can be squashed because the new world order is based on the new religion of mankind. Heretics must be crushed in the name of the common good.

“All means are justifiable and meritorious with traitors; now that the Jacobin has made his slaughtering canonical, he slays through philanthropy.” – Taine

Taine is precisely correct when he attaches the word ‘canonical’ to the utopians. The French Jacobins and their spiritual descendants, the negro-worshipping Europeans of the modern era, are bloody in their designs and more fervent in the execution of their designs than the worst of the Grand Inquisitors and the worst of the Puritan witch hunters. Christian orthodoxy is heresy and satanic negro worship is orthodoxy in modern utopian Europe. Opposition to liberal orthodoxy is not tolerated, but because of the success of the liberal organs of propaganda the liberals seldom have to deal with opposition. When enough Europeans cease to swallow the liberals’ party line and stop voluntarily offering themselves up for sacrifice, the liberals will have to become more overtly bloody and violent. This will be a step up, because it will be a sign that the silent slaughter has become a battle. God cannot defend the right if the right refuse to fight.

Most men, when pushed to a wall, will fight. But the modern European man does not feel that he has been pushed to the wall. He sees that other whites have been pushed to the wall and crushed, but he thinks that will never happen to him because he is not racist; he is a firm believer in democracy, which (he believes) stands for freedom, equality, and diversity. And since he is a rational man, he does not listen to the naysayers, the underground men who tell him that freedom, equality, and diversity mean only one thing – the death of everything white and Christian.

A man living on the mathematical surface of life cannot see the heights or the depths. But the Europeans must start to look to the heights and see what their honored dead saw in their lifetimes, or else they will be pulled down to the hellish world of the liberals where the absence of light will make them forget there ever was an overworld of light. It’s not a case of “we must act now or it will be too late.” It’s already too late if we judge success by elections and eleventh hour political movements. Such movements are only on the mathematical surface of life. In the spiritual realm, it is never too late. The liberals were and are committed to building utopia over the dead bodies and dead culture of the white Europeans. When the Europeans break away from the mathematical endgame of utopianism and start to love and hate with all their heart, they will finally begin to fight back, and such a fight, the fight for God, race, and hearth, is what we were born for.

In a movie called *The Music Man* (1962), there is a wonderful scene near the beginning of the film in which a con man tries to create a need in a small turn-of-the-century Iowa town for a boys’ band. Of course the con man plans to sell the band instruments and uniforms to the townspeople. In order to sell the townspeople on the band, he has to convince them the town is in “trouble.” He is told, “River City doesn’t have any trouble.” But that doesn’t deter the con man; he very cleverly creates trouble, by informing the townspeople of the dangers of a pool table in their town, which is so evil that there is only one surefire remedy: a boys’ band.

What Professor Harold Hill does is what all advertising men do: they create a need where there was no need before in order to sell what they want to sell in order to enrich themselves. The liberals first destroyed the Christian God with philosophical speculation, thus creating a need for a new god. Then they supplied the new god: first it was the “working class people,” and then “the people” became the colored people of the world with the negro at the top of the heap, and the working class whites were cast into outer darkness with the middle and upper class whites. In fact, the working class whites usually are the first to suffer the effects of the worldwide Mau Mau revolution as they cannot afford to retreat to non-occupied territories; they must stand and die where they live. Bereft of their racial hearth fire, they live and die without ever knowing what it means to be connected to the living God through one’s people.

It didn’t happen overnight, this liberal distilling process, but gradually, over time, the white man has been drained of his heart’s blood. Liberal theorists tell him that he doesn’t need his heart’s blood; his mind will serve him just fine. But will it? Has it? No, it hasn’t. The white man became hopelessly lost in a maze of philosophical speculation. Having abandoned his own people for an abstract people, he now can only experience life second-hand through the negro. So long as white men worship negroes they will be mere shadows with no real existence.

A friend who detested French cooking once described it to me as a process whereby the French drain all flavor out of their food in order to put their own flavored sauces into the food. I’ve never really tasted French cuisine, so I can’t speak to the truth of my friend’s assertion, but I can attest to that alleged process of French cooking as it pertains to white Christians. The liberals drained all the Christian blood from them in order to leave them with only the ideals the liberals forced into their pygmy brains. Chivalry, faith, honor, charity, the love of kith and kin, and the love of God are virtues that come from the heart and the blood of a man. When there is no heart and blood, there are no Christian virtues, only liberal ‘virtues.’ And what are the ‘virtues’ of the liberals? Pride of intellect, and a loving, worshipful adulation of the negro as the one true man-god.

The fight against the liberal ‘virtues’ and the fight for the virtues of the heart and the blood, the virtues of our honored dead, constitutes the only true happiness in this world. The romance of Christian Europe is not over. Since life, at least the white man’s life, is ultimately of the spirit, the eternal romance of Christian Europe will continue to inspire men of blood who will conquer the desolate, barren wastes of the liberals’ mind-forged utopia. +

Charity and Mercy Have One Name and It Is Not Mau Mau - July 5, 2014

Kenya, we must understand, is a microcosm of the entire West. Therefore let us ask ourselves, What would have been our general White position today if the world had consisted only of Kenya, with no other place for us to go to and no other form of government for us to live under? What then? We, the White race, would already have been obliterated or reduced to everlasting serfdom, would we not? Yet however fanciful it might still seem to the white peoples of the northern American states and occupied Europe, the world today does in the most vital sense consist only of Kenya, for we cannot keep on being racially overruled and uprooted and moved on. Wherever we are now we are in effect in Kenya; for certainly the operations of the anti-White conspiracies, the techniques of the Communists, Liberals and One-Worlders, remain significantly identical whether they be applied in Kenya or Alabama. – Anthony Jacob

A British court recently awarded damages to Mau Mau supporters who had “suffered” at the hands of the British during the bloody Mau Mau reign of terror in Kenya during the 1950s. This is like awarding damages to the wolf because the lamb he was rending to pieces managed to leave a hoof mark on the wolf’s face before being devoured. But this is the inverted, perverted society of anti-Europe that we live in: the black wolves are venerated, and the white lambs are slaughtered (see “Bottomless Pit of Diversity”).

Anthony Jacob describes the Mau Mau uprising in his book *White Man Think Again!*:

Even the wild animals in the bush recognized and accepted the Mau Mau terrorists as fellow-animals, which they never did where the white troops were concerned. Mau Mau was something in the African blood, calling imperatively and irresistibly. It was a revolt of savagery against all things sane and Christian and civilized and White:

And one of the leaders of the Mau Maus, the satanic Keynatta, was wined and dined by the European liberals. To say Kenyatta was a murderer and rapist would be an injustice to your average run-of-the-mill murderer and rapist. Kenyatta never murdered without torture, and he never raped without torturing and humiliating his victims first. Such was the mark of the now sainted Mau Maus, and such is the mark of the black man when left to his own devices. Behold the noble savage!

I was told by a friend who had met Anthony Jacob that Jacob had many white friends who had advised him not to publish *White Man Think Again!* because it would anger the liberals in South Africa and throughout the West. His friends didn’t dispute the truth of what he said; they just didn’t want it stated for fear of the liberals. But Anthony Jacob was in line with Shakespeare, Burke, and Scott: his tongue had to utter the truths of his heart. Anthony Jacob was the last of the Goths, a

man who loved and hated with all his heart. He loved his people and hated the satanic civilization of liberals and black barbarians that were arrayed against his people. Everything Jacob foretold has come true. Kenya has become the world. Satanic, black Mau Maus kill and torture whites throughout the European world while the liberals provide the ideological support for them, representing them as misunderstood freedom fighters and/or sainted Christians who must be curried and pampered. Kenyatta himself told the BBC he was a Christian, and the BBC, those staunch proponents of an adversarial press when they are interviewing white Britons, let him get away with his lies. The liberals' work continues into the 21st century. Black savages know they can get special privileges from the fake Christians on The 700 Club and other such organizations, if they just say they are Christian; there is no other requirement needed to qualify for sainted status in the eyes of the utopian Christians. It doesn't matter how anti-white and anti-Christian the black savage is, as long as he says he is Christian and refrains from bringing his blood-soaked knife to the T.V. studio, he will be presented as a modern day saint, deserving of all homage, praise, and money.

There is nothing of what David Balfour called "the good Christianity" in self-professed Christian groups that seek to blend negro worship and Christianity. They have lost the zeal for truth and the love of kith and kin that accompany the good Christianity. And with that loss of faith has come an inability to distinguish good from evil. Satan seeks to ape God in everything he does. Just as Christ became incarnate in an entire people, the European people, so does Satan seek to become incarnate in the European people. The Mau Maus of Kenya were the purest manifestation of Satanism that ever existed on this earth. They did not have to play at devil worship in black masses and such, they simply let their instincts, unfettered by white influence, take over and lead them to Satanic actions that defied the imaginations of even the most hardened sinners of the European world. By wedding the sub-human Africans, whose instincts draw them to the religion of Mau Mau, with the European people, Satan has seen the glory of the coming of his lord, who is none other than Satan. His self-love is gratified by the incarnation of Satan in the European countries, through negro worship.

The modern Europeans within and outside the church are hostile to the fairy tale elements of the Christian faith, such as the belief in original sin and the divinity of Christ. But doesn't the incarnation of an evil beyond human comprehension, namely the incarnation of Mau Mau negroism in Western civilization, indicate a depth to evil that can only be explained by reference to the now discarded belief in original sin, Satan, and the Savior who redeems us from original sin and protects us from Satan? If pure evil has a name, does not pure good? I am not a mystic, but at the moment we realize there is a devil — and he is all around us in negro-worshipping Europe — we also hear another voice and see a different face than Satan's. "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." Our incarnate Lord: why doesn't He come to us? He already has. He is waiting for us at our racial hearth fire, which the Europeans abandoned when they went whoring after the negro gods of liberal universalism.

The spirit motivates the flesh for good or evil. We seem to be facing a spiritual crisis much like the crisis in the pre-flood days of Noah when demons slept with the daughters of men because they saw that they were fair. I'm not suggesting that the negroes are demons — that's more than I know. But I do know, because I see what they do, that they are a race completely unlike the white race, so unlike whites that they seem to be a different species entirely, a race unable to comprehend the tenets of a higher faith, which teaches charity and mercy rather than the bestiality and savagery of Mau Mau.

Conservatives have written volumes about the dumbing down of our children. But unfortunately they are only talking about declining scores on math and English achievement tests. The real tragedy of the European people has been and continues to be the deterioration of their spiritual nerve endings. They have been desensitized to things of the spirit. How else can we explain this unholy zeal to mate with and worship the negro? This deification of the Mau Mau, this unholy trinity of Satan, the negro, and the liberal should be opposed by the European Christian with all his heart, mind, and soul. If a man says he is a Christian but will not fight against the unholy trinity, he is neither a Christian nor a European: he is one of Satan's own.

In the old Westerns, the hero is generally misunderstood by the townspeople he is determined to help. Because he wears a gun and seems to be good with it, the townspeople think he is just like the villains who are good with a gun and use it for their evil purposes. But the hero never explains himself. When the beautiful lady, who is drawn to the hero but cannot abide his violent ways, asks him why he must kill the villains, the hero always says, "If you don't know, I can't tell you."

The hero has wise blood; he knows he can't wrap up the vision of his heart, which tells him that evil must be fought and cannot be 'dialogued' away, and hand that vision to the beautiful lady and the peace-loving townspeople. So the hero acts, and some of the townspeople understand once they see the charity of honor embodied, and some turn on the hero and try to do him in through all the bureaucratic devices of the craven men. The lady? If she is a true lady, she finally understands the difference between a Christian hero, a villain, and a craven.

I was raised by liberal parents who sent me to liberal schools. But my education did not take. Something pulled me back. I have often pondered what that something was. It was the European thing. I couldn't get away from the fact of the moral

beauty that was at the heart of the European people. And like the Western hero, I do not know what to say to a person who does not see the moral beauty of the antique Europeans. Do they really prefer negro worship to the God of old Europe? It seems to be that way. Just as I can't see anything but satanic night in their world, the liberals and the new age Christians do not see moral beauty in the people of old Europe. They see only racism and a people who failed to build utopia. Last week we mentioned the one bold Christian who entered the Vizier's palace all alone. But was he alone? Only to those looking on from the outside – "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." Therein lies the key to the desertion of the new age Christians from Christ to Mau Mau. When they left their racial hearth fire, they lost their vision of the living God who comes to us thorough our racial hearth fire. Without that sustaining vision they felt alone in the universe and sought to assuage their aloneness by blending an abstract Christ with the Mau Mau negro gods of the liberals. Will they be forgiven their blasphemy? Will they repent and return to Christian Europe? Obviously, that's not something anyone can know. But we do know, with an inner certainty much greater than our certainty about the turning of the earth, that the negro religion of Mau Mau is from Satan, and the antique Europeans, the "racists," knew the only answer to the liberals and their religion of bestial, blasphemous negro worship: We have only our witness to an ineffable, incomparable moral beauty that exists in the heart of the people who knew the name of the God of charity and mercy. He is not called Mau Mau. He is called Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God. +

In Defiance of Augury - June 28, 2014

The utopian liberal (a redundancy because all liberals are utopians) builds his castle with the bricks and mortar of unreality. He lives in mortal fear of losing even one brick from his castle of unreality, so he employs masons to keep the castle strong and guards to protect the masons. And the keystone of the liberals' castle of unreality is the sacred negro. If that brick is removed, the whole castle will come tumbling down...

A liberal kills all the divine longings in his heart so he can propound the abstract principles of his utopian brain. And with the circular logic of the madman, he always comes back to his own mind as the only reality. He will always find the imperfections of the King he hates and the culture he hates, because there is no perfect King and no perfect culture. But why does the liberal focus on the mote in Louis the XVI's eye and ignore the log in the Jacobins' collective eye? Why were the white South Africans condemned for compassionate apartheid and the modern negro rulers not condemned for the bloody massacre of whites and blacks? Why does Tony Blair tell us we must have a racially diverse Britain when racially diverse Britain is diametrically opposed to everything good and decent that used to exist in non-diverse, racially segregated Britain? The answer to all those questions is that the utopian liberal is criminally insane. Devoid of all humanity he uses his brain to support the inhumanity of liberalism, which holds the negro aloft as the holy God of Liberalism. Is such a faith madness? Indeed it is. The negro worshipping liberal and the Jacobin are spiritually united. –CWNY

I don't question the statistics of the 'death of the West' crowd, but I do question their interpretation of the statistics. According to the statisticians we have only – because we are outnumbered 1,000,000 to 1 – enough time left to take one last bite of our cheeseburger and one last sip from our beer before we are swept away in a tidal wave of color. My first reaction to such statistical prospects of doom is – what difference does it make whether the white man is outnumbered 100,000 to 1, as he was when he conquered the world, or whether he is outnumbered 1,000,000 to 1 now, when he is at the bottom of the world's totem pole? Surely you don't think that the extra numbers arrayed against him at present have brought about his demise? No, of course you don't. So we must look elsewhere, not to sheer numbers, when we look for a reason for the death of the white man. A Martian recently arrived from Mars, given a week's access to a public library, could discover the reason for the demise of the white man: he once believed that Christ was the Son of God, and now he no longer believes that Christ is the Son of God.

My second reaction is the same as Hamlet's reaction to Horatio's well-intended cautionary advice:

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 now, yet it will come; the readiness is all, since no man ha's aught of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?

If God gave us a racial hearth fire in order that we might come to know Him through the people of our own race, then we must defend that hearth and those people, even if we are outnumbered 100,000,000 to 1. Since we all die, the only tragedy is dishonor, which is the way of the liberal, who betrays his race and his God. "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead..." Yes, he is called a liberal, but the true European stays by his racial hearth fire, just as Ratty stayed with his river. His affirmation bears repeating:

`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.

The numbers game is self-defeating. The Europeans must defend themselves no matter what the odds against them. They cannot wait until they 'win more people over' to their side or try to 'negotiate' with the colored heathen. They must fight. And contrary to the belief of the democracy boys, the Europeans need to reduce their numbers, not increase them. It is far better to go into battle with men committed to the cause with their whole heart, mind, and soul than to go into battle with traitors in the ranks. Keep the liberals in front of us at all times and leave the grazers at home. They will not be of any use to us, because they haven't enough spirit to fight for God, Harry, and St. George. This waiting for the grazers to "wake up" is the white conservatives' version of Waiting for Godot. Just as Godot never comes, the grazers never wake up. "Don't we try to convert the grazers?" No, we don't, at least not in the form of any rational apologetics. The grazers who can be converted will be converted when they see the Christian faith embodied in a fighting remnant of Europeans. But no grazer will see the light if the remnant band refuses to fight until they have more grazers on their side. That was and is the great error of the democratic nationalists. They look at how many hits they get on YouTube and dream of reversing the colored tide by getting "the message out" to uninformed white people. The sons of Mary, the remnant band of Europeans who have knelt at the foot of the Cross see something that the statistics-minded democratic nationalists do not see. They see that the destruction of innocence, the murder of their people, and institutionalized blasphemy in the form of negro worship is from Satan. And Satan will not be defeated by democratic pragmatism. He will be defeated by hearts of fire, by men who love their people in and through the European Christ, the God whose love surpasseth the understanding of the colored heathen and whose charity and mercy sustained old Europe, and who will, if we call on Him by name, sustain the Europeans in their battle against the liberals and the hordes of color. Nothing puts iron in a man's backbone and fire in his heart like the knowledge that he fights for His reign of charity and mercy.

I've been told ad nauseam that fairy tales are for children, that we need 'realistic,' managerial planning if we want to save the white man. But it is the managerial mentality that has destroyed the white man. The tragedy of Western civilization is the tragedy of the sons of Martha run aground.

Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. – Luke 10: 38-42

The sons of Martha are the church men prior to the French Revolution who were more concerned with gaining numerical superiority over their Protestant competitors than with the content of their parishioners' faith; they are the modern day, white nationalists who invoke democracy and intelligence tests in their on-going war against the liberals but never invoke Christian Europe; and they are the modern clergy who have jettisoned European Christianity and its adherents for a fusion of liberalism and heathenism, supported by a numerically superior black and brown congregation. The sleeping beauty in the fairy tale can only be awakened by a hero brave enough to fight his way through the thorns and briars surrounding her and passionate enough to love and appreciate the beauty of the princess. The moral beauty of Christian Europe should stir the heart of every European with a shred of European blood left in him. And if there are no heroes of romance left who want to release the sleeping beauty? Then –

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly,
Left to dew 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.

There are no laws in Liberalism that bind a Christian European. When the law becomes an instrument for Satan, the only law left is the inner law, the law of charity. No European with a heart that still lives can countenance what the liberals countenance and encourage: the murder and torture of white men, women, and children, the murder of infants of every race and sex by legalized abortion, and the complete dismantling of white Christian Europe in favor of negro-worshipping liberalism. Aslan is not a tame lion, and those who love Him are not meek adherents of a liberal-based democracy or mild practitioners of non-violence. Whatever it takes! That charity of honor is what makes the European a European. Surely if we are true to that instinct, we will not remain the slaves of liberals and the sacrificial victims of colored barbarians.

The liberal says the antique Europeans were racist, sexist, and homophobic; therefore, their culture must be demonized and their descendants must be exterminated. The New Age Christian says the antique Europeans were insufficiently Christian because they were racist and sexist; therefore, he, the new, perfect Christian, will consent to the extermination of white people. The democratic white nationalist damns the antique Europeans because they practiced Christianity, which he believes is a managerially flawed system that caused the white Europeans to commit suicide. He looks to a new world, devoid of Christians, but presided over by intelligent white people who know how to manage things. The common denominator in every group mentioned is a hatred of the Christian faith of the antique Europeans and a hatred for, in the case of the liberals and the New Age Christians, all white people, and, in the case of the democratic nationalists, a hatred for every white person who adheres to the ancient faith of the European people.

All three groups converge on that central point, the antique Europeans. Their sins, alleged and real, are always placed before our eyes. But does anyone see past the lie? There was a spirit animating the much-maligned Europeans of old. And it was not a demon spirit, it was Christ, the son of the living God. No such spirit animates our modern culture. It is Satan, the demon spirit, and Satan alone who manages every aspect of our utopian dystopia.

I have no faith in any managerial system that promises me relief from satanic liberalism by an injection of more liberalism. What I do have faith in is the power of the one true fairy tale to set European hearts aflame. Such hearts, though few in number, will be enough. When we stay close to our European hearth fires, miracles occur. Christ didn't convince us of His divinity through a Socratic dialogue. He climbed Mount Calvary and set us an example of love and charity that drew the noble souls, the hearts of flesh, to His Sacred Heart. The Europeans of the old racist days saw with blinding sight because they followed in His train. If we do likewise, ignoring the caustic wit of the liberals and the massive numbers of the barbarian hordes of color, we will enter the European realm of fairy tales and storybooks. And then? We will be Europeans again, and we will no longer allow blaspheming liberals and savage coloreds to pollute our homeland. +

Our European Hearth - June 21, 2014

A stable place sufficed
The Lord God almighty,
Incarnate, Jesus Christ

-Christina Rossetti

The Rev. Blagdon-Gamlen was in the minority amount his fellow clergymen when he spoke out against the colorization of England in the early 1960s. Nowadays he would be a minority of one, and he would most probably be jailed or executed for his sentiments:

Prevention is better than cure. We do not want a Congo situation in this country, Mau-Mau, and witchcraft, signs of the latter not being already lacking. I think that many of us in this country are changing from animosity to sympathy with the government of South Africa.

Christ died for all, black, white, and yellow, and we must love them as individuals, but that does not mean that there must be intermarriage, or, to quote the words of Mr Charles Royle, Labour M.P., Salford West, in the Immigration Debates, 'I say that world peace will not be assured until everybody in the world is coffee coloured. We may be getting somewhere when that happens.' Am I a Fascist because I think those words, if correctly reported, terrible, and that the Will of God is that He made some white, and some black, and that He meant it that way, and not willed a coffee-coloured humanity?

What has happened in the European nations to make such sane, Christian sentiments as those expressed by Rev. Blagdon-Gamlen an anathema to the ruling elites in both church and state? The satanic revolt has come to fruition; that is what has happened. Satan strikes back at God by effacing His image in man. But it is only the European man that Satan is interested in destroying. The colored tribesmen have always belonged to Satan, except when the much-maligned whites have snatched a few colored souls from Satan's grasp, so he attacks God by effacing His image in the European people. It seems as though he has succeeded, but if I still see the face of Jesus Christ in the culture of the antique Europeans then there must be others who see that sacred image as well.

Our Lord prefers a few over many when His people go into battle against the heathen. Gideon was told to cut his army down to a chosen few before he led them into battle against the Midianites. We few, we Christian Europeans, should cut our numbers as well, because "Christians" of the new age are on the side of the liberals. It doesn't matter whether it is a Roman Catholic clergyman who views the Church documents as interpreted by the Pope as God's truth, or whether it is a Protestant clergyman who views the Bible as interpreted by him as God's truth. Both men view reason, unconnected to the source of all true wisdom, the human heart, as the final arbiter of revelation. 'Tis not so, 'tis not so. The reality of our history as a people and our own personal histories tell us something quite different. No human mind, no matter how great,

has ever comprehended God. But millions upon millions of European people with hearts of flesh have known the living God. The wizard 'Reason' and his twin brother 'Science' have lured the Europeans away from the living God, the God of the hearth fire who comes into our hearts through our love of our kith and kin. The wizards have led the Europeans to the African jungle where the dark gods dwell. The liberals progressed to the negro gods by the usual pathway to Satan, by the path of intellectual pride. We know the litany: 'Primitive man believed that God was lightning and thunder because he was very superstitious. Then came ethical man, the Christian, who invented an anthropomorphic God who was kind and gentler than the gods of the primitive man.' Then came science and rationalism. They were to be man's final gods. (1) But they couldn't sustain mankind, so the liberals, without abandoning reason and science, added a personal god to their impersonal duo of science and abstract reason. Enter the negro, and all was right. The negro, buttressed up by reason and science, has become the focal point of the liberals' hatred for the light of Christian Europe and their love of Satan's kingdom of darkness.

It is not only the secular utopians who are possessed by the spirit of Robespierre, the ardent opponent of capital punishment who killed thousands in the name of "the people," it is also the Christian utopians such as John Paul II and Francis Schaeffer, who are possessed with a demonic utopian spirit. In order to build their perfect Christian world, they were willing to jettison the European people. But how can we live if we condemn our origins, the people who taught us to love and cherish the living God? And what type of intellectualized monster calmly stands by while his own people are slaughtered in the name of an abstract god who shares center stage with the abstract negro gods? Certainly not a Christian European. Don't be deceived by the fancy dress up parties of the John Paul II's and the scripture-quoting evangelicals such as Francis Schaeffer ("The devil can quote scripture to his purpose"). They, like their spiritual counterpart, the devilish Robespierre, are so taken up with their theories about God that they have totally forgotten His nature. He is a God who imparts to human hearts. If you damn all those people who have a heartfelt connection to their own race and their own familial hearth fire as racists outside the ken of humanity, then you have effectively cut not only the European people off from God, but you have also cut off the colored people from God, because their racial history and the Bible tell us that the colored tribesmen need the white people to be their conduit to the living God. So who is being served by Christian utopianism, which condemns the Christian Europeans for their racism and defies the noble savage? No one is being served except the egomaniacs who love their abstract theories of God while denying the living God and condemning His people.

There has been no Christian counterattack against either the secularized Jacobins or the Christian Jacobins. It is primarily the atrocity story that is used to keep Christians in line, particularly the pre-Civil War atrocity stories and the white South Africa atrocity stories. But such stories, when they are not entirely made up, which is generally the case, are never placed where they belong. They are aberrations, unlike the real life atrocities committed in black states which are an intrinsic part of black rule. Did the South African whites approve of brutality against the blacks? Did the Southern aristocrats, as a whole, countenance brutal, senseless acts of violence against their black slaves? In both cases the answer is no. And if you're a white person and do not believe that the white South Africans and the white Southerners, being Christian, did not nobly adhere to the code of chivalry when dealing with the lesser breeds without the law, I want to know why you don't believe in their nobility. Why would you believe the worst about your own people? I think I've lived long enough in Liberalism to answer that question. It is because of intellectual pride. The liberals want to believe that they are better than the antique Europeans. And since they can't match them in courage, fidelity to the cross of Christ, or charity toward their fellow men, they, the liberals, call their cowardice 'enlightenment,' their apostasy becomes the new, purer Christianity, and their lack of charity towards their own people is considered virtuous to the highest degree, because one must, if he loves the negro, hate the white man with his whole heart, mind, and soul.

St. John tells us that if we say we love God but hate our brother we are liars. So let us call the liberals, those self-professed lovers of humanity, whether they are inside or outside the church, what they are. They are liars, they hate their white brothers, their own people, and they hate their God, who lives at the racial hearth fire of the Europeans who still keep a place for Him there. And they hate in the name of the negro. All sins can be washed away if you love the negro. Are such creatures fit to govern us? Macduff supplies the answer: "Fit to govern? Not fit to live!"

The existentialist writers in France in the middle of the 20th century claimed to have discovered that existence precedes essence. But they didn't discover existentialism. Our people, the Christian Europeans, were the true existentialists. Their God entered human hearts and shattered all the universalist philosophies forever. Christ was the existential God: He was incarnate in human hearts. Why the birth in a stable, why the death on the cross? Why did Christ do all those human things if it was not to impress upon us that we can only know God through our humanity? The people who took the incarnate God into their hearts, our people, the antique Europeans, should not be singled out for extermination because of their racism, they should be singled out as the shining light of the world because they bore witness, through their fidelity to the cross of Christ and the people of their own racial hearth fire, to the living God.

This black plague of the soul that the white man is suffering from has done more damage to the European people than all the natural plagues and all the wars they have ever suffered through. This plague has taken away the white man's soul, he has given up his spiritual life in order to receive the blessing of the cosmic utopians who promise him a place in their

multi-racial utopia. But it is a lie, put forward by the king of liars. There is no place being prepared for the white man in the liberals' gilded palace of colors. Far better to cling to His promise: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

In the Gospels when the woman with the issue of blood touched Christ, He felt a healing power go out from His person. When He asked who had touched Him, the apostles were confused because many people had touched Him. But only one person had touched Him spiritually. She believed in Christ, she believed in His power to heal, and spiritually she called on Him by name. When the church men set up a rational system that places a liberal Christ figure in a subordinate position to the negro gods of the secular liberals, there is no real contact between Christ and the Europeans. They have ceased to call on Him by name. The old hymn tells us that there is power in the blood of the Lamb. Yes, there is, but only if we are men of blood determined to keep the channels of grace open. If we leave our racial hearth fire and allow the colored stranger to destroy it, we will not have a place for Him to dwell. We will be left out in the desolate wastes with the carrion birds groaning for burial.

It starts with a vague feeling of disgust and then builds to a passionate hatred. Some men, those who hold sacred Europe in their blood, cannot stomach the new Christ-less world order of the liberal Jacobins. Though they are buffeted by the strong winds of Liberalism and attacked from within and without by the liberal pestilence and the colored barbarians' arrows, the remnant band, the Europeans who have called on Him by name, will be the leaders who restore Europe. Death-in-life liberalism will perish, but His people will survive, because they have called on Him from the depths, and He has heard their prayer. +

(1) The chief difference between the neo-pagan liberal and the mad-dog liberal is that the neo-pagan wants to stay with science and reason only, while the mad-dog liberal has realized the need for a personal God, which is why the mad-dog liberals have trumped the neo-pagan liberals. Only Christ can conquer negro worship, the science and rationalism of the neo-pagans is helpless against it.

The Sweet Vale of Europe - June 14, 2014

Oh, well for the world when the white men join
To prove their faith again!

—Kipling

In one of W.C. Fields' classic movies, *The Man on the Flying Trapeze*, his wife sends him downstairs to investigate the sounds emanating from the basement. When he arrives in the basement, he comes upon two burglars who have been distracted from their main task – burglary – by Fields' homemade apple jack. W.C. is not one to let his 'guests' drink alone, so he joins them in what soon becomes a drunken revelry. The song fest brings the police, who arrest the two burglars and take W.C. along as a witness.

At the trial the charges against the crooks are dropped, and W.C. ends up in jail for making apple jack without a license. What then ensues is one of the funniest scenes in the W.C. Fields canon of films. He is thrown in jail with a murderer whom he must mollify or risk being murdered himself.

Murderer: "I had three wives, and this is the first one I have killed in all my life."

W.C.: "Oh, that's in your favor, yes. They have no more case against you than the sheep has against the butcher."

It's superb comedy, because back then it was an absurd anomaly to depict the government as aggressively prosecuting its own citizens, under the guise of a bureaucratic regulation, while allowing criminals to go scot free. However, when such absurd anomalies become the law of the land, they are no longer funny but cross the line from comedy to tragedy.

We now see, on a daily basis, the tragedy of white governments supporting black murderers, rapists, and looters while prosecuting decent white citizens. Recently in Manchester, England, for instance, a group of white Englishmen intervened to stop some black Muslims from assaulting a white woman. The English police have vowed to "investigate." Who will they investigate? It won't be the black Muslims. Whites defending themselves against black barbarian violence or whites defending other whites from black barbarian violence is considered, by our liberal overlords, to be "bad violence." Nevertheless, despite what the white-hating establishment says, let us applaud those white Englishmen for acting like white men should act. When the hatred of black barbarianism and the desire to protect innocence, as exemplified by the Manchester men, is once again bred into the bone of white men, the colored tide will recede from Europe. But in order to

make that “charity of honor” a sustained, continual effort, the Europeans must believe, once again, in Him, for He is the source of that “charity of honor,” which separates the European from the rest of the non-European world.

Before the liberals secured complete ascendancy in the European nations, they used to preach that, “I might disagree with what you say, but I’ll defend to the death your right to say it.” That was a tactical lie. What the liberals meant when they preached tolerance was: “We have not yet made negro worship, feminism, and homosexual marriage the law of the land: we still have some selling to do, and a few more Donahue shows should do it.” Once the liberals had total power, the new dictum became: “There are certain things too sacred to allow for open discussion. We must not allow the sacred status of the negro and other people of color to be challenged.” The liberals are tactically correct: there are certain things a nation should not allow to be discussed. White Christians should have refused to even discuss, let alone allow, the integration of the races, the equality of the sexes, or the legalization of homosexuality. When such things are discussed, they eventually will be permitted. This is why the liberals, now that such things are law, no longer permit them to be discussed. The book is closed on opposition to negro worship, feminism, and homosexual marriage: so it is written, so it shall be.

White men cannot be part of the new society; it is written they shall not enter the kingdom of heaven on earth. It is useless for white men to plead for equal rights, justice under the law, or punishment for those who kill and murder whites. All those words – equality, justice, compassion, etc. – were merely subterfuges to place the liberals in power. They were magic words when invoked by the liberals, but now they have no power when invoked by the white Europeans. Upon what ground does the European stand? If he stands on liberal ground and pleads for his “rights” he will be given his rights: he will be slaughtered. That is the only right a white European in Liberaldom has.

There is only one place, one homeland, where a European can make his stand against the liberals and the colored barbarians. That homeland is Christian Europe. The theologians tell us we never had a homeland, and the liberals tell us that which is dead can never be brought back to life. Both groups of speculators are wrong. That which is eternal never dies: Christian Europe is an historical reality, just as Christ’s resurrection is an historical reality, and Christian Europe is an ever present spiritual reality, just as He is an ever present spiritual reality. It is only when we make the antique Europeans and their God a philosophical proposition that we lose sight of the reality of both. The antidote for the modern European’s dislocation from his people and his God can be found in the works of Sir Walter Scott. Heroism, which stems from charity, from the deep and abiding love that can only be nurtured and enkindled at the hearth fires of our kith and kin, is what takes a man away from the abstract love of the colored stranger and the intellectual pride that goes with that kind of abstract love. There is a sympathy of poetic vision between Burke and Scott. Burke gave the European ethos a name; he called it “that charity of honor.” And Scott’s heroes, whom the liberals scorn, had it, the charity that never faileth. We all die: science cannot change that. But we don’t really die if we retain our European charity of honor. That is what we have lost, and it is why we live as though we were dead and why we die in despair.

There is no need for Europeans to live and die in despair. That is what the liberal wish, to inculcate the Europeans with a death-in-life despair. But there is life abundant in the battle to defend the European hearth fire. When a man loves enough to defend his sweet vale of Avoca, he knows what he is and to whom he belongs. The struggle doth avail: it is the liberal, backed by the devil, who tells us that the fight for home, faith, and race does not avail.

Who is served by the integration of the negro throughout the European world? Is it a self-evident good that there shall be no more Europeans who love their God and their people with all their heart, mind, and soul? If it is, then I’m morally blind, because I see the demise of the white man and the rise of the colored masses as the triumph of darkness over the light. We have only our trembling faith in the European Christ, the Christ of the Gospels and St. Paul, which gives us hope that darkness will not ultimately triumph.

A trembling faith doesn’t seem like much to put up against the satanic liberal leviathan, but faith, when it is the right kind, can indeed move mountains. But it must be the faith of the European people, our blood faith. Let me digress. In my early twenties, while in Rome, I got a chance to see the Pietà of Michelangelo. Of course I had seen photos of the sculpture, but I had never seen the actual sculpture in the flesh before. I’m not an aesthete — I don’t enjoy art for art’s sake. For instance, the Mona Lisa does not move me at all. I have to have a sympathy with the subject of the artist before I can appreciate the work. As I approached the Pietà, I no longer felt I was in the presence of a work of art, I felt like I was in the presence of the blessed mother and Christ. Through some divine infusion of grace, Michelangelo had managed to put the heart and soul of the living God into stone. My European instincts took over, and I went to my knees and wept. As Christ wept for Lazarus, so we weep for our Lord. The God-Man and His people are one in heart, because both have hearts of flesh. We will fight any foe, no matter how superior in strength and number, bear any burden, no matter how heavy, in order to maintain our blood ties to the God who weeps for us and with us. That is what Burke called for when he urged all Europeans to be true to their instincts, to that charity of honor, and fight the Jacobins.

The colored people, if they ever hope to become anything other than barbarians, must surpass their instincts for blood and try to understand and then imitate the spirit within the European people that makes them worship a God who weeps. The

exact opposite is the case with the modern European. He must cease his intellectual meanderings through the desert of modernity and return to his instinctual life, to his racial home, where his people and their God, the God who requires mercy rather than sacrifice, dwells.

Popes kiss the Koran and attend voodoo masses while Protestant clergymen preach the adoration of the negro and the fusion of Judaism and Christianity. This is called moral evolution, where heathenism and blasphemy are joined with a perverted form of intellectual Christianity to form the satanic Christ-less faith of the modern Europeans. It will not be reason that makes us turn from the liberals' satanic, blended faith of all that is antithetical to the Christian faith of the antique Europeans. It will be instinct that calls us home, away from the filth of negro worship, to that sweet vale of Christian Europe where our kith and kin and the God who weeps dwell. +

Cross & Sword - June 7, 2014

Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gain'd.—

Walter Scott

In our beleaguered Western fortress we are not only closely infested from without but increasingly infested from within. To triumph we shall need all our courage and wits about us – and our own wits, not somebody else's wits. A brainwashed man is as much shamed as a violated woman; more defiled than the defiler. He is like a mentally circumcised Janissary in the forefront of the battle against his own white Christian kith and kin. – Anthony Jacob

There are currently no mainstream news outlets that are not in favor of the extermination of the white race. Fox News merely differs with its liberal rivals over the amount of megaton bombs to drop on non-democratic Arab nations and the tax rates. The survival of the white race is not their concern. It has been thus for quite some time, at least since the 1960s: the news media is against the white Europeans even though they themselves are white Europeans. What has changed is the availability of information about the techno-barbarian and colored war against white people. There is currently much more information, via the internet, about the colored onslaught on the white race than there was in the 60s, 70s, 80s or 90s. And yet, despite the greater availability of information about white genocide, the situation of whites has deteriorated mightily since the 60s, 70s, 80s, and 90s. Why?

The first reason is that white people are much more thoroughly indoctrinated with a sense of their own worthlessness than they were fifty years ago. When a white hears of colored atrocities against whites he – if he is a liberal – rejoices in the violence and labels it “good violence,” in contrast to bad violence which would be white retaliation against black savages. If a white is a grazer, he doesn't rejoice in the colored atrocities against white people, but he does acquiesce to them because he has been trained to treat such atrocities as acts of God – the black god – whose ways are inscrutable and not to be questioned. The grazer simply hopes that he will be spared the fate of the slaughtered white cattle that used to graze next to him in the pasture.

The second reason that white genocide speeds steadily onward despite the greater availability of information about black atrocities is because human beings are very herd-like. They need someone to lead them. If the white grazers still trust the many headed hydra of Liberalism – church, state, press, government – or even if they just trust one head of that many headed hydra, they will not be able to put the information about black-on-white crime to any use. Take the church-going grazer, for instance. Some years back a man of my acquaintance experienced one of those all too familiar negro-induced tragedies. His young son was shot and killed in front of his own house by some black barbarians who just wanted to kill a white boy. Once his son was buried, the father, his older sons, and a few of his friends wanted to kill the black scum that murdered his son. But the parish priest intervened. “You must forgive, you must understand their rage, etc...” The outraged whites were pacified, the young white boy was unavenged, and colored barbarities increased in the neighborhood of the murdered white boy. That story was told to me, with pride, by the liberal priest who talked the white men out of violent retribution. White grazers will make irreverent jokes about clergy, psychiatrists, military leaders, professors, politicians, and news men, but in the end they have a great deal of respect for such authority figures. And if those in authority do not see anything wrong with white genocide then the white grazers will not see anything wrong with white genocide, no matter how many atrocity stories appear on the internet.

Isn't it good to respect authority; isn't that the mark of the white man, that he respects the laws of his nation? No, blind respect for the powers that be, independent of their respect for the European people and their Christian faith, is not the mark of the white man. It is the mark of a coward, a dishonorable wretch and a loathsome toady. George Fitzhugh's remarks are apropos:

Neither individuals nor societies can govern themselves, any more than the mouse can live in the exhausted receiver, or the clown lift himself by the lapel of his pantaloons. The South is governed by the necessity of keeping its negroes in order, which preserves a healthy conservative public opinion. Had the negroes votes, the necessity would be removed, because the interest of the governing class would cease to be conservative... We are the friend of popular government, but only so long as conservatism is the interest of the governing class.

It is quite obvious that the governing classes throughout the European nations are not interested in conserving the Christian traditions and culture of the European people, nor are they interested in conserving the European people. Quite the opposite is the case. The governing classes of the European nations are concerned mainly with the destruction of every last remnant of old Europe, including the white-skinned Europeans that are still left there. That they desire the complete annihilation of white Europeans is no longer kept a secret by the governing classes of Europe. Politicos such as Lord Mandelson tell us outright that they want to supplant the white Europeans and replace them with colored barbarians.

Is this a governing class that should be supported? It seems obvious to me that a governing class that wants the blood of its people should suffer the death that they seek to inflict on their people. Of course the liberals do not consider themselves as traitors to their people, because they do not look on white people as their people. They have only one people: the colored people of the earth. It is the duty of every liberal, and there are no non-liberals in the governing classes of the European nations, to work for the extermination of the white race.

If simply supplying white grazers with the information about black on white crime is ineffective, what will be effective? There is only one effective remedy for white genocide – white men must love their people. Until the spiritual obstruction which makes the white man incapable of love is removed from white hearts, the blood-soaked colored tide will continue to engulf and destroy the white race.

If it was simply a physical blockage of an artery, something that could be removed by an experienced surgeon, then we could have a quick fix. But a spiritual blockage of the arteries cannot be easily remedied. The men or women who have the blockage cannot see or feel it, so they go along with their lives, oblivious to the fact that their hearts are devoid of that spirit which makes them human beings instead of cattle. They must reclaim their hearts, because cattle just allow themselves to be passively led along to the slaughterhouse.

There is no doubt that the Catholic priests and the Protestant ministers of the Gospel of Christ have led and continue to lead white people to the slaughterhouses where black barbarians kill them without one touch of remorse or guilt. As cattle to the slaughterhouse professionals, are white people to their black gods who slay them for their sport. It's no good to rescind the Europeans' covenant with Christ in order to free them from their suicidal state of somnolent passivity in the face of evil, because in point of fact the Europeans' current state of moral paralysis is the result of their broken covenant with Christ. Theologians are not God's anointed. They stand athwart the path to God, which leads through the labyrinth of the human heart, and tell the Christian pilgrims that God is not to be found at the hearth fires of a man's kith and kin, but in the abstractions of the theologians who know God through nature. Once the pilgrim steps away from the thorn-laden, arduous path through the labyrinths of the human heart and accepts the theologians smooth and easy way to God, he is on the road to suicidal death-in-life somnolence. Men of heart, Christian men who have seen Christ in the hearth fires of their kith and kin, in contrast to the hell-stoked rationalist fires of Unitarian theologians such as Harriet Beecher Stowe, do not suffer their kith and kin to be exterminated just because their local clergymen tells them that white people do not exist as a people or that the Christian concept of sacrificial love entails the base betrayal of one's own kind.

We must apply the "you ride with them" principle to the church-going anti-European "Christians," if we want to get past the mere reporting of the black atrocities against whites and move to a counter-revolutionary attack on the negro-worshipping liberals and their colored gods. Our Lord cut through all the Pharisaical red tape when He told us:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The false Christians found that loving one's God with one's whole heart was difficult. So they decided merely to affirm Him with their minds. Then, in the name of their abstract God, the false Christians invented an abstract neighbor to love. It is difficult to actually love our real neighbors, our kith and kin, because they are not perfect creatures who let us 'help' them so we can feel an ego-maniacal rush. 'Better to love an abstract negro neighbor than my actual neighbor,' says the treacherous, self-deceiving, spiritually bankrupt modern clergyman. So long as the European remains in spiritual servitude to such creatures, creatures who advise a man to hate his own kind in the name of an abstract, false Christ figure of their own invention, he will remain in a state of spiritual somnolence, incapable of responding to the fiery cross which bids him rise and ride in defense of his kith and kin. But once the white man renews his covenant with His people and the

Christ who imparts to human hearts, not one single institution of negro-worshipping, Jacobin Europe will be left standing.
+

Laying to Rest the Speculative European - May 31, 2014

“I can live no longer by thinking.”

– Orlando, As You Like it

The democratic movements throughout Europe in the 1840s were extensions of the French Revolution that Burke warned would envelop all of Europe if the Jacobin snake was scotched but not killed. The so-called Civil War in the United States was our extension of the French Revolution: the Jacobin North made war on the Christian South. Though all the democratic bloodbaths were couched in high-sounding words such as freedom, equality, fraternity, and emancipation, the intent in each and every democratic movement was the same – to supplant the Christian faith, the guiding light of the European people, and replace that faith with the darkness of liberalism. And by World War I the Jacobins’ utopian dream had become a reality. It’s significant that Woodrow Wilson justified his anti-nation’s entrance into the war with the words, “The world must be made safe for democracy.” He did not say that the European nations needed to become democracies; that would have implied a pre-1840s Europe. He said that the world needed to be made safe for democracy, which implied, correctly, that the European nations had become liberal democracies and were now an aggressive, expanding power determined to destroy all the non-democratic elements – translation: non-liberal elements – in their own and other nations. And let us have no doubt that when we are talking about democracies we are talking about utopian, liberal states completely opposed to European Christianity. They might be compatible with speculative Christianity, but they are not in line with bred-in-the-bone European Christianity, which is the only Christianity that St. Paul and our European forefathers knew.

The liberals came into power promising that they could usher in a perfect world. Have they done so? No, they haven’t. From my perspective, which is that of the antique Europeans, they have not only failed to improve mankind’s lot here on earth, they have also taken away men’s hope for a better lot in another world. But how, having failed to deliver on their promises of utopian bliss, have the liberals managed to maintain themselves in power for over one hundred years. No state, no matter how totalitarian-ly efficient, can last over one hundred years without a great deal of genuine support from the governed. So again, we must ask: How have the liberals maintained themselves in power for over one hundred years?

We start with the primary seductive rationale of all utopian states. The utopians promise that if the great unwashed mass of humanity will follow their guidance, a new paradisiacal state of existence will be the permanent lot of mankind. And when the paradisiacal state fails to materialize, what happens then? That’s easy: you blame the recalcitrant reactionaries, whether they be unborn babies, aristocrats, monarchists, Christians, white people, old people, or some other scapegoat, for impeding the march to utopia. This is why the utopian is never fazed when aristocrats, white people, or unborn babies are slaughtered. Such creatures are in the way of utopia, which is always about to come into fruition but somehow always eludes us.

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 their 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.

But while the liberals are hardening their hearts and those of their adherents to the sufferings of the recalcitrants, whose sacrificial blood will build utopia, they must deliver something to their devotees to assure them that utopian bliss is still coming. Russian communism did not fail because the Russian people wanted to return to Christianity. It failed because the communist leaders were unable to give their people enough comfort stops on the road to utopia. The Russian communists were beaten by their Jacobin competitors in the United States and Europe, who were and still are keeping their people in check with comfort stops along the utopian way. Russia is now playing an aggressive catch-up game with the other European utopias, trying to shift from the naked-fist utopianism of communism to the seductive, subtler, comfort stop utopianism of the West. The modern Russian adjustment is much like the French Jacobins adjustment once they cast off Robespierre. They are still hard-hearted utopians, but they are now trying to use the church and the

democratic process, like the other European nations do, to advance their satanic agenda rather than using the muggish, thuggish tactics of their communist predecessors.

Utopianism is a European phenomenon, because utopian thinking only rears its ugly head among post-Christian people. The colored races, having never taken Christianity to heart, do not indulge in utopian thinking. Every utopian system is an inversion of Christianity. The current utopian model, which is basically the same in all of the post-Christian European nations, runs along the following lines: Life is a pilgrimage toward utopia. If we look to the end of the journey, we see a great throne with a negro sitting upon it. He presides over a people who are all brown and black and who are celebrating as the worshippers of the biblical golden calf celebrated. Along the way we see the comfort stops, positioned where the crosses and kneelers used to be on the old Christian roads. The first stop is at one of the Christian churches. Here the pilgrim is told that Christ is not who the old, evil Europeans said he was. He is not the Savior, he is a forerunner of the black man, who is the savior of all the people of the world, with the exception of white people. What is the black savior saving mankind from? He is saving them from white people and from a false vision of Christ. The 'real' Christ, the forerunner of the black messiah, does not condemn personal sins such as the ones listed in the Ten Commandments. The new Christ condemns social sins such as sexism, homophobia, and above all, racism.

Some pilgrims skip the Christian church altogether and go to the secular psychiatrists' station of the new cross. It makes no difference: the psychiatrist and the church men both speak the same jargon. Faith, as they define it, is merely a speculative exercise of the brain. So why not adopt a guilt-free, natural faith that allows a man to become a happy, participating member of a Babylonian kingdom of nature? And after this life? The church men and the psychiatrists unite with the multi-racial gypsies of Babylon:

"To be resolved into the elements," said the hardened atheist, pressing his fettered arms against his bosom; "my hope, trust, and expectation is that the mysterious frame of humanity shall melt into the general mass of nature, to be recomposed in the other forms with which she daily supplies those which daily disappear, and return under different forms – the watery particles to streams and showers, the earthy parts to enrich their mother earth, the airy portions to wanton in the breeze, and those of fire to supply the blaze of Aldebaran and his brethren. – In this faith have I lived, and I will die in it!" –Quentin Durward

Perhaps this modern obsession with saving mother earth is related to the liberals' new faith in their future absorption into "the general mass of nature."

Is it necessary to list all the comfort stops along the liberal way? The sporting comfort stop is a vital one and so is the scientific comfort stop. The modern liberal must keep all the comfort stops open and accessible to the modern age Europeans in order to avoid falling on the same rocks on which Russian communism plunged to its death. And the liberal cannot afford to let go of his personal god, the sacred negro, because he sustains the liberals' comfort stops and his utopian vision of the future. We are all marching toward the negroization of the world. The negro has become the replacement for Christ, and the various liberal comfort stations have become the conduits to the negro just as the antique European's fidelity to their racial and familial hearth fire kept them connected to Christ.

There are other competing utopian visions to the current liberal, negro-worshipping utopian vision, but the alternative utopias have failed to catch on as the liberals' Babylonian utopia has. The neo-pagans, for instance, project a future devoid of white Christians and colored barbarians in which they, the men of intellect, rule over some kind of soulless world of computers, science labs, and Viking sperm banks. The neo-pagan utopians do not worship the negro as the liberal utopians do, but they do share the liberals' hatred for the antique Europeans who believed that Christ was the son of God. If He be not risen, I don't see any difference between the liberals' garbage heap or the neo-pagans' garbage heap.

The irony of this age of utopias, of the liberal left and the neo-pagan left, is that the lives of the utopians are sustained by the Christian culture of the antique Europeans whom they despise. While amidst their false communities and their heathen churches the utopians must occasionally catch a glimpse of or feel a gentle wind from the Christ-centered, life-sustaining culture of the antique Europeans, or else they will completely wither and die, because there is no spiritual life in the Christ-hating, European-hating cultures of the utopians.

The utopian death in life cultures, with their treacherous comfort stations, use the tactics of the devil to keep their adherents dreaming of utopia while they live in hell,

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.

For how long will the European people settle for the honest trifles of the comfort stations which are meant to betray them in deepest consequence, to place their bodies on the sacrificial altars of the bloody negro gods and place their souls in hell?

If, and it is a big 'if', the Europeans could throw off speculative living and actually live life first-hand, they would no longer be in danger of extinction. As things stand now, the Europeans are dead, because they have lost their capacity to love and hate: they can only speculate about such feelings. A man with a living, breathing heart, a non-speculative heart, would not stand by and utter inanities about being "full of grief and sorrow" at the torture murder of his people while in the same breath "forgiving" the torture murderers. A man with a heart capable of loving would hate those who murder his people and desecrate his blood faith. A true white man loves and hates with all his heart; a speculative white man has no passionate loves or hates, he merely speculates about love and hate and lives life second-hand through the colored races who are incapable of loving the good, as the Europeans once did, but have an infinite capacity for hatred, hatred of the good. That is the difference between the colored barbarians, the speculative white man, and the true white man. The colored barbarians are fueled with a satanic hatred for everything white, pure, and noble. The speculative white loves and hates second hand through the negro. He loves his black god and hates the white, speculatively of course. The ancient white man loves and hates first-hand, in a mysterious way which is unknown to the colored barbarians. The white man's hate stems from his love of his own. When his people are threatened, he responds with a hatred for the enemy which passeth the understanding of the colored barbarians, who only know the hatred that stems from hatred, not the hatred which comes from love. "Stop! This shall not go on!" will never be heard from a speculative white man, but it is the war cry of the bred-in-the-bone Christian European when he sees his kith and kin threatened.

Let us cease to speculate about the race problem. Let us cease bending over backwards to find the "good blacks." And above all, let us stop trying to fight liberalism from within liberalism. We can't vote Satanism away. "Stop! This must not go on, in the name of God, this must not go on." There is a land for the pure and free white man, a land where there is no excuse for clerics who betray their people and their God. A land where colored barbarians are not permitted to murder and rape white people with impunity. That land is Christian Europe. If the European loves and hates with all his heart, refusing to speculate his people and his God into non-existence, then miracles will occur. +

The Black Plague - May 24, 2014

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. – *The Last Battle*

Life is good in the old Western films of the 30s, 40s, and 50s. The heroes are the white men who follow the code and keep the bad whites who do not follow the code and the colored barbarians who hate the code of the white man in line. Because the code is bred in the bone of the white cowboy heroes they don't talk about it much. But it's there, and it must be adhered to. In one of his magnificent later westerns, *The Tall T*, the great Western star, Randolph Scott, is taken prisoner by two white bad men and a half-breed. The head of the outlaw band "never dropped a hammer on a man" himself, but he lets his two henchmen do what killing needs to be done. Despite the fact that he plans on letting his henchmen kill Scott's character, the head villain desires to separate himself in the hero's eyes from the other two. "I'm not like those two," the outlaw declares.

Scott's character replies, "You ride with them."

Well said. The Western hero has the poet's gift of saying much with few words. Scott's reply to his villainous captors (needless to say Scott turns the tables on his captors and kills them) is our reply to the forgiving Pope Johns of the white-hating Christian world, who tell us they are "full of grief" when whites are tortured and murdered by black barbarians but have only "loving charity and forgiveness" for the murderous black barbarians. Is this the type of charity that St. Paul writes about in 1st Corinthians 13? Hardly. Pope John's concept of charity comes from the devil, and St. Paul's comes from Christ. We can't let the clerics and their soul-dead adherents deny responsibility for the torture murders of whites because they don't actually wash their hands in the blood of the white victims, as the black barbarians do. "You ride with them, and my people's blood is on your hands," is our reply to the loathsome spawns of Satan who torture and murder by proxy.

There never was a proposal to exterminate the white race placed on any of the ballots in the democratic nations of European origin. And yet the extermination process is proceeding at a rapid pace. On the Brown vs. Topeka holy day of last week, we were treated to solemn black faces and solemn white faces scolding us and telling us that there were still some classrooms in the U.S. that were not diverse. Translation of that euphemism: "There are still a few white communities left. We must destroy them." Don't expect to see a place on your next ballot where you can vote against the extermination of the white race. That process is a given. All you're permitted to vote for is the overseers of the extermination process.

What is occurring throughout the European nations is a horrific reenactment of the black death which claimed the lives of over one-fourth of the European people. But the medieval plague came in the form of a germ that was part of the material world. This new plague is of the soul. The executioners are very real and material, but the moral paralysis of white people, which renders them defenseless against the black barbarian plague, comes from a deeply rooted sickness of the soul. Is it a sickness unto death? Yes, it is.

An essential part of the extermination process is propaganda. We are constantly deluged with chants of “white privilege.” And many public schools feature anti-white privilege days (isn’t every day an anti-white privilege day?) where white students must do special acts of atonement for their whiteness. Some young whites, far too many, follow the anti-white advice given and take it to the logical conclusion. They commit suicide in order to save the black barbarians the trouble of murdering them. The liberals inwardly rejoice at the white suicides while the “Christian” pastors are full of “grief and sorrow” but never connect the alarming white suicide rates with their anti-“racist” diatribes and corresponding negro worship. But how could it be otherwise? We send white children to indoctrination factories, public and private, that are worse, much worse, than the old communist educational preserves. No wonder that right wing nationalist groups fail to stir up any righteous indignation or anger with their atrocity stories about black on white crime. To indoctrinated whites, the murder of white people is seen as justified “payback” for white crimes against the sacred colored races. They just keep on grazing until their time comes or commit suicide before their time comes.

Authors such as Ainsworth and Defoe have given us an inside look at the black death of Europe. Both authors mention a general, but not total, lapse in faith and corresponding lapse in morality during the plague. It is hard to believe in a loving God when the black death is an ever-present reality. And great charlatans appeared, promising deliverance from the plague if men would only adhere to their false vision of God. It’s a wonder that a few heroes of the inner life stayed faithful.

During our modern black plague, the charlatans are the church men. They tell white church-goers that they will be saved if they adhere to the church men’s vision of a new Christ who died on the cross so He could one day be supplanted by the great negro gods, the true lords of the earth. Only a few, of the same spiritual mettle as the faithful few during Europe’s other black plague, will remain constant while in the midst of this modern black plague. Churchianity will pass away, but His word will remain.

The rape, torture, and murder of white people at the hands of the barbarians of color has become so commonplace that even the most horrific of the atrocities are given no notice in the national news media. But even if the atrocities were reported, there would be no response to them in the white community, because there is no white community. Whites have accepted the Alice in Wonderland logic of the liberals. There is no such thing as a white person when whites try to band together in racial solidarity, but there is such a thing as a white person when liberals want to place the blame for all the evils of the world on a particular race of people.

White privilege? Whites have only the privilege to serve the colored races of the world. Throughout the European nations negro worship and the demonization of the white man is the ruling faith. The few remaining whites whose hearts within them burn at the sight of their people being sacrificed on the altars of negro worship are the whites who will be left to rebuild Christian Europe after the current black plague runs its course. There came a time when the old black plague no longer had the same power it once had. The survivors no longer feared it; most of them had suffered from the disease, some more than once, and they had finally developed an immunity to it. Will such be the case with the modern black plague? After an unrelenting deluge of anti-white propaganda and black on white atrocities will the surviving whites finally say, “We have had enough, we are no longer afraid of being called racist. In fact, we welcome the term ‘racist’ – it describes us – we are racist, we love our own kind and we mean to protect and defend them against the liberal techno-barbarians and the savage hordes of color.”

Our starting point is 1st Corinthians 13. That is the European’s creed. The colored shock troops that stand against us are led by the utopians of science and nature: Voltaire, Rousseau, Robespierre, Einstein, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Shaw, Russell, and every Christian clergyman who abandons the Christ of the European people in preference for a speculative theology that tells us in order to be Christian we must hate our own people and love the negro with all our heart, mind, and soul.

We all die, but if we die while connected to our own people in and through our Lord Jesus Christ, we do not really die. But to die in despair, to die as those who have the sickness unto death, is the fate of all whites who die believing the liberals are right, that there is no such thing as white people as a people. Then there never was a God who became incarnate in the European culture, and the black death is the only reality. Liberals do not ask Christ to come and abide with them. They ask for the comfort of science and the second-hand excitement of communing with the negro gods of nature. As the black plague, the negroization of the European nations, becomes a nightmarish reality with no end in sight, we need to go to the heart of what it means to be a European. So long as we maintain our charity of honor, we shall not be defeated. As we fight to drive every liberal and colored barbarian from the European lands we should remember there is also an eternal Europe,

a spiritual Europe, which must be maintained even if this our temporal Europe is consumed by the black death. So long as we believe and act as Europeans, the light of Christ's Europe will conquer the darkness of the black plague. +

The Liberals' Kingdom of Malice - May 17, 2014

Still, it is the primary right of men to die and kill for the land they live in, and to punish with exceptional severity all members of their own race who have warmed their hands at the invaders' hearth. – Winston Churchill

When Shylock refuses Bassanio's offer of ten times the original amount of his loan, Bassanio says, "If this will not suffice, it must appear, That malice bears down truth." And of course that is what is ultimately decided:

For it appears, by manifest proceedings,
That indirectly and directly too,
Thou has contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou has incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the Duke.

We can and must say the same thing to the liberals and the colored barbarians which Portia said to Shylock. It is obvious by manifest proceeding, that indirectly and directly too, the liberals and the colored barbarians seek to exterminate the white race. We should regard anyone who tries to convince us otherwise as our enemy, because it is not possible to say, "I didn't realize civil rights meant the extermination of the white race," or, "We are simply treating black people as children of God, what could be wrong with that?" Those who do not see the maniacal hatred the liberals and the colored barbarians have for the white race, which is manifested every day in the streets of the European and American cities and in the daily newspapers and media outlets of every European and American city, do not want to see because they are in sympathy with the ongoing slaughter of white people. The whites who laud and encourage the extermination of white people and the whites who "forgive" the slaughter of white people in the name of a new Christianity heretofore unknown to the Europeans, view themselves as the elect who will be spared the fate of the racist non-elect.

The liberals have a death wish: they wish for your death and mine, not their own. No one, be he priest, minister, or born-again zealot, can claim to be Christian who chooses to ignore the colored onslaught against the white race, or, worse yet, who chooses to countenance the extermination of the white race. Our Lord said that we were not to be deceived by false messiahs. Isn't the Christ figure of the universalists a false messiah? Would Christ really countenance the massacre of the white race? Would He approve of negro worship? We are facing a new religion, under the guise of an improved and purified Christianity, in which white people are the original sinners, an elect shall be saved, and the negroes and the lesser gods of color are the gods who must be appeased with blood. Need I run through the now familiar litany of blood? The torture murder of Jonathan Foster is always before our eyes as the sign of the manifest evil of the colored barbarians and the satanic nature of the new Churchianity that countenances that evil.

It is not up to us to judge the souls of the mad-dog liberals and the new order of Christians who go along with the mad-dog liberals, but it is up to us to judge and condemn the religion of liberalism and the deeds of those who act upon liberal principles, as well as those who lend support to any part of the liberal agenda. Burke laid bare the spirit of liberalism when he said the French Jacobins sought to attack God by defacing His image in man. The defacing process has been going on for centuries. Has it reached its lowest, most debased form now that the negro man-god has replaced the God-Man? Who can say? All we know is that what the secular liberals and the new-church Christians hold to be sacred is from the devil. What reason created, reason cannot cure. Only hearts of flesh can cure the white man's sickness unto death.

I recently read that Harvard University was going to allow a satanic black mass to be said on campus and that the State of Oklahoma has authorized a satanic statue to be erected next to a Ten Commandments display in the State House. I think such overt support of Satanism is proper, because all our major institutions are satanic in everything but name so why not put the correct name on the satanic rites of the European people? Whatever is above ground in the European nations is satanic. The old Europe only exists in the underground of the soul. There are still some white men who privately, in their hearts, reject all the liberals' satanic agenda. The liberals fear such men might exist, so they are ever watchful, ever vigilant, and prefer to attack those innocent of any white sympathies, such as the billionaire Jew who uttered a "racist" remark, rather than risk letting a single guilty racist slip through their fingers.

But looming over and against the Kingdom of Liberaldom is the Christ of the antique Europeans. The tragedy of life is that we mortal men must die. If we don't carry the image of the true Christ in our hearts during our lives, how can we hope to see Him at the hour of our death? There are deathbed miracles, but if we all forsake the God of our ascending race what

will happen to the God who comes to us via the human heart? If we don't seek Him we shall not find Him now or at the hour of our death.

That life is a journey toward something magnificent is embedded in the folklore of all people. But that life is a journey of the soul toward Someone, a God of infinite love and mercy, is uniquely European. Why do the liberals want to destroy that European vision and replace it with a new vision of a world that is built on hatred, a world without charity or mercy, moving ever onward to nothingness? The liberals' wish for a consummation, a consummation of nature and nothingness, is born from the same maniacal hatred of Jesus Christ that motivated the swine to plunge headlong off the cliff. And the church men who want to fuse negro worship and Christianity are siding with the devilish swine against Christ.

Burke correctly labeled the devil as the first liberal. And what is the modus operandi of the devil? He uses his abstract reason to separate men from their filial loyalty to God. When the great scholastic separated reason from original sin, he was cutting the ties that bind us to the living God. Reason, as Taine so eloquently put it, supports the passions of our hearts, but it does not replace them.⁽¹⁾ Separate reason from original sin, and reason runs amuck. Every evil under the sun can be countenanced because it is rational and therefore good. Love is from the heart; it is irrational, so it must be evil, but fornication is rational and natural, so it must be good. Liberals instituted cradle-to-grave sexual freedom, because it is rational to allow nature to have full sway. And since the negro is the most natural of all men on earth, it is reasonable and correct to worship the negro and allow him to indulge his natural appetite for blood and sex. From the liberals' point of view, negro worship is a faith that reconciles reason and nature. Hence the liberals' hatred for the people who claim there is a God above nature, whose love transcends reason.

European civilization was based on a provincial God of a provincial people. True faith is always at war with universalism because there is no depth of feeling in a universal faith. The great lovers of humanity in the aggregate – the Robespierres, the Trotskys – are always great haters of individual human beings. Our universal kingdom of heaven on earth is supposed to be the most advanced, the most humane civilization ever, based on the universal principles of a Coke commercial. Yet babies are aborted, the blood red tide of color is obliterating the white race, and the church men sing hosannas to the great, universal god of color. If the European people had not been systematically de-souled during the past century, they would not be able to live in a world so devoid of spiritual sustenance. As it is now, they are not living. The liberals live second-hand lives through the negroes, and the grazers graze on the various anesthetizers, such as blood sports and porno, which the liberals provide.

What kind of ideology can sustain a people only if the people do not fully conform to it? Liberalism says there is no incarnate God, and yet liberals bow down before the negro god. Liberalism tells us that death is natural, we need not weep over a pain-free death, and yet my mad-dog liberal sister wept at my father's death bed. Why weep for an accumulation of atoms? And why, since what is provincial is evil and what is universal is good, do liberals encourage the grazers to become passionately connected to "their team"? The emperor has no clothes: the liberal utopia is based on a lie, the unreality of a rational, natural, guilt-free world, devoid of Europeans who worship the living God, the God of charity and mercy. The consistent liberal will go off the cliff with the swine, because liberalism is a satanic negation of everything good and pure and noble.

Whoever bids us leave our racial hearth fire, even if they wear clerical garb, to warm ourselves at the stranger's hearth fire is bidding us warm ourselves at the devil's fires of hell. We are not permitted to sup with or seek comfort from the devil. The liberals have flown their colors. They hate with the malice of Satan. We need to fly our sovereign's colors, the Sovereign whose love transcends reason and nature. +

(1) In every doctrine which wins men over to it, the sophistry it contains is less potent than the promises it makes; its power over them is greater through their sensibility than through their intelligence; for if the heart is often the dupe of the head, the latter is much more frequently the dupe of the former. We do not accept a system because we deem it a true one, but because the truth we find in it suits us. Political or religious fanaticism, any theological or philosophical channel in which truth flows, always has its source in some ardent longing, some secret passion, some accumulation of intense, painful desire to which a theory affords an outlet... -Taine

The Sentinels of the Lord - May 10, 2014

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?

I concur with the historians such as Herbert Butterfield, who believed that the scientific revolution occurring between the approximate dates of 1660-1715 was the most significant transition in the history of the European people. Prior to the scientific revolution, the religious debate had been between Christian sects, the Protestant side claiming the Catholics were insufficiently scriptural and the Catholic side claiming the Protestants were breaking up the hierarchical system which Christ had left for the benefit of mankind. But that internecine warfare between Christians was a petty squabble in

comparison to the real conflict between the religion of science/nature and the religion of the God-Man. Was the natural world, which could be dissected and examined, the real world or was it only the outward manifestation of a spiritual world created by a God who took flesh and dwelt among us in the person of Jesus Christ? From that time on, the period of the scientific revolution, the war began. The post-Christian Europeans, the men whose ancestors heard and believed, reared their ugly heads and rejected Christ for the natural world revealed by science. The pseudo-intellectual verbiage of Voltaire and Rousseau and the pseudo-poetical garbage of Byron and Shelly all amounted to one naturalistic attack on Christ's reign of charity. What kind of man prefers impersonal nature to the Christ who presides over and above nature? What kind of man works with might and main to destroy the incorporate union between God and the Europeans? The answer: a man who has given his soul to Satan.

The Christian churches' reaction to the scientific revolution was always one of compromise, but compromise on one side, the Christian side, and never on the side of science. Science kept claiming more and more of the spiritual realm until there was virtually no spiritual realm left in the churches. By the latter half of the 20th century the church men merely gave the new natural religion with the sacred negro as its focal point their blessing and begged leave to hold on to the old buildings and their tax-exempt status.

Nowhere was the schism between atheistic science and Christianity more pronounced than in France of the 1700's. The French Revolution was the manifestation of that schism. Only Burke saw the spirit behind the French Revolution. He knew that the battle was Christian Europe against a new utopian religion based on science, naturalism, and reason. Halfway-house Christians failed to see the satanic nature of the new religion while the liberals such as Dr. Price and Priestly openly followed the new philosophy of nature and reason in which Christian monarchs and the Christian faith were regulated to the garbage heap of history.

The poison took a long time to spread, and there were Christian counter-attacks. In the late 18th century Walter Scott took up the cudgels for true romance, the romance of the Christian faith, and in the 19th century the Christian counter-revolution to utopian naturalism was even stronger. There was Scott, who bridged the latter half of the 18th century and the early half of the 19th century, and there was Austen, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Thomas Hughes, Ian Maclaren, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, and Thomas Nelson Page, to name a few. Those authors articulated a faith that was still alive in the hearts and souls of the European people. A clean, pure faith still existed as something more than a shadow on the wall that fades from sight as soon as you try to get near to it to ascertain its reality.

By the latter part of the 20th century and the beginning of the 21st century, the forces of scientific naturalism had gained total ascendancy over the European people and made Christianity an irrelevancy to the great majority of Europeans and a thing of ridicule to the intelligentsia. If the Christian faith is false, then its irrelevancy and its lack of adherents in positions of leadership is not a tragedy. But has the Christian faith been proven false? Why do Newton's laws of motion or Einstein's theory of relativity make Christ's resurrection from the dead an impossibility? It is because Christ's incarnation and resurrection contradict what we know, from a scientific standpoint, about what is natural. It is natural that we die and we rot; that is the way of nature. Has anyone ever observed a dead man rise? There does not seem to be any empirical, scientific evidence of such a phenomenon. But there was once a time – we were very young – when we did not regard the natural world as the sum total of existence. Buried in the mists of time is a people who saw a different reality. They looked on the natural world as a pale mirror of a greater spiritual world that was within. Which brings us back to our present reality, the reality of the maniacal hatred of the liberal technocrats and the black savages for the white race. A 'this world only' kingdom of the negro cannot be built if Europeans love their own kind with a love that passeth the understanding of the scientific, empirical mind. Such a love can withstand the onslaughts of the liberal technocrats and the colored barbarians. But if you kill the Europeans' feeling of pietas by redirecting it to a universalist compost heap, you will have effectively killed the Europeans, and by doing so you will keep the dear Christ out and the negro in.

There are still Christian churches everywhere, and the Christ story is told at Christmas and Easter. But this new 'Churchianity' is a naturalized Christianity. Christ is a quasi-divine, mythic figure to the grazers and a second-class social worker to the liberals. We can't love such a Christ as the true God because He is not a God who enters human hearts. Our heart belongs to our kith and kin; if a universalist Pied Piper tells us to leave our kith and kin for his universalist candy land, we shall not heed him, because such a Pied Piper god cannot be the true God. The God of our people, the people of the European mists, is Christ the redeemer, not Christ the Pied Piper of universalism or a fusion of Carl Jung and Nelson Mandela.

The liberal and the neo-pagan tell us that Christ be not risen, so let's redefine Him as a negrophile (so says the liberal), or let's jettison Him (so says the neo-pagan). But the halfway-house Christians tell us something different. They want a happy blending of negro-worshipping liberalism and Christ the Redeemer Christianity. What is wrong with that? What does race matter so long as we worship the Lord? It matters because our race is our spiritual backbone, and without it we cannot stand upright for long. My grandfather, born in the latter half of the 19th century, was an old school European. He grew up in a small, provincial, coal town where everyone was white and held what would now be considered racist

opinions. My grandfather was not deceived during the 1960s by the 'new, improved' Christianity that was being spouted from the pulpit. His faith remained fundamental and provincially racist in that he did not equate faith in Christ with race-mixing and white genocide. (1)

My father was decidedly more liberal than my grandfather. He considered himself a liberal for most of his life. He loved his father but always denigrated his father's racism and his Christian provincialism. Toward the end of his life, my father, having accepted the fusion of Babylon and Christianity, started to revert back to his father's faith. The cause? He witnessed the implementation of the last phase of Babylonian Christianity, which starts with race-mixing, proceeds to feminism, and ends with the acceptance of homosexuality. That last phase of the new Christianity was too much for my father. He started using 'liberal' as a pejorative term and taking seriously the 'mythic' parts of the Bible that he had formerly scoffed at. By the end of his long life, he believed as his father believed. In my view, from inside and from outside that father-son relationship, it was my grandfather's racial backbone, his refusal to betray his race, that gave my father a spiritual home to return to. My father saw no nebulous, remote god of Liberalism at his deathbed, he saw the European Christ, the Son of the living God.

When my father was a young boy, he was bitten by a rattlesnake. My grandfather took him in his arms and ran with him five miles to the hospital over rough terrain so that the medical staff could administer anti-venom to save his life. And so it happened again at the latter stage of my father's life. His father took him in his arms and placed him at the foot of the cross so that Christ could take all the liberal venom from his soul and envelope him in His arms. The faith of our fathers, their fidelity to their own people, in and through Jesus Christ, is what sustains the Church of Christ here on earth. God bless the fathers who protect their racial hearth fires. They are the sentinels of the Lord, the true Europeans. +

(1) An old folk tale, which I'll paraphrase from memory, illustrates the faith of our ancestors who stayed close to their racial hearth fire:

A man dies, along with his beloved dog. He approaches a gate to the next world, and the gate keeper tells him the gate leads to heaven. "You can come in," the gatekeeper tells him, "but your dog can't come in."

"Then I reckon I won't come in," the man replies. "What kind of heaven is it where a man has to leave his best friend behind?"

The man proceeds down the road until he comes to another gate. At this gate the man is told that he and his dog are welcome, "because this gate is the gate to heaven."

"Then why do you let those other people claim their gate is the heavenly gate?"

"Because they help us filter out the bad ones. We don't want the type of men who would betray their best friend."

If someone, no matter whether a church man, a teacher, or a psychiatrist, tells us in order to become more Christian, more humane, or more wise, we must abandon the people of our own race, then they are from the devil. Stay close to the faith of our fathers, loving and hating with all your heart.

In the Name of All That is Holy - May 3, 2014

No colored person is ever guilty of ethnic intimidation. Only whites can be guilty of such a crime. Prejudices are good if they stem from colored peoples' prejudices against whites, but they are evil if they stem from whites' prejudices against colored people. The long and short of the whole business of race, as the liberals have set it up, is that the white man is evil, and the colored tribesmen, particularly the blacks, are good. And since prejudice is connected to our moral sentiments, the liberals think it is good that blacks and other colored tribesmen should indulge their prejudices because nothing but good can come from them. And it is wrong for white people to indulge their prejudices since white people are evil. So in order to fight evil we all must fight against prejudice, but only one kind of prejudice, the prejudice of white people. -CWNY

A Jewish billionaire allegedly makes a racist remark to his black mistress, and the liberal establishment goes into their usual theatrical ranting and raving, which always culminates in the tearing of their garments and the cry of, "The Negro, our God, is one." Julia Ward Howe, feminist, Unitarian foe of traditional Christianity, and a negro worshipper, would be proud of her modern day descendants. After all, she wrote the liberals' national anthem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It is quintessentially liberal. Using Christian imagery while defaming the God-Man who is the source of the imagery, Howe calls for an apocalyptic war against racist whites in the name of the sacred negro. A good deal of fundamentalist Christians, past and present, thought and still think that Howe's lines, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Lord," refers to the second coming of Christ. Far from it. Howe's lines prophesy the new age of utopia in which the negro is to be elevated to the status of God. The Union's victory in the Civil War was an important step on the road to Howe's utopia. Our modern European nations represent the fulfillment of her wildest fantasies. The terrible swift sword of

the negro-worshipping liberals hews down the racist Europeans and makes all the world free to sing hosannas to nature and nature's god.

The liberals' reaction to even the smallest sign of what they term "racism" is an indication of a new phase of liberalism. They no longer, as they did in the early 1960s, talk about defending the rights of people with unpopular opinions. Now they tell us that racism is 'beyond due process.' No one has a right to utter racist opinions, even in the privacy of their own home. This new zero tolerance indicates that the liberals are no longer worried that they might be out of power someday and might need due process to cloak their deeds of darkness. They have made the assessment that liberalism has triumphed, and there is no longer any need to cover up what terms such as 'civil rights' and 'inclusion' were meant to hide: the implementation of a liberal theocracy with the sacred negro as the lodestar of that theocracy.

The descendants of Julia Ward Howe have done it. They've built the kingdom of hell right here on earth. When the Europeans saw, through a glass darkly, that the living God had come to dwell with them at their hearth fires and in their hearts, they let their lives reflect His divine love and mercy. Through their love of their people, they responded to His love for them. They became the liturgy of the Christian church. It has been Satan's mission to destroy that liturgy and replace it with his own. Using the signs and symbols of Christianity and individuals possessed with a hatred for Christ and his people, such as Julia Ward Howe, Satan has destroyed the incorporate union between God and His people.

Human souls are complicated. We can never know all the factors that make some succumb to liberalism and others reject it. But we do know that liberalism, with its attendant negro worship, is from the devil and must be resisted. But we can't reason with people who have a faith that is beyond reason. One must respond to their unreasoning hate-filled faith with a faith in the God who bids us love with a love that is beyond mere reason. The liberals are possessed with a demonic faith, and the grazers have been beaten down by Satan's liturgy: "The white man is evil, the Black man is good, the white man is evil, the Black man is good... Blessed be the name of the Black man forever and ever. Amen." Only a people who love much, in Christ and through their people, can come to grips with and defeat the enemy behind that perverse liturgy.

The seemingly hopeless plight of the white man is the result of the de-Christianizing of the Christian churches. The downward spiral to oblivion will continue throughout the white nations (soon to be colored nations) so long as Christ remains part of a rationalist system which only theologians and theological clergymen have access to. Theology has no racial hearth fire; hence, there is nothing in theology to stir a man's passions. The theological Christ is a distant God who occasionally goes to ecumenical teas and civil rights rallies, but he is not the God of our ascending race. We need our hearth-fire Christ, now and at the hour of our death. Death has no sting if our hearth-fire Christ is present, and our people, as a people, will never die if He is present. The negro-worshipping liberals and the church-going Christians who fuse negro-worship with Christian worship have left the hearth-fire Christ in the dustbin of history. Those few who still believe in the sacred channels of grace that can only be found at our racial hearth fires will still see the living God. Nothing is impossible for such men. Satan knows this, which is why, having separated the European from his racial hearth fire, he wants to make sure that the European remains eternally separated from it.

In Walt Disney's *Peter Pan*, Wendy's father, who never believed in the Peter Pan story, sees, at the end of the film, a shadow of Peter Pan riding through the air in his ship. After seeing that vision through a glass darkly, Mr. Darling declares that he seems to remember such a vision from a time long, long ago. Yes, those "pilgrim shadows" remind us of our European youth when we were connected, through our mysterious human relationships, to a fairy tale God who loved us in and through the people of our race.

The Christian churches have become adjuncts for Satan because they have made adherence to man-made theology the litmus test for faith. To know the formula of salvation has become more important than knowing the God who transcends the formula. In their youth, when they knew God through His human channels of grace, the Europeans were genuine human beings placing themselves in the hand of God and defying the devil and all his works. Now, having forsaken the living God for a universal God who has no basis in reality the European people are a people without a faith, which makes them a people without a local habitation and a name. Who are the Europeans? They are the men and women who must offer up their blood to the gods of color in order to atone for the white man's past sins against the negro gods. Every day the sacrificial rites are performed. Whites are raped and murdered while liberals applaud and churchmen tell us we mustn't be prejudiced and violent because of a few playful indiscretions of the godlike negro. After all, who are we to question our gods?

All the wrath of church and state is brought to bear against any white who does not seem to be in a state of rapture about the sanctity of the black race. This is called "fighting racism." There are no racist whites, which is regrettable, but there is an infinitude of black racists who want to exterminate the white race. Shouldn't that type of racism be of more concern than the offhand remarks of a Jewish billionaire? The brave new world we live in is a satanic reversal of everything we once held to be true and noble and good. The prejudiced Europeans once believed that the colored races who had no concept of charity and mercy had to be controlled lest they overwhelm the European people and impose their own

merciless reign of terror on white people. Now Europeans believe that they must atone for their whiteness by sacrificing their people to the gods of color. Why must we do this? Why do popes, bishops, and ministers of the Gospel join with the jackals of Liberalism to tell whites that they must hate not only their ancestors but also their children if they are ever going to inherit the kingdom of heaven? Such a heaven is really a hell, and we can't, in the name of all that is holy, submit to the ethos of hell, no matter that our clergyman and their liberal overlords tell us we must. But that is the issue. The liberals and the self-serving clergy are acting in accord with all that they think is holy. To them the negro and the lesser gods of color are holy, and whoever denies that tenet of faith is a blasphemer and will be dealt with accordingly.

The French Revolution revealed the extent to which men possessed by a satanic ideology would go to eradicate all people opposed to their ideology. The race war is the logical extension of the French Revolution. In the name of the people of color, who are the only true people, the white race must cease to exist.

It certainly seems like the end of the European people. But we are the people of the storybooks. If a few Europeans would stand up for storybook Europe, the Europe that still lives in our racial memory, the forces of Babylon, no matter how many their number will be defeated. We simply need to believe as the best of the European people believed: "Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" Yes, He has. We are Pickwick, we are Ivanhoe, we are the Europeans, the foolish ones who believe that faith, hope, and charity will defeat negro worshipping liberalism. +

The Return to Our Blood Faith - April 26, 2014

"Speculation performs the feat of understanding all Christianity, but, please note, it does not understand it Christianly but speculatively, which is precisely the misunderstanding, since Christianity is the very opposite of speculation." – Soren Kierkegaard

"It is only the liberals who benefit from their association with the great whore, because they only use the whore-goddess Reason to advance their satanic passion to destroy God by destroying His image in the European people. By screaming 'racism' and 'simple-minded superstition' the liberals sought to kill all opposition to liberalism. And they have succeeded. 'Who is here so base that would be a racist? Who is here so rude that would not be opposed to superstition in the form of an incarnate God? If any, speak for him have we offended.'

"The men of the right did not speak. They simply cried, 'We are not racist, we are not simple-minded, we believe in the rationality of the Christian faith.' But the love of one's kith and kin is beyond reason, and that same love brings us to the foot of the Cross, to the God whose love is beyond reason. When the men of the right stepped away from their racial hearth fire to embrace reason, unfettered by prejudice and tradition, they betrayed their people and their God." – CWN

I recently read an article on an alternative news site about a black superstar basketball player who was a member of a black cult organized for the extermination of the white race. Now, the fact that a group of black men desire the extermination of the white race is not news. Most black men and women (with the possible exception of Thomas Sowell, who conservatives always bring up at their 'not all are like that' idiocy sessions) desire the extermination of the white race. What is significant is that the black basketball player sees no need to hide the fact that he is a member of a group of blacks who want to exterminate the white race. Indeed, why should he hide his satanic desires? White people give him \$20 million plus a year and worship him every time he steps on the court, despite the fact that he wants to exterminate them. Look back through history: has there ever been a time when a minority group openly espoused the extermination of the majority and still remained, not only alive, but a pampered, worshipped elite? No, there hasn't. The western liberals and the grazers have gone where no people have ever gone before.

Of course that was whole purpose of the utopian journey, to go where no people had gone before. And where are we, the European people, in this new 'perfect' world? We do not exist as human beings; we are cattle, grazing in the fields, waiting to be slaughtered. And the slaughter will not be halted by conservatism, neo-paganism, or libertarianism, because all three 'isms' are godless. Liberal, negro-worshipping utopianism is a faith; it can only be defeated by people who believe in something greater than 'democracy.' They must have a living faith, the bred-in-the-bone faith of the antique Europeans, who looked on fidelity to one's kith and kin as the cornerstone of their faith, the one true path to Christ. Destroy that cornerstone and you have effaced the image of God in man, which effectually cuts men off from the living God and leaves the field open to satanic gods.

The decline of the Christian faith among the European people was noted by the early twentieth century intellectuals. The more liberal intellectuals, such as Bertrand Russell and Bernard Shaw, thought the decline was a good thing. The more conservative intellectuals such as Spengler and Gibbon thought it was a bad thing, but they were unable to see how to prevent the decline because they were rationalist just like Russell and Shaw. They didn't like the way the Russell-Shaw

types gloated, but they couldn't find their way out of the rationalist stew pot: "A rabble of women and promiscuous vulgarians cannot be induced to answer to the call of Philosophic Reason if you are wanting to lead them to piety and holiness and faith. In dealing with people of that sort, you cannot do without superstition; and superstition, in its turn, has to be fed with fairy tales and hocus-pocus."

I'm reminded of a college seminar I attended in my early twenties. A cabal of ex-priests and ex-ministers had gathered together to discuss the decline of Christianity. They all agreed that people, particularly the European people, needed to believe in Christianity, but, 'What can we do? We're all Hegelian rationalists now.' Indeed, what could they do? They turned to the negro gods of nature, because such gods were man-gods rather than the God-Man. You don't have to believe the impossible – that Christ was crucified, died, and was buried, and rose again on the third day – in order to believe in god-men who do not rise from the dead and do not require mercy, only the sacrifice of white blood upon black altars.

That 'rising from the dead' thing is what has stopped the white man cold. From a rationalist, scientific standpoint, Christ's resurrection is a fairy tale, and fairy tales are for children, not adults. The seeds of negro worship were planted by the theologians and theological poets who thought they could explain the ways of God to man in rational terms that would not scandalize the men of science. But why should we be so afraid of the men of science? Ionesco, the convert from the theater of the absurd, said it was because of the connection between science and medicine. 'We mustn't criticize scientists and doctors; we are all in their hands.'

Science is a false messiah. When I worked as a police officer, I often had to administer CPR to heart attack victims before the medical workers, who had the machines, showed up. It was sad to see the hope in the eyes of the victim's relatives when the medical workers took over with their machines, because I knew that the machines could help sustain life, but they could not resurrect it. Sadly the white man no longer believes Christ can resurrect the dead, so he has chosen to take solace in science and the negro. This might seem like an odd juxtaposition, but once dumb nature becomes the sum total of existence, who but the negro, the most brutishly natural of all God's creatures, can become God?

Melville likened the modern, rationalist Europeans to drowning men: "[W]ell 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." Can a man reason his way out of the rationalist prison? Conservatives in church and state have tried to do just that for centuries. The Protestant theologians responded to Aquinas' rationalism with a rationalism of their own, which reduced Christianity to a philosophical proposition. The secular philosophers took the theologians at their word — reason is prior to faith — and proceeded to speculate Christ out of existence. 'What reason destroys, reason can restore,' has been the war cry of the conservatives for the last one hundred years. But 'tis not so. Reason cannot restore the European people, only faith can, and reason, as narrowly defined by the theologians and philosophers is not compatible with faith. Only a reason subordinate to and in support of the heart is compatible with faith. That misplaced passion can lead a man astray is an axiom of the moral theologians. But has reason never led a man astray? Was it the desire to know too much or to love too much that tempted Adam and Eve? To look upon God with the eyes of philosophical speculation is the original sin. The colored races and the liberals use their reason to support the passion of their hearts, which, in the liberals' case, is a desire to destroy the Christ-bearing race so that the image of the living God can be eradicated from the face of the earth. The colored barbarians share the liberals' hatred for the white race, but their hatred is more elemental; they have not made a conscious Byronic rejection of Christ, because they have never known Christ; faith in Christ was not bred into their bones. They don't have to purge their blood of Christianity in order to hate the white man; they need only react according to their blood. This is why the white liberal loves and reveres the colored races and seeks to fuse his blood with theirs. He, the white liberal, is afraid of his own blood, because the ancient faith might be lurking there, so he takes refuge in pure reason. And the costly price of that refuge is a life that can only be lived second-hand through the colored races. The modern white man does not take offense at a black basketball player who wants to murder white people, because the white man only lives through the black race. If his god, the god that gives him a secondhand life on earth, wishes to destroy the white race, who is he to question his black gods? 'The black gods giveth and the black gods taketh away; blessed be the black gods forever.' Of course, the liberal hopes he will be one of the elect whom the black gods will spare. And he convinces himself of his election by constantly proclaiming the sanctity and holiness of his black gods, who were crucified in the terrible racist days of Europe but who have risen from the dead to sitteth on the thrones of glory, created for them by the rational, scientific white men.

