

Cambria Will Not Yield
Volume 5: January 26, 2013 – January 1, 2011

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[NOTE: All-caps for the month indicates the post was originally published on the first blog; regular capitalization for the month indicates the post was originally published on the second blog.]

Sacred Memories - January 26, 2013

“Men of Harlech, stop your dreaming, can’t you see their spear points gleaming?”

The liberals danced around their savior’s throne in robes of liberal finery, but a savior must save, so we must ask the liberals what, or whom, is the Obama saving them from? I don’t think we will get a coherent answer to that question from the liberals, which means we’ll have to extract an answer by observing the actions of the liberal herd. The answer is that the Obama is ‘saving’ the liberals from the white bogeyman. Just as Victorian nannies scared their young charges with stories of the black bogeyman, the liberals now scare themselves and their fellow liberals with stories of the white bogeyman. Let’s leave aside, for the moment, the question of whether the white bogeyman actually exists while we look at the liberals’ white bogeyman to whom all manner of evil is attributed.

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. The liberal hated his own race, his father, his brother, his sister and all of his kinsmen. But he loved the colored people of the world. Black (particularly black) and yellow, red and brown, the liberal loved them all, not as particular human beings — he was incapable of that kind of love — but in the abstract. Because of his great, abstract love of the colored people — the men he called the noble savages — and because the liberal sport of nature wanted to do what the coloreds did — namely have unbridled sex and cannibalize his own people — the liberal tried to rebuild paradise over the ruins of white Bogeyland. He was successful. White Bogeyland has disappeared, and paradise has been regained. But for a time, since paradise has only been recently regained, the liberal will worry about the return of the white bogeyman. He, like the child in the Victorian era nursery, needs to be reassured that he is safely tucked in and there is no bogeyman under the bed and no bogeyman lurking outside the house trying to break in. The Obama re-coronation reassures the liberal baby poohs that the white bogeyman won’t get them, and all is well in paradise.

Was there ever really a white bogeyman who wanted to impose his ‘evil’ religion on the naturally superior tribes of color? Yes, there was, although I wouldn’t call the white man of old a bogeyman and I wouldn’t call the colored barbarians a naturally, superior people. But let that pass. There was such a thing as a white European who stood in opposition to the world of the liberals and the colored tribesmen. Modern day conservatives have tried to dispel that notion, because they would like a place in Liberaldom, but the liberals have correctly ascertained that the white man can never be part of Liberaldom. The white man belongs to a different world than the colored tribesmen and the white sports of nature. The white man’s world was infused with the spirit of God, and he must live in that world and that world only. If the liberals allowed white men back into their “paradise,” the white men would immediately start to rebuild a white man’s world, a world where the spirit of God dwells. The liberals have vowed that such a thing, the rebuilding of Christian Europe, shall never happen so long as they live. They are right. It shall never happen while they live. I saw a liberal’s column on the occasion of Obama’s re-coronation in which he stated that the conservatives’ tears over Obama’s re-election made him laugh. I hope such creatures continue to laugh right up to the moment of their death. What the liberals do not realize is that it is only the conservatives, who put their faith in democracy, that are crying now. The antique European did his crying a long time ago. Only a morally anesthetized man could have failed to see that Christian Europe became Liberaldom many years before the Obama took office. His coronation was merely the final, crowning blasphemy. Having mourned and dried our tears long before the Obama blasphemy, we, the Europeans who are still faithful to Europe, must now find a way to strike home against the treacherous, murderous liberals.

Every day in every European nation all the organs of state, press, television, and film demonize the white race. And that demonization has had a terrible effect. Whites are being exterminated in ever increasing numbers. Violence is not a magic talisman, a cure-all for every problem, but it would not be Christian, it would not be conduct worthy of Europeans, if we remained non-violent in the face of the liberal and colored onslaught against the white race. Why do the white grazers support the liberals' bombing of the colored stranger over there in his own country but refuse to defend their own country against a colored invasion?

It should be obvious to any European who is not dead inside that the American liberals' worship of the Obama is not just an American phenomenon. All European people are in the same boat. They are ruled by mad-dog liberals who want to eradicate any memory of Christian Europe and every living embodiment of Christian Europe, in the form of a faithful band of Europeans, from the face of the earth. It's really a moot point whether America is slightly worse than other European nations or slightly better; we are all up against the same satanic foes. It's truly remarkable that no matter whom I talk to, whether a European from Finland, from France, from Australia, from England, etc, I find that all white people are facing the same national crisis: their liberal rulers are handing their nations over to colored barbarians. How could it be otherwise? Neither geography nor abstract theories of government make a nation. Race makes a nation. White people in America have lived in the same geographical area as blacks, and shared the same form of government for over one hundred years, and they are not a people. White people and blacks are completely separate people despite what the liberals try to tell us. The reason Burke was so concerned about the effect the heinous example of the French Revolution would have on the English people (besides the fact that he was the soul of honor) was because he realized that the European people were a spiritual entity. What affected one European nation affected all 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 economy of every country in Europe has been derived from the same sources." And what happens to a people who deny the sources from which they came into being as a people? They become airy nothings trying to attach themselves to alien races in order to convince themselves that they are alive.

Organized Christianity has become a mere adjunct of satanic liberalism, because the church men have denied Europe. It sounds very proper in the year 2013 to say that the Christian churches should not be bound to one people, but Christianity was bound to one particular people. If we separate the European from Christianity, condemning European Christianity as something apart from and antithetical to genuine Christianity, then we have left incarnational Christianity behind and replaced it with a theoretical Christianity that is a hideous caricature of Christianity, which goes by the name of liberalism.

I've often seen inscribed on older tombstones the words, "Sacred to the memory of..." Such is the antique European's sentiment about the Christian era of Europe. It is sacred to his memory. And so long as that memory is held in one faithful European heart, the light of eternal Europe will still guide all true and ardent seekers to the Man of Sorrows who reigns over and above the material world that the liberal sports of nature claim is the only world.

The word 'natural' in the liberal vernacular has come to mean truth. The black savage is natural, so he is a true and authentic human, in contrast to the white man who is unnatural and not authentic. But if the word 'natural' is supposed to represent the truth about man, then the antique Europeans, not the black savages or the other people of color, and not the liberal sports, are natural human beings. When Burke told the Reverend Dr. Price that he felt great sympathy for victims of the French Revolution, in contrast to Price who exulted in their deaths, he said it was because it was only natural that he should; "because we are so made, as to be affected at such spectacles..." Burke was and is right. If Christ is indeed the Son of God and we are created in His image, then it is natural that His people should hate liberal Babylon and love Christian Europe. So let us cling to our natural prejudices and our sacred memories in defiance of the liberal sports and their unnatural colored allies; the interim is ours. +

Nation Miserable - January 19, 2013

Endeavoring to persuade the people that they are no better than beasts, the whole body of their institution tends to make them beasts of prey, furious and savage. – Burke

I don't like science fiction movies, and with very few exceptions I don't like any movie made after 1965, so I didn't see the movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, but I imagine from the title that the movie was about the encounters of earthmen with extra terrestrial beings. I have encounters (albeit not close encounters) with non-human aliens on a daily basis, because the liberals and the grazers seem like creatures from another planet. And if they are creatures from another planet, our planet has been invaded, because the liberals and the grazers outnumber the earth men to such an extent that I seldom have encounters with fellow earthmen. When I do, I treasure the encounter. Yesterday I met a fellow earthman – or in plain English, a white man. We were both stuck in a long grocery line due to a shortage of checkout clerks because of a huge flu outbreak. I could tell this mid-seventy-ish man was not a liberal because liberals have an unmistakable

smugness about them that allows one to identify them immediately. And I could tell the gentleman was not a grazer because there was still a discernible light in his eyes. He had in his cart, among other food items, a bottle of Aunt Jemima pancake syrup. I made the comment, "I'm surprised they still allow that to be sold," and from that point on we were off and running down Memory Lane. He told me of growing up in a rural area where there were no blacks and no one locked their doors at night, and I told him about growing up in a city where, when my grandmother took me to the park, blacks stayed in their half of the park and whites in their half. On we talked (the line was still not moving) about the demise of decency and (obviously he didn't use these exact words) the profligate spending of the "unbought grace of life." My checkout line friend pointed to the sixties as the decade when "everything went to hell." Of course liberalism began to take root in Western culture long before the sixties, but this wise-blooded peasant had accurately pinpointed the time period when the disease that had been festering within the body of Western civilization became manifest on the outside of the body. The liberals had gathered enough power, by the sixties, to make explicit the heretofore implicit values of liberalism: infanticide, miscegenation, negro worship, and the maniacal hatred of everything white and Christian.

Certainly there were many politicians and rock groups who could serve as a representative sample of sixties liberalism, which is essentially the triumphant liberalism we see before us today. But what is the primary attribute of Satan? The Christian poets such as Walter Scott have answered that question:

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 Eleventh of France was the chief. That sovereign was of a character so purely selfish—so guiltless of entertaining any purpose unconnected with his ambition, covetousness, and desire of selfish enjoyment, that he almost seems an incarnation of the devil himself, permitted to do his utmost to corrupt our ideas of honour in its very source. Nor is it to be forgotten that Louis possessed to a great extent that caustic wit which can turn into ridicule all that a man does for any other person's advantage but his own, and was, therefore, peculiarly qualified to play the part of a cold-hearted and sneering fiend.

In this point of view, Goethe's conception of the character and reasoning of Mephistopheles, the tempting spirit in the singular play of *Faust*, appears to me more happy than that which has been formed by Byron, and even than the Satan of Milton. These last great authors have given to the Evil Principle something which elevates and dignifies his wickedness—a sustained and unconquerable resistance against Omnipotence itself, a lofty scorn of suffering compared with submission, and all those points of attraction in the Author of Evil which have induced Burns and others to consider him as the hero of the *Paradise Lost*. The great German poet has, on the contrary, rendered his seducing spirit a being who, otherwise totally unimpassioned, seems only to have existed for the purpose of increasing, by his persuasions and temptations, the mass of moral evil, and who calls forth by his seductions those slumbering passions which otherwise might have allowed the human being who was the object of the evil spirit's operations to pass the tenor of his life in tranquility. For this purpose Mephistopheles is, like Louis XI., endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification.

Yes, I think Scott describes the satanic intellect quite well. It consists of the type of "caustic wit" which ridicules every decent impulse emanating from the human heart. For this reason I think the British "comedy" ensemble called Monty Python's Flying Circus is the best representative of the satanic liberalism of the sixties, which became the institutionalized liberalism of the 21st century. Their humor was not the humor of pathos, the humor that elevates, that invites us to laugh at the human condition while rooting for the Third Dumb Brothers, the intrepid pure of heart, such as Laurel and Hardy, who remind us all of our common humanity. Instead, the Python humor dehumanizes, like liberalism itself. It sets up one group of people, white people with traditional beliefs in human decency, honor, and the God whose love passeth all understanding, and invites liberals and colored barbarians to a veritable celebration of sneering, mocking ridicule, all directed at white people. On the Python "comedy" show everything ancient and good in the British and European tradition was dragged through the mud. In their films they blasphemed against Christ and his people, with the puerile delight of a sadistic, public school bully shoving a younger classmate's head in the toilet. And they did this while maintaining, as is always the case with liberals, that they were heroic underdogs taking on "the establishment." What establishment? The established church was rife with liberalism; it didn't oppose them. The royal family was as liberal, if not quite as vulgar, as they were. And the great unwashed whites of the middle and lower classes were too disenfranchised to oppose the middle and upper class homosexual mockers who made up the ranks of the Python comedy team. Extreme cruelty, sexual perversion, the love of the colored alien, and the hatred of white people and their culture was the essence of the Python comedy team, and it is the essence of modern liberalism.

Is it possible for a man with an ancient European heart to live with liberals and colored barbarians who are devoid of all traces of humanity? They exult in cruelty, relish all forms of sexual perversion, and mock and ridicule all that the Europeans once held sacred. One thinks of Macduff's reply to Malcolm:

Malcolm: If such an one be fit to govern, speak. I am as I have spoken.

Macduff: Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation
miserable..."

Of course Malcolm only listed his self-fabricated sins to test Macduff; what should we say about the liberals' genuine sins against humanity, and the humane God? Macduff's answer to Malcolm is our answer to the liberals: "Fit to govern! No, not to live."

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:

The rules and definitions of prudence can rarely be exact; never universal. I do not deny that in small truckling states a timely compromise with power has often been the means, and the only means, of drawing out their puny existence. 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 that they ought well to know before they implicitly confide.

– Burke

Haven't the Europeans been trying to survive in Liberaldom by timely compromises with the liberals? They have agreed to abandon their God, accept legalized infanticide, and stand by while their racial identity is obliterated by miscegenation. All this the Europeans have done in order to survive in Liberaldom. But the liberals and the colored barbarians have viewed every compromise as a sign of weakness, which gives them free license to step up their persecution of white people. It is the image of God in man that the liberals want to destroy. And the European people, like a formerly great state, were too much envied, too much dreaded, and too much identified with Christ, to find safety in abject capitulation to the liberals and the colored tribesmen.

The Python ensemble of vulgar, degenerate wits presented their vulgarity as "groundbreaking" and "original" just as Voltaire, Shaw, Twain and a cast of thousands of liberals prior to M. Python presented themselves as groundbreaking and original. But such caustic wits were not groundbreaking and original. They were as old as paganism.

When the post-Christian white man returns to paganism he brings a cold mathematical cruelty to all the old pagan rites. Where the pagan killed when his blood was up, the white liberal will set up laboratories of slaughter where he will coldly and efficiently out-slaughter the pagans. And there will be no check on the cruelty of the colored savages because their traditional masters, the white men, want no part of the white man's burden. They seek blended oblivion in a tidal wave of color.

It all seems quite hopeless from a materialist viewpoint. If you believe, with Spengler, that civilizations are born, decline, and die according to the laws of biology, then it is time for the Europeans to say goodbye and fade into oblivion. But what about the spiritual dimension of life? How can we project the death of the European people from a purely materialist crystal ball when the European people, above all other people, have shown themselves to be a people infused with a spirit that is something more than mere nature? In the realm of the spirit, the natural realm of the European, tidal waves are turned back by determined men of spirit and blood, and liberals, who are monsters of cruelty, are not permitted to govern.

Modern critics label any work of literature from the past that depicts men and women with souls as a distorted, unrealistic work. But why should such a work be called unrealistic? Haven't we all felt, at some point in our lives, a quickening spirit within that calls us to a better and nobler life than that envisioned by the liberal vulgarians? Are Scott's heroes and heroines really unrealistic? If they are then why do we feel drawn to them and not the liberal scoffers and caustic wits? Virtue might be rarer than vice, but it exists, especially in the hearts and souls of our European ancestors. Where the liberals see nothing but evil in our European ancestors, I see a roll of honor, a charity of honor. In the collective face of the European people of the days gone by, I see faith, hope, charity, and our Lord Jesus Christ. If we let "our ancient hearts" unite with theirs, we can be as they were, staunch in defense of our people and our God and unrelenting in our hatred of the liberals, who have loosed the dogs of color upon us and institutionalized blasphemy. It would be morally reprehensible to attempt to compromise with such creatures. Nor would it be realistic. Those people who have turned their hearts from the God of mercy will not be merciful to His people.

All seems cheerless, dark, and deadly on the European front. A sneering, satanic liberalism pervades what was once called Christendom. Living in Liberaldom is like living with the death of a loved one: there is an agony in the heart that can only be eased by a contemplation of Him and His promise that nothing eternal dies. That is our hope. If ancient European hearts unite with Christ through His people, then the liberals will not prevail. Ancient Europe will triumph over modern Babylon, even more surely as the turning of the earth. +

The End of the A. A. H. Era - January 12, 2013

This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude, I will no longer endure it,...

– *As You Like It*

I never had any interest in World War I or World War II movies when I was growing up. Being ‘just a kid’ I had no idea why I didn’t like such movies; all I knew was that the World War I and II movies bored me. I liked Westerns, swashbuckler movies, *Robin Hood*, *Fighting O’Flynn*, etc., but not the modern World War movies. Now, looking back, I realize that I didn’t like the modern war movies because in modern war, as Churchill pointed out, “There is no room for chivalry.” There are brave men in all wars, but in the 20th century World Wars the machines and the conglomerate mass of troops took precedence over the individual. Which is why the exceptions, such as Sergeant York and Marshal Rommel stand out so starkly. In mechanized wars devoid of chivalry a non-mechanized hero is very rare.

Which brings me by a roundabout route to the very unchivalric figure of Adolph Hitler. The most damning thing that can be said about Hitler is not the usual thing. Hitler’s greatest sin was that he used that which was of the spirit, a man’s race, for selfish, material ends. He was a sneering, cynical blasphemer, which – whether they choose to acknowledge him or not – makes him one of the liberals’ own. Hitler, like a phony spiritualist, cynically played with forces he found useful but of which he had no deep understanding. The Nazi scientists who professed to have scientific proof of the superiority of the Aryan blood were like the liberals who stole a consecrated host, subjected it to a laboratory analysis, and then proclaimed the host was only bread. As if God would permit His divine essence to be seen by blaspheming liberals. “But he answered and said unto them, An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas” – Matthew 12:39. The Nazis wanted a material sign to prove their superiority, just as the liberals thought the absence of a sign – that is, no blood found in the host – was material proof of God’s non-existence.

Hitler’s racial myth of the Aryans’ scientifically, certifiably biological superiority obscured the truth about race that every antique European knew: skin color is of the spirit, not the science lab. By tampering with things spiritual for a material end, Hitler made any attempt by white men in the post World War II era to defend themselves as a race seem like something evil. Catholic theologians shrilly denounced “racialism” and proclaimed, “The defense of Western civilization has nothing to do with race.” Conservative thinkers and politicians wrote long tomes about defending democracy against the communists, but never thought it necessary to write about the necessity of defending the white race against mongrelization from within and third world barbarism from without. And the best the Southern partisans could come up with was, “The North was always more prejudiced than we were.” What happened in Germany was what happened in Narnia: a false god was set up (the biologically superior Aryan) who made people unable to believe in the real, divinely sanctioned, spiritual division of the races.

Tirian had never dreamed that one of the results of an Ape’s setting up a false Aslan would be to stop people from believing in the real one. He had felt quite sure that the Dwarfs would rally to his side the moment he showed them how they had been deceived. And then next night he would have led them to Stable Hill and shown Puzzle to all the creatures and everyone would have turned against the Ape and, perhaps after a scuffle with the Calormenes, the whole thing would have been over. But now, it seemed, he could count on nothing. How many other Narnians might turn the same way as the Dwarfs?

A Christian European wandering through the literature of post-war conservatism looks in vain for a defense of the white people as a distinct people with a divine mission. He echoes Tirian and asks, “How many other white Europeans might turn out to be like the white-hating liberals?” The answer is that the entire white, upper echelon of conservative intellectuals took refuge in universals. They defended Western civilization by defending theories of economics, theories of government, theories of religion, and theories of humanity, but they did not defend their own people, who were, and are, the Christ-bearing people. It was left to the outcast men like Anthony Jacob to defend and champion the people whom the conservatives were unwilling to defend and whom the liberals were determined to eradicate from the face of the earth.

The dogma of European conservatives is that World War I gave communism a home in Russia, and World War II made Europe safe for communism. Both observations are true. But I would argue that World War II gave birth to something far more devastating than the communist menace. In the aftermath of World War II a new type of European leader came into

being. This new European leader was really a non-leader because he no longer professed a connection to the European people. He was an abstract leader of an abstract people. And it's no good to say that the people don't need a leader, because they do. Great movements are always initiated by a spiritual elite. If there is no spiritual elite to renew the peoples' "ancient heart" the people will wander in darkness and be a reed for every modern ill wind that blows. This was the truly devastating blow wrought by World War II: the white leaders, who should have defended their race and guided their people, abandoned them, to be demonized by the liberals and slaughtered by the colored barbarians, because they were afraid to be called racist.

The apostasy of the white European leaders was so universal and so unprecedented that we really should consider their moral apostasy as occurring in a new era called the A.A.H. era – After Adolph Hitler. When the white people emerge from their Babylonian night (and we don't know the day nor the hour of that emergence), it will be under the leadership of Europeans who are genuine Europeans, men who are not afraid to love their own people above all other people, even if that means they are stigmatized as stupid and bigoted.

I once, in my late twenties, got to visit a conservative writer whom I admired. At that time, I was just beginning to see the importance of the race issue. I asked the conservative leader why he never mentioned the ongoing colored assault on the white race. His answer was quite revealing. He told me that he would never be published again if he even hinted that the complete integration of blacks and other minorities into Western culture was not a consummation devoutly to be wished for. And despite the fact that he thought the race issue was of vital importance – "The survival of the West depends on the survival of the white man" – this great conservative thinker wrote nothing about it for the remaining 27 years of his life. My idol had feet of clay: he lacked a heart that truly loved. No genuine European forsakes his people for the applause and money of the hard-hearted rulers of Liberalism. If conservatism isn't about conserving our people, then how can we call it conservative? A conservatism that is not racial conservatism is liberalism on a slow train, in contrast to mad-dog liberalism which is liberalism on an express train. But both trains are headed for Babylon.