When I say the white man needs a poetic to combat the liberals' poetic, I do not mean to suggest that white men need to write poetry, in the literal sense. Many poets, such as Poe, Byron, and Shelley lacked a deep poetic sense of life. They were rationalists with a gift for words. They lacked vision; they did not see the animating spirit behind the façade of nature. When I use the term 'poetic' I mean inwardness, the inwardness of St. Paul, Shakespeare, Dickens, and Scott, who saw what the rationalists could never and will never see: they saw God's hand reaching out to man. Because they did not try to comprehend God with their minds, they were able to understand Him through the love they bore for Him in their hearts. The union of the divine and the human takes place in the human heart. Our people were vouchsafed a vision of the living

God so long as they maintained that union. Now our people perish because they listen to the philosophical speculators who hate everything that stinks of humanity and the humane God. Win them over?

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.

Therein lies the mystery of the white man's suicidal worship of the black. Philosophical speculation has made Christian hearts into Jewish ones. Bertrand Russell, he of the philosophically-hardened heart, writes in his autobiography that he became dizzy and had to lean against a wall "in the darkest part of a winding staircase" when he heard a classmate reciting Blake's poem "The Tyger." (1) Why should that poem have had such an effect on the philosophical atheist? Perhaps for one dizzying moment, Russell felt that there was a God above his natural world of rationalism and science. If he did feel that way for a moment, the moment certainly passed. He lived to be 98 years old, polluting the world with his evil, simplistic atheism. And that is the striking thing about the Russells, the Shaws, the Wells, and the Einsteins of the world. They are rather stupid. By killing the organ of sight, the heart, they have destroyed their ability to see existence in its totality. They have become lost in a forest of minutiae. At first consideration of a work by Toynbee, for example, one is impressed by the encyclopedic breadth of his knowledge. But upon perusal of the work, we find no depth of thought. Toynbee is one of the analytic liberals who starts with the a priori assumption that human reason is supreme, and revealed truth, which is confirmed by the heart, is 'superstition and fairy tales.' Truth be told, there is more wisdom in the collected works of the Brothers Grimm than in the entire canon of post-Christian psychiatry, philosophy, and literature.

Negro-worshipping liberals will rule Europe until the European Everyman musters up the courage to declare to Satan's legionaries — the psychiatrists, the academics, the scientists, and the politicians — that "My mind hath been as big as one of yours... my reason haply more," yet I'll go with my heart, which sees with blinding sight past your hellish utopia to His green and pleasant land.'

Lincoln talked about the great civil war we were engaged in to preserve man's best hope, democracy. He was right about the great civil war, but he was wrong about what the war was about. It was about the preservation of the white Christian race. The forces of utopian liberalism and black barbarism were united against all that was good and noble and holy. That war continues still throughout all the European countries, only now it is a simple mop-up operation for the forces of the liberals and the colored barbarians. Occasionally, a Cliven Bundy 'steps out' and goes against the Leviathan, but such men are routinely crushed by the forces of Liberalism. (2)

From a 'this world only' standpoint, it seems the forces of evil have triumphed, but I still believe as Thomas Nelson Page believed: if we love and hate with all our hearts, we Christian Goths will triumph. +

(1) The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

– William Blake

(2) The liberals believe they now have the right to exterminate Bundy because he is a blasphemer: he said that blacks were better off in the bad old days of slavery because the Southern slave owners were more concerned with keeping black families intact than our federal government is now. His views of blacks are truthful and Christian, yet the lovers of truth, the mainstream conservatives, fled from him as soon as he uttered his ‘racist’ views. And the ‘Christians,’ those great believers in godless Jews and negroes, denounced Bundy right from the beginning.

Bundy will be martyred; let us hope and pray that he dies outside of a federal prison and that his whole family is not martyred along with him. “Tis the time’s plague when madmen lead the blind.” Bundy thinks that black families should stay intact and that the federal government should not own America, so the liberals and their conservative allies shout, ‘Crucify him!’ Black basketball players advocate the extermination of the white race, and the liberals and their conservative allies in church and state shout, “We adore you, we worship you, we give thanks for your presence among us.” Is it possible to claim the name of Christian and stand with the great haters of our people? No, it is not possible. What does the old hymn say?

Who will leave the world’s side? Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord’s side? Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy, by Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord’s side—Savior, we are Thine!

Easter - April 19, 2014

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. – 1 Corinthians 15:54

A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with a lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings. – *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*

Only the antique Europeans and those modern Europeans who have striven with might and main to stay connected to the ancient Europeans can truly understand the height and depth of the Easter miracle, because only the European people, as a people, believed in Christ’s resurrection from the dead. They did not adhere to the religion of Christ crucified, Christ risen in order to please the mighty of the world. They were the mighty of the world: they had conquered Rome. They bent their knees to a divine humanity that was like unto their own humanity, but greater, greater because it was more human than their humanity. Now, the same people that showed us the face of Jesus Christ are being demonized, as Christian Europeans once demonized African and Aztec Satanists. This should tell us something about our modern society and make us question, if we claim the name of Christian, whether we can serve negro-worshipping Liberalism and Christ at the same time.

The battle for the church of Christ – where two or three are gathered together in His name – and the battle for the white race is the same battle. If the ancient Europeans were wrong about God, if the Christ of Handel’s Messiah is not the living God, then to whom shall we turn for the words of eternal life? Surely not to the negro, nor to any of the Asian gods of nothingness. It is essential that the true European, the European who has stayed close to his racial hearth fire, remain faithful. He is the Christ bearer who knows that His Redeemer liveth, that death has been defeated by the very same Savior his European ancestors believed in. The European Christ is the Living God! This Easter, and every Easter, blessed be His name. +

The Lay of the European Minstrel - April 12, 2014

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 lov'd to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smil'd on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Wav'd the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
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 traveller 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.

-Walter Scott

With the exception of his poem "El Dorado," which is usually only seen in children's poetry anthologies, I never cared much for the prose and poetry of Edgar Allan Poe. Like Shakespeare and Dostoevsky he sees the dark side of human existence: the evil that men do and the evil that they yearn to do in their inmost hearts, but unlike Shakespeare and Dostoevsky Poe doesn't see the light that is also in human hearts. It's quite significant that Poe, who was ignored by his own countrymen, was lionized by the decadent French symbolists who regarded him as the first modern poet. I don't know if he was the first modernist, but he certainly was modern in his sensibility, and that is what kept him, despite great technical virtuosity, from being a great poet. But since it is the spirit of modernity that has led the white man to the dark tower of negro worship, it might be helpful to look more closely at the works of Edgar Allan Poe and then see if there is an antidote for modernity or, to paraphrase Poe's biblical quote from "The Raven," to see if there is a balm in Gilead.

Most men do not have the burden of vision; they do not see life as the poet does. Perhaps it is better that way, or else the work of the world could not go on. But then again men must, even the most material-minded of men, have a vision of something more than this world if they are to continue functioning in this world. Maybe they only need a glimpse of the vision, but they do need it. It is up to the poet to provide that vision for his people. He needs to be the brave man who dreams dreams and sees visions. But what if the poet's dreams are nightmares and his vision is a vision of hell? Then the people perish for want of light.

Poe's vision of darkness was not his vision alone; a poet's vision is never just his own solitary vision. Poe saw the coming conflict within the European people, between the religion of cosmic nature and Christianity, and he internalized that conflict within his own soul. Nowhere is the conflict more visible than in Poe's poem, "The Raven." With mathematical certainty, the Raven informs Poe that the dead do not rise, and he shall "nevermore" see his lost love. King Lear says something similar, "Never, Never, Never..." about his daughter Cordelia's death, but in the case of Lear we do not get the sense that it is over; we feel that Cordelia's death is an apotheosis, not a mathematical endgame.

"The Raven" is a perfect poem, mechanically speaking, but that is the problem with it. It is too mathematically perfect. Indeed, Poe was supposed to have been a double genius, poetical and mathematical, who did complex problems in geometry for amusement. But mathematical genius is not of the spirit; it is pedestrian and mundane and should not be blended with or given an ascendancy over poetical genius. In Poe's case the ascendancy of math over poetry is obvious. The Raven's mathematical, evil genius overcame the craven Poe's poetical genius just as Mr. Hyde overcame Dr. Jekyll.

Stevenson, who was born one year after Poe's death, also saw the ongoing war between the scientific/mathematical European and the poetical European. But Stevenson rejected the Raven's "Nevermore"; where Poe saw only darkness, Stevenson saw the light that shineth in darkness. If only Poe had remained true to the spiritual quest of the knight in "El Dorado" as Stevenson remained true to his dear land of storybooks, then he would have given his people a vision of the living God instead of a nightmarish vision of hell.

What Poe saw in his nightmarish vision was a natural world devoid of God's grace. The Raven's "Nevermore" was the answer that mathematical nature always gives to mortal men. And Poe, quite understandably, despaired because he thought his beloved would never come back to him. He could not be consoled by the negro gods of nature because those gods were not in place yet. And even if they had been, I don't think they could have filled the void in Poe's soul. He was still of the "there is no God, everything is terrible" school, in contrast to the modern liberals who joyously proclaim the death of the Christian God and welcome in the new black gods.

People just yawn now when they read Poe's tales and poems because his nightmarish underground world of horror and black despair has become mainstream. Why then, if Poe's vision of the Raven upon his chamber door has become the vision of the modern world, do not the modern Europeans succumb to the same despair that Poe succumbed to? Are the modern Europeans spiritually superior to Poe? Are they able to look into the void without flinching? Hardly. They have managed to live their lives without facing the Raven's 'nevermore.' Superficiality has proven to be a very good defense against Ravens who persist in rapping at one's chamber door. The moderns can yawn at Poe's tales because they don't take his vision of existence seriously. The liberals' have the negro to comfort them, and the grazers have the many and varied opiates of modernity to ease them through life. To look at Poe's vision of life, and take his horrific vision seriously, would be a step up for the liberal and the grazer. Then they would have to choose, Christ or the abyss.

While it's perfectly true that Christ is the balm in Gilead, telling a modern European raised on opiates and negro worship that Christ is risen and we no longer need to fear the Raven's "Nevermore" is like expecting a person who has only seen the last scene in Hamlet to understand the play. Christ, the warrior bard who loved His people with a love that passeth the understanding of the human mind, has been buried for so long by pin-headed theologians and solemn philosophical undertakers that His divine charity, which once warmed the European hearth fires and enflamed our hearts, has been forced out of this world, remaining only as a racial memory in the hearts of we few, we Europeans, who still hear the minstrel's lay. The song of the European minstrel trumps the Raven's "Nevermore." "Evermore, Evermore" is the Minstrel's lay, "the cross of Christ is the tree of life."

It should be writ large in our hearts that wherever rationalism raises its venomous, snake-like head, negro worship will follow. It doesn't matter whether it's in church or state, rationalism is the Raven, the contemplation of dumb nature, which leads to the worship of the negro. The modern conservative and the liberals are rationalists therefore they both, despite petty differences, worship the negro. Neither side defines nature as Burke defined nature:

We know, and it is our pride to know, that man is by his constitution a religious animal; that atheism is against, not only our reason, but our instincts; and that it cannot prevail long. But if, in the moment of riot, and in a drunken delirium from the hot spirit drawn out of the alembic of hell, which in France is now so furiously boiling, we should uncover our nakedness, by throwing off that Christian religion which has hitherto been our boast and comfort, and one great source of civilization amongst us, and amongst many other nations, we are apprehensive (being well aware that the mind will not endure a void) that some uncouth, pernicious, and degrading superstition might take place of it.

For that reason, before we take from our establishment the natural, human means of estimation, and give it up to contempt, as you have done, and in doing it have incurred the penalties you well deserve to suffer, we desire that some other may be presented to us in the place of it. We shall then form our judgment.

The modern man, addicted to psychiatry and porno, thinks we have no instincts but animal instincts and our reason is a tool to further the ends of our animalistic appetites. The law of the Jungle prevails, which is why the man-god of the Jungle, the noble negro savage who has not been polluted by the religion of the God-Man, is the god of our new, natural, utopian world.

Nature in the raw has no appeal to me. An ocean is just a large body of water until it connects with a coastal town in Wales or a sleepy fishing village in Maine. I could care less about an aesthetically pleasing forest or mountain in Africa, but my heart soars when I view the dark forests of Germany or the Swiss Alps. Why? Thomas Moore said it best:

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,

Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

My people! The friends of my bosom. What have they done that they should be condemned and set aside for slaughter? They brought forth the Christ Child. Just as Mary's blessed acceptance of the incarnate Lord set the Christ story in motion, so did my people's acceptance of Christ as their Lord and Kinsman set the story of Christian civilization in motion. It's ridiculous to say human beings are mere puppets, manipulated by God. He has given us the freedom to reject His grace. And the Europeans did not reject His grace, they asked Him to come and dwell amongst them. God bless them for it. All that I am and what faith I have is because they, the friends of my bosom, were willing to be channels of grace for Christ the Lord. I love them; they are my good and noble kinsmen, who showed me the face of Jesus Christ.

It's not a little thing, the marriage between Christ and the European people. Without it, we are doomed to hear, over and over again, the cold, heartless Raven, pronouncing his death sentence on mankind, "Nevermore." "The dead shall not rise," is what negro-worshipping Liberalism is all about, Charlie Brown. And, "Death is swallowed up in victory," is what Christian Europe is all about. The struggle does avail. To God goes the glory, forever and ever, Amen. +

The Christ Bearing People - April 5, 2014

Before the Altar kneeled the saint in prayer,
Fixed on the Crucified his steadfast gaze—
How hard his way with danger and contempt!
Sudden, with rapture thrilled, his heart beat stayed.
Was it a miracle or but a dream?
The chapel walls dissolved and heav'n appeared,
The cross of shame became a growing tree,
Raising its branches sun-ward fair and tall—
See how each twig is weighted down with fruit.
The close air of the church no more he breathes—
A gentle breeze bears scents of summer fruit.
He sees the Glorified with arms outstretched,
'Thou in a holy hour has gazed on Heaven.
Thy dream is true. This earthly life is dream,
The holy cross, it is the tree of life.'
Now God be praised for pain that veiled His face.

-Otto Crusius

In his autobiography Yeats tells of an old-guard devotee of Thomas Moore who was fond of saying, "I'd walk ten miles through a bog to avoid the music of Wagner." Yeats, because he was one of those 'betwixt and between' souls with Christian and rationalist sympathies, quoted the reactionary Wagner-hater with disapproval. I, with no modernist sympathies, approve of the old reactionary's sentiments. I had similar feelings as a young man about books on Christian mysticism. I would have run ten miles through a bog to avoid reading about or hearing about Christian mysticism. My sentiments about Christian mysticism haven't changed now that I'm older, only I would now have to walk the ten miles through the bog rather than run.

The problem with what has been labeled Christian mysticism is the problem with the modern Europeans. It is, and they are, too Oriental and too intellectual. Oriental mysticism stresses oneness with an impersonal spirit or force in which the devotee and the deity blend together into ... what? Into nothingness. And the "Christian" mysticism of the European

intellectuals is much too often a form of rationalism devoid of any depth or genuine mystic content. We've all seen the ten-point plans to sanctity and the mystic "spiritual exercises" that purport to build up our spiritual muscles like a Charles Atlas program builds up our fleshly muscles. But is living the life of the spirit as easy as solving a problem in math? Do we just lay out the factors, put them together in the right order, and come up with the correct answer to the problem of God? I don't see anything of value in that type of mysticism, because I don't see any divine-human connection. There is no God "who imparts to human hearts" in the intellectual mysticism of either the Oriental or the Christian rationalist schools of mystic theology. Why did our Lord and His most passionate and profound advocate, St. Paul, not leave behind a theology of mysticism or a theology of any kind? Maybe it was because they wanted us to respond to Christ's divine charity with passionate hearts rather than contemplative minds.

In my own anti-European nation and the rest of the anti-European European nations throughout the world there is a strange phenomenon that occurs every time there is some natural or man-made disaster, like a flood, hurricane, tornado, power outage, and so on. The seemingly dead-to-life white grazers come out and work around the clock to help victims of the disaster and to put their community back on its feet. And while the white grazers, who cease to be grazers for the duration of the emergency, are working to set things right and protect the victims of the disaster, the colored tribesmen take advantage of the emergency situation and step up their rapes, murders, and pillaging. Then, when things are back to normal, the white rescue workers go back to the pasture and, at the bidding of the liberals, worship the sacred colored tribesmen who were raping, murdering, and looting during the emergency. It doesn't make much sense, does it?

We must ask why the white grazer is so schizophrenic. Why does he act like a white man in times of crisis and then return to white-hating negro worship when the crisis is over? I think the answer lies in the subterranean depths, the mystic depths, of the European heart. Let's put the European Everyman on the same heath where Macbeth and Banquo stood, facing the witches. Macbeth went the way of mystic rationalism: he sought to use the mystic powers of darkness for his own ends. Banquo chose the other way, the way of the Cross. Banquo saw that the cross of Christ leads upward to God just as those men on the Titanic saw, when they accepted their cross, Christ taking them from out of the ocean's depths into the heavens where He resides with His heavenly Father.

The white grazers go about their daily lives under the spell of the liberals' mystic rationalism because they have accepted, in their minds, the liberals' faith. But their hearts, which are not sufficiently strong to fight the daily fight against the powers of darkness, occasionally revert to the ancient faith of their European ancestors, who choose the better part, and then they do heroic deeds. But such heroic deeds are mere lapses, just as non-heroic deeds of mystic rationalism were lapses for the antique European. The balance has shifted toward the mystic rationalism of Macbeth, and hell on earth is the consequence.

True Christian mysticism is grounded in charity. St. Paul, who spoke in tongues and had revelations from God, still said there was a "better way." The man whose heart is connected to His heart will love his fellow men in and through Christ. There is no conflict between the Christian's belief that Christ desires the salvation of all mankind and the antique Europeans' racial exclusiveness. We cannot learn of God's divine charity through mystic rationalism which concerns itself with abstractions and impersonal, cosmic oneness. We can only know the God of faith, hope, and charity at home, at our racial hearth fire, where God imparts to human hearts. Without that mystic, racial connection to God, we will not believe in a personal God above nature who desires the salvation of our race and every race. We will only believe in an impersonal, cosmic god of nature who doesn't hear our prayers. The impersonal, cosmic nature god bids us join the universalist trash heap now, and at the hour of our deaths.

There are two Europeans. The one took the way of Odin: he stayed at his racial hearth fire and saw the living God, the God of Odin and all Europeans, on the sacred cross. By that cross the European conquered.

The second European was a satanic offshoot of the first. He turned from the cross and sought God in nature, in the mystic contemplation of nothingness. Inch by inch, a new satanic tabernacle was built in which the negro is worshipped. "We are of the negro and in the negro," the mystic rationalists chant. "He is the beginning and the end of all our mystic strivings." The grazers have not the will to resist the mystic rationalists, because they have lost the fire that can only come from a deep and abiding faith in the God of charity and mercy, who our European ancestors came to know and love at their racial hearths. So long as the grazers allow the liberals to keep them away from their racial homes, that other European ethos, the satanic ethos of death in life negro worship will rule the European world.

As Odin felt death approaching, he gathered his followers around him. "All my life I've fought against the forces of darkness for the sake of you, my kinsmen. But now I must leave you for a little while, and then I'll return to fight with you in the final battle against Loki and the forces of evil. But I shall not lead you in the fight: He [pointing to the Crucifix above the throne of Odin] shall lead you. We belong to Him, the one true God, in Him and through Him we shall conquer. We are the Christ-bearers; remember that and all shall be well."

The grazers have forgotten what their divine mission is, and the liberals have denounced their divine mission. The way of the mystic rationalists is not the way of the cross; they see life abundant in the blackness of Babylon, a Babylon in which the sacred negro is worshipped as the highest level of mystic contemplation. If the white grazer had any racial instincts left, he would fight the new Babylon with the same intensity that he demonstrates in his battles with natural disasters. But an intense hatred of Babylon can only come from those who love much. Men without racial homes do not have the passion to fight the daily battles that one must fight in order to defeat the forces of Babylon.

Shakespeare writes in Sonnet 116:

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

If our people have played us false, if their vision of Christ, the European Christ, whose love passeth the understanding of the white intellectuals and the colored barbarians, is not true, then there is no God, and we are all doomed to perish in the great cosmic garbage heap. But death shall have no dominion; we can learn from such convertites as the first Christian Goths. They loved their people in and through Christ. When thought is sifted through the heart, it becomes more than thought, it becomes vision. They saw with blinding sight, those Christian Goths, and so shall we, when we take up the sacred European cross bequeathed to us by our ancestors, which they received from their kinsman and their Lord Jesus Christ. As Odin told us, so long ago, "We are the Christ-bearers; remember that and all shall be well." +

Beyond the Swelling Flood - March 29, 2014

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 problems 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.

—George Fitzhugh

There were no lack of writers in the post-World War I era who pointed out the decline of the Christian faith among the European people. In the latter part of the 19th century and early part of the 20th century writers such as Thomas Hardy did not rejoice in the absence of the Christian God, they just wrote about what they saw — nature, and only nature, was supreme — "As flies to wanton boys" are we to the nature gods; "they use us for their sport."

By the latter half of the 20th century the Europeans had turned Hardy's "Christ be not risen, everything is terrible," into "There is no Christian God, but we can turn to cosmic nature and worship the negro." So long as the Europeans stay anesthetized with sex, negro worship, and drugs, they can sustain their faith in cosmic nature and the colored gods of cosmic nature. But what of those dark nights of the soul when they are alone without their anesthetics? Does the sacred negro hear our prayers? Can he heal the sick or raise the dead? There is no escaping the wisdom of our ancestors: "We who are about to die demand a miracle." And cosmic nature cannot provide one.

The post-World War II conservatives saw the decline of Christianity and lamented it, while the liberals rejoiced in it because they could now take center stage and lead the way, under the banner of science and the sacred negroes, to the brave new world. The "conservatives" could not stop the liberals' march to utopia because they could only summon up an intellectual support for a fusion of Christianity and Greek philosophy but not a faith in the Christ of the European hearth fire. Christianity was a metaphysical philosophy to the conservatives and as such it lacked the power to inspire or save. So long as the poetic of Christianity, which is supplied by Christ the savior not Christ the end product of a syllogism, is left out of Christianity the liberals' religion of cosmic nature will rule the European roost and the negroization of Europe will continue unabated.

I once read a book, intended as a critique of modern science, in which the author likened modern scientists to men who, after climbing up the mountain of truth, a mountain they thought had never been climbed before, found that the

theologians had been sitting there for centuries. I see a different scenario. I see a group of theologians, Protestant and Catholic, sitting at the base of the mountain arguing over whose system is the best system for getting to the top of the mountain. And I see an ancient European mountaineer on the top of the mountain, trying to get the theologians to forget their philosophies and start up the mountain. But the voice of the European mountaineer cannot be heard over the din of the theological speculators. And in the meantime the men of science, the cosmic naturalists, have blocked all access to the mountain so that only the theologians who do not care one whit about reaching the top of the mountain are left with access to it.

The theologians answered Blake's question, "Can wisdom be put in a silver rod and love in a golden bowl?" with a resounding 'yes.' We Europeans must answer 'no.' Wisdom comes only from a heart that has learned to love the savior in and through the people of his racial hearth fire. The European hearth fire is the cornerstone of the Church of Christ.

A tepid, universalist Christianity will always end up being absorbed by liberalism because a purely speculative faith is without substance. A pagan worshipping Odin was closer to Christ than a theologian professing to believe in a system which includes Christ, because the Odin believer had some sense of the humanity of God and the importance of pietas, while the universalist theologian has no sense of pietas and is consequently a man devoid of faith. If the same intense love of kith and kin exemplified by the followers of Odin could be felt by the followers of Christ, we would then have a faith that could sweep the world. But wait. The Europeans once had such a faith, and it did sweep the world. European Christianity is Alfred, it is Tell, and all things connected to our racial hearth; it is not speculative theology, it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

If you've ever tried to teach your child to swim or ride a bike or some other equivalent activity you know that the child will not learn unless he has a certain trust in you, his parent. He must believe that if he does what you say, not only will he not be hurt, but he will also learn to swim, to ride the bike, etc. But if the child does not trust his parents, if he decides his way is better, not only will he not learn the particular skill, he will most likely hurt himself. The modern European church men are like the child who wants to go his own way. Unlike the mad-dog liberals, they haven't completely abandoned the Christian God, but they have lost faith in the channels of grace that God provided for them, which makes them more subtle, more devious heretics than the mad-dog liberals. Like the Grand Inquisitor in Dostoyevsky's novel *The Brothers Karamazov*, the New Age Christians have told Christ to stay in the background while they reorder the world according to their more scientific, more humane formula of life.

In the new and better man-made Christ-less Christianity, we do not learn to love God in our hearts through the mysterious human relationships formed at our racial hearth fire. Oh no! That is a racist and antiquated way to know God. Now the European Christian finds God through a cleaner, purer, universalist love for all mankind. But why does the modern Christian's universal love for mankind get translated into a hatred for his own kind and a love for the sacred negro? Perhaps the new, purer Christianity is not so new or pure after all. Perhaps it is the same old faith Satan recommended in the Garden of Eden, "Ye shall be as gods."

I read an article recently in a conservative journal in which the author insisted that we did not live in an atheistic age, that modern man was more interested in religion than ever before. In proof of this, the author pointed out the new interest in angels, in extraterrestrial life, in apparitions of the Blessed Mother, in the end times, etc. But is an increased interest in signs and wonders a sign of increased faith or is it a sign of diminished faith? I think it is the latter. We have left our racial hearth fire where charity and love connect us to the living God and gone out to find signs of God in a universalist wasteland of false prophets and substitute gods. What greater assurance do we have that Christ is the one true God who will sustain us in life and death than the assurance given us by Christ Himself through the divine-human link forged in our familial and racial homes? The disembodied mind seeking signs and wonders cannot enkindle the wisdom of our hearts. Only a personal God, a God with a local habitation and a name, can enkindle the love that passeth the understanding of the intellect. If we stay in our European homes, loving and hating with all our hearts, He will come and abide with us.

My concern is not with the liberals and the colored barbarians – they have chosen whom they will serve. Their hatred for the European will remain to the end of time. It is the conservatives that concern me. They profess to love the European heritage yet they have no concern for the European people, except as part of generic mankind. What they appear to love much is the human mind, especially their own. This was brought home to me recently while listening to a recording of Handel's *Messiah*. I'm sure Handel was an educated man who could have sat down with any of the conservative thinkers of our day and traded theories about God. But Handel didn't go that route. He went the way of the poet, and he chose the vision over the syllogism. The modern conservatives have not chosen the better part. The true European is the son of Mary, not Martha. In *The Messiah* one thing is crystal clear: Christ and Christ alone is our salvation. Through Isaiah, Job, the Psalms, the letters of St. Paul, the Gospels, and finally the Book of Revelation, Handel focuses on the Christ passages of the Bible. It's ironic that the modern 'end of the world' heretics who worship the state of Israel miss the true meaning of the Book of Revelation that Handel reveals so clearly: John, the apostle who laid his head on Christ's sacred heart at the

last supper, tells us that we are not to fuse Christ with Judaism, paganism, or any other –ism. He and He alone is our salvation.

Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

It is not the mission of the European to speculate as the pagan philosophers did. Our minds are as great as the pagans, our reason “haply more,” but if we follow in the path of Handel who is like unto us in vision, we will stay with the truth that we know to be true in our hearts. The heart can see and comprehend more than any analytic reason. The white man needs to break free from his philosophical shackles in order to pursue and then defend his vision of a world created and sustained by Christ’s divine charity.

In my undergraduate days at school I was oversaturated with the writings of the “great” thinkers, ancient and modern. But the great thinkers were of very little value to me because when they spoke of some power greater than man, they spoke of phantoms and divine forces; they did not speak of God as a personal God who would abide with His people in life and death. So it was like a heavenly visitation when I read of Tom Brown’s struggles in Thomas Hughes’ book *Tom Brown at Oxford*, a sequel to *Tom Brown’s School Days*, to leave the philosophical speculators behind:

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 heathens 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 than he knew about his demon, of course, we are in no better position than he—in fact, heathens.”

Why shouldn’t we be able to name it? We can’t if we remove Christ from our European hearth fires and make Him a camp counselor in the Universal Camp of the Colored Peoples of the World, excluding white people. But if we give God a local habitation in the hearts of our people and call on Him by name, we will dream dreams and see visions of “a land of pure delight where saints immortal reign.” Men with such a vision do not quail in the face of colored barbarians or indulge in philosophical speculation while their people are murdered. They fight against the principalities and powers of this world in the name of Him who has conquered the world. +

From Out of the Depths - March 22, 2014

How must we feel, if the pride and flower of the English Nobility and Gentry, who might escape the pestilential clime, and the devouring sword, should, if taken prisoners, be delivered over as rebel subjects, to be condemned as rebels, as traitors, as the vilest of all criminals, by tribunals formed of Maroon negro slaves, covered over with the blood of their masters, who were made free and organized into judges, for their robberies and murders? – *Letters on a Regicide Peace* by Edmund Burke

Burke took great pains to point out to his countrymen that the French Revolution was something radically different from a mere palace revolution in which one sovereign, whether justly or unjustly, was replaced by another sovereign. The French Revolution, Burke insisted, was a new religious faith intended to supplant Christianity. The ‘people’ were the incarnate savior, who, by throwing off the chains of Christianity, rose from the dead Christian faith and became the people of the new, earthly Jerusalem.

No doubt the French Jacobins and their English supporters thought they would be part of the new, utopian Jerusalem, but the French Revolution in Haiti represented the French Revolution in its purest form. No whites can enter the kingdom of Heaven on Earth: they all must die.

If we look on the post-Haitian French Revolution era in Europe as the gradual implementation of a new religious faith (with some unsuccessful counter-revolutionary movements such as the Southern counter-revolution of the 1860s), we will not look to the democratic process, rational debate, or the churches to save the European people from extinction. We won't look to such processes and organizations because they are part of the liberals' extermination program: "It is democratic, it is rational, and it is Christian to eliminate the white man." It does no good to tell the liberals that exterminating the white race is not democratic, rational, or Christian; they have a new religion which makes them immune to all the humane instincts that used to stir Christian hearts. Some older liberals, such as Pope John XXIII, used to express regret at the murder of their own people while, at the same time, forgiving and glorifying the murderous black savages, but the modern liberals no longer even express regret that whites are being exterminated, because they have, in their heart of hearts, killed the Son of God and replaced Him with the negro.

Undergirding the Jacobins' and all their descendants' faith is the belief that we are not children of God, creatures endowed with this divine imprint, but are instead glorified children of nature, more intelligent than the animals but like unto them. Once that spiritual Rubicon has been crossed, then everything is permitted: we are all subject to the laws of the liberals' abstract nature religion. But the white man will never be welcome in the new religion because in the past he was Christian. Try as he might the white man cannot escape that stigma.

"If wishes were horses, then beggars would ride." This beggar wishes that all whites who still care about the white race would stop trying to analyze their way out of the hellish cauldron of diversity they have been thrown into. Instead, let them out-passion the liberals and the colored barbarians. No amount of analysis of the "statistical data pertaining to race" or "the sociological problems of racial autonomy and solidarity" will help the white man survive; statistical analysis of the white man's dilemma will lead to despair, because statistically the white man is dead. He cannot fight a sustained war against the techno-barbarians and colored barbarians armed with statistics that tell him he has no chance. Unless – unless he holds the statistics in his hand, glances up and down the columns till he has absorbed the contents, and then rips up the statistics and commits the pieces to the fire. What does a white man need with statistics? A passionate heart filled with that charity of honor, an honor that is non-existent in the liberal technocrats and the colored barbarians, will lead to the defeat of the technocratic liberals and the colored tribesmen. The effect that Christ had on Europe is incalculable in statistical terms. And the effect that just one man with a vision of the European Christ burning in His heart can still have on other Europeans is also incalculable. That great wonders occur to the people who have seen a great light is not apparent to the material eye, but it is wonderfully apparent to the inner, non-material eye. Behold! The beggar who kept the vision of the European Christ in his heart is riding on a chariot of fire.

Staring at the liberals' world, even if it is to learn about the enemy, can have a Medusa-like effect on the starrer. He becomes mesmerized by the worldly power and might of the liberal technocrats and either becomes like unto them in trying to emulate them by obtaining some of their technocratic power and might or else he becomes a petrified stone, unable to move against a demon-power that seems invincible. The vision is our source of strength. We need only glance at the leviathan to ascertain where its heart is and return to the vision which keeps our heart burning with the desire to plunge our swords into the heart of the liberal leviathan.

I think, as old men are wont to do, that I repeat myself with this next cautionary tale, but it is apropos and deserves repeating. As an undergraduate in the cauldron of filth called a university, I went to a professor who was also a Roman Catholic priest to talk about things Christian. I sought out this particular professor because I had read a book of his in the campus library. The book was a very orthodox, fundamental, non-denominational defense of the Christian faith, written twenty years prior to my reading it. When I met with the professor, I was disappointed. I found him decidedly to the left of the opinions expressed in his book, and when I came back to see him eight or nine years later, he was not just a little to the left, he was a mad-dog liberal. What had happened? I think the priest, who taught a course on the Gospels, had spent too much time studying the Gospels through the material eyes of the "objective" secularists and not enough time reading the Gospels as the inspired word of God. I'll always remember that in our first meeting the troubled priest said the most difficult thing about living a life of faith was that there are so few signs. That was not my main concern at the time, but over the years I've come to sympathize more and more with the old priest's lament: "There are so few signs." I suppose I'm more a part of our evil and adulterous civilization than I should be. Living in a world where even the church men tell you that your vision of the European Christ is worse than wrong, it is blasphemous, tends to wear you down and make you want to see a sign from God that you are right and your statistically-superior enemies are wrong. But it is the vision that is the sign, and if the vision of Christ who presides over the European hearth fire is what stirs your blood then you must stay with that vision against all the world. And it is the mysticism of charity that confirms the truth of the vision. Where, but in the heart of the European people, do we see the face of Jesus Christ? Yesterday, today, and tomorrow: that vision is our sign from God.

The devil seldom comes at us head-on: he attacks us with feints and subterfuges much like the way he took over Uncle Silas's heart in the novel by J. S. LeFanu: "The devil approached the citadel of his heart by stealth, with many zigzags and parallels." If the devil alters our vision so that we take the material world as a world separate from the spiritual world, it is but a short step from there to the belief that "the material world is superior to the spiritual world," and from there to the assertion that "there is only the material world."

The modern Europeans have succumbed to the satanically inspired vision of nature as a force independent of God. It's true that the church men generally place God somewhere within nature, subject to the rules of nature, but when our natural bodies fail us we need a God above nature to sustain our spiritual bodies. It's difficult to believe in the resurrection from the dead when your preachers have been slavishly worshipping nature and nature's god, the negro.

I once gave a lecture in which, as an aside, I mentioned the non-materialistic culture of the pre-Civil War South. After the talk a rather angry man challenged me on my "outrageous" assertion. After painstakingly explaining that I was not denigrating every single Northerner (I was one myself) nor placing a halo on every single Southerner, I stood by my initial assertion by referencing the 4th commandment, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The South was old, non-utopian Europe, respecting their ancestors and their ancestors' faith. And yes, part of that faith was a belief in the segregation of the races. How could it not be? A Christian people cannot worship nature and nature's God.

The practical materialist will point out that the Jacobin North defeated the Christian South just as the French Jacobins defeated the Christian Royalists. And it was the same throughout all of Europe. The forces of Jacobinism triumphed in every state of Europe, and now Jacobinism with its attendant negro worship is the institutionalized religion of Liberalism. Why fight such a powerful materialist leviathan with the failed weapons of the spirit that our counter-revolutionary ancestors fought with? We fight with such weapons – reverence for our God and love of our racial hearth fire – because those are the weapons God wants us to use. All of life is a battle, and so long as we use the weapons of the spirit to fight the battle, we have triumphed. The paths of glory, the material triumphs of the Jacobins, lead but to the grave in Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," but the triumph of a people who refuse to fight materialism with materialism ends in the resurrection of the dead. The South did not lose the Civil War until the 1950s when they became one with the utopian North by surrendering to cosmic nature and the god of cosmic nature. Likewise South Africa in 1994, and all of Europe in the latter half of the 20th century. When Europeans once again believe that the race, the one that counts, does not go to the swiftest, and the battle, the one that counts, does not go to the strongest, they will be men again, and they will be united to Him again and to all of their honored dead who live in an eternal Europe sustained by His love. +

The Last Enemy - March 15, 2014

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. – *Uncle Silas* by J. S. LeFanu

It used to be the socialist-left that opposed free trade and massive immigration because it hurt the proletariat. Now the socialist-left has joined the capitalist-left – I refuse to call the capitalists right-wing – in support of immigration and free trade. And they do this despite the fact that NAFTA and other such free trade and pro-immigration policies have been decided failures. We were told, for instance, that NAFTA would reduce illegal immigration and help the native born workers because the new "stimulated" economy would create jobs for Mexicans in Mexico and Americans in America. That was not how things turned out, of course. Illegal immigration increased, and more Americans lost their jobs. Only corporate America benefited from the cheap, illegal labor. So why, if immigration and free trade are bad for the proletariat, whom the left claims they support, is the left not condemning immigration and free trade? The answer comes to us in Orwell's *Animal Farm*. The leftist pig who is running things proclaims: "All animals are equal but some are more equal than others." It's all about race. The white, blue collar workers are no longer part of the proletariat because they are not "the people." I recently heard a '60s Marxist lamenting that the left no longer supports the white working class but only supports the Hispanics and black working class. That '60s radical was one in a thousand: he was actually trying to be a consistent Marxist. But he really didn't understand the religious nature of utopian liberalism. When nature replaces God, then only the noble savages, the colored people, are considered to be human.

The idea of the white proletariat had its day in Jacobin France and communist Russia, but ultimately the spiritual dynamic of liberalism has turned the liberal toward negro worship. Igor Shafarevich, the Russian dissident of the '60s and '70s, saw the Western liberals' movement toward negro worship: "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...." But will whites become

the people again when they are the minority? Were the South African whites considered “the people”? Of course not. Whites can never be the people, because the white race is tainted with the stain of the new original sin: they once believed that Christ was the Son of God.

The liberals are entrenched against the white race, and they will always side with their colored brethren against the white man because of the white man’s Christian past, which they hate. But there is another breed of white-hating white whose betrayal of white people has prevented any European counterattack against the liberals and the colored hordes. They are the conservatives in church and state, who claim to respect the Europeans’ past but who maintain that the Europeans’ cultural heritage can be preserved and transmitted by other races. Such conservatives are more dangerous than the liberals who openly despise the antique Europeans, because they destroy the mystical body of the church from within much like the man who says he is pro-family but thinks children can be raised by multiple fathers and mothers destroys the family unit.

The propositional theologians of the Protestant and Catholic camps tell us that you can take their intellectual recipe for Christianity and transmit it to the colored races. Then — Presto Change-o! — we have an exact replica of European Christianity, only the people in the pews are colored people. Such theologians come from the ‘race has nothing to do with Western culture’ school of thought, but if race had nothing to do with Christian Europe, then why didn’t the red Indians, the black Africans, the yellow Asians, and the brown Mexicans develop Christian cultures? And why, now that the whites have become negro worshippers rather than the Christ bearers, have the colored races not picked up the Christian mantle? Why is Islam and Voodoo triumphant in Africa; the old time religions of sexual perversion, cruelty, and Fu Manchu-ism triumphant in Asia; and the blood faith of the Aztecs reappearing in Mexico? Why is it necessary to state the obvious? Race matters. The Europeans must reestablish their blood relationship with Jesus Christ, or the European people will be consumed by the colored hordes, who will not preserve the true faith — quite the contrary, they will have a religion of Satan.

My father is currently on his death bed in one of those modern monstrosities called a hospital. The tortures of the damned in Dante’s *Inferno* pale in contrast to the tortures inflicted on the poor souls in modern hospitals. Run by nameless bureaucrats who have only a financial, statistical interest in generic humanity and staffed by hard-hearted Asians at the higher levels and savage blacks at the lower levels, our hospitals are monuments to the inhumanity of man to man that the liberals told us would pass away once the Christian white man passed away. (1) But if the Christian white man passes away, our vision of Christ will pass away, and in the face of that “king of terrors” called death what do we have to comfort us but the vision of Christ bequeathed to us by the European people? Our trembling faith in the blessed Savior does not come to us from the brain of one theologian or from a host of theologians. Our faith comes to us from the heart of our people who attached themselves to His sacred heart.

At my father’s deathbed, I felt an incredible desire to anesthetize myself from existence — to divorce myself from humanity, because my humanity was giving me pain, the pain of watching my father die slowly by inches and the pain of knowing that this too was my promised end. Only His words of the life eternal and the witness of His people that He was truly the Suffering Servant who redeemed the world gave me the trembling, shaky faith to stay within the confines of humanity and continue to “see life feelingly.”

We are all on that sad height that Dylan Thomas wrote of so eloquently and feelingly. That depth of feeling, a spiritual horror at the extinction of a human personality, is the lasting, irreplaceable legacy of the antique Europeans to all mankind. From that deep, deep European longing for the “touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still” we derive our faith in Christ. We are all, we Europeans, part Ivan Karamazov, rejecting God because of suffering and death, but are we not also part Alyosha Karamazov, loving the Man of Sorrows and placing our hope in Him? We Europeans once chose that better part represented by Alyosha Karamazov, and we must go back to that Faith, the one, true, life-sustaining faith, and leave the propositional Christianity of the theologians and the barbaric heathen faiths of the colored tribesmen in hell where they belong.

I think the liberals’ incredible, intense, Shylockian hatred of the white man and their reverence for the colored barbarians stems from the fact that the white Christian Europeans did not provide their people with an anesthetic to help them deal with the fact that all mortal men must suffer and die. The Asians were able to distance themselves from humanity with Confucianism and amuse themselves with their cults of cruelty while the black and brown tribesmen found oblivion in sex and blood. The antique Europeans, the white Christian warriors of the spirit, disdained spirit-deadening opiate creeds and faiths. Armed only with their vision of Christ Crucified, Christ Risen, they looked the great Gorgon Death in the face and saw that death was swallowed up in victory through Christ. Without that vision, the white man is a pathetic caricature of a human being, slavishly worshipping the colored races and trying to lap up the blood from their heathen altars in the hopes that those nightmares about pain, suffering, and death will cease. But the nightmares won’t stop — they will just get worse — and the liberals will step up their attack on white people and intensify their slavish adoration of the black race in a desperate effort to end the nightmares.

We do not have to passively submit to our own extermination. The liberals' nightmare, life without the opiates of the colored races, is not our nightmare. Our nightmare is a world devoid of the faith, hope, and charity that existed in Christian Europe. Such is the nightmarish world we live in, but those of us who carry the vision of another world in our hearts must fight for it. The vision of Christ, our only hope in this world and the next, comes to us through the people of our racial hearth fire. We must abide there and fight there if we are to prevail against the pestilence of liberal despair and colored barbarism.

As the darkness deepens, Lord, with us abide. +

(1) My father lives urban, so he caught the brunt of our brave new world. Cold-hearted bureaucrats make up the hospital rules that dictate illegal aliens get treatment while old white men who paid for the illegals' medical care are left to languish alone in emergency waiting rooms. If you do get a room, you will be treated by Asian doctors and black aides. Is this the promised end? The masters of cruelty presiding over a staff of black barbarians?

If you live in a rural white area, you might have better luck than my father, but can there be any doubt the hospital my father went to is the utopian model of the future? Not only have the liberals failed to alleviate the physical pain that goes along with sickness and death, they have also succeeded in undermining man's hope that his suffering and death will be redeemed by Christ. Sentry, are you there? The liberals say, "No, He is not there, but you can leave all your money to the N.A.A.C.P. to insure that diversity will continue." And the clergy tell us, "He may or may not be there, but you can leave all your money to some Christian organization that supports diversity." What a comfort! The old European way to die is still the only way to die:

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening into the house and gate of Heaven, to enter into that great 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 or beginning but one equal eternity, in the habitation of thy Majesty and thy glory, world without end. Amen.
+

The European Vision - March 8, 2014

And so they sailed for Tintagel...

—CWNY

There is a little side door in Senator McCain's office that leads down a secret passageway to another door. Sometimes when the devil's janitors forget to oil the hinges on the other door you can hear it creaking. It has been creaking a lot lately because McCain has been going back and forth, on a daily basis, from his office to hell and from hell to his office. He steps up his visits to his master every time there is a chance to plunge the United States of Liberalism into another senseless war-to-make-the-world-safe-for-democracy. The devil gives McCain his orders and he, in turn, instructs the dogs of war, the Fox News staff and the neo-cons, that a bloodbath is necessary. Why is it necessary? We haven't even finished with our senseless and bloody wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, so why must we rush to get involved in a senseless war in the Ukraine?

McCain wants to involve America in a World War because he worships Satan. But he can't tell the Fox News reporters and the neo-cons that the real reason why we must go to war is because Satan wants us to (well, maybe he could tell the neo-cons his real reason). McCain must dissemble if he is to get the full support of the mini-skirted bimbos and the lobotomized newscasters of the Fox News Team. So McCain advocates war under the banner of universalism: "We are all Ukrainians now." Such universalist war-mongering began with the French Jacobins' bloody plea for liberty, equality, and fraternity, and it has been the motivating force behind the bloodiest wars in the history of mankind. Which should give us pause to think about the validity of the universalists' view of existence. But it never does give us pause, so let us pause for a moment and look at the universalist imperative.

The church men of every denomination, before the age of complete apostasy, spend a lot of time and energy condemning the sexual sins. No doubt they thought that the sins of the flesh were very great temptations and their people needed to be constantly reminded of the seriousness of the sins of the flesh. And those clergymen were not all wrong: the sins of the flesh are serious and we mortals are very susceptible to them. But those same church men, who made the avoidance of the sins of the flesh their main focus, suffered from the Zoilus syndrome. Zoilus was a 4th century B.C. critic of Homer whose name was forever linked to men who couldn't see the whole because they mistook a part of the whole for the whole. The whole that the theologians missed was the sin of pride. Why, since pride was the original sin from which the other deadly sins derived, was there not a greater focus on the sin of theological speculation, the prideful determination to put God in a silver speculator's rod? I think the answer to that lies in the identity of the theological speculators. The vast majority of the theological speculators were clergymen. A Bonaventure might condemn the theological speculations of a Thomist, and a Thomist might condemn the theological speculations of a Calvinist, but no clergyman would condemn theological

speculation in and of itself. The deepest, most damning sins are the ones we don't know we are committing because we are too enamored of them to see them as sins. As great as the sins of the flesh are, they do not hold a candle to man's original sin, the prideful desire to reduce God's world to a system that can fit into the confines of the human mind. And of course every prideful speculator claims it is his mind and his mind alone that contains God.

All the modern talk about separation of church and state is nonsense. People form governments based on their vision of God. When God became the end product of the propositional speculations of the European philosophers and theologians, the governments of Europe became speculative, propositional governments. France led the way and the rest of the nations followed suit. If reason is supreme, as the great scholastic told us, then why shouldn't we make the great whore Reason our god? France will be France again, England will be England again, and the United Liberal States of America will cease to fight wars in the name of democracy when the European people cease to see God as the end product of a syllogism and once again see Him as the God of their ascending race. A man's attachment to his race is the key because without pietas, the love of one's own, there can be no true faith. The love of God and the love our people are woven together. If we make God a universalist abstraction then our people will become universalist abstractions. They will not be the people of our racial hearth fire; they will be the pure and noble people of color whom the liberals, by virtue of their superior reason, have found to be the true gods of the earth.

I grew up, as we all did, hearing about the bad old days when people believed in Hero-Kings, Hero Clan Chieftains, and so on. The cultures that were hero-based were supposed to be bad because they were not universalist. And not being universalist meant that such cultures were not as humane as our modern cultures. But can the modern propaganda stand up to reality? When we look at the old hero cultures of Europe we often feel as Tennyson's Merlin felt:

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.

But such melancholy feelings are natural to all deep and earnest souls who have hearts that live and care about their own people. Is it better to take anti-depressants and spout universalist platitudes about humanity while ignoring the ever-moaning battle in the mist that constitutes the life of those people who are nearest and dearest to us? The old Europe of heroes, kings, and clans had the one saving grace that modern Europe lacks. The people of old Europe were not universalist automatons. Their wars, which were mere skirmishes compared to the modern democratic wars, were fought, for good or evil, with passion. And when they sinned they knew that they sinned, they did not invent a syllogism that changed sin into virtue. The old Europeans made the same choice that Odysseus made when the goddess Calypso offered him death-in-life immortality: he refuses it in order to live out his brief span of years as a man. They were genuine human beings, those men and women of old Europe, and as such they were superior in every way to the universalist, cardboard people of modern Europe.

Burke was ousted from his party because he refused to go along with the English Jacobins' plan to democratize England. The Monarch must have equal or greater power than the aristocratic and democratic tiers of government, Burke insisted, because it is the Monarch who brings that personal, heroic element into the government. There were many bad kings, but even the worst of them tried to protect their people from alien invaders. And when the King himself became an alien presence? Then a William Tell or a Robin Hood rose up from the heart of the people and became the Hero-Kings in exile. It wasn't a perfect system – in fact, it wasn't a system at all. That was the beauty of old Europe. Hearts attuned to their people, and to the God of their people, responded to the call of the blood. It was unscientific and messy, the call of the blood, but it was the way of the Europeans when Europe was still Europe, and it was a better way than the way of science and universalism.

In the 20th century the folk heroes of the European people were studied rather than emulated. This will not do. We need heroes, not men in lab coats. A man must believe that he has a place by the hearth fire of a particular race of people if he is going to become a hero of his race. The great heroes never thought of themselves as particularly brave or heroic. They didn't think of themselves at all. They loved much, so they fought for their people. When the Europeans stop studying their own people as if they were lab specimens and become one in spirit and in blood with Alfred, Tell, and Robin Hood, the colored plague will disappear from the European nations. But solidarity with our honored dead cannot be feigned for utilitarian purposes. We must truly believe as they believed and love our people as they loved their people, who are our people as well.

The whole pantheon of conservative thinkers in the 20th century went wrong because they sought to fight the liberals' universalism with a universalism of their own. Communism vs. capitalism, industrialism vs. socialism, etc. No! One man with a sacred vow to fight for his people because he has the same charitable instincts that inspired our Savior to shed His blood for His people, is the spiritual lever that will set the European counter-revolution in motion. (1) Odin left his mark on his followers and so did our Lord. We are of Him, in and through our people. Negroes prowl about the European world looking for white victims to torture and murder, while our non-heroic, universalist governments look for newer and better ways to destroy white people and elevate the colored people. The hero who loves much is the European's answer to satanic liberalism.

In 2007 I saw and wrote my vision of Europe regained. I believe in that vision more than ever in 2014. All that we know of God we know in and through our people. Within the ever-moaning battle in the mists is His divine love. And men with that charity of honor will respond to His divine love. All that is necessary is that we follow, in spirit and in truth, the heroes of our race who believed that charity prevaileth over the mind-forged speculations of the lukewarm purveyors of an abstract, bloodless faith in a syllogism.

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. +

(1) The older, provincial, racist Europe is held, by the liberals, to be inferior to the modern, universalist, negro-worshipping Europe. Why? Because, we are told, the Europeans fought bloody and mostly senseless wars. But the wars of the universalists were and are infinitely more bloody than the wars of the antique Europeans, and they are always senseless, because they are always fought for inhuman, universalist principles.

Our existence here on earth will always be an “ever-moaning battle in the mists.” What matters is who or what emerges from those mists of battle. Our people, the antique Europeans, saw the Man of Sorrows in the mists of battle, the God of love and mercy who redeemed the world. What do the liberals see? They see only darkness, the darkness of Africa, which is the sign and symbol of Satan. The battle for our race is the battle to keep the vision of our ancient people alive – the sign of the Cross, the spirit above the dust.

Turning Back the Tide of Color - March 1, 2014

The white man is responsible for every single civilized feature that Negro Africa possesses; and the present negrophile psychosis, as Dr. Verwoerd calls it, spells doom not only to the white man in Africa but everywhere else. The line has to be drawn somewhere, for there is no limit to the demands that are made upon us. For every one demand we meet, two fresh demands are instantly made. Extended appeasement, Dr. Verwoerd predicted, would lead not only to the return of heathendom and chaos in Africa, but to the eventual overwhelming of the Western nations themselves by the unopposed and actively White-assisted, tide of colour.

-Anthony Jacob in *White Man Think Again*

There are small but significant coalitions of anti-immigration groups in virtually every European country. Because the anti-establishment groups are primarily white, the liberal establishment calls them racist. Would this were true. The groups are not racist. They don't talk about restricting colored immigration, nor do they urge the deportation of the colored races from Europe. They simply want to slow down the immigration rate, and some of the bolder members of the immigration-restrictionist coalitions want the new immigrants, “no matter what their color,” to “respect our culture.” This, of course, will never be the case. The Celts can let the negroes toss the caber in the Highland games, which they have done; the Brits can let black soldiers into their army, which they have done; the Basques in Spain can feature negroes on their websites, which they have done, and on and on it goes, but such appeasements will never make the colored savages respect the white culture. In their minds there is only one culture – the blood-soaked culture of the African jungle. Whether it is Somalians in Minneapolis or Zulus in Sweden, it is all part of the same worldwide process: the Africanization of the European nations. When that process is complete, not even the liberals who set the process in motion will be left alive.

The spirit of the various anti-immigration groups throughout the European nations still savors too much of modernity. The use of the phrase ‘tea party’ in America illustrates the weaknesses in all the European resistance movements. The phrase ‘tea party’ conjures up an old quarrel of whites against whites. What if the tea parties had called their movement ‘Rorke’s Drift’ and carried placards calling for the end of the negroization of the white nations? No doubt the liberals would be angered, but the liberals are not going to budge one inch from their negroization policies because of polite, white requests to slow down the negroization of Europe. So why not counter the implacable hatred of the liberals with an implacable hatred of our own? The white man’s fear of being called racist must cease before white genocide can be halted. I don’t see any diminishing of that fear in the ranks of the tea parties of the U.S. or in their European counterparts, which is why I still don’t see any movement that is leading us away from the negroization of Europe.

In a relatively recent biography of Stanley, the African explorer, the mad-dog liberal author wrote of the cowardice of another English explorer who stood by while some African natives killed and then ate an African girl right before the English explorer’s eyes. The English explorer claimed he had no idea the Africans were going to do such a hideous thing, because he never dreamed that any people, even African people, would do such a thing. The author didn’t believe the English explorer and spent a couple pages commenting on the moral shortcomings of the “cowardly” Englishman. First off, I believed the Englishman. I don’t think he knew what the Africans intended to do. Secondly, what if the much-maligned explorer had known that the Africans were going to kill and eat the girl: how was he supposed to stop them? Only an extraordinary man would have even attempted such a futile rescue. It would have been more difficult than taking a lion’s meat away from him as he was about to take the first bite. So why should the Englishman be condemned for not knowing the African natives were going to kill and eat the girl right before his eyes, or, if he is to be viewed in the worst light possible, why should he be condemned for not being as courageous as St. George? Why is the liberal author’s focus not on the subhuman bestiality of the Africans who killed and ate the African girl? I think we know why: it’s because

nothing, absolutely nothing that negro savages do is ever, in the eyes of the liberal, their fault. Somehow, by a strange, mystical transformation, the evil that black men do becomes the fault of the white man. "Yet though he slay me, yet though he commits every seeming evil under the sun, still will I trust in the noble black savage, because he alone is the holy one, he alone is the lord god." So the liberal believes. Can a man who believes such things be swayed by reason, pity, or compassion? Of course not.

I believe that a resolute band of white men, if they truly act as white men, can turn the colored tide away from the white lands, but we must first see just how deeply the "negrophile psychosis" has seeped into the soul of the modern Europeans. When I was an undergraduate, an older professor, a devout liberal, confided to me that he had all the correct opinions about blacks, but still he had to confess, much to his shame, that whenever he saw a black person up close and personal, a little voice inside of him said, "You're black and not to be trusted." That liberal professor was much like the firebrand abolitionist preacher who toured the U.S. just prior to the Civil War, exhibiting a free, educated negro who was "just as good as any white man." Yet when the negro started acting on the 'just as good as any white man' dictum by making advances toward the preacher's daughter, the preacher went berserk. Obviously those two men, the liberal professor and the abolitionist preacher, had a serious conflict between their rational, stated beliefs and their heartfelt instincts about the nature of existence.

The aforementioned professor and preacher were relics. The modern liberals no longer have a conflict between their expressed love of the negro and the call of their blood. They have killed their white instincts and allowed the love of the black man and the hatred of white men to enter the inmost recesses of their soul. No longer having to forcibly make their rational self coincide with their inner soul, the liberals instinctively blame black atrocities on whites and assume that all problems on earth stem from the "racism" of the white man. Following that reasoning to its logical conclusion, the liberals will do whatever it takes to ensure that the white nations of the world become black nations. And why is that a bad thing? To men and women whose inmost souls are tainted with liberalism, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

As the negrophile psychosis sinks into his soul, the white liberal starts to become like unto his god. He starts to act out a perverse parody of Thomas à Kempis' Imitation of Christ. The liberals' Imitation of the Negro is a Gnostic imitation because the white man cannot actually become a negro, much as he yearns to. His grandchildren can become negroes if his offspring will mate with the negro, but until that blessed time the liberal must become a Gnostic negro. Where the negro actually cannibalizes his own people, the liberal must be satisfied with gnostically cannibalizing his people by turning them over to barbarians of color to be tortured and murdered in the name of diversity. Where the negro destroys and murders the innocent with his own hands, the liberal destroys the innocent secondhand in abortuaries. The ethos in both cases is the ethos of the jungle. Only the strong survive; the weak and the helpless live or die according to the whims of the strong. Thus nature's god, the negro, and the cosmic naturalists, the liberals, are entwined together on the satanic tree that holds the forbidden fruit. Negro worship represents a second fall of man: it is Satan's ultimate gambit. By negroizing Europe the liberals are building the kingdom of Satan on earth.

God will judge the disposition of their souls, but it is up to us to judge the words and actions of the Christian missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, who helped to build the kingdom of Satan on earth. Starting with the assumption that we are all God's children and armed with Christ's injunction to preach the gospel to every nation, the white Christian missionaries went forth. (1) But the best of the missionaries, a minority, were misguided, and the worst, the majority, were egomaniacs who felt that they were not sufficiently adored by their own people, so they sought the adulation of their new people, the innocent, often wayward but nevertheless loving children of nature, uncorrupted by the evils of the white man's civilization. Maybe the majority of missionaries were not egomaniacs, maybe the majority were humble men of God. So let us say that the ones who gained influence in the West, who took pen in hand to write about the noble black savages of Africa, were indeed negrophile utopians. They excused every negro atrocity by bidding us look to the future when the playful childlike negroes, who just happened to like human flesh, would, in the words of John Paul II, "astound the world." And the genuinely saintly missionaries (if you don't like the world saint then just substitute 'far ben') such as Edmund Hodgson and Elton Knauf, were tortured and murdered trying to Christianize a people who had no word for charity and only knew brute force. Such men are heroes, but I wish they had stayed at home and worked to keep Europe Christian.

Whether the missionaries were mainly good or whether they were mainly liberal ego maniacs is not our ultimate concern. What should concern us very deeply is that the effort to Christianize Africa was a dismal failure. Evangelization turned into negro worship, and instead of Christianizing Africa the Europeans applied their missionary zeal to the negroization of Europe. Surely He who is our common hope does not want Europe to become Africa. How can any man, be he pope or peasant, call himself a Christian if he doesn't oppose the negroization of the white nations?

It always comes down to one startling fact: the liberals, despite the fact that they are white, desire the extermination of the white race. You can't find common ground with such creatures. You must fight them with a religious zeal greater than their religious zeal. Once the European everyman comes to believe, as his ancestors believed, that the love of God and the love of one's people are intertwined and not opposed principles, he will have the spiritual fortitude to fight the

negroization of the European nations. And the European must fight this new world of darkness because of all the horrors that exist on this earth the greatest one is a world without charity. Such a world is the one we all face if the European people do not invoke their God and turn back the colored tide from the European nations.+

(1) There is nothing in the Bible to indicate that Christianity equals racial equality. In fact, the opposite seems to be the case: the story of Noah and his three sons is the primary example to the contrary. And the fact that racial equality soon turned into negro worship indicates to me that there were serious flaws in the African missionary movement from its very inception.

The Love That Never Falters - February 22, 2014

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

I heard my country calling, away across the sea,
Across the waste of waters she calls and calls to me.
Her sword is girded at her side, her helmet on her head,
And round her feet are lying the dying and the dead.
I hear the noise of battle, the thunder of her guns,
I haste to thee my mother, a son among thy sons.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace. (1)

That poem was written by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice. I don't think Spring-Rice's feelings about his England were particularly unusual for his times. I think most Englishmen of the 19th century and the early 20th century felt connected to their nation by ties of faith and blood. And I'm sure the men of every European nation once had similar feelings about their nations — "Southern by the grace of God" and "The sacred Fatherland" and so on.

Scott thought a deep spiritual connection to one's people was necessary for a man's soul. Every European school child used to memorize Scott's verses from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

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 burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
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, unhonour'd, and unsung.

But in modern times what is considered patriotic has changed. The old patriotism, a deep spiritual connection to the people of your race, is now considered to be treasonous and blasphemous. A man in Liberaldom is considered a patriot and a Christian to the extent that he hates his own kith and kin and loves the black man. This new patriotism is supposed to be more in keeping with the brotherhood of man. It prevents wars and fosters a love of the pure and noble ideal, the noble black savage.

The first counterpoint is that preventing war is not always good. Sometimes we should fight wars. The second point is that the type of patriotism expressed by Scott, while not preventing wars, did add an element of chivalry to war that mitigated the evil of war and made peace possible at the end of the war. The better men, the Christian warriors, such as Lee and Alfred, were fierce in battle when it was thrust upon them, but they were chivalrous and gentle in victory and defeat. They were chivalrous to friend and foe because they had learned reverence and love, reverence for God and the love of kith and kin, at their racial hearth fires. It is the universalists, the liberals, who hate their kith and kin and reverence the negro, who make war without quarter. The universalists have severed all their ties to their own people and in doing so have become subhuman monstrosities, who place no limit on their bloodletting so long as the bloodletting advances the cause of their new people, the negro demigods. The old Europeans had a certain respect for their European enemies because they knew they both revered the Christian God and shared the same racial hearth fire. Montcalm told the English general, after the French-employed Indians massacred British troops who had already surrendered, that he would rather have lost the battle than be connected to such a breach of honor. Not so in liberal wars. There are no breaches of honor with liberals, because they have no honor. Everything that serves negro-worshipping liberalism is good, and everything else is anathema, and must be destroyed.

The French Jacobins no longer loved their fellow Frenchmen because they were of the same race, place, and faith. Instead, they loved the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Whoever professed to have the same ideals, be they black Haitians, murderous proletarian brigands, or Jew robbers, were their fellow countrymen. That was the new patriotism in France, Russia, and the northern half of the United States. A man was patriotic according to how loyal he was to a universal ideal, not according to how loyal he was to his kith and kin.

It's now commonplace throughout all of the formerly white Christian nations to condemn a man whose patriotism is linked to his faith and his race, while lauding a universalist patriotism that is always measured by the extent that a man loves the negro and hates the white man. Every white protest against black atrocities is always expressed in universalist terms – “we are against all violence no matter what color...” – because the white protester hopes to appease the liberal universalists and by doing so get the liberals to act in favor of the white victims of black savagery. Such tactics never work, because the liberals consider whites to be evil and blacks sacred. How can sinful men rebuke their gods?

It's not quite accurate to say that groups like the English Defense League, who want to stop the liberal, universalist-inspired extermination of white people by appealing to the universalist liberals, are using a tactic. It's quite possible that they no longer believe that the English people are a particular people bound to their nation and each other by ties of blood and faith that go back to time immemorial. If that is the case, if they are not just using a tactic, but instead really believe in a multi-racial, multi-religious England, then they will be exterminated by the liberals and the black barbarians with less remorse than the wanton boys in King Lear: “As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods...” Who has ever received mercy at the hands of the black gods? The torture-murder of Jonathan Foster was not an aberration. It was the natural consequence of the Europeans' refusal to fight for their people as a distinct people of one race and one faith. The barbarians of color take their cues from the whites. If the whites are weak and defenseless, the barbarians of color will attack. There have already been millions of Jonathan Fosters and there will be millions more so long as suicidal, liberal universalism rules the hearts and minds of white men.

The neopagans who blame Christianity for the suicide of the white nations have lost contact, like the liberals, with the lifeblood of their people. Satan, who is a master strategist, did not go after God with a full frontal attack. Instead, he cut off God's supply lines to His people. God works in human hearts, through those mysterious channels of grace that exist at our racial hearth fires. Once Satan convinced the church men that God gives out His marching orders to a few select men with great minds, who in turn pass the information on to the people, the real people, the people with hearts of flesh, were then cut off from the true God who imparts to human hearts. Humpty Dumpty, who used words to tyrannize the inarticulate lay men, said, “When I use a word it means anything I want it to mean.” That's what happened when theological Christianity, which is a man-made, mind-forged religion, replaced the ancient faith of the Europeans, a living faith forged by a living God who formed a bond with His people through the blood. The Humpty Dumpty faith suited the church men and Satan because it meant that Christianity could mean anything the mind of man, informed by Satan, wanted it to mean. It now means liberalism, and liberalism means negro worship.

When I was growing up I often heard my parents and my grandparents use the phrase, “If I got a dollar every time ____, I'd be a rich man.” I don't know if that expression is still in parlance today, but let me bring it back again, with a slight adjustment for inflation. “If I got five dollars every time I heard or read of a liberal mocking the Victorians for their sentimentality over the death of Little Nell, for their devotion to their Queen, for their ‘repressive’ views of women, and for their antiquated notions about God and country, I'd be a wealthy man.” If you share the same sentiments on the major issues of life as the Victorians, which I most absolutely and devoutly do, you are supposed to crawl into a hole and feel ashamed of yourself for being a sloppy, sentimental, stupid, sexually repressed anachronism. But we all have sentiments, even the liberals. It's a question of whose sentiments we want to live by. I want to stand with the Victorians, who wept at the death of Little Nell, put the white, Christian woman on a pedestal, and loved their people in and through the Christ of

the European hearth fire. And I want to stand against the liberals, who rejoice at the “liberation” of women and their transformation from Florence Nightingales into Lady Macbeths, weep over the death of black thugs such as Nelson Mandela, exult over the torture and murder of white people, and worship the black savage. Is liberal nation our nation? It’s not mine, my heart and soul belongs to the antique Europeans whose hearts soared when they sang, “God Save Our Gracious Queen,” and who wept over the death of Little Nell. (2)

What Chesterton said of Kipling, that he wanted his country to be powerful because he loved power, was not true. If Chesterton had taken the trouble to read Kipling’s work more deeply, he would have seen that Kipling loved his England intensely and for all the right sentiments; he was not lacking in pietas. Kipling wanted his nation to be powerful because he wanted his people to survive, and he knew they would not survive if they were left to the less than tender mercies of the lesser breeds without the law. Chesterton’s unfounded and spiteful accusation against Kipling could and should be leveled at the savages of color. They have no pietas; their patriotism consists of a love for the powerful. Again, let me quote D. P. Dugauquier:

Africans have respected power deriving from force for too many centuries to acquire any moral shackles—they admire and follow the man with strength. Here is an illustration, amusing but unfortunately quite true. In a school run by the Catholic Church for young men showing aptitudes which might befit them for eventual priesthood, a film was being shown. The film represented in silent form the trial and crucifixion of Jesus Christ. At the scene in the Palace where the Roman soldiers struck Him with whips and placed a crown of thrones upon His head, excited cries of ‘Pika! Pika!’ rang out from the Congolese. Pika means hit or strike, and quite naturally, as in a Western film we cheer on the goodies and boo the baddies, they were encouraging the strong against the weak.

Another film depicting in symbolic form the ending of the Arab slave trade by the white man was greeted with equal enthusiasm—each slash of the long whip on the wretched black man’s back was cheered wholeheartedly, and when in coming to grips with the Arab the white hero is momentarily thrown to the ground—their shouts reached a crescendo of support for the Arab—not as representing a race, creed or idea—but simply because he symbolized power and force.

The feeling of pietas, the love of your own, because they are your own, not because they are powerful or can do something for you, is an emotion, at least in its full development, that only the white man has felt. Let the pygmy-souled liberals scream racism all day and through the night, we will never cease to maintain that the antique Europeans were unique and special in that they loved their own more deeply and more profoundly than the colored races loved their own. No doubt this was because they loved the humane God more deeply and profoundly than the other races: “See how they love one another.”

Now, because of their hatred of everything white and Christian, the liberals, and the apostate clergy, make war on the European culture of pietas. It is a grave sin, an unpardonable sin, to love your own people. A white man must hate his own kind with his whole heart, mind, and soul if he is to enter the liberals’ kingdom of “heaven” on earth. Why should he want to belong to that kingdom, which is devoid of light, faith, honor, and love?

The liberals in state and church will always attack the older European culture and its defenders. “The older Christian Europeans were racist and sexist” the secular liberals tell us. “The antique Europeans were racist and sexist,” and therefore they were not Christian,” the church men tell us. From racist and sexist, we move on to the charge of romanticizing old Europe. Here we come up against this thing called ‘sentiment.’ Yes, I have a romantic attachment to old Europe. I see faith, hope, and charity in the collective face of those dear old folk from long ago. Christ presided over their hearth fires, and I feel His presence whenever I abide with them. What do I feel when I come near the liberals’ altars, which are consecrated to the negro gods? I feel the fires of hell. Do I over romanticize the Europe of pietas? No, I do not. It is not possible to over-romanticize His Europe any more than it is possible to exaggerate the evil of our modern, liberal-forged, negro-worshipping kingdom of Satan on earth. Our prayer, as we sit by the hearth fire of the antique Europeans, is the same as their prayer: it is the prayer of the apostles at Emmaus: “Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.” +

(1) In 2004, an Anglican bishop called for the first verse not to be included in Church of England services because it was ‘totally heretical.’

(2) Our first country is our race because we cannot be sure of our neighbor unless we know that he is genuinely our neighbor and not some foreign, alien intruder. And then we look for a specific country where the people of our own race and faith dwell. Growing up in the northern United States, I did not have a country. I was drawn, at an early age, to the Southern cavaliers and Bonnie Prince Charlie. But above them all I was drawn to England, the England of Shakespeare, Dickens, and the British Grenadiers. You could make an argument that England has fallen further down the slippery slope of liberalism than any other European nation. I wouldn’t quarrel with that argument, but I would add that England had the furthest to fall. Be that as it may, the people that once claimed, with pride, that “Britons never will be slaves,” have become, like all the people of Europe, the slaves of a universalist ideology that is opposed to the ancient faith of the British people.

When a loved one has Alzheimer's disease, you don't cease to love them. You remember what they were and still are in the deepest recesses of their soul. This displaced European, living in the Universalist Northern half of the United States of Liberalism, will always love eternal Europe and have an extra special affection for "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England..."

Hearts of Flesh - February 15, 2014

O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!

—from John Sterling's "Shakespeare"

In traditional societies the people tend to revere, as distinct from worship, their past. They go into the future holding onto the threads of their past because their ancestors were closer in time to the God of their race. A European of the old stock wanted to stay close to his ancestors because they were a people who had seen a great light. The closer he got to those people, the closer he was to the light.

In stark contrast to a traditional society is a utopian society. In a utopian society all threads to the past are cut. They may be cut all at once, as was in the case in France and Russia, or they may be cut one by one over a longer period of time, as was the case in all the other nations of European origin. But now, despite different routes to utopia, all the nations that were racially and culturally white nations are now utopian nations. And just as their ancestors sought the light, the people of the new European nations also seek the light. But they seek the light of the future, a future without their people and without the God of their people. This is an astonishingly shocking phenomenon, and not shocking in a good sense, yet it is never noted by the intellectuals, because they are utopian, and it is never noted by the grazers, because they have no links to old Europe. Their entire world has been the modern world of utopia, which is in reality a dystopia, so the grazers have no point of reference, no opposing vision, that can serve as a sign of contradiction to the liberals' utopia. (1)

Because the winners write history, a white youth will not hear his elementary school teachers, his secondary school teachers, or his college professors talk about the tragic transformation of Christian Europe, in which the people of the white race lived and died connected to Christ, into utopian Europe, in which white people dismantled everything that was white and Christian in order to be part of a utopian world where the negro was the supreme god. What the young white people will be told is how evil the white men of the past were. They will be told about the white man's harsh treatment of the colored races, of his subjugation of women, of his propensity for wars, of his superstitious invention of a sexually oppressive religion that he tried to force down the throats of the purer, nobler, colored races. All this and more, much more, will the modern white youths be taught by their utopian elders.

In the high court of utopia, the white man is guilty on two counts. He is guilty of being Christian, and he is guilty of not being Christian enough. "Why were there still brothels and wars in Christendom!" the utopian scolds. By what right does the utopian, who has made the whole world into a brothel and makes war-without-end on the enemies of utopia, accuse the Christian European of debauchery and war-mongering? What we find when we look at the utopian in action is that despite his professed utopian ideals he adheres to a very old pagan principle: "Might makes right." Of course the utopian uses his might to cleanse the world of recalcitrant non-utopians. Robespierre was a zealous opponent of capital punishment, but he made some "small" exceptions in order to "cleanse" the world of non-utopian throwbacks to the age of unreason and impurity.

Nation states based on utopian ideals are always more totalitarian and violent than traditional nation states, which come into being because the people of that nation have one faith and one race. Because utopian states are so unnatural, the rulers of those states must have total control over every aspect of society in order to build a perfect world, which never has existed and never can exist. And since utopians don't believe in original sin, there can be only one reason why utopia has not arrived. Bad people are impeding its arrival! In France it was the royalists who had to be eliminated. In Marxist Russia it was the white Russian royalists and the counter-revolutionaries who had to be eliminated. And in the modern European utopias, which are the synthesis of all the utopian states ever conceived, it is white people who must be eliminated. If we keep those two factors before our eyes – 1) the utopian's power must be total, and 2) the sinners against utopia, who are the white people, must be eliminated – we will never be deceived into thinking we can coexist with liberals and colored barbarians. Even if white people agree to worship the black gods of utopia – and most whites have agreed to worship the black gods – such acts of obeisance will not end white genocide. Whites must die so that utopia can live. How can the unclean, the original white sinners, enter into the kingdom of heaven on earth? They can't.

If we go back to the first utopian state in Europe, Jacobin France, and the man who opposed it with all his heart, mind, and soul, Edmund Burke, we can see the deviation from Christianity that fueled the Jacobins and continues to fuel the

negro-worshipping utopians of modern Europe. Burke saw that a Christianity in which faith in the Suffering Servant was deemphasized in preference for a religious system caused men to reject Christianity and embrace utopian ideologies.

I have no doubt that some miserable bigots will be found here, as well as elsewhere, who hate sects and parties different from their own, more than they love the substance of religion; and who are more angry with those who differ from them in their particular plans and systems, than displeased with those who attack the foundation of our common hope. These men will write and speak on the subject in the manner that is to be expected from their temper and character. Burnet says, that when he was in France, in the year 1683, “the method which carried over the men of the finest parts to Popery was this—they brought themselves to doubt of the whole Christian religion. When that was once done, it seemed a more indifferent thing of what side or form they continued outwardly.” If this was then the ecclesiastical policy of France, it is what they have since but too much reason to repent of. They preferred atheism to a form of religion not agreeable to their ideas. They succeeded in destroying that form; and atheism has succeeded in destroying them. I can readily give credit to Burnet’s story; because I have observed too much of a similar spirit (for a little of it is “much too much”) amongst ourselves. The humour, however, is not general.

And why was the humor not general in Britain until the 20th century? Largely because of Christians such as Shakespeare and Burke who focused on the Christ of I Corinthians 13. Right before his exhortation on charity, St. Paul discusses in I Corinthians 12 the various spiritual gifts men have, such as speaking in tongues and the gift of prophecy. But then he goes on to say, “shew I unto you a more excellent way.” What follows is the most profound piece of spiritual truth that is to be found outside the Gospels: “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not...”

True mysticism, the type of mysticism that reaches out and touches the heart of God, comes from those mysterious human relationships that William Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Thomas Hughes, Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, Kenneth Grahame, C. S. Lewis, and the incomparable Edmund Burke championed. That God imparts His divine charity through human hearts was the vision of those mystics of the human heart. The living God becomes an absentee God when the divine-human connection is severed. Utopian systems, even if they incorporate an abstract Christ, will never have room for the living God because there is no room for human beings with hearts of flesh in utopian systems. Lear only becomes human and open to divine grace when he sees the spark of divinity in the humanity of his beloved daughter Cordelia. The gods of the philosophers do not weep; only the God who abides with us in our common humanity wept at the death of Lazarus.

Faith in Christ is the only faith that gives us hope that we will once again be able to feel the touch of a vanished hand and hear the sound of a voice that is still. But if a man does not feel that the extinction of a human personality is a great tragedy, if he doesn’t long for “the tender grace of a day that is dead,” then he will not look to a personal savior who redeems human suffering by sharing it: he will look to the men who promise him an end to suffering in this world.

Utopian ideologies became institutionalized throughout the West when the Europeans traded the humane God who spoke to them through His divine charity for the gods of utopia who promised them a pain-free, pleasurable existence on earth. No doubt the advent of science contributed greatly to the conversion of the European everyman, who equated scientific advances with moral evolution. It’s the Einstein factor: “A man of science must be more intelligent than a European who believes in fairy tales.” But a man who believes in the “fairy tale” of Christ crucified, Christ risen is the man of depth, not the cosmic naturalist. In the face of death we have only the Man of Sorrows to save us from complete and utter despair. What comfort can the legionnaires of superficiality give us? “The earth will survive” or “We and our loved ones will survive in the memories of those left behind”? The modern European utopias are built on superficiality and lies. It is incredibly superficial to ignore the tragedy of existence, the fact that mortal men must die. From the depths of our heart we cry out to the God whose divine charity will save us from death. Superficiality will not save us. The lie that supports the utopians’ superficiality is the lie of the sacred negro, purer and nobler than the ‘evil’ white men of the past. The greatest mysticism is the Pauline/Shakespearean mysticism of charity, in which we are linked to Christ through our love of the people of our racial hearth fire. We are linked with the devil when we leave our racial hearth fire in order to love an abstract, ignoble, savage god who has not charity.

If we pick up the threads of the past, a past that goes back beyond the decadence of scholasticism to the Christ of Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth, we will see that there is no dichotomy between Christ and the fairy tale. The Christ story is the true fairy tale of the hero who triumphed over ruin and death because of the great love He bore for His people. The memory of that love has waned and then been revived and waned again over the European centuries, but it has never completely died. The modern ‘utopias’ will crumble when we love our people in and through Christ the Savior rather than Christ the C.E.O. or Christ the Social Worker. Fairy tale Europeans, such as Shakespeare, Burke, and Scott, saw evil, the type of evil we see before us in the negro worship of the liberals, and they fought it in the name of the God whose love passeth the understanding of our intellects. The profoundest, deepest mysticism of all is the simple walk through the wardrobe door into the world where we see love and all love’s loving parts enveloped and sustained by the Man of Sorrows. My people, at their best, believed that vision of divine charity was the true vision. It is the vision that will carry us through the dark night of utopian Europe to the light of His eternal Europe. +

(1) In all the elections held in the European nations what is at issue is which party can best guide their nation forward into the light of utopia. What is needed are European leaders who want to destroy totalitarian, utopian democracy and restore the traditional well-springs of a true European nation, namely one white race and the one true fairy tale faith of Jesus Christ, late of this parish called Europe.

The Rage That Stems from Charity - February 8, 2014

Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

—Dylan Thomas

What the former British Cabinet Minister Lord Mandelson revealed about his liberal government is true of every single government in the Western world. They have set up a quota system designed to change the racial composition of their countries. There are not supposed to be any more white nations, because it is self-evident that white people are evil and colored people are good. So it follows that a bad nation, which is a white nation, can become a good nation by replacing its white people with black people. The colorization of the European nations is now proceeding at an accelerated pace, because even the conservatives in church and state have conceded the need for 'diversity.' There can be no resistance to diversity because... "Well," the liberal fumbles for a reason, "because diversity is good." But of course when the liberal invokes 'diversity,' he is really advocating a non-diverse nation of colored people. In Liberaldom, diversity means the extermination of white people.

How have white people responded to their own extermination? The ruling liberal elite in Church and state have responded with joy to the extermination of the white race. De Klerk of South Africa is representative of all liberals throughout the European nations. Under the name of diversity, he sold out his people, turning them over to black savages, in return for a guarantee of immunity for himself. He might live out his own life without feeling the full effects of 'diversity,' but his children will most certainly become part of the diversity cauldron. The liberals hope that their own children will mix with the black race so that they can have black grandchildren. All those whites who refuse to allow their whiteness to be obliterated by blending will be exterminated with the blessing of the liberals. So it is written, so it shall be, so long as liberals rule.

What of the grazers who constitute the majority of white people within the European nations? How do they feel about their own extermination? They are in a state of stupefied denial because, having lost their religious vision, they cannot distinguish between good and evil. So long as evil puts on a virtuous façade the grazers remain stupefied. This stupefaction of the grazers is painful to behold. For instance: A few days ago I saw, on an alternative news site, a group of Swedish grazers rallying to protest against an imported black savage who was molesting little girls. The black savage claimed it was racist to prosecute him for molesting little girls because it was not considered a crime in his culture. And of course, under the rules of 'diversity,' which say that nothing stemming from the blacks' culture can be wrong, the black savage was correct. Still, the white Swedish grazers had some lingering prejudices, left over from the Christian 'dark ages,' which made them resent the black savage's sexual practices. But what did the Swedes do about it? They protested. And to whom were they protesting? The government, that's who. And who instituted the quota system, allowing black savages to enter Sweden? And who forbids the worship of the white Christian God and mandates the worship of the black gods? Do you see the point? If you seek redemption from the devil, you obviously have lost your ability to distinguish good from evil. The governments and the churches of the West are satanic: you will not be able to redress any wrong or stop any black atrocity by appealing to the institutional source of the wrongs and the atrocities. I liken the white grazers throughout the European world to the pro-lifers. For years the 'pro-lifers' have been appealing to the same court system that gave us legalized abortion to end legalized abortion. The massacre of babies and whites will continue so long as white grazers fail to see that their churches and their governments are evil. It is time to appeal to some authority that is above our churches and our governments.

I don't mean to suggest that an appeal to Christ will immediately restore Christian Europe. But I am asserting that when a determined band of Europeans make war on the liberals, the liberals in state and church, a new Europe much like the old Europe will be the final result, albeit, after centuries of struggle. The new-old Europe won't be utopia, the good will often die young, iniquity will often go unpunished, but our suffering and deaths will once again have meaning, because our lives will be lived as Europeans ought to live, connected to Christ through the love of our people.

I haven't left the Swedes who wanted the spawns of Satan in their government to punish their negro foster child. If the Swedish protestors believed in the Christ of old Europe, they would not look for redemption from the devil. They would kiss the hilt of their sword, which is also a cross, and kill the black rapist. There are atrocities occurring throughout Europe

that cry out to heaven for vengeance. It's useless to expect mercy or justice from the liberals or the colored savages, so what is the white man's alternative? What does that charity of honor demand that he should do?

It's one thing to hand a man a printed sheet of paper that lists the reasons why Christ is the answer to the problem of existence, and it is quite another thing to show a man the face of Christ in the heart of His people. The former, rational apologia leads a man to an empty wasteland while the latter, non-rational apologia leads a man to the foot of the cross. And it is there, where crucified love abides, that a man becomes the type of man who will not tolerate the extermination of his people.

In the wasteland of the 20th century, one magnificent, heartfelt plea to God stands out. From the tortured soul of Dylan Thomas came the battle cry of the European:

Do not go gentle into that good night
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Where has the rage gone that once existed in the hearts of the European people? The light of Europe cannot be allowed to die. Thomas raged as his European ancestors raged. United in arms with their pagan gods they fought to the last against the forces of evil and death. Then, because they raged against the dying of the light, they saw Christ pick up the sword of Woden and stand in the forefront of their warrior band, fighting, not just to the end, but through the ending of the world to the beginning of a new and eternal world that belongs to those who rage, with a burning fire of charity, against the dying of the light. Our Lord told us it would always be thus:

From the time of John the Baptist until now, the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away.

It goes against the blood faith of the white man to slay the innocent or kill because of a lust for gold or power. Such acts are blasphemy to the European. But is it not equally as blasphemous to refuse to fight for your people against all the forces of hell? An evil and adulterous people will fight for an abstraction such as the sacred negro, if that abstraction promises them they will obtain their heart's desire, a kingdom of Satan on earth. But a Christian European of the old school, of Alfred and Tell, fights for the non-abstract Christ, the God-Man who, through His divine Humanity, has shown us that there is a divine-human connection in our ties to our kith and kin. Break those ties and you have broken the ties between the European and Christ. The snake in the European garden has always been and always shall be the philosophical abstraction. Abstract the God-Man and you will end up with the negro man-god.

When the European followers of Woden bent their knees to Christ, it was not the Christ of the philosophers they knelt to; they gave homage to their Lord and Kinsman whom they felt drawn to by ties of blood that went back to the beginning of time. They kept their racial memory of the true God alive because of their closeness to their kith and kin just as the colored tribes keep close to Satan by cannibalizing their kith and kin. The white man raged against the dying of the light because he saw the light of the soul in the hearts of his fellow Europeans. Small wonder that he was ready to accept the God-Man who fought against the dying of the light.

In the early part of the 20th century the apostate intellectuals of the West made it their business to de-emphasize the differences between the European people and the people of color. They told us that the Christian faith was similar to the coloreds' faiths, and the Europeans' virtues and sins were the same as the colored races. Then in the latter half of the 20th century we were told that there was a huge discrepancy between the white man's history and the colored man's history. The white man's faith and the culture that stemmed from that faith were evil and inferior to the faith and cultures of the colored people. The church men responded to the liberals' demonization of European Christianity by denouncing the European and keeping the "pure" philosophical Christianity, which is a religion without a living God, fit for men without souls. How can white men fight negro savages who torture, rape, and murder white people while imprisoned by a mind-forged Christianity that is the antithesis of the one true faith, the faith of our European forefathers? They can't.

The reason whites are being exterminated throughout the European world was summed up for me recently by a pious, Christ-hating theologian of the West. In an interview he was asked why the church was turning more and more toward the third world. He replied that it was imperative that the church should divest itself of her European trappings. "In the past," the great man intoned, "we over-romanticized the church's debt to the European people." Oh really? Is it possible to "over-romanticize" the church's debt to the European people? No, it is not possible. The Christian church consists of those who believe in the Man of Sorrows. Tell me what people, other than the European people, ever believed, as an entire people, in the light of the world. What has happened to that light now that the Europeans have gone over to negro-worship and philosophical Christianity?

The racial war and the religious war are one. When we have defeated the anti-European Christianity of the church men, we will also be imbued once more with that charity of honor which enabled our forefathers to smite the heathen and defend

their people. A people are defined by their heroes. We are the people of Alfred, of Tell, of Havelock, of Robin Hood, and of Lee. We are not the people of Martin Luther King Jr. and Mandela. The European romance, the romance of old Europe, which Scott and Burke championed, is the one true romance of life. It's in our blood and we must be true to our blood if we are to triumph over the liberals' negro worshipping kingdom of Satan on earth. +

Dismantling the Kingdom of Satan on Earth - February 1, 2014

Mau Mau was something in the African blood, calling imperatively and irresistibly. It was a revolt of savagery against all things sane and Christian and civilized and White.