It pains me to see white people performing the conservative tasks of good citizens. They support their local schools, send their sons, and now their daughters as well, into the military, and peacefully abide by the results of anti-white elections. These are the acts of men and women who have lost their way; they need leaders with ancient hearts to show them the way. A people should only be conservative when their government is conservative. Once their government has gone over to the Jacobins, Europeans with faithful European hearts should be counter-revolutionaries and oppose every action that assists the international revolutionary government of the United States, of England, of France, and so on. Our hearts belong to a white Christian nation; if our government is committed to a colored nation of no faith, or, as is more likely, a multitude of non-Christian faiths, we should oppose such a government with our whole heart and soul. "What are we supposed to be conserving?" is the question. If the answer is not "our people," then we have no choice; we must fight to the knife. If you tell me that such an extreme response to liberalism is unwarranted or impractical, I will tell you that the liberals and their barbarian allies seek our blood. Extreme measures to protect our people are neither unwarranted nor impractical. Quite the contrary, nothing is more impractical than surrendering to a merciless enemy without even putting up a fight. The old leaders, the 'systems analyst' conservatives, were pygmy-hearted men who were willing to stand by and see their people perish so long as their systems survived. That era, the A.A.H. era, is now over. It is time for the European men with ancient hearts and a passionate love for their people to come to this battlefield.

Strong passion under the direction of a feeble reason feeds a low fever, which serves only to destroy the body that entertains it. But vehement passion does not always indicate an infirm judgment. It often accompanies, and actuates, and is even auxiliary to, a powerful understanding; and when they both conspire and act harmoniously, their force is great to destroy disorder within and to repel injury from abroad. If ever there was a time that calls on us for no vulgar conception of things, and for exertions in no vulgar strain, it is the awful hour that Providence has now appointed to this nation. Every little measure is a great error; and every great error will bring on no small ruin. Nothing can be directed above the mark that we must aim at. Every thing below it is absolutely thrown away. – *Letters on a Regicide Peace*

The history of the European people runs parallel with the ancient Hebrews. When we stay provincial, connected to a personal God through our kith and kin, we strive as a people. When God becomes an impersonal abstraction, the byproduct of a theologian's brain, and our people become cannon fodder for an always elusive, abstract, future utopia, we cease to be a people. We become wandering phantoms who come to life only to worship and serve the colored races. This is not the work that we were born to do. The spirit of our ancestors bids us rise up and throw off the liberals' yoke. And with Christ's help, the provincial Christ of the European hearth, we shall rise up and burn the liberals' altars, which are consecrated to their colored gods, and reclaim our own again. +

The 12th Day of Christmas - January 5, 2013

Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
And give the honour to this day

That sees December turned to May

* * * * *

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a meade new-shorne,
Thus on the sudden?—Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.

-HERRICK.

The ghost of Christmas present tells us we must strive to keep the Christ Child in our hearts 365 days of the year, not just for one day. But the same ghost through his authorial voice, Mr. Charles Dickens, also enjoins us to be especially attentive to the Christ Child during the Christmas season. I heartily agree with Mr. Dickens; the Christmas season should be a joyous celebration of the birth of our Savior, but it is not always easy to celebrate Christmas in a Dickensian way. Death and illness don't always wait till after the Christmas season to strike, and then, in our liberal age, there are the family quarrels. Sometimes liberals, who are members of one's extended family, come to visit, and they do not think that Christmas is about the Christ Child; they think it is about booze, negro worship, and filthy sex jokes. It's hard to feel joyous in such company.

This Christmas season I was fortunate. No illness or deaths in my family and no visits from liberal relatives. We stuck to the basics: the old Christmas carols, the old Christmas stories from such authors as Charles Dickens and Washington Irving, the appropriate readings from the Bible, and two of my favorite Christmas movies, *Miracle on 34th Street* and the Alastair Sim version of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. A blessed Christmas indeed. But I am always conscious in the midst of my family Christmas celebration that I and the other members of my family constitute a dissident band of white people whom the liberals would like to eradicate. Our position vis-à-vis the world is the exact opposite of the repentant Scrooge's position vis-à-vis the world: the Christian Scrooge left his money chamber to seek the company of good Christian men and women whose company he had shunned his entire life. The antique Christian European living in Liberaldom must invert Scrooge's journey. He must lift the drawbridge, shun the outside world, and keep Christmas within the walls of the family homestead, which in modern Liberaldom must serve as the family fortress. The last thing a European Christian wants to do at Christmas time, or at any other time for that matter, is to go out into the surrounding community seeking Christian fellowship. Such a policy would be spiritual suicide, because the liberal scoffers, the misers and the money lenders, and the colored heathens, who used to constitute the dark and loathsome underground of Europe, have become the rulers of the European people. They don't have to hide in dark corners any longer because their world is the overworld, and the antique European's world is the underground world.

I take no delight in the fact that the Christian European people are a captive and despised people. I wish it were otherwise. But I think it would be self-defeating to lie to ourselves by trying to paint the halfway-house Christians into the Christian picture in order to make the painting brighter. A few can defeat many so long as they do not mistake enemies for friends. The problem with the halfway-house Christians is that they want to fuse Christianity with other faiths. Some want to fuse Christianity with Judaism, some with Islam, some with pagan philosophy, and virtually all the halfway-house Christians want to fuse Christianity with the negro-worshipping tenets of liberalism. Such a blending is not what our European ancestors had in mind when they celebrated Christmas. They worshipped a very particular, provincial God named Jesus Christ who was born in a manger in Bethlehem. He told us Himself that He and He alone was the "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

The reason the besetting sin of our post-Christian age, miscegenation, was so abhorrent to the antique Europeans was because they believed that God took flesh and dwelt among us. Their God was not a Gnostic! They believed that their skin color was an outward sign of their immortal soul. Believing that, how could a European blend with other races? He couldn't. It was only those who consciously rejected Christian Europe that sought to blend with the colored races. In *Treasure Island* we learn that the pirate Long John Silver has a negro mistress. Such was always the case in Christian Europe. The enemies of Christian Europe sought after the colored people. And in modern Satandom the enemies of Christian Europe have institutionalized miscegenation and made pariahs of the Christian Europeans who still believe that Europeans should fight to the death to preserve that which is essential, their race, that is part and parcel of their soul.

The coming re-coronation of The Obama would not be quite as depressing if white Europeans would view the spectacle as a new beginning for the European people. If they would commit themselves to a non-democratic Europe where ties of kinship and race are more important than abstractions such as universal brotherhood and peace and harmony, then they could reclaim their homeland. The brotherhood of the liberals is no band of brothers, because there can be no true brotherhood when ties to kith and kin are severed. Nor can there be genuine peace and harmony in Liberaldom, because the liberals' brave new world is a very old world, that of Babylon, where all that is distinctly human is obliterated in one

inhuman dunghill of barbaric faiths and barbaric races. To look for peace and harmony in such a blasphemous mixture would be like looking for peace and harmony in bedlam.

Burke said that we were spending the unbought grace of life. He was correct. And now that we've spent it all, what is left? Something that is worse than nothing. A world without mercy. The people we have turned our European civilization over to do not even have a word for mercy, but somehow this brave new world, this Haiti within Europe, is supposed to be a better world. But who will champion the Christ Child in an African Europe? Do mothers in Haiti sing "Away in a Manger" to their children? No, they chant barbaric songs about torture and murder.

The simple prayer, "Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay; Close by me, forever and love me, I pray!" was at the heart of European civilization. We can't have Africa in Europe and still keep Him by us. The liberals are determined to banish Christ and keep their black gods at their sides forever. Must we, because we live under their rule, also banish Christ and keep their black gods by our sides? No, we shall not bend our knees to the liberals' gods. When Satan rules, "I shall not serve," is the European's battle cry.

I cannot separate Europe from Christ; He is in Europe and of Europe. If we abandon incarnate Europe where the Son of God had a local habitation and a name, what is left to us? A utopia of unsurpassed barbarism and cruelty, much like the state of Haiti.

Christmas is a time to renew our commitment to His Europe and His people. It is not African Europe that we belong to. There is no Christmas in such a Europe. We belong to eternal Europe where He stays close by us forever. Such is the glorious song of old that we learned at our European hearth fire. That hearth fire is now, and always shall be, our only refuge from the unholy night of Babylon. Be near us, Lord Jesus, thy people ask Thee to stay. +

What Liberals Hath Wrought - December 29, 2012

Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? –Psalm 2: 1

The liberals have been in power in the countries of European origin for approximately one hundred years. And even now, when they have completely consolidated their power and squashed virtually all opposition, they refuse to accept responsibility when something goes terribly wrong in their world. They refuse to accept responsibility, because by liberal logic nothing can go wrong in utopia, and if something does go wrong, it is because utopia has not yet arrived and some bad people are impeding progress toward perfect peace and harmony. The liberals' reaction to the recent grade school massacre is a case in point. We know, from their ardent support of infanticide, that liberals have no sympathy for the children that were murdered in Connecticut. The slaughter of innocents does not appall liberals in the slightest. So why the wringing of hands and the phony tears? The liberals must feign concern when public school children are murdered because they want to maintain their power base. The public must believe that schools are safe because that is where children learn to be good liberals. If parents stop sending their children to public schools then the liberals will lose their primary indoctrination centers. Hence the feigned concern must be maintained, and the liberals need to deflect the focus away from the glaring flaws in utopia and focus on the bad men who are standing in the way of heaven on earth. In the case of the school killings, it is the opponents of gun control who are responsible for the murder of school children, the liberals tell us, because they refuse to allow the liberals to have a gun-free society. It is of absolutely no use to tell the liberals that

(1) they are responsible for creating a climate where school killings are commonplace because they have undermined the Christian, patriarchal family, and

(2) that once having undermined the traditional family structure, they then refuse to protect school children from the consequences of the destruction of the patriarchal family by refusing to place armed guards in every classroom.

There will always be violent madmen even in the best of all cultures, but in the worst of all cultures, which is a liberal culture, violent madmen are the norm. A modern day homicidal maniac, Charles Manson, said, "Of course I'm crazy, but being crazy doesn't mean much anymore because everybody is crazy." In a Christian society truth comes from out of the mouth of babes, because a pure undefiled child is the most likely person to grasp what is at the heart of a Christian culture. In direct contrast, a homicidal maniac like Charles Manson is a well-suited person to grasp the central ethos of a liberal society. Liberalism is based on the murder of God and the homicidal desire to kill every last vestige of His image in men. Innocence, which is closely allied to faith, must be murdered in the womb, and the Christ-bearing people that have survived the womb must be eradicated by whatever means necessary. How else can utopia be maintained?

Manson, McVeigh, and the grade school murderer are all the liberals' children, yet the liberals refuse to acknowledge them because the official liberal party line states that "there can never be bad children in utopia"; there can only be good, happy children who love liberals for creating heaven on earth. So all bad children must be the product of the bad, old, non-utopian, white civilization. Of course what the liberals, having abandoned the Christian faith, will never come to terms with is reality: evil is in the hearts of men, not in one isolated group of men (white men) nor in inanimate objects such as guns. Dostoyevsky's *Underground Man* took the liberals to task on this very point. "What if you build the perfect new world in a perfect crystal palace and someone comes along and smashes it, just because he wants to smash it?" The liberals always tell us that no one will want to smash their crystal palace. The school killings shove that lie back in the liberals' face. Liberal utopians never envision that their geometrically perfect world, devoid of God's grace, can produce madmen who want to smash their world.

Of course any decent European does want to smash the liberals' world. But because the antique European is not of the liberals' world he does not want to destroy liberalism by the slaughter of the innocents. The bloody sacrifice of the innocent is a sacrificial rite of the liberals, not the antique European. More school children will die – they must die – because liberals have decreed that individual human beings are merely cogs in the great liberal machine that will ultimately (the liberals constantly assure us) produce the kingdom of God on earth. Again, we refer to Dostoyevsky:

'...Tell me yourself—I challenge you: let's assume that you were called upon to build the edifice of human destiny so that men would finally be happy and would find peace and tranquility. If you knew that, in order to attain this, you would have to torture just one single creature, let's say the little girl who beat her chest so desperately in the outhouse, and that on her unavenged tears you could build that edifice, would you agree to do it? Tell me and don't lie!'

'No, I would not,' Alyosha said softly.

Alyosha's answer to the liberals' utopian inhumanity is our answer.

It is impossible to dialogue with the liberals and come to a mutual understanding because the utopian mindset is a totalitarian mindset that will brook no opposition. Absolute power is necessary to ensure that "the people" can enter paradise. And those people are always in the future:

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 supports of the moral world. Ambition is come upon them suddenly; they are intoxicated with it, and it has rendered them fearless of the danger which may from thence arise to others or to themselves. These philosophers consider men, in their experiments, no more than they do mice in an air pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas.

All those who wish to oppose liberalism must grasp that essential point about the liberal. He has hardened his heart against humanity. Nothing matters to him but his ideal of an abstract humanity. The slaughter of millions in the womb and the continual slaughter of hundreds in the classrooms is of no consequence to the liberal. Nothing will force the liberal to face reality. His mind-forged world of unreality is all that he sees. And he will defend that world, showing no mercy to those who oppose him. The liberal Robespierres have no concept of mercy because they have left such outmoded things in the hated European past.

The liberal is not just an utopian on one issue, such as the school killings. He looks at every issue through his utopian tinged glasses. When the AIDs epidemic hit the Western countries, a few non-utopian conservatives recommended that gay bath houses in cities should be closed. After all, that is what people serious about limiting a plague usually did. They tried to eliminate the breeding grounds for the plague. But in the case of AIDs there was a utopian principle involved. To admit that homosexual activity was harmful would be a tacit admission there was something wrong with utopia. So what became 'wrong' were the people who equated AIDs and homosexuality. They were just as 'wrong' then as the people who want to use guns to defend school children from men with guns are 'wrong' now. I recall the diligent efforts of the utopians at a university where I worked to find a heterosexual with AIDs for their AIDs Awareness program. They spent six months searching for a heterosexual with the disease because they didn't want to imply there was any link between homosexuality and AIDs. There is no limit to the lengths a liberal will go to in order to protect his utopian vision of the world.

The lynch pin of utopia is the noble savage. Without him utopia crumbles, because he is "the people," the natural, unadulterated, uncontaminated man of nature. "Forget your prejudices against the cruel, merciless savage," the liberal tells us, "Embrace the future, embrace and worship the noble savage." And the enlightened men of the brave new world

have done just that. When the late John Paul II went to Africa, he told a howling mob of colored savages that when the black man finally threw off the last vestiges of colonialism he would produce a Christian culture that would astound the world. But wait, your reverence, we have already seen what happens when noble black savages throw off the last vestiges of colonialism. Utopia has a local habitation and a name. It is called Haiti, a place where murder, rape, and rapine have been institutionalized and not even a remnant of Christianity remains. But let's not disturb the utopians, especially the "Christian" utopians. After all, their hearts are in the right place, aren't they? Only if you deny the obvious. A utopian has killed all the humane instincts that reside in the human heart, such as the love of one's kith and kin, and replaced them with an abstract love for abstract men of color who live in an abstract world in the utopian's mind. Is such a man humane? Is such a man Christian?

There was a period of my life when I worked two jobs, one in academia and one in law enforcement. I couldn't stand my colleagues in academia; the mere thought of seeing them every morning made me nauseous, but I got along tolerably well with the men on the police force. Looking back on the experience I can see why I found the academics so loathsome and the police officers bearable and in some cases congenial. The academics were 100% Jacobin. They hated everything human but loved humanity in the abstract. On the other hand, the police officers were not yet card-carrying, inhuman, Jacobin liberals and still had some vestiges of humanity left in them. Despite the liberals' relentless work to draw more and more of the police into the liberal orbit by making them attend all sorts of 'sensitivity' seminars, there were still some recalcitrant officers left that made police work more bearable than work in academia. That was 25 years ago, and no doubt the liberals have thoroughly Gnosticized our police forces by now.

The liberals' sole aim in life is to make the world into academia. In academia everything that is perverse and evil is celebrated, and everything pure and good is demonized. The truth is an anathema to academics, because the truth would turn men away from the abstract negro god of the liberals and toward the living God. The liberals must squeeze, as a boa constrictor squeezes his victims, every last ounce of humanity from the white European, because it is through his humanity that the white European reaches out to God. This is why the European is constantly told that his ties to his kith and kin are evil. Such human ties can lead to God, and the liberals do not want men to reach out to a God beyond Liberalism. There is no need to squeeze the humanity out of the colored races; what little humanity they have can easily be destroyed by worshipping them in all their heathen perversity instead of refusing to sanction their heathen perversity. The heathen will rage if the white men allow them to rage, and in modern Babylon the European does not raise a Christian arm against the liberals and their colored gods. But this will not always be so. The European will strike back when he sees the liberals for what they are and he sees Christ as the antique Europeans saw Him. A European counterattack against the liberals and the coloreds is not a mathematical certainty. It is something more certain than math; it is a spiritual certainty. God does not abandon His people. He will sustain the Europeans who call on Him by name. We need only shift our focus from the managerial, geometric abstractions of the utopian liberals and return to reality, to the dear, dear land of storybook Europe. Behind utopian liberalism in all its guises is the ancient foe. And there is only one God who can sustain us in the day of battle against that ancient foe, the God of our ascending race, Jesus Christ. +

Remembrances II - December 22, 2012

To my readers: It is during the Christmas season that a European Christian feels the most estranged from modern, post-Christian Europe. He feels a deep longing for a bygone age when the ties of kinship and blood, which bind us to our Lord, were honored and revered. What follows then is a tale of European honor and kinship. Merry Christmas.

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A kind Providence has placed in our breasts a hatred of the unjust and cruel, in order that we may preserve ourselves from cruelty and injustice. They who bear cruelty, are accomplices in it. The pretended gentleness which excludes that charitable rancor, produces an indifference which is half an approbation. They never will love where they ought to love, who do not hate where they ought to hate.

There is another piece of policy, not more laudable than this, in reading these moral lectures, which lessens our hatred to Criminals and our pity to sufferers, by insinuating that it has been owing to their fault or folly, that the latter have become the prey of the former. 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 neighbours before our faces. We must not be flattered to our ruin. — *Letters on a Regicidal Peace* by Edmund Burke

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It was in April of 1934 that Peter Delaine first came to see me. There was nothing about his dress that suggested he was a Roman Catholic priest — he did not wear a Roman collar or any other kind of priestly garb — but I had a certain intuition about this tall, gaunt man who appeared as if he had just come from the stake where he had been tortured for days. He appeared to be in his mid-fifties, but it was difficult to gauge his age because intense suffering often makes a man appear older than he actually is.

“Are you a Roman Catholic priest?”

“Yes, I am, but I’ve been... How can I say it? I’ve been on a kind of leave of absence from my duties for the past five years.”

“I don’t mind talking to you, Father; in fact, I’d be happy to talk with you, but don’t you think you should seek out a priest of your own church and your own nationality?”

“What makes you think I haven’t tried to talk to priests of my own church, as you put it? As for my nationality, my father was French, and I was brought up in France, but my mother was English, so I am not such a goose out of water as you might suppose.”

“It’s ‘duck out of water.’”

“What did I say?”

“You said you were not such a goose out of water as I supposed.”

He laughed. “I shall have to be careful with you.”

“No, you won’t. I just couldn’t resist that one. You can you put any animal you want out of the water, and I won’t bother you about it. But may I ask you why you want to talk to me?”

“It is quite simple, Reverend. To the extent that I trust anyone, I trust you. You’re probably not aware of it – men like you never are – but that little book of your sermons was translated into French and made its way across the Channel. I didn’t need a translator of course, but my first copy of your sermons was in French. I found them so moving that I subsequently acquired the original English edition. Does it surprise you that you are known to some of us in France?”

“Yes, it does. I was aware that a volume of my sermons had been published here in England, but I had no idea that they had been published in France as well. Nor do I understand why a Roman Catholic priest was so interested in them that he has come across the Channel to speak to me.”

“It was the title of your book that first intrigued me. Was that your idea?”

“When the publisher asked for a better title than Sermons, I suggested the title, *The Sword of Charity*.”

“Well that is what caught my attention, because that is exactly the way I look on the divine charity of our Lord; it is a sword that pierces the heart but doesn’t kill; it heals. But of course, I’m quoting almost your very words. You must think of me as a terrible babbler.”

“On the contrary, Father...”

“I’d prefer you call me Peter.”

“As you wish. If we are going to dispense with titles, my given name is Christopher. And I don’t regard you as a babbler. Quite the contrary, how could I not be moved by a man whose heart is moved by the heartfelt expression of my faith? But I don’t think you came all the way over from France to tell me you liked my published sermons. Is there something I can do for you? Perhaps I should have prefaced that question with the same warning I give every person who seeks me out for guidance. I am not a modern day prophet, a saint, or seer. I’ll try...”