— White Man Think Again

Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.

—*The Tempest*

The moral Rubicon has been crossed by the liberals of the West. Except for an occasional deathbed conversion, the liberals, who have become a new people separate and distinct from the antique Europeans of Christian Europe, will stay on the satanic side of the Rubicon. They have emptied their hearts of every decent human sentiment and placed an iron curtain, a much more evil one than the Iron Curtain of the Cold War era, around their hearts to keep satanic cruelty and blasphemy in and Christian faith, hope, and charity out.

Just as Dickens told us that nothing wonderful would proceed from the story of the *Christmas Carol* unless we grasped the fact that Marley was dead, so must I insist that His reign of charity in Europe's green and pleasant land will never be restored until we see that the liberals' professed love of the negro and all the other colored races is nothing other than an attempt, a successful attempt, to make Satan the Lord of the earth.

It is most particularly in their worship of the negro that the liberals reveal the demonic nature of their souls. The complete absence of charity in the negroes horrified the Christian Europeans, but the modern liberal delights in it. They proclaim that the negro's lack of charity is the sign of his nobility. He is a natural, noble savage at one with the animals of the jungle:

The film represented in silent form the trial and crucifixion of Jesus Christ. At the scene in the Palace where the Roman soldiers struck Him with whips and placed a crown of thorns upon His head, excited cries of 'Pika! Pika!' rang out from the Congolese. Pika means hit or strike, and quite naturally, as in a Western film we cheer on the goodies and boo the baddies, they were encouraging the strong against the weak.

Another film depicting in symbolic form the ending of the Arab slave trade by the white man was greeted with equal enthusiasm—each slash of the long whip on the wretched black man's back was cheered wholeheartedly, and when in coming to grips with the Arab the white hero is momentarily thrown to the ground—their shouts reached a crescendo of support for the Arab—not as representing a race, creed or idea—but simply because he symbolized power and force.

—*Congo Cauldron* by D. P. Dugauquier

Always it is the ethos of the jungle that prevails in a society ruled by blacks. And when whites decide to fashion a society in which the blacks are worshipped, the charity and mercy that used to exist in white Christian Europe will disappear from the face of the earth.

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 African's 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 is "the white man's job."

—*White Man Think Again*

Can there be any doubt when we survey the negro-infested world of the West that Europe has become Africa, and charity and mercy have been obliterated in the name of diversity, integration, democracy, and—the ultimate blasphemous inversion—Christianity? Faith in Christ is a two-edged sword. When men believe with their whole heart and soul, they can walk on water—witness the miracle of Christian Europe—but when they begin to doubt they start to sink, and then they forsake God and look for manmade life-rafts.

This new scientific, natural world in which the ethos of the African jungle is our guiding ethos is so much better than the Christian ethos of old Europe, is it not? A whole string of popes and a glittering array of Protestant clergymen have told us that the negroization of the world is something we should work and strive for in the name of Christ, the social worker. So many clergymen just couldn't be wrong, or could they?

In the late 1950's and the early 1960's the Belgian and the British governments turned their people in the Belgian Congo, Kenya, and Rhodesia over to the sacred negroes of Africa. Unspeakable atrocities were the result. Liberalism was deeply rooted in the West at that time, but because of the numerical superiority of whites in the Western countries, their transfer from a European culture to an African one has taken more time than in Africa. Now the new world of brutal, bestial African cruelty is upon us through the good offices of the liberal elite in state and church.

South Africa didn't cave in to negroization until the 1990's because their nation was not controlled by a European nation. They finally succumbed to the pressures from a worldwide community of liberals, who held them to be moral pariahs. No one likes to be called names and shunned, but I wonder how many of the white South Africans who voted for the ending of apartheid would gladly become, once again, the moral pariahs of the Western world in order to see their murdered loved ones alive again? Of course the biggest traitors such as de Klerk are still living quite well off the blood of their countrymen whom they betrayed.

The cold, deliberate extermination of whites is no longer confined to Africa. There is an ongoing extermination of the white race throughout every European country. The slaughter will not cease so long as liberalism is the ruling theology in the West. The numerically larger hordes of colored barbarians would mean nothing if liberals ceased to rule Europe. Just a few committed white men could easily defeat the colored barbarians. It was the liberals who encouraged and countenanced the slaughter of whites in Africa and it is the liberals who encourage and countenance the slaughter of whites in the nations of Europe. They won't be converted, so they must be defeated. The capitalist liberal who sees men as economic units only wants the freedom to hire the more servile colored races, and the socialist liberal wants the freedom to live in his hermetically sealed pleasure dome without the restrictions of the white Christian God. The great black god will not inhibit the liberal's pleasure: all the liberal has to do is sacrifice his fellow whites to his black god. De Klerk is an infamous, shining example of the liberal in a brave, new world of pleasure, purchased by the sacrificial offerings of white people to the savage gods of color.

At the moment in history when faith in Christ became faith in theology, the angels wept, Satan exulted, and the stage was set, even though the drama was to be acted out many centuries later, for the construction of Satan's kingdom on earth through the worship of the negro. God cannot be known by the human mind. All theological systems teach men to believe a lie when they make God an intellectual concept. It is only through the heart that men come to know the God who took flesh and dwelt among us. Took flesh and dwelt among us! God is God because He is human. His incarnation revealed that the soul comes to life through the flesh. How can the human mind grasp that? European hearts did grasp that impossible intellectual concept, and they acted upon it for centuries, in a land called Christian Europe.

The theological God is a distant God. And a distant God who eschews contact with human hearts sees mankind only as intellectual constructs. I once read a Roman Catholic theologian's calm assertion that the loss of European Christians to the faith was made up for by the addition of millions of Mexicans to the Church. Even if we accept the Roman Catholic's arrogant Feeneyism, should we not recoil at the notion of God as a super stat-geek, counting the aggregate gains and losses and smiling contently when He comes out ahead? Dostoyevsky gets it right in his Grand Inquisitor scene of the Brothers' Karamazov. When Ivan presents his case against God, Alyosha does not attempt to make an intellectual refutation of Ivan's rational arguments; he does not, à la Milton, attempt to explain the ways of God to man. Instead he bids Ivan look on the face of the Suffering Servant.

Theology turns God into an accountant and men into statistics. In the statistical realm, the suffering of white men means nothing because statistics don't suffer. And in the statistical realm, blacks are worshipped because the flesh cannot be sanctified. Therefore it follows that the most "natural" people, and not the God-Man of the spirit-infused white people, should be worshipped as gods.

There can be no true thought unless the heart is brought into play. By thinking alone we are all dead letters, doomed to live and die as meaningless statistics. If we contemplate the nothingness of the universe and the mathematical certainty of our own suffering and inevitable death on this earth, we will quite naturally—and I stress the word 'naturally'—seek to

anesthetize ourselves throughout our entire lifespan and then pass into the great void. Samuel Becket has expressed this modern angst quite well. It is a disease that infected the European people when theology became their religion.

In college I had a professor who did his Ph.D. dissertation on Samuel Beckett. We both shared a passion for Dostoyevsky and Shakespeare, but he saw only the Samuel Beckett elements in Dostoyevsky and Shakespeare: he did not see the Son of God. A few years after getting my degree, I visited my former professor at his home. After a few pleasantries, we got down to the serious matter. I confessed that I had come to believe in the God-Man. He fussed and fumed for a while and then told me of a student of his who had professed to believe in Christianity. He asked his student how she could believe in a loving God considering all the suffering in the world. “What about cancer, for instance?”

“I think God is trying to teach people a lesson by letting cancer run rampant. They need to return to God.”

“Oh, so when people believe in God they don’t get cancer...”

The girl’s arguments were easily ground into the dust. Maybe, even quite probably, the girl was a sincere believer in Christ, but she was defending Christianity as Satan wants Christianity to be defended, from the mind and not from the heart. That type of defense leads to an anesthetized world where white people are exterminated by black abstractions. Yes, I said abstractions, because the liberals do not care about the blacks, except as executioners of white Christians. If they really cared about their black demi-gods, they would want to restore white-ruled Africa and white Europe so that the whites could once again stop blacks from murdering blacks. I don’t ever mean to suggest that white rule should be restored because it is good for blacks. I am merely showing the liberals’ theology in all its naked ugliness. They are incapable of any type of genuine love for any racial group because they have forsaken their own people and the God-Man who lives and reigns in the hearts of the European people, the remnant of Europeans who have not reasoned God and His people into statistical nonentities.

Let me go back to that atheist professor. I responded to his “why is there cancer?” attack on God with Alyosha’s response to his brother Ivan. He didn’t fall on his knees and become a Christian, but he didn’t sneer either. Of course a Beckett-devotee is not as far gone as a theological liberal of the secular or the religious variety. Their theology arms them against all human feelings. And one must have some human feelings in order to know the humane God.

European men, armed with statistical indifference to the God-man and cold hatred for His people, have built a negro-worshipping world devoid of faith, hope, and charity. European men who do not care about statistics and who have an irrational, illogical, heartfelt attachment to their own people and their God, the Man of Sorrows, will dismantle the liberals’ negro-worshipping kingdom of Satan on earth. +

One Race, One Faith, One Shepherd - January 25, 2014

“All ye shall be offended because of me this night: for it is written, I will smite the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.” – Matthew 26: 31

In 1931 Albert Einstein came out with a pamphlet called *Cosmic Religion* in which he outlined his idea of what a true religion should be. First he dismissed the primitive “fear of lightning” type of religious faith:

In primitive peoples it is, first of all, fear that awakens religious ideas—fear of hunger, of wild animals, of illness, and of death. Since the understanding of causal connections is usually limited on this level of existence, the human soul forges a being, more or less like itself, on whose will and activities depend the experiences which it fears.

Then he tells of the second stage of religious faith and proceeds from there to the third stage.

An important advance in the life of a people is the transformation of the religion of fear into the moral religion. But one must avoid the prejudice that regards the religions of primitive peoples as pure fear religions and those of the civilized races as pure moral religions. All are mixed forms, though the moral element predominates in the higher levels of social life. Common to all these types is the anthropomorphic character of the idea of God.

Only exceptionally gifted individuals or especially noble communities rise essentially above this level; in these there is found a third level of religious experience, even if it is seldom found in a pure form. I will call it the cosmic religious sense. This is hard to make clear to those who do not experience it, since it does not involve an anthropomorphic idea of God; the individual feels the vanity of human desires and aims, and the nobility and marvelous order which are revealed in nature and in the world of thought.

I quoted the 'great' Einstein because I didn't think anyone would believe me if I told them he had said anything so trivial and superficial. But those are Einstein's actual thoughts on religion. How many times have we heard the expression, "He's no Einstein," used to describe a person of below average intelligence? Instead we should say, "He's not the sharpest tack in the drawer, but at least he's not as stupid as Einstein." You wouldn't get your religion from a mechanic, even a very able mechanic, so why should Europeans take their religious faith from men such as Einstein who study the mechanized works of nature? The Emperor has no clothes, but the "intelligent" Europeans of the modern era of darkness lack a little child to proclaim the truth.

The anthropomorphic religion of the God-Man is not a 'stage' on the way to cosmic nature; it is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. When the Europeans ceased to believe that the God-Man was superior to cosmic nature, they did not make a moral progression: they descended to the slime pits of the savage heathen gods. Einstein's cosmic religion has become the worship of negroes. When the European people rejected the God-Man for cosmic nature, they created a spiritual void that the negro man-god entered. The negro could not resurrect the dead and he was devoid of charity and mercy, but contrary to what the cosmic naturalists tell us a man must have a living breathing representation of his faith. Even the tough guy Nietzsche rushed out into the street to embrace a horse who was being beaten. Why should a superman beyond good and evil comfort a poor suffering horse? Was that the closest Nietzsche could come to embracing the Suffering Servant he claimed he had no need for? The cosmic nature religion of Albert Einstein and his fellow liberals is ridiculously trivial because it fails to take into account the deepest longings of the human heart. And it is horrifically inhumane because it replaces Christ, the God of mercy, with the negro, the god of blood and cruelty. Metternich said that whenever he heard the word 'democracy' he knew a bloodbath was coming. Likewise, whenever we hear of religions that go beyond the anthropomorphic God of Christianity we know that a cruel, primitive god of 'cosmic nature' is going to be visited upon us: "Welcome the savage god."

In the first half of the 20th century a writer of short stories, Wilbur Daniel Steele, wrote a story that described the tragedy of modern man's obsession with the religion of science and cosmic nature. In "The Man Who Saw through Heaven," Steele tells the story of the Reverend Hubert Diana who, en route to Africa to preach Christ to the heathens, stops off at the Boston Observatory and sees a new god. He sees the god of cosmic nature in the stars. This startling revelation of the world of science and cosmic nature leads the Reverend on a downward spiral – the liberals would call it an ascent – through all the primitive totem and sacrifice religions of the African natives. Years later, a white man sent to find the Rev. Hubert Diana, the former disciple of Christ and then a cosmic naturalist and negro worshipper, finds that the Reverend, now deceased, has left a few words scrawled on parchment as his final statement on religion: "Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name!" He passed through his own Via Dolorosa and came back to the God-Man. All of us born in the 20th century and those born in the 21st century will have to face what Hubert Diana faced. Will we reject cosmic nature and cling to the God-Man? Or will we embrace cosmic nature and the god of cosmic nature as the liberals have done? The saving grace of Hubert Diana was his fanaticism. He was a fanatical Christian before his conversion to cosmic nature, and he was a whole-hearted cosmic naturalist when he converted to the new scientific religion. Because he pursued his new faith to its ultimate conclusion, he was able to see "the horror, the horror," of a faith that begins with the worship of cosmic nature and ends with the worship of negroes. His end was his new beginning, because he was not lukewarm. The churches and the grazers have settled for a lukewarm mixture of cosmic negro worship and tepid Christianity, which makes them as pliable as putty in the hands of the liberals. It is needful that they pursue their new religion to its ultimate conclusion, then, facing "the horror, the horror," they can make their choice: Christ or the Devil.

Such a consummation, that of a cosmic negro worshipper confronting the utter horror of his new religion, is devoutly to be wished for. But it is a consummation unlikely to occur because that is the whole point of cosmic negro worship: it is an escape from reality. The new triune religion of the Father – the abstracted intellect, the Son – the negro, and the Holy Ghost – Science, is a religion designed to avoid the pain of existence. There are no crucifixions in the liberals' religion except the crucifixion of the 'bad white people' who must atone for their sins against the negro by shedding their blood.

There is much wisdom in the old tale about a room of philosophers who have gathered together to decide how many teeth a horse has. After hours and hours of debate, having reached no conclusion, the philosophers are ready to give up in despair until a little boy suggests that they should simply go out and count a horse's teeth. Our people, the antique Europeans, left a record of their search for the truth of existence. They plumbed the depths and told us that there was a spirit above the dust who had a local habitation and a name. Why should we reject their wisdom, which came as a result of their own personal Via Dolorosa, for the abstract "wisdom" of the cosmic naturalists who never looked beyond the surface of the material world? We shouldn't reject their wisdom because it is the rock on which we can build a sustaining faith in a God of charity and mercy who is diametrically opposed to the merciless negro gods of the liberals.

There is nothing wrong with providing white people with the information about black atrocities. But such reporting must not be done in a moral vacuum as is currently the case. Christendom fell because its rulers ceased to believe in their moral legitimacy. Some ceased to believe in Christianity entirely, and others felt that the Europeans' failure to usher in a perfect world devoid of sin meant that a new, more receptive race of noble savages should supplant the decadent Europeans. That

coalition of secular liberals and utopian clergymen began the process which has ended with institutionalized negro worship under the canopy of cosmic nature. So long as the white grazers doubt the moral legitimacy of their European ancestors, they will remain docile in the face of negro atrocities against white people. They will accept every atrocity because such atrocities are acts of God that cannot be questioned. You cry over such things when they hit your own household, but you don't challenge the moral legitimacy of your gods.

Liberalism will start to fall and then eventually crumble when white people believe in their moral legitimacy and no longer believe in the moral legitimacy of negroes and liberals. This is why atrocity stories must be taken out of their moral vacuum. Every atrocity story should be followed by a demand for the dethronement of the negro gods and the re-enthronement of the Christian God of old Europe; not the 'social worker' Christ who supports the bloody reign of demonic negro demi-gods, but the true Christ, the Christ who entered the hearts of the antique Europeans and bid them rise and ride in defense of charity and mercy. The satanic Mandela said that whites need to experience another Isandlwana. He got his wish. Europe is now one continual Isandlwana. So long as white people believe that blacks are divine noble savages who have a moral right to murder whites, the massacres will continue unabated. Break that liberal chain of moral legitimacy, and black atrocities will become something to be avenged rather than countenanced, and liberal rule will be seen as a yoke to be thrown off rather than a blessed system of government that must be supported as the last great hope of mankind for peace and harmony on earth.

The liberals' cosmic nature religion, which blends science and negro worship, was ushered in by men who hated humanity. In their minds any religion that was humane was inferior and doomed to go the way of the evolutionary trash heap. How could faith in the God-Man survive in a world where the religion of Albert Einstein, the religion of cosmic nature, was the reigning theology? It couldn't survive and it did not survive. The churches tried to keep Christianity while jettisoning the European people. They did not see that the elimination of the European people meant the rejection of Christ. If we cannot know Christ in and through the people who took Him into their hearts, how can we know Christ? Through church documents interpreted by the men of superior intellects? Or through the Biblical interpretations of the great men of intellect? It should be writ large in all the churches: "If you take the European people from Christianity, you take away the living God from Christianity."

In his book *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, Ian Maclaren describes a good man named Burnbrae as being "far ben," which is the people of Drumtochy's highest compliment to a man they feel has come closest to Christ. We must see through, not with, the eye in order to see past what the antique Europeans had in common with the colored races to what set them apart from the colored races. The Europeans were "far ben." They saw Christ in His Divinity and His Humanity, and they called on Him by name. When we, the descendants of the Europeans who were "far ben," look on their faith as the beginning and the end of religious faith and not as a stage on the way to a cosmic religion, we will be in a position to turn the blood-red tide of negro-worshipping liberalism away from the sacred European lands.

Christ's revelation to His beloved apostle, John, was true then and it is true now: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." The devil struck out at Christ by attacking His people. Now it is time for the scattered flock of His people to return to their true Shepherd and restore His Kingdom Come, on earth as it is in Heaven. +

Armed with Cruel Hate - January 18, 2014

You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman

—As You Like It

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

—Matthew 25:40

Last week the American actress named Meryl Streep, whose physical ugliness is only surpassed by her moral ugliness, made a spiteful attack on Walt Disney. He had, according to the moral pariah named Streep, antiquated views on women and was anti-Semitic. Why Streep did not add the 'racist' charge, which is usually thrown at Disney because of his movie *Song of the South*, I do not know. It probably was because Streep wanted to file new charges against Walt Disney. The racist charge is already a codified part of the liberals' case against Disney.

Let's be clear about the reason for Streep's attack on Walt Disney and the liberals' ongoing war against him. Walt Disney was a twentieth century Hans Christian Andersen. His wonderful imagination was grounded in Christian Europe. Like

Andersen, like Scott, like Burke, Disney had that charity of honor that belongs exclusively to the antique Europeans who had faith, hope, and charity bred into their bones. Everything Disney did buoyed up people's hopes and made them much more likely to believe in His reign of charity. Everything Streep and her ilk do defaces the image of God in man and leads men toward the Kingdom of Satan on earth.

Thomas Hughes tells us in his book, *Tom Brown's School Days*, that we come to know God through the mysterious human relationships we form with our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and the heroes of our racial hearth fires, the men and women who embody the virtues we hold dear. Walt Disney was my hero growing up, and he retains my abiding love because his vision of man was grounded in Christian Europe. All the true heroes of our race point us to Him. And we do not leave our mysterious human relationships behind when we find Him. Human beings are not stepping stones. We love Christ in and through our people.

Liberals such as Meryl Streep attack the heroes of the European hearth fire because they know such heroes are conduits to Christ. And conversely, liberals such as Meryl Streep love and support the negro because they instinctively know that the negro is a conduit to Satan. Streep vilifies Disney, whose life was gentle and full of Christian virtues, while she adds her voice to the choir of devils who sing the praises of men like Nelson Mandela, a man whose life was full of violent atrocities done in the service of Satan. So long as Satan rules Europe, the good and true heroes of our race will be an anathema, and the heathens of color will be worshipped.

Whites such as Disney whose work placed them on the European side of the Great Divide are attacked with the usual litany of abuse – he was racist, he was sexist, etc. – after their deaths. But those whites still living who maintain some connection to old 'racist' Europe must not only suffer the litanies of abuse, they must also face torture and murder. The South African whites, who maintained blessed apartheid into the 1990's, are being exterminated with the blessing of the liberal world because they dared to carry white Europe to Africa and attempted to defend it against all the forces of Satandom. Now the liberals and the colored heathens are making sure that every last Afrikaner is exterminated.

There are no more prophets in the strict biblical sense. The age of prophecy ended with the coming of Christ. But there are modern day prophets in the poetic sense of the word. There are men so alive to the spiritual currents of their times that they can see into the future with blinding sight. Edmund Burke was a prophet, the greatest of the European prophets: he saw what would happen in Europe if the spirit of Jacobinism remained unchecked. Dostoevsky was a prophet as well; he saw the rivers of blood that would flow in Russia and throughout the world if the Bolsheviks came to power. And lastly came Anthony Jacob, who saw that negro worship was the final outcome of European Jacobinism. He warned that every European was a South African. We were all, because our leaders worshipped negroes, to share the same fate as the white South Africans. If South Africa fell, Jacob warned, the rest of the European nations would fall as well. And South Africa did fall, with the approval of the white-hating, Christ-hating leaders of Liberaldom.

Now we are all Afrikaners: the extermination of whites is not just 'over there.' It is here, just as Anthony Jacob told us it would be. "Once our grace we have forgot." If we were still a Christian people we would fight for the Afrikaners: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Foremost in the fight against European negro worship in the past, the Afrikaners are now the particular target of the cruel hate of the liberals. They are the 'least of these my brethren' whom we must defend, because they are our people and because they are one, in their suffering, with the Man of Sorrows. They are being crucified because they tried to bring Christian Europe to Africa.

The same hatred that drives Meryl Streep to spew her venom on Walt Disney drives the liberals of the Western world to worship Mandela and countenance the massacre of the Afrikaners. In South Africa the liberals tell us outright, "The South African whites deserve to be exterminated." When Terre Blanch was assassinated, the liberals labeled him a "white supremacist" to show that it was noble and good to kill him. But aren't all the South African whites, in the eyes of the liberals, white supremacists? Yes, they are. "So it is good and noble," the liberals proclaim, "to exterminate all the whites in South Africa."

And what of the whites in Europe and the U.S.? Is it good and noble to kill them? Yes, it is, but the liberals are slightly more nuanced about the extermination of whites outside of South Africa. In Europe and the U.S., the liberals, when they can't keep colored atrocities out of the news, generally call colored atrocities "regrettable" (in contrast to the non-regrettable atrocities in South Africa) "but understandable, considering the persecution and the years of oppression, etc." Nothing is ever the fault of the black barbarians – indeed there is no such thing as a black barbarian – they are all noble savages, and black atrocities, which are not really atrocities, are not as dangerous as white retaliation against black atrocities. What we all must worry about is that some racist white person might love his own people enough to strike back at and maybe even injure one of the chosen ones, a noble black savage.

The accepted party line among the Christ-hating, Church idolaters of the West is that white South Africans brought on their own destruction because they refused to abandon apartheid which was opposed to Christianity. But if that was the

case, why was abortion illegal in apartheid South Africa and legal in Mandela's South Africa? The truth is that South Africa became part of Liberalism when the white leaders, such as de Klerk, repudiated their Christian ancestors and caved in to the negro-worshipping liberal world that surrounded them. I would love to see an invading Army from Europe destroy the satanic black government of South Africa and reinstate a white apartheid government, but that will not happen because the leaders of the European nations hate the light and worship darkness. A counter revolution in South Africa, like a counter revolution in Europe or the U.S., must come from within the ranks of the oppressed whites' own nation and from the ranks of the few who have not lost sight of what a European man fights for: his racial hearth fire presided over by the God of his ascending race. Are we in the West and those in South Africa completely devoid of men like Andries Pretorius who led the successful punitive attack against the Zulus at Blood River? It would seem that there are no such heroes anymore. But I find it hard to believe that every trace of the old bred-in-the-bone Christianity has been burned out of the European people. God has always sent us champions, men who know not seems, to smite the heathen and confound the wicked. I don't see how the age of science and cosmic nature can change the ways of God.

It might seem like a strange juxtaposition I have made in this article, that of Walt Disney and the Afrikaners, but it does not seem strange to me. When I was growing up, a Disney movie such as *Pinocchio*, *Snow White*, or *The Swiss Family Robinson* seemed magical to me. There was something about a Disney movie that touched me deep inside. As I got older I realized what was so special about the Disney movies. The movies came from the heart of a man who knew, instinctively, that charity never faileth. A man with that vision has seen the face of God in His people.

When the spawn of Satan, Dingaan, chief of the Zulus, gave the orders to kill Retief and all his followers, he shouted, "Hither, my warriors! Kill the wizards!" Yes, there was something magical about the white man, something that a murderous black savage such as Dingaan could never understand. He only knew there was some magic within the white man that was antithetical to his satanic black magic. Every fiber of his being told him he must destroy the white man.

Their methods differ, but the hatred is the same. What Streep hates in Walt Disney, the Zulu chief hated in the whites whom he massacred. The "magic" is to be found in 1 Corinthians 13, and it was burned into the blood of the antique Europeans. Once the Europeans return to the wisdom of their blood, they will fight for their people in the name of the God whose divine charity never faileth. +

Confessions of a Stupid Man - January 11, 2014

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 can I give him, give him my heart.

-Christina Rossetti

During the regular year I usually hover around the 90% line: I spend 90% of my time in old Europe through the good offices of Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, and the legion of soldiers of the cross who lived, worked, and died on the European side of the Great Divide. The 10% of the time I spend in Modernia is my concession to the powers that be. The liberals are the malevolent rulers of Europe, so I must spend enough time in their world to see what they are up to. But at Christmas time, which I regard as the twelve day period starting on the 25th of December, I shut the liberals and their world off completely and stay exclusively with old Europe throughout the Christmas season. And I find that the complete Christmas immersion heightens the contrast between old and new Europe and makes me, upon re-entry into Satania, even more conscious of that which was lost and the evil we must combat. Let us once again gird up our loins and attack the liberals. We must hate them with our whole heart and mind and soul because of Him whom they fight against and whom we fight for.

There is no mistaking the Great Divide. Prior to World War I there still existed a sturdy Christian peasantry throughout the European nations. There was a large segment of intellectuals that had gone over to the culture of the cynical smile and the scornful sneer, but there were still a few Christian defenders in the ranks of the intelligentsia. With the wholesale apostasy of the European intelligentsia after World War I came the gradual deterioration of the Christian peasantry. A Christian ethos survived until 1965, and after that all was cheerless, dark and deadly: the new Babylon had supplanted the old European Christianity.

The literature of the West in the early twentieth century reflected the change in the Europeans' collective soul. Suddenly the old Christian storytelling tradition represented by Dickens, Austen, and Scott was considered immature and frivolous. The new novels, which were impossible to understand without an authorial glossary and a reference book of literary symbols, became fashionable. Literary critics, who were confused and conflicted men, pronounced works like Joyce's

Ulysses and Proust's Remembrance of Things Past to be "realistic masterpieces" because they depicted man as a confused jumble of emotions without any spiritual core. Man was simply a stream of consciousness without a beginning or an end. Twentieth century literature, with the exception of certain deliberate throwbacks such as C. S. Lewis and John Buchan, is full of authors who see man as part of cosmic nature, a soulless creature subject to the laws of a natural world that has no God over and above it.

At first the message of 'man as bug' literature was one of despair. Man is alone in a universe that is not, as was previously thought by unscientific Europeans of the past, animated by a loving God. 'They have taken away my Lord out of the sepulcher and we know not where they have laid him.' But the despairing cries of anguish of the early twentieth century writers gave way to a new faith by the latter half of the twentieth century. Men — not even liberals who professed to be supermen that did not need God as a 'crutch' — could not live without some human incarnation of God. Science had destroyed the Christian God and replaced Him with cosmic nature, but cosmic nature — 'May the force be with you' — was not enough. Who could be the incarnate god of cosmic nature? All that needless metaphysical angst of such writers as Camus and Sarte. The answer to man's aloneness in the universe was staring them right in the face. All they needed to do was to pick up a copy of Rousseau's work on the Noble Savage. In the latter half of the twentieth century the black man became the new Messiah. Around their new savior's throne, the liberals rejoiced and bid the new peasantry fall in line and worship the god of cosmic nature. "We are happy, we are fulfilled, we are content," sang the not-so-happy, not-so-fulfilled, not-so-contented grazers.

The liberals have presented their new cosmic nature religion as an advance: "Christianity was anthropomorphic, Christianity was infantile, Christianity was unscientific." But really what is so intelligent and "advanced" about a religion that has negro gods? Nothing, of course. Which is why the liberals will not acknowledge that they have made the negroes their gods. That admission would indicate that they could not face existence with Mother Earth alone, that they needed an incarnate God who embodied all the natural virtues of the earth — vitality, innocence, and purity. Are we talking about the same God? Well might you ask that question. I don't see what the liberals see in their incarnate god either, but then I am not a cosmic naturalist, I am a reactionary European.

There was no Christian counterattack when the negro became the liberals' god, because Christ had been theologized out of existence by European churchmen determined to remove the European taint from Christianity. At the moment faith becomes abstract theology, it becomes as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, a worthless faith in the human mind's ability to perform endless intellectual gymnastic feats to no purpose. A truly sustaining faith must be rooted in the human heart, where all momentous questions of existence are decided. Since the theologians have presented a false Aslan to the European peasants, an Aslan that was a mere composite of the intellectual vapors of soul-dead theologians, the peasants stopped believing in Aslan. They are now in the process of learning to love the negro Aslan. The extent to which the European people can become content with the negro-as-God will determine whether we will continue to live under the yoke of Satanists or whether His people will break through the walls of Liberalism and restore His reign of charity.

The biggest obstacle preventing the emergence of a Christian few — and a few is all that is necessary — is the parasitical, theological churchmen, who live off the Christian patrimony of the antique Europeans whom they despise. The churchmen exist to serve Satan. By rejecting Christ's church — 'where two or three are gathered together in His name' — and locating Christ's church in the organizational minds of theologians who have rejected 'that good part' of the faith in favor of their own abstract versions of the faith, the modern churchmen have made organized Christianity synonymous with negro worship. There are many ways of killing the Christian faith. The modern way is the way of the men of theology who plague the organized Christian churches. They place Christ in a subordinate position to the sacred negro and then claim divine sanction for their church. So long as church buildings and church organizations are considered the holy repositories of the Christian faith, the religion of Satan will flourish.

Secular liberalism sprang from the minds of Christian theologians who sought to scientize God, to put Him in a magic box that only they had access to. "If you're really good," the theologians told us, "we will give you a quick peek in the box. But only for an instant, and then God must go back in His box where only we can have access to Him." "But if God can be found in nature, the biological nature that scientists study, why do we need the theological middle men?" was the irreverent response to the theologians who thought they had God in their magic boxes. So secular liberalism soon engulfed the Christianity of the magic boxes. Now, in order to be heard at all, the churchmen must preach liberalism louder than the secular liberals. This essential unity between the church (as defined by theologians) and the secular liberal state was highlighted at the funeral of the blood-soaked black terrorist Nelson Mandela. "Religious" Christians and mad-dog liberals all flocked to pay homage to the noble black savage.

The unhallowed churchmen of the satanic, negro-worshipping organizations called Christian churches are sometimes made uneasy by the militancy of the gay rights, sexual-depravity wing of the liberal juggernaut. But they mute their criticisms of sexual depravity while concentrating on the unifying symbol of nature and nature's god, the negro. The modern return to nature and nature's god is like the ancient Hebrew's return to Baal. The curse shall not be lifted from our

people until we leave the temples of negro worship and join with the people of God, the Europeans who are gathered together in His name.

Because I am tall, elderly ladies often ask me to get certain top-shelf items for them in the grocery store. After obliging an elderly lady the other day, I noticed she was barely able to walk. We had a short conversation while I took her groceries to the cab. She told me she was suffering from a degenerative spine disease and didn't expect to live much longer. Nothing unusual here, is there? We all must suffer and die. But the woman was in such obvious pain that I had a strong desire to place my hand on her and heal her. And I thought how wonderful it would be to have the power to heal the sick and lame as Christ did when He walked this earth. Do you remember what Tiny Tim said to his father that day in church?

"Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas-day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

We all must suffer and die, but must we suffer and die without the hope that our suffering and death will be redeemed by Christ? The civilization that believed in such a hope, the Hope of the world, has been replaced because it was deemed to be racist, unscientific, and stupid. Let me conclude this Christmas season by stating my complete and uncompromising hatred for the new world of cosmic nature with its negro god, while renewing my love for and my fidelity to His Europe, the dear, dear land of storybooks that leads us to the Light that shineth in darkness. +

We Few - January 4, 2014

The Lord did not set his love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people. – Deuteronomy 7:7

The deification of Nelson Mandela would have been a disgusting spectacle at any time of the year, but it seemed doubly offensive when it took place as a prelude to the Christmas season. Conservatives and liberals, Catholics and Protestants, all were united in their adoration of a murderous black thug whose one abiding passion was his hatred of white people. And in fact it was that hatred that made him holy in the eyes of the liberals: holiness comes cheaply in Liberaldom.

The Europeans are a captive people just as the Israelites were a captive people in Egypt and later in Babylon. The Europeans will only break free of their chains when they return to their God, who can only be known through His people. Modern churchmen who have gone whoring after the heathen negro gods of Liberaldom try to abstract God from His people so that they, the churchmen, can worship black idols at the bidding of their abstract God. But God is not an abstraction who can be invoked to support negro worship and sexual depravity and then be put back in the liberals' closet. Our people stood, like Moses, before the living God, and they bore witness to the light before all the nations. Because of their witness, they were hated by all the colored nations (why take us from our beloved Egyptian night?) just as He was hated. Now the Europeans are a captive people because the white hierarchies of all the white nations hate the light and worship darkness. But the fact that white people are hated by the wicked, the negro worshippers, the feminists, the sodomites, and the colored barbarians should be a sign to us that our people must survive as a sign of contradiction to Satan's minions who have set up the kingdom of hell on earth.

The race war is a religious war because God must, if He is to be a greater God than the unknown god of the pagan philosophers, be a God with a local habitation and a name. It was the belief of our people, the Europeans, that God's local habitation was in the hearts of the European people, and His name was Jesus. Destroy that faith, the Europeans' belief that God was incarnate in their people, and the light of the world is extinguished. The people who worship Nelson Mandela — and those people are legion — are obsessed with darkness. They are fascinated by the great possibilities of a world devoid of white Europeans. We are already seeing what such a world will look like. It will look like South Africa, a land where charity is nonexistent and the murder of white people is considered laudatory. But of course what happens to whites in South Africa does not affect whites in America and Europe because we are the good whites, are we not? We worship at the proper shrines, the shrines dedicated to Nelson Mandela and Martin Luther King Jr., and we perform our daily acts of obeisance to the black gods so we will not be harmed. We are the new, nonwhite white people who believe that the white man can change his soul and become black, pure black inside.

As all the leaders of what was once Christendom flocked to South Africa to worship Nelson Mandela I couldn't help but think of the Christmas carol, "O Come, All Ye Faithful":

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold him, born the King of Angels;

O come, let us adore him;
O come, let us adore him:
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

Is it not crystal clear that evil incarnate has become the white liberals' god? Did they not go to South Africa to adore their anointed lord? In the 1950s the white European civilization was tottering on the brink of destruction, facing an "if these shadows are not altered" future. Now the future is here. Christendom has become Satandom; we have gone from the light eternal to eternal night. The caricatures of human beings who went to adore Nelson Mandela are the end product of a long line of Christian apostates who sought to abstract God from the hearts of His people. Rousseau's 'Noble Savage' paradise is upon us! Is there a European among us who will reject this modern "paradise" for old Europe? John Paul II declared Mandela to be a saint, thus giving the Church's assent to the worship of darkness. But there is a better faith than John Paul II's faith in Nelson Mandela. There is the ancient faith of the European people. The Man of Sorrows is still our Savior, and Nelson Mandela is still the devil's own, no matter what the ruling elites from hell tell us to the contrary.

I had no knowledge of a television show called *Duck Dynasty* until last week when one member of the 'dynasty' was deemed a moral pariah for stating that homosexuality was sinful. Many evangelicals who are quite liberal as regards the support of anti-Christian Israel, race-mixing, and the worship of the negro, are still against the legitimatizing of homosexuality. So I was not that interested in the Duck Dynasty commotion until I heard that the offending patriarch was also accused of being a racist. Could this actually be a Christian counter-attack? No, it wasn't. The Duck Dynasty patriarch was quite liberal on the subject of race. He simply wanted to go halfway down the slippery slope, which starts with race mixing, and then stop his slide right before he got to the part of the slope marked 'homosexuality.' But it is quite significant that the liberals wanted to connect racial Babylon and sexual Babylon. They – unlike the confused evangelicals such as the Duck Dynasty patriarch – see that racial Babylon and sexual Babylon are intimately linked. If our bodies cannot be spiritualized, if white and black skin is only pigmentation without any spiritual significance, then we can do whatever we want with our bodies. I don't have to describe the results of that type of mindset; the results are all around us.

The initial attack of the liberals on our racial home came in the form of the scientific man, the man in the white lab coat. We were told that it was unscientific to equate different spiritual attributes to different skin colors. But if that is so then why did the great believers in science make the negro a sacred mystical creature? The liberals' "science" is more mystical than the most fantastical meanderings of the Christian mystics. What liberals say they are building, a color blind world of peace and love, is not what they intend to build. They intend to build a world without white people and without the faith, hope, and charity that existed in the culture of old Europe. They will stop at nothing to achieve their ends. How many Jonathan Fosters must be tortured and murdered before the liberals' version of peace on earth can be realized? There is no limit. They will keep murdering, by proxy, till either they or the white Europeans are destroyed. Like the Jacobins that Burke fought, the modern liberals have left everything human behind them. They have only their implacable hatred to lead them on.

They do not commit crimes for their designs; but they form designs that they may commit crimes. It is not their necessity, but their nature, that impels them. They are modern philosophers, which when you say of them, you express every thing that is ignoble, savage, and hard-hearted.

That is what the European who wishes to remain European must take into his heart and soul. Modernity encompasses all that is "ignoble, savage, and hard-hearted." And the sacred negro is the deity at the center of the liberals' kingdom of modernity in which evil is good and good is evil.

The legitimatizing of homosexual activity, feminism, and legalized abortion all stem from the replacement of bred in the bone Christianity, in which Christ is our kinsman and our Lord, for a new faith in the divinity of the negro, supported and maintained by an abstract and remote Christ figure who exists only to support racial Babylon and condemn all European racists. Is such a Christ figure our God? Does he have any basis in reality? No, he doesn't. Our God is the living God who came and dwelt amongst us when we believed that our race was inseparable from our faith.

When faith and race are one there is no quailing in front of the superior numbers of the enemy. Stevenson's Alexander Smollett was the embodiment of the blood faith of the antique Europeans. When faced with overwhelming numbers he did not hesitate to respond according to the code:

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.

By an instinct greater than reason the integral European knows that he must be connected to God in his heart, the spiritual core of his being, or else be a ghostly specter, a caricature of a human being.

Creeds that men live by must be emblazoned on their hearts. Europeans are now mere outer husks, devoid of humanity, because the liberals have the love of the negro within their hearts, and the grazers' hearts are empty slates. Can a human being live without an animating creed that stems from his heart? The liberals couldn't; their utopia of science had to take on a god who stirred their hearts. But Nelson Mandela and the black race bear no resemblance to the God who once dwelt within the hearts of the European people. We should not be coerced by the perfumed clerics of apostasy into taking the sacred negro into our hearts. There is no room for two Gods in a man's heart. If we do not keep Christ, and Christ alone, in our hearts, we will follow the creed of black Babylon, which tells us that all whites should be exterminated and that faith, hope, and charity are relics of an evil time before the code of race-mixing, sexual perversion, and cruelty became the law of the land.

If we follow the call of the blood, the call of honor, we will fly our sovereign's colors, which are red for the blood He shed on the cross and white for our people, while fighting to our last breath against all other flags and creeds. What type of creed bids a man destroy his own race and worship a savage, murderous race of people who haven't even a word for charity? Certainly not a Christian creed. And we shall be a Christian people or we will cease to be a people.

There is no foothold halfway down the slippery slope, only at the topmost rock, the rock of faith and race, can a people stand as a people against the liberals and their creed of negro worship. In and through the love of our own, we come to the love of Him. On that rock we shall stand and oppose their creed of darkness with our creed, forged at our racial hearth fires, of honor and blood. So long as a few, a blessed few, honor old Europe and despise the new Europe of Mandela we will be enough. +

Remembrances III: The Woman Who Loved Much - December 21, 2013

To my readers: Our European ancestors knew, not by dint of reason, but by instinct, that faith and race are spiritually inseparable. A man who forsook his people would forsake his God. But the new European of the 20th century, the rational man, determined to divest himself of the "prejudices" of the past, divorced himself from his own people and sought to find divinity in and kinship with the sacred negro. What follows is a tale about the clash between the old Europe of faith and race and the new Europe of egotism, science, and negro worship. God bless all the old Europeans, and may you have a very Merry Christmas!

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#### **The Woman Who Loved Much**

The rebels to God perfectly abhor the Author of their being. They hate him "with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength." He never presents himself to their thoughts but to menace and alarm them. They cannot strike the Sun out of Heaven, but they are able to raise a smouldering smoke that obscures him from their own eyes. Not being able to revenge themselves on God, they have a delight in vicariously defacing, degrading, torturing, and tearing in pieces His image in man. – Edmund Burke

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I probably should be following some kind of chronological order with these remembrances, but I find that my memory will not conform to any chronological order. Maybe that's for the best.

It was 1920, two years after the end of that War in which so many young European men lost their lives. I don't think Europe ever recovered from that war, which started, I think, from a deep spiritual malaise. But I'll leave that topic alone for the time being.

As I started to say, it was 1920, early April, when Ann Harris came to see me. She was an attractive woman in her mid-fifties whom I recognized as a semi-regular attendee at St. Johns. I had never spoken personally to Mrs. Harris, as all my requests for pastoral visits remained unanswered. So I was quite surprised when my secretary told me that a Mrs. Harris wanted to see me.

"Thank you for taking the time to see me," Mrs. Harris said as she entered the room.

"That's quite all right," I said as I rose to shake her hand and show her to a seat. "How can I help you?"

"I don't know that you can help me, Reverend, but I most certainly need help. I'm not a very demonstrative person, so I might look quite calm and collected, but I'm not. I'm at the end of all patience, all endurance, and all hope."

“Do you know the Rev. Lyte’s hymn, ‘Abide with Me’?” I asked her.

“Yes, of course, I was raised in the Church of England.”

“Let’s kneel then and let the first verse of Lyte’s hymn be our prayer.”

We both knelt while I said the first verse of that beautiful hymn and prayer:

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness thickens. Lord with me abide.  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

“You’re the only man with whom I could pray like that without feeling like a complete ninny and a complete hypocrite.”

“How so? Do you usually find it difficult to pray?”

“Yes, for the simple reason that I don’t believe in God. Does that shock you?”

“No; European atheism is becoming more and more prevalent.”

“Why do you call it European atheism? Why not just call it atheism?”

“Because, I believe that Christ is the one true God. And the only people that have believed that, as a people, were the Europeans. One could say that the colored people of the world are atheists, in that they don’t believe in the true God, Jesus Christ, but the word ‘atheist’ is a European concept, and it refers to the Europeans’ rejection of Christ. I don’t know if I stated that very clearly.”

“I understand what you’re saying. Aren’t you worried about being called prejudiced and provincial for your views?”

“No.”

She laughed. “You know, I don’t think I’ve laughed once in the last four years.”

“Then I’m glad I made you laugh.”

“Why are the Europeans all becoming atheists, Reverend?”

“I didn’t say they were all becoming atheists. But atheism, at least professed atheism, is becoming more widespread in Europe.”

“Then I’ll ask you again. Why is atheism becoming more widespread among Europeans?”

“I’m just one person, with one opinion, but it seems to me that the European intellectuals, particularly in France, which is always at the forefront of radicalism, think that they are too smart to believe in a provincial God who took flesh and dwelt among us.”

“That’s nothing new. There have always been a number of Voltaire’s and Rousseau’s among the European intellectuals.”

“Yes, but now the infection is more widespread, and for the first time the masses, what I call the peasants, whether they work with the soil or not, are becoming intellectualized and atheistic. And it all stems from a fear of being called stupid.”

“You’re not London-born and bred, are you, Reverend?”

“No, I’m a country boy. But I’ve grown to love this city and its people. How about yourself – were you born here?”

“Yes, I’m a Londoner, born and bred. My parents vacationed in the country, but that is all I ever saw of the countryside. Maybe I would have turned out better if I had been country-bred. You know – Constable and all that sort of stuff – looking out over God’s creation and attending a small country church.”

“There are atheists in the country as well as the city.”

"I suppose there are, but still I can't help but wonder if I might have turned out better had I been country-bred. What do you think?"

"It's not for me to say that you haven't turned out well."

"But if I don't believe in God, how can you, as an Anglican clergyman, tell me that I've turned out all right?"

"There is someone in that book on the table who says judge not lest ye be judged."

"Yes, but that applies to the disposition of souls. It doesn't mean you can't judge an individual's actions or beliefs."

"You are a better debater than I am, Mrs. Harris."

"Now you're being condescending."

"Perhaps I am. You're quite right. We can and should judge the beliefs and actions of individuals and let God judge the disposition of souls. I do think atheism is an abomination, but I can't really be sure, on first acquaintance, that I can take your atheism at face value. I know it's often a mistake not to take an enemy at face value, and an atheist is my enemy, but there is a difference between a militant atheist who hates the light of the world, which is a contradiction – How do you hate a God who doesn't exist? – and a person who says, 'Lord, I believe, help my unbelief.' I take you to be the latter type. Am I wrong?"

"I pray that you are right. Now you've made me cry; I thought I was beyond tears and laughter, and you've brought them both on in the space of fifteen minutes."

"Here, it hasn't been used," I said, handing her a handkerchief.

"Thank you."

"It would be helpful if I could get a better idea of your particular problem, then I could..."

"You could help me or tell me I'm crazy and to stop wasting your time. I apologize. Of course you need something to respond to and I've spoken nothing but drivel."

"I don't agree – you most certainly have not been speaking drivel. I just need a starting point."

"I suppose I'm delaying, because it's a bit embarrassing, actually more than a bit, it's extremely embarrassing to air one's dirty family linen before a stranger."

"Am I a complete stranger to you, Mrs. Harris? I know we've never met socially, but you've heard and seen me in the pulpit."

"Yes, I have. And that is why I have sought you out and no other. In fact, I know much more about you than what I've gleaned from your sermons, although it was your sermons that first gave me the idea that maybe there was one man who could help me."

"Then give me a chance."

"I will, Reverend." And she began.

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I was brought up a Victorian, in the best sense of the word. God, England, and the right were stuffed into me along with the tea and crumpets. And I was happy with that Victorian world, with its certainties, with its people, and with its God. And then I married. I'm going to sound terribly petty now, because I'm going to say horrible things about the man I married, Matthew Edmond Harris. But he is inextricably involved in my story and my son's story, so I must speak of him.

I married Matthew when I was twenty years old. He was thirty, of a good family, and very wealthy. In addition to wealth, he had charm, humor, intelligence, and good looks. My family had money, and I've never put much store in good looks in a man, so those two attributes were not what attracted me to Matthew. It was partly his charm, humor, and intelligence, but it was something else as well, something inside of me. You see I'm a romantic, or at least I was a romantic. And Matthew

had served in the British Army. Even a girl with less of a romantic strain than me might have been attracted to Matthew for that reason. And with my love of all things Victorian, Matthew would have had to have been an Ethiopian or a Hottentot in order to undermine my determination to marry a bred-in-the-bone Englishman. But I quickly discovered that having served in the British Army, and quite bravely, does not automatically make a man into the perfect Englishman. Matthew was evil. If there is a devil, then Matthew is in league with him. You described my husband when you quoted from Walter Scott in your sermon last month.”

“I believe that was four weeks ago last Sunday. I was talking about the swine in the Gospel who went over the cliff when they were possessed by the devils.”

“Yes, that was the sermon. At some point you read Scott’s description of the diabolical personality of Louis XI.”

“The passage was from the preface to Scott’s novel *Quentin Durward*. I think I have it on the shelf. Yes, here it is.” I turned to the page and read:

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.

“Yes, that’s it. When you read that passage in church I thought that Scott must have been writing about my husband. He is the embodiment of the devil, in his caustic wit and in his detached, cold-hearted contempt for all sentiment and all honor codes.”

“I must ask you, if you felt that way about your husband then why didn’t you leave him? I’m not an advocate of divorce, but there are some cases where a separation is necessary.”

“It’s difficult to explain. I’ve been married 35 years. For the first two or three, I can’t give an exact timetable, I was still enthralled with the man who fought for Britain. I put everything my husband said or did that seemed cruel or inhumane in a good light. This is easy to do if you’ve built up a false illusion that you are bound and determined to maintain against all the world.”

“What did your parents think of Matthew?”

“They were delighted with him. He seemed the perfect English gentleman. I can’t blame them for my marriage however; I thought the same thing about Matthew and I had spent a great deal more time with him than they did.”

“Was there any one incident that made you start believing that your husband was not the man you had thought he was when you married him?”

“No, it was mainly just a gradual awareness of his true nature, but there was one particular incident that, looking back on it now, rather highlighted Matthew’s nature.

“The papers were full of a tragic drowning of a young child and of an old retired soldier who had dived into the Thames to try and save the child. I asked Matthew if the soldier had been in his regiment. Matthew told me point blank he hadn’t the slightest interest in the death of a little street urchin or the pathetic rescue attempt and death of a doddering old fool who had once served in the same regiment as he did.

“‘I served in the military because it amused me to do so, not because of some stupid-God-save -the-Queen nonsense,’ Matthew said, without the slightest concern for how I might take such a callous statement.”

“Your disillusionment was in the early years of your marriage?”

“Yes, but I didn’t leave him upon my disillusionment because I thought – or rather, hoped – that he’d change. Then the years went by and Matthew didn’t change, but I changed. I lost my faith in everything. I hated Matthew’s beliefs, but I had been beaten down by Matthew’s constant intellectual contempt for everything I once held dear. Had I become like him? And if I was like him, by what right did I judge him? I don’t expect any answer to those questions, Reverend, I’m just letting you know my state of mind. Maybe it is as you said. I want to believe, so in that I am not like Matthew, who has no desire to believe in anything outside of himself.”

“Here, take this glass of sherry, it will help calm your nerves.”

“Am I drinking alone?”

“Yes, you’ll have to permit me a rather puritanical abstinence. It was a promise I made to my mother.”

“Like David Balfour’s promise to his mother about gambling?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’ll have to drink alone. I didn’t know about your mother, Reverend, but I do know that you were married and lost your wife early in your marriage. I believe you were the curate at a country parish at the time.”

“Yes, I was.”

“A few years later you came to St. John’s.”

“That is also correct, but why have you taken the trouble to learn so much about me?”

“I told you, because you are my last hope. I also know about your war record, but then that is fairly common knowledge.”

“I didn’t fight in the war; I merely served as a chaplain to British troops from 1915 to 1916.”

“Merely served as a chaplain?”

“Yes.”

“If you merely served as a chaplain then why did you receive a medal for valor? Don’t bother to answer that, Reverend. I’ll tell you why. At the beginning of the day on May 1st, 1915, you were performing a service behind the lines, which by midday had become the front lines, and you were pinned down with the rest of the troops. The British infantry charged, trying to regain the ground they had lost, but they failed and left – what was it? I’ve heard there were as many as twenty wounded British soldiers pinned down in no man’s land.”

“There were nineteen.”

“Ah, so you do remember.”

“Of course, I do. I’ve never forgotten anything from that hideous war.”

“Well, there was no reaching those wounded men. The fire from the German batteries was too intense. So everybody said. But there was one man who thought differently. Back and forth he went in the face of certain death, and he brought back all of the nineteen wounded men. Five died of their wounds, but fourteen others recovered. All because one man had enough faith in his God to walk through the valley of the shadow of death for his fellow men. That man was you, Reverend Grey. And I need such a man now.”

“You spoke of your son. Is he your reason for coming here?”

“Yes. He has just turned 19, so thankfully he missed that abominable war, but he is becoming his father’s son. He holds nothing sacred but his own intellect, which he thinks quite highly of. He holds me in contempt and only respects the opinions of my husband and the caustic wits my husband has gathered around him.”

“What type of men are your husband’s friends?”

“He doesn’t have any friends – he is incapable of friendship. What he has are intellectual acquaintances. And they run a gamut of Orientals, psychiatrists, Darwinists, French avant garde artists, and Roman Catholic theologians. Yes, even Roman Catholic theologians. You see, my husband converted to Roman Catholicism about two years into our marriage. It wouldn’t have been such a horrendous thing if he had converted because he believed that Christ was the Son of God, but that didn’t enter into his mind at all. He converted because he thought that Roman Catholicism is the most syncretistic of all religions. ‘It combines the quietism of Buddhism with the natural theology and nature worshipping aspects of the



mystery religions, such as Isis and Cybele.' It all sounds like complete bosh when I repeat it, but when they're all gathered around my husband, spouting similar bosh, one feels drawn into their orbit."

"I understand. And your son, does he attend these gatherings?"

"Yes, unfortunately he does. I tried my best, in his younger years, to minimize his contact with his father. Not that his father desired contact with him when he was young; he didn't. But now that he is older, Matthew delights in spiritually debauching his son. And even if I've lost faith in everything, I don't want my son to lose faith in everything."

"You haven't lost faith in everything, Mrs. Harris. If you had, you wouldn't be so concerned about your son's loss of faith."

"I hope you're right about that."

"Is there some way I could meet with your son without it being an official meeting?"

"Yes, there is. My husband has what he calls 'intellectual gatherings' at least twice a month. My son doesn't attend all of them because he is in his first year at Oxford, but when he's home from school he attends. This coming Saturday night he'll be home and in attendance. Can you come to dinner?"

"Yes, if nothing comes up, I think I can make it, but will your husband want me to be invited? I gather these dinners are rather exclusive affairs."

"I'm allowed to invite whomever I want. I haven't invited anyone for years because I don't want to see my friends dragged through the filth of one of my husband's 'intellectual gatherings.'"

"But you don't mind if I get dragged through filth?" I asked, smiling.

She laughed again. "I didn't say that very well. Of course I mind..."

"There is no need to explain. I was just teasing you. What it amounts to is this: You've selected me as your champion, and I accept."

"Why, yes, I guess that is what I've done. But let me warn you, Reverend, you'll be all alone. Whatever clergymen that will be there will be against you, whether they are Anglican or Roman Catholic. Did you know the Reverend Hunter, formerly of this parish?"

"Of course, I served as his assistant here for five years."

"Well, he used to attend my husband's little gatherings, and he got along quite well with Matthew."

"I'm sorry to hear that. The Reverend Hunter was a very mild mannered man; maybe he just didn't want to offend your husband."

"No, it wasn't that. Reverend Hunter was a syncretistic Christian, and he didn't have any problems with Matthew's religion."

"That is a tragedy."

"Yes, it is. I don't suppose I'm being fair to you; I'm really throwing you to the wolves."

"Don't look on it that way. You've asked me for help, and I intend to give it my best, but human beings are complicated: your son might remain under your husband's influence despite my best efforts."

"He probably will, but I have that small glimmer of hope."

"This particular meeting – will there be a large number of guests?"

"Yes, there will be. There are always about 20 of the regulars, an assortment of academics, journalists, and scientists. There is one particular gentleman whom I find particularly loathsome; he is some kind of Oriental who dabbles in the occult sciences. I believe he runs an opium den which I'm sure Matthew frequents, and which I'm afraid my son has been to with his father on several occasions."

“You suspect this or do you know this?”

“I know it. Not because I’ve seen Matthew or George at the opium den, but I still know it.”

“I understand.”

“Besides the regulars, there will be twelve to twenty semi-regular guests. This particular meeting will feature the psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud.”

“The Sigmund Freud?”

“Yes, he is a disgusting-looking man in his mid-sixties, horribly pretentious and always babbling on about his psychoanalytic work. Matthew simply loves him; this is his fourth visit to the house.”

“What do the other guests think of Freud?”

“They all kowtow to him. They’re all afraid of being psychoanalyzed, particularly Father Braxton.”

“Who is Father Braxton?”

“A Roman Catholic priest, one of the regulars. You’d think he’d be against Freud, but he isn’t. ‘There is no ultimate conflict between psychoanalytic theory and religion. They both come from the same source.’ That’s his stock reply to Freud every time Freud attends one of Matthew’s gatherings.”

“I’m not sure exactly what Father Braxton means when he says there is no ultimate conflict between psychoanalytic theory and religion. There certainly is a conflict, at least there is a conflict between Christianity and psychoanalytic theory.”

“I haven’t the foggiest idea what he means about anything, Reverend. Maybe you’ll get some idea when you meet him.”

“Are there ever any guests who are not debunkers and scoffers?”

“Yes, sometimes one of the special guests is an Englishman of the old stock, a retired military man or a conservative member of Parliament. But those guests are few and far between, and they are invited so the other guests and Matthew – Matthew, in particular – can ridicule them. They do it quite well. But you’ll be the first – how shall I put it – believing country curate that has ever attended one of these gatherings.”

“But I’m not a country curate.”

“Yes, you are, Reverend; in my eyes you shall always be a country curate. A country curate who came to the city, but still a country curate whose faith is invincible.”

“That’s a tall order.”

“Yes, it is, but you’re my last hope.”

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I was able to keep the dinner date on Saturday night. There were no emergency sick calls or anything of that nature. Perhaps God intended that there should be none.

I regarded my upcoming meeting with Matthew Harris as a battle between good and evil. Fully aware of my own sinful nature, I still was, in my view, a Christian soldier about to do battle with Satan’s minions. I didn’t regard this meeting as a friendly discussion – I knew it was to be a war, a much more subtle war than an outright military war, and hence a much more difficult war.

I’ve talked to parents, many years after their children were grown, who told me there were many situations regarding their children’s upbringing that even with many years of hindsight they were not sure whether they had said or done the right thing. Such is the case with me. So many years later I still don’t know if what I said or did was the very best thing that could have been said or done, but like the parents, I was the one God had chosen to be there in that particular situation. I did my best.

I should let the reader in on one more thing before I describe that rather eventful Saturday evening. I have what is called a photographic memory. This doesn't mean I can recall all the minutiae of my life in accurate detail. It does mean that books, articles, and conversations which I consciously commit to my memory stay there and I can recall them verbatim many years afterwards. So my recollections of what was said at this particular meeting are accurate.

I won't bore you with the particulars of the Harris mansion. To some these particulars might be more interesting than the conversations that took place, but I'm not particularly interested in conveying those particulars. Suffice it to say that the Harris home was a magnificent Victorian-styled mansion, in which everything was in perfect taste, all kept in order by the usual array of servants. After a few niceties and introductions, I was seated at the dinner table on the left side of Matthew Harris. Sigmund Freud was seated on Mr. Harris' right. Mrs. Harris, who hadn't been attending the gatherings for the last three months, was seated next to me, and her son, George, was seated next to her. I need not go into the rest of the seating arrangements; the assortment of intellectual jackals that Mrs. Harris had told me of were scattered around the dining table. I'll recount only the conversation that I participated in.

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Matthew Harris: I hope you don't mind, Reverend Grey, that I didn't have anyone say grace. Too many different religions present, you understand.

Rev. Grey: Yes, I understand.

Matthew Harris: My wife said you were a teetotaler, so we didn't serve you any wine.

Father Braxton: I'm surprised at you, Reverend Grey; I've heard you're High Church.

Mrs. Harris: It was a promise to his mother, leave it at that, won't you, Father?

Braxton: I'm sorry, I meant no offense.

Rev. Grey: None taken, Father.

Harris: My dear, it's not necessary for you to take offense at every comment we make that is directed at the Reverend Grey. After all, if Reverend Grey is to be your champion you must let him fight his own battles.

Mrs. Harris: Who said he was here to be my champion?

Matthew Harris: No one said it, my dear, but it is quite obvious. You haven't attended one of these dinners for several months, and you haven't invited a guest of your own for over a year, so I must assume that you have invited the Reverend Grey here to be your champion, to fight your evil, devil-worshipping husband. Isn't that about the gist of it, my dear, loving wife?

Mrs. Harris [addressing the butler]: I'll have my dinner in my room. Please don't get up, gentlemen.

[Rev. Grey rises anyway and escorts Mrs. Harris out of the dining room and then returns to his seat.]

Matthew Harris: It's a pity she didn't want to stay. I'm sure this will be quite an interesting evening. Dr. Freud, what do you make of a woman who believes in knights errant when she is in her mid-fifties?

Freud: I'd rather not say.

Matthew Harris: Go ahead, you're among friends.

Freud: Since you ask, I'd say such a woman was suffering from a neurosis. She obviously connects knights errant with a masculine representation of the deity. She must have been severely repressed in childhood and she hopes that a knight errant can release her from her repressed state. It's a common neurosis of women who have been raised in Victorian England.

Matthew Harris: What do you say to that, Rev. Grey?

Rev. Grey: It's nonsense.

Freud: I beg your pardon, I don't speak nonsense. I have dedicated my life to the scientific study of human beings. Never before has there been such work done. In Vienna we have begun the work that will unlock the mysteries of the unconscious, and by doing so we will solve all the problems that plague mankind.

Rev. Grey: Will you solve man's greatest problem?

Freud: And what is that?

Rev. Grey: That he must die.

Freud: Yes, we can solve that problem. We can teach men not to fear death.

Rev. Grey: Only one man is capable of that, Dr. Freud, and that man isn't you or me.

Matthew Harris: It didn't take you long to bring Jesus of Nazareth into the argument. But really, Reverend, isn't that a bit of – how shall I say it – a cowardly retreat? You will cloak yourself in righteousness and expect us to run and hide because you have invoked Jesus Christ. But that won't wash here. We're all Thomists. You must base your arguments on reason and science, not on fairy tales.

Rev. Grey: But suppose I don't accept your initial premise that reason — and in particular your reason — is capable of understanding existence. Suppose my heart, filled with fairy tales and intuitions, is greater than your reason.

George Harris: You can't say such things, Rev. Grey, because you can't enter into any rational conversation by denying the primacy of reason.

Rev. Grey: Why can't I?

George Harris: Because it's irrational.

Matthew Harris: My son is right. There really is no point in discussing anything with a man who denies the primacy of reason.

Rev. Grey: You both are behaving like petulant children. You make up your own rules for an absurd game, and then you cry when one of the neighborhood children refuses to play the game by your rules.

Freud: I think it is you, Rev. Grey, who is behaving like a petulant child. You insist on playing with your baby toys even after you've become an adult, and you want the rest of us to get down on the floor and play with your baby toys as well. This we won't do.

Rev. Grey: What are the baby toys you refer to, Dr. Freud?

Freud: The Christian religion is a baby toy, a comforter, for childish adults. In my work *Moses and Monotheism* I show that...

Rev. Grey: I've read that book.

Freud: You surprise me – I would have thought, in your repressed, neurotic state of mind, that you would have avoided the book.

Rev. Grey: I didn't. I need to know what the enemy is up to.

Matthew Harris: Please, Reverend, let's not use terms like 'the enemy.' We're all rational, thinking type men here.

Rev. Grey: I'm not. I'm a bundle of prejudices, and so are you. So are we all.

Freud: I challenge that statement.

George Harris: So do I.

Rev. Grey: All right, let's take Dr. Freud's book, *Moses and Monotheism*, as an example. Correct me if I misinterpret. Your basic premise is that somewhere back in the mists of time a clan of primitives killed their father and then slept with their mother, thus causing some underlying guilt in what you call the psyche or the unconscious. The Hebrew people later repeated this primal crime when they killed Moses in the desert.

Enter the Christian faith. The father demands a blood sacrifice from the Son, and the Son complies. This helps the adherents of such a sacrificial religion to assuage their primal guilt. Hence the enormous appeal, for a time, of the Christian religion. Have I stated your case correctly, Dr. Freud?

Freud: You've put it a bit crudely, but you've stated my contention accurately.

Rev. Grey: All right then. I have this question for you: Let's pretend what you say about the primitives' crime is correct. Why the guilt? If men are no different from beasts, then why should they feel guilty about patricide and incest?

Freud: Because it is in men to feel guilt about such things.

Rev. Grey: That answer won't do. It's too mystical, Dr. Freud. If you tell me such guilt is just in man, I'll demand that you tell me who put the guilt in man. And please take note that I've conceded your farfetched theory of primitive patricide and incest and still found holes in that theory. But your whole theory is very likely founded, not on any rational basis, but on your a priori prejudice against the Christian Faith.

Freud: I don't base my theories on prejudices, I base them on careful scientific research.

Rev. Grey: That is utter nonsense. Were you in that primitive cave in a lab coat when the patricide and the incest took place?

Braxton: I think your colleague Dr. Jung might reconcile you two. Rev. Grey has a point, albeit a minor one; there is a kind of cosmic oversoul that informs our unconscious. Don't you think so, Dr. Freud?

Freud: No, I don't think so. And Dr. Jung is my former colleague precisely because he did think so.

Braxton: I still think we are merely quibbling over terms. Why can't the oversoul be the rational element in man? And why can't our reason have a conscience?

Matthew Harris: There is no ethical element in reason.

Braxton: But then where is the ethical element in man?

Matthew Harris: He has none.

Braxton: I don't follow you. Surely our reason makes ethical choices?

Matthew Harris: Ethics are mere intellectual constructs. They have no basis in fact. Just as all religions are mere intellectual constructs. They have no basis in fact.

Braxton: I still think there is some kind of oversoul...

Freud: I concur with Mr. Harris. And I suppose, Reverend Grey, that you agree with Father Braxton.

Rev. Grey: I have no idea what Father Braxton is talking about, so I can't agree or disagree with him. My beliefs are not that complicated.

Matthew Harris: Meaning?

Rev. Grey: I believe that Jesus of Nazareth was who He said He was.

Matthew Harris: Then you weren't joking earlier. You are full of fairy tales and prejudices!

Rev. Grey: Yes, I am.

George Harris: Doesn't the advent of science make you question your prejudices? I don't see how an intelligent man, a man who knows science, can hold to any religion except in broad symbolic terms.

Rev. Grey: Do you love your mother, George?

George Harris: What kind of question is that?

Rev. Grey: It's a rather straight-forward question, but you don't have to answer it. But if you had answered yes to the question, I would have asked you if you loved a symbol of your mother or your actual flesh-and-blood mother.

Matthew Harris: Human beings are not capable of love; they have affinities, that is all.

Rev. Grey: What are affinities?

Matthew Harris: Animal instincts. Even animals nurse their young and teach them how to survive in the world. It doesn't connote love, it's just an instinct.

Rev. Grey: From whence comes that instinct?

Matthew Harris: It just comes — there is no source.

Rev. Grey: You're too mystical for me, Mr. Harris.

Freud: Studying man as part of nature is not mysticism, it is science, Rev. Grey. And I'm surprised that even a clergyman, in this day and age, could be so obtuse.

Rev. Grey: You're in for even more surprises, Freud, before this evening is over.

Matthew Harris: Let's keep this gathering civil.

Rev. Grey: Why should we keep this gathering civil?

Matthew Harris: Because we are all rational... but I forgot you don't consider yourself a rational man. We shall all have to keep that in mind as the evening progresses and deal with you in kind, Grey.

Rev. Grey: That's fine. I'd prefer that we all become open, uncivil enemies rather than hypocritical, civil friends.

Braxton: I really must protest. Surely we can all be civil, using nature as our starting point and reason as our guide — we can...

Matthew Harris: No, Grey has bared his fangs and whatever happens is on his head. Dinner is over gentlemen. Let's adjourn to the drawing room.

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The gentlemen — and I use the term loosely — all adjourned to the drawing room and broke up into little groups. Father Braxton left my group and joined another more congenial group of men. An opium-soaked Oriental in his mid-sixties who taught Oriental studies at the university and was supposed to be some sort of mystical genius joined our group, consisting of Freud, Matthew Harris, and his son George. The only other newcomer to our group was a professor of chemistry who claimed to be some sort of Bentonite who believed that "everything comes down to chemistry."

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Oriental: I couldn't help overhearing some of what you said at the dinner table, Rev. Grey...

Matthew Harris: We are dispensing with titles. Just call him Grey.

Oriental: I couldn't possibly do that. I never dispense with titles.

Matthew Harris: Suit yourself.

Oriental: As I was saying, Rev. Grey, I think you are confusing essences when you champion Christianity over all other religions. The belief that God can take flesh is in conflict with the higher wisdom of all true religions. The spiritual life is in the mind which cannot become one with a material body. Pure contemplation allows for no intercommunion between gross matter and spiritual essences.

Rev. Grey: I don't understand what you are saying. You say the material cannot be spiritualized. But doesn't our own experience in material bodies give the lie to your assertion? Didn't He show us that the body is ultimately a personal, spiritual entity?

Oriental: I don't see that at all.

Matthew Harris: I don't see how you can be so blind, Grey. Surely it is the mind and the mind only that can know anything about existence.

Freud: Quite right, it is the mind that informs the body. The body is simply a biological entity.

Rev. Grey: Why is the mind any less of a biological entity than the body? The mind will rot in the grave just as quickly as the body. If you're going to be an atheist, Dr. Freud, be consistent. We all [looking at the group] are dependent on a spiritual power that animates the mind and the body. I say that power is a personal God who has made Himself known to us.

Freud: Hogwash.

Bentonite: That's terribly unscientific. We are just chemicals, that is all. I'm surprised to find a Reverend that believes in that sort of thing in these times.

Rev. Grey: Why do "these times" and "in this day and age" preclude the belief that Jesus Christ is true God and true man?

Bentonite: Because such a belief is unscientific.

Rev. Grey: Modern science is a relatively new discipline, and I don't see it as an infallible source of knowledge.

Bentonite: I do.

Freud: So do I, so long as psychiatry is recognized as a science.

George Harris: But there is that point about the guilt, Dr. Freud. Why should those first men have felt guilty about sleeping with their mother and murdering their father? Why the guilt?

Freud: As I've already stated, it's in man's nature to feel guilty about such things.

George Harris: But why is it in his nature to do so?

Freud: Are you taking Grey's side?

George Harris: No, I just thought that he brought up an interesting point.

Matthew Harris: It's not the least bit interesting or pertinent. Grey is a sleight-of-hand carney man.

Bentonite: No, I think he's sincere, but misguided.

Matthew Harris: Have it your way, but I think I know the type.

Freud: This whole discussion does show the limitations of rational discourse with those who are irrational.

Rev. Grey: Yes, there are limits to rationality.

Freud: That's not what I said.

Oriental: The Reverend is playing with all of us. But I think I could cure his Christ complex better than you, Dr. Freud.

Freud: How?

Oriental: With opium. One can see so clearly under its influence. It truly is the drug of the gods, and I mean that metaphorically.

Matthew Harris: I don't think our teetotaler would take opium. He'd be afraid of what he'd see under its influence.

Oriental: Would you be afraid, Rev. Grey?

Rev. Grey: I don't believe in the god opium, so it would not serve any purpose, except a satanic one, if I were to indulge in opium.

Matthew Harris: See, he's afraid. All of these Christers are. They use Christ to cover up their cowardice.

Rev. Grey: You are an older man than I, and a physically weaker man than I, Mr. Harris, but I warn you I am not a pacifist when faced with blasphemy. Curb your tongue when you speak of Him or you'll... well, you won't like what happens.

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Matthew Harris responded to my warning with an obscene, blasphemous remark. That was the end of the after dinner conversation. I picked up Mr. Harris and deposited him, kicking and cursing, in the fountain in front of the house. He called to his servants to stop me, but they were not able to break my hold on Harris. In fact, they ended up in the fountain with him.

The incident was noted in the newspapers. I saved the accounts that appeared in the two major papers. It's interesting: both papers got the facts right, but they presented completely different views of the incident. The Guardian, which was a conservative paper, viewed me as a "battling parson," fighting against the forces of atheism, while the Chronicle depicted me as a big bully, ruthlessly beating an older man and his negro servants.

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From *The Guardian*

Last night at approximately 10 pm an incident occurred at the home of Matthew Harris, a prominent figure in London social circles and a former Captain during the African wars. In recent years, Mr. Harris has been primarily known for the intellectual gatherings at his home, where he entertains a rogues' gallery of anti-English, anti-Christian intellectuals and troublemakers.

It's not apparent at this time why Reverend Grey was invited to the gathering, but it is apparent that Reverend Grey attended, felt that his God was insulted, and acted accordingly. Matthew Harris was not struck by the Reverend, who used to be a pretty fair country wrestler, but merely deposited in a fountain on the front lawn of the Harris mansion. As for the Negro servants who tried to aid their employer, quite large, healthy, young men, they too were deposited in the fountain when they tried to lay hands on Reverend Grey. The incident should not be the cause of Reverend Grey's removal from St. John's. He has an excellent record in the community as a man of charity and good works. The battling parson was simply defending the church of Christ.

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From *The Chronicle*

A rather shocking incident occurred last night in the Green Street section of London, near Hyde Park. It seems that the pastor of St. John's in London, one Reverend Christopher Grey, assaulted Matthew Harris while a house guest of Mr. Harris. The incident started, apparently, over some kind of religious dispute. The distinguished psychiatrist, Dr. Sigmund Freud, who has given many lectures in London, was also present, and he has told reporters that the Reverend Grey was very aggressive from the first moment he set foot in the house, being most uncivil to Mr. Harris and all of his guests. "For no reason whatsoever that I could see, the Reverend Grey assaulted Mr. Harris and the negro servants," Dr. Freud related.

Why was such a man ordained a pastor in the English church? And why is such a man allowed to remain a pastor in the English church? These are questions that demand answers.



So, was I dismissed from my position? No, I was not. There was some talk of a suspension, but that was squelched by a tremendous outpouring of support from my parishioners. After the sermon on the Sunday following the dinner party, I briefly addressed my parishioners:

“Most of you must have heard by now that I was involved in an altercation with a London man, at that man’s house, where I was a guest. I will simply say that I am not ashamed of my actions. A man does not cease to be a man, with all the obligations of a man, when he puts on a clerical collar. I did what I hope all Christian Englishmen would have done in the same situation. So, there will be no apologies from me, but I will abide by my superiors’ decision regarding any disciplinary measures. Thank you all for your concern about my welfare. Now, let us resume the service.”

The moral climate in 1920 in England was still a Victorian moral climate. An Englishman was still expected to be chivalrous. Some 40 years later the moral climate has changed drastically. I have no doubt that if a similar incident had occurred today I would have been summarily dismissed from my duties and most probably would have done jail time. But in 1920 I was not dismissed nor was I arrested.

Two weeks after the dinner party Mrs. Harris came to see me again. I was glad to see her because I was afraid I had disappointed her. I was supposed to have been her “last hope,” and I hadn’t made a very good start, or so I thought.

“Thank you, again, for seeing me,” she said.

“No need to thank me.”

“Have you had any trouble from your superiors over the incident? I’m afraid I haven’t been in touch with the parish news in the last two weeks.”

“No, they were surprisingly lenient about the incident.”

“I’ll bet it was because of the support you got from your people.”

“How did you know?”

“I’ve seen how they love you.”

“It’s extraordinary, because I’ve done so little for them.”

“They don’t see it that way.”

“No, it doesn’t appear that they do, but what about you – did I make a terrible mess of everything?”

“No, as it turns out, you didn’t. Matthew was livid after the incident. He called you every foul name under the sun, threatened to challenge you to a duel, then to have you arrested, then to have you severely beaten. But when he had calmed down the next morning he came into the breakfast room and just stared at me in a very odd manner, and then he said, ‘I congratulate you, Ann Harris. You found the one man in England who actually believes all that rot. He is going to be quite an antagonist. Oh, don’t worry, I’ll crush him in the end, and I’ll enjoy doing it, but I still congratulate you. You’re never dead so long as you hate. And your hate for me has led you to that anachronism.’

“I told him it was not my hate for him so much as my love for our son that had led me to you, but he was having none of that. ‘You don’t love George any more than I do. He is just part of your ego that you don’t want to part with.’ What could I say to that? It isn’t true – it couldn’t be true. I do love my son.”

“I know you do.”

“Do you mean that?”

“Yes, I know you love your son.”

“Thank you, Reverend.”

“Here, it hasn’t been used.”

"You always seem to make me cry, but I'm not complaining. It feels good to cry when you thought you were beyond tears."

"What did your son think of the evening, or was it too difficult to tell?"

"There was no instant conversion, but neither you nor I expected that type of result from one dinner party, did we?"

"No, of course not. But was there anything that we can build on?"

"Possibly. He kept coming back to the 'why the guilt' question until he got his father quite angry, and they had words. Later both Matthew and my son minimized their argument, but there was definitely a slight rift in their relationship. I don't really understand the context of your discussion, but I was glad something was said that got my son thinking along some other lines than those of Freud, that Chinaman, and my husband.

"I'll admit that when I first heard about the dunking I was afraid my last hope was gone. But neither my son nor the guests seemed particularly upset about the dunking. They said it was uncalled for and uncivilized, but at the same time I think they were rather impressed that a man 'in this day and age' – that's always the catch phrase: 'in this day and age' – should be concerned about blasphemy. Now tell me, Reverend, just between you and me, did you plan that little demonstration?"

"No, I did not."

"Then you really were outraged."

"Yes."

"I envy you."

"Why?"

"Because you can believe in Christ enough to be outraged when He is insulted."

"You are outraged too, Mrs. Harris, or else you never would have come to me."

"Back to that again: 'Lord, I believe, help my unbelief.'"

"Precisely."

"Possibly, we'll see about that. Now back to this business of my son, who is, for me, the subject of and the reason for this war with my husband."

"What would you suggest? I don't think I'd be welcome at another dinner party."

"No, you wouldn't be welcome. But my son is going back to Oxford this week. I'd like you to come up and see him with me."

"Would he accept that?"

"I think he would. His father never comes up to see him, and I think that bothers him. Oh, he tries to feign that he is just like his father – no sentimentality and other such 'rot' – but I think he is offended that his father has never done fatherly things with him when he was growing up and still has no interest in his life at Oxford."

"Whom does he associate with at the college?"

"I'm not sure about his student friends, but I do know about his friendship with Professor Min Chang."

"Didn't I meet him at the dinner party?"

"Yes."

"He wanted to solve our quarrel with opium. That seems to be his god."

"Yes, it does. Supposedly he is a professor of Oriental languages, but I think he is simply an opium pusher and addict."

“Do you think your son is taking opium?”

“Yes, I think he is. I don’t know how far it has gone, but I’m afraid for him, so afraid.”

“I can get away next Friday. Will that be soon enough?”

“I hope so. And really, I can’t thank you enough.”

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When Friday came around I was somewhat delayed, so I called Mrs. Harris and told her to go on up to Oxford ahead of me. I told her I’d be there a few hours later and then we could have dinner with her son instead of lunch.

I never really adjusted to the automobile; the horse-drawn hansom cab was good enough for me. But they never asked for my opinion before they started making automobiles. So after the train ride to Oxford I took a cab to the college. When I arrived at the place on campus where I was to meet George and Mrs. Harris, I was surprised to find no one in sight. My first thought was that they were still chatting in George’s room and had forgotten the time. My second thought was that George had refused to see me. This posed a dilemma. I have always avoided trying to be too overt in my efforts to help people who don’t want my help. I’ve found that such ‘help’ is usually quite harmful, because human beings are fiercely independent creatures who do not like someone else’s idea of what is good imposed on them. I first look for some internal assent to my help before venturing into someone’s life. But in this case, Mrs. Harris had asked for my help and had also told me she thought she saw a glimmer of a cry for help within her son. Based on her word, which I knew could be wishful thinking, I decided to try to find Mrs. Harris and her son and risk being told to leave by George Harris.

One inquiry brought me to George’s rooms. I knocked, and a rather annoyed voice bid me enter. “Hunter, what the devil are you bothering me for, you know I have to study for this God awful... Oh, sorry, Reverend, I thought you were someone else.”

“Yes, I gathered that; you thought I was Hunter, and you are trying to study for an exam.”

“Yes, I’m afraid I’ve done too little studying this term, and if I don’t buckle down I’ll be sent down. Hunter gets by without studying, and he just assumes the rest of us can get by just like him. But I can’t.”

“Nor could I. Most of us are plodders, not race horses.”

“Exactly! And it’s a damn nuisance – pardon my language – to be rooming with a race horse.”

“I see your problem, but I’m adding to it. I was looking for George Harris and his mother. I was supposed to be meeting with them.”

“Oh, well... I’m sorry to be the one to tell you this, Reverend, but George is down at the police station. It seems they wanted to question him. Something to do with that terrible Chinaman he is so fond of. I don’t know any of the details – the police didn’t take me into their confidence – all I can tell you is that George is down at the police station.”

“Do you know if his mother is there?”

“I suppose she is, because I told her the same thing I’m telling you.”

“I thank you, and I hope you aren’t sent down.”

“Oh, I’ll be all right, so long as I stay away from Hunter. Good luck, Reverend, if that doesn’t sound too impertinent.”

“No, it doesn’t, and thank you.”

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I wish I had known Johnathan Talbot back then, because it would’ve helped to have had a friend at Scotland Yard. Not that anyone at the Yard was less than courteous; they were courteous. But that is all they were. I couldn’t find out anything about George Harris or Mrs. Harris. ‘I’m sorry, no comment,’ was all I got. So finally, having gone from London to Oxford,

to Scotland Yard in London, I stumbled back to the rectory at approximately 1 a.m. I had a service in the morning and other duties, so I had to, whether I liked it or not, put George Harris and his mother on the back burner for a while.

They didn't stay on the back burner very long however. After the 8 o'clock service, Mrs. Harris was waiting for me in my office. She looked as if she had been up all night, which in fact was the case. She had walked the streets near St. John's all night and then waited for the service to end. There was no preliminary hellos or anything when she saw me.

"George has been arrested for the murder of Min Chang, that hideous Chinaman." At first Mrs. Harris was unable to give a coherent account of what had transpired during the evening prior to our scheduled visit with George, but after several false starts she finally gave me an account of George's arrest. "I'm telling you what George told me, Reverend. And you can write me off as a mother who refuses to accept the fact that her son is a murderer – I'm certain everyone else will – but I believe what George told me.

"He said that Min Chang had become friends with him almost as soon as he got to the university, telling him he knew his father, and George was flattered that a professor, especially a professor of Oriental studies (because as you know everything English is now supposed to be inferior) was interested in becoming friends with him.

"The opium didn't come into play at first, just long discussions about philosophy and ethics. And in all these discussions everything traditionally English, such as honor, chivalry, and faith in Christ was seen as juvenile and intellectually inferior to the great wisdom of the Orient. The ridicule of everything English was not new to George – he had got that from his father – but his father never gave him a substitute. George needed something to believe in besides the ridicule of everything English. Of course this is my interpretation of George's spiritual state at the time he became friends with Min Chang, based on the information he gave me about his friendship with the man. It's quite likely George would not agree with me about his motivations for becoming friends with Min Chang.

"For the first year of the friendship George steered clear of the opium. He accompanied Min Chang to the opium dens, which were right out of *Edwin Droid* he told me, but he didn't at first take the opium. It was in the second year of the friendship, after Min Chang introduced him to his daughter, from all accounts a beautiful young Oriental girl about 17 years old, that George started taking the opium with Chang. From that moment he was hooked on the opium, the girl, and the philosophy of Min Chang. And it stayed that way for the next two years. Chang was milking him for money, which his father furnished him with, and besides that I think Chang got a perverse pleasure in corrupting a young Englishman.

"But something happened that Chang didn't bargain for. George went to him that evening, the evening in which Chang was killed, and asked for his daughter's hand in marriage. That's when Min Chang told him the girl was not his daughter but his mistress. He called her in and asked her if she wanted to marry a young, handsome Englishman. She laughed, and so did Min Chang. They both thought it was a big joke.

"George didn't see the humor of the situation, so he lunged at Chang in order to strangle him, but two of Chang's servants got between them and managed to keep my son from ever touching Min Chang. He was thrown out into the street cursing, screaming, and hurling death threats at Min Chang.

"George wandered the streets for a couple hours, stopping in at some of the pubs for drinks, and then wandering the streets again. He told me that everything he ever felt for the Chinese girl died as soon as they laughed.

"Mother, it was a laugh from hell. The hell I'm not supposed to believe in. But I do believe in hell and the devil. I've seen both in the devilish laughs of Min Chang and his concubine. It was indescribable. I felt the presence of the evil one in the room. And I knew in an instant that I never loved a real woman; I loved a horrid dream of some Oriental paradise, devoid of all the pain and suffering of my English world. I'm the world's biggest fool. But you know, mother, I swear to you, though I wanted to kill that fiend, I never got the chance. I climbed back into his house to... I don't know what I intended, but when I entered his room and told him not to speak, until I had finished what I wanted to say, he seemed so still that I thought maybe he was in an opium stupor. But when I got closer to his bed, I saw what I thought was death on his face. I pulled back the bedclothes... there was a dagger in his heart. Foolishly – I told you I'm the world's biggest fool – I grabbed the hilt of the dagger and started to pull it out. I don't know why I did that, I just did it. Just as I pulled the dagger out, May Lin, his mistress, the former "love" of my life, came in. She saw me standing there with the dagger and quite naturally screamed. I dropped the dagger, brushed by her, and made it out of the house before the servants could lay hands on me. But I had no thought of getting away. I knew she had recognized me. I went back to my room at the University. Why? Again, I couldn't say why. The police came and arrested me in the early morning hours.'

"When I came to his room his roommate told me he was at the police station, not the local police station either, but Scotland Yard. Of course I went and spoke with him and he told me what I've just told you."

“Have you had any sleep?”

“No.”

“There is a couch in my study. Please lie down there for a few hours while I go and see your son. I think they’ll let me see him now. And then we’ll talk, and we’ll decide what is to be done.”

“I must ask you one question, Reverend.”

“Yes?”

“Do you think he murdered that man?”

“No, I do not.”

“Thank you.”

I didn’t know how or if I’d be received by George Harris. Our first meeting had been rather acrimonious. But I had seen something in George on the night of the dinner party that made me hope he would not, if exposed to an opposed vision, go the way of his father. The first night at the jail did nothing to diminish my hope.

“It’s kind of you to come and see me, Reverend. My own father has not seen fit to come.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“But you’re not surprised to hear it, are you?”

“No, unfortunately I’m not. I saw something in your father that is very rare.”

“What?”

“He is a much more consistent liberal than his modern contemporaries. Most liberals spout their liberal blasphemies, but they only manage to adhere to a few of them. Your father really tries to hate all things English and all things Christian.”

“You don’t believe in a set of universal values then? A code of conduct that comes from the reason of men and not from God?”

“No, I do not. Everything we are that is good comes to us through the heart of God acting in the hearts of His people, not an abstract, universal people, but our people, our kith and our kin.”

“I wish I had known you sooner.”

“It’s certainly not too late, George.”

“I know it’s not too late for that. And I’m not disparaging that. Now that I’ve seen the devil, I more than partially believe it all. I mean it’s too late in terms of my life here on earth. I think it’s either prison for life or death by hanging. They are going to convict me. A rather ghoulish ill-wisher in prison here showed me the latest edition of the liberal paper The Chronicle. They are urging an example be set, that Chinamen should have the same rights as Englishmen, and spoiled sons of the spoiled rich should not be allowed to kill them with impunity. That’s funny, isn’t it? My father was a good guy when he was ‘assaulted’ by you. Now he is a spoiled rich man with a spoiled son.”

“I’m afraid, George, that it’s a question of who is the least white. The liberals believe that there is nothing worse than a white man, particularly an English white man, so they want you to be guilty.”

“And they will find me guilty, won’t they?”

“Not if there is incontestable evidence that points to someone else.”

“But there isn’t any evidence pointing to anyone else. And the police are not looking for anyone else. They think they’ve found their murderer.”

“When is your trial?”

“Four weeks from today.”

“What does your solicitor say?”