“I’m not seeking a prophet, a saint, or a seer. I’m looking for a Christian European, a man who will look me in the face and tell the truth. I’ve decided that you are the one man in a million who won’t lie to me. Am I wrong?”

There was only one way to answer Peter’s question. I asked him to kneel with me in the study while I said a prayer: “Lord, guide my heart and my mind to answer this, your servant Peter, in the way you would have me answer him, in Christ’s name, Amen.”

“I won’t bore you with the minutiae of my life, Christopher, but I must of necessity, sketch out some of the details of my life so that you can understand my spiritual state and the reason I’ve come to see you.

“Five years ago I obtained a leave of absence from my duties as a parish priest. The leave of absence was to have been for one year, but one year elapsed quickly, and then a second, and then a third, and so on. During the last three years, I’ve made no attempt to contact my superiors. So for all practical purposes I am no longer a Catholic priest, but of course I am still a priest. I haven’t been ‘defrocked.’”

“May I ask why you left the priesthood?”

“Certainly you may ask, Christopher. That’s why I’ve come to you, to talk about this thing called faith.

“It’s not that I don’t believe in Christ anymore. In fact, it’s because I’ve come to believe more fully in the singularity of Christ as God and Redeemer that I felt compelled to leave my church, or at least to leave the organization that has come to be called the Roman Catholic Church.

“I’m not being terribly clear, am I?”

“Not yet, but go on.”

“Well, I know what the Roman churchmen are saying about me. They say I’ve lost my faith. They call me a heretic, a homosexual, or both. But I am neither of those two abominations. I believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. And I believe he is really and truly present in the Holy Communion, but I don’t believe in an infallible Pope, nor do I believe in an infallible fat friar. Forgive my crudeness; I am very bitter, but I admit that I have no right to be bitter. No one made me become a Roman Catholic priest. “

“Why did you become a Roman Catholic priest?”

“Why? I’ve asked myself that question many times in the last five years. I suppose if you asked me that question at the time I entered the seminary, I would have told you that I wanted to serve Christ and my brethren in Christ.”

“Those are certainly commendable motives.”

“But as I got older in years and older in my years of service to the Church, I realized I had become estranged from God because of my profession. I know that might sound strange to most people, because most people equate the church and God as one, but I think you of all people must understand what I am saying, because in your sermons you never refer to the church; you only refer to Christ and to His people. And I must ask you: Do you believe that your church is the true church? Please answer me truthfully, without fear of offending me or shocking me.”

“I could give you the party line, which I believed when I became an Anglican minister, which says that our church is truly Catholic and Apostolic, because our faith is based on the Bible, tradition, the early creeds, and the Church fathers, in contrast to the Roman Catholic Church, which is based on tradition and the Bible as interpreted by an infallible Pope, who has only recently been found to be infallible. But I can’t give you the party line because I don’t believe it. I have a great love for the Book of Common Prayer and the Biblical Catholicism of Anglicanism. We have avoided the excessive formalism of Rome and steered clear of the enthusiasm of the protestant groups, but still, I don’t see how my church with our four squared system of infallibility is any more infallible than your church.”

“Then to whom or what was Christ referring when He said that He would build His church on ‘this rock’?”

“If you’ve read *The Sword of Charity* you know my answer to that question.”

“Faith in Christ is the rock?”

“Yes.”

“And the true Church consists of those who believe in Him?”

“Yes, but there is a hierarchy in the Church. Without the Christ-bearing people, the Church does not have a local habitation and a name.”

“But what if the European people forsake Christ?”

“They are in the process of doing just that, but that doesn’t change their history. They were and still are the Christ-bearers just as the Hebrew people were. I am not propounding a theory; I am merely stating what I see before me. In the Book of Common Prayer, we say ‘in Him and through Him,’ but how do we come to Him except through His people?”

“Aren’t you open to a charge of extreme subjectivity and personal bias when you claim that we, the Europeans, are the Christ bearers?”

“Yes, I am, but God’s ways are not our ways, and it seems to me that God reveals Himself through His people. And who are the Christ-bearing people if they are not the European people? Every Christian church that professes to know with mathematical certainty it is the rock upon which Christ has built His church has turned out to be a very common, ordinary-type rock, incapable of sustaining faith in Christ. The various churchmen in their zeal to present God to the people in a concise, precise package of facts have made little mini-deities of their church organizations.”

“I don’t disagree with anything you say. It’s... words fail me... to hear one’s own heartfelt faith shared by another is... it’s a miracle of God’s grace.”

“Where do you go from here, Peter? Will you return to your priestly duties?”

“No, you see my church has gone further down that slippery Greek slope, which ends in the classroom of Voltaire and Rousseau. I can only be a Catholic priest so long as I don’t bend my knee to the Christian dilettantes and philosophers who have made Christ into an intellectual construct. I want to fight for my people, and my people, the Christ-bearing people, are in danger of extinction. Oh, I know it all sounds farfetched, as we sit here in the comfort of your study in the middle of this very European city of London. But Satan has vowed to kill Christ by destroying His image in man. The incomparable Burke knew this. Did you know that my great grandfather knew Burke? Of course, you couldn’t know. Now I must really appear to be raving. But the people are on the brink. We all must gird up our loins and...”

“Gird up our loins for what, Peter?”

“For the battle with the Jacobin-inspired black rebellion. What happened in Haiti when the Jacobins turned the country over to the blacks is happening all over Europe and in the nations such as the United States, which were settled by Europeans.”

“I can’t speak for Europe as whole, but it does seem that the idea of the noble savage, which men like Samuel Johnson and Charles Dickens ridiculed, is gaining more and more credence with the British people. And there seems to be a connection between the increase of Jacobin thinking and a belief in the noble savage.”

“Of course there is, Christopher. They are coordinate heresies. If there is no God and no original sin, then sin must only exist in the people who are furthest away from nature, which is white people. And the most natural people are...”

“Black people?”

“Yes, that is precisely the way the Jacobins, whether they be French or non-French, think.”

“We are certainly a great many years away from a brave new world of negro-worshipping whites, but I do agree with you, Peter, that eventually, as the whites fall away from the Christian faith, they will revert to heathen gods or even make gods of the heathens themselves.”

“I want to stand athwart the current of white apostasy and stop it. I know that sounds grandiose, but with God are not all things possible? You see, Christopher, I feel it is my destiny. My family history reaches out to me. I dare not disgrace my ancestors. I must strike a blow for my people and against the coalition of Jacobins and blacks. If you could indulge me for another hour or so, I could explain myself, through this manuscript, in a way that I’m sure you would understand.”

“Who wrote the manuscript, Peter?”

“My great-grandfather on my father’s side. He was born in Saint-Domingue, which they now call Haiti. But you’ll find that explained in the manuscript. I’ll take a walk through your London and watch the lamplighters. If you can take the time, I’d like you to read the manuscript.”

“I’ll read it, Peter. How did you find out about the London lamplighters?”

“On a visit with my mother many years ago.”

“Robert Louis Stevenson is the only poet that I know of who captured the romance (at least to a small boy) of the lamplighters. I have a copy of his *A Child's Garden of Verses* right here:

‘For we are very lucky with a lamp before the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;  
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,  
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight.’”

“You love London, don’t you, Christopher?”

“With all my heart.”

“You’ll understand my great-grandfather’s manuscript then. And when you’ve read it and understood, you’ll stand with me against the world. That is how it will be.”

“Go watch the lamplighters, Peter, and let me read your great-grandfather’s manuscript.”

I opened Peter Delaine’s great-grandfather’s manuscript with much more than idle curiosity. What was so compelling about the manuscript? Why had it had — and why did it continue to have — such an impact on a man like Peter Delaine?

I’ll present the manuscript, translated of course, in the form that I received it, making a note whenever I make an editorial interruption. There are times when the author of the manuscript shifts from straight prose to the dramatic mode of expression. It seemed to me that he does this when the scenes depicted are so indelibly impressed on his memory that he remembers every single word that was said.

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### The Manuscript of Peter Delaine

What follows are my memories of the events of October 5th, 1791, when a Roman Catholic priest and his black henchmen killed my father and destroyed my home in Saint-Domingue. Of necessity I must also tell of some of the events that occurred before that night of sorrow and of some of the events that came after that terrible night. I write this document in the year of our Lord 1870.

I was born of French parents in the French colony of Saint-Domingue. My father met and married my mother in France, but being a second son he felt his destiny was not in France proper although he always considered himself a Frenchman. He was loyal to the monarchy and to everything it stood for: our Holy religion and our sacred traditions. “We belong to France,” my father used to say, “Here in Saint-Domingue we are an extension of France.”

My father prospered in Saint-Domingue. Within the first ten years after his arrival he owned one of the largest and finest plantations in Saint-Domingue. My education on our plantation was that of a French nobleman. With parents such as mine I would have been happy anywhere, but the plantation in Saint-Domingue was the home of my childhood, and I have nothing but pleasant memories of my childhood. It was only when I started my 16th year of life that my pleasant existence turned into hell on earth.

I was 14 years old in 1789 when the barbarous French Revolution broke out. My father was horrified; being removed from France he was more intensely devoted to France than Frenchmen living in France. His loyalty to the monarchy was absolute. Right up to the time of Louis XVI’s murder my father always entertained the hope that somehow the French people would come to their senses and restore the king to the throne. It was not to be.

There was much discussion at our dinner table and throughout Saint-Domingue, among the white landowners, as to the effect the Revolution in France would have on the French living in Saint-Domingue. Some thought there would be no effect: “After all, they can’t expect liberty, fraternity, and equality to apply to Negroes!”

And some, like my uncle, saw the truth: “The niggers will try to kill every last white man in Saint-Domingue, and they will do so with the blessing of the damn Jacobins.”

Here I must introduce some other of the principle characters in my family tragedy. Before introducing the hero, my uncle, let me speak of the villains.



There was Father Genevesse, a Jesuit priest. He was a short, plump, kindly-looking man in his mid-fifties, a frequent house guest and a friend of the family. I know it is unfair of me to hate all Jesuits because of Father Genevesse, but I am a man, not a block of wood. The very word 'Jesuit' sickens me and fills me with a desire to kill.

Another principle character was our house servant, a Negro of about forty-five years of age, who had been with my parents ever since their arrival in Saint-Domingue in 1770. He was tall, slender, and quite the gentleman, educated and treated almost as one of the family. He was in charge of all the house servants, and he enjoyed great prestige on the island because he was the head servant in the house of Michael Delaine, my father. The fiend's name was Jacques Bauché. My father trusted him implicitly, and I must say I had no suspicions of him whatsoever. He always addressed me as the "young master." Toward my mother and sister he was always the perfect gentleman. None of us suspected that the outward manners of our trusted servant concealed – there are no other words to describe it – a satanic heart.

That is not quite true; there was one among us who did not trust Jacques Bauché. That man was my uncle, Brian Delaine. I deeply loved my father and shall always love him above all other men, but he was the victim in our terrible family tragedy. The hero's part was to be played by my uncle. He alone saw the evil in Jacques Bauché and Father Genevesse.

My uncle was three years younger than my father and came to Saint-Domingue one year after my father did. Like my father he was completely loyal to France and did not see himself as any less of a Frenchman because he chose to seek his fortune in French Saint-Domingue instead of in France. But in every other way, my uncle was different from my father. Father was a man of slender build, very handsome and calm in temperament. I never once heard my father raise his voice in anger. In contrast, my uncle had a much more volatile nature. He often raised his voice in anger and quite often, when angry, seemed on the verge of physical violence, especially during some of his heated arguments with Father Genevesse.

My uncle was several inches shorter than my father, but he actually appeared taller because of his large, almost herculean physique. It was amazing that two brothers with the same bloodlines could look so different. My father looked every inch the French Aristocrat, while my uncle looked more like a French peasant than a French aristocrat.

Despite their differences in personality, or maybe because of those differences, my father and my uncle were very close. It was a great disappointment to my father when my uncle decided not to settle down on an estate next to him. Instead my uncle invested his part of the family fortune in a merchant ship and became a seafaring man. Because of the life he chose, he was frequently away from Saint-Domingue on long voyages of a mercantile nature. I don't think my father quite approved of the seafaring life, but he never reproached my uncle for it, although he would occasionally make a joke about finding a good wife for Uncle Brian who would make him stay on land for more than just one week every other month.

I, of course, was very interested in my uncle's voyages. I always looked forward to his visits to our estate, when he would tell me stories of his travels and the seafaring men who accompanied him on his voyages.

My uncle knew that my father didn't approve of the life he had chosen, so he always prefaced his stories with, "If your father permits, I'll tell you of..." My father always permitted it, because he loved his brother and he loved me. And despite my love for my uncle's sea stories, I never considered any life for myself other than the one my father wanted me to have, that of a French aristocrat tending to his plantation in Saint-Domingue.

It was a good life. Much has been written, since that way of life has disappeared, about lazy, good-for-nothing French aristocrats who lived off the sweat of black slaves. That is a lie, just as the Jacobin story of fat, indolent aristocrats who deserved to be guillotined in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity is a lie. The truth is that the black man lived off the sweat, ingenuity and vision of the white ruling class. Now that Saint-Domingue is Haiti, what is the lot of the black man? Rape, murder, poverty, and mayhem are normal in the Haiti of the black man. They were vile aberrations in the Saint-Domingue of the French aristocrats.

The climactic events of my life happened when I was 16, two years after the French Revolution. That is how long it took before liberty, equality, and fraternity brought rivers of blood to Saint-Domingue.

I am 95 years old, but I have carried the memory of the events of 79 years ago with me through all these years. Nothing will ever erase the memory of that terrible night and its aftermath.

Why, after so many years, have I decided to write about what happened on June 7th, 1791? The reason is because I have a great grandson, Peter Delaine, who needs a chance to be a Delaine. I have outlived my son, and my grandson has no interest in his family history, so it falls to Peter, when he comes of age, to do what he will with this family history. I trust him to do what is right.

I am no Racine, no Shakespeare, but I intend to describe certain events in the dramatic mode for reasons that I think will become clear. I see the events as a tragic drama. For truly my family history is a tragic drama. But it is also, I believe, the tragic drama, not just of France alone, but of all of Europe and her people:

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Place – The dining room of the Delaine house. Seated at dinner are Father Genevesse, my sister, my mother, my father, and myself. Jacques and two other house servants are also present at dinner.

Characters –

Peter Delaine – (myself) sixteen years old

Evelyn Delaine – my sister, 18 years old

Catherine Delaine – my mother, 40 years old

Brian Delaine – my uncle, 39 years old

Michael Delaine – my father, 42 years old

Jacques Bauché – house servant and overseer of all the other house servants of the Delaine family

Father Genevesse – 55 years old, Jesuit priest

Genevesse: I'm truly sorry your brother couldn't come, Michael. I was looking forward to talking with him.

Mother: A man in your profession shouldn't lie, Father; you know you don't like Brian.

Genevesse: Why do you say that? It's true that we often disagree, but I like a good argument and I like Brian.

Evelyn: I'm afraid Uncle Brian doesn't like you, Father.

Father: That's enough, Evelyn. I don't think Father Genevesse appreciates your jesting on that subject.

Peter: She's not jesting, father, Uncle Brian does hate him.

Father: That's enough from both of you. Father, please accept my apologies, and be assured that no member of my family has anything but the highest regard for you.

Genevesse: For me or what I represent?

Father: Both.

Genevesse: I'm not offended. Your brother is a passionate man, and I'm afraid I've annoyed him with my defense of our black brothers here in Saint-Domingue.

Mother: I can't really speak for Brian, Father, but I think I understand how he feels. You often give the impression, which I'm sure you don't mean to, that you think we should turn Saint-Domingue over to the negroes.

Genevesse: And what would be so wrong about that?

Father: Really, Father, you might as well ask what is wrong with making a three year old child the head of your household. Negro equality is insane.

Genevesse: Equality is coming to Saint-Domingue just as it came to France.

Mother: But they don't have equality in France, they have anarchy and chaos. Nor has the French Revolution been good for the clergy.

Genevesse: It's been good for some of them.

Father: Yes, for the traitor priests, the priests who are willing to betray their king and their God.

Genevesse: I hardly call spreading Christ's Gospel to other people besides Europeans treacherous.

Father: It is not a question of spreading the Gospel, it is a question of the French Saint-Domingueans and their survival as a people. How do we spread the Gospel in Saint-Domingue by liquidating the French? The negroes are not embracing Christ, they are killing white people. And the Jacobins are all atheists. How is that good for France?

Genevesse: I don't think you understand politics, Michael, but I must say that you do understand wine. This Bordeaux is excellent.

Mother: Jacques, I think we will have our dessert in the drawing room. Will you set out Evelyn's music so she can play for us?

Jacques: Yes, Madame.

Mother: Will you play, Evelyn?

Evelyn: Yes, but don't expect a virtuoso performance.

Genevesse: Oh, but I do expect a virtuoso performance. Your father simply raves about your musical gifts.

Evelyn: Father is prejudiced.

Father: No, I'm not. You be the judge, Father.

In the Drawing Room of the Delaine Mansion –

Peter, Father Genevesse, my father, my mother, and my sister are present. Jacques and two other servants are going back and forth with the dessert. Evelyn has just finished on the piano.

Genevesse: Your father didn't exaggerate, Evelyn. That was beautiful.

Evelyn: Thank you, Father.

Genevesse [turning to me]: Do you play, Peter?

Peter: No, Father, the piano is for women.

Genevesse: That's a horribly narrow viewpoint, my boy. Most of the best concert pianists are men. There is nothing effeminate about the mastery of a musical instrument.

Peter: Well, I don't play.

Genevesse: You should play a musical instrument. It can be quite ...

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This was the moment. Seventy-nine years ago, and I see it all before me as if it were yesterday. Black fiends, dozens of them, carrying machetes, burst into the drawing room. My father, who was completely unarmed, rose to grapple with the foremost negro, while ordering the rest of us to run to the kitchen where Jacques was. But Jacques was not in the kitchen. He was right behind my father. As father wrestled with the foremost negro, Jacques stabbed my father in the back. It was a sickening, heart-rending sight. One thrust of the dagger through the middle of his back and into his heart, and my beloved father was dead.

When I first saw Jacques advancing toward my father, dagger in hand, I thought he was coming to help my father. Oh, that I had known! I could have stopped him. But I didn't know.

I screamed when my father fell, and I lunged at Jacques, planning to wrest the dagger from him and cut his throat. But I was knocked to the ground by two large negroes and pinned there. My sister and my mother were also restrained and imprisoned in the arms of the filthy negro savages. Father Genevesse was nowhere to be seen. I wondered where he had gone, but I didn't suspect that he had anything to do with the attack. It was still beyond my comprehension that a priest, a man of God, would participate in anything so vile.

Of course, I was frightened, but that was not my primary emotion. I had seen my beloved father murdered before my eyes. I wanted the blood of the man who killed him. And there he was standing in the drawing room, a mocking, satanic sneer on his face.

“Well,” he addressed me first. I was now on my feet, restrained by three of the black savages. “My fine young master, how does it feel to be slapped by your devoted servant?”

The slap was nothing to me — I was too enraged to feel it. I spit in his face. His face went livid with anger, and he pulled back his arm with the dagger in his hand and prepared to run me through. But an imperial command stopped him. It was Father Genevesse.

“Jacques! Remember, we agreed, only Michael, not the children or Catherine.”

“This is no child, Genevesse, and don’t tell me what to do.”

“Have you forgotten who helped you to plan this and who is going to help you to do the same with the other plantations?”

“I don’t need you anymore, Genevesse. I’m going to cut this white dog’s heart out and then let my friends have the women.”

My mother and my sister had both screamed in terror, as was only natural, when the attack first came. But there was no screaming or pleading after my father was murdered. The blood of their ancestors took hold.

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Mother: I don’t care what they do with me, Father, but if you have any influence with these fiends, ask them to spare my children.

Genevesse: I’m afraid I don’t have any influence with them. I’m sorry.

Mother: You’re sorry! What kind of man are you? We trusted you. You’re supposed to be a priest.

Genevesse: It’s because I am a priest that I had to help the Revolution. Do you think I enjoy this?

Evelyn: You helped them kill my father!

Genevesse: Yes, I did. Someday you’ll understand. Now, in the heat of the moment I don’t expect you to understand.

Jacques: Enough of this. He dies now [motioning toward me] and the white bitches die when my men are through with them.

Genevesse: I really must protest...

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Jacques motioned to one of his savage cohorts and he cut off Father Genevesse’s head with one blow of the machete. It was a horrific sight, but I felt no pity for Genevesse.

Then Jacques turned back to me and raised his dagger again. I waited for the fatal thrust, but it never came. Jacques Bauché fell to the floor with a bullet in his head. My uncle Brian was upon them! Never, in all my long years have I seen such magnificence as I saw that night when my uncle attacked the black devils who murdered my father.