“He says I should plead guilty and ask for mercy – life imprisonment instead of death.”

“What did you tell him?”

“I told him to go to hell, that I was not guilty, and I was going to plead not guilty. I’ll get another solicitor. I’ve got money – well, it’s not my money, but I assume my loving father will at least give me the money for my lawyers. If I’m going to be tried for being a spoiled rich son, then I should at least have the benefits that accrue to a spoiled rich son.”

“You’ve hardly been spoiled, George; you’ve been deprived. I’m sure there is money to be had for lawyers. But I don’t have a great deal of respect for the current state of English law. Let me try to work on this from my own perspective. Maybe I can uncover something that the law is blind to. In the meantime, will you allow me to give you my blessing?”

“Yes, please do.”

He knelt and I prayed:

Almighty God, king of all kings, and governor of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners, and to be merciful to them that truly repent: Save and deliver us (we humbly beseech thee) from the hands of our enemies, abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices, that we, being armed with thy defense, may be preserved evermore from all perils to glorify thee, which art the only giver of all victory; through the merits of thy only son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

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I spoke to George almost daily during the weeks preceding his trial. There was never one dramatic moment when George said, “Yes, I believe,” but by the time of his trial George believed in the Man of Sorrows.

The trial did not go well though, largely, I think, because George’s father failed to speak up for George. When Christian morality starts to fade, as it had in the British upper crust, those who hold the law in their hands come to regard the courtroom as a game room. The object is not to see justice done but to win the game.

Matthew Harris was popular in liberal circles because of his famous dinner parties where the rich and liberal were wined and dined, but Matthew Harris had nothing good or bad to say about his son. He simply said he hoped his son was innocent, but he couldn’t say anything for or against his son’s character because he didn’t know his son’s character: “How can anyone really know such things?”

With that kind of tepid support from his father, George was left naked to his enemies, the liberal press and the liberal academics from the University where Min Chang had taught. They wanted justice: “English justice, if it is to be true justice, must be justice for the Chinaman, the Negro...” I spoke for George, but the prosecution pointed out that I really didn’t acquaint myself with him until after the murder. Nor did his mother’s testimony in his favor count for much: “After all, she is his mother. What is she going to say?”

Besides the fact that George had very few character references, there were also the cold hard facts of the case. George had been in love with Min Chang’s mistress, he had threatened Min Chang, and he was found standing over him with the murder weapon in his hand. But still I was surprised when the jury came back with a verdict of guilty. And I was even more surprised when the judge sentenced George to hang by the neck until he was dead. Many years later, I found out that there had been considerable political pressure placed on the judge to sentence George to death.

George took his death sentence with great courage. He wept after the sentence, in my presence and my presence alone, but even then he wept more for his mother’s sake than for his own.

Mrs. Harris, who had remained strong for George’s sake during the trial, broke down after the verdict and sentence was pronounced. She had to be hospitalized. It was in the hospital that I met with her and assured her that her son still had a chance.

“You mean there can be an appeal?”

“No, there is very little chance that an appeal will be granted. But there is a very good chance that in the next three months before the execution that some new evidence will turn up which will prove that George is innocent.”

“How will that happen, Reverend?”

“With God’s help, I hope to uncover some new evidence.”

“But if you couldn’t bring in any new evidence during the trial what makes you think you can find some new evidence now?”

“Because an intuition has been crystallizing into something concrete. I have hope. And I want you to have hope as well. Keep George and me in your prayers. And please, get well.”

Almighty God, which has given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee, and dost promise that when two or three be gathered in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests: fulfill now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting. Amen.”

My intuition that had been growing started at the dinner party. It didn’t seem to matter then, but when I started to think about it in the light of Min Chang’s murder it became more and more significant in my eyes. What I saw at that dinner party was fear, fear in Matthew Harris’s eyes every time he looked at Min Chang. I certainly didn’t know why Matthew Harris should have feared Min Chang, but I was certain he had feared him. I felt that if I could discover why Matthew Harris was afraid of Min Chang, I should be very close to finding the real murderer. And I might as well tell you outright, since this is a memoir and not a mystery novel, that I thought Matthew Harris had killed Min Chang. His cold indifference to his son’s plight coupled with the fear in his eyes during the dinner party every time he looked at Min Chang had convinced me that Matthew Harris had murdered him. But of course no one would take my intuitions as truth. I needed concrete proof of my intuitions.

I started with another Oriental who had been a colleague of Chang at the University. This man, Yong Liu, had testified at George’s trial, describing the last time he had seen Chang and representing him as a model teacher and colleague who had nothing to do with opium as some ‘incendiary bigots’ had implied. Two days after my ‘there is still hope’ talk with Mrs. Harris I obtained an interview with Yong Liu in his quarters.

“Thank you for seeing me.”

“No thanks are necessary, Reverend, I know why you are here, and I have no intention of helping you to get that wretched murderer off.”

“Are you convinced that he is a murderer?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Then why did you consent to see me?”

“To mock you.”

“To mock me?”

“Yes, I want to destroy any hope you might have in obtaining that pig’s release. And I want to tell you to your face what I think of you, your wretched country, and your wretched religion.”

“I don’t think you need to tell me what you think of me, my country, or my religion. Your face makes it obvious. Did it take much practice to twist your face into the shape of a reptile?”

“So, the Reverend has a temper. I warn you, I won’t be thrown in a fountain. I’ve taken precautions,” he said, revealing a revolver, “and you’ll have to behave yourself in my house.”

“I didn’t come here to throw you in a fountain. I wanted to know about your relationship with Min Chang. How long did you know him? Who started teaching here first? Things like that.”

“Find them out from somebody else.”

“I’ll find more than those things out. I’ll find out why Min Chang was blackmailing Matthew Harris. Then I shall be able to prove that Matthew Harris, not George Harris, murdered Min Chang.”

“Get out or I’ll have you thrown out.”

“Good day, Yong Liu.”

What had I accomplished by my visit to Yong Liu? It appeared that I had accomplished nothing. But I was wrong. My questions had brought on the wrath of Yong Liu. And why should he be mad because I thought George Harris innocent? I had no clue, but the following incident convinced me that Yong Liu wanted me to stop my inquiries.

What happened occurred one evening after my visit to Yong Liu’s. I often visited an herb shop, not far from Ludgate Circus (Potter and Clarke), which sold excellent herbs dating back to ancient times. The proprietors never diagnosed an ailment; they simply dispensed the herbs for whatever ailment the customer said he had. I knew many people who were aided by the herbalists after doctors had failed. In my case it was not a serious ailment. I often, after a three-sermon Sunday, had trouble with my voice box. St. John’s Bread is a pod that can be used to make a broth which soothes the vocal cords. A professional singer, a member of my parish, had recommended St. John’s Bread to me. I had never had any voice problems since I started using St. John’s Bread.

One night a week Potter and Clarke were open until 10 pm. I picked up my St. John’s Bread at 9:30 pm and proceeded to take a long walk by indirect routes back to the church. I needed to put in at least three miles before getting back to the rectory. For me long walks through London were a special tonic as necessary as St. John’s Bread.

I wasn’t far from the shop when I turned down one of my favorite side streets that looked much as it must have some 300 years ago. The street was poorly lit, but that never bothered me because I knew the street and liked being almost enveloped in the evening mists.

This time, however, I ran into two unexpected companions. Two large men accosted me, one tried to grab my arms and hold them behind my back while the other man attempted to plunge a dagger into my heart. Once I freed myself from the rather poor wrestler’s hold the larger man had on me and had disarmed the man with the knife, I rather enjoyed myself. It is seldom in life that we get to actually physically fight with evil. Most of the time the war with principalities and powers is an internal spiritual battle. But here were two men intent on killing me, which in those days entitled a man to fight. In an excellent book by C. S. Lewis, written in 1943, he relates how the hero in *Perelandra* actually gets to punch and pummel the devil himself. What a splendid depiction of the spiritual battle we all long for!

Then an experience that perhaps no good man can ever have in our world came over him—a torrent of perfectly unmixed and lawful hatred. The energy of hating, never before felt without some guilt, without some dim knowledge that he was failing fully to distinguish the sinner from the sin, rose into his arms and legs till he felt that they were pillars of burning blood. What was before him appeared no longer a creature of corrupted will. It was corruption itself to which will was attached only as an instrument... It is perhaps difficult to understand why this filled Ransom not with horror but with a kind of joy.

So to put it bluntly, I pounded the hell out of the two thugs. When both men were unconscious on the pavement, I lit a match and looked at their faces. They were both Chinamen. And I had seen both men on the day of my visit to Yong Liu. If this was a mystery I would say, “Ah, the plot thickens.” I felt that I was on the right track. Something had been going on between Min Chang and Matthew Harris. And possibly Yong Liu had been and was still involved in some dirty dealings with Matthew Harris.

But the time wore on, George’s execution date was getting closer, and I had no definite proof of George’s innocence. Mrs. Harris was home now, but she was still bedridden. George was bearing up as well as might be expected, but his faith was new: he couldn’t help but wonder why he had to die for another man’s murder. I visited George every day and his mother two or three times a week, while trying to keep up with the rest of my pastoral duties. Fortunately I was now the head pastor of St. John’s and could allocate some of my time as I saw fit. One of my quirks, as the senior pastor had called it when I first came to St. John’s, was to take long rambles through London just to see if there was someone who needed the comfort of the gospel of Christ. For me that was the supreme benefit of wearing the clerical collar. People would accept help from such a man more readily than they would from another man without the collar.



Ever since I encountered a young man about to commit suicide off Waterloo Bridge, I made it a point to do a lot of walking over the various bridges of London. On four separate occasions I was able to head off suicides. There was the aforementioned young man, who, as young men are apt to feel, felt that his life was over because he had lost his true love to another man. There was also a young woman involved with a married man, a London financier who went belly-up in the market, and a bereaved widower who had just lost his wife.

The widower has since died of natural causes, but the other three are all doing well. The young man married another, the young lady married an eligible bachelor, and I was able to procure the financier a respectable job well below his former income but without the risks involved in financial speculation. God was good to me; He allowed me, in those situations, to be a channel of his grace.

It was on December 23rd, seven days prior to George Harris's scheduled execution, that I took a long ramble through London with a particular emphasis on the bridges. As is often the case in London, there was a heavy fog that night. While walking over Waterloo Bridge I could barely see an arm's length in front of me. At the highest point of the bridge I came upon a man leaning over the bridge and peering into the water below.

"Good evening, sir, I don't mean to bother you, but could I be of any assistance to you?"

"Shove off, you... — Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't notice you were a vicar, what with this fog and all. I suppose you thought I was going to jump or something."

"Yes, the thought had occurred to me."

"Well, I wasn't going to jump, your honor, I just likes to stand on this here bridge and look down into the water, or, on a night like this, down into the fog. Besides if I was to jump, with my luck I'd just break my leg or something and then have to hobble around on crutches for the rest of my days."

"I can understand your fascination with the fog and the darkness. I was born and reared in the country, but I've come to love this city."

"I don't know if I love anything anymore, Reverend, but I do like this foggy city. It suits me."

"Samuel Johnson said, 'He who is tired of London is tired of existence.'"

"I dare say he was right, Vicar. I'm almost tired of existence, that's why I stay in London. It keeps me going, just barely, but just barely is enough."

"It's still early enough — would you allow me to buy you a beer?"

"Now why would you want to do that?"

"Because I like you. We are fellow fog addicts."

"Ha, ha, that's a new one — fellow fog addicts. All right, I'll take you up on your offer, and many thanks."

The reader might be wondering why I picked this man out of so many wanderers of the night to ask into a pub for a drink and a chat. All I can answer is that it seemed like the thing to do. I believed him when he said he had no plans to jump off the bridge, but he still seemed like a man who desperately needed a human channel of grace. God is good; He sends us divine intuitions.

My fellow fog addict was a man somewhere between sixty and seventy years of age. He was small in stature but strongly built. In bearing and aspect he seemed like a man who had lived hard but wasn't about to complain. I could tell he wasn't a talker, but I managed to get him to talk to me. I think it was because he was drawn to what I represented.

"Won't you have something besides buttermilk, your reverence?"

"You needn't call me 'your reverence.' Christopher or Chris will do. And the buttermilk stems from a promise I made to my mother."

"Say no more about it. So long as a man doesn't think I shouldn't drink, I don't care what he drinks. But 'Christopher' just doesn't sit easy with me. How about I call you 'Vicar'?"

“That’s fine if it makes you feel more comfortable.”

“It does indeed. And so does this here beer make me feel comfortable. It’s been too long since I’ve had a couple.”

“I take it you’ve been kind of down on your luck.”

“I’m not complaining.”

“I know you’re not, but I’d like to know more about you.”

“Why is that, Vicar?”

“Because I like the cut of your jib and all that sort of thing.”

“I’m not a navy man.”

“Army?”

“Yes, I served in them there Zulu wars in Africa.”

It was as if a great light had descended upon me after months and months of darkness. I could barely contain myself even though I knew that having been in the Zulu wars at the same time as Matthew Harris did not guarantee that the man before me knew Matthew Harris. And even if it turned out that he did know Matthew Harris, why should that help me prove that Matthew Harris’s son was innocent of murder? It was completely illogical, but still I felt that this man across the barroom table from me could unlock the mystery of Min Chang’s murder.

“Did you fight in the Zulu wars?”

“Yes, I did. I was one of the few survivors of the massacre at Islandlwana. I didn’t receive no medals for that one. And I’m not saying that I deserved one. But there were just as many brave men doing brave deeds at Islandlwana as there was a Rorke’s Drift, Hlobane, and Khambula. But them other battles were victories. Rorke’s Drift made the Zulus waste their men and then they were cut to pieces at Hlobane and Khambula. I don’t blame the army though. You can’t go around giving medals for losing battles. But I am saying that there was just as many that deserved medals for what they done at Islandlwana as at them winning battles. Not me, mind you, but plenty of others. Take Lt. Wilson for instance. He could have got clean away, but he went back for Private Johns who was shot in the leg. He cut his way back through the Zulus, even though he was clear of the battle, and stood by Private Johns. He must have killed at least 20 of them before they got him.

“And then there was Sergeant Macintosh — he killed the Zulus who were fixing to finish me. I was bleeding inside from a spear thrust, and he set me on a horse. ‘Hold on to him and he’ll swim you cross the river,’ he said. I didn’t have the strength to do anything but hold on to the horse’s pommel, or I’d never have let him stand alone like that. But he did stand alone. The last I saw of him he was fighting hand to hand with at least fifteen Zulus. They finished him, the filthy swine. They never would stand up to a British soldier man to man. They always swarmed them in hordes. But I saw courage that day, real courage.”

“It must have been terrible to have seen so many of your comrades fighting nobly only to be cut down.”

“That it was, that it was, Vicar. Here’s to ’em all,” he said as he drained his third beer, “all but one.”

I don’t know why, but I sensed something momentous was coming.

“Why do you say all but one?”

“Because there was one man there that day that was a disgrace to the British Army. No, I’ll go further: he was a disgrace to Britain and the white race.”

“Do you know his name?”

“Sure I do, but I don’t know what good it will do bringing his name up. It would disgrace all the brave men I’ve been talking about.”

"I have very good reasons for wanting to know his name. Could you please tell me?"

"Sure, Vicar, if it means that much to you. His name was Lieutenant Matthew Harris, and he was a white man with a treacherous black heart."

"Do you know anything about the recent murder trial of a young man named George Harris?"

"No, I don't, Vicar. I don't read the papers much. I ain't heard about it."

"The boy, George Harris, is the son of Matthew Harris, the man you've just told me about. I believe that Matthew Harris, not his son, is guilty of the murder."

"I wouldn't put it past him, providing it was murder on the sneak. He'd be afraid to take a man head-on."

"The murdered man was killed in his sleep."

"That would be just like Lt. Harris, a sneak attack."

"Could you please tell me everything, without leaving anything out, of what you know of Matthew Harris? A young man's life, a good man, depends on it."

"That I will do."

I asked the waiter to refill his beer glass, and he began his story.

"I lived on the streets of London for the past 40 years, Vicar. And I like it. Which might strike some as odd, but after what I seen in 8 years of service in that there British Army, I like just roaming around London, steering clear of people but at the same time being around people.

"I was born in Wales, christened Thomas Edward Jenkins. And I might have stayed there my whole life if the South-End Mine hadn't caved in. I was fourteen when I started mining, and eighteen when the mine caved in. Over one hundred of my mates died in the cave-in. 'This isn't for me,' I said, 'if I'm going to be killed I'd prefer to die in the open.' So I joined the British Army. And the Army didn't disappoint me. They gave me plenty of opportunities to die in the open air. I was eight years in Africa. I don't know why I didn't die there, but I didn't. And I've seen things that a white man shouldn't see. I've seen bloody colored heathens killing and torturing in ways that made me believe the coloreds ain't human. I'm sorry if that offends you, Vicar – I know I'm supposed to love all God's creatures, but I don't love those bloody heathens. That's why I came to London when I left the service. I just wanted to be around white people, lots of them. After 8 years of being around lots of colored black heathens, I needed to be around lots of white people. It's tonic to me. I don't care if I have to sleep on park benches and under bridges, so long as I'm around white people. But I'm getting off the point, ain't I? You wanted to know more about Matthew Harris."

"Yes, but you tell it in a way that makes you comfortable."

"Thank you. I ain't forgot about that Harris fellow. I served under him in the Zulu wars. I was in my last year in Africa, and he was four years out of Sandhurst. The first thing I noticed about him was that he liked to ramrod his men for almost nothing. If a button was undone on a private's uniform, he would stop the private and set him through his drills. He had me running in place for one hour, holding my rifle straight out in front of me till my arm and back muscles were like to burst, just because I had been chopping wood with my top button unbuttoned. And I wasn't the only one he got on. He was always after us. The men hated him. Some might say we was just jealous because he was a handsome officer and popular with the ladies while no lady would look twice at any enlisted man. But that ain't the case at all. If we liked an officer, we was proud of him and happy for him if the ladies liked him. No, it wasn't jealousy that made me and the other men dislike Lt. Harris. He was a ramrod for no reason, not tough but mean, and then I later found out he was a coward too.

"I found out at Islandlwana. You know the story, Vicar, everybody does, how the officers didn't post no lookouts, and we got ourselves surrounded by the Zulus. Well, they were in a killing mood – they always are – and they swarmed all over us. I fought my way through a wall of Zulus, using my bayonet and thinking that every thrust I made with it would be my last. But the fact that there was so many of the black devils made it hard for them. They kept getting in each other's way. And I kept stabbing. It probably wasn't that long, but it seemed like a long time to me, before I had fought my way through to the river. I was hoping to get a horse or maybe just a horse's saddle and try to float down the river away from the Zulus. That's when I saw Lt. Harris and Corporal Jones. Jonesy was standing over Lt. Harris, who was lying on the ground with a

wound in his right thigh. Corporal Jones was keeping the Zulus off him with the Lieutenant's sword. I fought my way over to Jonesy, and we fought back to back. I knew I was going to die, but I felt better knowing I was going to go down with one of my own, a British soldier. I think Jonesy felt the same because when he saw me, he simply said, 'Glad for the company.'

"I didn't have time to look at the Lieutenant except once, but that once was enough. He was paralyzed with fear, just staring up at the Zulus, but not using his pistol, which was still holstered, or anything else.

"When Lt. Holmes rode up, slashing and stabbing at the Zulus, I thought maybe I wasn't going to die because they gave way before him at first.

"But when Lt. Holmes leant down to help Lt. Harris up onto his horse, Harris grabbed Lt. Holmes, pulled him off the horse, and climbed on himself. Lt. Holmes hadn't been expecting that, so he fell to the ground and the Zulus stabbed him to death. With Jonesy and me still fighting and the Zulus busy stabbing Lt. Holmes, Lt. Harris bolted and urged his horse into the river. That's the last I saw of him on that day. Jonesy went down next, and I kept fighting till one of the Zulus stabbed me clean through my right side and out the other end. I would have bought it for sure if Sergeant Macintosh hadn't rode up then. He must have left hell behind him, because he was the strongest and bravest man in the regiment. He tore into those Zulus like a man possessed. It was while he was putting me on the horse that they stabbed him in the back. But still he turned on them and fought as I went down the river on the back of his horse. I owe him my life, such as it is. He was the bravest of the brave."

"Was that the last you ever saw of Matthew Harris?"

"Oh no, Vicar, I saw him again. You see it was only me, Lt. Holmes, and David Jones who knew what Lt. Harris had done. Jonesy and the Lieutenant were dead. I had to live in order to tell the Army what kind of man Matthew Harris was.

"I didn't think I was going to live, though. I was bleeding bad and holding onto that horse for dear life. I drifted far enough down river to lose sight of any Zulus. Not that I had any control over where I ended up. I just went where the river took my horse. We finally came ashore in some brush about five miles, maybe more, down river from the battle. The horse kept going once we hit the shore, but I rolled off him and put the biggest pile of mud I could pick up on my wound. Then I laid down in the brush and either passed out or went to sleep – it amounts to the same thing.

"I must have slept there for over fourteen hours, waking up for a little and then falling back to sleep. I was burning up with fever and the hole in my side hurt like – if you forgive the expression – hell. But I got back. I kept walking, hoping I wouldn't come across any more Zulus, still half out of mind with fever. Right before my final collapse, I kept seeing the town in Wales where I was born and raised. It was a dirty coal town, but it's where my folks were. I kept seeing it. And then I just laid down and said goodbye to everything.

"No, it ain't no ghost you see before you, Vicar. I collapsed – it was pitch dark – about 40 paces from a Boer farmhouse. I know we fought with them later, and we was wrong to do it, but let me tell you the Boers were the best of the human race. That farmer and his wife found me, nursed me, and fed me until I was a whole man again.

"Then, when I was fit to ride, they gave me a horse and sent me back to the regiment."

"I don't imagine Lt. Harris was too glad to see you."

"No, he wasn't. He acted all glad to see me – he even ran up and hugged me. It was all I could do to keep from strangling him on the spot. But he whispers in my ear, 'See me in my tent before you report.' I shouldn't have listened to him, but I did. I didn't see any high ranking officers around when I rode into camp, so I thought, 'I'll see what this slime of a man has to say to me.' I thought he was going to make up some excuse or else deny that he had done anything wrong. I thought I'd listen to what he said and then spit in his face and go and report him to the Colonel. But he was too sharp for me. He came strutting into the tent, calm and cool as can be.

"You think you saw something out there, don't you?"

"I know I saw something out there."

"What do you think you saw?"

"I saw Lt. Holmes stop to save you from the Zulus and then I saw you drag Lt. Holmes off his horse, leaving him to be killed by the Zulus while you rode to safety."

“Lt. Holmes would have done the same thing I did had our positions been reversed. So would you have, or anyone else in the British Army.’

“‘That’s a lie.’

“‘What did you say?’

“‘I said that’s a lie. Lt. Holmes did have a chance to get clean away, but instead he stopped to save you. And there isn’t any other soldier in the British Army that would have done what you done.’

“‘I see: ‘Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules, of Hector and Lysander...’ All that British Grenadier type of nonsense.’

“‘It ain’t nonsense, I’ve seen the British soldier in action. They’re my mates, the dead ones and them that are still alive.’

“‘My family has money.’

“‘Good for you.’

“‘Some of that money, a lot of that money, can be yours.’

“‘Keep your money, I’m going to see the Colonel.’

“I never got out of the tent. As I turned to go, he hit me from behind with something much harder than a fist. I think it was a sword hilt. But whatever he hit me with, it did the trick. I was out long enough for him to get rid of me. Oh, I can see what you’re thinking. If he got rid of me, how come I’m here?”

“Yes, I was thinking along those lines.”

“He got rid of me without killing me. How was he going to explain my body in his tent if he killed me? At least twenty men had seen me ride in. He couldn’t just shoot me and say I never came back to camp. What he did was quite simple, and I was too stupid to see it coming. After hitting me he had me locked up. He told the Colonel that I had tried to attack him because I thought that he was responsible for turning the whole company over to the Zulus. Everything, according to me, was Lt. Harris’s fault. He said I had accused him of being in secret communication with the Zulus. ‘It’s pure delusion of course,’ he said, ‘no doubt brought on by his terrible ordeal, so I don’t want him brought up on charges or anything. Let’s just quietly ship him home and get him some mental treatment and a rest.’

“Well, Vicar, it worked. He was a smooth one and I wasn’t. He had me shipped home under a kind of house arrest the whole way. When I got home, I was put in some kind of mental ward for soldiers. And they kept an eye on me there, too.”

“Did you ever try to tell anyone about Lt. Harris?”

“Yes, I did. They wouldn’t let me see anybody high up in the military, but I told the doctors in the ward that I was in the ward because of that there Lt. Harris and not because I was suffering from a nervous breakdown. But they just smiled at me and said that I’d see things differently when I was well.”

“You never did get ‘well’, did you?”

“No, I didn’t. I knew what Lt. Harris was. But I learned to stop talking about Harris. It wasn’t doing me any good, in fact it was keeping me in the mental ward. Once I stopped talking about him, they gave me an honourable discharge from the service and let me out of the mental ward. You see, from their side of the fence I was cured.”

“How long did you serve in the Army?”

“Ten years — eight in Africa and two in that there mental ward. I went home to Wales when I got out of the mental ward. I got a chance to see my mother, but my father was dead. Mother died eight months after I came home. I’ve spent the last forty or so years roaming the streets of London.”

“That’s a long time to roam the streets.”

“Well, it ain’t all been roaming. I’ve worked the docks some, and I’ve peddled some and I even lived under a roof for a few years, but mainly I’ve been roaming, because I like the company...”

“Of white people?”

“Yes, that’s it. I don’t think that anyone who has not been in Africa and seen what those blacks are really like can know what it means to live white. There is something from hell in those black men that makes you sick to your soul. I can’t stand it when your missionary type Christians try to make out that a black man is simply a white man with black skin. That just ain’t so. A black man is different inside from a white man. And white men should stay clear of black men, if they want to hang on to their souls. You’ve been buying me beer, Reverend, so I don’t like talking against missionaries, but that’s the way I feel. I don’t think it’s Christian to go around preaching that a black man can ever be a white man.”

“You needn’t apologize. I don’t agree with everything done by my fellow pastors and ministers. In fact, I’m more often than not at odds with them. As regards the colored missions, I think it’s best for Europeans to stay in Europe and keep Europe Christian so that the light can shine on other nations. I don’t think we should bring the colored to Europe nor do I think we should ever confuse evangelization with mongrelization. But I think I’ve interrupted you. Please go on.”

“There isn’t much more to tell. Except for the one thing that you might find helpful. Like I said, the horror of negroes burned deep into my soul. So it hurt me, and I know it hurt plenty of the others that fought in those African wars, that when the whole thing was over and we were supposed to have won the Zulu wars, that they not only let Cetewayo, Chief of the Zulus, live, they invited him to England. He took a house in Kensington and had lunch with the Queen. And every time he went out, big crowds greeted him, patted on the back, and called him a jolly good fellow.”

“Didn’t certain of the bloodthirsty Indian chiefs in America get similar treatment when their fighting days were over?”

“I don’t know, Vicar. But it was wrong. Let me tell you about the Zulus and Cetewayo. They weren’t soldiers, they were Satanists. They never just killed a man, they mutilated his corpse. And when they caught some soldier alive, they tortured him. You’ve heard tell of the Jack the Ripper fellow that they never caught?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Well, everyone said what he done was terrible, you know, cutting them women up. And it was terrible. But those black fiends from hell is all Jack the Rippers. They look on that type of killing and mutilating as normal. Cetewayo liked to watch his prisoners be cut up while he was eating, just like some white folk might like to hear music while they ate. I couldn’t stand to see him strutting around London, so I decided to kill him. I saw an advertisement for one of his gibberish talks. He talked Zulu and some missionary translated for him. I planned on blending in with the crowd and then, when I got close enough to him, sticking a knife into him. But it never happened like I wanted it to. As soon as I got into that there hall, I was taken away.”

“By Scotland Yard?”

“They said they was Scotland Yard, but they weren’t. They just told me they were working for Scotland Yard so I wouldn’t put up a fuss.”

“Who were they then?”

“They were working for Captain Harris – he was promoted to captain after Islandlwana – because as it turned out he was sponsoring the talk. He recognized me coming in and set his goons on me. He didn’t want some public row where I might tell what I knew about him. Nobody believed me before, but he still didn’t want it bandied about. Once the goons got me away from the hall, they coshed me. When I came to, I was tied up and looking into the face of a Chinaman.”

“I don’t mean to be constantly interrupting you, but this is vital. Do you remember the name of that Chinaman?”

“No, I don’t, Vicar, because he never said his name. And if you ask me to describe him all I could say was that he was a Chinaman.”

“What happened to you after you came to?”

“The Chinaman told me I was going on a long trip, but before I left he wanted some information from me. And he made it clear that if I didn’t give it willingly he would still get it from me. It would be his great pleasure, he assured me, to cause

me great pain. But he needn't have threatened me. I was quite willing to tell him what he wanted to know. It wasn't no military secrets he was after. He wanted to know why Captain Harris wanted me killed. So I told him."

Here then was the link between Matthew Harris and Min Chang that I had been seeking. Though Jenkins couldn't give me his name, I was certain that Min Chang was the man who Matthew Harris had hired to kill Jenkins. But Chang didn't kill him, because if he had he couldn't blackmail Harris over his cowardice at Islandwana. But I was beginning to see a different murder scenario. Tired of paying blackmail for so many years to Min Chang, Harris had not killed Min Chang himself as I had originally thought, but had hired Yong Liu to kill him. That was the reason Yong Liu didn't want me to find Min Chang's murderer. Yong Liu was the murderer!

All this was conjecture, and I knew it was too flimsy to hold up in court. I needed more.

"Obviously, Min Chang didn't kill you."

"No, he didn't, and I couldn't figure out why."

"I think I know. He wanted to use the information you gave him to blackmail Captain Harris. If he murdered you, then Harris would have had something on him as well."

"That makes sense, but I never put it together. I guess I've been the fool ten ways from Sunday."

"No, you've been the one man among ravenous wolves. What did Min Chang do with you?"

"That's assuming the Chinaman was Min Chang."

"Yes, I am assuming that."

"He had me put on a steamer bound for China. But he must not have paid the ship's captain much money, because it was pretty easy for me to jump ship and make my way back to England."

"How long did it take you to get back?"

"Two months."

"What did you do when you got back?"

"Well, I didn't make no more tries on Cetewayo, because he was gone, on his way back to Zululand. And I lost track of Captain Harris. I've just been roaming ever since. I had a wife for a few years, those are the years that I lived under a roof. But the wife died and I went back to roaming through London."

"Did Harris ever make any more tries on your life?"

"No, he didn't. I always thought that he figured I was dead. But if that there Min Chang was blackmailing him over his cowardice he must have told him I was still alive and he could produce me if he wanted."

"And all those years he's had that hanging over his head."

"I guess so, Vicar. It's funny that a man who says he doesn't believe in the British honour code would spend his life afraid that someone might prove that he didn't live up to the code."

"Thomas, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies.' There was an American author, Mark Twain, who served briefly on the Southern side in the South's War for Independence. He deserted and then spent the rest of his life casting aspersions on the code of chivalry. He couldn't abide Walter Scott, who was kind of the poet laureate of chivalry."

"Meaning, he couldn't be honourable and brave, so that meant there was no such thing as bravery and honour?"

"Yes. And I think that sums up Matthew Harris as well. A man that is pure ego cannot ever say he is a lesser man than other men. So Harris took refuge in his intellect, which he thought was better than anyone else's intellect. The endless intellectual gatherings and dinner parties were all his attempt to convince himself and the world that he was Matthew Harris, the demi-god."

“But why did he sponsor the Cetewayo talks and make such a big deal about the magnificent Zulus?”

“Because the true intellectual worships the noble savage, and that’s what the black man has become to white liberals: the Noble Black Savage.”

“But he ain’t noble; he’s just a savage.”

“I agree, but that’s the pathology of men like Matthew Harris. They love the devil through his conduit, the negro.”

“Are there a lot of men like Matthew Harris?”

“Unfortunately men like Harris are becoming more numerous. Our universities breed such men.”

“Then I’m glad I won’t be around much longer.”

“Never say that, Thomas. You’re the type of Britisher we need.”

“That’s kind of you to say, Vicar.”

“I mean it, Thomas. Now, I need you for something of great importance. Are you game for another try at Captain Harris?”

“That I am, Vicar.”

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SCENE: The Harris Mansion in London, Christmas Eve, approximately 7 p.m.

Mrs. Harris: Matthew, I don’t know if you’ve noticed but that man has been standing under that streetlight, staring up at the house for the last hour.

Matthew Harris: No, I hadn’t noticed.

Mrs. Harris: Well, it bothers me.

Matthew Harris: God forbid that anything should bother my dearest. I’ll ask one of the servants to call the police, though I doubt that they can do much. There is no law against standing under a streetlight. Wait, I’ll go out and speak to him myself.

Mrs. Harris: Do you think that’s wise?

Matthew Harris: It won’t take long and the man seems harmless.

SCENE: On the Street

Matthew Harris: I warn you, I’m armed.

Jenkins: Now why would you think you needed a gun against the likes of me?

Matthew Harris: What do you want?

Jenkins: I wants money, the money you offered me many years ago to keep my mouth shut. Now I wants it. And I want it to keep my mouth shut about more than your being a coward. I want money to keep me from telling that you hired that there Yong Liu to kill that other Chinaman that the papers have been talking about.

Matthew Harris: I had nothing to do with that murder. My son did it.

Jenkins: In the old days, I wouldn’t do business with a man that would sell out his comrades and then sell out his own son. But I’ve changed, Captain Harris. I’m so down and out that lying in the gutter would be a step up for me. You give me the money to live like a white man, and I’ll keep quiet about everything.



Matthew Harris: If I've done what you say, then what makes you think I won't have you killed instead of paying you?

Jenkins: Because I've told a certain vicar everything I know, and he'll go to the police if I'm killed. They might not believe him, but then again they might.

Matthew Harris: How much?

Jenkins: I'm not greedy. Let's say 5,000 pounds right now.

Matthew Harris: 3,000 pounds is the most I can get you tonight.

Jenkins: That'll do, you can get me the rest later.

Matthew Harris: Meet me in three hours at Dingman's Wharf, and I'll have the money for you. Providing you do one more thing for me.

Jenkins: What's that?

Matthew Harris: Bring that parson with you.

Jenkins: Why do you want to see him?

Matthew Harris: Bring him. If you don't, you won't get the money.

Jenkins: All right, I'll bring him.

SCENE: Dingman's Wharf

Rev. Grey: You wouldn't think there could be such a deserted and desolate looking place in a major city.

Jenkins: This here wharf is never used anymore, and certain it isn't about to be used on Christmas Eve.

Matthew Harris (stepping out of the mists): But it is going to be used this Christmas Eve, for I have need of a desolate place.

Jenkins: Did you bring the money?

Matthew Harris: No, I didn't, but I did bring this.

Rev. Grey: I thought you preferred to kill by proxy.

Matthew Harris: I do. But in both of your cases, I'll enjoy making the exceptions.

Rev. Grey: But why deprive Yong Liu of the pleasure? He killed Min Chang for you, and I'm sure he wouldn't mind killing two more.

Matthew Harris: So you want a confession. Aren't you being rather heavy-handed about it?

Rev. Grey: Yes, I'd like a confession from you, because I don't think you have the nerve to kill me, and once you've dropped the gun, I'll go to the police with your confession.

Matthew Harris: You're wrong, you disgusting clerical pig. I'll kill you and Jenkins there because it will be a pleasure. That Min Chang killing was business, and that's why I hired Yong Liu to do it for me.

Rev. Grey: Why did you wait so many years?

Matthew Harris: He didn't ask for that much at first. But then he started getting exorbitant in his demands. It was simply a business decision.

Rev. Grey: But this is pleasure?

Matthew Harris: Yes, pleasure and business.

Rev. Grey: Because I threw you in the fountain?

Matthew Harris: No, for that I could have paid someone to have you beaten.

Jenkins: I don't think so, Captain, he'd be too much for a regiment.

Matthew Harris: Shut up, Jenkins. No, Mr. Grey, I'm not killing you for throwing me in a fountain. I'm killing you for the simple business reason that you know too much. But even more than that, I'm killing you because I hate you. You're a Christer, a dying breed of a man that I will be quite happy to send out of this world. So you and that pathetic wretch, Private Thomas Edward Jenkins, can go to that great nothingness together... Who are you?

Inspector Palmer, Scotland Yard (stepping out of the mist with a revolver in hand): Unfortunately for you, Mr. Harris, I am justice, and I'm here to arrest you for the murder of Min Chang.

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It was not a foolproof plan we had hatched to get a confession from Matthew Harris. In fact, it seemed highly unlikely that Matthew Harris would be fooled by such a simple plan. But there were a number of factors that worked in our favor. The first was Matthew Harris's deep-rooted hatred for me. I sensed that we were bitter enemies from the very first time I had met him at the dinner party. That hatred, which went quite beyond mere dislike, no doubt stemmed from our opposed masters. I hoped that his hatred for me might make him so anxious to kill me that he might possibly overstep the bounds of caution and reveal his guilt.

The second factor was Harris's contempt for Thomas Jenkins. I don't think he believed that such a simpleton (his own view, not mine) as Thomas Jenkins could trick a giant intellect such as Matthew Harris. Once I got Mrs. Harris to point out Jenkins on the street in front of their home, the trap was sprung. It only needed a word to Inspector Palmer of Scotland Yard to seal Matthew Harris's fate and prove George Harris's innocence.

George was released from prison at 11:30 p.m. Christmas Eve, and he stepped across the threshold of his home and into his mother's arms at 12 midnight, just as the Christmas chimes rang throughout London.

Yong Liu was arrested while trying to leave the country. There was a great deal of international haggling over where he was to be tried, because he was a Chinese citizen. He actually wanted to be tried in England, because he thought he had a better chance of escaping the death penalty in England than in China. Eventually he was sent back to China where he was executed. Min Chang's family was more influential than Yong Liu's family.

Matthew Harris? He pleaded not guilty, claiming Yong Liu had acted alone. His case dragged on for six months and eventually he was acquitted. His friends in high places, which he hadn't chosen to use in defense of his son, came through for him.

I wasn't surprised at the verdict. Nor was I particularly upset by it. It was George Harris's release I had wanted, and through the grace of God it was given to me. You don't believe it was the grace of God that released George Harris? That is your prerogative, but how do you explain my meeting with Thomas Jenkins? Mere chance? That would be too coincidental for me to believe.

George Harris is still alive today, with a wife, four children, and six grandchildren. He never left the Christian fold after his unexpected entry into it while in prison. His mother lived well into her nineties before passing away. And Thomas Jenkins lived another twenty-five years after the Matthew Harris trial. He never was comfortable living permanently under one roof, but like Edie Ochiltree in Walter Scott's novel, *The Antiquary*, he stayed as a guest under many roofs, particularly mine. At his death he thanked God for allowing him "to die among white folk and not in that horrible Zululand." He had become a legendary figure after Matthew Harris's exposure. So when he died, he was buried with full military honors. That would have amused him, because he never thought he deserved any military honors. His one request, which I honored, was to be buried with his worn and tattered copy of the New Testament. God bless him.

After George's acquittal, Matthew Harris's wife and son moved to a country house outside of London, leaving Matthew Harris to the London house and his friends from academia. The dinner parties, however, were never quite as prestigious as before. It's odd — even though the liberal academics were self-professed scoffers at such things as honour and chivalry, the fact that Matthew Harris was not a brave British soldier but was in fact an unchivalrous cad — and possibly a murderer

– made the more ‘respectable’ academics such as Freud shun him. But still, because he had money, Matthew Harris managed to maintain a stable of diner party academic sycophants and spongers. He preceded his wife in death, dying quietly in his sleep in the eighty-ninth year of his life.

Was there any sign of repentance toward the end of his wretched life? His wife said there was not. He seemed obdurate right till the end. Deathbed conversions are rare, but they do occur. It’s always very sad for the surviving family members when their own flesh and blood dies without showing even a glimmer of repentance.

There was incredible hatred for Christ in Matthew Harris. And because of that hatred he spent a lifetime attacking Christ’s people. Every person who had anything to do with the building or maintaining of Christian Europe was an anathema to him. And unfortunately Matthew Harris, in his later years particularly, saw that the European people were starting to come around to his way of thinking. But ironically his son George, once he converted, was the last of a breed. George became a true-bred Englishman whose Christianity was the unshakeable, bred-in-the-bone Christianity of his noble grandsires. The European restoration will come from such Christians as George Harris.

I would be remiss if I left out the missing piece of the Ann Harris story. When I told Ann that I thought I could prove her son was innocent of the murder if she would simply point out Thomas Jenkins to her husband, she readily agreed.

“Is that all you want me to do?”

“There is one more thing.”

“What?”

“I want you to pray.”

“I don’t think I can. I’m afraid to.”

“When your husband leaves the house to confront Thomas Jenkins, go to a quiet place, your own upper room, and pray to Christ.”

“I’ll try, Reverend, but it’s been so long.”

“Think of your son and how much you love him. And think of God’s Son. Trust me, you’ll be able to pray.”

After the Christmas services I had Christmas dinner with Ann Harris and her son. Ann took me aside after dinner.

“Reverend, what time was it when my husband confessed to the murder?”

“About 11 p.m.”

“That’s the same time that I finished my prayer. It started out as an incoherent mumble to the great unknown God. But I thought of my son and how much I loved him. I’d do anything to free him. And then I felt, for the first time, a pang in my heart for Christ. How He must have loved us to do what He did. And surely He wouldn’t stop loving us. Then I was able to pray: ‘Please, Christ, please help my son, because I love him. And if you can’t help him, please give me the grace to bear it.’

“It wasn’t a prayer from my brain; it was from my heart, Reverend. And God surely knew it was from my heart, because he gave me back my son.”

George Harris’ life was saved that night, but an even greater miracle happened that Christmas Eve. A sinner returned to her God. Ann Harris was the prodigal who returned to her Father’s house. Our Christmas feast reminded me of another feast:

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry.

Will the European people, now that they have renounced the personal sins and think there are only social sins, such as racism, ever know what it is to be merry again? Only if they return to their provincial God who presides over the European hearth fires.

One of my most joyous Christmas memories shall always be of Ann Harris, the woman who, at the supreme crisis of her life, called on Him by name and asked Him to teach her faithful, loving, English heart to overrule her doubting brain. She loved much and was forgiven. So should we all. And that is my equivalent of Tiny Tim's Christmas blessing.

—THE END—

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### **The Little European Town of Bethlehem - December 14, 2013**

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. —Luke 2: 7-16

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After the Southern War for Independence, there were a number of Southern writers and statesmen who stepped forth to defend the South. The best defenses came, in my judgment, from men like R. L. Dabney, Thomas Nelson Page, and John Sharp Williams, who saw the War Between the States as a battle for Christian civilization with the race issue as the paramount issue:

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... — John Sharp Williams

What men such as Williams, Dabney, and Page saw from their Christian perspective was that to succumb to the forces of racial Babylon, which is what surrender to the Northern aggressor entailed, was to succumb to the devil. I think the subsequent actions of the liberals after the war have proven Williams, Page, and Dabney to be correct. The uncivil Civil War was about race and faith, and states' rights was only a minor issue stemming from those two larger and intertwined issues.

The Christian defense of the South was not the majority defense. In later years, the defense took the form of the states' rights issue as articulated by Basil L. Gildersleeve in his book, *The Creed of the Old South 1865-1915*. But with all due respect to the classical scholars such as Gildersleeve, who always seem to mistake a piece of the pie for the whole pie, it seems obvious, from my prejudiced Christian perspective, that Williams, Page, and Dabney saw the issues clearly and Gildersleeve did not. Certainly regional autonomy is important, but why is it important? It is important because our kith and kin reside in a particular region. We can't allow the stranger to invade or govern our homes. But if we follow the logic of Gildersleeve and his fellow classicists, we cannot defend our people from racial amalgamation. Mere geographical proximity does not make a people. The South land was nothing until white Christian Europeans came and infused their spirit and blood into the land itself. Then, and only then, did the south become The South. A black man could live in the South ten thousand years, but he would never be a Southerner, just as a black man born and bred in England could never be a true bred Englishman. Our racial home is our spiritual home: regional boundaries exist to protect our racial hearth. If those of other colors and other faiths are allowed to become one with us just because they live in the same region, then we have no homeland. A Moslem France is not France, an integrated multi-racial South is not The South, and a colored Europe is not Europe. This was the common, instinctive wisdom of the European people before they exchanged their instincts for statistics and science. Now, according to liberal lights, a patriot loves the people, and "the people" are the colored races.

The American Civil War was an attempt by the Jacobins of the North to extinguish Christian Europe in the Northern Hemisphere by making the negroes "the people" and then deifying them. They did not fully complete their triumph until the 1950's when the Christian opposition to racial Babylon ceased and a new breed of Christian clergymen became the leading proponents of racial Babylon. And so it remains today, not only in the South, but throughout all of Europe. The Dabneys, the Pages, and the Williamses – the defenders of the white race and the Christian faith – have disappeared and been replaced by the negro-worshipping, white-hating clergy. The only resistance to racial Babylon is no resistance, because it doesn't come from Christian sources, it comes from the pagan Right who want an equality of colors within a secularized state. Such a state is not possible. Men will find a God to worship. The liberals left Christianity behind them,

but they did not remain secularized. They embraced the sacred negro. What force can the pagan Right call upon to counter the liberals' faith?

There is moral force sufficient to defeat the statistically overwhelming hordes of colored barbarians and technocratic liberals, in the people of Old Europe. But if the Europeans reject their race, they will never know the God of their race who provided them with the moral force to fight the devil and all his works. The Ghost of Christmas Past bid Scrooge place his hand on his (the Ghost's) heart. At that moment Scrooge began to see. Our people of long ago lived in a different world than we live in now, because they placed their hands on the heart of the Christ Child. Once that divine-human connection was made, the people of Europe became the Christ-bearers, the people who had seen a great light. The modern Europe of Science, statistics, and the negro has no light in it. There is no Christmas in Babylon. Let us look to the Star of Bethlehem, the guiding light of our people, and leave the darkness of Babylon forever.

There is a real life hell much darker than Dante's fictional hell. It is the hell of a world that is made in the image of academia, a place where Satan reigns supreme through his satanically created demi-gods of color. To go from that world to the Christian Europe in which the Christ Child was honored and loved is to pass from darkness to light just as the repentant Scrooge passed from his hate-filled world of darkness to the light of Christ's love when he crossed the doorstep of his nephew's house. There was feasting, laughter, and love in that house because it was tenanted by people who loved the Christ Child. So did all the ancient Europeans and so should we, this Christmas and every Christmas. +

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Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; 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! – Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*

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### **Till the Ending of the World - December 7, 2013**

But never the gloom that lowers over the fortune of the cause, nor anything which the great may do towards hastening their own fall, can make me repent of what I have done by pen or voice (the only arms I possess) in favour of the order of things into which I was born, and in which I fondly hoped to die. – Burke in his Letter to William Elliot

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I was saddened to hear of the death of Walt Disney's older daughter, Diane Disney Miller, a few weeks ago, but I was very heartened to know his daughter was intensely loyal to her father's memory her entire life. She even founded the Walt Disney Family Museum to counteract all the negative press her father received from the liberals. Why have the liberals hated Walt Disney so? They've hated him because like Walter Scott and Hans Christian Andersen his imagination was grounded in Christian Europe. He saw beauty — moral beauty — in the people of old Europe.

The modern Disney Studios feed off the moral imagination of Walt Disney. Every new picture they make is a blasphemous celebration of Satanism, yet they still retain the name of Disney and maintain the original Disney films, because they know without the Disney name and the real Disney films their financial bankruptcy will become as great as their moral bankruptcy. The liberals running the Disney Studios feed off the moral patrimony of Walt Disney while simultaneously renouncing it.

The same process of feeding and renouncing is taking place in the European nations as a whole. The liberals use the moral patrimony of Christian Europe to further the ends of Satanic Europe. Traditional stories which came from authors whose imaginations were rooted in the traditions and faith of old Europe are put through the liberals' wringer. By changing the characters' colors and sexual orientations the old stories are made the support and prop of a new Europe consecrated to racial diversity and sexual depravity. The same process is taking place in the churches. The church men change the Christ story of old Europe to make it coincide with the new Europe, Satan's Europe.

Why bother to keep the old stories and the outward symbols of the old faith around at all? The reason is not complicated. Liberalism is pure negation. It is an ideology without a soul to sustain its adherents, so, like a succubus, it must latch on to a living organism in order to keep itself alive. Where would the liberal be without his bastardized, inverted, distorted Christian faith in which original sin exists in the white man and salvation comes by way of the negro? He would have to

self-destruct, which he often does, when in the dark recesses of his forsaken soul he starts to doubt his god. Just as the old-time Christians tried to band together to spread the faith and to support each other in those dark nights of the soul when a disciple wonders, "Sentry, are you there?," so do the modern liberals gather together in church and academy to keep their vision of the sacred negro and racial Babylon alive.

The feeding off of and the renouncing of Western civilization cannot continue much longer. An academic acquaintance of mine, a woman who should be imprisoned for her intense hatred for all things European, regularly goes to England to become "revitalized." Will she still be revitalized when Britain is a Moslem nation? No, I don't think she will. Nor will my mad-dog, liberal sister, who sends her daughter to a white, private school while insisting she just loves her black brethren to death, survive the mandatory diversification of all schools, private and public. A fleeting remnant of the unbought grace of life has lingered over Europe during the 20th century, often called back to life during wars, but we are now seeing a new generation of young white people who know nothing of their past and the moral patrimony bequeathed to them by their distant ancestors. These young people, bereft of all hope save their hope in the negro, either kill themselves outright with drugs or else commit racial suicide by mixing their blood with the blood of the barbaric negro gods. This a consummation most devoutly not to be wished for, but there is no other fate for white people who no longer believe they are a people.

It is during the Christmas season that the feeding and denouncing dynamic is at its height. What is too loathsome to be endured at any time of the year becomes doubly loathsome at Christmas time. Academics who spew their bile on Christian Europe throughout the academic year take their Christmas breaks and give their two quality children presents placed under a Christmas tree, a symbol of the cross on which the Savior, whom they despise, died. It's true that more and more liberals, usually those without children, are dispensing with even the outward show of Christianity. That is for the good. I would prefer the liberals make their Satanism as blatant as possible. Let us have Herod Day instead of a Christmas Day, and Caiaphas Day instead of Easter. And shouldn't we continue to make Martin Luther King Jr. day our most holy day of the year? Of course, we should if we are going to make our holidays correspond to the spirit of our nation. (1)

Scrooge lived a life apart from the rest of society because he made a conscious decision to renounce the God of charity and mercy. The repentant Scrooge walked through the door of his nephew's home and rejoined his fellow Europeans because he had come to believe in the God of charity and mercy. The European of today who believes what the repentant Scrooge believed must reverse Scrooge's spiritual pilgrimage. He must walk away from a society dominated by liberals and find his own upper room, a room prepared for the followers of the Man of Sorrows, the Christ of old Europe. From that upper room he must build up his resistance to and prepare for the war with the liberal world surrounding him. What can the ungodly offer us? They can offer us a place in Babylon if we are willing to renounce our people and our God. To sit in the seat of the scornful might be the sum and substance of the liberals' desires, but an antique European desires something quite different. He wants to remain with Christ, whom he has come to know in and through his people, "the dear old folks from long ago."

The French Jacobins killed their King, and the Russian Bolsheviks killed their Czar to show there was no turning back. Forward to Utopia and the reign of the people! And the bloody reign of the people continues. The blood-red tide of colored violence against whites has reached tidal wave proportions. There can be no turning back, no charitable license, because the people must rule, and "the people" are the barbarians of color. If the church men such as Pope Francis were really Christian men who believed that all men were created in the image of God, they would be concerned about the slaughter of the white race. But they are not concerned; in point of fact, they encourage the slaughter of the white race. If there is no black or white then why do the white-hating, Christ-hating clerics worship the black race and hate the white race? Call it a "knockout game" or "slap-happy," but colored violence against whites by any euphemistic name still is colored violence against whites, and it cries out to heaven for vengeance. Has there ever been a time when a violent, merciless foe was defeated by pretending there was no such thing as a violent, merciless foe? Of course not; nominalism has its limits. The white-hating liberal and the murderous, white-hating black are not fantasies concocted by right-wingers. They are part of the everyday fabric of our existence, and they will not go away until they are confronted by an enemy who will fight them on every front because he knows who it is they fight for and who it is he fights for. Christ does not give us any guarantee that He will give his followers the victory. Maybe that is why so many white nationalists try to use the magic talismans of science and democracy to defeat the liberal techno-barbarians and the barbarians of color. But if we don't triumph in Christ's name, then we have not won. The Christ-bearers must be true to their high calling. It is only the utopians who look for a system that will provide mankind with a final victory here on earth. The Christian Europeans knew that there is no final victory in this world only. The life of the spirit is a continuum, from this world to the next. C. S. Lewis expressed this so well in his *Chronicles of Narnia*. By manmade logic it seems like an unsolvable problem: that our success in this world depends on how much we disregard the logic of this world – but it is not unsolvable in Him and through Him. Heaven visited Earth in the form of Jesus Christ and from that fact of history we few, we Europeans, have always derived the strength and the will to fight for innocence. Because he was gentle and loved much, we must be gentle inside, gentle enough to strike back at the colored barbarians who have made the rape, torture, and murder of white people their national pastime. And we must hate the liberals as we hate the devil: they sit in the seat of the scornful and make merry over the death of white people. That charity of honor commands us to hurl the liberals from their Satan-forged thrones.

This Christmas I'll read Dickens' *Christmas Carol* with my family, we'll sing the traditional Christmas carols, and we'll feast. But I won't forget for one moment the burning white child, Jonathan Foster, and all the other white victims in the ongoing war of the colored barbarians and liberals against the white race. There is no Christmas truce when the enemy does not believe in the author of Christmas. Christian gentleness does not preclude fierceness in the face of evil. Far from it: in the name of gentleness and mercy we must be fierce. Because the hopes and fears of all the years are met in Him, we fight without ceasing against them, this Christmas and every Christmas till the ending of the world. +

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(1) If you needed any more proof of the real faith of the liberals, just take note of the adulation and deification of the recently deceased Nelson Mandela, of whom we can justly say as some anonymous historian said of King John of England: "Hell is defiled by his presence."

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### **The Warm, Beautiful Summer of Christian Europe - November 30, 2013**

The demon said this was very amusing. When a good or pious thought passed through the mind of any one it was misrepresented in the glass; and then how the demon laughed at his cunning invention. All who went to the demon's school – for he kept a school – talked everywhere of the wonders they had seen, and declared that people could now, for the first time, see what the world and mankind were really like. They carried the glass about everywhere, till at last there was not a land nor a people who had not been looked at through this distorted mirror. They wanted even to fly with it up to heaven to see the angels, but the higher they flew the more slippery the glass became, and they could scarcely hold it, till at last it slipped from their hands, fell to the earth, and was broken into millions of pieces. But now the looking-glass caused more unhappiness than ever, for some of the fragments were not so large as a grain of sand, and they flew about the world into every country. When one of these tiny atoms flew into a person's eye, it stuck there unknown to him, and from that moment he saw everything through a distorted medium, or could see only the worst side of what he looked at, for even the smallest fragment retained the same power which had belonged to the whole mirror. Some few persons even got a fragment of the looking-glass in their hearts, and this was very terrible, for their hearts became cold like a lump of ice.

— Hans Christian Andersen in "The Snow Queen"

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Now that the Christian churches of the West have become multiracial, ecumenical adjuncts of Liberalism, the liberals feel no need to undermine the Christian churches. They do feel the need to keep heaping live coals on the heads of Christian Europeans of the past, however, because those European Christians were the enemies of Liberalism. Any counter-revolution will come by way of the Europeans who are still connected to old Europe, so the liberals keep a close watch out for any resurgence of European Christianity, which is the only true Christianity.

While the undermining process was still an ongoing affair, the liberals presented themselves as the true existentialists. Such writers as Camus and Sartre claimed they wanted no fairy tales. "Man's existence precedes essence," was the war cry of the existentialists. No theoretical creed or abstract theology was allowed to get in the way of man's confrontation with reality. But were the existentialists really existentialists? Did they ever face the reality of existence without an a priori conviction of their own, which was just as abstract and false as the abstract theories of the Thomists and the legions of Christian theorists who followed in St. Thomas's train? Accepting the existentialists' own definition of existentialism, that reality minus any theoretical, partisan pleading was their guide, we find that the existentialists were not existential after all. St. Paul was an existentialist as were Burke and William Shakespeare, but Camus, Kafka, Faulkner, Sartre, and the entire pantheon of 20th century philosophers and literati were not existentialists. They were the crippled, maimed children of the scientific age who were unable to see reality, the reality of Christ as He appeared in the collective face of the European people, because of the material, scientific wall that blocked their vision. By assuming à la Descartes that a man must invent himself anew, aren't you denying reality? Yes, you are, because the reality of life includes the truths that have been passed on from generation to generation. Granted, those old truths must be sifted in the new hearts of every generation, but they are part of reality, just as our intuitions about existence are part of reality. The scientific reduction of man's nature to mineral and vegetable matter is not realistic, because we have seen that a man has that within that cannot be explained scientifically. Faith, hope, and charity cannot be seen under a microscope or in the dissected body of a corpse, but they are part and parcel of human existence. The false existentialists of the 20th century have brought on the negro worship of the 21st century. The negro is the incarnation of the blank, materialist, scientific wall of nature.

The a priori vision of the modern "existentialists" was the same as the psychologists and the scientists – Nature is all. Samuel Becket's last play, in which we see a large mouth and nothing else on stage is the final anti-vision of the modern European. Small wonder that fantasy tales such as the Harry Potter stories, which have no connection to Christianity, have replaced the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen, which were stories grounded in the reality of the Christian faith. (1) Small wonder as well, that a multi-racial Babylon of sex and blood has replaced the home and hearth-centered Europe of the antique Europeans. If Christ be not risen – and the scientists have told us He is not risen –

then reality is unbearable and it must be avoided at all cost. Everything that takes a man away from European Christianity and toward the sex, blood, and Harry Potter-like world of the liberals is good. And everything that pulls a man toward that blessed realm of the spirit, the Christ-forged world of old Europe, is an anathema to the liberals.

There is not yet any resistance to death in life liberalism, because the conservatives have confined themselves to a critique of liberalism without offering an opposed vision of reality. They look at the liberals' wall of science and see that it is not a vision that sustains a people, but they have no alternative. It's as if they are saying, "It's a terrible world that the liberals want us to live in, but unfortunately it is the real world, so why not find a place in that world for the European?" This is not possible. There is no reason to fight for a better place in a dung heap. If Christ be not risen, there is no need for segregation or any type of racial differentiation, because mere vegetable matter is food for worms, and worms do not discriminate; they have no prejudices.

There has been and there continues to be no resistance to the liberals' kingdom of Satan on earth, because the white man has lost the Hans Christian Andersen element of his faith. His heart has been frozen by the evil, liberal Snow Queen. A well-planned electoral strategy by a white nationalist will not remove the ice around the white man's heart. Only a heart that still remains connected to His sacred heart can melt the ice that the Snow Queen of science and negro worship has planted in the heart and the visionary eye of the white man.

"The Roses out on the roof were in full bloom, and peeped in at the window; and there stood the little chairs, on which they had sat when children; and Kay and Gerda seated themselves each on their own chair, and held each other by the hand, while the cold empty grandeur of the Snow Queen's palace vanished from their memories like a painful dream. The grandmother sat in God's bright sunshine, and she read aloud from the Bible. "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God." And Kay and Gerda looked into each other's eyes, and all at once understood the words of the old song,

Roses bloom and cease to be,  
But we shall the Christ-child see.

And they both sat there, grown up, yet children at heart, and it was summer, — warm, beautiful summer.

The wedding of the European and science has produced a child who stands in direct contradiction to the child that Christ enjoins us to be in order to enter the kingdom of God. In order to enter the kingdom of Satan we must be like unto and worship the noble black savage man-child who will lead us to the cruel, inhuman kingdom of Satan on earth.

The comfort that the Siegfrieds of pre-Christian Europe felt when they got to fight hand-in-hand with their gods against the forces of evil, was a sign of something within the European that was more than nature. Would vegetable matter rejoice to share its fate with other vegetables? The transition from Woden to Christ was an easy transition for the European because he felt, when he first heard the Christ story, that he had always known Christ. He was the true friend and kinsman that had been at his side in a thousand battles and would stay at this side in the last battle against death itself. Dark ages? They were the ages of light. These are the dark ages, when a race of heroes have forsaken their liege lord and kinsman for the negro. When the Europeans sought refuge from God in nature instead of fighting with their God against nature and the noble savage they ceased to be human beings; they became soulless mutants destined to serve as sacrificial victims to the gods of color.

The new 'knockout game' which the media blame on "misguided youths" is really another form of black on white crime. It is not a new game for the blacks — they have always "played" such games. When I was thirteen I used to stand in line at the local golf club in the hopes that I would be picked to caddy for a rich man who might give me a big tip. One cloudy morning I thought I had a good chance of going out because I was the one and only potential caddy there that day. Then four older negro boys came over to caddy. Still I was first in line so I thought I would get out to caddy. The negroes told me to get lost (I'm sanitizing their language), and I refused. They proceeded to beat on me. I did fight back, but I was younger, weaker, and outnumbered. I was in for it. But before I was beaten senseless, a very large, white maintenance man intervened. He slapped the heads of two of the negroes together, knocking them down, while the other two fled. He paid me all sorts of compliments for being plucky, which were undeserved because I had no choice in the matter — the fight was thrust upon me — and then he made sure that I got out to caddy that day.

That maintenance worker was a hero. He was a European deliverer. That is what all Europeans should be, because the Europeans saw the risen Lord and believed in Him, and they became the Christ-bearers. Such men imbued with that charity of honor will always fight for His reign of charity.

Always and everywhere it was the Europeans who delivered the weak and the helpless from the forces of evil, just as He will one day stand up for us and deliver us from the evil of death. The spirit of our ancestors must be present in us before



anything significant will happen to alter the Babylonian captivity of the white man. Science has not delivered us from the pestilence of liberalism, and the destructiveness of the negro has increased tenfold since the white man abandoned the simple wisdom of Kay and Gerda,

Roses bloom and cease to be,  
But we shall the Christ child see.

The people who dwell in that Europe, the fairy tale Europe of Kay and Gerda, shall never cease to be and they will never turn Europe over to the liberals and the savage hordes of color. +

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(1) Do not mistake Hans Christian Andersen's tale for the bastardized story that has just come out from the anti-Disney Disney Studios.

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### **Our Race is Our People - November 23, 2013**

A United Federal Party advertisement asked dramatically: "Are you a man or a Dinosaur?" The moral here was that the dinosaur was a brainless creature that had become extinct because it could not meet the challenge of a changing environment, a fate that would also overtake the Rhodesians – and particularly the women and children – if they did not merge with the black race! – Anthony Jacob

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I don't have many happy memories of my childhood, not because I was beaten by my parents or sent to a boarding school like the one run by Wackford Squeers in Dickens' novel *Nicholas Nickleby*, but because of a certain inborn melancholy that the German poets describe as Weltschmerz. I found the tedium of school rather oppressive, which made me grateful for a friend who shared, not so much my melancholy, but my disgust with a school system that lacked a poetic. Schools then, as they are now, were simply indoctrination centers. Now they are indoctrination centers for mad-dog liberalism; back then they were indoctrination centers for middle-of-the-road liberalism. My rebellion and Rick's rebellion, I now realize, came from two different spiritual currents, but at that time I felt we were kindred souls.

We were not 1950's 'rebels without a cause.' Our rebellion did not involve switchblades and fast cars. One brief illustration will suffice. Picture an interminably long double class of social studies and English. Picture a teacher who thought that 8th grade students could not understand real literature and therefore had to be spoon fed didactic Horatio Alger pap instead. While reading a play in class, a dumbed down Horatio Alger story, Rick and I, without any prearranged plan, started changing the meaning of the play by placing different emphasis on certain words. What was supposed to be a didactic play about hard work and the American way became a sinister melodrama. Our classmates rewarded us with laughter, and our teacher rewarded us with detentions. Such were the small, but significant to me, battles that Rick and I waged with the school system we hated.

No matter how old a friend or loved one is when they die, that mysterious intruder is always unwelcome. But Rick's death a few years ago in his mid-fifties came as even more of a shock to me because he was quite below the allotted lifespan. I hadn't spoken to Rick since high school, but anyone who has had a best friend in those formative years knows that the memories of an early friendship stay with you for your entire life.

There was a reason I never contacted the friend of my youth after our graduation from high school. In our last year in high school Rick and I became aware that we were only united in spirit by what we were against; we were not united in spirit by what we were for. Rick had become a man of the left, particularly the French left as represented by Sartre and Samuel Beckett. My spirit was of a Dostoyevskian nature. I was concerned with one thing, the same thing as the great Russian: "Can an intelligent man, a European, believe in the divinity of Christ?" I spent my college years trying to answer that question, and I came to the same conclusion that Walter Scott and my European ancestors had come to. Rick, on the other hand, went to France and practiced what he preached, radical French politics. He lived and died within the terrible confines of liberalism. Of course Rick would not agree: he would have said that I had become addicted to an illusionary God and as a consequence lived my life in fetters. Be that as it may, I am just as determined to live and die a Christian Goth as Rick was to live and die a member of the sans-culottes.

My old friend came back to the United States and lived a perfectly respectable life as a middle-class bourgeois. And he did so without abandoning any of his principles. His beliefs had become mainstream. My beliefs were counter-culture, and I was the one that lived estranged from my fellow Europeans. How have we come to such a pass? Why has the traditional faith, the faith of the antique Europeans, and the values that stem from that faith, become a hole-and-corner, proscribed faith that must be clung to in the private recesses of the heart and never be proclaimed in the open? We have come to such a pass because the left has a poetic that moves them, and the right has no poetic. That has made all the difference. This basic, startling difference between the right and the left is always brought home to me when I pick up a work of a 20th

century man of the right that I once read in my late teens and early twenties, trying to find an alternative to the poetic of leftism. The literature disappointed me back then and now I find it positively unreadable, because of the one glaring weakness in all of the right wing, 20th century authors – they saw rational analysis as an end in itself rather than as a sword to support their passions, thus leaving the field open for the leftists who did use reason as a sword to defend and advance their passions. Where the communists formed cells within a country to spread propaganda and bomb factories and defense plants, the men of the right formed think tanks and held forums to discuss the demerits of communism and the merits of the free market. So while the left invoked “the people” the right invoked “right thinking,” forgetting that passion can only be overcome by passion. The Southern people did not stop Reconstruction in its tracks by think tanks. They rose and rode in defense of their people, whom they loved enough to fight for. A handful of British soldiers did not liberate the captives of Lucknow because of their rationality. Certainly Havelock thought about his plan of attack, but his decision to fight and liberate was based on the same passionate love for his own that motivated the Southern people during the Reconstruction era.

Colored atrocities against whites are as common today as deliveries from the milkman used to be, because liberals believe in the new poetic, which is “the negroes,” who have become “the people,” while the whites do not believe in the poetic of the antique Europeans. First came the purification process in which believing Christian theologians such as Reinhold Niebuhr tried to purify Christianity by purging it of its European trappings and blending it with modern liberalism. That “purification” process soon resulted in a secularized Christianity with the negro taking the place of Christ. When the men of the right responded to the negroid secularization of Christianity with Greco-Roman rationalism, they made themselves an irrelevancy. Rationalism was found wanting in its Greco-Roman heyday, losing place to the mystery religions, it was found wanting in its medieval Catholic days, and it was found wanting in its resurgence in the Protestant “Biblical studies” sects. But still the men of the right pushed on. At age 59, Whittaker Chambers, having clawed his way up from the pit of communist hell, enrolled in college in order to pursue a “formal, intensive training in history, philosophy, and economics.” How could such a brilliant man have failed to see the obvious? How could he fail to see that it is at the academy, the collective high priestess of Liberalism, where a white man learns to be a secondhand man? He learns to love abstractions and reject all things that stem from the spirit. The academy is the enemy: it destroys a man’s spiritual vitality and leaves him with the goddess of reason who, as Unamuno tells us, is a whore.

It is only the liberals who benefit from their association with the great whore, because they only use the whore-goddess Reason to advance their satanic passion to destroy God by destroying His image in the European people. By screaming “racism” and “simple-minded superstition” the liberals sought to kill all opposition to liberalism. And they have succeeded. “Who is here so base that would be a racist? Who is here so rude that would not be opposed to superstition in the form of an incarnate God? If any, speak for him have we offended.”

The men of the right did not speak. They simply cried, “We are not racist, we are not simple-minded, we believe in the rationality of the Christian faith.” But the love of one’s kith and kin is beyond reason, and that same love brings us to the foot of the Cross, to the God whose love is beyond reason. When the men of the right stepped away from their racial hearth fire to embrace reason, unfettered by prejudice and tradition, they betrayed their people and their God.

The rational dissection of man into separate parts in order to learn the truth about man is never a good thing. Somehow when the parts are put together again we always end up with a Frankenstein monster instead of a man created in the image of God. A man of the right who wants to fight liberalism with rationalism is still under the influence of liberalism. He is still a man who can get lost in a fragment of the truth without seeing the whole truth. The whole truth is that God’s channels of race are not to be circumvented; we need a particular people to belong to, heart and soul. The face of the living God does not appear to men who are loyal to an abstract, universal people. The right wing rationalists are the more consistent branch of liberalism. They want to be loyal to all races equally. The left wing liberals are more practical. They know they need a people, so they have made the black race their people and their god, which is in keeping with their satanic nature. They have inverted God’s grace. Instead of the face of God, they see, in their perverse vision of God’s people, the face of Satan. To love the negro with one’s whole heart, mind, and soul is to love the devil and all his works.

In the Gospels our Lord connects the love of God with the love of our neighbor. You can’t have one without the other. And our neighbors are the people who are close to us, the people of our racial hearth. The good Samaritan extended his love to the stranger, but if he hadn’t first loved his own he would not have cared about the stranger because he would have been a moral pariah, a liberal. Where is the love in our modern multiracial utopia? The torture, murder, and rape of white people is the *raison d’être* of the colored races, and the worship of those who torture, murder, and rape white people is the religious faith of the liberals.

There is a very dangerous dynamic (at least for a police officer) that takes place during a domestic disturbance. When the police are called, they find a husband (sometimes it’s the other way around) beating his wife. The husband is the aggressor, the wife is the victim, and the police officer is the rescuer. But when the police officer tries to restrain the husband, he becomes the aggressor and the husband becomes the victim. What role is left to the wife? Precisely: she

becomes the rescuer and tries to stick a knife into the back of the arresting officer. I've seen this scenario played out many times. Why do I bring this up? Because the liberals have invented a false scenario in which white people are the aggressors, black people are the victims, and the liberals are the rescuers. If anyone denies the reality of the liberals' false scenario they are treated as blasphemers and are cast into outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. But there is a real domestic drama taking place throughout the European world. And contrary to the liberals' party line it is white people who are the victims, and the colored barbarians and the liberals who are the aggressors. Where is the rescuer in this real life drama? Ah, that is the question. There is no rescuer because the 20th and 21st century men of the right are too rational to believe that they have a people whom they must protect and defend. Such men are not of the same spirit as the integral Europeans of the Christian era. I know this to be true because I spend most of my time with the Europeans who lived, died, and fought before the 20th century, the post-Christian century. The men of Walter Scott's Europe would not sit idly by talking about economic systems and universal panaceas to end discrimination, while their people were slaughtered right in front of their eyes. They would act as Christian men should act in the face of a barbaric, aggressive invader devoid of the slightest trace of humanity. This insane, horrific, murderous attack on white people will continue unabated and in fact will intensify until white men acknowledge that the bardic Europeans of the past who loved and hated with all their hearts were the true men of the right. They believed in Christ risen and they believed that the first rule of charity, the charity that never faileth, is the love of our own people. At the moment that such love, the love of our own racial hearth, became a matter for rational debate, the white man was lost. Only he who remains faithful, faithful to all the instinctive promptings of a heart that still loves, will be able to help his people survive the dark night of Liberalism and live to see His light descend, once again, over Europe's green and pleasant land. +

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### **The Ancient Chivalry - November 16, 2013**

I am told, that the very sons of such Jew-jobbers have been made bishops; persons not to be suspected of any sort of Christian superstition, fit colleagues to the holy prelate of Autun; and bred at the feet of that Gamaliel. We know who it was that drove the money-changers out of the temple. We see too who it is that brings them in again. We have in London very respectable persons of the Jewish nation, whom we will keep: but we have of the same tribe others of a very different description, housebreakers, and receivers of stolen goods, and forgers of paper currency, more than we can conveniently hang. These we can spare to France, to fill the new Episcopal thrones: men well versed in swearing; and who will scruple no oath which the fertile genius of any of your reformers can devise.

In matters so ridiculous, it is hard to be grave. On a view of their consequences it is almost inhuman to treat them lightly. To what a state of savage, stupid, servile insensibility must your people be reduced, who can endure such proceedings in their church, their state, and their judicature, even for a moment? But the deluded people of France are like other madmen, who, to a miracle, bear hunger, and thirst, and cold, and confinement, and the chains and lash of their keeper, whilst all the while they support themselves by the imagination that they are generals of armies, prophets, kings, and emperors. As to a change of mind in these men, who consider infamy as honour, degradation as preferment, bondage to low tyrants as liberty, and the practical scorn and contumely of their upstart masters, as marks of respect and homage, I look upon it as absolutely impracticable. These madmen, to be cured, must first, like other madmen, be subdued. – *Further Reflections on the Revolution in France* by Edmund Burke

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In Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* he makes the point that Christianity, despite the protestations of narrow-minded sectarians who thought that Christianity existed only in their sect, had been the animating and unifying force of the European people for centuries.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this, which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

If the ancient chivalry which stems from that charity of honor that Burke and St. Paul refer to is missing in the religion of the modern Europeans, can they still exist as a people? I think the horror show called diversity gives us the answer to that question. In the name of "diversity" and "fighting racism" white people at the bare minimum tolerate colored violence against whites and in most cases encourage it. It's true that the liberals cover up the colored atrocities as best they can, but that still doesn't explain the white Europeans' refusal to respond, as a people, to the torture, murder, and rape of their people by an implacable savage foe. No people in the history of the world have responded to the extermination of their own race, with passive indifference in some cases and unhallowed joy in most instances, as the modern Europeans have.

Surely a religion that encourages racial suicide is a religion to be shunned? Yes, it is, and until that modern faith of the Europeans is burned out of their souls, they will be defenseless against the savage hordes of color and the liberals and Jews who kill by proxy through the colored barbarians.

There must be no mistaking the essential unity of the secular liberals who are outside of the visible modern church and the professed Christians within the modern churches. These two groups are merely different branches of the same river. Pope Francis of Lampedusa fame is one in spirit with the worst of the liberal sectarians, they both love a different savior than the one the antique Europeans claimed as their savior. The same bureaucratic faith in a system, independent of the “good part” of the faith, which made French Catholics powerless against the Jacobins, has permeated the Christian churches and made the church-going Europeans not only powerless, but active participants in the new negro-worshipping religion of the liberals. A deeply held faith produces fruits. The fruits of the Europeans’ ancient faith was a people who believed in that charity of honor which St. Paul saw as the greatest of these, and Edmund Burke identified as the mark of the true Europeans. The fruits of the liberals’ faith are quite bitter. We see before us a house of desolation, devoid of humanity and devoid of God.

The racial war is a religious war. The white nationalist web sites which report the colored atrocities against whites that the mainstream media ignore perform a great service. They provide an epitaph for the crucified white victims of the new anti-Christian Christianity of the unchurched and church-going modern Europeans. But the atrocity reports alone will never stop the atrocities because such reports do not move the liberals. I’ve seen this malice of indifference within my extended family. Any mention of the white holocaust produces a circle-the-wagons protective instinct in my liberal father. “That’s an isolated incident,” or “It’s not race-related,” etc. When the heart is truly engaged in the reality of life, as Edgar’s is engaged, as Hamlet’s is engaged, there are no moral ambiguities. The issue is clear: “My people are being exterminated by colored savages who have the support of the liberals and the Christian clergy. This means that the Christian clergy are not Christians: they are liberals, and they should be treated as such even if they dress up in fancy outfits and quote chapter and verse from the Scriptures, telling me that negro worship and the demonization of whites is sanctioned by the parable of the good Samaritan. Surely if there is a God, He gave us the means to know His will. Is it the will of God, the one true God, Jesus Christ, that we should love and defend our people as the Ancient Europeans did, or is it the will of God that we should demonize our own people and sacrifice them on the altars of the savage gods of color? The love of God passeth all understanding and so does the iniquity of men who love their abstract theory of God in place of the living God.

Karl Barth’s assessment of Ludwig Feuerbach, the forerunner of Karl Marx, sums up liberalism: “We have heard Feuerbach speak, and we have heard something nauseatingly, disgustingly trivial.” Liberalism is aggressive superficiality on the march. The liberals decree that there must be no Shakespearean depths to life because something might be lurking in those depths, a human soul with a desire for a God of depth, a God who does not respect the superficiality of sacrifice, who requires that His people learn what mercy is. Therein is the dichotomy between modern multi-racial, negro-worshipping Europe and the white Christian Europe of the pre-modern era. The modern European keeps reality at bay by clinging to the superficiality of liberalism, which requires the sacrifice of a man’s soul, but does not ask a man to suffer the thousand natural heartaches that a man with a human soul is heir to. Superficiality anesthetizes the soul. This is why white people do not respond with rage and anger to the colored atrocities. A superficial, anaesthetized soul can only be roused by superficiality. The white grazer has been trained more thoroughly than Pavlov’s dogs. If his people are tortured and murdered, the grazer yawns with indifference, because he has been taught that he has no people. But if his football team loses, he weeps because only his superficial attachment to a multi-racial creation of the liberals has the power to move him. There is now a whole network of superficiality that keeps the white man from plunging into the depths, a plunge that would revive and purify his soul. Death itself has lost its sting for the superficial European, not because he believes as his ancestors believed, that we triumph over death through Christ, but because the modern European does not believe that the death of a purely natural man, without an immortal soul, is a great tragedy. Pain and suffering are bad but death is merely a return from whence we came, back to the elements. Every time there is a natural disaster in the Western countries a plethora of death and dying “counselors” are sent to the scene to “console” the people who have lost loved ones in the disaster. What comfort can such counselors be? There is no comfort in the face of death except Him. But we can’t reach Him if we remain in the superficial kingdom of Liberaldom where the negro is the high god and death is not seen as an enemy that must be overcome by our faith in the risen Lord of the antique Europeans.

Burke lamented that the European people were spending the unbought grace of life, while the Jacobins and their English supporters such as Priestly and Dr. Price rejoiced because the European people were breaking boundaries and evolving toward utopia. We now see where utopia ends: When “once our grace we have forgot.” All the novels in the 20th century which warned of a future dystopian world fell short of the mark, because no European could envision a world where Europeans ceased to exist as a people. The fictional Orwellian world of 1984 is a kindergarten class compared to the real life Babylonian hell that the liberals have created. We must look backward in time to the poet who “was not for an age but for all time” to see the horror of racial Babylon and the glory of racial Babylon averted.

Prospero comes to an island inhabited by the spawn of a witch, the hideous Caliban, who views mercy as weakness and cruelty as virtue.

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,  
Filt' as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! would't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO

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 confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

In the lascivious fantasy of Caliban – “I had peopl'd else, This isle with Calibans,” – we see the horror of racial Babylon. In the firm resolve of Prospero – “I must prepare to meet with Caliban” – we see racial Babylon averted. And despite the fact that his own people have made an exile of him, Prospero forgives them, marries his daughter to a man of her own race, and seeks the grace of God:

And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.

Such were the fairy tales of the European people when they were a people. They believed that boundaries of race were channels of grace, not boundaries separating men from utopia. For Christ's sake, for our own people's sake, we few, we Europeans, must reclaim our European isle from the Calibans of color who feed on the flesh of our children, just as the liberal Sycoraxes consume the souls of our people in the name of the devil whom they serve. No magic formula will restore our people who do not believe they are a people. Only the grace of God will restore them. Thus it falls to the last Europeans to fight with might and main to keep the racial channel of grace, which keeps the other channels of grace open, pure and undefiled. The prodigals must have a home to return to. Come what may we must defend our ancient European hearth, in the name of the God of mercy. +

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### European Hearts that Still Live - November 9, 2013

If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,...

Orlando (*As You Like It*)

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Every once in a while I make contact with a European, a man or woman who has some sense that something has been lost. “Everything seems so devastatingly horrible,” “I am so lonely and depressed,” “Everything seems hopeless.” Those are the type of things I hear from people who have souls that still live, who have not yet anesthetized their souls with the liberal opiates that one needs in order to dwell in the kingdom of Liberaldom. I wouldn't dare tell such suffering souls that things are not as bad as they seem, because I believe things are worse than they seem. We have reached, under liberal rule, the depths of horror and desolation: “All is cheerless dark and deadly.” But there is more than just a tiny ember of hope in the fact that there are still Europeans left whose souls have not yet become anesthetized, who still recoil in horror from an

inhuman, soulless world in which the extermination of white people and the destruction of their ancient culture is countenanced under the guise of “diversity” and “fighting racism.” The extermination process will continue so long as the liberals rule, because those who worship darkness cannot abide the light.

Men are not meant to be in a perpetual state of happiness. Darkness and gloom are part of existence. But what concerns me about the remnant Europeans, the men and women who “indignant turn” from the horrors of Liberalism, is not that they have their dark moments – that is as it should be – but that they are being driven to total despair. And I think the total despair of the European remnant comes from their loss of a racial hearth fire. Human beings, at least those human beings of European stock, do not lose heart when they have to fight against impossible odds, but they do lose heart when they have nothing to fight for. To that pass the European remnant has come. The liberal has something to fight for: he fights for a utopian world free of white people and ruled over by the negro. The colored races have something to fight for – the extermination of the white race. But the European, who cannot fight with any enthusiasm for the forces of liberal darkness, feels bereft of a cause. Who or what can he fight for? The greatest tragedy in life is not having to fight to the death for what you hold dear; it is not having anything or anyone to fight to the death for. If the European could see his way clear of all the liberal filth and return to his racial home, he would find a God and a people to fight for, and he would not pine away with a sickness unto death.

Liberalism started out as a small movement of sick, degenerate individuals like Rousseau and Voltaire, who, allied with the Jews, sought to destroy the people and the traditional Christian culture of Europe. Over time the liberals succeeded in institutionalizing Satanism in the nations that once constituted Christian Europe. And the major ploy that was used by the satanically inspired liberals was the ‘boundaries’ ploy. The liberals depicted God’s channels of grace as hideous boundaries that kept a man enslaved in a world of pain and suffering while they, the liberals, promised the Europeans freedom if they would courageously break through the hideous boundaries that separated them from happiness. Who would be so base to prefer servitude to freedom? As we have seen, the vast majority of Europeans, over time, fell for the liberals’ satanic gambit.

The first channel of grace, or in liberal terminology, the first ‘boundary’ that had to be destroyed, was the European’s racial home. A man needs to belong to a particular race of people because he is not an abstraction: he needs a particular people and a personal God whom he learns to love and revere through and in his people. If you take away that familial and racial particularism and replace it with a universal, abstract people and a universal, abstract God, you will kill the European’s will to live, because you have left him without a people or a God to fight for.

Once the racial ‘boundary’ is transgressed all other boundaries are fair game. If our racial home is not a channel of grace but instead a restrictive boundary, then why should we put up with any boundaries? Why control our sexual appetites, our appetites for wealth, or any of our appetites? We are the people without boundaries, are we not?

Fortress Liberalism seems impregnable because the European remnant is still under the spell of clericalism, democracy, and science. The despairing European that still has a heart capable of love for the good and hatred of evil would like to cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war on the liberals, but he doesn’t dare. The clerics tell him that a white man must never act in a “racist” manner, considering himself a white person with a special attachment and special responsibilities toward the white race. A white is only allowed to fight when he fights racism. But since there is only one kind of racism, white racism, the white man is only allowed to fight against white people, who are really not his people because there is no such thing as white people, except when they are racist, and then there are white people. Are you getting all this down? You must learn your liberal catechism.

The mesmerized European is forever going around in circles on the democratic merry-go-round. If he should actually summon up the spiritual energy to fight for what he holds dear to his heart, he must fight democratically because it is a modern given that all civilized men “categorically renounce violence.” But if the white man accepts that categorical imperative, which he has, he will only be allowed to vote for his own extinction. In a democracy some are more equal than others. It is the negro, who knows only how to murder, rape, and pillage, who is served in a democracy.

And finally there is the scientific quagmire. To claim a sympathetic, mystical attachment to the people of your own race is unscientific and therefore stupid. Who wants to be called stupid? But wait. The scientific whites have a mystical, sympathetic attachment to a particular race. They worship the black race and to a lesser degree the brown, yellow, and red races. Is this scientific? Yes, it is, because Western science is the ultimate voodoo religion, and its adherents must abandon all their humanity, their sense of honor, and their charitable instincts to become scientific-minded. All scientific thinking ends with the worship of nature and nature’s god, the negro.

Let me come back to the Europeans who still have souls but despair, even unto death. It is that mystical, sympathetic chord, their attachment to their own race, which will defeat their despair. But they have been trained by the clergy, the democratists, and the men of science to leave that chord, the chord of life, untouched. If only they would play that chord.

It would touch their hearts, and they would once again know what it means to love God in and through one's people. And that type of love, which is pure fire, would make them whole. They would dream dreams and see visions of His love upon the rose.

The liberal, who worships Satan through the negro, knows that negro worship and the demonization of the white is the bone and sinew of Liberalism. But why can't the despairing white (despairing because he sees the desolation of liberalism all around him) see that if the spawns of Satan are so obsessed with the worship of the negro and the demonization of the white then there must be some source of spiritual strength in our racial hearth fire that the liberals do not want us to tap into. Perhaps the love of their people and the recognition of the demonic nature of negro worship could lead white people back to Christian Europe.

Anthony Jacob correctly pointed out that "charity not only begins at home it perishes without one." And our home is our racial hearth fire. All other faiths except the Christian faith deny that God can become incarnate. Thus the racial hearth fires in those other faiths are part of the endless cycle of dumb nature. Flesh begets flesh and then turns to worms and goes back to its source, dumb nature. But 'tis not so at the European hearth fire. God incarnate dwells there; men at such hearth fires know that the spirit of God animates the bodies of men, and charity, not dumb nature, is our touchstone of reality. If a civilization has not charity, and only the despised civilization of the antique Europeans had charity, it is not a civilization. It is a city of Satan, the great hater of all that is truly human, especially the Divine humanity.

As we have seen, the liberals have remade Christianity in the image of liberalism, with the negro as the savior and all that is evil residing in the white man. The world will be redeemed when all white men perish. The conservatives in church and state have also jettisoned Christ. At the moment they cut the racial cord, the spiritual Rubicon was crossed. Now they keep the outward forms of Christianity while they desperately try to maintain some spiritual life by fusing their empty-husk faith with Judaism, Islam, Orientalism, and of course the worship of the negro. But what all the great liberal escapes amount to is this: The liberal believes that at the core of existence is nothing. Melville asks, "Sentry, are you there?" The liberal does not believe the Sentry is there, so he must divorce himself from reality as the opium crazed Orientals do:

Swooning swim to less and less  
Aspirant to nothingness!  
Sobs of the worlds, and dole of kinds  
That dumb endurers be—  
Nirvana! absorb us in your skies,  
Annul us unto thee.

Is this not the ultimate aim of the liberal, to be absorbed into nothingness? And is not the negro the god who will annul the European by absorbing him unto himself? The hearts that will not be absorbed are those Europeans that find that lost racial cord and cling to it as the drowning man clings to a life raft. And then, up from his ocean perishing, comes the apotheosis of the European. In our people and through our people we come to Christ, the God of our racial hearth. +

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### For Sympathy - November 2, 2013

The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn  
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

—Cymbeline

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What I would laughingly call the conservative Christian remnant, except for the fact that their cowardly apostasy is not a laughing matter, is in the process of severing all their ties to European Christianity. They have embraced miscegenation and negro worship to please the liberals, and they have made the Jewish people, the Christ haters, their people. In both instances the "conservative" Christians are going against the Christian faith of their European ancestors. It simply won't do to claim that the modern conservative Christians are clearing up a few misconceptions of the antique Europeans, while maintaining the core of their faith. Such a disingenuous explanation won't wash. To practice miscegenation or not to practice miscegenation and to claim allegiance to the unrepentant Jews or to Christ's people are not minor moral issues. To say your ancestors were wrong about race-mixing and the Jews is not like saying that they were wrong about tooth decay or laundry detergents. Either the liberals are right when they claim Christianity is a myth like all other myths, and race-mixing, negro worship, and Judaism are the necessary opiates to make up for the void left by Christ's dethronement, or else our ancestors were right: The Christ story is true, Christ is risen, and we should not tamper with God's creation by trying to rebuild the Tower of Babel or uniting with the people who crucified Christ.