My uncle had gotten wind of an attack on the whites’ plantations while he was in port getting ready to sail. He headed for our house right away. Too late to save father, he did save us. Four pistol shots and four dead savages. The rest of the work he did with his sword, our family sword that my uncle usually kept in his cabin. It was unsheathed that night. He killed them all, and he killed because he loved us and his brother with a passion that no negro could ever fathom.

There is a poem about the great Montrose of Scotland in which he bids his executioners scatter his body throughout Scotland and the God who made him will, he believed, put his body and soul together again whole and entire. Such is the belief of Christians. And I am a Christian. But why do we pray at the graves of loved ones? And why do we shrink from the idea of cremation? I don’t know. Perhaps it is because the body of our beloved dead held, while alive, the light of the soul within it. We can’t bear to part with that light. It often takes months and sometimes years for the bereaved to feel, with certainty, that the body and the soul of their dear departed are united in Christ. But there was no time for a proper burial

that night. My uncle wept to part with his brother without a proper burial, but he knew what had to be done. He did what his brother would have wanted; he took care of his family. He knelt and kissed his brother on the forehead, and then he rose up and spoke to us.

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Brian: We must leave him now or we'll all be dead. There are black savages everywhere killing every white they see. I'm going to try to take you to my ship as 'prisoners.' Come while I tie you together.

My uncle smeared black mud over his face so that he might look like a negro from a distance. Up close there was no way my uncle's features could be mistaken for a negro's.

Brian: We might get by. Remember you're my prisoners – try to act the part.

Evelyn: What if they challenge us? You really don't look much like a negro even covered with mud.

Brian: If anyone challenges us, I'll kill them. Don't worry, Evelyn, we'll make it.

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Uncle Brian set the house ablaze, and with only the clothes on our backs — for prisoners couldn't be seen carrying their belongings — we left our home and my father. After all these years, the tears still come when I recount that terrible departure.

From a distance I'm sure it did appear that my uncle was a negro with two white female captives and a young male captive. But anyone who came close would be a danger, because they would see that a white man was trying to save three whites from death and torture. And that was the only law left in Haiti. All whites must be tortured and killed.

We made it to within fifty yards of my uncle's ship when two drunken negroes saw what my uncle was up to. They shouted an alarm to other negroes and charged straight at my uncle with their machetes.

My uncle still had his sword and a brace of pistols. He ran one of them through and shot the other in the head. A group of negroes, about nine in number, having been alerted by the two other negroes, were now running toward us. My uncle bid us drop the ropes from our limbs, for we had only been loosely tied, and run for the ship. As we ran for the ship my uncle turned to face the black barbarians. No army regiment ever had a better rearguard than Brian Delaine. The blacks wanted to kill my uncle quickly in order to get at us. It was not to be. Brian Delaine killed all but one, who ran back into the darkness of Haiti. My uncle arrived on board unscathed a few minutes after us.

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At Sea that Night

Brian Delaine [speaking to the First Mate] I gave the women my cabin. Can the lad bunk with you?

First Mate: Yes, Captain, but where will you sleep?

Brian: I'll sleep sitting up outside the ladies' cabin.

First Mate: I understand.

Brian: And, Malcolm...

FM: Yes, captain?

Brian: Thanks.

FM: For what?

Brian: For keeping the ship in the harbor until I got the boy and women on board. The men must have wanted to pull out, what with all the niggers swarming the docks looking for white blood.

FM: There were a few that talked about it, but I put them straight. And there's no need to thank me. You took me on as your first mate five years ago when I had only the clothes on my back and a proud Highland name. I wasn't about to leave you to the tender mercies of those black savages. I'm only sorry your brother didn't make it.

Brian: So am I.

FM [seeing his tears]: Enough said, captain.

[Exit]

[Enter – Peter Delaine]

Brian: You're still up?

Peter: I still can't believe he's dead.

Brian: I'm not a church-going man. You know that, Peter. But on the important things I believe what your father and every white man that is a white man believes. A ship's captain should never be without this book. I've read this passage so many times for burials at sea, but never with the heart and the faith that I'm going to read it tonight:

“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.”

I'm not suggesting you should ever forget what happened this night, Peter, but when you think of your father, think of him at the same time as ... dare I say His name? I must. Think of him at the same time as you think of Christ. Then you'll see your father and Christ as you should see them, as all loving hearts do see them.

You needn't be ashamed of those tears. Go back to your cabin. And remember your sister and your mother need you to be strong.

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So much more I could say to you, Peter, my namesake, but let that end the tale of the terrible night. A few more pages about the years after that terrible night, and I'll be finished with the manuscript.

France was no place for us at that time, with every aristocrat in constant danger from the Jacobins who kept feeding Madame Guillotine. And even if we had wanted to return to France, France had no place for us. My grandparents on both my mother's and my father's side of the family had gone to their deaths on the guillotine. Even the Jacobins admitted that they died bravely.

My uncle took the three of us to England. Mother recovered all the family fortune that was not tied up in the estate, portable property as Mr. Dickens' great character Wemick called it, after we arrived, from the Swiss banks where my father had transferred their funds during the time of the Jacobin revolution. So we had enough money to take up residence in a modest English cottage in the town of Rockridge, off the southern coast of England. Life there was not unpleasant, but my mother never really recovered from my father's death. She died after four years in England. I was twenty years of age, and my sister was twenty-two years. The empiricists tell us that there is no such thing as a broken heart; therefore, it is impossible to die from a broken heart. But the empiricists don't know anything. My mother died of a broken heart. And I would have died with her, except for the fact that I had some business to attend to. But more about that later.

The main reason my mother took the house on the coast of England was because of my uncle. He always anchored his ship in port and came to see us often. It was on one such visit, six months after the death of my mother, when my uncle told me of some unfinished business of his own.

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Brian: How has Evelyn been since your mother's death?

Peter: At first I didn't think she would live through it, but she seems to be returning to some kind of normal life now. It helps that we have made some friends here in Rockridge and have also been in contact with some other French exiles.

Brian: And how are you, Peter?

Peter: I won't die from sorrow. I won't die from anything until I've had their hearts' blood.

Brian: What do you mean, Peter? The men directly responsible for your father's death and for your mother's death from grief are all dead. You saw Father Genevesse and Jacques Bauché die the same night your father was murdered.

Peter: There were others. Since I've been in England I've been reading about this thing they call the French Revolution. Have you ever heard of a man named Edmund Burke?

Brian: Yes, of course, I've met him and consider him my friend.

Peter: You know Burke! What is he like? I must tell you that I love him; he seems so noble. And he hates the French Jacobins. He calls them regicides.

Brian: And so they are. As for Burke the man, he is everything he seems to be in his writings. He is the soul of honour.

Peter: He talks of war with the regicide French. I want to join him, Uncle.

Brian: Now wait, Peter. Mr. Burke writes like Shakespeare – his words cut right to a man's heart because he writes from the heart. But I fear not even Burke's eloquence can inspire a nation to restore another nation's monarchy and to punish another nation's criminals. I've read Mr. Burke's letters against the regicide French – he is right in everything he says – but I'm afraid the English will not fight the regicides.

Peter: Then I will fight them, Uncle. There is something burning inside of me that I must give way to. My passion for their blood is not something that can be denied.

Brian: But whose blood, Peter? You can't kill all the Jacobins.

Peter: Before I answer that, Uncle, I want you to tell me what your business in France is. You know if you're identified as an aristocrat you'll be killed, and yet you tell me you have business in France. So I ask you – what is your business there?

Brian: I go on family business. I'm going to France to kill the men responsible for sending my brother Robert, my parents, and your mother's parents, to the guillotine.

Peter: Then, with all due respect, Uncle, how can you deny me the right to go to France and fight the Jacobins?

Brian: First, because you are my brother's son. And since his death you have become my son. Second, you haven't any idea of who you are going to kill. You just want to kill Jacobins. My trip to France is an affair of honour. I don't expect to wipe out Jacobinism in France by what I do. But if each Frenchman would take care of his family honour, Jacobinism would soon be destroyed. I can't make other Frenchmen be Frenchmen instead of weasels. I can only do what I must do. And what I must do does not include risking the life of my brother's only son.

Peter: But as my father's only son, don't I have the same right as you to avenge the murder of my grandparents and my uncle?

Brian: We won't discuss this anymore. You are not coming to France, it's that simple. I want no more talk of such nonsense.

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There was more talk, not that day, but in the weeks that followed. I was respectful but persistent with my uncle, and in the end I won out. Not because my uncle was weak-willed, but because blood spoke to blood. In his heart, he knew that I had a blood right to go with him.

Certain conditions were imposed upon me though. I was to obey my uncle's orders implicitly, and the scope of our killings was not to extend beyond those who were involved in the executions of the Delaines. This wasn't because my uncle was indifferent to the fate of the rest of his countrymen – far from it – it was because my uncle knew that he could not single-handedly wipe out Jacobinism in France.

A few days before our departure for France, my uncle obtained for me an interview with Edmund Burke. The interview remains, to this day, the greatest honour of my life. I remember every word the incomparable Burke spoke to me as if it were yesterday. He was in retirement at the time of our meeting yet still not retired. A man like Burke never retires. His

letters against the regicide French were still a source of hope for all of Christian Europe and a thorn in the side of the enemies of Christian Europe.

Burke's estate was rather humble, like the man himself. He welcomed me to his home as if I was doing him the honour.

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Edmund Burke: You've had more than your share of sorrow for a man so young.

Peter: No more than many others who had the misfortune to live in the age of the Jacobins.

Burke: Yes, these are terrible times. It seems that we are spending the unbought grace of life like profligate sailors on a drunken shore leave.

Peter: "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 honour, 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."

Burke: You've quoted Burke better than Burke could. And with such feeling. Truly we are kindred spirits, young man.

Peter: Yes, that is the way I feel. We are kindred spirits.

Burke: Kindred spirits despite our difference in age and nationality. But there are two things the aged Burke must tell the young Peter Delaine. First, this enterprise you plan to share with your uncle is noble, but I think it might have a better chance of success if your uncle would make a few changes in his plans. We'll talk about that later when your uncle joins us.

There remains one thing more I want to say to you alone, Peter. No man ever formed a loving attachment to a system of religion or to a system of government. All of our affections begin with our families and extend to our local neighborhoods and then to our country. Man is a provincial creature. So long as he stays provincial in his affections a man will not go too far astray from what is right. Do you understand what I am saying?

Peter: Yes, I think I do. You bid me stay faithful to my family and my people.

Burke: Yes, and by that fidelity to your people you'll stay faithful to the God of your people, not to a system of theology but to a living God, Jesus Christ.

Peter: I won't forget what you have told me.