The conservative Christians remind me of the Mormons. When it became apparent that they would always be outcasts so long as they practiced polygamy, the Mormons announced a new revelation in which God told them they should stop being polygamous. For many years they held to the belief that the negro could not obtain the same place in heaven as the white man. When that belief ran contrary to popular opinion, they once again announced a new revelation that welcomed the colored races into the Mormon fold. The Mormons are good, practical children of Mammon, just like the conservative Christians, who profess to be so appalled at the Mormons' rejection of the divinity of Christ. How do the Mormons differ from you, Mr. Conservative, except for the fact that you have embraced race-mixing, negro-worship and Judaism with an even greater zeal than the Mormons?

It was inevitable that the conservative churches would follow the liberal churches out of the Christian fold and into the satanic mainstream, because the conservatives had no living faith; they had only, like their liberal brethren, a faith in a system. And systems do not fulfill the very human need for a savior and a people. Enter the negro and the Jews.

In my undergraduate days, I had a very knowledgeable professor, a lapsed priest, for a course in Greek antiquity. My professor, who was a great admirer of Greek philosophy, could never understand how such an intelligent people could have such an infantile religion. I disagreed then and I disagree now. And I think the reason for my disagreement with my professor was the reason why he was a lapsed priest rather than a believing priest.

The assumption that philosophy, which talks of man in impersonal terms and treats the universe as a closed system that can be grasped by the human mind, represents a much higher form of wisdom than poetical truth which speaks of men in personal terms and only intuitively through a glass darkly, is still the short-sighted, superficial view of the cleric and the academic. But what the "childish" Greeks intuited in their "fantastical" gods and goddesses was a racial memory of a great God who had ruled over man, who had created man in His own image, and who, after man's fall from grace, gave the promise of a redeemer. Such a religion is only 'infantile' if all the longings of the human heart are infantile. What happened when Greek philosophy destroyed the people's faith in the gods? Did they all become philosophers? No, they went to the mystery religions which gave people what they longed for: contact with a personal god. A system about God or about the essence of the universal mind of the universe might satisfy a few proud minds (although I have no doubt such proud ones will seek the gods of sex and blood in their private lives) but it will not answer the longing in people's hearts.

All Christian churchmen after St. Paul always erred on the side of pagan philosophical systems rather than the personal, poetical, passionate element within man. But was Christ the answer to the longings in the human heart or was He the answer to a problem in philosophy? If He was the latter, then His passion and death on the cross was not necessary; mankind only needed His teaching. Our European ancestors did not see Christ as the great philosopher. They saw Him as the true Zeus, the true Woden, the God above the Gods who was a God because of His supreme humanity not because of His philosophical lack of humanity. Because passion is messy and dangerous, the churchmen went with philosophy and worked on killing the yearnings in the human heart. They succeeded so well that they left the Europeans bereft of a living God. The people, as the French proletariat, the Russian workers, then as the sacred negroes, became the saviors in a new faith, whose devotees worshipped a god whom they saw embodied in their culture just as Christ was once embodied in the culture of the antique Europeans. Destroy that ancient culture, cut the strings leading to the European past, and you have successfully turned the Christian faith into a negro worshipping offshoot of Judaism in which the hardened heart, armed against the Son of God, rules.

Throughout our European history, the theologians have told us that there is no such thing as a Christian culture. There is only the city of God, which is the church of the theologians, and there is the city of man, which is the European people, who are no different from any other people of any other race. But doesn't this ignore the truth of history? Do we not see the face of Christ in the culture of the people who loved Him? How can any man with a heart capable of love not love those people from long ago? But the theologian sees nothing there. He sees nothing because he wants to see nothing. He has eyes that do not see because he is lost in his own abstractions. If Christ never entered the hearts of the European people, then the theologians, the men of intellect, can forge ahead with their mind-forged systems about God, systems which ignore the living God who once dwelt among the European people. Small wonder that Christians raised on the principles of a religious system become Judaic Christians who worship the negro. In Judaism the savior has not come, just as the savior has not yet come in the minds of the theologians who deny that He dwelt in Europe's green and pleasant land. If that Christ, the European Christ, the Christ of Handel's Messiah, Dickens' The Christmas Carol, and the European everyman who listened to Handel's Messiah and read Dickens' The Christmas Carol never existed, then who and what is Christ? Must we wait until a panel of experts tell us who He really was or if He existed at all?

The conservatives in Church and State have joined hands with the liberals to form a negro worshipping state, hardened and buttressed by the unhallowed leaven of Judaism. This coalition seems invincible. But then again so did the Spanish Armada seem invincible. The European hero, who is missing from the modern stage of Europe, knows not seems. It was the Europeans who turned Christianity back to its source, the son of God, when Roman systems threatened to turn the faith into a pagan philosophy.



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. – G. M. Trevelyan's *History of England*

“Be it known to you, that we consider it our duty to obey and submit to the church of God, to the pope of Rome, and to every good Christian – to love them in every situation and in all circumstances, and to assist all both by word and deed, in becoming children of the Lord. We know of no other obedience to him you call pope, or father; and this we are prepared to render to him and to every Christian for ever. Beyond this, we are subject to the archbishop of Caerleon, who is a guide and an overseer, under God, to direct and keep us in the spiritual path.” – Dynawt, the Abbot of Bangor-is-y-Coed

It was always the European hero, the Christian Woden, who fought for the true hearth-fire faith of the Europeans. We have had no other faith throughout our history. If we take the European Christ out of the Christian Church, then there is only a church of the negro, the Jew, and the Jacobin liberals.

If you are wrong about the way we know the truth about God, as my professor of antique religions was wrong, you will be wrong about everything important in life, despite your infinite knowledge of academic minutiae. The human mind acting alone, without the passions of the heart, can never know the living God, because he will not have any attachment to the human channels of grace that connect a man to God. A man whose heart does not within him burn at the thought of his racial hearth fire, will not be appalled when colored barbarians murder, rape, and torture his people or blaspheme against his God. “People?” the modern, soul-dead European responds, “I have no people and no God but the negro.”

The return of the European hero, the Christian Odysseus who will clean his house of the evil suitors, will not immediately awaken the souls of dead-to-life Europeans. But there will be some souls who appear to be dead, who will come alive again when they see a man who loves and hates with all his heart, standing alone against the enemies of his people from within (the systematizers) and from without (the colored barbarians). Such a hero will stir up a racial memory that a few Europeans, and that will be enough, will respond to.

’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

The action of the lives of that special brood of heroes, the antique Europeans, should become the action of our lives because they had that charity of honor which can only abide with the people who made the living God the King of their racial hearth fire. If we keep faith with those Europeans, if but for sympathy, the shadows of Babylon will give way to the light of Christian Europe. +

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### **The Shadows of Hell - October 26, 2013**

These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me. But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. And these things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you. But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. – John 16:1-7

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In Dickens’ *Christmas Carol*, Ebenezer Scrooge, by the time the ghost of Christmas Future appears before him, is truly repentant. But he wants to know if the shadow of damnation hanging over him and the shadow of death hanging over Tiny Tim can be altered:

“Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point,” said Scrooge, “answer me one question. Are these the shadows of things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?”

Of course we know the answer to Scrooge's question. God is merciful to his prodigal child, Ebenezer Scrooge, and the shadows are altered. Scrooge was not damned, and Tiny Time "did not die." Like Mary, Scrooge sinned, but also like Mary he loved much and was forgiven.

I would like to borrow Dickens' image of the shadows that portend tragedy if they are not altered, because I think the modern Europeans must look at their ghosts of Europe past, present, and future and seek to alter the shadows of the hellish future they have hammered out for themselves in every link of a chain of sin and apostasy that makes Jacob Marley's chain look like a small charm bracelet in comparison.

The Europeans' apostasy begins with the scientific revolution in the late 1600s through the early 1700s. At that point in European history a few ultra-rational rebels minimized, and in some cases denied outright, the effects original sin had on mankind. The men who minimized original sin asked the question, "How can men who achieve such stunning scientific results with their god-like reason be tainted with anything so silly as original sin?" When men began to think like that, the march to scientize existence was on. When the movement was complete, the European became a mere cog in the great natural, scientized world. He would no longer be a man created in the image of a God above nature: he would be the insignificant by-product of biological nature – a man without a soul who lives life second-hand through the more natural (because he was never tainted by an unnatural religion) noble, black savage.

Reason detached from the heart fathered the new religion of the Europeans in which the negro is the savior and science is the holy ghost. No break with white-hating liberalism can be complete unless there is a break with the liberals' triune god. But how can a man break with a religion in which he has a father, a savior, and a holy comforter? He can't and he won't so long as he remains completely cut off from his past and the people who had a different father, son, and holy ghost. I've often asked myself what does the modern European see in the religion of the antique Europeans that makes him avoid their religion like the plague and what does he see in the new Babylonian triune faith that makes him so devoted to it. I've come to the conclusion that the new religion of Satan has succeeded because of the Satanic comforter, science. Before the scientizing of Europe, the heretical utopians obtained some devotees. But such devotees were a small minority, the lunatic fringe, if you will, of a strong Christian people who kept such aberrations on the fringes of their society. But with the coming of the utopian equivalent of the holy ghost, which was science, the men who had turned to Christ as the God who saved them from the inhuman, cruel forces of nature now turned to science. To the penny-wise, pound-foolish new European, the great benefit of science over Christ was that science gave a man power over nature in this world rather than the next. And the next world, the rational men told us, was a whimsical fancy of people who didn't have science. A French farmer once told me that the major difference between the farming methods of his ancestors and himself was that the ancestors sprinkled holy water on the ground and asked God for a good harvest while he irrigated his crops.

The obvious comeback to my criticism of the scientizing of Europe is the assertion that there is no conflict between religious faith and science. Why can't a man irrigate his crops and believe in the Christian God? In theory, he can, but in practice there does seem to be a correlation between science and the new Babylon, because modern man does not make any distinctions between the world of biological nature and the realm of the spirit. He blends them and calls the mixture psychology and other such satanic code words. We are told, in our scientized world, that the mystery of man can be solved in much the same way that a scientist solves the mystery of a frog. He dissects it and catalogues its various parts. Shakespeare, the poet who saw with blinding sight, saw the dangers of scientizing man. Through Hamlet he hurls his defiance at the men who would scientize the human soul:

HAMLET. Ay, but "While the grass grows," – the proverb is something musty. O, the recorder! Let me see. – To withdraw with you: – why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAMLET. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN. My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET. I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN. Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET. I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET. It is as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GULDENSTERN. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

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, yet you cannot play upon me.

Dostoevsky's underground man concurs with Hamlet: "A man lives his whole life to prove that he is more than just a piano key." In our modern kingdom of Babylon there is no charity or mercy for white people because the blood of white people is necessary for the building of utopia, a utopia presided over by negroes united to the men of reason and their comforter, holy science. Conservatives and nationalists who try to enter into the holy kingdom by affirming reason and science will not be admitted into Babylon because no one cometh to the father except through the son. The negro must be worshipped before a man can enter Babylon. A white man has only two options. Either he can accept the entire Babylonian faith and be absorbed, sans soul, into the kingdom of Babylon, or he can pick up the discarded threads of his past which will lead him back to Christian Europe. And then, rejecting rationalism, negro worship and science, he can launch an attack on Babylon.

The idea that there is a moral equivalency between science and faith, that a person is full of grace to the degree he is scientific, has taken hold of the European. And a man who is full of grace, full of the unprejudiced, scientific view of man, will worship the natural, noble savage. Behind the lab coat is the most primitive of faiths.

Christ has consistently, in the eyes of the modern scientized European, refused to perform miracles – "Thou shall have no signs" – while science has performed miracles. But I would suggest that the scientific miracles are the honest trifles of Satan which he uses to fool us in matters of deepest consequence. We who are about to die need a miracle that science cannot provide. And by de-Christianizing Europe in order to make room for science, we have left the European without spiritual sustenance in this world and without spiritual consolation at the hour of his death.

Christ set the standard for miracles when He walked the earth. His miracles of healing came from a heart that loved, not from a God trying to impress others with His power. We can see Christ in the miracles of healing performed by Dr. MacLure in Ian Maclaren's novel *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. There we see science used in its proper context, in imitation of Christ's mercy and charity, not as an instrument of power placed at the service of Satan. Who has been served by the ascendancy of a technocratic elite in the Western world? The negro has gained by it, because the scientifically-minded white man is committed to the elevation of the negro to the status of God, but the white everyman has lost everything. He has lost his racial nation and his God.

Having crawled down into the pit of modern science, it is not so easy to climb back out of it, but it is necessary that we make the arduous climb out of the pit. In order to do so we must see "science" for what it is. It is not the gateway to heaven on earth; it is the gateway to hell. To think scientifically means to think of all men as recorders or piano keys who can be played upon and destroyed at random in order to serve the second person of the liberals' trinity. The negro has no inkling why the white man adores him so; all he knows is that everything the white man has, his women, his family, his civilization, belongs to the negro because the whites will not defend their own. They will not strike back at their new savior.

The shadows of hell which hang over all of the European nations can be altered if the Europeans renounce all three aspects of the liberals' unholy trinity: the pride of reason, the worship of the noble black savage, and the scientizing of existence. Will they do so? I don't know because, contrary to the modern notion, men are not as mathematically predictable as recorders and piano keys, but I do know that the other trinity, the one that our ancestors believed in, contains the person of Jesus Christ. If the antique Europeans renounce their pride of reason, their love of the noble black savage, and their desire to scientize man, because of their love for the Man of Sorrows, then the shadows of a hellish Babylonian future will disappear.

Christ has never forsaken His people, but His people have forsaken Him more times than we can count. He has always welcomed the return of the truly repentant sinner. If Scrooge could alter the shadows of a hellish future by his repentance, why can't we do the same? "Thy mercy on thy people, Lord." +

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### **The European Side of the Great Gulf - October 19, 2013**

Unfortunately liberals do live and they govern us. But we must guard against the fatalistic assumption that we can't ever throw off the yoke of liberals. Such would be the case if men were only biological specimens with no animating spirit within. Then men's lives would be as predictable as the ocean tides or the turning of the earth. But Europeans, more than any other people, should know that history is

as complex as the human soul. The spiritual tide of human events can be turned by men who live in the spiritual realm. Nothing is written, except the character of the enemy. We must fight them even to the edge of doom because of whom and what we fight for and because of whom and what they fight for. There can be no peaceful accord with liberals. – CWN

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The late Malcolm Muggeridge came to Christianity very late in his life after he had already achieved a prominent position in British journalism. I'm sure the liberals would have liked to get rid of him because he caused them a great deal of embarrassment. A British journalist espousing Christ in the very citadels of Liberalism was a very rare phenomenon. Muggeridge could have kept his new convictions private and maintained his status as a first-rate journalist, but he chose to become a clown, in the liberals' eyes, for the sake of Christ. He was, by his own admission, not the best spokesman for Christianity, but he was the one placed in a position to publicly defend it. To his credit he did not shirk his duty.

There were two Malcolm Muggeridge moments that stand out in my mind. The first was when he told a panel of experts, who were criticizing Solzhenitsyn for his attack on European liberalism, that the liberals were incensed because Solzhenitsyn left Russia and came to the West to tell us that Christianity, not liberalism, was the answer to communism.

The second moment came when he confronted the heinous, homosexual comedy team called "Monty Python" after they had made a blasphemous, hate-filled attack on Christ in a film called *The Life of Brian*. In front of a sneering, hostile audience and the sneering, mocking Monty Python crew, Muggeridge pointed out that everything of value in the Western world stemmed from the singular event called the incarnation of Christ. To mock and ridicule that event was the most destructive thing a person could do. The Python team's response was the expected one: "He is just mad because the audience liked us more than him." Should such creatures be permitted to live? The last thing Muggeridge was expecting or seeking when he went on that talk show was applause from the howling jackals of the devil. Let the Python team have their applause in this world; Mr. Muggeridge will get his applause in a much better world on a more important stage. One is reminded of the scriptural contrast between Lazarus and the certain rich man.

And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

In a previous column I focused on the evil that Monty Python represents ("O Nation Miserable"). What I want to focus on now is the "great gulf" that exists between Lazarus and the certain rich man, because that great gulf also exists between the modern Europeans and the antique Europeans. And until the "conservatives" plant themselves firmly on Lazarus's side of the great gulf, there will be no conservative movement. Reading through the literature of the post-World War II conservatives (and I did that when I was a young man) is like wandering through a desert looking for a water hole that doesn't exist. There are volumes of literature about preserving various systems – our democratic system, our economic system, our classical, Greco-Roman university system – but there is nothing in respectable conservative journalism about preserving the white people of Europe and the faith of those white people. And it remains the same today. Even those conservatives who express concern about the wholesale liquidation of white people and their culture do not take their stand against the liberals because the liberals are the great despisers of Christ and His people. Instead the conservatives invoke democracy, and democracy's attendant gods: capitalism, science, freedom, and equality. We should not go down that road because democracy is a false messiah. Even if white people could obtain equal rights within a racially mixed, democratic society it would ultimately be their death, because the forbidden fruit of multiculturalism would eventually kill them.

Of course in reality white people will never be allowed into the new democratic world that they have created. Their own logic forbids it. All democracies are oligarchies in which a handful of bureaucrats run things in the name of "the people." And in a post-Christian democracy the people who are more equal than others are the black savages. The managerial conservative types, who are constantly trying to come up with a plan to win in the great board game called Democracy, do not understand that a board game without Christian Europe on the board is not worth winning. We need to go back, beyond the quicksand of democratic Europe and find firmer ground, the ground of Christian Europe, from which we can launch our attack against the white-hating, Christ-hating liberals and their colored barbarian allies.

This was the battle cry of Burke who was the first to face off against institutionalized liberalism. The British constitutional monarchy, which was unique to Britain, having developed over the years in response to the 'Divine Right' monarchs, was developed for one reason – to allow the Christian faith to flourish among the people of Britain. That faith was the life blood of the people. Any change in the British system had to be a change that was necessary to maintain the Christian

institutions of Britain. This is why the new Whigs ran into conflict with Burke. Burke only wanted changes when those changes strengthened the Christian fabric of British culture. The new Whigs wanted to jettison Christian Britain and replace it with a new utopian, democratic Britain, modeled on the new atheistic French republic. It is quite a heart-rending moment when Burke says good-bye to the men he thought were his allies in his efforts to keep Britain free of French Jacobins:

The Whigs of this day have before them, in this Appeal, their constitutional ancestors: They have the doctors of the modern school. They will choose for themselves. The author of the Reflections has chosen for himself. If a new order is coming on, and all the political opinions must pass away as dreams, which our ancestors have worshipped as revelations, I say for him, that he would rather be the last (as certainly he is the least) of that race of men, than the first and greatest of those who have coined to themselves Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution.

If your faith in Christ is a living faith, your ties to your ancestors and the laws they made which stemmed from their living faith will be unbreakable. Burke would not break faith with his ancestors because he was one with Christian Britain. Like St. Paul he fought the good fight and he kept the faith. And the faith that Burke kept was one and the same as St. Paul's. Both men were able to fight the good fight in this world, despite the fact that the forces of darkness seemed to be overwhelming superior, because their faith was not in managerial systems designed for triumph in this world only.

Even if the managerial conservatives could win an electoral victory by jettisoning Christian Europe and making themselves appealing to the citizens of the new Babylon would such a victory really be a victory? What does a man win if he gains the whole world and loses his soul? If we jettison our past we jettison our souls. And for what? Contrary to what the conservatives maintain there is no dichotomy between what is morally right and what is practical. It is not only immoral to jettison your Christian past in order to survive in the pagan present, it is not practicable either, because a man – particularly a European man – needs something outside of himself to motivate him. If he won't be moved by Christ, then he will be moved by Satan. This is the great error of the conservatives. The liberals have a fighting faith, they have faith in the new Babylon presided over by the negro. What is the conservatives' rallying cry? Onward to reduced taxes? Upwards to a balanced budget? In Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" he writes about the light in the eyes of the European. What is the source of that light? Does it have a name? All of our ancestors speak with one voice on that subject. Christ is not a metaphor for the good that is in men, nor is He an auxiliary god in a pantheon of gods, with the negro as the foremost god. He is our Lord and Savior. The liberals can mock and jeer at that singular and heartfelt belief of the antique Europeans, just as the certain rich man mocked Lazarus, but their mock and jeer will double back on them and destroy them in the end. Like the swine in the Gospel they trample each other in a mad rush to plunge headlong over the cliff.

I sometimes get stuck behind local school buses if I am traveling at the wrong time of the morning or afternoon. It's sad to see the older students with their green hair and tattooed, pierced bodies. And it's even sadder to see the younger children going off to or coming home from the indoctrination centers. We know what goes on in those fiendish, inhuman institutions. White children are taught to stay on the wrong side of the gulf, a gulf which separates them from their past. They will never know what it means to have a racial homeland and a special connection to the people and the God of that homeland. They will be taught to hate the white and to love the negro, and they will learn to sneer and mock the good and to love all that is ignoble and base. All this they will learn in the name of "education."

A truly conservative movement should work to place those children on the European side of the gulf. But that is the tragedy. The conservatives are on the wrong side of the gulf as well, trying to use Satan to further their more moderate agenda. It never works: the enemy of mankind is far more clever than the most brilliant of humans. You can't traffic with the witches on the heath and expect fair dealing.

There is no fighting faith emanating from the conservatives, because they stand with the liberals. They don't believe in the God of the antique Europeans enough to fight in His name. They have chosen to try to mollify the devil rather than fight him. This essential liberalism of the conservatives was brought home to me when I read a self-professed conservative theologian's defense of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. He started off by ridiculing the notion that we meet our loved ones in the flesh with the purified bodies of incorruption that St. Paul wrote about. No, that was too quaint and old-fashioned. The new concept of the resurrection did not involve a bodily resurrection. It involved vapors and gases and indeterminate, vague, inhuman conglomerations of atoms. This was called blending science and religion. What utter nonsense. It's all or nothing! Christ is who He said He was, and our resurrection in Christ means exactly what our ancestors believed it to be, or else Christ be not risen, and we are of all men most to be pitied for believing and living a lie. If we look at Christ as He revealed Himself through His people, we cannot come to any other conclusion than the one our ancestors came to: "Christ is the Son of the living God." Keep Christian Europe before your eyes, and then take a quick sidelong glance – that is all that will be necessary – at the sneering Monty Pythons of Liberalism. You will know which side of the gulf you stand on and you will have a fighting faith. +

## The Evil That Men Do - October 12, 2013

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

—Banquo

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The ongoing war being waged by the colored races against the white race, which is being aided and abetted by the liberals, has become a real life horror film. Grisly torture murders of whites and heinous sexual assaults against whites have become so familiar to us that we risk becoming as insensitive to them as Macbeth became to his barbaric acts:

I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts.  
Cannot once start me.

The liberals have gone further down the slippery slope than Macbeth. (1) He at least acknowledged that his barbarities stemmed from his illicit desire for the crown, whereas the liberals see nothing illicit in their desire to have the white race exterminated. In fact the liberals have given religious sanction to the extermination of the white race. It falls upon them to defend their gods, not to debate. Every time a new colored atrocity occurs the liberals bare their fangs and attack any white who shows the slightest inclination to criticize the colored demons or to strike back at the colored demons. Asking the liberals to do something about the colored atrocities is like asking Nero to protect the Christians from the lions. You can't seek redemption from the devil.

I frequently hear conservatives, secular and clerical, say that whites should remain civilized and not respond to colored atrocities with violence. Is it really the mark of a civilized man that he does not respond to violence with violence? It certainly was not the mark of the heroes of our precious European civilization. The mark of a civilized man, a European, was that he did not allow colored barbarians to assault his people without striking back at them. This Buddhistic, Thomistic quietism in the face of colored atrocities against whites is a new ethos totally opposed to the ethos of the antique Europeans. It is an ethos from hell, and it will not be voted away, nor will the liberals be persuaded to allow white people who adhere to the ethos of old Europe to live. White people, because of their cultural dominance in the past, cannot be allowed any breathing room in the New World Order:

But a great state is too much envied, too much dreaded, to find safety in humiliation. To be secure, it must be respected. Power, and eminence, and consideration, are things not to be begged. They must be commanded: and they who supplicate for mercy from others can never hope for justice thro' themselves. What justice they are to obtain, as the alms of an enemy depends upon his character, and they ought well to know before they implicitly confide. — Burke

We should know the character of liberals by now. They have held the reins of power in the West for nearly a century. Has any good ever come from appealing to their mercy? They are completely devoid of charity and mercy. Their techno—barbarianism gives the barbarians of color the type of iron-clad support necessary for the wholesale liquidation of the white race. And when the clergy back the liberals, the jihad is complete. The white race becomes the pariah race that can be despised, vilified, and subsequently exterminated with the religious sanction of the liberals.

A young white soldier is killed in South Carolina by five negro savages who simply wanted to “kill a cracker.” In 2013, over 1,000 Swedish women, 300 of them under age fifteen, were raped by Moslems. Are these isolated, random acts? No matter what the liberals say to the contrary, we know they are not isolated, random acts. They are acts of war. And they are acts of war committed by an enemy that knows nothing of chivalry. There will be no quarter given and no honorable terms of surrender coming from the liberals or the colored barbarians. White people are trapped in Lucknow, in desperate need of men like Havelock, men who know how to respond when colored barbarians attack their people.

When your daily life is spent in the “underworld,” which is now the case with white people because liberals have institutionalized hell, you lose sight of the fact that there is another “overworld” which is the real world. There once was a world where sex was connected to love, where charity and mercy were seen as attributes of God, and where men and women of faith shunned the devil and all his works because they believed in the Son of God. That world is lost to the modern Europeans. And because they have lost that overworld they have accepted their assigned place in the underworld, the victim's place. The life of the European is a life of dread, hoping against hope that he will be sacrificed at the altars of the liberals' gods at a later date than his neighbor, or that a sudden pang of mercy will come upon the people who know no mercy. The young Europeans growing up today have no idea there once were white people who did not permit colored barbarians, at the behest of the creatures called liberals, to murder, rape, and plunder at will where white people dwelt.

“What is a white person?” the liberal catechist asks.

“A white person is an evil creature that must be sacrificed at the altars of the colored gods,” replies the young European catechumen.

“Until his final sacrifice, what is the duty of the white person?” the catechist asks.

“To love the negro and the colored auxiliary gods with my whole mind, heart, and soul,” the catechumen replies.

“Very good,” says the aged catechist.

And that is the only way a European can be called good: when he accepts his place in the underworld of liberalism.

After Woodstock in the 1960s, the hippies sang of a return to nature:

We are stardust  
We are golden  
And we've got to get ourselves  
Back to the Garden.

Such a sentiment can only be expressed by a people who believe there was no fall of man. A Christian European would never seek to return to Eden, because that is where he fell from grace. He looks to his racial hearth fire where the God of mercy, the God who is more than nature, dwells. A return to nature is not a happy return, it is a return to barbarism, to a wretched existence where there is no charity, no mercy, no love, only cruelty and savagery. This is the only world the coloreds have ever known. But the white man? Why should he, having once known a better world, want to return to the world of the ignoble savages? The answer lies in the mystery of iniquity. The liberal wants nothing to do with the overworld, he wants to live like a creature of nature in the underworld with his savage gods. They will tear him to pieces, but the liberal will still follow his new gods, because the God he left behind requires mercy and not sacrifice, and the liberal wants nothing to do with the burden of mercy.

I saw an old movie recently in which an American missionary who had spent fifty years in China was asked if he had made much progress preaching the Gospel in China. The old missionary sighed and said he hadn't. Then he told a story which illustrated his failure. He told how he had once spoken to a large gathering of Chinese about Christ's crucifixion and resurrection. The audience seemed very interested, listening intently as he described the crucifixion, and the missionary had high hopes, thinking they had been touched by the story. But later the attentive Chinese went out, waylaid a caravan of travelers, and crucified the members of the caravan. The Christ story never reached their hearts. So it remains today.

The Christ story did reach the antique Europeans' hearts, which makes the betrayal of those people and their God, by the modern liberals, seem like a second fall of man. The liberals have once again, under the advisement of Satan, sought to find a power in dumb nature that can make them co-equal with God. When a man becomes one with biological nature, the type of nature that can be seen and studied under a microscope, then there is no need for and no belief in the God who is above nature. What is natural becomes bestial, and what is unnatural becomes the religion of a Savior who is over and above biological nature. What was natural to Edmund Burke — his sympathy for the royal family of France — was quite different from what was natural to Dr. Price — his hatred for the royal family of France. Two epochs were clashing. What was natural for Burke was what was Christian. What was natural for Dr. Price was what was bestial and savage. Which is why the liberal successors of Dr. Price worship the black and hate the white. Whatever is closest to the primitive, merciless forces of dumb nature is deemed to be good, and whatever stinks of a spiritual realm beyond nature is deemed to be bad.

Once we see that “nature” is the wall that keeps Christ away from the liberals, we can see why they never resist and even encourage murder, rape, and pillage by the colored barbarians. If the liberals were to face the fact that the noble savages were not noble, they would have to give up their faith in nature, which is their one great defense against a God who places ethical demands on them. He requires that they go and learn the difference between mercy and sacrifice. And after they have learned the difference, He expects them to act according to the dictates of mercy. This is intolerable to the liberals because it requires work, deep down in the trenches of the soul. For this reason the liberals will never take down their ideological wall of nature. Which means they will always be at the ideological center of the colored barbarians' war against the white race. Nothing is sacred to the liberal but the barbarians of color, so there are no limits to what he will tolerate when it comes to atrocities against the white race. Everything is permitted except mercy.

Macbeth pursues his bloody course in full knowledge of what he is doing. He feels driven by his wife's ambition and his own, so he destroys the unbought grace of his life:

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.

Like Macbeth the liberals have chosen their bloody course, but unlike Macbeth they still have the capacity to stifle any “compunctious visitings of nature,” because they do not believe man’s nature includes a soul. They would never lament as Macbeth does, that they have lost their “eternal jewel,” for the reason that they have eliminated the soul from their religion. There is only nature, devoid of an animating spirit, in the liberals’ soulless, heartless ideology. But if there is a personal, animating Spirit behind nature, the liberals’ denial of that Spirit cannot change the reality of His existence. Yet the supposed opposition to liberalism never invokes that Spirit. We must invoke that Spirit. In full consciousness of what we are fighting against and who sustains us in our fight, we must say to the bloody, multi-headed liberal hydra, each viciously fanged head representing a different barbarian tribe of color, what Macduff said to Macbeth, “Turn, hell-hound, turn!” And then, like Macduff, we must make our sword arms match our words. +

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(1) Macbeth still had “compunctious visitings of nature” because he had not put on the armor of liberalism. Had he done so he could have slept like a babe after he murdered his king and kinsman. Even popes such as Pope Francis, who outwardly profess the Christian faith, can surpass the Macbeth family in the evil that they do. Such is the power of an ideology in which nature and nature’s god, the negro, is the ultimate arbiter of men’s consciences.

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## **The Resurrection of Europe - October 5, 2013**

A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of bird, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm, and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings. – Dickens *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*

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During the course of my search for the last outposts of civilization — those remaining book stores that contain many a volume of quaint and forgotten lore — I encountered a woman in her mid-seventies, who was of Southern extraction but living in the North. Over the course of a year we had what were at first, at least on her part, very guarded conversations. But then as she began to trust me she opened up on the subject of the negro and the South. She felt compelled, as all older Southerners do, to insist she wasn’t prejudiced, but... The gist of my friend’s caveat was that integration hadn’t worked. The blacks had stayed savages and the whites had become less civilized. She made that observation with a furtive glance around her and with an expectation that I would disagree with her. But instead of disagreeing I went further: “The blacks have become much more savage now that the whites don’t control them, and the whites have set up a kingdom of god on earth with the negro as god.” The woman from Georgia didn’t disagree, which actually surprised me somewhat. It usually takes a little time for a person to see the connection between liberalism and negro worship. But apparently, in this case, the notion of negro worship had already been crystallizing just below the surface of her consciousness. “We’re still fighting the Civil War, aren’t we?” she asked.

“Yes, but now there is only one side fighting. It’s the liberals and the black barbarians against a white remnant who can’t or won’t fight back.”

The thought that there is one single “racist” out there makes the liberals mad. But I don’t think they are overly concerned about the existence of one mid-seventyish woman who doesn’t worship the negro. “Such people will die out,” the liberals reason, “and then there will be heaven on earth.” The liberals are right: such honorable, decent Europeans are dying out, but I’m not so sure there won’t be others to take their place. History is made by human beings, and human beings are not the passive slaves of a biological process. Spengler was wrong: birth, maturity, decay, and death apply to vegetable matter, not to human beings created in the image of God. A man only becomes a slave to the biological process when he no longer sees himself as a man with an immortal soul. Then he acts according to rote and becomes a mere lab specimen devoid of all humanity.

Every governing body of the European nations has rejected Christianity and the white race in favor of an anti-white, anti-Christian, utopian ideology in which the noble black savage presides over what is supposed to be a beautiful, utopian village, but is in reality a soulless city of desolation. Not every European nation arrived at their utopian villages by exactly the same routes or by the same methods, but they all got there, which indicates to me that there is one suicidal common denominator among all the European nations. Of course we don’t need a master sleuth to help us find the suicidal common denominator, we know what it is: all the nations of Europe were once Christian and now all the nations of Europe are post-Christian. Three European nations, France, Russia, and the United States, went to utopia by way of a violent revolution, while the rest moved toward their Babylonian paradises without violence. The United States, which the



Ayatollah Khomeini correctly called the “Great Satan” but for the wrong reason, differed from France and Russia in this regard – the real American Revolution, the Utopian revolution, did not come from outside of the government. In 1860 the American government itself waged a war to make the nation safe for egalitarian democracy. Dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal? So the northern utopians said. What was the truth? The northerners were half right. Jefferson, Madison, and Franklin, the most influential of the Constitutionalists, were ‘brave new worlders.’ But the Southern cavaliers, as Thomas Nelson Page points out, were not new worlders, they were Europeans who wanted nothing more from life than to extend Christian Europe into the heathen lands.

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 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. – Thomas Nelson Page *The Old South*

The last incorporate body of Christian Europeans on the North American continent were finally defeated in the 1950’s when they succumbed to integration. What remains hovering over the South is a lingering cloud of suspicion, the suspicion of racism, that every new generation of Southerners, ever since the sixties, attempts to dispel by being more anti-racist, which means hating the white and worshipping the black, than any northern liberal.

My bookstore friend was correct: we’re still fighting the Civil War. We are fighting it throughout all of Europe, because this is not a war of geography, it is a race war. The same dynamic that was present in the American Civil War is present today in all the European nations. A numerically small governing body of passionate, negro-worshipping, white-hating liberals are attempting to exterminate the white race, while the great majority of whites sit and graze in the pastures of oblivion. The whites in Haiti took the first utopian salvo, and then the Southern whites were under the gun. Now it is all whites, but it was always every white that had to die. The liberals’ strategy is to isolate the “bad whites” in Haiti, in the South, in South Africa, while making the white grazers believe that they will be spared if they only behave. But the grazers do not realize that the dynamic of utopia demands the sacrifice of all whites. Even if a white grazer was willing to sell his soul by betraying his people in order to save his life, he would still find himself in the black stewpots. The bad whites are really all whites – you can’t escape from your racial nation by betraying your race. Your destiny will catch up with you. Fight or die, but stop grazing in the fields of oblivion.

We can’t really call the ongoing extermination of the white race a race war because only one side, the liberals and the colored barbarians, are fighting the war. It will be a step up, a consumption devoutly to be wished for, when white men actually start fighting back. This will happen when the white man recovers his religious sentiment. At present the liberals have a religious sentiment for the black man and the other auxiliary gods of color. But the conservative has let the liberals sneer him out of his faith. Read through Thomas Nelson Page and then through Richard Weaver if you want to see that which is lost. Or better yet, read through Russell Kirk’s *The Conservative Mind* and then through Anthony Jacob’s *White Man, Think Again!* Weaver and Kirk are not in the wrong; what they write is very objective and true. But they are “passion-spent,” too reasonable, too scholarly, too balanced. Partisanship is not unreasonable, especially when it stems from love. Page and Jacob have more than just an intellectual understanding of the crisis of Western civilization because they love the people who made Western civilization. And because of their heartfelt love, they see what has to be done to restore Christian Europe much more clearly than the calm, detached conservatives. A burning, sentimental attachment to our racial nation, to our European river, is what is needful. While the conservatives were trying to eliminate their sentimental attachments to the European people the liberals were and are indulging their religious sentiments. For example, the contemporary liberal opinion on the death of Little Nell in Dickens’ *The Old Curiosity Shop* is that it is a piece of “cloying sentimentality.” Oh really? The Victorians did not think the death of a saintly child who came to know the Savior was “cloying sentimentality.” They thought that Dickens had drawn back the curtain and given them a glimpse of the Savior who turns all our human tragedies into divine triumphs. The Victorians wept openly when they read of the death of Little Nell:

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. ‘When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.’ Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

In contrast, the liberals weep for Trayvon Martin and his many equivalents, fictional and actual. Such people, whose religious sentiments cause them to hate and sneer at all that is good, pure, and noble, and deify all that is evil, base, and ignoble, are a people eminently suited to build hell on earth, but not fit to live with or worse yet, govern Christian Europeans. Whom do you want to stand with? The Victorians who wept at the death of Little Nell or the liberals who exult in the torture murders of white children and weep over the death of a black thug?

Without a deeply felt, passionate, religious sentiment a man is nothing. I once read an article by the former Stormfront leader, Kevin Strom, in which he stated that the white man needed a new religion. Such a vile suggestion illustrates the problem with the white conservatives and the white nationalists. They have no heartfelt attachment to the Europeans' past or to the Europeans' God. What faith they have is in their own intellects. Such a faith cannot sustain a man in this world or in the world to come. The liberals have a faith in the negro, the colored barbarians have faith in their various heathen gods which are merely the personification of the murderous, licentious vices of the colored tribesmen. These are the gods the white men are flocking to because they no longer have a heartfelt, sentimental attachment to the Christian God. About 17 years ago a pseudo-religious expert named Peter Kreeft wrote a book called *Ecumenical Jihad*. In the book, Kreeft argued that Christians should join with Jews and Moslems against the liberals. This is a desperate attempt by a man without a vital faith to latch on to what he perceives to be the more vital faiths of the unrepentant Jews and the militant Moslems. It just won't do. The Europeans have one God, Jesus Christ. If a man, a European, cannot form a heartfelt, sentimental attachment to that God and the people who championed that God against the sneering pagan intellectuals and the murderous barbarian hordes of color, he will become the wretched man that Walter Scott writes about:

The wretch, centred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

To a man, the sneering clerics, the merciless liberals, and the ecumenical conservatives all tell us that we must give up our ties to our racial nation in order to save their greater nation, whether it be negro-worshipping Babylon or the democratic republic of free markets and Super Bowls. Whatever new nation is thrust upon us is always based on the repudiation of the white man's past and a commitment to liquidate the white man as we progress into the future. Those Europeans who have formed a sentimental attachment to the God and the people of old Europe will not go peacefully into the hellish future of the utopians.

As the darkness deepens, so must our faith. The strength to endure comes from a connection to our past. If we love much, uniting our faith in His resurrection with our faith in eternal Christian Europe we will not be overwhelmed by the arrows from the colored barbarians or the pestilence of the liberals. +

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### Passion and Honor - September 28, 2013

We must have leaders. If none will undertake to lead us right, we shall find guides who will undertake to conduct us to shame and ruin.  
— Burke *Letters on a Regicide Peace*

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Two opponents of the French Revolution, Burke and Taine, made similar observations about the mindset of the French clergy at the time of the French Revolution. First Burke and then Taine, some eighty years later, noted that the French clergy had made the French people incapable of summoning up the spiritual fortitude necessary to defend their nation against the Jacobins. By emphasizing loyalty to their particular sect of the European Church rather than faith in Christ, the French clergy turned a living faith into mere obedience to a dead letter legalistic system.

Burke: "I have no doubt that some miserable bigots will be found here, as well as elsewhere, who hate sects and parties different from their own, more than they love the substance of religion; and who are more angry with those who differ from them in their particular plans and systems, than displeased with those who attack the foundation of our common hope. These men will write and speak on the subject in the manner that is to be expected from their temper and character. Burnet says that when he was in France, in the year 1683, 'the method which carried over the men of the finest parts to Popery was this – they brought themselves to doubt of the whole Christian religion. When that was once done, it seemed a more indifferent thing of what side or form they continued outwardly.' If this was then the ecclesiastical policy of France, it is what they have since but too much reason to repent of. They preferred atheism to a form of religion not agreeable to their ideas. They succeeded in destroying that form; and atheism has succeeded in destroying them. I can readily give credit to Burnet's story; because I have observed too much of a similar spirit (for a little of it is 'much too much') amongst ourselves."

Taine: "Unfortunately, the Assembly, in this as in other matters, being preoccupied with principles, fails to look at practical facts, and, aiming to remove only the dead bark, it injures the living trunk. For many centuries, and especially since the Council of Trent, the vigorous element of Catholicism is much less religion itself than the Church. Theology retires into the background, while discipline has come to the front. Believers who, according to Church law, are required to regard spiritual authority as dogma, in fact attach their faith to the authority much more than to the dogma."

This inability to distinguish between the kitchen work of the faith and the faith itself goes all the way back to Martha and Mary.

But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me.

And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

Christ's rebuke is mild and we have no doubt that Martha heeded His rebuke. But what happens when Christ's rebuke is not heeded? What happens when "that good part" is left out of the church? The French Revolution was and is emblematic of what happens when that good part no longer plays a vital role in the life of the European people. A large segment of people, the Jacobins, go whoring after other gods. In the case of the Jacobins, they turned a whore into the goddess of reason while the modern liberals have turned to the negro. The more conservative element stays within the confines of traditional, outward Christianity, but they have no vital force to resist the passionate intensity of the liberal Jacobin types because their faith is lukewarm: it consists of a belief in systems rather than the living God.

The French quagmire of a passionate, anti-Christian minority and a dull, easily led lukewarm majority that has been spiritually neutered by systems-analysis Christianity is the quagmire of the modern Europeans. Passion, not numbers, determines history. This is why opinion polls are so misleading. A pollster might claim that 51% of the people are against abortion, but are any of the 51% as passionately against abortion as the liberals are passionately for it? It's the same with the colored invasion of Europe. A majority of Europeans would rather not be invaded, but are there any of those Europeans who feel passionately enough about the invasion of their nation and the murder of their people to counter the liberals' passionate hatred of the European people with their own passionate love of the European people? And how can that love be engendered if the European has renounced his own hearth fire and the God of that hearth fire? A cold system is no substitute for the living God. Negro worship, which entails the liquidation of the white race, will be the ruling credo in European nations so long as Christ lies buried beneath a mountain of Christian systems.

Within the European fold were two faiths. The first faith, the true faith, was the European hearth fire faith. This faith was passed on from generation to generation by people who chose "that good part." The Europeans believed in Christ because they knew Him through the people who loved Him. A mere intellectual description of Christ's attributes would not have convinced the Europeans of His divinity or His humanity. There were and are plenty of false "God stories." We know the Christ story is true, because it has touched our hearts, through a sympathetic, loving connection to His people.

The second faith is the faith that turns to ashes as soon as it leaves the brains of the experts. An intellectual faith, the faith in man-made systems, has no life blood. It's a severed limb of a faith that leaves its adherents naked and defenseless before the relentless passionate intensity of the liberals and the blood-thirsty ferocity of the colored barbarians.

The neopagans solve the Christian dilemma by attempting to eliminate Christianity from the European's future. They, like the liberals, look to a Christ-less future. The only difference between the two camps is that the neopagans want white people to be part of the Christ-less future. But what kind of future is possible for a people who deny their past and run from the living God? Rather than go down that vile neopagan road, why not go the way of the antique Europeans, rejecting liberalism and the mind-forged Christianity that leaves a man defenseless against liberalism?

Let's look at what happens to an intrepid heart who goes the way of the systems-analysis Christianity: take a young Roman Catholic, for example. He grows up under a system in which the Pope gives out marching orders to the Bishops, who in turn give out the marching orders to the parish priests, and they in their turn tell the laity what to do. We're assuming our young man does not want to be a liberal, which means he plans on adhering to the rules of the Roman Catholic system. He respects authority and has no intention of being more Catholic than the Pope. What happens then, when the young man's Pope becomes a negro worshipper? The young man might become an adherent to a traditionalist sect that has its own system in competition with the Pope, he might become a negro worshipper like the Pope, he might become a neopagan, or, most likely, he will simply become a divided hodgepodge of a man, lacking a firm faith because he has no people. Oh yes! The two are linked. A man with no racial nation will not feel connected to the God of his ascending race. When Walter Scott wrote, "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land," he was not talking about geography. He was talking about a spirit and blood connection to one's people, one's kith and kin. And what is more, he was talking especially about European people whose hearth fires were warmed by the Son of God.

The Protestant youth who is enslaved by the negro worshipping experts' formulaic rules concerning the "born again" experience or the proper forms of church government is in the same rocky boat as the Roman Catholic youth. Faith will return to both individuals when they love their God in and through their own people. Loving your own and forsaking all others does not mean you hate all others any more than loving his wife and forsaking all other women means a man hates all other women. What it means is that you cherish the channels of grace that God has provided for you.

When a man breaks free of systems-analysis Christianity, he will feel as the blind man in the Gospels felt when he regained his sight. He will see who it is who makes the blind to see and the lame to walk. And his heart will be drawn to that Man of Sorrows, who presides over the hearth fires of the antique Europeans. Then when he reads about the torture murders of his people, he will wake from his spiritual stupor and he will fight for his people. And no wolf-in-sheep's-clothing clergyman will say him nay.

Such a reawakening of the European people seems like an impossibility. But aren't we told in the Scriptures that a people who believe in Christ shall dream dreams and see visions? The dream and the vision are father to the deed. The people whose dreams and visions are focused on Christ shall not permit their world to be polluted by satanic liberals and murderous colored heathens.

In the old nursery rhyme, Thursday's child has far to go. The modern European is Thursday's child. But his "far to go" is not into the Christ-less future envisioned by the negro worshipping liberals and the technocratic neopagans. The European must go far back into his past and find that which is lost – a way of living and loving that set the Europeans apart from all other people. The Europeans must once again go and discover what Christ meant when He said, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth. I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The ancient Europeans were integral, whole human beings, which is not to say they were perfect. They believed in real actual sins, not make believe sins such as "racism." And they believed in a real Savior who could forgive them their sins, in contrast to the modern liberals who believe that if they sacrifice enough white people to their black gods, their gods will be merciful and forgive them their sin of racism. Of course such an absolution will never take place because the black gods do not have any mercy, they only understand sacrifice.

A long line of managerial experts have told us that systems about God are more important than God Himself. And what has been the result? The liberals who worship the negro and passionately hate the white man rule, while the colored barbarians have free license to murder, rape, and pillage in the nations that were once the citadels of the white race. No white man will say, "Stop, this must not go on," because the white man has no passion for the good to counter the liberals' and the colored barbarians' passion for evil. When Thursday's child goes back to his racial hearth fire, he will discover that he has the spirit and the will to fight for his people and his God. Having rediscovered the difference between sacrifice and mercy, he will be a whole man again, a man who does not accept the rule of liberals and the barbarities of the colored heathens.

First and foremost the black fiend who tortured and murdered Jonathan Foster is responsible for his murder. But we all, we Europeans, share in that murder. We have allowed the systems-minded men to overrule our passion to protect and defend our own people. "Mustn't be violent, mustn't be prejudiced!" We must leave such evil counselors behind. Let us once again act as whole men, fearing nothing but dishonor and wanting nothing more from life than to serve our people and our God with that charity of honor that is the mark of the true European. +

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**Breaking Free of the Unholy Union - September 21, 2013**

Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing, and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? Or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? Or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend." – "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" by R. L. Stevenson

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Robert Louis Stevenson was one of the profoundest writers who ever took pen in hand, but he is always undervalued by the literary critics for two reasons. The first reason was his popularity. The critics believed that anyone who was popular with the general reading public could not be genuinely profound. The second reason was that in an age when the new scientific-Darwinian-Freudian-progressive view of existence was becoming all the rage in intellectual circles, Stevenson took a decidedly Christian and reactionary view of existence. Nowhere is Stevenson's contra mundum world view more apparent than in this short story, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

If you recall the story, Dr. Jekyll, a respectable, fiftyish doctor and scientist decides that he can no longer suppress his lower nature. But if he is to indulge his baser nature, what happens to the career of the respectable Dr. Jekyll? The good doctor was truly on the horns of a dilemma, but he solves it. He discovers a scientific formula that can turn him into a fiendish, loathsome, thirtyish man called Mr. Hyde. Hyde can do everything that the respectable Jekyll cannot do. Then, when Hyde is through indulging himself he can return to the form and personality of Dr. Jekyll. And as Dr. Jekyll, he is very supportive of Mr. Hyde, telling his servants to let Hyde have free use of his home and even making out a will bequeathing all his money and possessions to Mr. Hyde. It seems like Dr. Jekyll has done it. He can be respectable and debauched, just like the surgeons in the liberal television show M.A.S.H. But the liberal fantasy doesn't work. Hyde begins to take over, and it takes stronger and stronger doses of the formula to go from Hyde to Jekyll. And Hyde complicates things further by committing a murder. Soon Hyde consumes the personality of Jekyll, and with the law closing in on him Hyde commits suicide, thus ending the respectable life of Dr. Jekyll and the infamous life of Mr. Hyde.

The liberals have attempted the same transformation as Dr. Jekyll. The psychoanalysts told them that repression led to neurosis. And who wants neuroses? Throughout the early 20th century the European intelligentsia was in the process of becoming Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. With science as the facilitator the liberals tried to become one with the negro, who was their Mr. Hyde. By the latter half of the 20th century, the transformation was complete. When the negroes murder and rape, the liberals try to protect them, because by a strange transference the liberals feel they and the negroes are spiritually joined in a triune union that consists of the white man, the negro, and science. Liberals no longer can feel anything directly, so they try to live vicariously through their negro counterparts, but as in the Stevenson story the negro Mr. Hydes have taken over the personalities of the liberals. What the negro wants is what the liberal wants; what the negro does is what the liberal sees as real life, which he attempts to enjoy secondhand through his negro Mr. Hyde, whom he has come to worship and revere as the source of his being. And how can a man be more humane than his God? He can't. The inhumanity of the negro is the inhumanity of the liberal. They have no mercy or charity because their god has no mercy or charity. And they lay their merciless, unforgiving science at the negro's feet in token of their devotion to their god.

I have watched this symbiotic relationship between the liberal and the negro develop over the years. Take a look at our local liberals. Their personalities have been consumed by the negroes. They hold down jobs and do mundane liberal things in their white bodies, but their heart and soul belongs to the negro. The only difference between the modern liberal and Dr. Jekyll is that Dr. Jekyll, when the end was near, knew that he had done wrong when he created Mr. Hyde. The liberals showed no such repentance before their final transformations.

Of course the whole point of the Stevenson story is that we can't abandon the war against our baser natures by surrendering to them. The Christian faith does create a conflict within a man. St. Paul tells us that the good he wants to do is often thwarted by the evil he wills not to do. But St. Paul kept fighting against principalities and powers; he didn't surrender to them. Darwin, Freud, and all the Oriental gurus tell us to simply give in to our baser passions. In point of fact, there are no baser passions in the new age of psychoanalytic animalism. There is only self-destructive or anti-social behavior; all other passions can be indulged. Thus an excessive passion for alcohol or drugs requires a psychiatrist because that is self-destructive. And a desire to punish negroes who murder and rape is deemed anti-social because the very fabric of society is built around the loving reverence and worship of the natural and noble black savage.

Just as Jekyll made a conscious decision to descend, with the aid of science, to the level of a savage, so did the liberal, with the aid of science, make a conscious decision to descend to the level of the black savage. The liberals used the "scientific" findings of Darwin and other such "experts" to justify their descent into animalism. Instead of thinking of man as a spiritual being connected to a personal God they saw man as part of nature. And to deny that animal nature by stifling any of the animal instincts became repression, and repression is bad.

The 20th century became the century of the scientific expert. Every two-bit doctor of psychiatric mumbo-jumbo was allowed to pontificate about the hypocrisy of the antique Europeans. "Look at their brothels, look at their wars, all such things will not exist in the new world order where men and women do not repress what used to be called the baser instincts, but which we now know to be natural instincts." So long as what is natural means whatever is base and foul, the white man will remain enthralled by the "natural black savage." This transformation of what is considered natural was the turning point of Western civilization. Burke, viewing existence from a Christian European standpoint, thought it was natural that he should weep for the fallen Queen of France. While Dr. Price, who saw life from a new godless utopian standpoint, thought that it was natural to exult in the degradation and the humiliation of the Queen of France.

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 hurled 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...

Why? Because when such ideas are brought before our minds, it is natural to be so affected; because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty; and by teaching us a servile, licentious, and abandoned insolence, to be our low sport for a few holidays, to make us perfectly fit for, and justly deserving, of slavery, through the whole course of our lives. – Burke in *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

In Stevenson's story, Hyde, after he had overmanned Jekyll's personality, had to hide from the rest of society which still viewed him with horror. But what if the rest of English society had started taking Jekyll's formula and they too became Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes? And what if their better natures became absorbed into Mr. Hyde? Then, instead of abhorrence they would feel loving acceptance and admiration for Mr. Hyde. Eventually they would institutionalize the worship of the original Mr. Hyde and all the followers of Mr. Hyde, because in so doing they would be worshipping a god that had become part of them. This is what has happened to the modern liberal. Instead of feeling a natural aversion for the negro, he feels a special closeness to the negro, just as the antique European once felt a special closeness to Christ. And the modern liberal has institutionalized the worship of his god just as the antique European institutionalized the worship of Christ. This hideous blasphemous transfer of allegiance was brought home to me recently when I went to a book sale at one of those big, old, impressive churches that used to be a place where Christians worshipped the living God. The books were being sold in a large room adjacent to the chapel. Some pictures on the walls showed the apostles as negroes. And another picture had a negroid Christ on the cross. Now, all churches have not become that blatant in their representation of their new god, but I don't think that the new symbolism in that old church was out of line with the current religious sentiments of the liberals in state and church. They have replaced their old god for a new one and they have, from my perspective, changed for the worse.

There are a few conservative groups out there who try to keep abreast of and report the black atrocities against whites. The liberals' reaction to the reports of black atrocities seem, from a Christian perspective, to be cruel and inhuman. They get angry at the people who report the atrocities, calling them racists, and more often than not they try to find some fault with the white victims of the atrocities. But the liberals are not Christian; they worship the negro so they have no charity and mercy in them. They do not believe in black atrocities. Mortal men cannot judge the acts of gods: they can only praise god for his infinite goodness and continue to fight evil, which is racist whites.

A liberal is no more likely to extend mercy to a white man than Mr. Hyde was likely to extend mercy to any human being. Grasp that fact and proceed from there. There can be no surrender to an enemy that has willingly extracted every last vestige of charity and mercy from his soul. All that is left of the liberal is an empty husk of a human being, completely devoid of humanity, addicted to the lowest forms of vice and the lowest form of religion, which is negro worship, a religion that validates the liberals' vice. So long as they think good thoughts about their negro gods they can let their bodies wallow in the pig sties of Babylon.

The idea of an intellectual descent into controlled debauchery is not new. The Greeks practiced it in the cult of Dionysius, and the Roman sages wrote serious tomes about the proper way to indulge the baser appetites at an orgy. The Orientals were also masters of the art of cold, dispassionate debauchery and vice. Even with those pagan cultures I would argue that ultimately they could not keep their passions for vice and cruelty under sufficient control so that their Mr. Hyde personalities did not adversely affect their societies. But I would most definitely – the destruction is before our eyes – claim that a Christian culture cannot possibly be sustained by men and women who think you can indulge the Mr. Hyde side of one's personality with impunity. The spiritual heights to which a man who responds to God's grace can ascend is

greater in a Christian society than in a pagan society. And the satanic depths to which a man can sink are also greater in a Christian society. The European is made for absolutes. There is no happy medium between God and the devil. It is all or nothing. Either we strive, on a daily basis, to kill the old Adam and seek our Lord's grace, or we become Mr. Hydes, bound for hell.

Dr. Jekyll's theological division of himself was evil. He separated his intellect from his evil passions thinking his intellect could control his illicit passions. That is an impossibility. Evil passions can only be overcome by an overwhelming passion for the good. The Prince in *Sleeping Beauty* triumphs over the evil sorceress because he loves much, not because he outthinks the satanic sorceress. But Dr. Jekyll, having succumbed to the modern heresy that views the natural world of dissection and microscopes as the whole world, is unable to summon up any good passions to overcome his evil passions. That is the conundrum of the modern European. There is a passionate faith greater than negro worship. It is an ancient faith fueled by an eternal flame. Greater than theology, greater than evil, is the European's true faith.

At the heart of our people is His Sacred Heart. The one true fairy tale of the world came from the antique Europeans who loved much. Once we abandon the scientized, managerial ethos of Dr. Jekyll, which leads to the sinister ethos of Mr. Hyde, we will unleash our passion for the King of Kings and Christian Europe. And then — “what larks” — we will ride triumphant over the liberals and their colored Mr. Hydes. +

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### Elegy at the Gravesite of Christian Europe - September 14, 2013

“If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.” Mark 5: 28

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Anyone with eyes to see and ears to hear knows that all the governing bodies of the European countries are committed to the liquidation of the white race. But I think we should give special stars to governments that go blatant with their plans to liquidate the hated white race, because blatant, unadulterated hatred is preferable to camouflaged, sneaky hatred. So kudos to Sweden, a country that already had problems with Moslem rioters, for putting no restrictions on the number of Syrian refugees who can pour into Sweden, thus guaranteeing that Sweden will cease to exist as a white country. I know that Sweden, like all the nations of European origin, has not been Christian for some time, but so long as there are white-skinned people in a nation there is hope for a Christian resurgence. Once colorization is complete, there is no hope. Sweden will become colored and permanently heathen, which will necessitate an invasion rather than a defense. But from what white nation will the white invaders come, since all the other European nations are following a suicidal path that is similar to Sweden's? I don't know from whence they will come, but they will come to every European nation and they will reclaim those nations for white Christian Europe.

I do not make such an assertion based on signs that “the people are starting to wake up.” I don't see any signs that the grazers are beginning to wake up. Quite the opposite seems to be happening. The grazers are becoming more beaten down and befuddled, the negroes and the other colored tribesmen are stepping up their murderous attacks on whites, the Moslems are conquering Europe, and the liberals, like sharks smelling blood, are moving in for the final blood feast on the white race. So why is there reason for hope? Because of the prayer our Lord taught us: “Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.” It is not God's will that the European people, the Christ-bearing people, should be exterminated through outright slaughter or through miscegenation. Passionate hearts united to His sacred heart can alter the shadows of future events that seem inevitable. Nothing is written except this: He is the “Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.” This is not mysticism, it is reality. The tenure of our lives bear witness to that reality. Have you ever stood over the grave of a loved one and felt an irreparable sense of loss for the loved one who lies in the grave? There is sorrow for the loss, anger at the finality of death, and a despair bordering on madness because you must walk away from the grave and leave your beloved dead in the cold, barren ground. Only one hope enables us to walk away from the gravesite. The hope that He will see to it that nothing good and pure and noble dies. Our hope and faith is one with Shakespeare:

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.

Men with good hearts lose battles. We might never restore Christian Europe to that which it was. But that which was of enduring and eternal value in Europe still lives with Him. If we stay connected to that Europe, we will stay connected to Him. And who can say that the war is lost when His people can call on Him by name? There is power in the blood, but only when our appeal to Him comes from an absolute faith in His divine charity. The woman in the Gospels who had “an issue of blood twelve years,” believed that, “If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.”

The history of the European people is contained in that Gospel story. Because of the Europeans’ incorporate union with Christ, the European culture became Christ’s raiment. When a person touched the raiment with faith in the divine Savior the raiment enclosed, that person was made whole. When the modern theologians and biblical exegetes look at old Europe and see only racism and sexism it tells us all we need to know about those modern theologians and biblical exegetes. It tells us that those experts are too full of intellectual pride to see the living God. They can worship no God who comes to them through humanity, they must worship their own mind-forged God of inhumanity.

A prayer to Him is not a five step program hatched from the giant brain of a neo-pagan guru or the collective brain of a conservative think tank. It is a cry from the depths of the heart of a people who cannot walk away from the grave of Christian Europe without the hope that what was thought to be dead still can live again on earth as it always shall live in heaven. Those who profess to be Christian but will not fight for Christian Europe are trying to play fast and loose with God. You cannot dispense with the people who became Christ’s garment and still remain connected to the living God. You will remain connected to a kind of demi-god: the devil. Taking the hand of Satan, through his conduit the negro, will not result in an outpouring of grace from the Christian God. But then the modern post-Christian European does not seek the grace of God, he yearns for the negro god and the kingdom of Babylon. “The Negro’s kingdom come, His will be done, in this Babylonian kingdom on earth,” is the liberal’s prayer.

I would not call the maniacal hatred of the liberals for all things white and Christian white guilt. What I see in the liberals is not guilt, at least not in the traditional, Christian sense of the word ‘guilt.’ A Christian feels guilty for his sins, which in all mortal men are numerous and varied and which stem from our fallen natures. But the liberal does not believe that he has a fallen nature. He believes that sin is located in other people, namely white people who have oppressed the colored races and stifled the sexual liberation of mankind. I think we ignore an essential part of the liberal pathology if we fail to note that racial Babylon and sexual Babylon are linked: both are necessary if mankind is to be truly free of the oppressive personal guilt that comes with a racially and sexually “oppressive” civilization such as Christian Europe. If a man joins himself to the new Babylon he need feel no guilt at all so long as he condemns all men of the past who were not supporters of Babylon and all men of the present who are trying to impede the implementation of a Babylonian world. The liberals have their prophets — such as Rousseau; their original sinners — the antique Europeans; their Savior: the negro; and their heaven, which is on earth, an earth free of the ignoble white racists. Guilt is something the liberals hurl at the white grazers to keep them in line: “Worship with us or stand before the bar of liberal justice as one found guilty of racism.” The grazers simply cannot face up to such a condemnation. They fall in line and worship, but not with the full internal assent that the liberals prefer.

In this modern Babylonian era a person who does not whole-heartedly endorse the ethos of Babylon is often dubbed a Puritan. It is meant to be an insult. I always take it as a compliment, because I know it means that I am against the racial and sexual ethos of Babylon. If I thought I was actually being accused of being a Cromwellian, I might take the time to explain to my accuser that I have always leaned, emotionally and spiritually, to the side of the cavaliers. I could not abide Cromwell’s ban on Christmas celebrations and all dramatic productions. How could the nation of Shakespeare ban the drama? Nor is it possible for me to believe that a Lord Protector is better than a Christian King. But let us get back to the liberals and their own brand of Puritanism, which is much more draconian and far less Christian than Cromwell’s Puritanism. The liberals are absolute in their defense of Babylon. Any movement that even hints at a challenge to the ethos and the colored gods of Babylon is squashed without mercy. Some misguided whites are often fooled into thinking that they can plead for breathing rights within Babylon. Such breathing rights are never granted. The liberals are committed to a burn and destroy policy; they will not permit any dissenting voices within Babylon. It is absolutely essential that the European remnant realize that the liberals are satanic and that whoever advises the Europeans to deal with them is advising we should deal with the devil, who never deals fairly and always seeks to destroy us. If we keep that knowledge, the knowledge of the satanic nature of liberalism, in our hearts we will never be tempted to waste needless spiritual energy in futile pleas for liberal mercy — they have none; or liberal reason — they use it to defend Satanism.

The indulgence of a sort of undefined hope, an obscure confidence, that some lurking remains of virtue, some degree of shame, might exist in the breasts of the oppressors of France, has been among the causes which have helped to bring on the common ruin of king and people. There is no safety for honest men, but by believing all possible evil of evil men, and



by acting with promptitude, decision, and steadiness on that belief. I well remember, at every epocha of this wonderful history, in every scene of this tragic business, that, when your sophistic usurpers were laying down mischievous principles, and even applying them in direct resolutions, it was the fashion to say that they never intended to execute those declarations in their rigor. This made men careless in their opposition, and remiss in early precaution. By holding out this fallacious hope, the impostors deluded sometimes one description of men, and sometimes another, so that no means of resistance were provided against them, when they came to execute in cruelty what they had planned in fraud. — Burke

Abandoning false hope can turn us toward our only hope. It is only when we place our hope in a plan to “win the liberals over” and “wake the people up” with a super-intelligent, non-violent program for the renewal of the world, under the management of giant-brained neopagans, that we come to ruin. The old ways are best. Liberalism was built brick by brick by men and women who believed in a guilt-free, interracial, sexually promiscuous utopia consecrated to the negro gods. Now Liberalism must be torn down brick by brick by men and women of Europe who still have hearts of flesh, hearts that reject liberalism and cling to Christian Europe.

When Liberalism falls, will the liberal look at the gravesite and weep as the antique European now weeps for the death of Christian Europe? No, he won't. He will howl as a predatory animal howls who has lost his prey. He will howl as Satan howls when a soul that he counted as his own turns from Satan to the living God. The Christian European and the liberal are of opposed spirits, eternally at war. The liberals are fueled by Satan's hatred and their intellectual pride, the European is empowered by his faith in divine charity, which never faileth.

It won't be a new system that 'wakes people up' that will turn the tide against the liberals; it will be the sword of charity wielded against the Jews in the market place, the colored barbarians in the streets, and the liberals in their gilded, Babylonian palaces. The Bible is a very personal story of a people's relationship with God. Whenever the ancient Hebrews tried to depersonalize God by making Him subordinate to nature gods, they lost God. Such is the plight of the modern Europeans. They were not defeated on the battlefield, they surrendered without a fight because they no longer saw themselves as a people apart from the colored tribesmen. They saw themselves and their God as part of nature, and at the liberals' insistence, they conceded that their race and their God was a lesser, ignoble part of the natural order of existence. Standing before the grave of Christian Europe, amidst the conquering army of liberals and colored barbarians, we can take hope from His divine charity and strength from the vision of the ancient Europeans who wore His raiment. We go from the gravesite to the battlefield, because it is not right that the liberals and their colored allies should be allowed to defile holy ground by their sneering, gloating presence. Our entire history as a people points to one thing. When we align ourselves with God, because we love Him, not because we seek our own personal gain, we are the most formidable people on earth. Only the European loved God because he saw all that was truly noble and beautiful embodied in the divine humanity of Christ. Those who fight because they know God through and in the people who loved Him will never cease fighting, because they don't believe that Christian Europe is dead. They believe as Hansel and Gretel's father believed: “When hope is nearly gone, God's relief to us will surely come.” +

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## Resisting the Categorical Imperative - September 7, 2013

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.

-Banquo in *Macbeth*

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Let me begin with George Fitzhugh:

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, it 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.

-*Cannibals All! Or Slaves without Masters* by George Fitzhugh

Recently a friend of mine sent me a press release from a group of white nationalists, advocating nonviolence. It brought to my mind the quote from Fitzhugh, because the white nationalists have chosen to deal with the trials and intricacies of life

in quite a different manner than Fitzhugh and the Europeans of the past. The mind, pure and undefiled from tradition, passion, and poetry is their guide to truth.

Nowhere is this ahistorical, nontraditional, abstract approach to existence more apparent than in the white nationalists' stance vis-à-vis violence. While conceding a limited right of self-defense in the home, the white nationalists embrace a rigid Quakerism in regards to all other forms of violence: "We must categorically renounce violence," and, "We must clearly denounce and avoid violence." Now, if the white nationalists were to say, "We do not think that violent resistance to the liberal leviathan is advisable at this particular moment in history. We are much more concerned with helping white people learn to cherish their past and revere and respect the Savior who once was respected and revered by all Europeans," then I would have no problem with the white nationalists. I might disagree with them about the strength of the liberal leviathan, but I would not be opposed to their statement of principle. But they do not put any qualifications on their Quakerism. They state that violence is wrong, and anyone who will not unequivocally renounce it is outside the white nationalist fold. Well, then I am unequivocally outside the white nationalist fold, because the white nationalist philosophy, if embraced, drives the dagger of abstract philosophical speculation into the heart of the European people and renders them incapable of any heartfelt response to the complex intricacies of life. And without the heart we are reeds for any and all philosophic ill winds that blow our way. The white nationalists do not just excommunicate all those violent-hearted men of the present. They condemn all our people, particularly the heroes of the past who were violent in defense of the innocent and the good.

Christian morality does not change. If your philosophy condemns all violence other than that violence which is necessary to defend the narrow confines of one's home, you have condemned Franco's courageous ouster of the democratically elected, left-leaning government of Spain, the inspired and heroic Klansmen who rode with Forrest, and all the William Tells of Europe who stood against the tyranny of those who attacked innocence.

It's difficult to believe that the white nationalists truly believe what they say. Do not their hearts burn within them when they hear of the torture murders of their own people? Would not they, if they had the opportunity and the means, kill the perpetrators of such atrocities? The white nationalists remind me very much of the proliferators with whom I used to spend a lot of time. The proliferators talked a lot about defending the unborn and making war on the abortionists, but if anyone actually said that abortion doctors should be shot, they were regarded as moral pariahs. I don't understand such people, nor do I want to understand them.

The modern European of every type, conservative, nationalist, liberal, and grazer, is unable to understand anything but a syllogism, because a syllogism can be put in a silver rod. Violence, in the modern European's eyes, is either good or bad; there can be no other conclusion, because no other conclusion can fit in the silver rod of the philosophers. Chaucer's knight, who killed the infidel in the Holy Land, was depicted as peace-loving and gentle inside. How can such a contradiction exist? It is only a philosophical contradiction; it is not a poetical contradiction, because only a man whose heart burned within him at the plight of the innocent being tortured and murdered in the Holy Land, or one who witnessed the infidel defile all that was pure and noble, would have the passion to fight and kill. All violent acts do not stem from illicit, evil passions. They can, and in the case of the antique Europeans often did stem from good and noble passions – the love of one's own and the hatred of the devil and all his works. And what could be more devilish than colored savages or Moslem infidels, murdering and raping their way through one white village after another? When white settlers made punitive raids, now condemned by moral theologians, on the Indians who attacked and massacred white settlers, they were practicing Christian charity. "He who strikes one strikes us all." The noble go on such raids because of that charity of honor, the pragmatic go on such punitive raids because they know that if they do not attack the savages who murder their neighbors the savages will soon be at the door of their own homes. And then it will be too late, but the murdered white settlers will have the satisfaction of having followed the principles of unequivocal nonviolence.

In a movie called *Northwest Passage* (1940), Rogers of Rogers' Rangers' fame, is asked by a British general why he is planning a punitive expedition against the Indians. Rogers says, "For years now the Indians have been coming into our settlements and murdering, torturing, and raping our people. What would you do in our place?" The British general replies, "I'd go get them!" The only people I hate more than the colored barbarians who murder, torture, and rape my people and the liberals who sanction the murder, torture, and rape of my people, are the white nationalists who tell whites that we are not to "go get them" when they murder, torture, and rape our people.

Only men who think they can ignore all the moral principles of their ancestors, which stemmed from a heartfelt, passionate love of the Savior, would arrogantly adopt a new Christianity, based on the esoteric theories in their Gnostic brains. Such men are not fully human, they are mere shadows of men, trying to substitute syllogisms for faith, and egotism for love. Now more than ever there is real fighting to be done. In many parts of Europe and America there is virtually no law. (1) Barbarians of color roam these lawless zones and prey on defenseless white people. Defenseless because they have been beaten down by the "You must clearly renounce violence" tirades from the clerics and the white nationalists. Why shouldn't white men venture out to avenge and protect white women, white children, and all white people from the

barbarian hordes? Or should they simply stay cringing in their homes until the barbarians come for them? I detect some awareness of the insanity of doctrinal nonviolence in some of the European right-wing groups, but I see no such awareness in the American nationalists, who seem to be eternally wedded to their abstract faith in some abstract future state of utopian bliss where giant white brains rule over a kingdom of unequivocally, nonviolent white people. There are some kinists who do not unequivocally denounce violence, because their faith comes from a heart that loves. From those people will come the white resurgence. (2)

The most striking thing about the white nationalists is their hatred of the European peoples' Christian past. The neopagan regards white men as delusional fools who created a false religion and attempted to ruin the world with its precepts. The tiny minority of white nationalists who attempt to maintain a nominal link to Christianity do so by rejecting the traditional Christianity of the European people and inventing a new Christianity that is more in keeping with the credo of the neopagans. But if the people who took Christ into their hearts were wrong about all the essential doctrines of Christianity and the moral precepts that flowed from those doctrines, such as when to kill and when not to kill, how can we trust anyone else, whether liberals or white nationalists, to be right when they tell us what Christians should believe and how they should behave?

Much of the white nationalists' fear of white violence stems from their fear of what the liberals will do if a lunatic with a Bible in his hand starts shooting people. They think it will hurt the chances for white nationalists to win elections and "win the people over." But the question of whether to kill or not to kill must be based on the spirit within. When the heart demands that we fight, we cannot ignore our duty for fear we might be lumped with the Timothy McVeighs and the Anders Behring Breiviks of the world. (3)

There are many different interpretations of Christ's words about violence: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." I always took those words to mean that we must be passionate about all things pertaining to our faith, passionate in defense of our God and our people. And since we are not disembodied spirits but are in fact human bodies animated by the spirit, we cannot just gnostically condemn evil in our minds, we must also fight evil when it becomes embodied in human beings. Most of us will quite probably never actually fight liberals or the barbarians of color to the death, but if we don't believe that such a fight is just, honorable, and Christian, we will have denounced God in our hearts and we will lose all those internal battles against principalities and powers. And, which is just as disastrous, we will have created a climate of support for the liberals and a climate of condemnation for heroes of the faith, such as Paul Hill, the first man who shot and killed an abortionist. Had every Christian supported Paul Hill at the time of that shooting, there would have been more dead abortionists and quite possibly a European counter-revolution against the forces of Babylon. But so-called proliferers rushed to condemn Paul Hill for taking seriously the injunction of Christ: "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The tortured aborted babies and the tortured murdered white people who are being aborted outside the womb by the liberal hierarchies, through their colored henchmen, are "the least of these my brethren," who should be fought for in the name of Him who calls on us, the Christ-bearing people, to fight for that charity of honor which our European ancestors fought for. If we are to become mere desiccated death heads, talking about nonviolence, Viking sperm banks, and bloodless, soulless, white utopias, we are as nothing. Almighty God, forbid it! The European is not meant for such a destiny. He is Hamlet, he is Tell, he is von Stauffenberg, loving and hating with all his heart and fighting and killing when his heart of fire calls on him to do so.

The mind-forged, foreshortened vision of existence, which leaves out the better part of man, his heart, is the vision of the white nationalist and the liberal, but it is not the vision of the antique European. The old vision of a passionate, Christian people fighting to preserve their faith and their race in the midst of a hostile world is the vision of the European who has not severed his ties to the past. I don't see any beauty or romance in the competing visions of utopia set forth by the liberals and the white nationalists. Nor do I see the Christ of Europe in those dystopian worlds. As the shadows of utopia lengthen, please Lord, with us abide. +

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(1) In many American cities there are all negro zones, where whites dare not go. There is Sharia law in many sections of London where whites are subject to the less than tender mercies of Moslems.

Why shouldn't whites form colored-free zones in their cities and in their nations? Apartheid, rigidly enforced, would be a great blessing. Let the colored live with colored and govern themselves and let the whites live with whites and govern themselves.

(2) There are huge tactical problems connected with the use of violence against the liberal leviathan. No white man wants to see white youths launching suicidal assaults on an enemy that will kill them without mercy. But there should be no moral imperative against violence: quite the opposite should be the case. If white men with hearts of fire and the rational capabilities to back up their passion decide to strike the leviathan they should be commended, not condemned.

(3) In *Great Expectations*, Dickens observes that we always seem most afraid of the ill opinion of people we profess to despise. The liberals are going to lump all white people who want to remain white in the same basket. If they can't find a true accusation, then they will make up a false one. Living one's life trying to appease the liberals is not only immoral, it is an impossibility. Instead of constantly assuring the liberals that whites will remain nonviolent no matter what is done to them by the liberals and barbarians of color, why not let the liberals and the barbarians of color start worrying about what those angry white people might do if the violence against their people and the blasphemous attacks on their God do not cease?

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### **Of Soda Pop and Babylon - August 31, 2013**

And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. – Revelations 18:21

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It's always surprising, this puppet show of memory. The other day it took me back to my tenth year on earth. I was on vacation in St. Augustine, Florida, with my parents and siblings. Motels were a relatively recent phenomenon at that time, and they provided infinite delight to me and my brother. We ran up and down the outside corridors and counted all the different types of soda in the soda machine. An elderly woman and her husband, both with thick Southern accents, ran the motel. By rights they should have told my brother and me to get lost and stop fiddling with the soda machines, but instead the woman invited us into her office and asked us about our school. When that failed to ignite a spark in us she asked us about baseball. That worked. I proceeded to babble on about my prowess as a hitter and fielder, piling lie upon lie. Then I had a root beer and my brother had an orange crush, compliments of the management, before going back to our room.

The next day we went to the beach, and we were quite surprised to find the beautiful St. Augustine beach to be completely deserted. Was the water shark-infested? Was the air filled with those hideous green flies? None of the above seemed to be the case, so my family and I had a wonderful day on the beach. On our way back to our room, my father and mother stopped in at the motel office and asked, "Why were the beaches so empty — it was a beautiful day?" The reply: "Some black boys tried to swim on the all-white beach the other day, there were fights, and the police had to come and clear the beaches. It will be a few days before things return to normal." Obviously, after all these years I can't quote the exact words of the elderly lady, but that was the gist of her reply.

Then, as he left, my father passed a remark to my mother, which (I'm paraphrasing) amounted to a criticism of Southern whites, "When will these people learn to get along."

As my parents left, I lingered and heard the woman say to her husband, "They just don't understand." Now ten-year-olds are not the sharpest tacks in the human drawer, and I was not a particularly bright ten-year-old, but I did understand two things. The first was that the elderly couple, particularly the woman, had been kind to my brother and me. And secondly, it didn't seem at all unreasonable to my unseasoned young mind that the blacks should keep to their beaches and the whites should keep to theirs. I could see that my father's remark had hurt the woman's feelings, and I felt vaguely responsible. I wanted to say something of comfort, so I stammered out, "I love Robert E. Lee."

The woman's reaction took me back. She got all teary-eyed and came around the counter, over to me. "You're a little darling," she said as she kissed me on the forehead. I've never been one for public displays of affection, so I was not too thrilled about the kiss, but I did have a good feeling when I left the office because I felt I had been of some comfort to the woman who had been kind to me.

Now why do I tell such a story about some obviously "bigoted" Southern people from a bygone era? I tell that story, because those kindly Southern people, born in the 19th century, were Europeans. They were the last of a breed of people that has largely disappeared from the face of the earth, who once inhabited the countries of Europe and various offshoots of Europe, such as South Africa, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States. They were a special breed of people who saw life feelingly. In their blood was an instinctive hatred of all things cruel, ignoble, and uncharitable. They loved and respected the ethos of Christian Europe. "All this from a bottle of pop?" Yes, all that from a bottle of pop. Walter Scott could have walked into that motel office and been right at home with those dear old folks from long ago. One generation later and Walter Scott wouldn't have known what planet the strange new breed of people were from. And it has been my task, regardless of my fitness for the task, to render homage, respect, and love to those older European people and their culture. They, like the Southern motel owners, have been maligned and spit upon by state, church, and press for so long and so often that words in their defense seem so inadequate in the face of the avalanche of hate falling on them from Mount Liberalism. But it is natural, in the spiritual sense of the word 'natural,' that a European should defend that which is good and true and noble. Even if all the world cries "crucify them" we should stand with the antique Europeans, for they taught us, by their example, what moral beauty is. It consists of fidelity to the Cross of Christ through fidelity to His people. When the Christ story is internalized by an entire people, a miracle of grace occurs. A world languishing in the darkness of paganism sees a great light. Deny those ancient Europeans, cover their culture with calumny and hatred, and

you extinguish the light. Burke, who saw with blinding sight, warned us what would happen if we traded the traditions and people of old Europe for the utopian pretensions of a new utopian Europe ruled over by hard-hearted liberal theorists.

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that charity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

I'm glad Burke went on to expound on the nature of chivalry by linking it with "that charity of honor." By doing so he tells us that true chivalry is something much greater than knights and battles and courtly manners. True chivalry is of the heart: it consists of "that charity of honor." What an apt description of what makes the European unique. If we put it in the context of a Charlie Brown story, it would play something like this:

Charlie Brown: "Isn't there anyone who can tell me what a European stands for?"

Linus: "I can, Charlie Brown. 'That charity of honor...' That's what a European stands for, Charlie Brown."

It has been the task of the liberal to set down the old European culture, the charity of honor culture, as backward and hate-filled; backward because the antique Europeans believed in Christ, and hate-filled because the antique Europeans did not believe in the inherent sanctity of the black man. And beginning with the French Revolution, the European liberals have justified all their bloodlettings under the cover of moving mankind forward to utopia. Of course, we never quite get there, because there are always South African apartheidists, segregationist Southern whites, imperialist Englishmen, and right-wing fringe groups who impede the building of utopia. When the last racist white is eliminated, utopia will be ushered in, and we can all dance around the throne of the noble black savage. But wait. I see no white people dancing around that throne. The liberals envisioned themselves surrounded by admiring darkies, thanking them for eliminating all the white racists from the face of the earth. The liberals are mistaken. The noble black savages do not make such distinctions. All whites, be they liberal or not, are to be consigned to the stew pots.

A white man should reject the new kingdom of Liberaldom, because of that charity of honor. Liberaldom was built by the devil and his minions. How can a European have anything to do with it? The pragmatic Europeans, those Europeans who are betwixt and between Liberaldom and Christendom, are trying to survive as part of Liberaldom. But this is not possible. Liberaldom is built on a universalist lie. There is no such thing as a multi-racial people or a multi-religious culture. A man must have one people or no people, he must have one God or no God. The liberal is a man who hates his people and his God, so he turns to the stranger and the stranger's god, or else he makes a god of the stranger. It may be that the liberal had an unhappy family situation growing up or that at a later period of his life he was denied some job he knew he deserved, but all such family and employment difficulties are not the cause of the liberal's betrayal of his people and his God. The fault lies in the liberal's deficiency in the region of his heart. His extreme egotism, his love for his own mind-forged abstract world ruled by his gigantic unappreciated brain, has caused him to banish the love of the pure and noble from his heart so that he can love and adore himself. This is the key to the liberals' worship of the negro and their hatred of the white. They never have to acknowledge their betters if they demonize the antique Europeans of the past and banish, from their utopia, all present day Europeans who desire to maintain a link to old Europe. In the liberals' mind the negro is the perfect god. He will be grateful and permit his white subjects to indulge themselves with wine and cheese parties ad nauseum. An academic of my acquaintance (not a friend) hosts an annual wine and cheese party, which is attended by one black couple who are petted and pampered by all the liberal academics in attendance. That, in a nutshell, is the sum total of the liberals' vision of paradise. Their gods love them and appreciate their sacrifices and reciprocate by blessing them with their presence at those great wine and cheese parties of Liberaldom. One is reminded of Karl Barth's remark about Feuerbach: "We have heard Feuerbach speak and we have heard something disgustingly, nauseatingly trivial." So it is with Feuerbach's modern day counterparts, the negro-worshipping liberals.

The disgustingly, nauseatingly, trivial fantasies of the liberals would be something to laugh at if they were just the fantasies of a few beatniks in a 1950's coffee shop, but those utopian fantasies, spawned by Rousseau and his white-hating ilk, have been institutionalized throughout the European world. And they are maintained with the blood of the white man. The colored gods do not know mercy; they only know sacrifice, so the liberals must keep feeding their black gods with more and more white victims. The seemingly endless cycle of white sacrifice will end when men with that charity of honor decide to put an end to it.

The state religion of Liberaldom is negro-worship. We did not come to that state of affairs by accident. Year after painstaking year, the liberals built up their poetic defense of a racially mixed, sexually promiscuous, guilt free utopia,

facilitated by scientific advances and presided over by the negro gods. In movie and in print, all moral values stemming from Christian Europe were depicted as retrograde, unscientific, and racist. All values stemming from the new Jacobin faith of liberals were depicted as more humane, more advanced, and infinitely more godly, because godliness in Liberaldom is determined by the intensity of a man's and a nation's devotion to the negro.

The idea of moral evolution and the new racial and sexual ethos that goes with it has enthralled the European people for the past century. The pathetic, blood-thirsty fantasies of a few sick intellectuals were institutionalized in France and gradually became the accepted dogma of the Western world. Is this the promised end? Is this what Alfred, Charles Martel, and their everyman counterparts fought to preserve? Let one example suffice for what has been a consistent avalanche of propaganda spewed forth by the enemies of the light: In a movie called *Time Limit*, made in 1957, the sensitive hero of the movie, who is guilty of treason by the old standards of treason, but not guilty by the new standards of liberal morality, says; "Why is a man only allowed to be loyal to one family, one country, and one religion? Why can't he be loyal to all families, all countries, and all religions?" Why indeed? Doesn't that sound very moral and refined? Such an apologia is the basis of the liberals' poetic. They are the humane ones, they are the godly ones, and the antique Europeans are the inhumane and ungodly ones who would try to stop the moral progression of mankind. But how can a denial of our family, our racial nation, and our God, be a moral progression?

The liberals have successfully implemented their new society in which the negro is ensconced at the top of the pantheon of liberal gods. However, his place there is only guaranteed so long as the poetic of the liberals remains unchallenged. The "Christian" catechisms and theological treatises have certainly proved no match for the liberal juggernaut. But didn't Christian Europe have a poetic that made liberalism seem like the thing it was, an ugly patch of weeds in a beautiful garden? Why did Christian Europeans voluntarily give up on the great romance? Is the Christ story a great dramatic poem or is it a theological treatise? Was Christ the Messiah who transformed human hearts with the passion of His heart, or was he a wise Socratic teacher, a professor of morals and ethics? The poetic of mankind's forward march to racial and sexual Babylon built and maintains Liberaldom. The poetic of Christ crucified, Christ risen as seen through the eyes and felt in the hearts of the European people will bring Liberaldom down. +

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### **The Burning White Child - August 24, 2013**

We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages. Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them. If they find what they seek, and they seldom fail, they think it more wise to continue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to cast away the cost of prejudice, and to leave nothing but the naked reason; because prejudice, with its reason, has a motive to give action to that reason, and an affection which will give it permanence. Prejudice is of ready application in the emergency; it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, skeptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit; and not a series of unconnected acts. Through just prejudice, his duty becomes a part of his nature. — Edmund Burke *On the Revolution in France*

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In Shakespeare's *Macbeth* two men stand on the heath facing evil incarnate. Both were tempted. One man, Banquo, calls on divine grace to help him resist the devil:

Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!

While the other man, Macbeth, succumbs to the devil:

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Was there a noise when Pope John XXIII was full of "charity and forgiveness" for the blacks who tortured and murdered his people? Did he feel any pangs of conscience? No, because he was much further down the slippery slope than Macbeth. Macbeth had a guilty conscience because his ideological armor was not as strong as Pope John XXIII's armor. The armor of liberalism is proof against any assault from that cumbersome thing called a conscience. The post-Christian, the liberal, is too fastidious to torture and murder directly, so he kills and tortures second hand. He takes a voyeur's pleasure in watching the colored barbarians torture and murder white people, especially white children. The more innocent the victim, the greater delight the liberal takes in their suffering. It is now the standard practice in our society to hand white babies and white children over to black apes to be tortured and murdered. And at the top of the list is Jonathan Foster, a 12 year old white boy, who was kidnapped by a black, female, subhuman in 2010. He was tortured and murdered with a

blowtorch. Which gives the liberals in church and state great delight. They like to think on the pain and suffering of Jonathan Foster. Did he repent of his whiteness before he died? Or did he die without comprehending why he had to suffer and die? And all of these satanic black torture murders never get the punishment they deserve. The Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom torture-murderers are still seeking retrials, while liberal lawyers plead for their "rights."

That we must suffer much on this earth and die is the result of original sin. But that white people must be singled out and made to suffer more than mankind's traditional allotment of suffering is a result of the liberals' inverted Christianity. The abstracted faith of the medieval scholastics became the faith of a few European intellectuals, and over time that abstracted faith spread, like the green slime in the campfire horror stories, and engulfed the European people. Now virtually all Europeans, except the few that have broken free of the green slime of liberalism, experience life second-hand: they love and hate in the abstract.

And their abstract hates and loves, because the Europeans were once Christian, are expressed in the forms of medieval theology. The devil is the white man, so the liberals delight in hearing tales of his sufferings. And the new Christ is the black man, so the liberals delight in the tales of his triumphs over the devilish white man. Communion takes places wherever two or three liberals are gathered together in the black man's name.

The liberals are covered with the green slime of Satanism and they love it. They have become monsters of cruelty because they are abstracted from everything human. God's grace comes to us through human rivulets and streams, and if you dam up those waterways you have cut yourself off from God. Those Europeans, the men and women I call grazers, have taken off some of the green slime but not enough to see clearly and resist liberalism. Lacking a religious view of life the grazers are unable to recognize the religious dynamic of liberalism. The Christian hero is a hero because he can see good and evil clearly. Lacking that Christian second sight the grazer accepts the liberals' multi-faceted justification for black atrocities. When the atrocities are in South Africa: (1) "Such atrocities only happen to bad whites"; when they happen to whites in European countries: (2) "They are just isolated incidents; you can't condemn a whole race of people for one isolated madman"; when a white child is tortured and murdered: (3) Nothing – there is silence, as if the torture and murder never happened. And if you say it did happen, you are a racist. And racism, only white racism, is the original sin.

The grazer is forever seeking redemption from the devil. Just as Blanche DuBois depended on the kindness of strangers, so does the white grazer depend on the kindness of liberals. But there is no kindness or mercy in the hearts of men and women who have hardened their hearts against the living God. Only a lack of negro energy and opportunity prevents every single white child from suffering the same fate as Jonathan Foster. "If we had but world enough and time," the colored barbarians lament. "We will make sure you get world enough and time," the liberals respond.

Burke, and then Richard Weaver in agreement with Burke, insisted that a man could not live without his prejudices. Our prejudices stem from our deepest intuitions about the nature of existence. The rational mind can only guide and direct the passions of the heart. If our heartfelt prejudices about life are held to be null and void we will be lost souls, because abstracted reason cannot sustain the inner man. A man without prejudices is a caricature of a man, all outer husk and empty inside.

The vicious barbarian race of blacks are permitted to murder whites with impunity, because the liberals are satanic devils who have made the prejudiced European a proscribed criminal. What do liberals look for every time one of the infinitude of black atrocities becomes public? They look for the prejudiced white man. They want to know if there is a white man who dares state the obvious: "These black murderers should be killed instantly, without reference to our satanic court system or the white-hating, Christ-hating clerical wolves in sheep's clothing." A real European should never play the "Let's be moderate – Mustn't be prejudiced!" game every time there is a black atrocity. "I won't be rational and moderate: I will be prejudiced, because I hate the devil and his minions and I love my people," should be the European response to the vicious black butchery that surrounds us. What did the British do to the torture murderers of their own people in the devil's den of Cawnpore? They tied the perpetrators to canons and blasted them into little pieces. They did this because they were prejudiced: they loved their people in and through Christ, and they hated Satan and his colored devotees. Their prejudices were right and pure and noble. Far from eliminating such prejudices we should seek to strengthen them so that we will respond to black barbarism as Europeans should respond.

A few days ago there was a report of a murder committed by two negroes and a mulatto. Christopher Lane, a young Australian man, visiting his girlfriend in a rural Oklahoma town, made the mistake of going out jogging, and three subhuman creatures followed him in a car and gunned him down in a drive-by shooting. When they were taken into custody, according to the District Attorney, the sub-humans just laughed. They know nothing of consequence will be done to them; they are the liberals' gods. They should be strung up on the nearest tree, but instead they will be sent to some recreational facility for a short while and then sent out to murder more white people. The whites always treat such atrocities as something that can't be helped, like some natural disaster, or what the insurance companies call 'acts of God.'

And to the liberals the black outrages against whites are just that: they are acts of God, the sacred negro god to whom all whites must be prepared, at all times, to offer up their lives. Nor does it stop with the white man's life. He must also offer up his soul to the great black gods. "As he wills so shall I do," is the sacred oath of the white to his black god.

Every white government has proclaimed the negro to be the supreme God, with the other colored tribesmen serving as subordinate deities. So in every white nation, "acts of God," which mean bloody black atrocities committed against whites, will be in direct proportion to the amount of blacks that liberals can cram into their nations. Rich liberals will try to survive the holocaust they are responsible for starting, by living in gated communities away from blacks, but the colored hordes cannot be avoided forever. If they are not stopped the only way colored hordes can be stopped, they will eventually kill every last white, just as they did at Cawnpore. Colored tribesmen must be either ruled or killed; there is no other way to deal with them. Of course you can worship them if you hate the Christian God and yearn for the extermination of the white race.

The pride of reason makes the white man reject Christ in favor of abstract systems of thought. In this the white man resembles the Orientals who have always regarded the Incarnation as foolishness. But the Oriental has no Christian past, so he remains as he always has been: an addict of abstract philosophical and mystical systems. He does not need a savior in his systems, because he never, as the white man did, abandoned his abstract systems for Christ. The post-Christian white man has returned to abstract, irreligious philosophies, but with an added dimension. Unable to live without a savior, because of his Christian past, the liberal replaces Christ with the negro. It is the white man and only the white man who worships the black race; hence it is the white race and only the white race which is committing racial suicide.

Macbeth, who had supped full of horrors, horrors largely of his own making, still had problems with his conscience. Lady Macbeth ("Unsex me here") was finally unable to resist her conscience. And yet our modern liberals have an amoral armor that can resist the strongest pangs of conscience. They are truly dead to all grace. Should we consent to let such people set negroes loose among us to torture, rape, and murder whites at will? We must live among liberals, but we should never be of them. The beastly white sluts who cohabit with negroes and turn over their white babies from previous couplings to their negro mates to be murdered, the liberal academics who teach negro worship in the schools, and worst of all the white-hating, anti-Christian churchmen, must be held accountable for their murderous treachery. These people and their colored gods are our mortal enemies. We won't be reasonable, we won't be law-abiding, and we won't be non-violent in the face of the unspeakable black atrocities which are encouraged and abetted by them. Jonathan Foster and every white victim of black atrocities, especially the children, must be avenged. That charity of honor demands that we do so.

I have lived among liberals my entire life. And I was brought up to be of them, but by the grace of God I am not of them. There is a line separating the liberal from the European. It is the line of abstraction. When once the European abstracts, because his ego demands that he abstract so he can create an abstract world ruled by him, he becomes a liberal and ceases to be human. He loves only his abstract creations, such as his negro gods, and he hates everything human, particularly those people who championed the non-abstract, humane God. Only the love of something human, that seems more than human, can keep a European from becoming a liberal. If a man, a European, can look at the collective face of his ancient people without seeing Christ and falling down on his knees in reverence and awe, he will become one with Satan and he will dwell in an eternal Babylonian night in this world and the world to come.

I go back to the first Europeans. They were the conquerors of the great Roman empire, yet they fell on their knees before Christ. And He bid them rise and ride, to go forth and subdue the heathen and protect innocence, above all to protect innocence! That burned, tortured child, Jonathan Foster, will always be part of me; we mustn't forget him and we must never allow the cruel, inhuman liberals and their cruel, inhuman negro gods to revel in their barbarities unopposed by men who love and hate with all their hearts. Monstrous, merciless egoism built Liberalism.

The passionate love of our European hearth, presided over by the King of Kings, shall bring it down:

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 pipers 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.



## **The Return to Our European Hearth Fire - August 17, 2013**

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee." Luke 15: 18

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In my twenties, shortly after legalized abortion reared its satanic head in America, I used to pass out anti-abortion literature on street corners and at malls. Abortion proponents would frequently tell me that unless I could tell them what was to be done with all non-aborted babies I had no right to rail against abortion. Of course the pro-aborts were trying to evade the central point by focusing on my inability to tell them how the non-aborted babies were to be cared for. Their feigned concern for starving non-aborted babies was simply demonism masquerading as a social conscience. The central point was, "Should we permit the murder of infants?" No specious pragmatism could change that central point.

I often feel like I'm back passing out the anti-abortion literature and arguing with the pro-aborts when I talk about the necessity of white solidarity, which entails the segregation of the white race from the colored hordes. Liberals condemn white apartheid as evil, and the more conservative types say, "It's not practical; how would you do it?" If I can't give the latter type of individual a ten point plan for achieving perfect, non-violent segregation then I am deemed impractical, and Mr. Conservative goes back to his failed policy of "winning the colored people over" to whatever solution Mr. Conservative is peddling, which is usually democratic capitalism. But Mr. Conservative, like the abortion proponents, is missing the central point. There is no dichotomy between what is moral and what is practical. If apartheid is the correct moral response to the "race problem," then there can only be debates about the means to achieve racial apartheid: there can never be any question of giving up on apartheid because it is deemed too difficult to achieve.

I for one don't believe apartheid is too difficult to achieve, because I don't believe that anything white people want to achieve is impossible. Look at the miracle of Christian Europe and then try to tell me apartheid is too difficult. You can't do it. What is lacking in the European people is the moral will to keep their faith, which they have lost, and their people, which they have abandoned, separate from the colored hordes. Once the moral will of the Europeans is restored, which is one and the same as their faith in Christ, they will become a separate people again, loving their own and defending them against the colored tribesmen.

Of course there is no magic wand that can make the European people become a Christian people again. Something much greater than magic must occur. There must be that meeting, depicted by Michelangelo on the Sistine Chapel ceiling, of the hand of God with the hand of the European. The European must let go of his systems, which are the gold and silver caskets which promise paradise but bring hell, and take up the leaden casket wherein the Christ of the European hearth dwells. In that casket is life eternal, in this world and the world to come.

Recently, a friend sent me an article about Orania, a "self-sustaining" white community on the fringes of South Africa. A small group of whites, about 1,000 people, have formed a community which uses no black labor and is based on mutual aid and the religious principles of the Afrikaners, the Boers. I don't know for how long the "Shoot the Boers" President of South Africa, Jacob Zuma, will allow Orania to exist, but I do think that the desire, among whites, to be separate from the colored tribesmen and to cling to their own people and their peoples' past is a very good thing that whites throughout the world should imitate. And in saying that I am not suggesting that whites in Britain, France, America, etc., should necessarily imitate the specific economic measures and political structures of the people of Orania. Some managerial types think that the most important thing in life is to think up a system, be it economic, political, or religious, and impose that system on all people everywhere. I hold with Burke, who supported France's monarchical system for France while asserting its impracticality for Britain, when he said that economies, governments, and social structures must spring up organically from the lifeblood of the people: they cannot be superimposed upon them from without by abstract theorists. What I found heartening about the Orania venture – and I hope the information I received was true – was the example of a white Christian people determined to live apart from colored people and support each other. The means will vary according to the varied difficulties whites face in their own nations, but all whites should want and seek apartheid.

What whites should not want is to be part of democratic, multi-racial Liberalism. My heart soared when I heard there was an organization called the English Defense League, and it sank when I heard that the English Defense League was a multi-racial, multi-religious group of men and women committed to a rainbow coalition against violence. How can you be an English Defense League if you're not committed to defending white English people, who are the only kind of English people? And how can you fight violent thugs while allowing members of thuggish religions and races into your coalition? A nation consists of men and women of one race and one faith; there is no other kind of nation. People who gather together

under any other national banner besides race and faith are liberals, who are a bastard offshoot of the human race, having the outward forms of human beings while resembling inhuman devils inside.

We cannot look at any aspect of the Europeans' history as a people without looking at their faith. Prior to the 20th century Europeans saw no dichotomy between the love and protection of one's own, through apartheid and other measures, and the love of Christ. Loving your neighbor meant, to the antique Europeans, loving your own and respecting the right of the stranger to love his own. But this older Christian practice gave way, in the 20th century, to the hatred of your own kind and the worship of the colored races, particularly the black race. This new doctrine seems, from my perspective, the perspective of the old Christians, to be a satanic reversal of the Christian faith, changing the religion of Christ into the religion of Satan. And if you look at the fruits of this new Christianity as espoused by the organized "Christian" churches, I do not think it is possible to come to any other conclusion than: "They have gone over to Satan."

If the modern churchmen are right – that the negro really is the true god – then we are of all men most to be pitied. It means we have believed a lie. But there is still the Church of Christ which exists where two or three are gathered together in His name. Those two or three have met by their racial hearth fire and called on Him by name. In Him, through Him, the people of the mists, the Europeans of old, were close to Him because they were close to the people of their own race. So long as we are closer to our organized, negro-worshipping churches than our own people, we will remain a people without a faith and without a nation.

The pride of the modern churchmen is without parallel in the history of a church that holds pride to be the original sin. But of course sin, in the new dispensation, only exists in the racist past of the white man. There is no sin in the modern churchmen. And they prove their sanctity by denouncing the "selfish" white people of the present, and the "racist" white people of the past:

"Mirror, Mirror, on the liberals' wall,  
Who is the most wonderful cleric of them all?"  
"I am, I am,"  
They all shout with glee.  
"I hate the white and love the black—  
Surely that is a saintly pedigree."

Let me go back to the abortion wars. On several occasions I stood in front of an abortion clinic, trying to baptize the child about to be aborted. I don't believe God damns a baby for a mother's sin, but then again one has to believe that baptism makes a difference because our Lord enjoined us to do it. On one occasion an irate black woman, about to abort, cursed at me and called me a European. I thought about that intended insult later. A European? Little did that negress realize that to me the title "European" is a sacred badge of honor. I have no illusions. When the roll is called up yonder, I will be at the end of the European line. I am the least of the Europeans, lacking the heroic mettle of those who came before me. But I have chosen to stand with them, so the least of the Europeans will still be of them. How could I, or any European with a heart that still lives, not desire to stand with them rather than with the negro-worshipping minions of Satan? In an old western a villain who robs and kills in hot blood tries, in the presence of the hero, to disassociate himself from his companions in crime who rob, rape, and kill in cold blood. "I'm not like them," the head villain asserts. The hero isn't buying it. "You ride with them!" The clerics ride with the negro-worshipping, white-hating, Christ-hating liberals: they have crossed the bar of humanity and entered the domain of Satan.

The key to the return of the white man is not a magic key. It is a sacred key that opens the door to the Europeans' past. I have read many a volume of quaint and forgotten European lore. I know that the antique Europeans were not all saints. I see them without rose-tinted glasses, but having acknowledged their very human weaknesses we must, if we respect the truth and love what is good and noble, acknowledge that the antique European people showed us how a people should live, loving their own in the presence of the living God, who shed His grace over the people who reached out to Him and called upon Him by name. "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."

Now the European sets his love upon the negro and abstract systems about God which have no living God within them. When all of the liberalism is burned out of the European's blood, the liberalism in church and state, then he will once again set his love upon the living God. The passionate love of our people in and through Christ, and the hatred of the liberals and their colored allies, will be the white heat that burns Liberalism to the ground. The new Europe that emerges will not be like the old Europe in its externals, but the new Europeans with hearts of fire will be like their ancestors in spirit. That which is within, the better part, is what unites us to our ancient people and their God.

Within the ploughed furrow and frequented pasture of our own race is the grace abundant that leads to God. Outside our own furrow and pasture there is no grace, there is only a universalist mirage that cloaks an arid desert of modernity. When

we are true to our racial hearth fire as Ratty was true to his river we will see our Lord as he meant us to see Him, and we will act and love like Europeans were meant to act and love, as defenders of our own against all the world. And our return home will be as the prodigal's return:

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." +

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### **The Shadow of the Cross - August 10, 2013**

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. – Edmund Burke

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Woodrow Wilson ran for reelection under the banner, "He kept us out of war." Upon winning the election, Wilson entered the war under the banner, "The world must be made safe for democracy." When I was a school child I accepted that Wilsonian inanity as a valid reason for World War I, just as I accepted a similar inanity as the American justification for entering World War II on the side of Communist Russia. That the world must be made safe for democracy is still the rationale for the foreign wars of aggression the United States and Israel indulge in, but I no longer accept the democratic justification for such wars.

The democracy gambit was first used by the French Jacobins to overthrow the French government. And it has, in subsequent years, been used to successfully destroy all the traditional governments of Europe in order to build up a democratic culture that is in direct contradiction to the traditional, Christian culture of the antique Europeans. The older culture was built on the non-abstract, instinctual, heartfelt faith of the European people. It was built on faith and sustained by prejudices; a prejudice in favor of one's own over the stranger, a prejudice in favor of Christ over Satan, and a prejudicial preferment for the traditions of the past over the abstract theories of the future. The new democratic culture was based on an abstracted, heartless ideology. Its democratic adherents favored the colored stranger over their own people, Satan over Christ, and an abstract, theoretical utopia of the future over the traditions of old Europe. The wars of the first half of the 20th century, cultural wars and battlefield wars, were fought to make the world safe for the Jacobinism which Wilson called 'democracy.' The cultural and battlefield wars of the second half of the 20th century were fought to preserve and extend Jacobin democracy. Liberty, equality, and fraternity were institutionalized, and their opponents were exterminated whenever possible and marginalized when extermination was not feasible. Who were and are the opponents of liberty, equality, and fraternity? All white Europeans who remain prejudiced in favor of their own people over the colored stranger and in favor of Christ over Satan.

The great tragedy of the early 20th century was the destruction of the type of Christian ethos exemplified by the men on the Titanic. That charity of honor, bred in the bone of the antique Europeans, was distilled out of the blood of the European and replaced with an abstract faith in democracy. This, as we have seen, has resulted in the worship of the negro and the hatred of the white man, because the colored man, the non-European, is the noble savage, untainted by the culture of the white man. He is the stuff that utopian dreams are made on.

Every civilization has a religious dynamic that sustains it. When that dynamic loses its force the civilization dies and is replaced by a new civilization with its own religious dynamic. The dynamic of liberalism, which has replaced Christianity, is based on abstract reason, the noble savage, and science. Abstract reason allows men, not God, to plan for the happiness of mankind. The noble savage provides a human conduit to all that goes with a Babylonian nature religion. And science provides the material sign that an abstract system of democratic government, coupled with the worship of the negro, is a moral progression. Why? Because if we are progressing scientifically, then we must also be progressing morally. The exact opposite seems to be the case from a Christian, European standpoint, but the modern European does equate scientific progress with moral progress. No one wants to appear unscientific, because that would be conceding that you are stupid, and being stupid is the modern counterpart of ungodliness. One longs for a hero, a Third Dumb Brother, with the bred-in-the-bone faith to attack the Castle Dangerous of Liberalism without fear of being called 'stupid.' We, the European people, lost our defenders in the 20th century, and now we have entered the 21st century without any defenders. The conservatives in the 20th century, unlike the 19th century conservatives, were not defenders of the European people. They were defenders of an abstract utopian system that blended democracy and negro worship under the all-seeing eye of science. Even at this late date, when the unholy trinity lies before us in all its sinister glory, conservatives – even those who call themselves white nationalists – still want to trade with the devil by invoking democracy and science instead of bardic Europe and the God of bardic Europe. The old hymn tells us that there is power in the blood of the lamb. There is power in the blood of the lamb, but only if we are connected to that blood through our racial hearth fires where the dear Christ enters in. He won't be found in the citadels of higher learning or in the negro-worshipping churches.

C. S. Lewis correctly observed that those who deride sentiment always have a sentiment of their own that they hold as inviolate. The liberals in church and academia constantly deride, ridicule, and condemn any white man who is attached to his European heritage and does not want it despoiled and overridden by a new, liberal-imposed, racial Babylon. Such a white man is condemned, because it is self-evident, to the liberals, that the older European civilization was evil because of its racism and sexism. And the new civilization, which the liberals get all sentimental about, is good and pure, because it is an interracial, sexually promiscuous civilization.

A few months ago I saw a 15-minute travelogue about Switzerland, made in the late 1940's. It was such a pleasure to see whole towns and villages that were completely free of colored people. There was one segment in particular that made me feel sentimental, a shot of some Swiss villagers making their way to a small chapel at the top of a hill. The large cross atop the chapel seemed as if it cast its shadow over the entire village. Is that not what Europe was all about? The cross of Christ enveloped us as a people and provided us with the religious dynamic to keep our racial hearths free of the colored barbarians. But we are not supposed to talk like that anymore. There are no bad colored people. When they commit barbaric acts, the acts are somehow transformed by liberal magicians into the understandably desperate acts of a people yearning to be free. "How many years..." We know the liberals' sentimental litany by heart. The black man can do no wrong because there are no bad blacks, only racist whites who force blacks to do seemingly bad acts, which in reality are not bad. Need I go through the atrocities? The torture, murder, and rape of white people by blacks is a daily, minute-by-minute occurrence wherever blacks and white inhabit the same geographical area. And there is never one voice raised against black atrocities. But let one black man be abused by a white, either verbally or physically, or let one white man defend himself against a black thug, and all the forces of hell – the liberal press, the academy, the government, and the media – will descend upon the white man:

The Press, no matter how violent the Negroes become, deploras whatever action the white people take to defend themselves. The moment the victimized law-abiding Whites make the least attempt to defend themselves in this one-sided war, the Press at once conjures up a host of ultra-decent and super-expert authorities – to express their abhorrence at such inexcusable racialistic brutality. If, in this Holy War, this Jihad, the Whites should dare to show signs of fight, there are always 'informed observers' at hand to stress the damage to America's international standing. There are always renowned international saints of all colours to voice their sadness and dismay, and politicians to sound their 'grave warnings'. There is always 'world opinion' to vent its revulsion, and American opinion up in Montana or someplace to express 'a growing feeling' of horror. Above all, unless white Americans hurry up and get mixed they will outrage informed public opinion among important African cannibal States living on white American taxpayers' money. For year after year after year the Performing Poodle Press stands on its hinder legs and goes through its repertoire of corny tricks, and still the people are mesmerized by it. – Anthony Jacob in *White Man Think Again!*

Anthony Jacob, who could quite accurately be labeled the last great Englishman, called the liberals war against whites a Jihad. He is correct. Only a religious zeal superior to the zeal of the Jihadists can stop a Jihad. What the liberals are trying to organize is a liberal-led democratic Jihad against the white Europeans. This is the reason why liberals want to bomb Moslems in Islamic countries and welcome them into their own countries to rape, murder, and pillage. In their own countries the Moslems pose a threat to the liberals' democratic Jihad because they are not democratic, but when the Moslems come to European countries they are good because they are destroying the white Christian culture of the European country by exterminating the white Europeans. And this is the pattern with every single non-white racial group. The Mexican drug lords are bad when they kill Mexicans in Mexico, but they become good when they kill whites in America. The Chinese are bad when they gun down their own students in Tiananmen Square, but they are good when they come to Europe to murder whites and further pollute the universities and schools with their fiendish Oriental philosophers. Sax Rohmer's novels, which are now condemned as racist, accurately depict the Asian. They are geniuses of cruelty, addicted to abstraction and opium. Which makes them welcome fellow travelers in the liberals' brave new Babylonian war. But I needn't go on and list every single non-white race. They all hate each other while hating the white race most of all. The liberals are trying to unite them in their common hatred of the white man. But a unity of hate against the Christ-bearing race will only result in an endless night in which animalistic semi-human creatures tear each other limb from limb. For it was the white race that imposed upon the colored tribes whatever order and decency they ever possessed in their nations. Take away that beneficent hand of order and decency, and you have Haiti, Mexico, Africa, India, and China, cesspools of debauchery, butchery, and villainy.

While the liberals spend all their time and energy cataloging the evils of the antique Europeans they neglect to tell us the most important thing about the antique Europeans. There existed, in their civilization, that charity of honor that never existed in any of the colored nations. That charity of honor was the result of the Europeans' incorporate union with Christ. All the anti-European propaganda and the avalanche of praise and reverence for the colored people of the world is put forward by the liberals because the claim that the antique Europeans represent all that is evil and the coloreds represent all that is good is in direct contradiction to reality. What light there is in the modern world is a remnant light that still emanates from old Europe. When the liberal sponsored liquidation of everything European is complete there will be no light anywhere in the world. The liberals themselves will only live long enough to see that last bonfire of whites go up in flames before eternal night descends upon the earth. Donald Davidson's poem, "Sanctuary," tells us of a world gone mad with the hatred of the light emanating from the white Christ-bearing race.

...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 have a deep and passionate love for the people in that Swiss village and every village throughout old Europe. Without having ever met them I know and love them, because they are my own people. Their loves and hates are my loves and hates, and I want no other life in this world or the next than to be joined with those dear old people from long ago and the God of those people. This is obviously a sentiment that the liberals do not share, and in fact they sneer at such sentiments. They seek a heaven on earth, devoid of my people and my God. At the liberals' banquet is an unholy alliance of treacherous whites, colored tribesmen, and Satan himself. "Around the devil's unholy throne in robes of satanic darkness we revel," is the liberals' litany.

All white neighborhoods must become black, the Obama administration has commanded. And throughout Europe the word has gone out: "There must be no white villages in Europe." Everywhere in Europe the colored minions of Satan must be planted so that Satan can rule in the lands where Christian Europeans once dwelt.

It won't happen, because the Christ-centered European won't let it happen. However deeply rooted, however numerically superior, the liberals and their colored minions will be rooted up and destroyed. They are the conquerors right now, but the future of Europe belongs to the men and women of Europe who still see the shadow of the Cross over all of the European lands. The liberals and the colored heathens, united in hate, are no match for the Europeans united in the love of our provincial hearth fires, presided over by the living God. We, who love much, shall never surrender or abandon our sentimental attachment to the European past in which Christ, not Satan, and not the negro, casts His shadow over a provincial, segregated people consecrated to Him. +

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### **Europe's Man of Sorrows - August 3, 2013**

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. –Isaiah 53:5

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The liberal media has a fascination with white gangsters and white serial killers. Every day, if you so desire, you can hear a story about John Gotti or a creature like Richard Speck. Such cruel inhuman men are outside the pale of humanity and fill us with horror. The liberals, who claim to abhor violence, do us no service by continuing, day after day, to give us detailed portraits of such brutish animals. The loving, detailed reporting of their crimes desensitizes people and deflects their attention away from a criminal race of people, the negroes, who have made murder, rape, and torture commonplace.

There is a huge contradiction in the liberals' fascination with white gangsters and white serial killers. The white gangsters and the white serial killers are moral pariahs, a shocking reminder of the potential evil in the human soul. But such men shock us because they are so unusual and because we as white people do not believe that hideous, inhuman barbaric acts are normal, funny, or justifiable. Unless – and this is the liberal contradiction – the hideous barbaric acts are committed by blacks upon white people. Then what is rightly considered barbaric and hideous when done by white criminals is considered by the liberals to be normal, funny, and justifiable when committed by black people. The atrocities committed by white people are done by a tiny criminal class while the atrocities done by black people are committed by an entire criminal race. There is no such thing as an atrocity story in the black culture because they do not look on murder, rape, and torture as atrocities. Such activities are just normal expressions of their nature, so how could such things be considered criminal atrocities? A South African farmer is beaten and left for dead by four African thugs. And when he goes to court, shortly before his death from injuries sustained in the beating, the black apes just laugh at him. A 44-year-old British mother of twins has acid thrown in her face by a black monstrosity and his Pakistani companions, and they laugh with glee. Are such commonplace crimes, commonplace wherever the African barbarians are allowed to roam, the result of poverty or of white oppression? No, the crimes are the result of a lack of white oppression. The black race is a race of violent savages. They commit crimes of violence for the sheer joy of committing crimes of violence, and only a fear of white reprisals will stop blacks from behaving like barbarians. This is so obvious that I shouldn't even have to write it down. Yet all the traditional vehicles of culture – press, church, state, and schools – tell us with unrelenting, relentless repetitiveness, that it is the white male that we have to worry about. He is racist, he is sexist, and therefore he is not human. If only, the united liberal voices tell us, the white man could be eliminated from the life of the nations then all mankind, minus the white man, will be happy. White females will be allowed in the brave new world so long as they agree

to breed colored children, thus becoming the harbingers of a new Babylonian kingdom of Satan. The utopians promised us heaven on earth, but they have given us hell on earth.

This new Tower of Babel culture that the liberals have built, this hell on earth, has come to us in the same way as the old Tower of Babel culture came to us, through the negro. Just as Nimrod, the descendant of Ham, founded Babel ("And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel"), so has the elevation of the negro to divine status served as the cornerstone of the New Tower of Babel. Every last vestige of a people committed to the living God is being eradicated under the banner of the negro, who was and always shall be the conduit to a universalist culture of the devil:

And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech... And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the LORD came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. 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. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the LORD scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.

We must conclude, when we see that even "scripture-based Christians" ignore the Biblical connection between negro worship and devil worship, that there must be a desire for truth actuating the human heart before Scripture, church documents, or good counsel can move a man to embrace the living God. As we love so we shall be. The modern Christian loves the negro as the antique Europeans once loved Christ, and as a result the modern Christian is not a Christian, he is a devil worshipper. Just assume for a moment that there is a devil who roams about the earth seeking the ruin of souls. His greatest foe is Christ, whose one weakness (from the devil's point of view) is that He cares for those miserable creatures called men. So the devil seeks to attack God by attacking the creatures Christ cares about. He disregards the colored tribesmen, because they already belong to him. He concentrates on the Europeans, the Christ bearers. And what better way to convert the Europeans to devil worship than to go into the Christian churches and present Satanism as Christianity? "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," becomes "Thou shalt worship the negro and him only shalt thou serve." And in serving the negro, the European becomes the willing servant of Satan, at war with Christ and His people.

There are alternative news sites on the internet that provide the European people with information the liberal news media will never mention. These sites tell of the unceasing, relentless attacks on white people by colored barbarians. I certainly don't want to see such sites shut down, but there is something lacking in the websites that merely catalog atrocities against whites. Where is the call to arms? Where is the awareness that we are in a religious war which we cannot afford to lose? Nor will we lose it, if we fight with the same passion and zeal against principalities and powers that our European ancestors fought with. The internal battle is everything. Once the modernist shackles are taken off, the seemingly hopeless war against Babylon will no longer be hopeless.

I'll state the obvious because I don't see the obvious being stated. The white man won't fight unless he has something to fight for. And he doesn't believe he has anything to fight for because under the guidance of the clerics and academics he has become a universalist. He is not attached to his racial hearth fire:

To be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the first principle (the germ as it were) of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love to our country, and to mankind. The interest of that portion of social arrangement is a trust in the hands of all those who compose it; and as none but bad men would justify it in abuse, none but traitors would barter it away for their own personal advantage.

The white man is not stirred to a rage when he sees atrocities being committed against white people because he thinks in terms of universals. Those people, the white victims of black atrocities, don't strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the white grazers because the grazers have said in their hearts, "We have no people," which is the same as saying, "We have no God," because we come to know God in and through our people. And the liberals delight in the black atrocities against white people because every atrocity brings them closer to paradise on earth. They are the men of the hardened hearts, and no amount of pleading or reasoning will move them, for their sympathies are with their gods, and their hate is directed against the white man.

White people are different from the people of color: they are the only people who cannot be stirred to fight solely for self-interest. Yes, the criminal class of whites can be stirred by self-interest only, but whites as a people must have a religious *raison d'être*. The liberals fight for their new Christless, messianic, negroized utopia. What do the grazers fight for? For nothing, which is why they are passive spectators in the ongoing extermination of the white race.

The colored tribesmen have always been against the white race. When the white race was strong they feigned sympathy for whites because it was in their self-interest to do so. When the white race became weak the colored tribesmen bared their fangs and showed the folly of those who thought that Haiti was an aberration, rather than a look into the soul of the black

man. What changed in the 20th century was not the black man but the white man. A ruling class of post-Christian liberals emerged who needed a new god to replace Christ. These demonic creatures hate the white man with a religious zeal that knows no bounds. Crimes against blacks by word or deed are punished with the greatest severity because such crimes are blasphemy. Witness the recent national news story, delivered by white broadcasters with funeral dirge looks on their faces, about – horror of horrors! – a white football player who had used the word “nigger.” The sport commentators could not even bring themselves to say the word: they reported that a white football player had used the ‘n-word.’ Is it not crystal clear that the civil rights movement, which would have been wrong in and of itself, is not a civil rights movement? This ‘civil rights’ movement is a religious war: The liberals want to dethrone Christ and replace Him with the negro, the conduit to Satan. And in order to kill Christ, the liberals have had to kill the hearts of the European people, where Christ dwells. They think they have done just that – killed Christ by removing Him from the hearts of His people. Have they?

At present there seems to be only one spiritual force, albeit a demonic force, within the body of the European people. All the European societies are structured around the hatred of the European and the love of the colored stranger, particularly the negro. The passionate haters, the liberals, might even be a minority in terms of numbers, but the grazers, who have lost their racial hearth fire and have no passion, are as nothing. They are waiting for... they know not what.

The godless Raymond Chandler – at least in his outward statements of belief – was groping for an answer when he wrote about the hero: “Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid.” A dim racial memory of Christ? Yes, I think such dreams of the hero are subterranean, nighttime memories of Christ, which the rational, daytime mind of the white man rejects. When the Christian hero emerges he will know, unlike Philip Marlowe, why he walks down the mean streets, and he will know who sustains him against the terror by night and the arrow that flieth by day. The good man, the European, fights for what he loves. Once the European sees what he has lost, his racial hearth fire warmed by the living God, he will return to his racial hearth fire and defend it against all the world. But of course the white man must see what was lost. This is why the European, who by some miracle of grace has remained connected to the European past, must not despair and leave the liberals in sole possession of the field. Christ’s Europe must not perish. So long as one knight refuses to let go of the vision, eternal Europe lives, even in the face of the liberal terror and the colored barbarians’ arrows.

Reading the accounts of black atrocities against whites avails us nothing if we don’t use such stories to move us closer to our race and the God of our race. The kingdom of heaven, and the glimpses of heaven vouchsafed to men here on earth, come to those who love much. The European was different from other races because he saw, and loved, the divine humanity in the Man of Sorrows. By His sign only, the sign of the cross, we conquer. +

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### **The Liberals’ War of Extermination - July 27, 2013**

In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;

-Shakespeare’s *Henry V*

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In a wise and sensible book, *American Statesmen on Slavery and the Negro*, written in 1971, Nathaniel Weyl and William Marina, after first describing how the great majority of American statesmen in the past had favored segregation, stated that most of the racial problems that currently existed in the United States could be solved by granting white people the right of private association. The two men basically outlined a system that existed in the Southern states after reconstruction ended. Schools, churches, and neighborhoods could be free, if white people chose, of colored people. But of course Weyl and Marina were laboring under the false assumption that the liberals wanted whites and blacks to live their lives free of racial conflict. Weyl and Marina were writing five years after the white genocide immigration law of 1965 had passed. Liberals officially declared war on the white race with that infamous act of treachery, much more infamous and treacherous than the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. After all, the Japanese were not attacking their own people.

Weyl and Marina were quite right. Their “good fences make good neighbors” policies, if implemented back then, would have resolved the race problem to the extent that the race problem could be resolved. But as we have seen over the last 40+ years since that book appeared, the liberals did not want there to be peace between the races: they wanted a war of extermination in which only the colored barbarians, under liberal guidance, were doing the killing. Never in the history of warfare has a war of extermination proceeded so successfully.

The liberals first won the propaganda phase of the war: they gave their followers an ideological passion, and they killed the will to resist in the white grazers. Then they proceeded with the killing, which is — without the whites resisting — simply a routine mop-up operation. It reminds me of an old board game called Stratego that I used to play as a child. The purpose of the whole game was to get one or two high ranking pieces that your opponent could not kill, because you had killed all your opponent's high ranking pieces. Once you had achieved superiority, the game was over except for the slow methodical killing off of every remaining enemy soldier. The enemy could not strike your higher ranked soldiers; they could only run and avoid being killed for a short time. That is the position the white man is in. He can't kill the enemy; he can only avoid being killed for a short time, and then the game is over.

The sad fact is that the white man has lost the military board game of life, and he now watches helplessly as his opponent annihilates him. Is there no way out? Let me go back to that game of Stratego. There was no hope within the confines of the board game for a player who had no high ranking pieces. But because I thought the wooden pieces with the pictures of the various soldiers on them looked really neat, I often took my Stratego soldiers off the board and played a different game. In that game a lowly scout could take battlefield command and lead his men, by a surprise attack, over a secret mountain pass to victory over a seemingly invincible foe. The important thing was to take my army off the board where everything had a precise mathematical outcome and place my soldiers in a position to fight battles where imagination and initiative counted more than math.

It's obvious where I'm going with the Stratego analogy. In the board game called democracy the white man is dead. He is doomed to just sit and watch while the white race is annihilated by the barbarian hordes of color, because that is the rule of democracy. South African whites didn't play by the rules at first, but then they caved in to the rules, with the end result being that soon there will be no whites in South Africa. And the rest of the European nations, who have also agreed to play by the rules, will share the same fate as the whites in South Africa. Unless — yes, there is an 'unless' — white people decide not to play by the liberals' democratic rules. Why should a white man consent to the extermination of his race because his democratic leaders and the barbarian hordes of color have voted in favor of the extermination of white people? Where is it written that what is morally right is to be determined by popular vote? Christ was crucified instead of Barabbas after a popular vote, and Christian Europe perished when the democratic age was ushered in. Truth is undemocratic, and the truth is that only one people made Christ incarnate in their civilization, and only a revival of the divine spark that existed in those "dear old people long ago" will give white people of the modern era the will to fight for and preserve the white race.

A few months ago on a public television station I saw the great great-grandson of Charles Dickens, Gerald Charles Dickens, doing a reading of some of his famous ancestor's works. I cannot adequately describe how I felt. Dickens was one of the supreme poets of the Christian era of Europe. Through so many of his characters we feel closer to Christ, the true King of Europe. And here, in the flesh, was a descendant of the man who gave us Samuel Pickwick! My tongue cannot utter...

For most people, even Dickens aficionados, the public readings of Dickens' work by his great great-grandson might be an interesting oddity, but not something to make the blood quicken and the heart soar. But for me it was something more than an interesting oddity, because Gerald Dickens was reading, with great spirit and heart, his great sire's works. The blood and the spirit of Charles Dickens came alive on the stage during the readings. And this is what happened in Europe once the European people took Christ into their hearts and their homes. Christ himself took center stage in Europe! He was in the European people, spirit and blood, and the European people were in Christ, spirit and blood. However, when the work of abstraction was completed, a work that was first embodied in the French Jacobins, Christ became an intellectual construct, hovering on the fringes of Europe, to be completely denied or to be used only as a supporting deity in a pantheon of greater gods. He was no longer incarnate in and through the European people. And because He is no longer incarnate in and through the European people, the European people are being exterminated by the colored heathens with the encouragement and support of the liberals.

The intellectuals (as distinct from intelligent men) in the church have been treating white people for centuries now like white rats in a lab experiment. At first white people represented generic mankind, and as such they could be poked, probed, and experimented upon at the pleasure of the intellectuals. There was no concern for the survival of the white race, because in the opinion of the church intellectuals there was no such thing as a 'people.' They had certain abstract ideas about different peoples, which they did not bother to examine closely for truth. One race of people was as good as any other: they were all cannon fodder for the church intellectuals. Then, when the church intellectuals discovered that the abstract mass of colored people were more easily manipulated and controlled, less troublesome, the church intellectuals' attitude toward white people shifted from indifference to open hostility. Their abstract Christianity was not dependent on the incarnation of a living savior within the hearts of a flesh and blood people, it was only necessary that the churchmen amass an aggregate herd of people who would rubber stamp the new abstract Christianity of the churchmen. The same process was at work in the secular society. After dethroning the monarchs and the aristocrats, the Jacobins sought out "the people" in order to elevate them to the divine status once held by the God of the European people. But when "the people"



of Europe were found to be too European (which, translated, means too Christian) to truly represent man in all of his pristine, primitive glory, the liberals sought out the noble savage in all his many guises. He was the oh-so-intelligent-and-spiritual Asian, he was the noble and persecuted red man, he was the hard-working Aztec, and above all he was the godlike black man.

The secular liberal and the abstracted-from-his-God clergyman all embraced the gods of color, with the black man as the foremost god, while banishing the evil white man from the liberals' pleasure dome. But in doing so they banished God from their pleasure dome as well. Christ comes to us through human hearts, and if the only people who showed they had a human heart are banished then... Yes, that's right, then God does not enter in, He stays outside the borders of Liberaldom. So now we have a war being waged against a people who have no will to fight, because their God has been taken from them and they know not where He is to be found.

The living God is to be found in the depths of the human heart, depths that only the antique Europeans plumbed. The liberal has repudiated the God who listened to His people crying out to Him from the depths. And the colored barbarians have never known the God who lives in the depths of the human heart, except when they saw the light of that God emanating from the people of Europe, the hideous white people who are supposed to be the cause of all the evil that is in the world. Without the moral force that can only come from the Christ of old Europe, white men can either become maniacal, white-hating, negro-worshipping liberals or grazers, men without a spiritual home, waiting to be exterminated by the colored barbarians with the full approval of the liberals. It's ironic that the colored invasion of every European nation did not come at a time when the European nations were militarily or economically weaker than the colored nations. There were no armies with tanks, modern weaponry, or nuclear arsenals that made the European nations surrender to the colored hordes. No colored army made the white government of the United States in 1965 begin the process of making the United States an anti-European, Christ-hating nation. No Moslem army made Britain or France turn their nations over to Moslems: both countries had armies that could have turned back any invading force, but instead they opened the gates and let the enemy flood in. And in every nation of Europe the scenario is the same. Without a shot being fired the armies of color are destroying the white nations. All of this is happening because there is no European will to fight, because the European has said in his heart there is no God to fight for. Dostoyevsky posed the question, "Can a civilized man, a European, believe in the divinity of Christ?" He – a man of spirit and blood – answered that question with a resounding, "Yes, he can." But Dostoyevsky knew that wisdom comes from the heart, not the head. An ego maniac – and ego mania is the mark of the liberal – cannot know God. He can only know his own sick utopian dreams of a satanic black god who presides over a Babylonian pleasure dome. He dreams of spreading his evangelical faith in the negro throughout the whole world. Like the apostles of old he has gone forth to preach the gospel, but his gospel is the gospel of Satan.

Wherever we turn in this land of Liberaldom we are confronted with the gospel of liberalism. In my own anti-white nation, for instance, the Secretary of HUD (Housing and Urban Development) Shaun Donovan recently said that he was going to step up his campaign to ship negroes into communities in the United States that still don't have those blessed creatures. His twisted reason? Because the areas in which blacks live are too crime-ridden, so he is going to send them someplace where they will be safe! That's like removing tigers from the jungle so they won't be attacked by large striped cats that have been seen prowling the jungle: and then, strange to tell, the same type of attacks started occurring in the areas in which the tigers were relocated.

The mad-dog liberals are beyond the ken of humanity; they are Satan's own and there is nothing to be done with them except oppose them with all our heart and soul. The other whites, the grazers, are in the gray, misty region where they are too liberal to oppose the liberals, but too European to feel completely at ease with liberalism. Those whites need to see that we all – we Europeans of the post-Christian age – are born in the fetters of liberalism. Break all of those fetters, not just a few, but all, and the essential European will emerge, the man of spirit and blood who will not stay confined within the rules of the liberals' board game. He will impose his own rule on the liberals, which is a very old rule and the prayer of the antique Europeans: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." +

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### **The Better Part - July 20, 2013**

The whole drift of their institution is contrary to that of the wise Legislators of all countries, who aimed at improving instincts into morals, and at grafting the virtues on the stock of the natural affections. They, on the contrary, have omitted no pains to eradicate every benevolent and noble propensity in the mind of men. In their culture it is a rule always to graft virtues on vices. – *Letters on a Regicide Peace* by Edmund Burke

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I was brought up by liberal parents who sent me to liberal schools and a liberal church. So naturally I grew up with a liberal world view. But slowly over time, I unburdened myself of my liberal beliefs. One of the first liberal dogmas to go was evolution. My 8th grade social studies teacher showed us all the charts and diagrams in a slide show, depicting the

ape, the “missing link,” Cro-Magnon man, and then modern man. You know the progression: we all had to memorize it in school. The whole notion struck me as absurd, and I told my teacher so. She then told me that I had been brought up with – horror of horrors – “religious prejudices!” and that was why I couldn’t see the truth of evolution. I wasn’t articulate enough to tell my teacher that I had not been brought up with religious prejudices, I had been brought up to believe in evolution; before I was knee-high to a grasshopper I learned that ‘man is a monkey, therefore we should all love one another.’ While I still don’t believe in evolution, I will concede that my teacher back then, and the liberals right now, could make a strong case for evolution. It’s ironic that the fervent liberal evolutionists never use their strongest argument for their beloved doctrine: the negro. Their whole case rests on our willing suspension of disbelief in the missing link, so why not turn the disbelief of skeptics (such as me) into belief by saying, “Here he is: the negro. He is the missing link between ape and man.”

I thought of my 8th grade social studies class and evolution when I saw the pictures of the two apelike negroes who murdered a 1 ½ year old white boy. Although CNN, one of the bastions of negro worship, told us it was a robbery not a hate crime (CNN presumed that 1 ½ year olds carry over \$100,000 in cash), the subhuman negroes killed for no other reason than hate, a maniacal hatred of whites and innocence. If the white remnant ever becomes inured to this type of negro butchery, then there will be no white remnant.

The first stage in every war is the ideological stage, in which the enemy makes their case for war. The liberals have done that. They established, in the minds of their fellow liberals, an unimpeachable case against white people, which amounted, in the main, to one damning charge: white people were impeding the march to utopia because of their ‘racism’, their ‘sexism’, and their Christianity. Eliminate white people and utopia would come. The liberals were the prime movers, the true believers, but they also accomplished another goal of all wartime propagandists: where they failed to completely convince they sowed doubt. The grazer might not buy every single item on the liberal agenda, but he no longer believes, because of liberal propaganda, that the Europeans of old had anything to pass on to future generations. And that is all the liberal needs from the grazer. Once the grazer lets go of all his lifelines to the past he will have to (it’s inevitable) grab onto the liberals’ lifelines to the future.

Once the propaganda work has been done, the actual killing part of the war can take place. That is what is now taking place throughout the formerly European countries. The brutal murder of the 1 ½ year old boy was horrific, but it was not unusual. Such crimes, which used to occur primarily in the colored lands, are now rather commonplace in the Western world. The colored races have always hated the white. What has changed is the white race. Now the ruling liberal elites in every European nation encourage and abet the colored races’ murderous assaults on white people, which is why I maintain that what is to be done with liberals is now only a matter of tactics. We know what should be done to them – they have handed over our people to torture and death, and they have established, throughout the European lands, the reign of Satan. Is such evil going to disappear because we petition and vote? I’ll admit that there is not currently a moral climate within the ranks of the remnant Europeans to support the type of war that is necessary to defeat liberalism, but we should be developing that moral climate so our people will be able to mount a fight against a merciless foe that will not be satisfied until every last white is eliminated from the face of the earth.

The current moral climate in the European world is a completely amoral climate. Much more important than a nation’s laws, Burke observed, is a nation’s manners, because a system of manners is what constitutes the life of a nation:

When to these establishments of Regicide, of Jacobinism, and of Atheism, you add the correspondent system of manners, no doubt can be left on the mind of a thinking man concerning their determined hostility to the human race. Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in.

The revolution in our moral sentiments, in our manners, was the deciding factor in the negroization of Europe. If the inhuman manners and amoral sentiments of the negro are the keystone of a new utopian world, should it not be our task, the Europeans, to build up European moral sentiment and European manners that contradict and stand in opposition to the negroized utopia of the liberals? What good will it avail us to elect conservative or nationalist candidates to office if the prevailing moral climate is a liberal negro-worshipping moral climate? I remember William F. Buckley Jr.’s boast that Reagan’s election represented a shift in the American people’s internal compass. That assumption was pure fantasy. The moral sentiments of the American people remained just as liberal after Reagan’s election as they had been previous to it. The American people had simply grown tired of Carter’s method of institutionalizing a negroized utopia and were willing to try another method: they had not changed their manners and moral sentiments.

The French Jacobins made a drastic change in government that highlighted their shift from a bred-in-the-bone Christian culture to an amoral, atheistic utopia, but all the nations of Europe made similar shifts in their national sentiments. A people can have a revolution without changing their government apparatus in the slightest degree. All they have to do is

change the manners of their nation and use the existing governmental structures to institutionalize the change in manners. "When manners were corrupted, the laws were relaxed; as the latter always follow the former, when they are not able to regulate them, or to vanquish them."

The corruption of manners as regards race-mixing, drug use, abortion, homosexuality, and divorce all preceded the relaxing of laws against those practices. It is of no use appealing to the law to reverse an evil, such as negro worship, when the law has institutionalized negro worship in response to the changing moral sentiments, what Burke calls manners, in favor of negro worship. If we were to go back in time to a Southern church in the 1880's, what would the attitude of the parishioners be to negro worship? And the same church in 2013? Why the tremendous shift in the moral sentiments of white people? Certainly the people had been influenced by their clergymen, but the clergymen were simply caving in to the pressure from the liberal, secular culture surrounding them, so we still need to find out why the clergy succumbed to liberalism and why the white Christians succumbed to the liberalism of the clergy. I think we need look no further than this thing called 'science.' The word 'science' connotes so much more than the study of the physical world. Science has come to mean truth. To think scientifically is to think objectively. "Scientific studies show..." "I based my findings on science." To be progressive is scientific and therefore good; to be unprogressive is unscientific and therefore bad. This rather simple formula was never stated outright because it was considered, by the liberals, to be too obvious to need an explicit formulation. But everything that the European held sacred could not be defended in scientific terms. The major tenets of the Christian faith could not, without bastardizing the faith, be explained scientifically. Nor could the essential moral sentiments stemming from that faith be defended scientifically. It's unscientific for a man to rise from the dead, it's unscientific for a demonic spirit to roam the earth seeking the ruin of souls, and... The list goes on and on. If scientific thought is the highest thought then the antique Europeans are wrong, and the liberals are right. And we can't go halfway with the liberals as the anti-evolution evangelicals do. They reject monkey-to-man evolution while ceding to the liberals moral, evolutionary superiority regarding democracy and race-mixing. "Onward and upward!" To what? To whom?

The white every man has become a grazer, staying on the outside of himself, wondering why he is divided from himself and against himself. He is suffering from that division of self because he feels a vague longing for the bardic past of the Europeans while he marches into the future under the banner of scientific truth, which encompasses the worship of nature and nature's god, the negro. Only the complete rejection of every single aspect of the liberals' moral evolutionary future will enable the white man to avoid walking, zombie-like, into a future that is devoid of white people and the God of white people.

The liberals present their scientific world of democracy, sexual freedom, and negro worship as a moral progression. But is it a moral progression? From a Christian perspective it is a step backward to the basest form of idol worship and bestial sexual practices that dehumanize and debauch. It is the liberals and their conservative allies who are looking back, just as Lot's wife looked back, at a pagan world devoid of white people, which they hope they can take into the future with them, buttressed up by a progressive and scientific rationale. It is technological heathenism, this vaunted new world of the liberals' making, conceived in hell, just like the old heathenism. When the European turns to his Christian past, completely rejecting every aspect of the liberals' moral evolution, he will see life feelingly again and cease to be a spiritual half-breed, with one foot in the modern world and one foot in the world of old Europe. The reason British soldiers get their heads hacked off in their own nations by Moslem barbarians, 1 1/2 year olds get shot in the face by negro apes, white South Africans are exterminated by blacks while the liberal world applauds, and demonic popes give religious sanction to the extermination of white people, is because the European has no moral sentiments. He has left behind the bred-in-the-bone Christianity for a new Christianity, an abstract Christianity solely dependent on liberalism, to provide him with his moral sentiments. I know neither the day nor the hour, nor do I know if the day will ever come, but if the European steps away from every single aspect of liberalism, not, as he currently does, picking some aspects of it and rejecting others, everything that seems impossible now – the segregation of the races, the restoration of the Christian patriarchal family, the end of legalized abortion and homosexual marriage – will all seem possible, even inevitable.

The true, integral European is the natural enemy of the colored heathen and the liberals; he can't rest easy until both groups are banished to the swamps and bogs at the edge of his beloved homeland or else driven off the face of the earth. The story of the Brothers' Grimm is so apropos. During their lifetimes their books of mathematics, science, and grammar were thought, by intelligent men, to be the legacy of the Brothers' Grimm. But as the years passed, it turned out that it was the collected fairy tales of Wilhelm Grimm that were the sacred legacy of the Brothers' Grimm. So it is with the European people. The liberals claim that their synthesis of technological barbarism with colored barbarism is the enduring legacy of the European. No! That legacy will only endure in hell. The eternal legacy of the European people is their belief in a fairy tale about a young carpenter, a third dumb brother, who ventured forth and defeated all the forces of hell, armed only with an intrepid spirit and divine love that passeth all understanding. Reclaim that fairy tale faith of our ancestors, and the moral sentiments that go with that faith will follow. Apish negroes will not be allowed to kill white children, babies will not be murdered in the womb, and no white Christian will worship at the altar of the negro. All this follows from a fairy tale? Yes, but it must be the white man's fairy tale, the fairy tale of fairy tales which was championed and proclaimed by the one people who saw the light of the world and believed in the light of world. +

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## Clerical Devils - July 13, 2013

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.

-Thomas Nelson Page "The Needle's Eye"

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Let's first state what the satanic Pope Francis did, and then we shall put what he did in its proper context. Pope Francis went to Lampedusa, a small island off the coast of Italy, and criticized Europeans for their indifference to African "refugees." The spawn of Satan said that he felt a "thorn in his heart" when he thought of the poor refugees. What did he feel for the Italians who are being displaced by the "poor Africans"? And is there no thorn in his heart for the white South Africans, who are being tortured and murdered by government fiat in South Africa? Of course not. Pope Francis has the satanic faith called liberalism, and as a devotee of that satanic faith he must worship the black and hate the white. From the depths of hell he can hear his satanic master urging him on to greater and greater blasphemies. From Pope John XXIII's loving "charity and forgiveness" for black torturers and murderers, through the now "sainted" John Paul II's inspired love for all non-white races and all non-Christian religions, to the present Pope's hatred for the European people and his "love" for the murderous negro, the apostasy of the "conservative" churchmen is a tale written in blood, the blood of the white man. There was a time in my life when I bent over backwards to attribute good, albeit misguided, motives to negro-worshipping clergymen. Now, having observed these creatures over a longer period of time I no longer apply the 'good but misguided' label to the modern clergy. If they just loved the negro, we might call them misguided, but they worship the negro and hate the white man. Such blasphemy and such hatred does not stem from men who are merely misguided, it stems from men who have given themselves over to Satan. The Roman Catholic clergymen preceded the Evangelical Protestants in the rush to embrace negro worship, but the Protestants have caught up to the Catholics. The worship of negroes, which entails the hatred of the white man, along with the deification of the unrepentant Jew, is dogma in all of the "conservative" churches.

There is nothing new about the worship of the noble black savage and the deification of the Jew. This has always been the essence of liberalism. Burke makes repeated references to the alliance the Jacobins forged with organized Jewry. And he also points out the terrible consequences to the whites in Haiti when the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity were applied to negroes and mulattoes. What is new is the institutionalization of liberalism, comprised of the worship of the negro, the hatred of the white man, and the deification of the unrepentant Jew, within the conservative Christian churches which formerly considered themselves the bulwark of orthodoxy, fighting against the liberalism of the mainstream churches. Now, the conservative churches mute their criticism of the radicalism of the mainstream churches' sexual politics and make negro worship and the Judaization of Christianity the major tenet of their faith.

The conservative "Christians" are proving Burke's maxim: "You can't have just a little bit of liberalism." Once the conservatives abandoned their connection to Christ through their people, through their blood, they were fit for nothing but blasphemy and racial treason. Men cannot live without feeling some connection to a people whom they love above all other people, and they cannot live without a God to whom they feel connected through their people. When the conservatives abandoned the bred-in-the-bone Christianity of the antique Europeans they were lost in the desert of modernity, and they sought refuge in the oasis of liberalism. Now they have a people, the Jews, and they have a god, the negroes. Just as the antique European became one with God through his blood ties to his kith and kin, so do the liberals and their new conservative converts stay connected to Satan through their ties to their negro gods and the unrepentant Jews.

The liberal is a lapsed Christian. Like his progenitor he has a grudge against God for His failure to run the world according to the proper principles — Satanic principles. Unable to immediately dethrone God, the liberal, in imitation of Satan, seeks to attack God by destroying His image in man. And where did we see the image of God in man? We saw His image in the collective face of the antique Europeans. Destroy those people and their culture, and you have, according to the liberals' beliefs, destroyed God. The great tragedy of the conservative churches is that they didn't defend that which was essential to the faith, the image of God in man. They succumbed to the support-your-local-priest-or-local-minister heresy. Never mind that your local priest and your local minister have become universalists, loving the negro and hating the white. So long as they don't recommend adultery and homosexual marriage, they must be okay. Is that the sum total of Christian orthodoxy? I thought it was more than a few 'thou shalt nots.' I would have thought, from viewing the Europeans' past, that Christianity was a faith of passion and fire: a passionate fiery love for one's own, that exceeded the love of the colored

tribesmen for their own by a thousand-fold, which was rooted in a blood connection to the living God whose love passeth the understanding of mere rationalism.

You cannot love as God would have men love, in spirit and in truth, if you do not love through the channels of grace that God has so beneficially provided for mankind. Those small channels of grace are filled by our attachments to our kith and kin, and they only flow outward into larger tributaries when they are maintained as separate channels, sacred and unavoidable. No one who betrays their own kind can truly love the stranger. The good Samaritan did not, after tending to the stranger's wounds, invite him into his home and force his daughter to have relations with him. He cared for him outside his home and left him at an inn, because he had learned charity at home. If the good Samaritan had been a liberal, he would have passed the stranger by, gone on to his work, and then signed a petition for the enfranchisement of all aliens and the disenfranchisement of all Samaritans. The true Christian missionaries such as Edmund Hodgson were racial segregationists who evangelized the stranger because they were thoroughly European. The great "love" of the modern Pope Francis-type clergyman is pure egotism. "See how good I am by what I do for the negro while attacking the white." Such colossal egotism does not come from God, it comes from God's satanic antagonist.

The history of the white man's experience in Haiti as chronicled by T. Lothrop Stoddard and the history of the white man's experience in Africa as chronicled by Anthony Jacob have shown us the difference between the white and the black. At their worst white people sought wealth in Africa and Haiti, indifferent to the fate of blacks. But at their worst the whites did not torture, murder, and rape the blacks. And most whites helped the Africans while helping their own as well. In contrast, the blacks have committed outrage upon outrage against the whites, and the liberals of the European world have stood by and applauded them. No, applause would imply some human characteristics: the liberals have howled like jackals.

The liberals have been telling us for centuries that liberalism is moral evolution. I don't quite see this moral evolution. How can they maintain they have morally evolved when they have consecrated themselves to the negro, who now does the same things in the cities of New York, Paris, London, etc., that he has done since time immemorial in Africa, namely, rape, plunder, and murder? Such a morality is only a moral progression if the religion of Satan is superior to the religion of Christ. But that is the goal of liberals, to dethrone God. And the elevation of the negro to divine status is a major part of the dethronement process.

The white Christian missionaries were never able to Christianize the black. The witch doctor's message of murder and sacrifice was always more appealing to the blacks than the missionaries' message of a divine savior full of charity and mercy. A man has to have some sense of his own sinfulness before he can feel the need for mercy. And he has to have some stirrings of humanity in his heart before he can practice charity. This is the moral evolution we are supposed to lend our support to: A world ruled by black witch doctors, devoid of charity and mercy. Must we accept such a world just because our churchmen tell us we have to?

We've been over the false reasons the conservative Christians give for hating whites and worshipping blacks (see "The Evening Mists of Europe"). There is no need to go over them again. Let's focus on the real reason that church men like Pope Francis worship negroes and hate the white: They haven't any faith in the Christian God of the antique Europeans. Their faith is in this world only. To be courted and loved in this world, you must kiss the feet of the powers that be in this world. And the liberals are the powers that be. The churchmen use the language and the symbols of the Christian faith to cloak their treacherous betrayal of the Light of the world. They started with the betrayal of their race, and they will end up raising the banner of Satan in every organized Church in the formerly Christian nations of Europe.

There is always greater danger for the defenders of Christian Europe (and we defend a remnant who are bereft of their homeland) when a Bishop "turns insurrection to religion." But that is the case. The Christian Pharisees who have made a god in the image of the negro are in open rebellion against the Christian God. It's difficult in the face of such massive, institutionalized support for Satanism not to despair. That is what the liberals want: they want the white Christian to despair and die. For that reason, but not for that reason alone, we shall not despair and die. Our hatred of the liberals is only half of the equation. There is also our love of our people and their God that sustains us. From a purely biological standpoint an individual human being is a mere nothing, his life force can be taken away by a small germ, a clogged artery, or any number of biological accidents. But if we look at the soul of man, if we look past the biological façade, we can see that one individual soul is a universe, a universe of infinite wonder and spiritual grandeur, if that individual soul is connected to the heart of God. The truly great man is great because of what he loves. Those Europeans who love their God in and through their people are the "heroic brood" of God's creation and they will fight this battle, begun by Satan, out to the end, in defiance of the white-hating, perfumed clerics, the liberal powers that be, and the murderous barbarian hordes of color.+

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 dear ones I long for again gather 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, again is my home.

– Welsh Hymn

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In an old Huckleberry Hound cartoon, a potato rises up from a huge potato field and addresses his fellow potatoes: “Potatoes, arise! No more will we stand for being boiled, mashed and French-fried. We shall attack and win, win, win!” But the potatoes just sit there. The heroic potato is then forced to go it alone and eventually is defeated by the bumbling Huckleberry Hound.

I suppose we can forgive the potatoes, because – after all – they were just potatoes. But what are we to say of the white grazers who seem to resemble potatoes, except for the fact that potatoes don't watch football games and NASCAR on television? Why don't the grazers have any more concern for their people than the potatoes had for their fellow potatoes? Is the white race simply a cowardly race? I don't think we can say that is true if we look at the white man's history. In the distant past there is Alfred and Wallace and in the not-too-distant past there is Havelock and Lee. Those men were the best of the breed, but they were not isolated spores: they represented a whole host of men who fought courageously for kith and kin. And our modern age is not without white men who will fight. They will fight for democracy, for the negro, and for capitalism, but they will not fight for their people, which makes them cowards in the traditional sense of the word, so we must ask why a race of men who were not cowards in the past have become cowards.

The neopagans tell us that white people have become cowards because of Christianity, that Christianity makes men passive and indifferent to the slaughter of their own people. When you point out to the neopagans that Europeans ruled the world during their Christian era and they hardly seemed passive or indifferent to the plight of their own people, the neopagan will inform you that the European people were not Christian during the Christian era (480 – 1914). The late Samuel Francis was a proponent of that revisionist history. He claimed that the Christianity practiced by the Europeans was an invention of their own. The real Christianity was the modern Christianity of the liberals and the modern evangelical and Roman Catholic churches. That's a balancing act that won't balance. How can you claim respect for your people if you believe they were deceived by a lie and they perpetuated that lie for approximately 1,430 years? If a man tells me that the passionate love of my life is a lie, I certainly won't consider that man my friend. And the passionate love of the antique Europeans was Jesus Christ. The liberals, the modern church men, and the neopagans are all committed to a future without the Christ of the antique Europeans. We feel as Shakespeare felt:

“They that do change old love for new – Pray gods they change for worse.”

The liberal trumps the modern church men and the neopagan because he has a passionate faith: he believes in the divinity of the negro, the semi-divinity of the other colored races, and the evil of the white man. The church men have a derivative faith. They ape the liberals' faith in the negro by throwing the Europeans of the past, and the South African and Rhodesian whites of the present, into the racist fire, but a faith that is wholly based on “what will make the liberals like me?” is not a passionate faith. And just as Chaucer's monk believed in “hard riding” so does the neopagan believe in “hard thinking.” He won't inspire the grazers to stand up and fight by invoking their European ancestors: oh no, he will teach them to be clear-thinking rationalists, men who are too smart to fall for the liberals' gibberish or the poetical Christian gibberish of the antique Europeans. But that hasn't worked. The grazers remain cowards. Why? Because courage stems from passion. When you love passionately, you will fight for that which you love. The grazer doesn't believe passionately in liberalism, neopaganism, or the modern Christ-less Christianity. He is a man without a spiritual country, a man in search of a spiritual backbone, which he can only find at his racial hearth fire, which currently lies abandoned and untended in the demonized past of the antique Christian Europeans. What if the grazer wandered away from his simulated home of the Redskins, Packers, Giants, (fill in the blank), and because of some vague, spiritual restlessness went back to the haunts of his European youth? Maybe, like Pip, he would find the love of his youth:

Nevertheless, I knew, while I said those words, that I secretly intended to revisit the site of the old house that evening, alone, for her sake. Yes, even so. For Estella's sake.

...There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growing green on low quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open, and went in.

A cold silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But, the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been, and where the brewery had been, and where the gates, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate garden walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

The figure showed itself aware of me, as I advanced. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then, it faltered, as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out,—“Estella!”

...I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and, as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her.

No dream of the future, whether one of a multi-racial Babylon, a multi-religious church-centered world, or a world ruled by white intelligence, can compare with old Europe. If once the grazer pauses there for a moment and lets the mists of Christian Europe envelope him, he will become a man again, and the day of the cowardly European will end.

The hue and cry for the death of the Europeans does not just come from the hardcore liberals and the colored barbarians. It also comes from a new breed of Christian conservatives. They cite the decadence of white culture and preach a Christian renewal via the colored races. There are three fallacies contained in that contemptible philosophy of betrayal. First, your people are your own, for good or ill, and you cannot abandon them for another people.

Secondly, the white grazers, even in their fallen state, are better than the colored barbarians. They maintain a remnant of grace from the Corinthians 13 civilization of old Europe that the colored barbarians have never shown, even at the zenith of their anti-civilizations. Yes, I am prejudiced; I speak from the depths of a prejudiced European heart that loves the European people and hates their enemies.

Thirdly, the Christian conservatives who want to replace the white grazers with colored people never look at those marvelous colored replacements with an objective eye. They are not noble savages; quite the contrary is the case: they are ignoble savages addicted to theft, murder, and rapine. And why, if they are against white decadence, do the ‘Christian conservatives’ court favor with the most decadent branch of the white race, the white-hating liberals? So, none of the white-hating propaganda will wash. There is no excuse for it, and it behooves every white man to do what he can to send the white-hating liberals, their anti-Christian Christian adjuncts, and the colored barbarians a clear message that any attack on white people will be answered in kind.

Currently the silence of the white man, in the face of white genocide is deafening. And the silence will remain hanging over the white grazers like a shroud until their passion is aroused. Until that time liberals will keep the grazers grazing with the same gambit the English Jacobins used on their people to keep them from opposing the French Revolution: “Those are bad aristocrats who are being beheaded. You have nothing to worry about unless you take their part.” The dynamic never changes: “Those southern racists, those South African racists, etc., were and are bad people. You have nothing to worry about unless you become like unto them.” But we are like unto them: they are our people. Putting aside the pragmatic reason that contrary to what the liberals say (they will kill all whites whether they renounce South African whites or not), we should rush to the defense of our white brethren because that charity of honor demands that we do so. For how long will the white grazer be content to offer his fellow whites up for sacrifice? Just as long as he grazes in the fields of Liberaldom, isolated from his past, his people, and his God.

After World War I the conservative European was on the defensive. And by conservative, I mean, in the true sense, the European who wanted to conserve Christian Europe. It was never stated explicitly, but the general feeling among Europeans seemed to be, “It’s best that we leave that Christian stuff, that poetical whimsy, in the nursery, and proceed into the new world of iron and steel with concrete, iron, and steel economies and concrete, iron, and steel philosophies.” The better part that Mary chose, the poetic of the Christ story, was abandoned. The faith that ruled Europe became an incidental. It survived for a time as whimsy, in the novels of Kenneth Grahame and C. S. Lewis and in the movies of Walt Disney, and then faded out of the living memory of white people born in the latter half of the 20th century. What has replaced the poetic of Christian Europe? The poetic of the noble black savage, which the liberals push with a proselytizing spirit that knows no bounds. They will kill all non-adherents to their religion without any compunctious visitings of nature in their hearts, because they have hardened their hearts against the light of the world. And so long as the white grazer is separated from bardic Europe by an iron and steel curtain more formidable than the old Soviet Iron Curtain, he will be unable to resist the liberals, who are filled with passionate intensity, or the colored barbarians.

When the steel and iron curtain of pragmatism went up and what was considered as non-essential was left behind, the white man lost chivalry, heroism, charity, and vision. Quite a high price to pay for technological mastery of the world. The

white man achieved technological superiority, but he lost his soul. The liberal compensated for his loss by consecrating his technology to his new black god whom he loves with his whole heart, mind, and soul. But what of the white grazer? He doesn't love the noble black savage enough to make him his god, but he needs a god that he can love with a passionate intensity. Can blood sports fill that need? I doubt it. What if a God-man came along who was crucified, died and was buried, but then rose from the dead on the third day? Would that event fill the grazers with the passionate intensity necessary to defend and fight for their own people, the people that bore the God-man on their shoulders when He was just an infant? Yes, it would, but to hear that sacred story, the grazer would have to return to the European nursery where the discarded poetic of Europe lies in a dustbin. Oh, what a falling off was there!

A friend of mine, a lover of Christian Europe, recently told me that she didn't see any hope for white people. All she saw around her indicated that the whites would be massacred to the last man, woman, and child with the full consent of the liberals, until they too faced the death they had planned for other 'bad' whites. (It is always the bad whites, those racist whites, whom the liberals envision dying.) It's difficult to offer words of comfort to a Christian European woman. You don't want to lie: things are that bad and it does seem like the white race is hurtling toward total annihilation. I try to follow Edgar's advice: "Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say." Despite the fact that the grazers seem as soul-dead as the potatoes in the Huckleberry Hound cartoon, despite the liberals' complete control of the media, the churches, and the schools, and despite the overwhelming mass of colored barbarians who seek the white man's blood, I don't see Christian Europe and her people perishing. My heart is still in that European nursery where all the fairy tales are true, because they are connected to Him, who assures us that nothing eternal dies. The passionate intensity of one heart connected to His Europe can still turn the tide. And I know there is more than one such heart. God works from the few to the many. Better to be a European, a Christ-bearer, than a rivet in Sandburg's skyscraper, or a cog in the liberals' satanic mills.

"Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?" +

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### **The Return Home - June 29, 2013**

There, then, a while in chains we lay,  
In wintry dungeons, far from day;  
But ris'n at length, with might and main,  
Our iron fetters burst in twain.

-R. L. Stevenson

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The Swedish police response to the ongoing Moslem riots in their nation was what I would term malicious indifference. The police declared that they were not going to do anything to stop the riots, but they would move against any "right wing extremists" who tried to stop the rioters from murdering, raping, and plundering. And there were some young Swedish males (God bless them) who did walk the streets, defying the police order, in an attempt to protect their women folk. Some wore masks, which is a good idea. Why make it easy for the liberals to identify their enemies? I like the idea of masked white avengers roaming the streets at night and then behaving like normal, cowed citizens during the day. The time has passed for public demonstrations and petitions. The liberals love such public protests, because it gives them an opportunity to identify their enemies and deal with them accordingly. We, the white Europeans, are a captive people. We should not accept our conquered status as our permanent condition, but acknowledging that reality will make us masked avengers instead of ineffectual petitioners.

The basic premise of the liberals, which keeps them in power, is that democracy is the moral equivalent of God. Whatever is done by democratically elected leaders is good, because... well, because democracy is good: anyone can see that. The collective will of the people, which is always the will of a tiny minority who can manipulate the will of the people, holds sway with a despotic power greater than any divine right monarch or chieftain of a clan ever had. All democracies are divine because the will of the people is divine. Starting with the French Revolution and proceeding from there to all the European nations, we have seen that in a democratic nation, in which "the people" rule, everyone is not considered part of the glorious collective called "the people." In France, the royal family and the aristocrats were the non-people who had to be exterminated so that "the people" could live. In subsequent years, as the democratic poison was allowed to course through the veins of the European nations, white people from all social and economic classes became non-humans, who had to be exterminated in order to make room for the colored people of the earth.

It is futile for white people to jockey for position within the democracies of the west, because white people are a non-people when they petition for their rights as a people, and they are an evil people, not fit to live, when the liberals need an evil devil to blame for the ills of the world. There is a group of black barbarians, based in New York City, who call themselves Black Hebrew Israelites. They perform a religious ritual in which white women kneel before them and kiss



their feet in atonement for white people's sin of racism. It occurred to me when I saw that obscene and blasphemous ceremony that nothing could better illustrate the current spirit of white people and the eternal spirit of the black savage. White people have denied the original sin, which the God of Christians says we all shared in, and transformed all sin and guilt to the "racist" white race. In contrast the black savage, who never did understand Christianity at the deepest level, knows only one thing: "The white man is weak and we can dominate him." And everything that perpetuates or supports democracy perpetuates and supports such moral pariahs as the Black Hebrew Israelites and their white devotees.

We must see what a democracy is in reality, not what it is in theory. In theory a democracy is government by the people and for the people. In reality, a democracy is government by the few for a select minority of people. We can see the democratic phenomenon in all its glory if we look at the primary issue of the latter half of the 20th century: the unchecked immigration of the coloreds into European nations. In every European nation, if the European people had been asked to vote on the issue of colored immigration do you think they would have voted to be displaced? Of course not, so a vote was never taken. Liberal oligarchies only allow voting when they are sure of victory. Legalized abortion was not voted on until it had been institutionalized for over 25 years. And the destruction of the white race will not be voted on until the white race is destroyed. Then a few remaining liberals and the savage colored hordes will vote for what has already taken place, the destruction of the white man.

All seems cheerless, dark, and deadly for the white man. Determined bands of liberals, committed to the rule of Satan, rule in every European nation. And they keep their kingdom in order by a two-pronged system of terror. On the one hand, there is the law. All opposition to multi-cultural, diverse, white-hating Liberalism will be opposed with the usual weapons of lawful persecution, such as fines, taxes, and imprisonment. And the second prong of the liberals' attack is malicious indifference to the bloodletting of the colored barbarians. Some governments will feign concern over the murder of whites, and some governments such as the Swedish government will say it outright: "We don't care." But all the liberal governments throughout the European nations encourage and support the colored savages' ongoing war against the white race.

White people are at the mercy of liberals and the colored barbarians who have no mercy. They are at the mercy of the former because the liberals have rejected the God of mercy, and the latter because the colored tribesmen never knew the God of mercy. What should the white man do in the face of such merciless foes? Should he vote them away? How can he do that since all voting is done within the satanic confines of democracy? Shall he plead with the liberals and the colored barbarians to let him live? Such pleading is doomed to fail. Why would a people without mercy listen to the pleas of a defeated foe? It seems like last post. But there is one last hope, which really was always our only hope. The European people conquered the world when they sought first the kingdom of heaven. That is the conundrum the European faces. He can't defeat the forces of liberalism and colored barbarism, the forces of 'this world only,' unless he believes that Christ is the Son of God, who is a greater force than this world only.

The European cannot mount a charge against his liberal and colored enemies armed with a materialist philosophy or an intellectual affirmation of milk-toast multi-cultural, democratic Christianity. He must have that passionate bred-in-the-bone and in the heart Christianity which breeds men and women whose faith can move mountains, destroy liberalism, and defeat the colored hordes in the day of battle.

To be a true European a man must break the chains of democracy. He must cease to feel, think, and act like a modern devotee of democracy, diversity, and equality. The internal battle comes first. Louis XVI did not defend himself and his family against the forces of Jacobin democracy because he had doubts about the legitimacy of a Christian monarchy. He was willing to consider, just for a faltering moment, that Satanism might have some value for modern men. The result of such a faltering consideration of the merits of Satanism was the death of all Louis was supposed to protect and defend. We too, we Europeans, have witnessed the death of all we were pledged to protect and defend: our people and the sacred faith of our European ancestors. At the very least we can make the liberals and their barbarian allies know that amongst the seemingly cowed and frightened white men they see by day, there are masked midnight raiders who will never abandon sacred Europe for democratic Satania.

In his autobiography, the marvelous humorist and post-Civil War chronicler of the Southern people Irwin Cobb stated that he thought the teachings of the New Testament were sublime but undoubtedly a very impractical guide for living in this very hard, practical world. Minus the admiration for the sublime teaching of the New Testament, Cobb's opinion of Christ's teachings is the opinion of the white nationalists who have been advocating more democracy and more secularized pragmatism as a solution to white genocide. They have refused to come to terms with the satanic nature of liberalism because then they would have to acknowledge that Satan's divine antagonist, Jesus Christ, is the only genuinely pragmatic answer to the seemingly hopeless plight of the white nations. "I'm not interested in metaphysical bull—," the white nationalist intones. Maybe you should be, because that is what distinguishes the true white man from the colored barbarian: he has a passion for the "impractical" things of the spirit while the colored tribesmen seek the fleshpots of Egypt. I think the white nationalists' obsession with the Jew as the only enemy of the white race, while they often ignore

the white, post-Christian liberal, stems from their desire to have one easily identifiable material symbol of the enemy. But that ignores the reality that is staring us in the face: most Jews are liberals, but not all liberals are Jews. It is liberalism, the liberalism of Rousseau, of Voltaire, of Descartes, and a whole legion of anti-Christian Christians, as well as the Jews, against whom we are fighting. The key element in liberalism is a hatred of Christ and those who believe in Christ. The reason the white nationalists are always seeking for some kind of compromise with the democratic liberals is because they are of the same opinion as the liberals regarding the central event of history. They believe that Christ be not risen. And if you don't believe Christ rose from the dead, you can never march into a European future while holding on to the threads of the past, because the past, in Europe, belongs to those who believed in Christ. The liberals are simply more consistent than the white nationalists. Since Christ be not risen, the white Europeans have perpetuated a falsehood on mankind. They don't deserve to live in the future. So say the liberals. The white nationalists agree that Christ be not risen, but they want to be forgiven for the Christianity of their ancestors and accepted in Babylon on the basis of their intelligent genes. Hence their unwillingness to give up on democracy. They are always hoping that they can win the liberals over by intelligent pleading.

There is a second way of dealing with liberals, which I feel is the only way to deal with them. We should not reason with them: they are not interested in rational debate once they have ascended to power. When a liberal is outside the power structures he wants to discuss everything. "Why not legalize abortion?" "What's wrong with gay marriage?" "What's wrong with mixed marriages?" But once in power, all discussion ends, and the liberal feels called upon to defend not debate. He is a spiritualized Jew who has hardened his heart against the light:

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:

This brings us to the second way. The one last and only hope for the white man. We can let go of the democratic, technological white man who is the pushy, nouveau riche fellow who comes to dinner at the old patriarchal estate and attempts to win the daughter of the patriarch by flash, glitter, and the promise of a golden future. But neither the patriarch nor his daughter is impressed. "Who are your people, where do you come from?" they ask. The nouveau riche fellow doesn't think that is important.

"It is important," the patriarch declares, as he pushes Mr. Nouveau Riche out the door.

The threads of the past! There are two Europes. There is storybook Europe, where white people dwell, people who cherish their own in the sight of Christ, true God and true man. And there is democratic, technological, race-mixing Europe, where the liberals, the colored barbarians, and all those who hate the light dwell. If we pick up the discarded sacred thread of our storybook past, we will not immediately end our Babylonian captivity. But we will have begun the battle, the only battle that ennobles a man rather than debases him. And when we triumph, all honor and glory will go to Him, the creator and inspiration of our dear land of storybooks. +

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### **Rivers of Blood - June 22, 2013**

Lead, lead. The time seems long: their blood thinks scorn,  
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

—Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*

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Lord Mandelson, a former Cabinet Minister in the Blair and Brown administrations, recently announced that the Labor Party had actively recruited foreign colored immigrants (about 2.2 million) between the years 1997 and 2010. Although Mandelson conceded that the colored immigrants replaced white native-born Brits in the labor force, he didn't seem the least bit repentant for his role in the displacement of white Britons. In point of fact he considered it a badge of honor.

Mandelson's announcement was certainly no surprise. He was just telling us something that we already know. The ruling elites in the European nations have been replacing their own people with colored people for the past 45 years. My own anti-nation started the process in 1965. What is significant about Mandelson's statement is that it marks a shift in the liberals' mindset. From the sixties through the nineties they took some care not to be too blatant about their master plan to destroy the white race. Instead of destruction and genocide the liberals used words such as 'equality' and 'diversity.' And they still use such words, because there are still white grazers who are taken in by them. But there are more and more liberals, particularly in Canada and the United States, who are willing to state, quite openly, that whites must become extinct and be the prime exponents of their own extinction. Canada, for instance, has a whole host of public service jobs for which whites are ineligible. And in the anti-European land mass called the United States, Jeb Bush, the governor of multi-cultural Florida, has stated that Mexican immigrants make better citizens than white Americans. Of course, if Jeb Bush had one ounce of royal European blood life in his veins he would realize, as Kipling so eloquently tells us in his poem "The Stranger," that it is not a question of which race is better: it is about loyalty to one's own, who are one's own because God ordained it. The Jeb Bushes of the world first go whoring after the stranger and then try to make a virtue of their sin by deifying the colored races and demonizing the white race. It's all the rage in Evangelical circles to adopt colored children and marry one's white offspring off to the colored barbarians, all in the name of Christianity. Such blasphemies are not new and original, or virtuous; they are sin disguised as virtue.

So may the outward shows be least themselves;  
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion  
What dammed error but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

The Christian wing of liberalism, which is not Christian, still prefers to season their race-mixing with a gracious voice and a quote from Scripture while the Lord Mandelson type liberals consider the battle won, thus making gracious subterfuge unnecessary.

Let us put their modern attack on white people in its proper context. The devil, as Burke correctly points out, was the first liberal. So it follows – and the Europeans' history bears this out – that liberals will always try to attack individual Christians and cultures based on Christianity. Up until the time of the French Revolution there were liberals outside the existing power structures of Europe, but there were no nations of Europe who had institutionalized liberalism, which is another name for Satanism. After the French Revolution the European nations gradually caved into liberalism. By the middle of the 1960s all the nations governed by Europeans had institutionalized liberalism. At that time the European powers began the mass extermination of the white race. Countries like South Africa and Rhodesia became black states sooner than the other European countries because those countries already had large concentrations of blacks in them when the extermination process began. But all the European nations will eventually – unless white people decide to act like Christian Europeans – become carbon copies of South Africa and Rhodesia where small concentrations of white people live in impoverished ghettos devoid of all the necessities of life.

Once you separate all the gracious subterfuge from liberalism and see that it is the second oldest faith, faith in Satan rather than in Christ, you will see why the liberals must deify the colored savage and demonize the white man. Christ was embodied in the culture of the antique white Europeans because their culture was an expression of the faith that was in them. So long as one white person remains on earth, there will be some visible reminder that the Word took flesh and dwelt among us. On some level the European-hating white "Christians" understand this, which is why they are trying desperately to survive the white holocaust by becoming negroes: by adopting colored children, taking colored spouses, and making the negro the supreme god, while making Christ a subordinate god, in the once-Christian churches. It is indeed a second fall of man, the liberals' betrayal of their own people at the behest of Satan. "I want to have nothing to do with the Christ-bearing race," Satan commands. "Yes, master," answer the liberals of Church and State.

The United States was a leader in the European rush to the racial abyss, because the United States already had large colored populations in the 1960s. But the other European countries followed suit. Enoch Powell's "The Rivers of Blood" speech, which he made on April 20, 1968 at the annual meeting of the West Midlands Conservative Political Centre in Birmingham has turned out to be all too true.

For these dangerous and divisive elements the legislation proposed in the Race Relations Bill is the very pabulum they need to flourish. Here is the means of showing that the immigrant communities can organize to consolidate their members, to agitate and campaign against their fellow citizens, and to overawe and dominate the rest with the legal weapons which the ignorant and the ill-informed have provided. As I look ahead, I am filled with foreboding.

Like the Roman, I seem to see 'the River Tiber foaming with much blood'. That tragic and intractable phenomenon which we watch with horror on the other side of the Atlantic but which there is interwoven with the history and existence of the States itself, is coming upon us here by our own volition and our own neglect. Indeed, it has all but come. In numerical terms, it will be of American proportions long before the end of the century.

Only resolute and urgent action will avert it even now. Whether there will be the public will to demand and obtain that action, I do not know. All I know is that to see, and not to speak, would be the great betrayal.

Of course resolute and urgent action was not taken in Britain or in any other European nation. The blood red tide of colored savages is sweeping over the European nations, and what were once white Christian nations have become colored nations dedicated to heathen gods. Now, even if the European borders were to be completely closed to colored immigration, there are already too many colored people in the once-white nations. It is no longer a case of keeping the colored invaders out, it is a case of reconquering Europe and driving the conquering armies of colored barbarians back into the sea. Such a daunting task is not possible from the modern, materialist standpoint; however, it is possible from an older European standpoint. Let's take Enoch Powell's "River of Blood" analogy. Everything he predicted – and Anthony Jacob as well – has come true. A river of blood has overwhelmed the European people and the river seems to be forever increasing in breadth and intensity. How, in the natural course of events, can we expect to stop such a rushing torrent? We can't, in the natural course of events. We who are about to die need a miracle. And miracles only occur when a people puts themselves in the hands of God. Do you remember Moses and the Red Sea? Was that just a fairy tale? Yes, it was a fairy tale – a true fairy tale. The history of the European people, prior to their apostasy in the 20th century, was also a true fairy tale, no less of a miracle than the parting of the Red Sea. But there must be an internal conversion before the Europeans can witness the miracle of a river of blood flowing away rather than through Europe's green and pleasant land. I know that to talk of such a miracle when the colored hordes appear to be overwhelming Europe seems absurd. But isn't that God's test? Our people, The Europeans, once stood in the midst of a hostile heathen world and got on their knees and said, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." The obstacles they faced then were greater than the obstacles we face now. The crucial difference is that the modern Europeans do not pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," they pray to a 'system': "My democratic, capitalist system," "My democratic, socialist system," "My Thomist system..." God's grace cannot be seen at the precise moment it is vouchsafed to mortal men, but surely if we look back at the Europeans' history we can see it was European men and women who sought first and foremost His Kingdom Come that made wherever the European people settled a blessed plot of earth.

All the blessed European plots of earth have been defiled by colored barbarians because of the great betrayal of liberals. When looking at the older generation, those past sixty years-of-age, there is nothing to be said of them. They were alive when there was still something left of Europe, and they rejected their own people for the colored hordes. The younger generation, in large part, has never known old Europe. They only know what the white-hating liberals have told them about it. So the white women seek to merge with the colored races, and the white males seek oblivion. This is why it is imperative the European hero should present a different Europe to the lost and discarded white males. It is like unto the old stories when the old man of the woods calls the two young princes from their chores, bids them sit down, and then tells them of their royal past and their future: "Though I have raised you as my sons and loved you as my own, I am not your true father. Your father was King of the European people. When Mordred the liberal treacherously killed your father and took control of the kingdom, he wanted the blood not only of your father but also of your father's heirs. So I took you from the palace that very night to these woods where I have raised you as my own. But the time has come for you to fulfill your royal destiny. Your blood speaks to you, your father calls out to you from the grave. Go and wrest the kingdom from Mordred and his heathen armies. Go amongst them in disguise at first, but when you have gathered other strong arms and stout hearts to your cause, strike with all your might and fulfill your destiny."

That is the crux of the matter. The liberals in church and state stand in defiance of God's will. He did not ordain that the Christ-bearing people should abdicate their responsibility and seek to replace Christ with the negro and the other tribes of color. The work of the European hero is the work of internal defiance. He must do the work and become a man of old Europe so that he can enkindle a flame in the hearts of the seemingly dead-to-life European grazers, for once a man sees and feels the love that once was there he will never again belong to the liberals nor seek oblivion in the dark caverns of Babylon. To fight for that dear land in which that charity of honor, the honor of Christ, was a living reality is the way of salvation for the white man and his people. Once united to that Europe and those people, a man need never fear the terror of the liberal storm troopers in church and state, nor the arrows of the colored barbarians. We, the Europeans, once called on Him by name, and He delivered us from the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Through our devotion to our people, we came to know His name, and He set His people on high. This is not a minor quarrel we have with the liberals and the colored barbarians. They are committed to build hell on earth with Satan's help. We are committed to His will be done on earth as it is heaven. But we must see the conflict as a conflict between God's people and Satan's own. We want to conserve our people and our God, and not some system, be it monetary, philosophical, or theological. The battle is personal and it is to the knife. As Kipling said of Queen Victoria after an attempt to assassinate her in 1882 failed, so do we say of our people and Christ's Europe:

Trust us if need arise,  
O Queen,  
We shall not tarry with the blow!

The need has arisen. +

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## **The European is the Opposed Principal - June 15, 2013**

Till the justice of the world is awakened, such as these will go on, without admonition, and without provocation, to every extremity. Those who have made the exhibition of the 14th of July, are capable of every evil. They do not commit crimes for their designs; but they form designs that they may commit crimes. It is not their necessity, but their nature, that impels them. They are modern philosophers, which when you say of them, you express every thing that is ignoble, savage, and hard-hearted. –Burke

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Whenever an antique European expresses outrage and anger at a liberal-sponsored colored atrocity, such as the torture murders of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom, the response of the liberals and the colored barbarians is, “Cry me a river.” The negro barbarian newspaper columnist who made that remark, after some whites expressed outrage over the torture murders, was simply expressing the collective opinion of the liberals and the colored barbarians: White people are not human beings, and they should be exterminated like vermin. In point of fact, vermin have more of a right to life than white people, because many species of vermin are on the protected list, while no white person is on any protected list. Quite the opposite is the case: white people are on the list to be murdered in the name of diversity.

Liberals do cry their own rivers, they just don’t cry over the same things that antique Europeans do. For example, I saw the liberals cry just the other day. It happened like this: two Mexican parents came to this country on a tourists’ visa. Disregarding their tourist status, they enrolled their little el beano child in the local school. Then something rare and wonderful occurred, El Beano and his parents were deported for violating the immigration laws. This opened up the liberals’ tear ducts, which are dry when babies are murdered in their mothers’ wombs and white people are butchered by Aztec savages. But the liberals won’t have to cry for El Beano for very long. El Beano’s classmates, an assortment of blacks, Mexicans, and Orientals, are sending a petition to The Obama to have El Beano and his parents returned to the United States. Standing in front of a giant poster of Martin Luther King Jr., El Beano’s hard-eyed, feminist teacher was televised saying, “We’re sending the message that a person is still a person no matter what country he comes from.” Hmm, is the child in the womb not a person? Are not white people persons who have a right to not be overrun by Aztecs? No, the hard-eyed feminist tells us. But we are supposed to cry a river because one Aztec child is sent back to live in his native land. And what is so bad about sending El Beano back to Mexico? Shouldn’t Mexico, by the liberals’ doctrine, be heaven on earth? Haven’t we been told ad nauseum that a nation of vital, organic, colored people is good, and a nation with inorganic, tired white people in it is bad? I grant you that the United States is fast becoming a colored nation, but isn’t it better to live in a completely colored nation than in a nation that still has some evil white people in it? So don’t weep for El Beano. Besides, every child, no matter what their color, is better off without an American education. Better to be raised and taught in a regular run-of-the-mill whorehouse than to go through the whoredom of an American education.

The weeping liberal will tell us that the El Beanos of the world need to come to America and other European nations so they can have a better standard of living. “Would you deny them that chance?” Yes, of course I would if I had the power. Why does the liberal, whose heart is hardened against the slaughter of his own people but bleeds over the deportation of the stranger, not ask himself why Mexicans and other colored tribesmen want to come to European countries? It is not because the colored loves Europeans – their murderous behavior upon arrival in the white nations gives the lie to that hypothesis. They come because there is nothing left to loot in their own countries. They persist in thinking that white men somehow stole money from the gods intended for the colored people of the earth. The colored barbarians seem incapable of understanding that white people worked for their wealth, and when a white nation becomes a colored nation, the once wealthy nation becomes an impoverished third world nation. Nor do the liberals, who worship the colored barbarians, grasp that fact. They think everything will go on as before, only better because the white people, such as you and I, will not be around to stop the completion of the new Tower of Babel.

Throughout the Western world, the concern of the liberals is to preserve, defend, and advance the colored races while destroying the white race. It’s as if all the liberals throughout the world have the same script to which they religiously adhere every time a colored atrocity so egregious it cannot be ignored comes to the attention of the mainstream media. When the British soldier was beheaded in public by homegrown Nigerian Moslems, the liberal government officials warned that they would retaliate against any whites who used the “unfortunate” incident to protest against the presence of Moslems in Britain. When the Moslems rioted in Sweden, it was the protests against the rioters that brought down the wrath of the Swedish government. Throughout the European world, it is always the white people protesting against the atrocities of the colored barbarians who are considered the “real danger” to the West. And why is that? Because white people who protest against colored violence impede the onward march to the brave new world of diversity. “Britain must

become multi-cultural in order to survive,” Tony Blair proclaimed. And liberals in every nation of Europe make the same proclamation. The reality is quite different from what the diversity-mongers insist on. European nations must become completely non-diverse: they must become completely and wholly white if the European people are to survive. Blair and his ilk when they say European nations must be multi-cultural are referring to the survival of the new Babylonian states that have nothing in common religiously, racially, or culturally with the old European nation states. These new anti-nations, and the people who created them, must be utterly destroyed and replaced with the older traditional European nation states inhabited by white Europeans who reject the new Babylon and adhere to the values and ethos of old Europe.

White conservatives who suggest a “pragmatic” compromise – “We will have a limit on colored immigration” – or – “We will only allow educated, hardworking coloreds into our nation” – do not understand the nature of liberalism. Satan is the driving force behind liberalism. He will not compromise. It is a war to the death, and diversity is his ultimate weapon. Through diversity he defiles the image of God in man and strikes out at the God he hates. The only “pragmatic” solution to the problem of “racial diversity” (which means black dominance) is the moral solution: the defeat of liberalism and the restoration of white, segregated Europe.

Something else always happens, besides the liberals’ condemnation of white protesters, when a colored atrocity too heinous and obvious to be ignored by the media occurs. There is always a group of white conservatives and/or white nationalists who say, “This event will wake the people of \_\_\_\_ up.” Fill in the blank with the United States, Britain, France, Canada, Sweden, New Zealand, etc. But the heinous colored bloodletting never does “wake up” white people. Why doesn’t it? It doesn’t wake them up because white people have accepted the satanic premises of egalitarian democracy. Let us go back to Burke again. He fought with might and main to awaken the English people to the horrors of the French Revolution. And he, more than any other man in Britain, helped to turn the English people against Robespierre’s Reign of Terror. But Burke also fought with his whole heart and soul to show the English people and all peoples of Europe that the principles of Jacobinism were still alive and well after Robespierre’s death. In that endeavor he was unsuccessful. He faced the same entrenched support for the democratic egalitarian heresy that the white counter-revolutionary faces today. The more colorful, heinous crimes of the Jacobin-supported mob, be they French sans-culottes or colored savages, are noted and regretted, but the ongoing war against the white European under the banner of liberty, equality, and diversity, is never regretted or condemned. And the regret expressed over the more blatant atrocities is feigned, because the essence of satanic democracy is the hatred of the European. The late Jacobin pope, John XXIII, was a textbook case of satanic, democratic, egalitarian liberalism in action:

It turned out 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 their 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. – Anthony Jacob

When reading that quote from the satanic Pope John, one thinks of a statement by Edmund Burke, Anthony Jacob’s 19th century counterpart: “They never will love where they ought to love, who do not hate where they ought to hate.” Pope John did not hate the colored minions of Satan, because he loved democracy more than Christ and Christ’s people. When the European grazers cease to love democracy, they will hate the colored invaders and the liberals who turned the white nations over to the colored strangers. But until the Europeans’ love affair with democracy ends, we will continue to see the endless cycle of “regretful” atrocities, which spawn the “white people are beginning to wake up” theories, which in turn lead to government crackdowns on white protesters and then a return to “business as usual,” which is the destruction of the white race.

The democratic nationalists such as the late John Tyndall of Britain and the late Samuel Francis of the U.S. never came to terms with the egalitarian, democratic rhinoceros in the European living room. The coalition of hardcore liberals and colored barbarians cannot be defeated electorally. The white grazers do not have enough votes to defeat that coalition. So why not end the cycle of futility? Instead of trying to win the liberals over – which cannot be done: did Antonio win Shylock over? – why not attack the liberals’ democratic oligarchy from outside the democratic structure? If the grazers follow our lead, all the better, but if they don’t, we are enough to defend our people and fight for that charity of honor which distinguishes the white man from the colored tribesmen.

The white grazers play by the rules of Jacobin democracy despite the fact it means their destruction. What is so compelling about this unholy ideology that makes men adhere to it, even those men who are being sent to the slaughter houses in the name of democracy, diversity, and equality? French Jacobinism, Russian Communism, and democratic egalitarianism all stem from the same utopian roots. And all utopian states are based on the hatred of non-utopian, Christian Europe. The

utopians might be sexually frustrated, like Rousseau; they might be second-rate lawyers, like Robespierre, who feel that the existing world order does not recognize their talents; or they might be power-mad lunatics, like the Jesuits in Paraguay, who feel that only when they control everything can people be truly happy. But whatever the underlying motivation, the utopians must destroy the Europeans' Christian faith so that their utopia can flourish. A people who believe that life on this earth is inherently flawed because of original sin will not fall prey to utopian schemers who promise paradise on earth. But once faith in Christ diminishes, once the sacred story of mankind's fall and redemption from sin through Christ is shaken or denied entirely, the white grazer is a reed for every utopian wind that blows through Liberaldom. Foul becomes fair, and fair becomes foul. The blasphemy of race-mixing becomes benevolent "diversity" and sexual depravity becomes "releasing our inhibitions."

And all utopian depravities are backed by science: "Perhaps science can give us an inter-racial, sensual, guilt-free world," the grazer muses to himself. "And if horses were wishes, then beggars would ride," replies the antique European. Utopias always lead to hell, because all utopias deny the Son of God. It is up to the remnant band of Europeans to stand as a sign of contradiction to democratic, utopian, Babylonian Europe by standing firm for Christian Europe despite the mocking ridicule of the Voltaires and Rousseaus, and despite the menacing spear points of the barbarous colored hordes. If we love and hate with all our hearts, eschewing democracy, and holding as naught the laws of Liberaldom, the liberals and their colored allies will not prevail. +

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### **The Return of the Heroic European - June 8, 2013**

O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dew! – John Sterling

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I want to use the Gentle Bard as a metaphor for the European people and the power of a spiritual force animated by the King of Kings. At the time of World War I Britain had been the premier nation in Christendom for approximately 200 years. We can point to many visible material things (isolated island, dominance at sea, etc.) that led to the Pax Britannia. But material things must be animated by the spirit. Do we ever give sufficient weight to the animating spirit behind the historical event? The better historians do, many years after the fact, but to discern things of the spirit a man must have something in his heart that allows him to see past the visible material world to the spiritual world above and beyond the material world.

Seen through the eyes of the heart, it becomes apparent that Britain's preeminence in Christendom was the result of one man's influence. His heart was in tune with the sacred heart that animated the world, and the spiritual force that such a man possesses can move mountains and make a nation:

Shakespeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,  
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;  
With meaning won from him for ever 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 death 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.

Shakespeare loved his native land, but he didn't say, "I am going to write some plays that will make England the premier nation in Christendom some 200 years hence." If that had been his intention, his work would have been worthless. Shakespeare, like every true European, simply tried to express the passion of his heart through the work of his hands. I have often been struck by the Pauline nature of Shakespeare's work, for like St. Paul Shakespeare is not afraid of the human heart. There are passions therein that can lead a man to damnation, but it is the passion of our hearts – and only the passion of our hearts – that can lead us to Him. Charity never faileth, and that charity which never faileth comes from Christ, who can only be reached through the human heart.

Shakespeare was not one with the theologians, found in the Roman Catholic and the Protestant camps, who told the Europeans they mustn't be passionate about anything because the passions of the heart lead to damnation. They bade us look to that which was outside of man, to nature, to the cosmos, and to speculative theology. But if we eschew the Shakespearean way to God, through the human heart, we will be alone in the universe. Our touchstone of reality becomes as nothing, as thin air. If God does not have a local habitation in our hearts, we can never know Him intimately enough to call on Him by name.

I have spoken thus much of Shakespeare and the heart in an attempt to redirect the eyes of the Europeans, those who still have eyes to see, toward the Christendom within that is the birthright of every European. Christ is the spiritual animator of Shakespeare and every true European. Once our hearts are reacquainted with that essential part of our spiritual history, the material obstacles that seem so formidable, such as the liberal oligarchy and the massive armies of hostile colored tribesmen, will become obstacles that we are capable of dealing with. As the old hymn suggests, having once been blind, blinded by our materialist eyes, we now shall see through our visionary eyes.

And what shall we see? We shall see that we can't seek redemption from the devil. We shall see we can't succeed by forming political parties whose express goal is to secure respect for the rights of white people within multi-cultural Babylon. Such a stated purpose indicates a lack of understanding of the spiritual battle taking place. We are involved in a battle between good and evil. The liberals, who stand with Satan, do not acknowledge the existence of white people as a separate, distinct people with the same rights as the colored tribesmen. The liberals tell us straight out that white people have no rights as a people, except the right to be exterminated. The second materialist flaw in the "I'll respect your culture and you respect mine" is that the colored tribesmen do not believe in respecting other cultures. Their idea of culture is, "We shall destroy your culture." This is true of every colored tribe: red, yellow, black, and brown. An awareness of the spiritual battle will allow the European to see that he cannot compromise with the colored barbarians or the liberals. There cannot be just a little bit of race-mixing or just a tiny infusion of colored people into the European nations. There must be no people of color in any of the white nations, because the *raison d'être* of the liberal-backed colored people is the destruction of white people. The early apologists for race-mixing told us that no harm would come from a small influx of colored tribesmen. Has that turned out to be true? The proof of the liberals' evil intent behind their friendly words is that they never — once colored mayhem proved their "no harm" theory false — tried to make amends for their mistakes by removing the colored tribesmen from the European nations. Instead, they insisted on more coloreds and less whites, acting as if evil was good and good was evil. And in point of fact that is what liberals believe, that Satan is good and Christ is evil.

The liberals have their own eschatology based on a bastardized Christianity. There is a god, but he is the noble black savage. There is a devil — the white race — and there is salvation for all colored mankind at the end of history when the white man is eliminated. And, as in all utopias, Christian morality is changed to the morality of Satan. I saw an old liberal on the television the other day. Nothing unusual about that. He was getting all teary-eyed over his many battles on behalf of liberalism. "If it wasn't for liberals," he intoned, "we wouldn't have had equal rights for Afro-Americans, women, or gays." There, in a very concise summary, is the ethos of Satan. Race-mixing opens the door to Babylon and the demonization of white, Christian Europe, which leads to institutionalized sexual depravity in the form of legalized abortion, sexual promiscuity, and homosexuality. Such perversities must be institutionalized in a satanic society, because such things are the bone and sinew of Satania. And they are permitted and lauded, because liberals sprinkle the pixie dust of democracy, diversity, and equality over them.

All of us are called to do what Shakespeare did, whether we ever write a sonnet, paint a picture, or fight at Ashdown. We are called to fight our way through the human heart until we reach that essential core where He resides. In a play by Tennessee Williams titled *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, the main character explains to his wife that he drinks until he feels the "click." At that moment the world he hates doesn't exist anymore. There is also a click for the European pilgrim of the heart, only it is not an alcohol-induced click. When he has done what is needful, sought the Kingdom of God that is within, something inside him 'clicks' and he sees the world of Liberalism for what it is: the work of the devil. And he then sees Christian Europe for what it was — the work of loving hearts reaching out to their creator. Once the European sees through the eye to the real Europe he will never be "of them" again. He will be of his people and their God.

When a man is of Europe he enters the dear land of storybooks, which is sustained by the animating spirit of all European storybooks, Jesus Christ. If we go through the Europeans' history, not by way of their philosophy or their scientific achievements but by way of their moral imagination, and see what they saw as morally beautiful, we see the same ultimate vision of moral beauty in the Europeans' history as we see in the Bible: the sign of the cross, the spirit of above the dust. In contrast, the liberals see beauty in science, in the noble black savage, and in their utopian visions of a Christ-less, Babylonian world devoid of the Light that came into the world to save the world.

Bassanio rejected the gold and silver caskets, because he saw that true beauty, moral beauty, was to be found in the leaden casket, which "rather threat'nest than dost promise aught, Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence." The ancient



Europeans chose the same leaden casket as Bassanio, and joy was the consequence. But just as the walls of a seemingly impregnable fort can deteriorate over time and become weak and accessible to the enemy, so can a spiritual wall built around a people to protect them from the lesser breeds without the law deteriorate over time and become useless in defense when there is no one left who knows why the spiritual walls were built in the first place.

It is my contention that when a European finally feels that “click” he will want to burn Liberalism to the ground and rebuild the spiritual walls around the people of his own race. Until that moment comes we are not talking about a white counter-revolution, we are talking about a white death march. Currently, when whites protest against any of the liberal atrocities, such as the colored attacks on the whites, legalized abortion, or homosexuality, to whom do they appeal? The very people who institutionalized the worship of negroes, legalized abortion, and gay rights. Look at the history of the European people. Has non-violent protest ever succeeded when used against a hierarchy that had institutionalized what the protesters were protesting against? The answer is no. The British establishment wanted to get out of India, so they didn’t fight Gandhi and his non-violent protesters. It was the same with Martin Luther King Jr’s non-violent protests: the liberal establishment supported negro worship against the local southern authorities. Civil disobedience only works when the powers that be secretly or openly agree with the stated goals of those who break the letter of the law in order to fulfill the spirit of the law. The spirit of British law at the time of Gandhi’s protests was, “Let’s dump the white man’s burden and get the hell out of India.” And the spirit of American law at the time of Martin Luther King Jr’s protest marches was, “Let us make the negro the god of Babylon.”

I go back to Edmund Burke’s impassioned plea to his countrymen. He urged them to fight Jacobinism with the same passion with which the Jacobins fought, but he urged them to fight for a principle diametrically opposed to Jacobinism. The white man must oppose liberals with a Shakespearean passion and in the name of Christ, who was and always shall be the opposing principle to liberalism. Men who have invoked Satan will not be defeated by men who invoke egalitarian democracy: “Please, Mr. Liberal, won’t you grant whites a small piece of the egalitarian pie of life?” or, “I’m protesting so politely and so non-violently, won’t you please stop killing babies?” Such pleas to the people who have not charity, to the men and women of the hardened hearts, will be of no avail. With them there can be no peaceful diplomatic solution. (1) They have shown their intentions and they are acting upon those intentions. They intend to destroy the white race so that the ethos of racial and sexual diversity will be the ruling ethos in a Babylonian kingdom of Satan. Only when the passionate European, the European with a heart that still lives, awakes from his death-in-life sleep will the reign of the liberals and the colored barbarians end, giving way to the new Europe, which will be like the old Europe in which that charity of honor was at the heart of our culture. +

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(1) We can’t literally copy the tactics of successful counter revolutionaries such as the way Nathan Bedford Forrest led Ku Klux Klansmen because circumstances change over time. But we can imbibe the same spirit as our European ancestors who would stop at nothing, provided it did not go against that charity of honor, to protect their people from the liberal Jacobins who sought their destruction. “Whatever it takes, legal or illegal, non-violent or violent, we shall survive as a people.” That should be the passionate vow of all Europeans.

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### **The Devils in our Midst - June 1, 2013**

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.

-Shakespeare

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The recent public execution in Britain of a British soldier by homegrown Nigerian Moslems is only the beginning of horrors. The spawns of Satan sneered at the horrified onlookers: “Your government won’t protect you.” They are right. Throughout the European world the governments of Europe are inviting foreigners – Mexicans, Negroes, Moslems of all colors, Indians, Orientals, etc. — into their countries to slaughter the whites who live there. No democratic measures will halt the slaughter of whites, which has begun in earnest and will accelerate as the colored hordes grow even more numerous, because coalitions of colored immigrants and satanic liberals will always outvote the confused and terrified grazers. You can’t seek redemption from the devil. He will just sneer at you. The European liberal oligarchies only care about the colored strangers, who they consider to be their people. Whites are the hated aliens who must be exterminated. This is not an exaggeration: the everyday horrors before our eyes, perpetrated by colored savages with heathen faiths, is all the proof we need of the criminal intent of the liberals who have welcomed the spawns of Satan into the European nations.

The more colorful acts of barbarous cruelty, such as the recent public beheading of the British soldier, the Boston Marathon bombing, and the torture murders of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom make the news, but most of the inhuman acts of cruelty performed by the colored strangers go unnoticed, because the press doesn't report them and for one other reason: we have supped full of horrors. What once appeared horrific to the white man now seems normal. "We must expect a certain colored rage because after all..." And, "This is the price we must pay to have a diverse society."

The satanic liberal governments all have the same formulaic reaction when one of their colored children go a little too public with their blood—letting and are a little too truthful about it. "Your government won't protect you." The formulaic reaction is a feigned, half-hearted regret that the atrocity occurred and a stern warning to "racists" that they had better not become violent. "The government will crack down on right-wing extremists." And who are the right-wing extremists? They are white people who do not think Moslems, negroes, and other savages of color should be allowed to murder white people. That is not an acceptable stance to take, in the opinion of the ruling liberals. White people must be exterminated, and they must not protest against or resist the liberal governments and the colored barbarians who are determined to destroy them. That would be tantamount to resisting the will of God. And the Jacobin god is a savage god who will brook no opposition.

There was a time in the European nations (1965 in the U.S.) when it might have been possible for white men, animated by a love for their kith and kin, to turn back the colored tide by non-extraordinary measures. But that time has passed. We now must adopt extraordinary measures to deal with the incarnation of Satan within the European nations:

It is not a hazarded assertion, it is a great truth, that when once things are gone out of their ordinary course, it is by acts out of the ordinary course they can alone be re-established. Republican spirit can only be combated by a spirit of the same nature: of the same nature, but informed with another principle and pointing to another end. – Burke

Therein lies the problem with the European everyman. He is quite genuinely appalled at public executions of white people. But he doesn't have a spirit that is diametrically opposed to the liberals and equal in its opposed force to the liberals. His principles are the same as the liberals. Having consented to be ruled by Satan, the European grazer wants to reserve the right to protest when Satan becomes too blatantly satanic: "It's all right to murder, rape, and plunder white people in moderation, particularly those bad whites in South Africa and Rhodesia, but let's not get carried away." What an insane protest! Once Satan gains control of a nation, he will not let go of his power unless a greater power than his wrests that power away from him. If we won't call on that greater power, then we will remain in the Babylonian darkness.

At present the white protests of the extermination of whites are couched in Satan-friendly terms: "We call on all people, white, black, Moslem, and Christian to renounce violence." "We are not against Moslems, we are against Moslem terrorists." And on and on it goes. Such pathetic protests are exactly what the liberals want: they ensure that no serious damage to Satania will occur. What the liberals and their colored allies do not want is a genuine, full-blooded, prejudiced response from an integral European. Such a man will realize that all Moslems are terrorists and do not belong in European countries. He will feel the same way about the colored tribesmen: they don't belong in European countries. It only seems impossible to remove the Babylonian hordes because the Europeans do not have the will to remove them. Once the opposing principle is established in European hearts — and that principle has a name — the Europeans will take the extraordinary measures necessary to make Europe a green and pleasant land again.

Everything of importance that happens to the Europeans for good or evil can be traced back to their acceptance of Christianity. Their civilization stood above and apart from the colored peoples' anti-civilizations because of their faith in Jesus Christ, who was at the heart of their civilization. And the Europeans are committing suicide now, in the 21st century, because they were once Christian. The Christian faith is a mountain that the colored tribesmen refused to climb. The path to the top seemed too arduous, and they could not see the risen Lord in the clouds at the top of the mountain. Not so with the Europeans. They climbed the mountain and embraced their Lord and kinsman. But every generation of Europeans had to climb the mountain, and the covenant of the mountains had to be renewed in the hearts of each succeeding generation of Europeans. There was not one magic "Pouf — the European people are no longer Christian" moment, but the date 1914 is a significant date. Surely such a hideously destructive, soul killing war within the bowels of Europe indicated that a degenerative, spiritual sickness, a sickness unto death, had taken hold of the European people. And the most visible manifestation of the sickness unto death was the European intellectuals' hatred of their own race. The subsequent history of the European people, as chronicled by our poets, all points to one conclusion: the Europeans lost their vision of the risen Lord at the top of the mountain.

By the 21st century, the mountain top was seen as a fantasy perpetuated by an evil race of people about to become — and deservedly so — extinct. The mark of the beast which indicated that whites were ripe for slaughter was the mark put upon their foreheads by speculative theology. The Roman Catholic clergy in France prior to the French Revolution were not so much concerned about atheism within their ranks; they were concerned about losing their adherents to other Christian sects. Thus, they let the seeds of religious indifference grow while fighting any attempt, by the laity, to stay close to the

God of their ascending race. Every Protestant sect, following the Roman Catholic lead, pursued the letter of their own man-made sectarian law while paying no heed to the heart of the Christian faith, which is a passionate love for the Savior, enkindled at our racial hearth fires. It is no coincidence that as the Europeans abandoned their love of a provincial God they also abandoned their love for their own race. A speculative, universalist God results in a speculative, universalist people who will not have the will to survive as a people: they will succumb to the worst – the liberals and the colored hordes who are full of passionate intensity.

A self-styled leader of the British Nationalists once told me that these were not the times for metaphysical bull—-. But it is because Europeans have no spiritual principle with which to oppose the liberals' spiritual principles that the Europeans no longer fight for their people. It is the seemingly insignificant things like Dickens' Christmas Carol and Ratty's love for his river that enkindle the fire that will stop at nothing, bear any burden, in order to drive the colored heathen from the white nations. These are extraordinary times requiring extraordinary measures. And I don't see how a European can garner the extraordinary strength necessary to defeat the thoroughly entrenched liberals and their colored allies unless he invokes that extraordinary God of the ancient Europeans, Jesus Christ.

The Christian God comes to us through the blood. If we deny our blood, we deny the God of our blood. The triumph of speculative philosophy within the formerly Christian organizations called churches has led to the triumph of Satan within the churches.

Race mixing and every abomination under the sun are now considered Christian because Christianity has become multi-racial and universal rather than European and provincial. Those "Christians" who tell us that God is a race-mixing universalist need to explain to us why the light died in Europe and in the dark nations (what light they could see) when the Europeans ceased to be a segregated, provincial people. The church of Christ does not consist of buildings or organizations in which the people say, "Lord, Lord": it consists of His people who know Him through their blood ties to their kith and kin.

They, the liberals, will never be moved by civil disobedience or petitions. In fact, nothing will move them. They have chosen to side with the devil and his people, the colored minions of the Babylonian night. "Your government won't protect you," the negro Moslem sneered. Don't we see and hear the face and voice of the devil when we see the atrocities the colored minions commit and hear their sneering, boastful pride in their cowardly deeds of slaughter? Of course we do. If we are Europeans our blood knows who these colored strangers serve and what must be done to protect our people from them. Every European counter-revolution needs must be provincial and local: no one form fits all nations. But the counter-revolutions must come from the European people and they must be diametrically opposed in their underlying principles to the satanic principles of the rulers of Liberalism. Above all let us not be reasonable and dispassionate while the colored minions bathe in white blood and Satan laughs triumphantly. +

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### **The Prejudiced European - May 25, 2013**

But let us take care. The moral sentiments, so nearly connected with early prejudice as to be almost one and the same things, will assuredly not live long under a discipline, which has for its basis the destruction of all prejudices, and the making the mind proof against all dread of consequences flowing from the pretended truths that are taught by their philosophy. –Edmund Burke

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I don't remember the exact year, but I do remember that I was near the end of my tenure as a police officer when I arrested a negro for simple assault, disorderly conduct and ethnic intimidation. I tacked on the third charge to comply with a new law that had been enacted (we all attended classes in which we were told about the new law) which basically stated that a regular crime, such as a simple assault (a punch in the nose) became a much greater crime if you insulted a person's ethnicity while committing the crime. The negro I arrested and charged had gone into a coffee shop where a group of white people were, not surprisingly, drinking coffee. Upon entry the negro shouted that he hated all white people. (I'm sanitizing his language.) He then proceeded to kick and hit several of the people in the coffee shop, for which he was arrested and charged.

I thought, because I had checked with a senior officer, I was completely in compliance with the new hate crime laws when I added the 'ethnic intimidation' charge. No instructor at any of the classes I attended on the new law had told me that it didn't apply to the ethnic intimidation of whites. Apparently, as I found out, that was implicit in the law, because the next morning I was told to take out the ethnic intimidation charge and stick to the disorderly conduct and simple assault charges.

I'm sure that minor incident will shock no one who reads kinist web sites. But I mention the incident because it speaks directly to this issue of white genocide.

No colored person is ever guilty of ethnic intimidation. Only whites can be guilty of such a crime. Prejudices are good if they stem from colored peoples' prejudices against whites, but they are evil if they stem from whites' prejudices against colored people. The long and short of the whole business of race, as the liberals have set it up, is that the white man is evil, and the colored tribesmen, particularly the blacks, are good. And since prejudice is connected to our moral sentiments, the liberals think it is good that blacks and other colored tribesmen should indulge their prejudices because nothing but good can come from them. And it is wrong for white people to indulge their prejudices since white people are evil. So in order to fight evil we all must fight against prejudice, but only one kind of prejudice, the prejudice of white people.

Every governing institution throughout the European nations, in what was once called Christendom, exists for one purpose: to eliminate the prejudice of white people. This crusade against white prejudice has been a huge success. There are virtually no prejudiced white people left in the European countries. This should make the liberals happy, because after all, does not the end of white prejudice mean that utopia has arrived? Ah, there's the rub. If the liberals were to concede that white prejudice no longer existed, then what would they do with their lives? Even liberals cannot live on hedonism alone. If there are no prejudiced whites left to hand down prejudiced rulings against Tom Robinson, why would there be any need for Atticus Finch to defend Tom Robinson? And what would a liberal do with himself if he couldn't play Atticus Finch? No, that just won't do. The liberals need prejudiced whites to hunt down and exterminate. So they create non-existent prejudiced whites to give them their reason for living.

As is always the case the liberals have completely reversed the proper order of things. It is necessary that whites should regain their prejudices, which are so closely allied to their moral sentiments, and that colored people, whose prejudices are closely allied to their amoral sentiments, should be separated from white society so they can't indulge their amoral sentiments in favor of murder, rape, and plunder. Such a separation would be a blessed separation, but it will necessitate the removal of the ruling, liberal, godded men and a restoration of the men with European prejudices.

The Europeans are the only race of people who have become a non-people. By removing their prejudices they have removed their moral backbone which kept them upright. Now they crawl on the ground like slimy worms rather than human beings. The prejudiced European preferred Christianity to heathenism, the white over the colored, reverence over sacrilege, charity over cruelty, and honor over dishonor. Without his prejudices the European abandons Christianity, favors the colored over the white, rejoices in sacrilege, despises charity, and institutionalizes the cruel inhuman slaughter of the innocents. All of which makes dishonor his guiding light rather than honor.

The satanically inspired liberals saw that it was only the instinctual European, the man with prejudices, who stood in the way of Satania. So they made it their business to destroy the Europeans' instinctual life by a constant barrage of propaganda. Substitute the word 'media' for newspapers and we see, in the propaganda of the French Jacobins the exact methods of our modern liberal Jacobins:

What direction the French spirit of proselytism is likely to take, and in what order it is likely to prevail in the several parts of Europe, it is not easy to determine. The seeds are sown almost every where, chiefly by newspaper circulations, infinitely more efficacious and extensive than ever they were. And they are a more important instrument than generally is imagined. They are a part of the reading of all, they are the whole of the reading of the far greater number. There are thirty of them in Paris alone. The language diffuses them more widely than the English, though the English too are much read. The writers of these papers indeed, for the greater part, are either unknown or in contempt, but they are like a battery in which the stroke of any one ball produces no great effect, but the amount of continual repetition is decisive. Let us only suffer any person to tell us his story, morning and evening, but for one twelvemonth, and he will become our master.

Haven't we heard the story of the evil white man and the sacred black savage for an infinitude of years? And what has been the result? The European doesn't exist as a European. He is the great nothing who only comes to life to serve his master, the oh-so-noble, oh-so-good black savage.

Quentin Compson in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* desperately tries to believe that his father's nihilistic vision of existence is false. "You don't know, you can't know," Quentin asserts.

"I do know, from the moment tragedy becomes second-hand," Quentin's father asserts, with the mathematical finality of death. And when tragedy becomes second-hand, when we abandon our prejudices for the solecisms, we are indeed dead.

The white man committed suicide at the behest of the liberal philosophers, but it was the anti-Christian Christian theologians who left the European everyman naked and defenseless against the liberal Jacobins. The theologians turned the European away from the heart, where his prejudices and moral sentiments resided, and bade him look to the great universal mind of the cosmos. Does wisdom reside in the heart or the head? The prophets, St. Paul, and our Lord Himself told us wisdom resides in the heart. Why then did the theologians bid us disregard the heart?

Satan is delighted when white men fall victim to the Aquinas syndrome. When men view life secondhand, through the prism of speculative philosophy, it doesn't matter whether they profess to believe in God or not: the end result is Godlessness, because God does not live in speculative philosophy. Rousseau professed to be a good Catholic, yet he espoused a Christ-hating philosophy. How can such a dichotomy exist within a man? Quite easily. When your Christian faith is a speculative faith you can make Christ into whatever type of god you want Him to be. Rousseau made Christ into a god who did not believe in original sin, who sanctioned adultery, and who loved the noble savage. Hmm, that is much like the Christ of the modern liberals.

This speculative sin is the original sin, man's pride of reason, enflamed by Satan, bids him to break his covenant with his liege lord, his Father and his kinsman, and place all his hopes on a satanically inspired speculative philosophy, "Ye shall not die," in which God is subordinate to man's reason and Satan's will.

Speculative philosophy is death. And it has always been the sacred duty of the European to defy speculative philosophy. From the earliest days of European Christianity there were always the godded men who wanted the Europeans to break their blood covenant, connecting them to the living God, in the name of a "higher loyalty" to a theoretical government presided over by a theoretical God.

Be it known to you, that we consider it our duty to obey and submit to the church of God, to the pope of Rome, and to every good Christian – to love them in every situation and in all circumstances, and to assist all both by word and deed, in becoming children of the Lord. We know of no other obedience to him you call pope, or father, and this we are prepared to render to him and to every Christian for ever. Beyond this, we are subject to the archbishop of Caerleon, who is a guide and an overseer, under God, to direct and keep us in the spiritual path.

A man who severs his blood ties to his people and his God, a man who divests himself of his prejudices, is a nothing man fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. The speculators start out as religious speculators, but they are soon consumed by the more secular, hard-bitten speculators. Look around us today. The modern church men are now mere puppets for the secular, liberal Jacobins. The liberals say 'dance' and the church men dance. And it is always the racist tune the liberals play, because the Europeans must be told, night and day, that they must divest themselves of their prejudices. They simply must. Yet it is only the Europeans' prejudices that can save the Europeans.

The winners write history, so in our modern world the liberal literary critics tell us who is a great author and who is not. They ascribe greatness to men and women of their own ilk, nihilists, degenerates, and Jacobins. Thus Faulkner is a great writer because he writes realistic novels of nihilistic fathers sipping from the whiskey decanter as he urges his son to blow his brains out, while Thomas Nelson Page is deemed, when he is taken note of at all, as a third rate hack who wrote nostalgia pieces about the 'racist' South. But if a man sees Christ in and through his blood ties to his kith and kin, and then writes about it, why is he deemed unrealistic and racist? Because unrealistic, utopian Jacobins write literary criticism. And unrealistic, liberal Jacobins govern the European world and command the Europeans to divest themselves of their prejudices so that they can become shadows without substances.

When the white man — and I do not know the day or the hour of this momentous event — regains his prejudices the day of the liberals and the colored jackals will end. In my anti-Martin Luther King Jr. dream I see a cringing, crawling white man coming before a liberal tribunal. The white man begs to be allowed a tiny shack on the outer fringes of Liberaldom. "Request denied. We sentence you to death. Loose the colored hounds on him."

The white man runs from the colored hounds who are hot for his blood, while the liberal horsemen scream in delight to see the fear-stricken white man running for his life.

Finally, the white man is treed. The colored hounds are in a frenzy, for soon they will have their meal. And the liberals also are enjoying the spectacle, for soon they will see the white man torn to pieces. But an extraordinary thing happened to the white man when he sought out the refuge of the tree. When he put his arms around the tree, memories of his God, who died upon the Holy Rood, and of his people who worshipped that God with their whole heart and soul, came rushing back to him. He was transformed into a man again: he became a man of prejudice, a Goth, "fearing nothing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart — a Goth." The white man tore a limb from the tree, which was a tree of life for the white man, and leapt upon his enemies. The hounds fell before him like wheat before the scythe, and the liberals turned their horses around and rode, panic-stricken, back to their liberal dwellings seeking safety. But it was not to be. One man of prejudice spawned other men of prejudice, and the liberals' worst nightmare became a reality. The Europeans, the prejudiced Europeans, were upon them. There was no escape.

Just a dream? That is what prejudiced Europeans do: they dream dreams and see visions — the dream of Christian Europe and the vision of the risen Lord. They believe, even more surely than the turning of the earth, that His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven, through the last of the Europeans, the men of prejudice. +

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## The Blood Royal - May 18, 2013

How often has public calamity been arrested on the very brink of ruin by the seasonable energy of a single man? Have we no such man amongst us? I am as sure as I am of my being, that one vigorous mind without office, without situation, without public functions of any kind (at a time when the want of such a thing is felt, as I am sure it is) I say, one such man, confiding in the aid of God, and full of just reliance in his own fortitude, vigour, enterprize and perseverance, would first draw to him some few like himself, and then that multitudes, hardly thought to be in existence, would appear and troop about him. – Edmund Burke

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A few American conservatives, who are not conservatives in the Burkean sense of the word, have discovered, in the wake of Romney's defeat, the colored immigration issue. Those few are trying to explain to Republicans what has been obvious for the last fifty years: colored people vote democratic because the Democrats promise unlimited welfare benefits. So conservative Republicans who want to win elections should try to stem, or better yet, turn back the colored tide. But those new anti-colored immigration conservatives are a tiny minority. The great majority of conservatives have decided to "win the colored people over to their side." They talk of making "aggressive inroads" into the Hispanic and black communities by explaining to them that conservatives are pro-family and hard-working, values which, the conservatives constantly tell us, are shared by the family-oriented Mexicans and blacks. I think the old Westerns and the old jungle movies had a more realistic view of the Mexicans and the blacks than the modern Republican conservatives. In the old movies, the Mexicans were slimy banditos who would kill, rape, and plunder white people for the sheer perverse pleasure of murder, rape, and plunder. Likewise the blacks, in the old politically incorrect jungle movies, captured the whites in order to torture, rape, and murder them. No amount of liberal or conservative gibberish about prejudice will change the fact that the old stereotypes are true and the new utopian theories of the noble black savage and the hard-working pro-family Mexican are false.

Closely allied to and often one and the same as the conservatives are the members of the Christian right. I would not call them Christian or rightist, but the liberal media who calls anyone to the right of themselves Christian right-wingers does call them that. The Roman Catholic Church and the mainstream Protestant churches have been in favor of white genocide through massive colored immigration and inter-racial marriage for quite some time. The "Christian right" has only jumped on board in recent years, becoming more militantly anti-white and pro-colored since Romney's defeat. What are we to make of such goings on amongst the Christian right? In this case the obvious answer is the correct answer. The Christian right is not Christian. Let's go through this carefully.

The European governments have all institutionalized the principles of the French Jacobins, which were (1) regicide, (2) democracy, and (3) atheism. We won't quibble over whether a nation killed their monarchs outright as in France or divested them of all power as in England, the end result was the same: the monarchy as a preserver of the Christian traditions of the nation was eliminated in every European country. And the democratic heresy, which states "all government, not being a democracy, is an usurpation," was institutionalized throughout the European countries. The end result of the new anti-traditional, pro-democracy governments was atheistic governments. Most followed the American model of a proclaimed neutrality toward Christianity while in reality maintaining a rigid anti-Christian bias. After the victory of the North in the Civil War, the American government became more and more openly anti-European and anti-Christian right up to the present day in which European Christians are a proscribed people. And every European nation has followed a path similar to the United States. Jacobinism, based on regicide, democracy, and atheism, is the ruling ideology of the European countries.

Part and parcel of liberal Jacobinism is negro worship, because "the people" must replace the Christian God. The white proletariat eventually had to give way to the negro, because even a white from the working class had a Christian taint upon him. How can you destroy the image of God in man if you don't destroy the Christ-bearing white race? You can't, which is why the more advanced Jacobins of the 20th century shifted their allegiance from working class whites to colored barbarians: "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..."

When you dissolve all ties to the past, as the European Jacobins have, you must build your society of the future completely by theory. This enables the liberal to attack all Christian Europeans with impunity because all who impede the future theoretical happiness of mankind must be eliminated. The Christian right-wingers and the conservatives are part of the liberal conglomerate that wants the blood of the antique Europeans as badly as the Giant in Jack and the Beanstalk wanted the blood of an Englishman. The Christian right-wingers and the conservatives are like the European liberals in Britain and on the continent who were quite willing to deal with the Jacobins once they deposed of Robespierre. Never mind that every single member of the new anti-Robespierre, Jacobin government had approved of the execution of the King, the Queen, and their children. The European liberals didn't mind dealing with the regicides so long as they espoused

democracy and refrained from the overt, bloody executions of Robespierre. Our modern conservatives and their “Christian” counterpart also stay within the Jacobin fold so long as their liberal cousins execute white people at a moderate rate and allow the Christian right-wingers to worship a theoretical Christ, who is subordinate to the negro gods of Liberaldom. It’s a great deal for the secular and religious conservatives. They can wave flags and attend church while betraying their nation, which is their race, and their God, who is Jesus Christ. In spirit and intent the modern liberals are in perfect accord with the French Jacobins. They are motivated by a maniacal hatred of Christ, and their hatred drives them to strike out against Christ’s people. Like the Jacobins who deposed Robespierre, they have learned that you can get the lukewarm Christians to hang themselves and kill their more steadfast countrymen by using the former channels of grace, such as the churches, as channels of satanic hate. This tactic is more effective than the wholesale destruction of Christian churches and Christian symbols.

What we always need to keep before us is the essential battle between good and evil. Life, at its deepest level, is a fairy tale. The liberals’ hearts are full of a malignant hatred for everything that stems from Christ. They will not permit any person connected to Christian Europe to become part of Liberaldom. The conservatives and the Christian right-wingers have grasped that truth. And because they want to survive they have become part of Liberaldom. But he that would save his life must be prepared to lose it for His sake. The pagan gods who demand sacrifice always end up consuming their devotees. The negro will demand more and more sacrifice from the white man until he has consumed the white man. Better to stand with Christ, the God who demands mercy rather than sacrifice, and set one’s life in His merciful hands.

What is missing in the fairy tale that we have ever before our eyes – if we have eyes to see – is the good. The evil kingdom of Liberaldom remains standing because no Europeans have attacked it. Fortress Liberaldom is not impregnable: we need only remove our materialist glasses and see life through the eyes of the spirit, which are located in the human heart. The liberals built Liberaldom on a theory of a future state of existence where there are no white Europeans and there is no Jesus Christ. The baseless fabric of their vision can be destroyed by Europeans who have not let go of their Christian past. Such men will have sacred ground to stand on, from which to launch an attack on Liberaldom that will result in the destruction of Liberaldom.

The story of the modern European is not a drama, because in a drama we need a protagonist and an antagonist. We have the liberals, the antagonists who are determined to destroy God by destroying His image in His people, but where is the hero, the protagonist, who will step forward and defend his people and his God? One hero will spawn others once the initial break with Spenglerian logic is made. Civilizations that are of the spirit are not subject to the same laws of biological determinism as the human body. Burke, anticipating the Spenglerian mindset, refuted him in his rallying cry to his country man, William Elliot:

I am not of opinion that the race of men, and the commonwealths they create, like the bodies of individuals, grow effete and languid and bloodless, and ossify by the necessities of their own conformation, and the fatal operation of longevity and time. These analogies between bodies natural and politick, though they may some times illustrate arguments, furnish no argument of themselves. They are but too often used under the colour of a specious philosophy, to find apologies for the despair of laziness, pusillanimity, and to excuse the want of all manly efforts, when the exigencies of our country call them the more loudly.

Bravo! Such words, written by such a man, stand in stark contrast to the words and spirit of defeat that we hear and feel everywhere in the anti-European world of Liberaldom. “The Europeans must diversify.” “The Europeans must repudiate their racist past.” “The Europeans must give way...” etc. etc. There will always be someone who will pick up Burke’s mantle, the mantle of Christian Europe, and cry havoc in the very bowels of the liberal leviathan. Let the cowardly conservatives and the new anti-Christian, anti-European Christian theorists ride their “specious philosophy” of despair to the liberal hell that they so covet, the European hero will stay true to his people and his blood, and in doing so, he will become the missing protagonist in the drama of the European people.

The modern world has institutionalized biological determinism, which is the complete antithesis of the antique European’s vision of existence. The outward pageantry of nature can overwhelm a man if he sees only nature in nature. If the natural world is the world, and not a symbol of the spiritual world behind nature, animated by the living God, then religion becomes psychiatry, love becomes sex, and honor, chivalry, courage and charity become outmoded relics of the unscientific period of the Europeans’ history. The ethos of Rousseau which leads to the worship of the noble black savage replaces the religion of Jesus Christ:

Your rulers were well aware of this; and in their system of changing your manners to accommodate them to their politics, they found nothing so convenient as Rousseau. Through him they teach men to love after the fashion of philosophers; that is, they teach to men, to Frenchmen, a love without gallantry; a love without any thing of that fine flower of youthfulness and gentility, which places it, if not among the virtues, among the ornaments of life. Instead of this passion, naturally allied to grace and manners, they infuse into their youth an unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculations, blended with the coarsest sensuality. Such is the general morality of the passions to be found in their famous philosopher, in his famous work of philosophic gallantry, the *Nouvelle Eloise*.

Carl Sandburg, the poet laureate of capitalism, wanted to be a rivet in a skyscraper. Such a desire is typical of the European without faith in the God of the European people. Such a man seeks oblivion in the forces of dumb nature. In Sandburg's case it was the skyscraper, in the case of his modern descendants it is the great colored horde that the liberals and their conservative cousins desire to be one with, so that their souls, which they despise because they are white, can be obliterated in the dark colored hordes of Babylon. Opposed to this liberalism, this monumental malignant hatred of the Christian European, is the protagonist of the European drama, the Christian hero. One Tell, one Alfred, has always been enough to defeat the multitudinous hordes of heathendom, just as He was more than enough to defeat Satan and all his legions. +

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### **Satanic Diversity – We Shall Not Bend Our Knees to Satan - May 11, 2013**

But if education takes in vice as any part of its system, there is no doubt but that it will operate with abundant energy, and to an extent indefinite. The magistrate, who in favour of freedom thinks himself obliged to suffer all sorts of publications, is under a stricter duty than any other... He ought, above all, to be cautious in recommending any writer who has carried marks of a deranged understanding; for where there is no sound reason, there can be no real virtue; and madness is ever vitious and malignant. – Edmund Burke

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I saw a lunatic Jewish woman on YouTube the other day. It was not a pleasant sight. The shrew was talking about an institute she had established in Sweden for “Jewish learning,” whose stated purpose was to tell the Swedish and the rest of the European people that they must become more diverse. Diversity, which means white genocide, is the goal of all liberals, but seeing the satanic forces of diversity personified in that malignant Jewess made me feel the fire and smell the sulfur of hell. If that woman had come off the screen and entered my home, I would have killed her, just as I would kill a rattlesnake or any other predator that entered my home. Of course the liberal Jewess is much worse than a rattlesnake, because her venom can kill the soul as well as the body. And I don't think Sweden or any other European country needs to be taught ‘diversity.’ They are already diversifying themselves into extinction.

It's not difficult to foresee the result of the institutionalization of diversity among the European people. If the shadows of diversity are not altered the European people will disappear from the face of the earth.

Burke said that if any part of a state's educational system took in vice that country was at the mercy of an ever ‘vitious’ and malignant power. Our modern European nations have made vice, in all its manifestations, the totality of their educational systems. It is virtually impossible for a young person living in any of the European nations to grow up without a thorough immersion in all the vices of liberalism, which include: the toleration of every sexual deviation known to man; racial diversity; and a sneering, cynical atheism. If you view the educational systems in the Western countries without wanting to have the liberals' blood for what they have wrought, you are either a liberal or a grazer, but you are most certainly not a European.

We often hear the ‘swing back’ theory from grazers who are slightly uneasy about some of the uglier manifestations of liberalism, such as gay marriage and legalized abortion. But how will things swing back, independent of any human endeavor, if our state educational system, of which the press and the church are adjuncts, teaches cradle to grave vice? Things won't “swing back” until the ruling elite that has institutionalized diversity and vice ceases to rule. Merely uttering Emersonian platitudes and invoking democracy will only help to solidify the liberals' power because liberalism thrives on democratic platitudes. A non-democratic, non-diverse force from outside of Liberaldom must be brought to bear on the forces of diversity and vice. Then, and only then, will we see the destruction of the liberals' satanic dystopia.

Christendom was built by Europeans who responded to God's grace. I always see the hand of God reaching out to the hand of man, as depicted by Michelangelo, when I think of the divine-human link between God and the European. The denial of that divine-human link by the liberals and the Christian theorists has been the cornerstone of Liberaldom, which was built by Europeans reaching out to Satan.

The Christian theorist is a subtle atheist. He doesn't deny the Christian God outright; instead he creates a theory about the Christian God that is antithetical to the Christian faith. Loving and treasuring his theory more than God the theorist attacks the bred-in-the-bone Christian. Thus the Roman Catholic and the Protestant theorist make light of the Christ-bearing people and see Christ only in the minds of people who adhere to their theory of God. The only type of Christian culture the theorist believes in is the time frame of European history in which his theory thrived.

The secular liberal attacks Christian Europe from a slightly different angle than the Christian theorist. The liberal does not say that Christian Europe did not exist. Quite the contrary: he believes that Christianity was bred-in-the-bone of the antique European: “But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet.” (1) And because the liberal believes Christianity was



bred-in-the-bone of the antique European, the liberal believes the European people should be exterminated for propagating a belief in a false messiah. With malignant hatred, the liberals demonize the white European while deifying his opposite, the sacred colored tribesman. The malignant liberal is a great danger to the Christian for the obvious reason that he wants to destroy the Christian people. But the Christian theorist is the greater danger because he attacks the Christian European under the guise of Christianity. We must strip off the Christian theorist's mask and see his true face. It is the face of a man who has rejected the living God in order to worship his own mind-forged image of a God that is subordinate to the Christian theorist's intellect. In the theoretical world, distinctions between religions and races become problematic, so they are eliminated. The Assisi Summit meetings in the Roman Catholic Church were celebrations of airy, theoretical nothingness, just as the Protestant Zionists' espousal of the unrepentant Jew is the result of an adherence to a theoretical Christianity which has no room for a God with a local habitation and name: He lived in the hearts of the European people and His name was Jesus Christ. The Jews are still looking for a Messiah, and so are the Christian theorists: both have rejected the Savior of the antique Europeans.

Much more impressive than the magnificent architecture, sculpture, and paintings of the antique Europeans — and those art works are impressive — is the moral beauty of a people who demonstrated, in the entirety of their history as a people, a deep, heartfelt faith in Christ. It's impossible, once a man comes to know old Europe from within, not to be conscious that Christian Europe was of God and modern diverse Europe is of Satan. The ancient Europeans, "loved so much that [they] could see His blood upon the rose." In contrast, the modern liberals hate Him so much that they want to diversify His people out of existence. Just as the antique Europeans touched the hand of God, the liberals — by making the negro their incarnate god, reach out and touch the hand of Satan.

If by some miracle of grace, you have come out of the liberal educational system and seen that other world, the world of Christian Europe, then you are one who is "born to set things right." When the liberals rally round their Jewish leaders, who tell us, "You must become diverse," you must go to the European Ninevites and tell them, in the name God, "You must not become diverse. You must cling to His Europe and His people against all the forces of hell." Will the Ninevites listen? It's not up to thee or me to count the cost. Our people are not irredeemable, but they must be shown a different Europe than the vice-infested, Christ-hating Europe of the liberals. Every day millions of children are placed on the road to hell when they begin their journey through the educational system of the liberals. It's as if we are standing by, watching an avalanche fall on a gathering of helpless children. "In so much as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me." One voice in the wilderness that cries, "Stop, this shall not go on," is just one voice, but one voice in the wilderness that cries, "Stop, in the name of Christ," is a voice that can stop avalanches of liberal filth.

It's not enough to just cry, "Jew" and think the work of defending Europe is done. What is the essence of Judaism? The Jews were set apart from other peoples so they could bring forth and bear witness to the living God. Instead they chose to remain heathens and attack the light of the world. The European took up the rejected cornerstone and championed Him against all the world. At the heart of the modern Europeans' capitulation to the forces of diversity is a sickening world weariness. The Europeans no longer want to be the Christ-bearers, a people apart from the colored, heathen world. They want to blend into oblivion with the forces of darkness. Only a faith in the non-diverse Christ can stop the European from blending into nothingness. Which brings us back to the Christian theorists. The greatest enemy of the Christian European is not the Jew, it is the Christian theorist, because the Christian theorist stops the European kinist from fighting in Christ's name. "If the church men equate Christianity and diversity, how can I, a mere lay man, profess to fight diversity in the name of Christ?" Keep it simple. A venomous snake is still a venomous snake no matter that it wraps itself around the altar. The church men have become Jews; they will command you to diversify your people and your faith until you are one with nothingness. That is the end result of diversity.

It is through the non-diverse familial and racial channels of grace that we come to know God. Diversity destroys those channels of grace. I recently read through Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* with some of my children. When we came to the section of the *Reflections* in which Burke tells of the Jacobins' abuse of the Queen, my youngest daughter wept.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! What a revolution! And what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! 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 honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to revenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever... The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment, and heroic enterprise, is gone!

Do you know what it means to a father who has poured his heart and soul into his children's education to see that the flesh of his flesh, the bone of his bone shares his own heartfelt love for Europe and Europe's God? It means everything. And such must have been our Lord's feeling when He poured out His love to His children, and they, the Europeans, responded to His love. We can't turn away from that love for the satanic world of diversity. "Europe must become diverse," was the command of the satanic Jewess. "We shall not become diverse," is the reply of the European who loves his God and his people. +

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(1) Ben Gunn doesn't say that he is hungry for food cooked in Europe. He doesn't have to, because he has said the same thing when he said his heart was sore for Christian diet. Europe and Christianity were one and the same.

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### **Not of Their World - May 4, 2013**

If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. —John 15: 18

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During the trial scene in Act Four of Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, Bassanio points out that Shylock has been offered thrice the amount of the original bond, yet he has refused it because he still wants his pound of flesh. In Bassanio's eyes Shylock's refusal of thrice the money constitutes malice, and he urges that the case should be thrown out. It's not that easy, but eventually Shylock does lose his case. And his malice aforethought is punished:

Tarry, Jew:  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,  
If it be proved against an alien  
That by direct or indirect attempts  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive  
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;  
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,  
That indirectly and directly too  
Thou hast contrived against the very life  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.  
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

Of course Shakespeare is no utopian. He knows that more often than not malice does bear down truth. But *The Merchant of Venice* is a comedy, not a tragedy, so we get to see God's will prevail. And really that is the whole point of *The Merchant of Venice*. It is God's will that the law should encompass justice, mercy, and faith. The law should not be used as an instrument of malice. Shylock, with malice in his heart, wants to use the letter of the law to violate the spirit of the law. He is thwarted, and justice, true justice, triumphs.

It is not a little thing that, however imperfectly realized, Portia's Christian exposition of the law was the ancient European peoples' vision of what the law should be. Even when the vision is honored more in the breach than in the observance it is something to have the proper vision.

What is the liberals' vision of the law? Their vision of the law is the Shylockian vision of the law. They have no faith in Christ, so they have no mercy. They seek justice. But justice without faith and mercy becomes malice. And that is what liberal justice consists of: malice and only malice. Shylock did not fear justice because he, like the liberals, saw himself as devoid of sin. If his trial was held today he would be awarded his pound of flesh.

The legal systems in all the European countries are Shylockian legal systems. They exist to extract their pound of flesh from the white Europeans. It is useless to try to obtain justice in the liberal courts because, like Shylock, the liberals have hardened their hearts. They hate the light:

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:

It's a great tragedy that the post-World War II conservatives did not see the shifting sands under their feet. They quoted old tomes from Europe's Christian era when the law was justice, mercy, and faith while ignoring the truth staring them in the face: the law had become a ravenous wolf out to devour the European people. The liberals' malice aforethought was obvious to all those who were not too blind to see. Every liberal lie was brought to light. Let's start with the lie of the poor, disenfranchised black man. The liberals claimed they sought only to help the downtrodden black, not to destroy the white. But in Africa when the whites were disenfranchised and black rule made life unbearable for blacks as well as whites, did the liberals say, "We were mistaken, we must re-establish white rule so that black and white can be better off?" Of course they didn't. They remained obdurate in their hatred of the white. "Better that all black men should live in squalor and misery so long as we can destroy the white man." In no country is the malice of the Shylockian liberals more manifest than in South Africa. Do you remember when the liberals claimed to be opposed to apartheid? Well, there still is apartheid in South Africa. The whites have been herded into all-white ghettos without running water, proper shelter, or food. (1) "Serves them right," the European conservatives say. "It couldn't happen to us, we've been good to our black brothers." It will happen to you, Mr. Conservative, just as soon as the black barbarians no longer need white votes to elect an all-black government. But mere self-interest, "it could happen to me," should not be the primary reason that the white European should be concerned about the white South African. He should be concerned, passionately concerned, because the white South African is of the same blood as the white European. Fluellen tells Henry V that, "all the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that." So it is with the European. Wherever he goes he takes his nation with him, it is in his blood.

Once the racial lie, which proclaims white men to be evil and racist, has been established as dogma, all other liberal lies can be institutionalized as well. Sexual permissiveness is advanced as a therapeutic improvement on "Victorian repression," and savage matriarchies are presented as "enlightened governments which respect women's rights." The lies are unchallenged because the Christian European males who were born to oppose such lies have been discredited by virtue of their 'racism': "It's not surprising that the white male is sexist because he is also a racist. We must eradicate the white male." So say the feminists who were spawned by the "Civil Rights" movement, which was in reality a movement to establish the negro as the supreme deity in the Kingdom of Babylon.

Malice has borne down truth because the white European conservatives are not conservatives. Their vision is a heuristic one. They see, in their mind's eye, a democratic, egalitarian world of all races and all sexes, united in the common pursuit of riches dispensed by the most intelligent of the bureaucrats, which they believe themselves to be. The conservatives do not see the satanic malice of the liberals because they have lost their vision. They no longer see life feelingly. The bureaucratic mind can only organize the things of this world, it cannot see past the things of this world to His sacred fairy tale world of Arden, of Narnia, of *The Wind in the Willows*. Once the vision of Christ's Europe is lost the liberals have won because conservatives in church and state will only make mild policy protests, they will not oppose the satanic liberal malice which permeates the modern liberal states of Europe.

Currently the ongoing debate between conservatives and liberals is over who can best manage the affairs of Liberaldom. The absolute necessity of Liberaldom's destruction is never mentioned by the conservatives and certainly not by the liberals. The liberals are the demonically possessed swine heading for the abyss. The conservatives are Shropshire sheep grazing in a nearby pasture. As the swine rush by, the conservative sheep go over the abyss with the swine, because they don't want to appear prejudiced against swine by refusing to join them in their mad rush to destruction. What a wonderful bunch of go-along type of guys those Shropshire sheep are! But why should the conservative grazers capitulate to evil? They cave in because they have no sustaining vision of their place in God's grand scheme of things. They see themselves as Satan wants them to see themselves: as a subordinate race of people who can only live their lives second-hand through the good offices of the negro. If they can come up with a better way to serve the negro than the liberals, then they can sit in the seats of the liberals and play Atticus Finch. Of course the liberal will never relinquish his seat to the conservative, but that is the pathetic hope of the conservative. If we have hope in that type of 'conservatism' only are we not of all men most to be pitied?

Shylock's hatred of the light was not just a Jewish thing even in Shakespeare's time. There were a few liberal gentiles in old Europe. But now the few have become the dominant many, and Shylock's hatred of all European Christians has become institutionalized in church and state. If we look at the history of some of the liberal hate organizations, we can see the great Judaizing movement unfold. For instance, at its inception the American Civil Liberties Union was approximately

90% Jewish. In recent years the organization has built up a majority membership of Catholics and Protestants. This synthesis was inevitable. The Jews are an organized body opposed to the light of the world and the Christian churches have become organized bodies opposed to the light of the world. And if you tell me that the churches have not become hostile to the light of the world, that they have simply removed the European cultural accoutrements from the churches, I will tell you that the Europeans' vision of Christ was not an 'accoutrement', it was the faith. Syncretistic negro worship is not Christianity, it is a religion of malice, without faith, hope, or charity. Walk into any Christian church, and you will feel an overwhelming sense of malice. Malice directed at me and thee, the white Europeans.

There is an old Greek legend – I first read it in a Thomas Mann novel – that describes the timid and cowering European's stance vis-à-vis the world and the liberals. A Greek servant is in the market place buying food for his master's dinner when he sees Death. Death makes what appears to the servant to be a threatening glance at him. The servant then runs back to his master's house and starts packing his belongings in preparation for a trip.

"Where are you going?" his master asks.

"I'm going to Crete."

"Why, what has happened?"

"I saw Death in the market place and he gave me a threatening glance. So I must go to Crete without delay. Good-by."

The master then runs to the market place looking for Death. When he finds him, he confronts him. "Why did you make a threatening glance at my servant?"

"That was not a threatening glance, it was a look of surprise. You see, I didn't expect to see him here in Athens, because I have an appointment with him in Crete."

The postwar conservatives who were afraid to defend their race lest they be linked to Hitler, the Southern segregationists who caved in to integration lest they be branded racists, and the white South Africans who ended blessed apartheid in an endeavor to avoid the hatred of the liberal world, all caved in to heathen liberalism to avoid the hatred of the liberals. But they are still hated! No European can avoid his destiny. He is the Christ-bearer. If he refuses to champion the Christ he will be hated for his ancestors' sake, who did bear the Christ child across the river. But why not embrace our destiny? Why court the friendship of the wicked? If we look past Liberalism to Christian Europe, we will not be left without comfort. We will have a sustaining vision: "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." The heathen will rage against us and the Shylockian liberals will hate us. Is that such a fearsome thing? It is nothing compared to the loving approbation of our honored dead and the risen Lord. +

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(1) All of my adult life — and for most of my childhood for that matter — I have heard sermons preached about the poor, starving black Africans, and I've seen thousands of widescreen, horrific images of the poor starving black Africans. No one ever says that the black Africans are poor and starving because black Africans have no concept of charity. Instead the plight of the black Africans is always blamed on the white man, despite the fact that the blacks in white-controlled sections of Africa were not poor and starving, because the white man does have charity.

Now the formerly white sections of Africa are controlled by the black man and the South African white people are poor and starving. Why don't I hear sermons preached about the poor and starving whites of South Africa? And why don't I see poor and starving white children on my television screen with heart-rending appeals for mercy. "Just five dollars a month can feed a hungry white child." Yes, I am being disingenuous. I know why I don't hear sermons on the plight of poor starving whites in South Africa, and I know why I don't see pictures of and appeals for aid to the poor and starving whites of South Africa. I do not hear and see such appeals for white people because the liberals, Jew and gentile, hate the white European with all their heart, mind, and soul. We can only deal with such inhuman wretches at sword point: nothing else will avail.

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## **Our Race is Our Home - April 27, 2013**

The true lawgiver ought to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his own kind, and to fear himself. —Edmund Burke

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While viewing the "Boston Strong" celebrations after the capture of the second Moslem terrorist, I thought of Johann Wolfgang Goethe. This might seem like an odd juxtaposition, but it was not a forced association: the link between Goethe

and the white grazers of Boston seemed quite natural to me. Goethe was a great genius and a son of Christian Europe. In his masterpiece Faust he reveals a great understanding of the nature of evil and of the divine mercy of God. But in his work as a whole Goethe shows us a man divided into three parts. He is part Christian, part pagan, and partly the man of the future, uttering hopelessly banal trivialities about the profundity of the Hypsistarians (a religious sect that venerated what was the “most perfect that came to their knowledge”). The Christian poet Scott praised the Christian insights in Goethe’s Faust, and the militant atheist Shaw praised Goethe for stepping outside of Christianity and looking forward to a new cosmic, non-Christian religion. Neither Scott nor Shaw was incorrect. Goethe was a confused and divided man without a spiritual core.

The modern European grazers, represented by the white grazers of Boston, are like the confused and disordered Goethe. Their hearts are Christian enough to weep for the victims of the Boston massacre, but they are not Christian enough to give up their liberal sponsored sporting events long enough to challenge the liberal oligarchy that permits the massacre of their own people, in the name of diversity. And make no mistake about it – this most recent “terrible tragedy” was a manmade tragedy. It was not an unpreventable tragedy like a flood or a hurricane. This tragedy was ideologically driven.

Let me go back a number of years to my college days. I was asked to be the student representative at a religious department sponsored, intercollegiate, intercommunity roundtable discussion of Islam and the West. Besides myself, the panel consisted of several ministers turned professors and several ex-priests, also turned professors. There was one secularized Jewish rabbi on the panel and one Moslem professor. Only the Moslem professed to believe in the tenets of his faith. The “Christians” and the rabbi no longer believed in their faiths.

When the panel discussion got round to the question: “Should Moslems be permitted to live and work in the non-Moslem countries of Europe and the United States?”, all the former clergymen and the rabbi said, “Of course, they should be allowed to live and work in the European nations.” I disagreed, stating that it would be more humane to our own people and to the Moslems themselves (there was some kind of Gulf War going on at the time) if we kept all Moslems out of the Western countries and then ceased bombing them in their countries. Surprisingly enough, or maybe not so surprising, the Westerners were horrified at my suggestion while the Moslem agreed with me. It was pointed out to him that if my suggestion was to become a policy of the Western countries, he, as a visiting professor of Islamic studies, would not be permitted in the United States. His response was quite revealing: “You are fools to let me in your country, because I want to destroy you!” No doubt the sponsors of the religious roundtable were quite disappointed. They couldn’t get all smarmy over such an unecumenical outcome from what was intended as a celebration of humane diversity.

The Moslem and I did not shake hands and become friends after the conference. I knew he hated Christians, and he knew I hated Moslems. But we had achieved the clarity that can only come when two people actually have beliefs. If you believe in nothing, as the former clergymen did, you can come together in a hazy ecumenical unity of nothingness. I would prefer to believe in something besides polite ecumenical nothingness, but then I’m full of the prejudices of a by-gone era, brought on, no doubt by an excessive exposure to old books written by white European males.

I haven’t forgotten the point. We were talking about the Boston Massacre and the white people who see nothing wrong with a government which bombs innocent Moslems over there, but then thinks it is somehow necessary and beneficial to let Moslems live, work, study, and worship over here. What evil lurks in the hearts of a governing body of people that think their own people, such as that eight-year-old boy blown to bits at the finish line of the Boston Marathon, should be sacrificed to preserve their satanic ideology of diversity? The shadow knows and so do we. It is better that one man should die so that we, the pagan Jews, can live, was Caiaphas’s belief. The liberals think it is better that Moslems, blacks, Mexicans, Asians, and every other anti-European religion and race should have free reign to murder, rape, and terrorize whites so that they won’t have to give up their faith in a multi-racial world, minus the white man, which is consecrated to Satan, through his conduit, the noble black savage.

The white grazers will claim that their government officials love them dearly because they killed one Moslem terrorist and wounded another. That’s all well and good — I wish they had killed both of them — but the grazers must be told that the government responded to the Boston massacre because the bombers terrorized people at a state-sponsored celebration of diversity. Attacks upon the liberal state will be punished. But the on-going rapes and murders of white women by Pakistani and Afghan Moslems in this nation and throughout the European nations will be ignored. No one in the liberal oligarchies will seek to punish those Moslem murderers and rapists. Nor will the liberal rulers seek to put an end to the ongoing black reign of terror throughout the major cities of the United States and many of the European cities. Quite the contrary, they will continue to aid and abet the black race in their war efforts by continually attacking white people in print, in pulpit, and on television.

There is more than just a small remnant of grace left in my people, the white grazers. But all their noble sentiments, exemplified by the “Boston Strong” hockey fans, have been turned against them. They’ll cry for the victims of a bombing at a liberal-sponsored sporting event and sing inoffensive generic songs without realizing that they are a captive people

without a country. A nation consists of a people with one common faith and one common race. The land mass where they settle is incidental to their nationhood. A white Christian New Zealander, no matter if he never lives one day in Britain, is British, while a naturalized British citizen of Jamaican descent is an African no matter that he is called a British citizen. Race and faith make a nation, so it always has been and so it always shall be.

There are no European nations in existence anywhere in the world today for the obvious reason that there are no incorporate unions of European people committed to a nation of one faith and one race: the Christian faith and the white race. “Nationalist” sentiment demonstrated by the ecumenical, “please don’t call me racist, anti-semitic, or a Moslem-hater” English Defence League in response to the black hooligans of London, or by generic, interracial, non-denominational “Boston Strong” demonstrations, is not the type of nationalism that will help the European people. It will only help to fuel liberalism and bury the European people.

The European people are currently being pulled in every direction just as Goethe was. What could have made Goethe an integral man could also make the European people a people again. Goethe needed to believe that God entered human history in the person of Jesus Christ. Such a belief keeps a man anchored to reality, a reality that can only be comprehended through humanity. If God is in us and we are of Him, we can only know Him to the extent that we honor our ties to our kith and kin. We cannot go cosmic or ecumenical and still maintain our faith in the living God. Christ is not the God of religions or the cosmos: He is the God of human hearts who have been warmed at their own, not strangers’, hearth fires. Burke said that a cold relation made a bad citizen. And extending that thought we can say that a poor relation cannot comprehend Christianity, because the God who saved mankind from death because of His divine charity can only be known through charity, a charity that begins at home and perishes without a home. Our race is our home: it is Ratty’s river where all good things dwell –

“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.”

When the European people once again feel connected to Christian Europe as Ratty felt connected to his river, they will not permit Moslems, Jews, or colored barbarians to set foot on their sacred homelands. Provincialism is not racist, it is Christian.

It doesn’t hurt the colored barbarians and the heathens when they mix with the white Europeans, because they can’t become any worse than they are: they are barbarians and heathens. But when the white European mixes with the colored barbarians and the heathens he becomes the most odious human on the face of the earth. He becomes a traitor to the light and a man without a country. Such a soul-dead individual must become a second-hand colored barbarian and second-hand heathen in order to convince himself that still he lives. This type of individual is called a liberal and there are far too many of them in the formerly European lands. The great battle that is being waged right now is for the souls of the white grazers who are neither fish nor fowl: they still have hearts, so they cannot be called doctrinaire liberals, but they have lost contact with their racial home, so they cannot be called Europeans.

The first Europeans embraced Christianity because they felt that in Christ they had found their true King and kinsman. They didn’t bend their knees to power and might, hoping, like the colored tribesmen, to appease an angry God who demanded sacrifice. They bent their knees to Christ’s divine humanity. They saw Christ as the true hero, a loyal kinsman, and the living God. They saw and believed because Christ’s humanity spoke to their humanity. The colored tribes never adopted Christianity because they never were stirred by Christ’s divine humanity.

The liberals have set up a government that demands that the white man mix with and worship the coloreds because they hope that faith in Christ, as the one true God, will be turned into a lukewarm admiration for a great civil rights worker whose mission on earth was to facilitate the worship of the negro gods. It seems that liberals are going to reign in triumph for many years, but that is what Satan wants the Christian European to think because he wants the European to despair and die.

It shall never happen. We’ve been in the belly of the whale, we few, we Europeans, and now it’s time to speak, from the heart, to the people of Nineveh, our own people, and they shall respond, because they have sacred memories of a provincial European hearth fire, presided over by Christ, the one true God. Satan tells the confused and troubled European Ninevites, through his liberal proxies, that Christian Europe was all a dream, an illusion. It is the task of the European who still sees Christian Europe to tell the grazing Ninevites that Christian Europe was not a dream. It was real just as He was — and is — real.

The old European nationalist battle hymns still resonate with us today because they take us back to a day when Europeans believed that so long as they stood firm for their people and their God they would never ultimately be defeated. Let it never be said of the European remnant, “Ye for the battle were not ready, Stand and never yield.” +

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## The People of Mercy - April 20, 2013

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 Gentle Bard

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But he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God.

-Romans 2: 29

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The Jackie Robinson ceremonies in this country were just another chance for liberals to express their love and faith in the negro gods while they hurled anathemas at all racist Europeans past and present. This liberal hatred of the white race is so great that we must conclude that it is fueled by the same satanic being who fueled Shylock's hatred of Antonio. "I hate him for he is a Christian." The liberal gentile is one with the Jew in his hatred of Christ and his people. One is struck, when reading about the infamous atrocities of the Jacobins, how much they resemble, in their maniacal hatred of all things Christian, the obdurate Jews who also have hardened their hearts against the light. In fact the ranks of the liberals have so expanded since Shakespeare wrote *The Merchant of Venice* that even were every Jew to disappear, the liberal gentiles would still outnumber the Christian Europeans. And now, when the liberals demand their pound of white Christian flesh, they get it, by the ton.

We need go no further than the Grand Inquisitor scene in Dostoevsky's novel *The Brothers' Karamazov* to see how Christians become spiritual Jews. The Grand Inquisitor has set up a system of rules and regulations that he says come from God. But in reality they are man-made rules based on the assumption that mankind will be happier if they have no contact with the living God. God is truth, and the truth is painful, because a man, if he is to worship God in spirit and in truth, must see past the external rites of sacrifice and practice the internal rites of mercy. There must be, as St. Paul tells us, a circumcision of the heart, before we can know and love God. The Christian churchmen and their adherents have become Jews because they have used their enlightened minds to set up an external system of salvation that does not require an internal circumcision of the heart. This is why the modern churchmen are so maniacally opposed to any manifestation of the bred-in-the-bone Christianity of the ancient Europeans. Such a faith, stemming from the European's love of his God in and through his people, would destroy the external façade of the liberal churchmen's Christian Judaism. There are none so blind as those who will not see, and it is a deliberate hardening of the heart that causes moral blindness. It is in vain that we refer the Christian Jews to the scriptural passages in which God promised salvation to the Jews if they repented. The Christian Jews are still determined to support the unrepentant Israelites. It is also in vain that one calls attention to the atrocities committed by the Israelites. Still they must be supported. For what reason? For the same reason Caiaphas wanted Christ to be crucified. Contact with the living God is too painful: better to cling to manmade external rites and let truth be crucified on a cross between two thieves.

The desire to keep the living God at bay is behind the Christian Zionists' refusal to look past the outward Judaic forms of Christianity to the Christian God within, who has a local habitation and a name. In the Christian Zionists' eyes the outward forms of religion are religion itself. Thus an Israelite who has the external appearance of a Jew is the chosen of God no matter what he believes about Jesus Christ. And a white European is just a man with white skin; his outer whiteness is not the sign and symbol of a white soul, a soul that is called upon to champion the living God. I once watched a production of Oscar Wilde's story called "The Selfish Giant" with a cousin who was and is a Christian Zionist. The story is a beautiful one that brings us close to our Lord through a sympathetic connection to His sacred humanity. It brought tears to my eyes, but it only made my cousin laugh in scorn and derision. I was deeply troubled by my cousin's reaction to the "Selfish Giant" story. Was it just a question of taste? I don't think so. I think it was a case of two different faiths colliding. I see, in the antique Europeans, the true Hebrews, the people who believed that Christ was the Son of God, just as the Hebrew prophets foretold. I do not believe that the external Jews, living in a democratic egalitarian oligarchy, committed

to international terrorism, are the people of God. In fact, I think it is blasphemous to assume our Lord was not serious when He said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

The Christian Zionists are like the Pharisees: they profess to believe in God, but their God is a cruel God, a figment of their own distorted vision of a God who can be embodied in a materialistic culture where the people are manically hostile to Jesus Christ. The Christian Zionists are not as numerous as their liberal brethren, who are religious atheists like the Sadducees, but they make up the bulk of the Christian churches, which gives Satan a firm foothold in the institutions which used to house the followers of Christ.

If we look at the various anti-Christian tributaries – Judaism, Islam, Hinduism, liberalism, Christian Zionism – we can see that they all flow into one river, the river of biological determinism. If the outward, material substance of a man is the man himself, and not the sign and symbol of a spiritual substance within the man, then our destiny is the biological dung heap where there is no Jew, no Christian, no black or white: there is just rot. With all the blending in the satanic era of the Europeans' history — Christianity with Judaism, Christianity with Paganism, Christianity with Mohammedism, black with white, etc. – we have lost sight of just how profoundly different and distinct the culture of the antique Europeans was. They and they alone said, through their culture, that man's destiny was not the biological dung heap. He was born to a higher destiny. Created by a loving God, man was destined to live for all eternity, in spirit and in truth, with that loving God:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. John 14: 1-3

The antique Europeans were pilgrims of the spirit. They went into the deep woods, where the colored barbarians refused to go, and saw the face of the living God. Once having seen the true God, they replaced the graven images of the gods of nature with the sign of the cross. But now that the Europeans have torn down the sign of the cross and returned the graven images, under slightly different guises, to their old places of prominence, we can begin to see what hell will be like. It's a world devoid of God's grace, the grace that permeated the world of the hated Europeans of the Christian era.

The devil, as Walter Scott observed, is a strict formalist: he adheres to the outward forms of all things on earth because he hates the living God who animates all things on earth from within. If Satan can keep men away from the depths within, he can keep them away from God. This is why the negro and the other colored tribesmen are worshipped and exalted in our modern society. So long as men stay on the superficial outer layer of life, where the colored pagans live, they will never come in contact with the God that dwells in the depths of the human heart.

When the Europeans were strong in their faith they tried to take Christ to the colored heathens. Now that they are weak in their faith, the colored heathens have replaced Christ in the hearts and minds of the European people. And it's so much more natural now that the white man has abandoned Christ, the liberals tell us. But can white men ever be satisfied with unadulterated paganism? They are trying very hard to convince themselves that they can, but the suicide rate among young whites and the drug-crazed pornographic frenzy of the white adults indicate that they must either return to the faith of their fathers or perish. No doubt the liberals, like the swine in the Gospel, will go over the cliff, but that is no reason the rest of the white race has to go with them. The liberals seem strong now, but they have no spiritual foundation: their faith in the negro is not a sustaining faith. When they fall because of spiritual atrophy, it is the white Europeans who have not worshipped at the altars of the negro gods or turned their backs on the living God in order to become as one with the unrepentant Jews, who will lead the European people out of bondage.

The modern European's bondage, like that of the ancient Hebrews, is a self-willed bondage. He has returned to the cruel gods of nature. The Hebrews worshipped Baal and the modern Europeans worship the negro, but it amounts to the same thing. If a man rejects the living God he will be condemned to live and die with a false nature god. And to protect his nature god he must strike out at his god's rival. The liberals will never compromise with the Christian Europeans because their gods are at enmity with each other. The only reason the Christian churches are tolerated by the liberal is because they have blended their Christian faith with negro worship and Judaism. The negro takes precedence with the secular liberals and the liberal churchmen while the Jew takes precedence with the "religious" conservatives, but so long as you hate the Christian European you can be part of Liberalism. The liberal and his Jewish brethren are fond of hurling charges of "hate-mongering" and "racism" at the Christian European. But the defense of one's people and one's God is not hate-mongering or racism. Neither the liberal, the Christian Zionist, or the Jew has to reject God's grace. They choose to do so. We are not obligated to stand by while they defile our God by attempting to destroy the people who consecrated their lives to Him. In fact, quite the contrary is the case. We are obliged to defend our people and our faith, loving and hating with all our hearts. +



## Nearer to Thee - April 13, 2013

“We are the friend of popular government, but only so long as conservatism is the interest of the governing class.” – George Fitzhugh

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**H. C. McNeile**, the author of the Bulldog Drummond adventure novels which were published in the 1920s and early 1930s, always made fun of his own intellectual prowess and of his hero's. But McNeile's Drummond had wise blood. He was always battling a seemingly divergent coalition of rich financiers and radical leftists. Each group had slightly different reasons for wanting to destroy Britain, but they were united in their desire to destroy old Britain.

McNeile was on to something. The financier does not want the restrictions that come with a traditional Christian society: he wants the “freedom” to pursue unlimited wealth, while the left-wing destroyers want freedom from anything that inhibits their pursuit of Babylon.

Writers, especially when they act in a body, and with one direction, have great influence on the public mind; the alliance, therefore, of these writers with the monied interest had no small effect in removing the popular odium and envy which attended that species of wealth. These writers, like the propagators of all novelties, pretended to a great zeal for the poor, and the lower orders, whilst in their satires they rendered hateful, by every exaggeration, the faults of courts, of nobility, and of priesthood. They became a sort of demagogues. They served as a link to unite, in favour of one object, obnoxious wealth to restless and desperate poverty. – Burke

Against the evil coalition of capitalists and radicals was Bulldog Drummond. He came from that “happy breed” of men who believed in God, Crown, and race. He and his followers proved more than a match for the destroyers. And lest we doubt for one moment that McNeile's Drummond was anchored in reality, we have only to refer to Jay Henry Mowbray's account of the *Sinking of the Titanic*. What a breed of men! We shall never see their like again.

When the last boatload of priceless human life swung away from the davits of the Titanic, it left behind on the decks of the doomed ship hundreds of men who knew that the vessel's mortal wound spelt Death for them also. But no cravens these men who went to their nameless graves, nor scourged as the galley slave to his dungeon.

Called suddenly from the ordinary pleasure of ship life and fancied security, they were in the moment confronted with the direct peril of the sea, and the absolute certainty that, while some could go to safety, many must remain.

It was the supreme test, for if a man lose his life he loses all. But, had the grim alternative thought to mock the cowardice of the breed, it was doomed to disappointment.

Silently these men stood aside. “Women first,” the inexorable law of the sea, which one disobeys only to court everlasting ignominy, undoubtedly had no place in their minds. “Women first,” the common law of humanity, born of chivalry and the nobler spirit of self-sacrifice, prevailed.

They simply stood aside.

The first blush of poignant grief will pass from those who survive and were bereft. But always will they sense in its fullest meaning this greatest of all sacrifice. Ever must it remain as a reassuring knowledge of the love, and faithfulness, and courage, of the Man, and of his care for the weak.

“Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend.” – *Sinking of the Titanic*

When faced with the supernatural courage and charity that can only come from a kith-and-kin, bred-in-the-bone Christianity, exhibited by the men and women on the Titanic, we can do one of two things. We can acknowledge that we are as nothing compared to those heroes of faith and ask God to give us the grace to follow, however falteringly, in their train, or we can sneer at that happy breed of Christians and worship the graceless gods of color represented by the Orientals on the Titanic who rushed to get on the lifeboats with the women and children.

I was just preparing for sleep when the crash came, and throwing on some clothes, I rushed on deck with my husband. In a short time we were told that the women would be sent in the boats. I did not want to leave my husband, but he laughed and told me that the boating was only temporary. There was very little confusion when we put off and the men in the first and second cabins were absolutely calm. Mr. Stengel kissed me and told me not to worry, that he would come in a later boat, unless it was decided to bring us back on the ship.

For some reason no attention was paid to the men who were put in our boat. One of them was an undersized Chinaman and the other was an Oriental of some kind. When the lifeboat struck the water they crawled up in the bottom and began to moan and cry. They refused to take their places at the oars and first class women passengers had to man many of the rowlocks. Still none of us thought that the great Titanic would sink. We rowed two hundred yards away, as they had told us, watching the great ship. Then the lights began to go out and then came a terrible crash like dynamite.

I heard a woman in the bow scream and then came three more terrific explosions. The boat gave a sudden lurch and then we saw the men jumping from the decks. Some of us prayed and I heard women curse, but the most terrible thing was the conduct of the Chinaman and the Oriental. They threw themselves about the boat in absolute fits and almost upset the boat. They were a menace during the whole night and in the morning when the light began to come in the east and when the women were exhausted from trying to man the oars, the two of them found some cigarettes and lay in the bottom of the boat and smoked while we tried to work the oars.

The fact that the liberals have chosen to build an anti-civilization on the ethos of the latter group of individuals sickens me beyond words.

McNeile's Drummond was a heroic English, European type who has now faded from the world's stage. He was a conservative defender of the status quo, as all good men and true should be when their government is conservative. But when the radical leftists and the liberal capitalists coalesce, take control of the government, and use colored barbarians to destroy the religious and racial core of your nation, a conservative must cease to conserve: he must be a counter-revolutionary determined to destroy the existing government.

There are no conservative governments, governments that are committed to an all-white Christian nation, anywhere in the European world, which is fast becoming the non-European world. In fact quite the contrary is the case. Every single European government is now committed to the extermination of the white race and the destruction of the Christian faith. Words such as democracy and equality are used to cloak what should be obvious: the white race is being destroyed by the liberals and the colored tribes. The liberals' so-called democracy has nothing to do with the democracy of the antique Europeans. The democratic element was only present in the British system, for instance, as part of a threefold power structure that included the monarch, the nobility, and a select number of white males. Democracy, when used correctly, does not entail equality, because all men are inherently unequal. No self-respecting European would ever consider giving voting privileges to the colored stranger any more than he would give voting privileges to the criminal or the lunatic. Such a flagrant sacrilege would lead to the destruction of the European people. But of course such a sacrilege has been institutionalized throughout the European nations, and it has led to the destruction of the European people.

The effects are not seen immediately, but the moment a European nation becomes an egalitarian democratic nation it ceases to be a white Christian nation and becomes a revolutionary Jacobin nation that must be destroyed. One looks in vain for any post-World War II conservatives who ever raised their voices, let alone their clenched fists, in defense of the European people as a separate, distinct people whose survival was all in all. Burke wanted to go to war with a foreign nation that had instituted egalitarian democracy. What would he have done had it polluted his own nation? What would any European who was still a European have done? They wouldn't have bowed down to the gods of color: they would have fought for God and country.

It is now considered racist, immoral, and unChristian for a white man to love his own people and fight for their survival as a people. Yet it is not considered racist, immoral, and unChristian if the colored races want to love their own people and fight for their survival. It is only the white race that is supposed to commit suicide in order to appease the colored gods whom they have offended terribly. How have they offended them? They tried to take them out of their Babylonian night into the light of Europe's day. Is that such a terrible thing? Now that French San Domingo is no more, has the great black voodoo republic of Haiti served as a beacon light of civilization? Now that white South Africa, that white pearl surrounded by ugly black soot, is no more, have the blood-soaked negro barbarians, who serve satanic Mandela, ushered in – as we were told they would once the whites ceased to govern them – a new Eden? None of this matters to the liberal, because he is not the least bit interested in truth. The worship of the black gods massages his ego and the hatred of the white man allows him to strike back at God for not running the universe according to liberal principles.

Once the European accepts the principles of democratic egalitarianism, which entails racial integration and the elimination of national boundaries, the European has accepted the liquidation of the white race. Numbers are insignificant when a few determined Europeans face the colored barbarians in battle: the spirited few will always prevail because they have that within which the colored barbarians do not have. But in the democratic egalitarian arena of the voting booth where the spiritual values count for nothing and sheer numbers count for everything the white race will be voted out of existence. White "conservatives" who accept the colored influx, legal and illegal, into their nations, hoping to "win them over" to the conservative side, are not conservatives, they are liberals. If we simply differ about the rate at which the white race should be liquidated are our differences that great?

So long as there are no counter-revolutionary white leaders, men who want to bury democratic egalitarianism and restore non-egalitarian, white Europe, the white race, the only race that ever created a genuine spiritually based civilization, will disappear from the face of the earth. But we shall not disappear from the earth if we break our democratic egalitarian shackles and become Europeans once again. The refreshing thing about Bulldog Drummond is that he has no regard for democracy or the laws that stem from democracy. He cares about the survival of that happy breed of men, his people. And

that is what we should care about as well. These days, conservatives talk about the survival of democracy and the survival of capitalism while ignoring that which is essential, the survival of the white race.

If we go down into the boiler room of the devil's flag ship, the luxury cruise ship called Liberal Lily, we can see that Satan has won the liberals over to his cause and confused and divided the white grazers by blending science and democratic egalitarianism. When the laws of the physical universe are applied to man, when he is regarded as mere biological specimen with no animating spirit within, he becomes subject to the laws of nature, and in nature we are all equal, subject to the same laws of birth, maturity, decay and death.

We need only look at the work of the degenerate anthropologist Franz Boas (is there any other kind of anthropologist?) to see how the scientific gambit is used to push democratic egalitarianism, which translates to racial diversity, which translates to the reign of the colored barbarians. Boas, who was the mentor of the sexual integrationist Margaret Mead, thought that the entire human race should blend with the black race so that all races would be equal. To further this end he became the foremost advocate of forced busing in America. This democratic solution to the race problem was pushed forward under the guise of science. Just as we progress in our accumulated knowledge of nature we advance morally, and the moral complement of a scientifically advanced people is democratic egalitarianism. Such is the liberal mantra, which is subject to the usual egalitarian caveat, "All are equal but some are more equal than others." In the liberals' pantheon the more-than-equal are the colored, who are closer to nature, which science tells us is the be-all and end-all of existence.

So long as the white people remain shackled to the scientific-democratic egalitarian heresy, they will be wanderers in the desert of modernity estranged from their past and their God. It is not just a matter of repudiating Darwinian evolution. Many who reject Darwin still accept democratic egalitarian evolution – democratic egalitarian race-mixing is seen as a moral evolution by the religious right. A man must repudiate the whole liberal ideology before he can become like unto and part of that happy breed of men who worship the living God in spirit and in truth.

The Drummond stories and *The Wind and the Willows* type stories represent a last look back at the "racist" Europeans, the last great breed of men. They were conservative in the true sense of the word. What they wanted to conserve was their people, and through their people, their faith in Christ, the one true God. My personal belief, which I have no scientific evidence to support, is that the European people will slowly emerge from their dark night of science and democracy and become Europeans again. God will not forsake His people. That same charity of honor that inspired those men on the Titanic to give up their lives for their kith and kin, will once again inspire seemingly ordinary Europeans to take arms against and defeat the numerically superior coalition of liberals and colored barbarians. Out of the depths we will cry to Him and He will answer our prayer. Even in their fallen state, in their modernity-induced stupor, I can see remnants of grace in the European grazers. Our people are not irredeemable. They are the Christ-bearers. If we light enough counter-revolutionary fires, our people will see the light and call on Him by name. +

So, by my woes I'll be  
Nearer, My God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

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## Why Do the Heathen Rage - April 6, 2013

Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. – Psalm 2: 3

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It is not remarkable that black savages went on a rampage in the Miracle Mile district of downtown Chicago on Easter eve. Nor was it remarkable that the usual assortment of college professors and members of the press excused the rampage, while spewing their venom on any white man who dared criticize the black savages. Neither event, the rampage and the liberals' defense of the rampage, was remarkable because bloody mayhem is the normal activity of blacks, just as the defense of bloody mayhem by blacks is the normal everyday activity of liberals. What would have been remarkable, astonishingly so, would have been a white counterattack against the black savages. If whites had demanded that the black savages who participated in the rampage be jailed and all other black savages sent back to Africa, then we would truly have seen and heard something remarkable.

Of course such a sane, Christian response to black crime will not be forthcoming because white people have contracted a brain fever which has spread to their blood. They no longer believe in the Gospel of Christ, they believe in the gospel of the negro. Instinctively after years of brainwashing the white man always assumes that whatever the black man does is good – or at least an excusable evil brought on by whites – and whatever the white man does is evil. White people always denigrate the white and deify the black without questioning why they do so. The liberals' creed – black is good, white is evil – has been internalized by the white grazer so that in every instance he will take the side of the black against his own

people. And whenever a conservative — at least one who is more conservative than his liberal cousin — wants to have an impact on his culture he tries to invoke the black gods of the liberals. “Abortion is bad because it harms black people.” “We should condemn welfare because it hurts the black family structure.” Everything is good or evil depending on how it affects blacks and the other colored races. And as a corollary everything is good if it hurts white people. Amnesty must be extended to illegal Aztecs because that will change the racial composition of the United States from white to colored. That is good. Why is it good that savage Aztecs should replace white people? It is self-evidently good, just as it was good and holy when black savages became the rulers of white South Africa. Did anyone from the West ask why it was good? Of course not: one does not question something as basic as the turning of the earth.

This new religion, which is an extension of Jacobinism, in which the negroes become “the people,” will not be voted away or altered by any type of democratic stratagem. Negro worship is a hard, bloodthirsty, heathen faith, and it is the blood of the white man that the liberals offer as sacrifice to their bloody negro gods.

The horrendous atrocities that were committed in the “religious” wars between various Christian sects were always committed by those men and women who were more committed to their abstract notion of God than to the living God. But there was always a counterbalance to the abstracted Christian atheists, because the European people worshipped a non-abstract, personal God named Jesus Christ. A Christian heaven kept the abstracted fanatics from turning Christendom into Satandom. What happens then when the spirit of abstraction predominates in a people who have lost or wavered in their faith in Christ? The satanic, abstracted minds of atheists rule the roost with all the zeal of the older Christian sectarian zealots, but without the counterbalance of a Christian people:

Thus is this character rounded off like that of the theologian who would become an inquisitor. Extraordinary contrasts meet in its formation—a lunatic that is logical, and a monster that pretends to have a conscience. Under the pressure of his faith and egotism, he has developed two deformities, one of the head and the other of the heart; his common sense is gone, and his moral sense is utterly perverted. In fixing his mind on abstract formulas, he is no longer able to see men as they are; through self-admiration he finally comes to viewing his adversaries, and even his rivals, as miscreants deserving of death. On this downhill road nothing stops him, for, in qualifying things inversely to their true meaning, he has violated within himself the precious conceptions which bring us back to truth and justice. No light reaches eyes which regard blindness as clear-sightedness; no remorse affects a soul which erects barbarism into patriotism, and which sanctions murder with duty. — *The French Revolution*

In my copy of Taine that last sentence is underlined. Our negro-worshipping liberals are a people whom no light reaches, whose hearts are never touched with remorse at destroying the white race, and they equate patriotism with the murder of white Christians. Are such a people fit to govern? Again, we must quote MacDuff: “Fit to govern! No, not to live.”

Robespierre was not deposed because the French Assembly repudiated Jacobinism any more than Khrushchev was deposed because the Russian government repudiated communism. Robespierre’s Jacobinism simply came into conflict with a more Catholic and cavalier Jacobinism (kill all opposition to the people, but at a slower rate). But at heart the French Republic remained Jacobin just as Europe became Jacobin. Burke was repudiated by his own party for his fierce opposition to the French Revolution, while every nation of Europe succumbed to its own version of the French Revolution. Liberty, equality, and fraternity for the people, and death to the aristocrats. But who are the people? They are the colored tribesmen. And who are the aristocrats? The Christ-bearing people, the whites.

In countries such as Haiti and South Africa, the whites have been and are being killed outright, and their deaths are presented to the whites in other countries as the result of racism. If you are not racist, you have nothing to worry about: “By flattering us, that we are not subject to the same vices and follies, it induces a confidence, that we shall not suffer the same evils by a contact with the infamous gang of robbers who have thus robbed and butchered our neighbors before our faces.” The white Eugene Terreblanches of South Africa are our neighbors. If we do not love them and hate their murderers we are as bad as the black fiends who murdered them.

In nations such as the United States, Britain, France, etc., nations which still have a sizeable white population, the colored minions of the liberals kill by miscegenation and one man, one vote. Miscegenation is worse than abortion — and abortion is a sin that cries out to heaven for vengeance — because it results in the abortion of a whole line of white children while giving birth to a whole line of satanic offspring. And that great sin is maintained by one man, one vote. Why should the vote of a colored man, who hates and despises Christian Europe, count the same as the vote of a white man who loves and reveres Christian Europe? And why should a liberal who has announced, by his devotion to the negro, that he hates everything Christian and European, be allowed to have any say in the governance of a people who consecrated themselves to Christ? It’s blasphemy. And the fact that it is democratic blasphemy does not make it any less loathsome and foul than communist blasphemy.

I call a commonwealth Regicide, which lays it down as a fixed law of nature, and a fundamental right of man, that all government, not being a democracy, is an usurpation; that all Kings, as such, are usurpers; and for being Kings, may and ought to be put to death, with their wives, families, and adherents. The commonwealth which acts uniformly upon those principles, and which after abolishing every

festival of religion, chooses the most flagrant act of a murderous Regicide treason for a feast of eternal commemoration, and which forces all her people to observe it.—This I call Regicide by establishment. – *Letters on a Regicide Peace*

Is this not exactly the system we have instituted? The royal race, the Christ-bearing race, are being exterminated, and every day we have our Earth Days, our Jackie Robinson days, and our Assisi I, II, and III, to commemorate godless heathenism and rejoice in the extermination of Christian Europeans and the demonization of their past. I call these abominations “Regicide by establishment.”

When I was young I had only heard the story of the Solomon who had asked God for wisdom rather than riches, and who solved the dispute between the two women, both claiming to be the mother of the one baby. It wasn’t till I was older that I read about the later years of this hideous blasphemer called Solomon. He did not use his God-given wisdom to serve the Lord, because he did not love the Lord in his heart. He loved the “strange” women of the pagans.

But King Solomon loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites: Of the nations concerning which the Lord said unto the children of Israel, Ye shall not go in to them, neither shall they come in unto you: for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods: Solomon clave unto these in love. – I Kings 11: 1-2

The Scriptures go on to contrast Solomon with his father, David: “And his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God, as was the heart of David his father.” Of David? His sins were scarlet, but he did not call his sins virtues and institutionalize them. He sought God’s forgiveness and continued to love God in his heart. Is not the crucial difference between Solomon and David the crucial difference between the modern liberal Europeans and the antique Europeans? The former have abandoned the true God, Jesus Christ, and replaced Him with the heathen gods of color. The latter group of Europeans were sinners, but they did not institutionalize sin. And they loved God in their hearts. All Europeans who still have hearts to love will cleave to ancient Europe, which was consecrated to Christ, and reject modern Europe, which is dedicated to the heathen gods of color whose rites are celebrated in the European churches and homes once consecrated to Christ.

The heathens rage in the streets of Chicago, London, Paris, and in streets throughout the European world because the European people have forsaken the faith of their fathers. The European people were, like David, the third dumb brothers found in the European fairy tales. Alone against a multitude of colored heathens they ventured forth and prevailed because they had that “charity of honor” which is bred in the bone of a people who love the Man of Sorrows with all their heart.

Our “conservative” leaders in church and state think we can convert the heathen by blending with them. That is the lie men who refuse to fight for their God tell people in order to cloak their apostasy. Solomon never formerly renounced the worship of the true God; he simply blended the worship of the God of Israel with the worship of the heathen gods. All the great evils that threaten – nay, seem to be permanent evils that Europeans must capitulate to, evils such as miscegenation, legalized abortion, Godless socialism and its cousin, Robber Baron capitalism – can and will be conquered when the Europeans become the third dumb brothers of Europe again. It is not our pygmy minds that God has need of, it is our hearts. We must follow David, St. Paul, Alfred, and Tell, not Solomon, Judas, Robespierre, and Mandela. In our blood are sacred memories of our people and our God. When those memories take hold of our soul there is no army on earth, no matter how large its numbers, that can stand against us. This has been proven time and time again in the history of the European people. The primary battle is an internal one. When the European stays with the European people and their God, refusing to blend with the heathen, he becomes the defender of Christendom, the scourge of Satandom, and the soul of honor. It is still possible: it is necessary. The heathens rage in European cities because Europeans no longer believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ. When they turn from their colored gods and call on Him by name, they will regain that charity of honor and they will reclaim their nations for Christ the King. +

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### **And the Dead Shall Be Raised Incorruptible - March 30, 2013**

“Death is swallowed up in victory.” – 1 Corinthians 15: 54

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I cannot think of Christmas without thinking of Dickens’ *Christmas Carol*. Nor can I think of Easter without thinking of Handel’s Messiah. It’s more than just an incidental thing to belong to a people who saw the face of Jesus Christ: it is a great blessing beyond compare. And yet we live in a time when a curse has been placed on the antique Europeans. At some point in time a great trial was held and the European people were found guilty of a heinous crime called ‘racism.’ As a result their ancient culture — as well as the people of that culture and their descendants — were sentenced to death. In passing that death sentence upon the European people, the liberals also killed the God who inspired the Europeans to proclaim, “And Death once dead, there’s no more dying then” (Shakespeare’s “Sonnet 146”). But of course that was the liberals’ intent, to kill God by destroying His image in His creatures. What started out as a small sect of liberals became a legion of men and women committed to the destruction of everything connected to Christian Europe.

The great tragedy for Europe and for the world occurred when European Christianity was perceived to be false because no self-respecting intelligent man could believe in the resurrection of the dead. The pride of reason, “Ye shall be as gods,” has always been the besetting sin of mortal man. The reasoning men, the scholars, the philosophers, the scientists, and the men of letters went to the devil first. They were too intelligent to believe in the resurrection from the dead. And the European peasants who did not want to be stupid followed the intellectuals’ lead. It’s not the proofs of God’s existence that are wanting: it’s the heart to believe that is wanting. We are not smarter than our European ancestors who believed in Christ’s resurrection from the dead. Show me a modern counterpart to Shakespeare, Burke, Michelangelo, or Hugo Grotius. Those men and so many others like them had great intellects, greater than any intellect of today, so why did they believe while the modern European does not believe? It has to do with the heart. Our European ancestors held to a faith that was passed on from heart to heart at their family hearth fires. The faith that is passed on by an organization committed to a theory of God is not the faith. It is an external faith only, an outward circumcision which “availeth nothing,” while that internal circumcision of the heart, which takes place when two or three are gathered together in His name, is everything. And where, but at our racial hearth fires where the heart is warmed and nurtured, can we learn to love and understand the God who cannot be understood intellectually but only known by a loving heart? A man’s faith in Christ as Redeemer and Savior cannot long endure once he steps outside his racial hearth fire, because in doing so he has embraced the universal mind of man, which leads to Satan, and rejected the heart that truly loves, which leads to Jesus Christ.

We are to God as Katharina the shrew was to Petruchio: before her conversion she saw life as a battle of reasoning wills and felt she must prevail even if it meant defiling her soul to do so. But after her conversion, she sees life through different eyes, through the eyes of the heart, and realizes that conformity to God’s beneficent will is all in all:

I am ashamed 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 toil 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.

‘Tis a battle we all must wage, this battle with our pride of reason. Lucifer refused to let go of his pride of reason and became Satan, the evil spirit whom liberals adore and Christians shun and hate. I think part of the reason the liberals have chosen the negro as their primary god is because the negro god does not challenge their pride of reason. The negro needs their intelligence to form the first person of the unholy trinity of reason, the negro, and science. Or so the liberal fantasizes. The negro sees a different reality, which does not include anything but the negro.

Easter really is the day of all days for the European. It is the celebration of their Savior’s resurrection from the dead, a Savior who can only be known by men and women who have not forsaken those mysterious human relationships that bind us to each other and to our Lord. Pride of reason can only be defeated by humble hearts that have learned to love at their racial hearth fires.

Let me close with a remarkable writer who is only known today for his unremarkable books, while his great Christian work has been completely forgotten. The author’s name is James Fenimore Cooper. Cooper was a Christian in ethos like all Europeans of his day, and that ethos was reflected in the manly adventure tales he wrote from age thirty through fifty-five. But in his mid-fifties Cooper saw the Redeemer who was the source of the European ethos. He saw the untamed Aslan, and he wrote about Him, free of the shackles of any one denomination and free of the “he was a good man but not the Son of God” heresy. Cooper’s hero in his masterpiece *Sea Lions* begins a journey to Antarctica full of the pride of reason, which keeps him from bending his knee to the Son of God. But by the end of the voyage the hero has come to a sympathetic understanding of the love that his intellect never could understand:

Roswell Gardiner has never wavered in his faith, from the time when his feelings were awakened by the just view of his own insignificance, as compared to the power of God! He then learned the first, great lesson in religious belief, that of humility; without which no man can be truly penitent, or truly a Christian. He no longer thought of measuring the Deity with his narrow faculties, or of setting up his blind conclusions, in the face of positive revelations. He saw that all must be accepted, or none; and there was too much evidence, too much inherent truth, a morality too divine, to allow a mind like his to reject the gospel altogether. With Mary at his side, he has continued to worship the Trinity, accepting its mysteries in an humble reliance on the words of inspired men.

Gardiner's journey was Cooper's journey: his European heart conquered his pride of reason. Christ will conquer our pride of reason as well if we turn to Him with humble hearts. Why, in the year of our Lord 2013, should we turn our backs on the God of our ascending race? "Christ is risen!" And the response of all true Europeans shall always be, "Indeed He has!" +

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### **The People of My House - March 23, 2013**

"A separation of the races is the only perfect preventive of amalgamation; but as immediate separation is impossible the next best thing is to keep them apart where they are not already together... Such separation, if it is ever to be effected at all, must be effected by colonization... The enterprise is a difficult one, but 'where there is a will there is a way', and what colonization needs most is a hearty will." – Abraham Lincoln

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A few days ago I heard a radio preacher, a self-professed "biblical Christian," expounding on the Lost Tribes of Israel. It was his decided opinion that the Saxons were one of the Lost Tribes of Israel, but having come to that conclusion, the preacher felt the need to issue a warning: "Be careful – believing this could lead a white person to become a white supremacist, which would be the worst sin."

'White supremacist' is the phrase liberals and now conservatives as well use as a bomb to blow up any white person who says anything to suggest that white people and their culture should be protected or segregated from the colored races. The liberals and the jump-on-board conservatives are not very precise in their definition of 'white supremacist' because they don't have to be. No one ever challenges them. Once the term 'white supremacist' is hurled at the offending white person, the white sinner is excommunicated and all who associate with him are also excommunicated. As one of those excommunicated white men, I would like to challenge the liberal-conservative coalition of self-serving, egotistical maniacs and defuse their 'white supremacist' bomb.

We know very well what images the liberal-conservatives are conjuring up, quite successfully, when they use the term 'white supremacist.' The average white person thinks of white plantation owners whipping their slaves, of Ku Klux Klan riders lynching innocent, defenseless negroes, of white baseball players trying to spike the good and pure Jackie Robinson, of white South Africans gunning down defenseless negroes for the pure joy of gunning down defenseless negroes, and of kindly black families being sent away hungry from white restaurants. All this and more the well trained white thinks of when the 'white supremacist' anathema is hurled at a white man. (1) How could white people have any other image of a white supremacist? Haven't they been literally deluged with anti-white propaganda in movies, press, and literature for the past fifty years? The truth about 'white supremacists' is quite different from the liberals' manufactured white bogeymen, but before we defend the 'white supremacists' let us clarify something: there are currently no white supremacists in the strict sense of the word, namely white men who want to rule over blacks. There are an infinitude of black supremacists, of Asian supremacists, and Mexican supremacists, but there are no white supremacists. The white man who still remains a white man does not seek supremacy, he seeks the preservation of his race because he loves his people and because he believes God has ordained that a man should stay by his own racial hearth fire.

A white segregationist is not a white supremacist. I do not want to rule over blacks, Asians, or Mexicans. I want blacks, Asians, and Mexicans to rule themselves respectively in Africa, Asia, and Mexico. My distant ancestors, who were white supremacists in the best sense of the word, wanted to rule over blacks in Africa, Asians in Asia, and Mexicans in Mexico, because they thought blacks, Asians, and Mexicans were better off when whites ruled them. They were right, but such altruism – yes, I said altruism – has been too costly for whites. The colored would not be converted, and when white resolve weakened because of liberal insurgency from within the white strongholds, the colored people sought revenge on the whites for taking them out of bondage, away from their beloved Egyptian night. Better to let them have their Babylon and keep white countries white. But of course the liberals' will not allow that. It is not only the colored countries that must be colored, it is also the white countries that must be colored. I know the liberals' passion to colorize European nations is called diversity, but we know it by its proper name: genocide.

Because of the liberals' passionate hatred of their own people, they refuse to allow whites to segregate themselves from colored people. They want whites to diversify themselves into extinction. For this reason the white segregationist has to be

a white supremacist, so long as the colored tribesmen are in his nation. He has no choice. When whites rule other races, those other races prosper, but when the colored races rule white people are always fighting murderous barbarian hordes who want to kill every last white. Haiti was not an aberration: it was and always shall be the model for colored people. The colored people have a barbarian's pride of race, which gives them an insatiable desire to conquer other races, but they do not love their own race as whites did when they were Christian. The love of one's own race fosters a respect for other races, while a pride of race fosters a hatred for other races. This is why a diverse state (obviously not as desirable as a non-diverse state) must be a white-dominated state for the good of all. If whites rule, everyone is better off, but if coloreds rule everyone suffers particularly the whites. Pushed to the brink of the cliff whites must conquer or be driven off the cliff onto the jagged rocks of diversity below.

We live in the moral vacuum Yeats saw coming: "The best lack all conviction and the worst are full of passionate intensity," because the colored peoples have never raised themselves above the level of racial pride, and the white liberals, who hate their own race, have descended to the depths of hell and left the grazers in limbo. The liberal, being post-Christian, mixes a secularized Christianity with paganism. He has the pagan's pride of race, but he is proud of the colored races. By an intellectual metamorphosis the liberal has become one with the colored races in his own mind. I can still see, in my mind's eye, the poster on the door of a young, blue-eyed, blonde student who roomed across the hall from me in my freshmen year at college. The poster showed a black man killing a white man. The caption on the edifying picture was a rallying cry for blacks to rise up and slay their oppressors. Did the white student think he would be slain? Of course not. He was not an oppressor. In his mind's eye he was Atticus Finch, a white man with a black heart who would lead his people against the white oppressors. Kipling tells us that Gunga Din, because of his intense identification with and sympathy for the British soldier, "was white, clear white inside." The Chris Matthews' liberal is the exact opposite: despite his outward color he is black, pure black inside. And the former metamorphosis is what God intended: that the colored should be transformed by a sympathetic imitation of the white, while the latter metamorphosis is what Satan intended when he whispered "noble savage" and "Ye shall be as gods" into the white man's ear.

Denying that they are repudiating Christ by joining the liberals, the conservative church men, such as that radio preacher, tell us they simply love their neighbor as themselves when they embrace diversity. There are two glaring errors in the treacherous church men's assertion. First, loving your neighbor as yourself implies that you love yourself and your own people. You are not to hate your own in order to love the stranger. And secondly, is negro worship even remotely connected to love? What the liberals, and now the Christian churches as well, have done with the negro and the other races of color is what Hugh Hefner did with women in Playboy. They have made a god of the generic black man as Hefner made a god of the generic naked woman. Is such a generic love even remotely connected to the love of one's neighbor that Christ talks about? No, it is not. Love of our neighbor implies the love of our own, those who are close to us. It is extremely difficult to love because human beings are small of heart and selfish. That is why God gave us a particular people to dwell with, which constitutes our best chance of stepping outside of ourselves, maybe for just a moment, and truly loving our neighbor as ourselves. The type of love the New Age clergymen recommend is a purely selfish love. Their 'neighbor' is a mind-forged abstraction who exists only to gratify their selfish need to worship a pagan god of nature, who prefers sacrifice to mercy.

I don't know whether the radio minister was right about the Saxons being a Lost Tribe of Israel. I wouldn't thump my chest in pride if it was proved to be true or be crestfallen if it was proved to be false. That the European people are the Christ-bearing people seems evident to me because of something independent of biblical or archeological research. I see Christ in the antique European culture, and I do not see Christ in the anti-cultures of the colored people. What is taking place in the conservative Christian churches (it has already taken place in the mainstream churches) is not a new 'love thy neighbor' policy, in which previously unwelcome people of color are welcomed into the Christian fold. It is a transformation of European Christianity, the true Pauline Christianity, into a pagan, nature religion with the negro as the centerpiece. In this movement toward the pagan abyss the conservative churches are merely following the lead of the secular conservatives and liberals. They are united in their heathenism because they are united in their hatred of the European and their love of the negro.

In his novel *Uncle Silas* LeFanu tells us that, "The devil approached the citadel of his heart by stealth, with many zigzags and parallels." I think that is how he approaches most human beings. There are very few Richard the III's who completely and wholeheartedly embrace the devil. Today's churchmen are like Uncle Silas: their hearts have dried up because they left their racial hearth fire in order to go whoring after colored gods of their own making. Such gods cannot provide them with the warmth or the love they once had at their own racial hearth fire. They have become a pathetic sideshow in the great Babylonian pageant of darkness. The task of the antique European, living in this modern Babylon, is to reject the outright blasphemy of the liberals and the more subtle blasphemy of the conservatives. Like a rattlesnake both the conservatives and the liberals reveal their deadly intent: the rattlesnake with his rattle and the liberals and their conservative partners with their 'white supremacist' bomb. We should resist both forms of reptilian onslaughts. The liberal-conservative Christ haters are no more "of us" than the rattlesnake.



And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. +

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(1) Instead of “white supremacists” I think we might more accurately describe those men of old Europe who endeavored to help the colored races as white saints. In Africa, in India, and in the American South, wherever the white man went the colored tribesmen were exposed to — and benefited by the exposure to — a culture that put mercy above sacrifice. Anthony Jacob’s description of the old South accurately describes the white man’s charitable outreach in India and Africa as well:

“With regard to the supposed ill-treatment of the Negro slaves in the South, this was of course a myth. Far from suffering terrible hardships and miseries, they were at least as well off as the contemporary European peasant, and often in better circumstances than many ‘poor white’ Southerners. Foreign visitors were astonished – not merely surprised – to find how well fed and well cared for they were. The foreign visitors had fully expected to find the Negroes being flogged to death or hung in chains, and were disappointed to find they were not. It is true that whippings with a strap did sometimes take place, as many Negroes would only labour out of fear of the lash. But it was almost invariably a comparatively mild punishment and only administered as a last resort. Whipping was universal a century ago; and what the Negro slaves suffered in this respect was laughable compared with what British seamen or even Eton schoolboys suffered.”

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### **Eternal Constancy - March 16, 2013**

So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. – Revelations 3: 16

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The old debate: whether it was American decadence that corrupted Europe or European decadence that corrupted America was settled when The Obama was elected President of the United States. When a nation that still has a majority of white people in it elects a glorified ape to preside over them, they are truly the most decadent of the decadent. But European conservatives have no cause to thump their chests in triumph nor do European liberals have any cause to lament their second place showing. The United States has descended to the deepest region of hell, but the Europeans are only one circle of hell above the Americans. So whether one set of Europeans is deeper in hell than another is kind of a moot point, considering they all are in hell.

Tennyson laments after the death of a loved one that his tongue cannot adequately convey his sorrow. He then proceeds to convey his sorrow quite well. But I don’t think Tennyson’s lament about his inability to express himself was affectation. When the heart truly loves all words are inadequate to express one’s feeling of sadness when the beloved has died. We see through a glass darkly, and we speak and write in the face of that same dark glass.

The death of Christian Europe is like unto the death of a loved one. Its death makes us feel as Tennyson felt:

But O for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

But if we can still remember and lament, the loved one is not dead, the beloved sentry is still there, and He will sustain our honored dead. The task of the living is to keep faith with the dead.

The Europeans of the latter half of the 20th century severed all ties to our honored dead in order to be part of a multi-racial, multi-faith, multi-sexual utopia. And looking back we can see quite clearly how Christian Europe became Satandom.

The creation of Satandom did not begin with the French Revolution, but that event did show us the first incarnation of Satan within the heart of Europe. So it behooves us to take a look at the various forces arrayed against each other in that Revolution, because they are the forces that exist today and always shall exist in every revolution.

There were three forces present in the French Revolution. We begin with the forces of evil. Burke, the metaphysician and poet, captured the essence of Jacobinism in his writings while Taine, writing 80 years later than Burke, gave us a detailed account of the sins of the Jacobins. Let us go to Burke for a crystal clear summation of the essence of Jacobinism:

The rebels to God perfectly abhor the Author of their being. They hate him “With all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength.” He never presents himself to their thoughts but to menace and alarm them. They cannot strike the Sun out of Heaven, but they are able to raise a smouldering smoke that obscures him from their

own eyes. Not being able to revenge themselves on God, they have a delight in vicariously defacing, degrading, torturing, and tearing in pieces his image in man.

And to Taine for an insight into the bloody nature of the new religion of philanthropy:

All means are justifiable and meritorious with traitors; now that the Jacobin has made his slaughtering canonical, he slays through philanthropy.

Nothing has changed since those wonderfully madcap days (according to the liberals) of the French Revolution. All whites have become the traitors who must be eliminated, and the people of color have become “the people,” but the revolution goes on as Satan desires. So long as the Europeans are demonized and the negro, the conduit to Satan, is deified, the forces of hell will rule in what was once Christendom.

And what of the forces of good? Were there no good men left in France to defend the King, his Queen, and eternal France? No, there were not. There were no good men in the highest sense of the word. There was no one who could see evil for what it was and then fight to defend the good.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! What a revolution! And what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she could 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 honour, 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.

In Britain the situation was much the same as it was in France. There were many reasonable, moderate men (we shall come to them later) who deplored the excesses of the French Revolution, but they could not see, because their hearts had grown tepid, that Jacobinism was an intrinsically evil, satanic attack on Christian Europe. All they saw were political reformers who had gone overboard. “It couldn’t happen here, you know, we just don’t do things that way.” Only Burke saw the Revolution for what it was and spent what remained of his life trying to battle the ignorance in the hearts of his countrymen:

Viewing things in this light, I have frequently sunk into a degree of despondency and dejection hardly to be described: yet out of the profoundest depths of this despair, an impulse which I have in vain endeavoured to resist has urged me to raise one feeble cry against this unfortunate coalition which is formed at home, in order to make a coalition with France, subversive of the whole ancient order of the world. No disaster of war, no calamity of season, could ever strike me with half the horror which I felt from what is introduced to us by this junction of parties, under the soothing name of peace. We are apt to speak of a low and pusillanimous spirit as the ordinary cause by which dubious wars terminate in humiliating treaties. It is here the direct contrary. I am perfectly astonished at the boldness of character, at the intrepidity of mind, the firmness of nerve, in those who are able with deliberation to face the perils of Jacobin fraternity.

Jacobinism was never checked. Once the French disposed of the manically philanthropic Robespierre, they and their satanic creed were allowed a place in the fraternity of European nations. As recently as 2009, the former French President Nicolas Sarkozy said proudly that France was a regicide nation. And why should that raise the ire of anyone but me? At present aren’t all the nations of Europe regicide nations? Now if Sarkozy had said, “We are a Christian nation, we will not be overrun by Moslems and negroes,” then all the people of European descent would have risen up and denounced France as a pariah nation that must be eradicated from the face of the earth. And we know who would be leading the chorus for the destruction of Christian France: the Christian clergymen of all the European nations. Despite the fact that the Jacobins tortured and murdered the clergymen who refused to take the oath of obedience to the Jacobins, despite the fact that the Jacobins institutionalized atheism, the great bulk of our modern clergymen would condemn any resurgence of Christianity in France and would support, to the death, atheist, Jacobin France. They would do so because they are Christian atheists just as Dostoyevsky’s Grand Inquisitor was a Christian atheist. It is better, in their minds, that millions should die and Christ should be supplanted in the hearts of men than they should give up their systems. It is the sin of Caiaphas! To his dying day the great “conservative” Hilaire Belloc supported the French Revolution, because the French monarchy did not live up to his system. And the moderate men with one voice declared Burke’s “metaphysical meanderings” to be “obsessive” and unwarranted. “After all, they were only political reformers who went a bit wrong.” Which brings us to the men without whom no Revolution can succeed or be sustained.

We have come to the third force, the moderate, reasonable men, who really are only a force because their lack of moral strength allows the forces of evil to triumph. Reasonable, moderate men are perfectly good citizens when passionate men with hearts of fire keep the forces of evil at bay. But when the ranks of the good men with hearts of fire diminish and the ranks of the Christ-hating liberals swell, it becomes necessary for the reasonable, moderate men to step into the breach

and cry halt to the evil. They never do. Because of some inborn or acquired lukewarmness of heart, the reasonable, moderate men always misread the revolutionaries' intent, and they betray their own people as they cite platitudes about moderation and reason. In France during the Revolution the moderate, reasonable men sat on their hands and watched "political reformers" kill their King.

So long as the moderate, reasonable men are few in number a nation is safe. In the South Africa of the 1840s, for instance, when only a few of the white settlers supported lifting the ban on apartheid, the few reasonable, moderate men did no damage: "The negroes are not animals, you know. I think we can interact with them without any fear of them molesting our daughters or killing us in our beds." But when the moderate, reasonable men with the tepid hearts become a majority, as they did in South Africa, the people perish because the evil liberals and their colored allies overrun the good and noble whites and turn Christian nations into hellish nations consecrated to Satan. In France before the Revolution, in Haiti before the bloodletting, in Russia before the Revolution, in South Africa before one-man-one-vote, and in the modern white nations before multi-racialism became the law of the land, it was always the moderate, rational men who paved the way for the massacre of the white race by their reasonable, moderate responses to evil. It is always the extremists who are condemned by the moderate, rational men, and it is always the extremists who are right. Burke was called obsessive and extremist when he said Jacobinism unchecked would lead to a Jacobin Europe, which would devour Christian Europe. He was right. Dostoevsky was considered too extreme when he said that should the Bolsheviks obtain power they would slaughter millions of innocent people. He also was right, while the moderate, rational men were wrong. And Anthony Jacob was right when he said that multi-racial conservatism was an impossibility because it was an offense against God. Why are the moderate, rational men always wrong? They are wrong about human events because they are wrong about God. They are afraid of a passionate God, so they put Him in their little geometrically perfect box from which He is only supposed to come forth when the moderate, rational men want Him to come forth. But God is fire, passion, and desire. He can't be contained in a rational box. In the Chronicles of Narnia C. S. Lewis tells us that Aslan is not a tame lion. No indeed, he is not.

The modern, white-hating Satanists, and the colored tribesmen did not conquer the whites in Rhodesia, South Africa, and the European nations because of their superior numbers. They conquered because the Europeans exchanged their faith in the untamed, passionate Christ of their forefathers for a moderate, rational, civil-rights-worker-type of God: "So long as there is diversity, which is the whole sum and substance of my divine message, I'm happy." That is the reasonable, regular guy God of the moderate, reasonable Europeans. So long as that false craven image of God keeps them from seeing the true God, the Europeans will serve the negro gods and by doing so will serve Satan.

In this century and the past century when we refer to the rational, moderate men, we are talking about the conservatives. They treat all mankind as generic units sharing the same values as they do. When things go wrong, as they did in the last Presidential election in this country, the conservatives do not question their universalist principles and say, "Maybe all races are not alike, maybe the European people are different from the people of color." No, instead they start thinking about "winning over the blacks" or "appealing to the educated Hispanics." And on and on go the good, solid, well-meaning, intelligent conservatives. They will still be blathering when the stew pot is closed over their heads. If you avoid the race issue, if you don't fight for God, for England, and St. George, you might avoid conflict in the short run, but in the long run you will perish because by denouncing your race you have denounced your soul. I believe our Lord summed up the tragedy of the moderate, rational men: "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." You can't step outside the realm of the spirit, which is what a man does when he forsakes His people for generic mankind, and still hold on to a place in this world or the world to come.

A friend, who knows how I feel about whites and negro worship, asked me if I was delighted that the new Pope was white. Leaving aside the whole 'whore of Babylon' argument, I told my friend that I felt as I would have felt had Romney won the Presidential election: glad to see a white man in office rather than a black man, but aware that the problem of negro worship still remains the same. Practical, reasonable men such as the conservatives — religious and secular — still believe in a generic system with the negro at the center rather than a particular God who comes to us through our racial hearth fires.

I have in my possession a story book that my grandfather gave to my mother when she was a little girl. When my mother died, I was given the storybook. In the book is the story of Roland. If you remember, Roland was killed fighting a heroic battle against the Saracens when he and his followers acted as a rearguard for Charlemagne. The Saracens were able to ambush Roland because Roland's stepfather, Ganelon, had betrayed him. The story concludes with these words:

"Scarcely had Roland breathed his lasts when Charlemagne arrived to find of all his twenty thousand not one left. Mournfully he called his peers by name. Not one there was to answer, not a single one. And on the height, his face toward Spain, they found the hero Roland. Great was the grief of all. Great was the grief of Charlemagne. His host pursued the Saracens and by the river E'bro, the Moors paid to the full the penalty of their treachery. Then bearing the bodies of Roland and Oliver, Charlemagne returned to France. Laden with chains and tied to a stake like a wild beast Ganelon was led before his judges for trial. By his dark deed lay twenty thousand dead. He

was condemned and suffered a shameful death. But in the hearts of Charlemagne and all the people of France remained undying love for Roland, for he took his stand, and held it, never yielding, unto death.”

Undying love? No, the people of France are regicides now: it is Ganelon who is honored in France, Gessler in Switzerland, Mordred in Britain... We do not honor our dead, we demonize them for being provincial, Christian, and racist. This Babylonian world, ruled by Ganelons and colored tribesmen, was ushered in by moderate, reasonable men who, having lost their connection to their own people, lost their connection to the living God, Jesus Christ, the only one who gives Europeans the heart and the passion to take arms against and defeat Satan and his minions. +

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### **One People, One Lord - March 9, 2013**

“Iron out of Calvary is master of men all!” – Rudyard Kipling

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The liberals’ cauldron of racial diversity, sexual diversity, and religious diversity that had been brewing for most of the 20th century finally boiled over in the mid-1960s. What was implicit in the post-World War I generations became explicit in the mid-1960s: “We, the European people, believe in science, not Christ.” Is it that simple? Of course not. Many Europeans (in fact most) tried to blend Christianity and science. But in the end science won out. Even those who denounced materialism and technology like the Sixties’ hippies needed their drugs, their birth control pills, and their abortions in order to live “naturally.”

By the mid-1960s the scientized Europeans became like the secularized Jews. They fed off the older Christian culture that spiritually sustained them while doing everything in their power to destroy that culture. Science, like Judaism, cannot sustain a people, because both secularized faiths lack a Messiah. This longing for a Messiah, a longing that can only be realized in Christian Europe, resulted in a dichotomy in the European liberal and their spiritual counterparts, the secularized Jews. They rejected the Light of the World while longing for some substitute for the Light of the World – a friend who was almost supernatural in his devotion and kindness:

When you’re down and out  
When you’re on the street  
When evening falls so hard  
I will comfort you.

I’ll take your part  
When darkness comes  
And pain is all around  
Like a bridge over troubled water  
I will lay me down

Henry Francis Lyte, a man from that other European world, said that the friend who abides with us in all our troubles is Christ:

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!

Joseph Scriven, writing in 1857, concurred with Lyte: “What a Friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!”

Is it a progression to reject Christ for a mythical friend in the future, a kind of sensitized Übermensch, who will be our bridge over the troubled waters of existence? “Yes, it is a progression,” the liberals tell us. “It is a progression because sensitive Übermensches are real while Christ is a fiction.” We are always faced with Dostoyevsky’s question: “Can an intelligent man, a European, believe in the divinity of Christ?” The liberals and the intellectualized European peasants have all said no to that question in the 20th century, and as a result they worship negroes in the 21st century.

Science was a cold, indifferent God to the Europeans. Like Rumpelstiltskin, they needed something human in their lives. So they went looking for a suffering servant and came up with the negro. He became the true man, the man of nature, who, when blended with science could be the savior the Europeans had lost when they rejected Christ. Negro worship will intensify so long as the “intelligent” Europeans reject Christ. The Christian churchmen who are currently trying to fuse negro worship with Christianity will end up as high priests in the cult of the negro. It has always been thus. Christ will not be blended. He is “Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.” If you reject Him as Lord, He will not be content to serve as an auxiliary god in a new church in which the negro is the primary god.

It's rather ironic that now, when the Europeans have more empirically verifiable proof that Christ existed and His tomb was indeed empty than they ever had before, that they no longer believe in Christ's resurrection from the dead. One wonders if they had the ultimate proof before their eyes and could see and touch the risen Lord, as the doubting Thomas did, if they would believe. Once a man is convinced that truth can only be found in the science lab under a microscope he will be blind to the truth staring him in the face.

Everything of importance in our life depends on our vision. If we see life feelingly with our hearts, we will not seek God in nature but in the recesses of the human heart. In Chateaubriand's magnificent commentary on the sin of Adam and Eve, he said their sin would not have been as egregious if they had wanted to love too much. But instead they wanted to know too much, which made their sin much greater, because they deliberately cut themselves off from the organ of sight, the human heart. So it was with the Hebrew people when they displeased God. They gave themselves to the forces of nature, glorifying the physical universe rather than the God who imparts to human hearts. And likewise the scholastics' revolt – if God can be found 'out there' in nature by the human mind, then the human mind that contemplates nature becomes God. Though each would repudiate the other, the Thomist and the stardust-and-golden hippie have the same tragically flawed theology. And it's flawed because it leads to the witch's cauldron of diversity instead of the hearth fires of the antique Europeans where Christ dwells.

The new faith in the negro has become institutionalized, but as is so often the case when a religion becomes institutionalized on a large scale it no longer arouses the same passion it did in its early stages. The sixties' liberals such as Chris Matthews are still passionate about the negro gods, but younger Europeans take their religion for granted, just as a 18th century nobleman might perform his religious duties because it's the accepted thing to do along with fox hunts and entertaining large numbers of friends and political allies. The young Europeans accept the divine status of the negro, occasionally telling an irreverent joke about him, and go on with their wretched lives, unaware there is any sin other than racism, any culture other than Babylon, and any God other than the negro. The darkness deepens for the European people – they need a living God who will abide with them.

I can't get past that nine-year-old English boy who committed suicide after being tormented by Asian spawns of Satan. The boy was a victim of what the liberals call diversity, which is the code name for the hatred of the white race and the worship of the colored races. Our children are being taught to hate themselves and to expect a life of torture at the hands of the savage races of color. And a false universalism in the Christian churches is responsible for the suicide of the white race: because the church men have called the love of one's kith and kin, the only type of love that can connect us to Him, racist and heinous. Without their racial backbone the European people are without a soul:

There is nothing remotely noble about multiracialism as the Press would have it [ed. I would add "as the clergy would have it" as well]. On the contrary, it is loathsome and sinister. It is not Godly but Devilish: an offense against the Creator. To espouse it means that one despises one's own race, one's own wife and children, and their children in turn. This means that one cannot venerate or respect anything at all. To espouse multiracialism is not evidence of love, but of the very opposite of it. -Anthony Jacob

That is the crux of the matter. Diversity is based on the hatred of one's own people, one's own parents, wife, children, and grandchildren. A cousin of mine, on a recent visit, was waxing nostalgic about her parents, her grandparents, and the love that once was there when they were alive. She talked sadly of her nephew who had married outside his own race and wondered what was happening to the world. But then she tried to be a good American: "Oh well, I guess it's all for the best, we have to adjust to progress."

"Why must we adjust?" I asked her. "I have no intention of adjusting."

Why should we adjust to Satandom? Shouldn't real Europeans defy the devil and all his works? Diversity is just as Jacob described it: loathsome, sinister, and devilish. Instead of adjusting to it, we should oppose it with our whole heart and soul. But that is the conundrum: a man who has been singed with the fire from the cauldron of diversity does not have the heart or the soul to oppose diversity. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead..." Unfortunately the modern displaced European is such a man. But things of the spirit are not subject to the strict biological laws of decay and death. In the realm of the spirit, that which is dead can come to life again. The liberals are Satan's own, but the grazers are Satanists by assignment. They do what the liberals, particularly the liberal clergymen, tell them. Suppose a European with an ancient heart, a heart of flesh, came into Liberaldom and stood against the liberals and the barbarians of color, armed only with a faith in his people and their God? If the "fairy tales" of the Bible and the European people are true, the hero will prevail against the forces of hell. The essential thing in all fairy tales is that the hero must be pure of heart, and he must be willing to venture forth against mathematically impossible odds. I could cite the impossible military battles won by the Europeans of old, but let me cite the greatest battle they won. They turned Babylon into Christendom, because they loved their people so much they saw "His blood upon the rose."

The greatest danger to the white race is not those enemies who come at us with swords in their hands. They must be resisted, but there is a far more subtle enemy than the violent savages of color. The most dangerous enemies are the conservatives and the liberals who urge the white man to survive by being absorbed into the races of color. Better to go down fighting to the last man, as Europeans with European souls, than to survive by becoming part of Babylon. A base, dishonorable survival in this world will lead to eternal damnation in the next. The refusal to become diverse is the best way to win against the forces of evil in this world and the only way to secure a place for ourselves in His Kingdom come. +

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## **The Greatest of These - March 2, 2013**

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. 1 Corinthians 13: 8

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Last week an English boy, about 9 years old, committed suicide after being bullied and tormented by some subhuman Asians. And last week I finished reading *The Pickwick Papers* with my children. Though seemingly unrelated, those two events – both of which shook me to the core of my soul – were very much related.

I've read *Pickwick Papers* more times than I can count, but this reading was different from all my other readings of the novel. I found myself near tears at comic sections of the book that used to elicit laughter. And there was something else inside of me beside sorrow: there was anger. If I was to put a name to the sorrow and the anger I would call it, "That which is lost." Pickwickian England is Christian Europe. Without closing his eyes to any of its evils, Dickens shows us the love that once was there in a people who took the Lord Jesus Christ into their hearts. The antique Europeans did not differ from other peoples because they did no evil. They differed from all other peoples because they, and they alone, had charity. And when in the presence of such people, a feeling of awe comes over me, because in their charity I see the face of Jesus Christ. Hence the sorrow and the anger. Sorrow at the incomparable world that has been lost and anger at those who destroyed it.

I felt the same sorrow and anger when I read about the suicide of that poor nine-year-old boy. His death was the direct result of the liberals' destruction of Pickwickian Europe. I know what the defenders of Liberalism will say: "There was bullying in the schools in your precious Christian Europe. Just look at those atrocious English public schools for instance." Yes, let's look at them. Thomas Hughes, in his book *Tom Brown's School Days*, gives us an excellent description of bullying and its effect on small school children. But he doesn't recommend utopian measures to counteract bullying. In Hughes' opinion there will always be cruel boys who prey on the weaker helpless boys, just as there will always be cruel men who prey on the weak and the helpless. The only realistic counter to bullying is the Christian hero. Tom Brown is liberated from the cruel tyranny of Flashman by the intervention of an upperclassman who has been imbued with the proper bred-in-the-bone Christianity. Some things, such as the cruelties that Flashman inflicts on Tom Brown, are simply not to be tolerated. And Tom, when he becomes an upperclassman, protects the weak and helpless Arthur just as Brooke once helped him.

The English boarding school of *Tom Brown's School Days* is a mirror image of the world. Utopian schemes hatched by atheist Jacobins only lead to greater evils than any of the evils the utopians claim they are eradicating. Hughes and Burke are of one mind about societies and institutions that seek to run their little worlds without the Savior who redeemed the world.

"The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that charity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

The charity of honor that pervaded Christian Europe did not eradicate evil from the face of the earth. What happened was what Burke and Hughes described: savage ferocity was mitigated and vice lost half its evil because there was a Christian counter-response to every evil that men did. Now, when there is no Christian European counter-response to evil we see unmitigated savage ferocity and vice triumphant. The mother of that tormented nine-year-old child had pleaded to the school administrators to help her son, but her pleas fell on deaf ears because liberals have no conscience: they belong to Satan. Had a black mother protested that white boys were bullying her son, the white boys would have been summarily executed without a trial. Had the Asian filth who tormented the English boy accused a group of white boys of the same crime they were guilty of, the white boys would have been driven off the face of the earth.

This world of unmitigated evil in which colored savages torment and murder white people with the approval of the liberal oligarchy will continue to flourish so long as white Europeans are separated from the type of honor that is connected to charity. It always saddens me when I see small remnant bands of white youth trying to organize a white resurgence under

the banner of a pagan intellectual such as Nietzsche. There is no charity in such undertakings, hence there is no enduring fire in the heart. The reason charity never faileth is because that charity of honor connects us to Christ, and without Him all causes, no matter how brilliantly conceived, are doomed to live for one brief moment and then die, just as we are doomed to live for one brief moment and die unless our Redeemer, out of divine charity, steps between us and death, granting us eternal life.

Unmitigated cruelty will cease when the European becomes what he was meant to be: the man with a heart of flesh. Throughout the scriptures, God makes it clear that He judges men by what is in their hearts.

“And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh: That they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God. But as for them whose heart walketh after the heart of their detestable things and their abominations, I will recompense their way upon their own heads, saith the Lord God.”

Undergirding the liberals’ kingdom of detestable things and abominations is a heinous Orientalism that is the complete antithesis of European Christianity. The reason the Orientals have shown such a relish and genius for cruelty is because they have rejected the Christian belief in the resurrection of the dead. If Christ be not risen, then all of life in the flesh is pain. One must develop a stony heart and a detached mind in order to endure the pain of existence. And such a philosophy is very effective. A man with a heart of stone and a mind detached from humanity can endure a lot of pain, especially the pain he inflicts on other people.

Because their people were once Christian, the syncretistic liberals of the West have added an abstract black Messiah to their Orientalism, but this new utopia that the liberals are building is based on a very old Orientalism. Kipling tells us that East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, but the liberals have joined the two and made hell on earth.

The fusion of Eastern philosophies that foster an indifference to the pain of others with a secularized Christianity has made the formerly Christian European countries into a satanic union of nations with one purpose: to destroy every and any remnant of the light of the world. Fusing Christian zeal with Oriental cruelty, the liberals seek out blasphemers. They are indifferent to the sufferings they inflict on white people, because white people are connected, through their past, to the light. And they agonize about the plight of the colored, not because they care about individual human beings, but because they care about blasphemy. The liberals’ gods are colored people in the abstract: they must not be offended.

A few years ago I read a neo-pagan’s attempt to defend the European people while denouncing Christianity. This is a difficult task because the European people, as a people, were historically wedded to Christ. If Christ was not the Son of God, then the Europeans should be despised for perpetuating a falsehood of monumental proportions on the world. But let me present the neo-pagan’s solution to that dilemma: he claimed that Christianity was originally a universalist, multi-racial religion, a mere extension of the universalism of the Roman Empire. Then came the Goths, the Europeans. They made a universalist religion into a provincial religion, a religion in which the Son of God spoke to His people who had hearts of flesh. The secular historian G. M. Trevelyan concurs with the neo-pagan apologist:

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 to 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.

What Trevelyan is describing is the germ of kith and kin, provincial Christianity. But did the Europeans add that element of “character” to Christianity? I would say that they stripped Roman Christianity of its unchristian, universalist, Oriental drapery and worshipped the living God in spirit and truth. Men with hearts of flesh must have a God with a heart of flesh. And this has always been the conflict within the church of Christ. Does Christ come to human minds through a cruel, universalist system, or does He come to provincial people with hearts of flesh? The history of our people, which is the history of the faith, tells us that Christ comes to all people through their provincial hearth fires, and outside of those provincial units of grace are the false gods of the Orientals, not the true God of the European people.

The neo-pagan was wrong about the Europeans: they were not a people who were clever enough to invent a provincial God of their ascending race, they were a people who loved enough to see past the Oriental façade of the church to the true God within the church, the God of their ascending race.

God prefers mercy to sacrifice. He wants His people to stay together as a people so that faith, hope, and charity, especially charity, does not perish from the earth. The provincial European does not suffer nine-year-old boys to be driven to suicidal

despair by Asian tormentors. Nor does the provincial European permit black demigods to kill white people, whom liberal oligarchs have deemed devils, with impunity. Charity demands that we be meek toward the meek, but it also demands that we be fierce in defense of the meek and the helpless. This white holocaust must end even if it means we have to kill every last liberal and every last person of color. The liberals have made this war, not us. We can't accept their Oriental vision of existence and stand passively by while white people are sacrificed on the altars of the liberals' colored gods. God did not shed His grace, as the blasphemous song declares, over democratic America; He shed His grace over the European people who loved much. The world saw the face of Jesus Christ through the people who had charity.

Pickwickian Europe is not dead: it lives still in the European past and in the hearts of those Europeans who refuse to let go of that sacred past. For the sake of our own souls and the sake of all tortured and tormented white people, especially our children, we must cling to that provincial Pickwickian Europe where men of mercy and charity are forever at war with Oriental cruelty and black savagery. Let us conclude where *The Pickwick Papers* conclude:

Let us leave our old friend in one of those moments of unmixed happiness, of which, if we seek them, there are ever some, to cheer our transitory existence here. There are dark shadows on the earth, but its lights are stronger in the contrast. Some men, like bats or owls, have better eyes for the darkness than for the light. We, who have no such optical powers, are better pleased to take our last parting look at the visionary companions of many solitary hours, when the brief sunshine of the world is blazing full upon them.

The European people who saw the Light of the world and loved Him are the one true liturgy of the Christian Church. +

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### **The European Upper Pasture - February 23, 2013**

"So let us state what is true. God reveals Himself to us through the intimate mysterious human relationships we form with our kith and kin. The moral beauty of the European hearth, where our kith and kin dwell, points us to the Star of Bethlehem. The moral depravity of the syncretic religion of rationalism and diversity points us toward the kingdom of Satan. The most counter-revolutionary thing that a European man can do is to refuse to bend his knee to the new diversity of races and faiths. Such a refusal will make the European man a sign of contradiction to Satan and his minions. And such is the European man's destiny. He was born to bear witness, through his fidelity to the European hearth, to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." – CWN

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When I was in my early twenties my extreme aversion to travel was forced to take a backseat to my intense desire to see that sacred land where Shakespeare, Dickens, and Walter Scott once dwelled in the flesh and still in spirit dwell. I was fortunate to meet some older Britons who were still of old Britain. And I was fortunate that a young man could travel cheaply if he was willing to sleep in odd places and keep to a sparse diet. Once while staying at a mountaineers' hostel on the Isle of Skye, I was asked, in return for my lodging, to "shoo the cows from the lower pasture to the upper pasture." I was city-bred and had never met a cow up close and personal, so I asked the woman who had assigned me my chore if there was any special technique one should use when shooing cows from the lower to the upper pasture. "Just shoo the lead cow and the rest will follow," I was told. So, after the lead cow was pointed out to me – she had the traditional name of Bessie – I proceeded to the lower pasture in the hopes that I would soon behold the sight of Bessie leading some fifty cows or so from the lower pasture to the upper pasture. It was not that simple. I started out very politely, saying, "Shoo, Bessie." Bessie just stared at me. "Come on, Bessie, old girl, time to go to the upper pasture," I said next. Maybe Bessie didn't like being called old because she still refused to move, much to the delight of some workers looking on. "This is becoming quite embarrassing," I told myself, "I must get this cow to move." I tried pointing while I pleaded, "Up there, Bessie, I want you to go up there." Bessie was obdurate and didn't move a muscle. I was beginning to think I was the victim of a hoax, that Bessie was really a statue of a cow placed there to fool city folk such as I for the amusement of country folk such as they. Then the proprietor of the farm-hostel, who had been observing me from the porch, screamed, "You have to speak with more authority." I didn't believe the woman by this time and thought this was just part of the joke, but I thought I might just as well be a good sport, so I mustered up my very best authoritative voice, faced Bessie, and told her to "march right up to the upper pasture before I kick you in the butt." Lo and behold! Bessie marched right up to the upper pasture and all the other cows followed her. The farm hands and mountaineers all applauded. So the city boy triumphed. He performed the Herculean task of shooing the cows from the lower pasture to the upper pasture. But thank God I wasn't asked to milk the cows.

Those cows with Bessie at the head are the modern Europeans, both male and female. They need someone to speak authoritatively to them and tell them to stop grazing in Liberaldom and move to the upper pastures of their European ancestors. In those green and pleasant upper pastures a white man does not experience life secondhand through negroes and the pasture is not seeded with the ethos of Babylon. But who will tell the modern Europeans to stop grazing in Liberaldom and return to their European pastures? And to what authority do the Europeans look for guidance? Ah, there's the rub. Even if a man of the upper pastures could be found to speak authoritatively to the Europeans would they listen?



The primary authority of the European grazers is the great liberal oligarchy. The liberals control the media outlets, the schools, the government and unfortunately the churches as well. It's like the old Westerns when a cowboy knight errant comes into a town and discovers that everybody in town cringes and crawls before one ruthless and evil man. The knight errant asks, "Why do you let this man run the town this way?" The bought-and-paid-for sheriff tells the knight errant, "This town eats because Rupert Ruthless puts meat on their tables, and nobody is going to put themselves or their family at risk by opposing Rupert Ruthless."

"And what about the law?" the knight errant asks. "Are you afraid of Rupert Ruthless too?"

"I'm bought and paid for," the old sheriff sighs, "and I'm too old to go to another town and another job." The knight errant goes to the town minister and gets the same reaction as he got from the sheriff, "It's best not to oppose Rupert Ruthless. I advise my people to get along."

Of course the tall handsome stranger has no intention of "getting along" with the powers that be. He is a knight errant and knight errants are not moral utilitarians. He kills the two low life henchmen who Ruthless sends against him, which forces Ruthless to shift his tactics. He sends his lawyers to buy off the cowboy knight. They fail: he can't be bought. Then Ruthless sends the beautiful dance hall girl to seduce the knight errant and make him forget his sacred mission. She too fails. Now it's time for Ruthless to send for the best gun money can buy. When he arrives he meets the hero in the middle of the street for a gun duel which terminates with the death of the hired gun. You should know the rest of the story. The Western knight finishes what he started. He kills Rupert Ruthless, before Ruthless is able to shoot him in the back with a shotgun, and he rides out of town, leaving the townspeople free to build a better town or to find another Rupert Ruthless to sell their souls to.

The cowboy knight's honor would not be compromised if he left town with a bride, the fair-haired daughter of the old world weary sheriff. But in this case the fair-haired damsel, though attracted to the knight errant, decides that she needs a more entrepreneurial-minded mate to help her to fulfill her dream of becoming the first woman to head up the Wells Fargo Express office. "How much do knight errants make," she muses. "It can't be very much." The practical, forward-thinking damsel decides against our hero. Maybe in another town.

The old westerns were in the mold of the European fairy tales and as such they were essentially correct in their portrayals of life. The real spiritual battles that we fight are not usually as overtly physical as in the westerns, but the symbolism in the westerns is correct. We fight against an ancient foe who will stop at nothing to destroy the European people. Money, sex, power: he knows all the temptations and he does not adhere to any code of conduct: "Whatever works," is his motto. And liberalism, the synthesis of all the demonic arts, is working quite well. The grazing Europeans seem to be permanently ensconced in the lower Babylonian pasture, grazing contently without any knowledge of an upper European pasture. So the question remains, "Is there any authoritative voice that could possibly move the European people from the lower Babylonian pasture to the upper European pasture?"

I can only point out what I see in the Europeans' past. There once was a voice that moved them. That voice has been silenced because the human channels of grace have been dammed up. The church men, who slavishly cater to the whims of the liberal oligarchy, tell us we need not worry about a thing, under their intellectual guidance Christianity is progressing from a dirtwater, provincial, European faith to a universal, evolving faith that benefits all mankind instead of just one race of people. But God imparts to particular human hearts not to universal aggregates. If you tell me that God could have chosen another people to be the Christ bearers, I will tell you, "That is more than I know. All I know is that He did choose the Europeans." And now that European hearts have grown tepid is the Christian faith being championed by the colored hordes? Are the colored people better off now, when the Europeans worship them instead of Christ? I certainly don't think so. When the Europeans were intensely provincial, faith, hope, and charity abounded, not only at the European hearth fires, but also at the hearth fires of those colored people who saw a light in the Europeans' culture that they, with only partial understanding, tried to serve. Uncle Remus is a better man than ten thousand Obamas or Jesse Jacksons rolled into one. But still the anti-Christian church men beat their tom-toms and bid the white grazers come and worship their newfound gods of color.

Refusing to worship the colored gods, despite the mandate of church, state, and society, is the primary task of the European. Men who refuse to worship the colored gods, and who stay connected to the European past, will be able to speak from the heart to the European grazers. Will the grazers listen? Not all of them, but I agree with Burke who tells us that we should never look on our own people as irredeemable. If we speak from the depths of a heart that loves old Europe and hates Liberalism, then we will find other hearts who will respond. An earthquake starts with a few small tremors. But we should never be deceived into believing that we can be Christian and liberal. Liberalism is from the devil and the lynchpin of Liberalism is racial diversity. Once a man steps outside his racial stronghold where his kith and kin dwell, he becomes grist for Satan's mills. He will placidly graze in the lower pastures of Babylon, a man without a God and without a people.

For many years now I've watched the pro-lifers write petitions, hold protest marches and vote pro-life. All to no avail. Abortion is more ensconced in our unhallowed land than ever before. Why is this? Abortion has become part of the permanent fabric of our nation because European Christians left provincial, European Christianity behind and embraced propositional, universalist Christianity. In provincial European Christianity, which is now called racialism, the murder of infants was not tolerated. Men whose faith is bred in the bone do not have to discuss the problem of infanticide, they simply kill the perpetrators of such heinous acts. 'Tis not so with the propositional Christian. He talks and he discusses, he pleads with the liberals to be merciful, and he votes. But people who have given themselves to the devil are not merciful. The only thing that will deter liberals from committing monstrous acts of cruelty is the sword of retribution. And no propositional Christian, grazing in the lower pastures of Babylon, is capable of wielding such a sword. Only a man who has not been spiritually emasculated, a man who has a racial stronghold, can fight Satan and his minions. The pro-lifers and their conservative counterparts are like the defenders of a fort who give the enemy attacking the fort a certain number of their own people in the hopes that the enemy will let them alone. But the dishonorable sacrifice only whets the enemies' appetite for more victims and more plunder. Soon the fort is conquered and every defender is put to the sword. There is a moral here. When the European intelligentsia abandoned their race in an attempt to save their propositional churches, their propositional economies, and their propositional governments, they lost that which makes them human: their sacred blood ties to their people and their God. Without those ties of blood they became secondhand men and women incapable of passionate defenses of unborn babies or anyone else. All they can do is worship the liberal-sanctioned gods and beg the liberals to throw them a few concessions every now and then. The liberals never do. They simply tighten the noose.

The bovine analogy has its limits. A cow cannot be stirred to the depths of her soul, but a European can. I must repeat an old refrain: When the European hero, the man connected to the living God through the spirit and blood of His people, stands up to Satan and his minions and issues the command, "This shall not go on," the liberals' day will be over. The grazers will see with blinding sight through the eyes of the hero, and they will return to the green and pleasant pasture of "racist" Europe, in which they can once again see and follow their lode star, the Star of Bethlehem. +

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### On Earth As It Is in Heaven - February 16, 2013

Draw thy sword.  
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine.  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession. I protest,  
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,  
Despite thy victor-sword and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour, and thy heart thou art a traitor;  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;  
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No,"  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

*King Lear*

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Edgar's statement at the end of *King Lear*, "Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say," could be interpreted as a simple moral from Aesop, "Don't lie or you'll get in trouble." But if we've read through the play and seen the suffering Edgar has endured, and the suffering Edgar has witnessed, we know that he means something more profound than an Aesop fable when he enjoins the survivors of the British holocaust to, "Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say."

Edgar has seen a kingdom come to ruin because a king who "hath ever but slenderly known himself," believed the lies he told himself about his "good daughters" who were evil, and his "bad daughter" who was good, and because a father (Edgar's) believed the lies a fiendish bastard son told of Edgar, the good son. In the wake of such misery, the usual lying that men do cannot be tolerated. A healthy body politic that has been built on truth can absorb a certain amount of lies without crumbling, but a society that has fallen because of a preponderance of lies that men regarded as the truth, can only be rebuilt by men who speak what they feel, not what they ought to say.

It is obvious to all who have eyes to see that the modern Europeans have gone through a holocaust much like the one that Edgar endured. With the great difference being that the modern Europeans still feel no need to speak the truth. The truth

about European civilization is still buried under an avalanche of lies which are bound together, like a bundle of twigs, by the one great lie. The one great lie is this: The spirit cannot take flesh. To the Greeks, our incarnate Lord was foolishness, and to the Jews he was a stumbling block. And so it remains today. The liberals (the Greeks) think it is their right and duty to demonize the antique Europeans who claimed the incarnate Lord was at the center of their civilization, because the notion that God took flesh and dwelt amongst us is, to the liberals, foolishness. And the modern “conservative” Christians (the Jews) feel perfectly justified in jettisoning the Christ-bearing race and becoming spiritual Jews because they do not believe in the reality of the incarnate God. If God did not really become incarnate in Jesus Christ, then there is no reason for the defense of the European people whose past is inextricably bound to Christ incarnate. In the absence of that ancient faith, mankind is simply a mathematical equation and individual men and women are merely numbers within that equation.

Behind the liberals’ lie that their worship of the black man has to do with “civil rights” is the maniacal hatred of Christ and the Christ-bearing people. And behind the conservatives lie that they now support massive colored immigration because it is the Christian thing to do is the conservatives’ desire to please the liberal powers that be, which will enable the conservative churches to survive in Liberaldom. In point of fact the liberals won’t let the conservatives’ churches survive, but that is the conservatives’ hope.

What is happening in the ranks of the conservatives, both Christian and secular, is a gradual liberalization. And the liberalization is taking place because the conservatives do not regard the defense of their race as essential. This morally indefensible disregard of their own people is the direct result of the triumph of universalist Christianity in the once Christian churches. Every modern Christian church cares nothing for Christ as savior and everything for Christ as a figurehead for their systems. In that type of Christianity vast numbers of nameless, soulless people are necessary to keep the system afloat, so people of all races are wanted no matter whether they believe in the same God as the antique Europeans believed in or not.

Universalist Christianity was always present in the Christian academies, which never quite separated themselves from the Greek philosophical tradition. And there is no doubt that Thomist universalism shifted the focus away from the human heart as the source of our knowledge of God and turned men’s minds toward the rational contemplation of nature. But the European people had staying power; neither fire, dungeon, sword, or Aquinas could drive them away from their provincial hearth fires where they understood life “feelingly.” Through the 19th century and the early 20th century the European peasant was still European. When the collapse came, when the European everyman became an intellectual, it was total. Considering the forces arrayed against him, Church and state undergirded by science, it was a wonder the European peasant endured so long.

Now the man of Europe is an outcast man who must feign madness, like Edgar, until the hour is ripe. At such a time the trumpet will sound and a champion will appear who will re-establish the Europeans’ blood rights. It all sounds quite fairy tale-ish, but life is a fairy tale: when hope is nearly gone the hero will step forth, with Christ as his inspiration, and defeat the forces of darkness.

If the Christian church does not consist of the people who took Christ into their hearts, but instead consists of those corporate entities that are organized around some vague quasi-divine figure who cedes all power and glory to the negro, then we are not living in an age of darkness, we are living in an age of faith. All a man has to do, if this is the age of light, is worship the negro with his whole heart and soul, and he will inherit life eternal in the kingdom of Liberaldom.

In the liberal’s eye, all mankind, except for a few recalcitrant white males, seem to be heading for a brave new world where men and women of color will live as nature intended in a kind of interracial Woodstock: “We are stardust, we are golden...” But the European who knows not seems to see a different world. He sees a world where Satanism – the antique European still believes in God and the devil – reigns supreme under the guise of negro worship. He sees “conservative” churches and liberal churches joining with their secular counterparts to form one unified secular Church consecrated to one end, the perpetual worship of nature and nature’s God, the negro. Need I remind the reader that Ratzinger, before he became Benedict XVI, said that the next pope should be a black man? Now, for the first time in 700 years a pope has resigned. For what reason? To make straight the way of the negro god? Papalotry will take on a new intensity should a black man formally ascend to the rank he already holds informally. And every Protestant denomination is following the Catholic lead. They will not rest till they have made explicit what they have already implicitly stated: “The black man is our god.” (1)

In the latter half of the 20th century two men, Russell Kirk and Anthony Jacob, wrote books in which they presented their conservative visions. Kirk’s book *The Conservative Mind* was published in 1953 and Anthony Jacob’s book *White Man Think Again* was published in 1965. Kirk’s book was received favorably in mainstream publications such as Time magazine, was lauded by conservatives, and given a respectful hearing by liberals. Jacob’s book received no reviews in any mainstream publications and was condemned by the few conservatives and liberals who did read the book. Why the different reactions to the two conservative authors? Kirk’s book was more scholarly, but Jacob’s book was more profound

and poetic. Kirk quoted many great conservative authors, such as Burke and Scott, but he failed to understand what was at the heart of such great men's works. Quite possibly he failed to understand them because in order to understand great hearts it is necessary to have more than a great intellect; one must have a great heart. The *Conservative Mind* was heralded in later years by conservative publisher Henry Regnery as the book that began the postwar conservative movement. He should have added that the book also ended the postwar conservative movement because it advocated an intellectual conservatism, devoid of passion, that was the complete antithesis of the passionate conservatism of many of the men mentioned in *The Conservative Mind*. Kirk's book on conservatism reads like an encyclopedia, and in that encyclopedia we never read about the necessity of conserving the European people, without whom there would be no books about the necessity of conserving Western civilization, because there would be no Western civilization. It is in Jacob's book that we ascend to the heights. His conservatism, which is grounded in a passionate love for his people, is the conservatism of Burke, of Scott, and William Shakespeare. Conservatism must be based on a passionate love for our kith and kin. Any other form of conservatism does not conserve, it becomes part of liberalism.

No man ever was attached by a sense of pride, partiality, or real affection, to a description of square measurement. He never will glory in belonging to the Chequer No. 71, or to any other badge-ticket. We begin our public affections in our families. No cold relation is a zealous citizen. We pass on to our neighbourhoods, and our habitual provincial connexions. These are inns and resting-places. Such divisions of our country as have been formed by habit, and not by a sudden jerk of authority, were so many little images of the great country in which the heart found something which it could fill. The love to the whole is not extinguished by this subordinate partiality.

The day of reckoning is upon us. The conservatives are blending with the liberals in order to kill every last remnant of Christian Europe. The old philosophical systems will survive as museum pieces, but the liberal-conservative coalition has no intention of allowing the Europeans' Christian past to interfere with the Babylonian present. If we respond to the Babylonians with the usual conservative responses – "Let's discuss the definition of a 'people'" and "Let's come up with a plan to develop think-tanks dedicated to the universality of the human mind" – we will fail to preserve that which is necessary to preserve: the European people and their ancient culture. The liberals with the aid of the conservatives hope to liquidate God by eliminating all the human conduits to God.

For the sake of the God whom the liberals hate, let us not be too rational in our response to this newly formed alliance between the conservatives and the liberals. Let us hate, with all our hearts, all those who threaten — and they are legion — our God and our people. The passionate hatred of the devil and his works can only come from a heart that loves. I don't believe that a man with a European heart can ever be defeated by liberalism. Such a belief is irrational, but I've seen the miracle of Christian Europe, which was built by the union of European hearts with His Sacred Heart. So why shouldn't I believe in Europe's resurrection? Through Him and in Him, our ties to Christ were formed at the European hearth fire. As long as we stay at that hearth fire, we will stay connected to the living God.

In utopian literature all children become the responsibility of everybody else; there are no parents. There are no wives or husbands either, but somehow despite the fact that all the small, provincial channels of God's grace are destroyed, there is universal peace and harmony. From Plato through Thomas More, the Jesuits in Latin America, the Jacobins, the Marxists, and the modern democratic utopians, the refrain is always the same: "We the people shall build a new and better world over the ruins of provincial, racist Europe." But all that we love and care for is in that older Europe. Our kith and kin are there and so is our God. And what is this new world that the liberals and the new age conservatives have prepared for us? Is it really stardust and golden? No, it is darkness and blasphemy. We are not meant to live in Babylon and we shall not. Let the trumpet sound, and the European who knows not seems will rise and ride in defense of his people and his God. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." +

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(1) It's significant that Ratzinger, the "conservative" pope, did not wish for any particular black pope, he just wished for a black pope. It is blackness in the abstract that the liberals and the conservatives worship. What does such worship have to do with Christianity? Whether Ratzinger gets his wish or not, the fact that this supposedly conservative pope so desperately yearns for a black god speaks volumes about the state of organized, conservative Christianity.

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## **Heart and Soul - February 9, 2013**

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

On this scheme of things, a king is but a man; a queen is but a woman; a woman is but an animal; and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide, and

parricide, and sacrilege, are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, are only common homicide; and if the people are by any chance, or in any way, gainers by it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny. –Edmund Burke

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This kaleidoscope of horror that we see before our eyes is the complete antithesis of Christian Europe. We can't even call the modern nations with European origins civilizations. They are mixed conglomerates of people without a past, facing an indeterminate future. The fall of the Europeans has been like a second fall of man. Having shown the world that God's grace was a living, breathing reality the Europeans proceeded, in the 20th century, to turn away from the Christian God in order to embrace the fallen angel. By the 21st century sins that cried out to heaven for vengeance during Europe's Christian era were institutionalized virtues: Miscegenation, abortion, and euthanasia became part of humanity's march onward to the liberal light, which is in reality the black night of Satan.

Burke's battle with the arch fiend Rev. Dr. Price, over what was 'natural' that a man should feel in the wake of the French Revolution, highlights the differences between the Christian civilization that we have left behind and the brave new Babylonian world of darkness that we presently live in.

Both Burke and Price used the word 'natural' as a way of saying something was in keeping with all that was good and noble in a man. Thus Dr. Price said it was natural that he should exult in the murder of the French aristocrats and the humiliation of the King and Queen (especially the Queen) of France. And in direct contrast to Price, Burke said it was natural that he should feel sympathy for the French aristocrats and the King and Queen. There is no middle ground between Burke and Price, although many men who fear to choose between right and wrong have tried to find a middle ground between the two divergent points of the moral compass. The modern Europeans have chosen the ethos and faith of the Rev. Dr. Price. I, and a remnant band of antique Europeans, have chosen the ethos and faith of Edmund Burke.

For Price it is natural to support the satanic men of the French Revolution because he believes that men are by nature thinking animals. Their superiority over other animals is simply one of intelligence; other than that difference in degree, men are animals who "must perforce prey on themselves like monsters of the deep." Those men who are the most natural, which means the most primitive and barbaric, are the best men and must be exalted as they slay the most unnatural of men. In France during the Revolution it was the Jacobins who were the most natural, and therefore good and noble, and today it is the blacks and the other creatures of color who have become the exalted ones that can do no evil, because they are natural.

In Price's mind-forged world biological nature is all. But in Burke's world what is natural is something inside of a man that is more than his biological nature. In Burke's Christian view of life the heartfelt passion is the mark of a man's humanity, and his reason is simply a broadsword to defend that passion. Who can doubt that Burke is right? The liberals themselves act upon their passion, which is a passion to destroy the image of God in man, and use their reason to defend that passion. Burke maintained that the liberals' passion to kill and destroy their own was an unnatural passion that went against the faith which made Europe. He warned all Europeans that such an unnatural passion, based on a vision of an inhumane, distorted view of what was natural, could only bring ruin upon every nation of Europe. Price disagreed, and his satanic view of man, for the present, has prevailed. The conservative movements in the 20th century failed to stop the spread of Jacobin liberalism because the conservatives tried to find a middle ground between Price's religion of nature, which deifies the natural man (destined to become the black man), and Burke's religion of untaught feelings, feelings which instruct our reason and lead us to our Redeemer. There can be no middle ground between Price and Burke: either we are of the spirit and belong to a loving God, or we are of the biological dung heap and belong to cold, inhumane, heartless nature.

Burke saw that Price's theology of nature, which is the modern liberal's theology, came "nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man." The denial of an animating spirit within man is the essence of Price's liberalism and modern liberalism. Price's liberal descendants want to make the outer ornamental world of nature the whole world. In such a world there are no physical signs of deep and mysterious things of the spirit. Blood is mere liquid, skin color is mere pigmentation, and science, which tells us that the outer biological realm of existence is the only realm, is our holy writ.

The liberals, in keeping with their theology of soulless nature, have hardened themselves, like Lady Macbeth, against the "compunctious visitings of nature." But Lady Macbeth ultimately succumbed to the compunctious visitings of nature. The Rev. Prices of the world do not succumb because they have a theology that is proof against every decent instinct in the human breast: "Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician." And that is the key to the destruction of Christian Europe. Once the European peasant (I use 'peasant' in the everyman sense, not in the agrarian sense) became a metaphysician, after centuries of listening to clergymen tell him that abstract reason was man's only touchstone of reality, he lost his natural horror of liberal atrocities. His good instincts, which were bred in the bone of the European at his family hearth fire, were killed by the rationalism of the thoroughbred metaphysicians. Every day in

Liberaldom there are atrocities that a European of the era when men had natural instincts would have put a stop to. I thought of this the other day when I saw a children's cartoon show based on the Dr. Seuss story *The Cat in the Hat*. Although Seuss went anti-nuclear in his later work in the 1970s, his books from the 1950s and early sixties, such as *The Cat in the Hat*, *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back*, *The King's Stilts*, *To Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street*, etc., were quite amusing and great fun for white children. The new version of *The Cat in the Hat* showed two children, one white girl and one black boy, both offspring of one white mother with no father in sight. There, in a once classic children's story, we have two blasphemies – miscegenation and adultery – or maybe it was just miscegenation and promiscuous sex (the cartoon was not clear about that). Should such soul poisoning garbage be permitted? Of course not. But in the absence of men with a natural aversion to the spiritual rape of children, the sponsors and the writers of such blasphemous, perverted filth will go unpunished.

Turn the page or the channel and you will encounter the news about The Obama administration's plan to place women in combat. All the practical reasons against such a move — and there are numerous practical reasons against women in combat — pale in comparison to the one spiritual reason: no man permits the life bearers and life nurturers to go into combat. But again, when there are no Christian peasants with a natural, instinctive aversion to Satanism, well then, Satanism will flourish.

I could go on and on, but we know what is happening. Two additional horrors are the murder of infants and the legalized murder of the elderly and the infirm, both under the guise of a brave new world in which nature and nature's god, the negro, is honored and revered. Can the worship of negroes absolve the liberals of their sins against God and man? The European, with a natural hatred for the works of the devil, and a natural love for Christ and His people, feels that no man, who is still a man, can countenance the liberals' blasphemies or their atrocities. Just as Christ will be forever at war with Satan, so will the unimproved, prejudiced, non-progressive European, the Goth, be eternally at war with the liberal.

There are unselfish things a parent does for his children that, when viewed from a purely selfish, pragmatic viewpoint by an outsider, seem like acts of insanity. Yet the parent who does such things does not even think about those acts of self-sacrifice. He does them because it is in his or her nature to do such acts. The parent loves his children with a deep and abiding love that is beyond reason; it is a love that often imitates the divine love which passeth all understanding. That unceasing unselfish sacrifice that a good parent makes for his children is the type of love that made Christian Europe. Millions upon millions of Europeans who did not count the cost or ask, "Is my self-sacrifice worth it?" built Christendom, because they loved much. They had the greatest of these: they had charity. It's not a process we can see with the naked eye, but when the European once again acts according to his inner nature instead of acting according to the abstract metaphysics of liberal gurus, then he will be a man again and he will destroy Liberaldom and rebuild Christendom because it is natural, in the Burkean sense of the word, that he should do so.

Dostoyevsky's underground man said that a man lives for one purpose, to prove that he is a man and not a piano key. The religious and secular metaphysicians want to play upon man as if he is a piano key. With their abstract reason they will direct poor, bare, unaccommodated man to their vision of the truth. But the truth can only be known by a passionate heart. For good or ill human beings are subject to their passions. Some men have a passion for God and some for the devil, and there is no simple explanation for men's preferences. What a man does know, contra Descartes, is that he sees and understands existence feelingly. "I love, therefore I am," is the European's affirmation of faith. Hamlet only becomes Hamlet when he knows he has loved: "This is I, Hamlet, the Dane!" Death is not the ultimate tragedy, because death does not extinguish the soul. The ultimate tragedy is a secondhand life, a life devoid of the passion which can only be engendered by a love for our kith and kin. That type of love connects us to the God of love. A passion for abstract relationships with abstract children of nature engenders a secondhand love for Satan and all his works. The European people once had faces, when they loved their own people and their God. Listen to Rose Barton's description of an Englishman's love for his departed Queen:

The Queen had made herself beloved of her people. She had borne such sorrows in her heart with such splendid patience—she had been such an example to us all, so full of love and dignity,—that she had become our own. And then to feel that all these strong ties were broken—no: not really broken, for they will remain always, binding the hearts of her people to her memory! It was sad beyond measure to see it all. Near me there was standing a big man—probably a costermonger—with a stricken face—evidently a thorough man—but hard-looking, as one so often sees in that type. The crowd was quite wonderful—the silence and the solemn feeling of intense, respectful sorrow on all around were more than I can describe. Well, this man remained, very still and attentive, during the hours I waited there; and then at last came by us that splendid throng of mourning kings and princes, with their beloved dead. I cannot express what only the beating of one's heart can tell. This man remained grim and silent. As soon as the procession came in sight he dragged off his battered cap, and the hard face changed—and in it one saw the influence of the sorrow that had touched his heart, as it touched the hearts of all—for he had lost his Mother in his Queen.

Oh, what a falling off was there! Can we ever again have hearts like our European ancestors? Only if we cast off our second-hand faith in negroes and science and embrace the people and the God of provincial Europe. +

## Mankind's Whole Tale - February 2, 2013

O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews! – John Sterling

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I was saddened to learn of the passing of Stan Musial. He was one of the heroes of my youth, but my initial sadness at Musial's death was deepened tenfold when I heard him praised, in passing, for his whole hearted acceptance of black players in baseball. "Say it ain't so, Stan." It's rather pathetic, what little praise that is afforded to a white man who has done something of note in this world is given to the extent he aided the ongoing liberal campaign to deify the black race. Had Musial been as courageously anti-integration as Ty Cobb and Dixie Walker, he would have earned the hatred of the liberals, but he then would have been truly worthy of his name, "Stan the Man."

The liberals never miss an opportunity to preach their gospel. The life lesson preached at Musial's funeral and countless similar occasions has not been lost on young white people. "You can have a life" — albeit a secondhand life — "to the extent that you denounce your own racial identity and serve the cause of the great cosmic negro." Is this the promised end of the white man? Is this what God intended us to do with our lives, to serve the negro with our whole heart and soul? The liberals say, "Yes, we are on this earth to worship and serve the negro." And surprisingly the Christian church men also tell us that we must worship the negro. I say surprisingly because the Christian church men all work for organizations that once worshipped Jesus Christ. The mainstream churches have openly repudiated Christ as the Son of God, turning him into a social worker who wants all mankind to worship the negro, while the conservative splinter churches are attempting to fuse Christian worship with negro worship. I prefer the outright repudiation practiced by mad-dog liberals to the fusionism of the conservative liberals, but in either case the white man becomes a less than human creature dependent on the colored races, especially the negro, for confirmation that still he lives.

To this pass the European has come because he lost his lifeline to the living God. He loved his theory about God more than God. And the theoretical God did not need to become incarnate in a people; he did not need to enter human hearts, he could come direct to special men with giant brains. But the special men with the 'Giant Brains Faith' ran aground and left the white man without a God and without a people. Our Lord said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." Why did the European intellectuals not take Him at His word?

It is not enough to know the truth intellectually: men must love the truth. And we are so constituted that we cannot love the truth unless we see it embodied in humanity. Christ took flesh and dwelt among us so we could see and love the truth. The European people of the olden times took Christ into their hearts and as a consequence their culture reflected the true image of Christ, the God of mercy and love. Without that incarnational vision of Christ, mankind is left without a true vision of the living god. All we have is intellectual concepts of the heathen gods and false "Christian" intellectual systems in which Christ appears as some kind of a peace-loving guru or a special forerunner of Martin Luther King Jr., but not as the Man of Sorrows or the King of Kings.

The apologists for a Christianity without a Christian Europe tell us that the more natural, colored people of the earth will take Christ into their hearts and place the Christian churches on the true path, purified of the European defilements, toward paradise. There are none so blind as those who will not see. When left to their own devices, separate from Europeans, what do the colored people make of Christianity? Does Christ live in the hearts of the African negroes? Have Africans astounded the world with their Christian civilization, as John Paul II told us they would? Have the Asians as a people shown us any indication that they intend to turn from their merciless, cruel gods and embrace the European Christ? Need I go on and ask the same questions about the red and brown people of color? It isn't necessary. They all — red, yellow, black, and brown — are people who cannot see the Truth and love Him. Miracles do happen. There are the colored Gunga Din's who become Christian, but they do so because they have been vouchsafed a vision of the living God who took flesh and dwelt with the European people. If the Europeans blend with the colored peoples of the world, or if they allow the colored people to exterminate the white race, there will be no dwelling place for the living God. Truth will be an outcast man huddled in the crags and crannies of the earth while heathen falsehood is a pampered guest at all the banquet tables in multi-racial Babylon.

The mad-dog liberal hates Christ hence he seeks to destroy Christ's image in man by destroying the Europeans' past so that they can never reclaim their identity and their God. The liberal conservatives differ slightly from the mad-dog liberals. They love their various Christian systems, so long as their systems survive they are indifferent to the fate of the Europeans. Though not as manically opposed to the European people as the mad-dog liberals, the liberal-conservatives do not see why multi-racialism and Christianity are incompatible. They cannot see the truth staring them in the face because their mind forged systems have blinded them to the heartfelt faith of their ancestors. Their pride of intellect overcame their hearts and they succumbed to Babylon. With might and main they struggle to make their churches more "diverse" so that the mad-dog liberals will let their churches alone. But what good is it to have a church without Christ or His people?

Can there be a non-European Christ? Have we, the European people, looked at a false Messiah through a distorted lens? That is what the liberals and Satan would have us believe so that then we would be forced to give up our racial identities and beg to be absorbed into the great, cosmic, multi-racial dung heap. “Blessed be oblivion, blessed be our nondescript multi-racial personalities, Amen.” But it won’t work. Cover the Europeans of the past with ridicule, with scorn, with moral condemnation, with endless charges of stupidity, and still the European Phoenix will rise from the dead just as He rose from the dead on the third day. The liberals and their mentor, our ancient foe, can never understand that there is something invincible in the soul of a European who has felt the warmth of a European hearth-fire. The love and passion of our Lord provides the divine warmth of that fire, and hearts so warmed cannot rest easy in Liberaldom. They must destroy it.

When we look at what the liberals hold sacred and what the antique Europeans held to be sacred we can see a very clear fairy tale world of good vs. evil. In the European fairy tales the devil visits the earth in the form of a black man. Haven’t the liberals, with a satanic sixth sense, sought to deify Satan through the good offices (or should we say bad offices?) of the black man? Behind the façade of “civil rights” and “diversity” is the deification of the black man who is the conduit to Satan.

And what of the much vilified white man? To whom or what is he a conduit? I think I’ve made my opinions on that subject known. The white man can lead the satanic men of color against his own kind, or he can be as a white man is meant to be, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, making straight the way of the Lord. What John Sterling said of Shakespeare can be said about the divine mission of the white man:

O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity’s dews!  
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!  
Transcendent 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 strengths may be no less divine.

That is what the race war is all about. The antique Europeans, through their culture, told “Mankind’s whole tale of impulse, thought and deed!” They told of a world redeemed by the blood of the lamb. They told us we were not born to die, we were destined for that vast world presided over by the King of Kings.

The liberals have spared no pains, and will continue to spare no pains, in eradicating the heartfelt tale of the ancient Europeans, because the liberals want all mankind to build their lives upon the liberals’ tale, which is a tale of savage beasts preying upon each other. There is no sublimity in the liberals’ tale, no redeemer, no grace. I prefer the tale told by my people in the not-so-distant past. I will stay by the European hearth fire, because it is my world, and I shall never want or seek any other. +