Burke: It strikes me that you and your uncle have seen the ultimate future of Jacobinism. Such ignoble, inhuman ideologies as Jacobinism always come to a country violently, preceded by high-sounding words like liberty, equality, and fraternity, and always end in a bloodbath. A perfect equality is never possible. Some are always more equal. A select group of people become "the people," and everyone else must either serve the people or be exterminated by the people. In the end, if Jacobinism is not stopped, the only truly authentic people will be the negroes. The Jacobins will bid us fall down and worship the negro.

Brian [entering the room]: When that day comes, the world will still see the Delaines standing upright and in defiance.

Burke: I'm sorry, I didn't hear you come in.

Brian: No, I'm sorry for barging in. But we must be off. We have some final preparations to make.

Peter: Uncle, Mr. Burke had a suggestion before we embark.

Burke: Yes, I do. I was thinking it might be better if you traveled through France as Englishmen rather than as Frenchmen. As Frenchmen you would fall under suspicion almost immediately. Try as you might to conceal it, your aristocratic breeding would come out, and you would then face the guillotine. But traveling as Englishmen — and I could send two English friends with you to make your Englishness all the more authentic — you will be more likely to accomplish your mission and come safely back to England.

Brian: What you say makes sense. But could you find such men? We need to leave almost immediately.



Burke: Two such men can be ready within the hour; I've already broached the subject to them.

Brian: Let me meet them. If they are willing, we'll follow your advice.

Burke: Good. Now, my two kindred spirits, let us embrace, hopefully not for the last time.

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How can I describe those four months in France? It was part idyll, part nightmare, and finally a triumph of honour.

There is nothing, except possibly that first love, which can compare with a young man's first foray onto the battlefield of honour. My two English friends were closer to my age than to my uncle's age. They were twenty-two-year-old Edmund Drake, a direct descendant of Sir Francis, and the twenty-four-year-old Jonathan Stone. Both men came from noble families and were accompanying us because they believed in that charity of honour that Mr. Burke wrote about. Just as my uncle and I felt a stain upon our honour because of the unavenged murders of our kinsmen, so did our two English brothers feel compelled to aid us so that no stain could be attached to their honour for a failure to aid their fellow aristocrats in their time of need.

The first two months of our time in France was spent largely in the provinces, planning and gathering information. I never completely forgot the bloody, serious venture I had committed myself to, but there were many moments, whole weeks in fact, when I really felt like an Englishman traveling with my boon companions through picturesque France. Away from Paris and the other major cities, life seemed the same in France as it must have been before the Revolution. But of course this was all an illusion. As you got closer to the towns, you could see, feel, and smell the presence of a malignant power, the power of the Jacobins. At such moments we were so grateful to Mr. Burke. We never could have survived, disguised as French peasants. As it was, Edmund and Jonathan did all the talking to the French, because their French was with an English accent. They gave out that we, my uncle and I, spoke only English, thus sparing us the necessity of speaking perfect French and revealing ourselves as Frenchmen. Upon prior arrangement, before we even entered France we had all agreed to speak English even when we were alone together, in case some busybody might overhear my uncle and me speaking French.

Very soon, my uncle discovered who it was that had to be held to account, but it would not be so easy to confront the murderer because he was very high up in the Jacobin hierarchy. His name was Andre Pavolin, and before the Revolution he had been a wine merchant. As such he frequently came in contact with many of the aristocratic families. He was quite the hail fellow, well met, in those days. But after the Revolution he got a position in the Jacobin government and delighted in sending whole families of aristocrats, whom he had fawned over when a wine merchant, to the guillotine. Among those he sent to the guillotine were my grandparents and my uncle Robert, the oldest son who had stayed in France.

My grandparents on my father's side were not unknown to me. They had visited us many times in our plantation in Saint-Domingue. My uncle Robert and I had never met. His wife went to the guillotine with him, and his children were murdered the night the Jacobins came for their parents. As I saw up close the evil wrought by the Jacobins, I thought of Burke's words: "The revolution harpies of France, sprung from night and hell, or from that chaotic anarchy, which generates equivocally 'all monstrous all prodigious things,' cuckoo-like, adulterously lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the nest of every neighbouring state."

Truly the Jacobins sprang from hell. And the worst of it is that the female Jacobins, the harpies, were the worst of all. Pavolin's wife, for instance, always dipped a handkerchief in the blood of the aristocrats denounced by her husband, and when she "entertained" she would put the bloody handkerchiefs on display. "This is the blood of Mademoiselle \_\_\_\_\_ and this is the blood of Monsieur \_\_\_\_\_." Surely Tennyson was right when he said, "the difference between a man and a man is the difference between heaven and earth, but the difference between a woman and a woman is the difference between heaven and hell."

And where did Citizeness Pavolin display her handkerchiefs? In her landed estate, the same estate that once belonged to my grandparents. What's that you say? You thought all was equal in the new regime of the Jacobins? Far from it! Some, the upper echelon of Jacobins, were decidedly more equal than others. Those who attempt to level all mankind to a state of perfect equality are in reality tyrants who want to rule mankind in the name of an abstract, mythical equality. This I learned from Burke and my own observations of the French Jacobins in action.

The rather pleasant idyll in the French countryside came to an end as we neared Paris. As the day of reckoning approached, we all became more serious and tight-lipped. Even Edmund, who was always ready with a jest, said very little. And then came the confrontation for which we had so carefully planned.

My uncle knew the house; he had grown up in it, and he knew where Monsieur and Madame Pavolin slept. What concerned my uncle were the servants. He didn't want to kill any servants that were not Jacobins, but as it turned out, when my uncle investigated the backgrounds of Pavolin's people he discovered that they all were Jacobins. The servants that had stayed loyal to my grandparents had been either killed or cast out into the streets to fend for themselves. So it was understood by all of us that whomever tried to come between us and the Pavolins would die. As it turned out, the paid lackeys had very little stomach for a fight. Edmund killed one servant who tried to run him through with a sword, and I killed another who tried to defend his master, but after those two met their deaths, the rest of the household staff allowed themselves to be herded into the dining room under the guard of Edmund and Jonathan.

How did it feel to kill a man? You must remember that sudden violent death was something that I had seen before on that fateful night in Saint-Domingue. Did it make a difference to me that now I was the one who had issued the death sentence? Not morally. I knew that I had come to France to kill Jacobins so I had no pangs of conscience about the man I killed. It did sicken me though. Just because I knew the killing was a necessity did not mean I received any pleasure from it.

With the potential resistance captured and confined, my uncle and I proceeded to the bedroom of the Pavolins. What were their dreams that night? Did they have a foreboding that something was afoot? Or did they sleep content and happy in their new found wealth and their positions within the Jacobin government? I do not know. How can anyone know such things?

We tied Madame Pavolin to the bedpost, and Brian told her husband to get his sword.

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Brian: You will have much more of a chance to live than my parents had. If you kill me your wife and you will remain alive.

Pavolin: How do I know your nephew will honour your promise?

Brian: My nephew is a Delaine; he is an aristocrat and his honour is without stain.

Pavolin [with a sneer]: Then die, Brian Delaine.

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The fight did not last long. My uncle ran him through within three minutes. I think Pavolin thought he would win, because he began the fight with a supremely confident look on his face that soon gave way to panic and despair. He never spoke again after his final sneering boast.

As for Madame Pavolin? We did not abuse or molest her as so many of the aristocratic women had been molested and abused before their executions, but we did execute her. We used the wine cellar as an execution chamber, and hung her from the rafters. The servants and staff were bound and locked in the wine cellar with the corpse of Madame Pavolin. My uncle thought that one and all, after they extricated themselves from their bonds, would get good and drunk and give us at least 24 hours to escape from France. He was right. We arrived in England twenty-four hours later, undetected by the Jacobin forces.

One week after our return, my uncle and I went to see Mr. Burke. I waited in the outer room while my uncle talked with him. After an hour or so my uncle came out from his conference with Burke.

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Brian: He's quite ill, Peter, and I'm afraid death is not far away, but he wants so much to speak to you. Don't be embarrassed to speak to him. Sick or well, he is still the unconquerable Burke. His concern is for his countrymen and his kind, the Europeans. Go speak with him; I'll wait here for you. And remember, quite probably you'll be speaking for the last time to one of the greatest men Europe has ever known.

[I went into the sickroom. Burke was seated in a chair. The illness was quite evident on Burke's thin, pale face and in his wasted frame, but my uncle was right: he was still the unconquerable Burke.]

Edmund Burke: Take a seat, my young friend, and forgive me if I do not get up to greet you. My illness dictates that I sit rather than stand.

Peter: I'm sorry to find you so ill, Mr. Burke.

Burke: It's nothing, Peter. Simply the normal ills of old age. I'd prefer to die standing up, in actual battle with the Jacobins, but I'll have to content myself with the metaphysical battle. You are one of my greatest consolations, Peter. My death will be easier knowing that at least one faithful heart – and your uncle is another – truly understands what the Jacobins are and vows to spend his life fighting them.

Peter: I hope that my life will prove worthy of your confidence.

Burke: I know it will, Peter. Once a man, a real man, has seen the true beauty – and all true beauty is moral beauty – of a Europe consecrated to Christ, he will never accept the new Jacobin Europe.

Peter: It seems that the Jacobin influence is spreading throughout Europe. Everything you warned us about is coming true. We, the white Europeans, have spent the unbought grace of life and have replaced that grace with liberalism.

Burke: Yes, that's all too true, Peter. Even Britain has succumbed. I believe that Britain, since our glorious revolution, has been the foremost Christian nation of Europe. If not for Britain, the exiles of your own nation would have had no place to go. But ideological Jacobinism, which I call liberalism, has engulfed Britain as well as France. We're moving slower than the French; the innate conservatism of the British people will not be easily defeated, but we are definitely moving toward a liberal state that is opposed to Christianity. When that finally happens with the appearance of a liberal theocracy in France, Britain, and the rest of Europe, only a remnant of Europeans will remain faithful to my Britain and my Europe, both of which were consecrated to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Every European is bound by ties of blood and faith to oppose the liberals' Europe and support His Europe.

You will face many temptations in your life, Peter. There will be the usual pagan temptations, which I need not delineate; we are all quite aware of them. But your greatest temptation will be the temptation to minimize the evil of liberalism because you want to go peacefully through the world. 'It's not that bad and a man must live,' you will say to yourself at some point in your life. That is the time when you must go deep into your heart and feel what your ancestors felt. The devil is a liberal, and you can have nothing to do with the devil or his minions. Lest you be tempted to soften toward your own nation, for instance, always remember that those who are governing now, even though they finally deposed Robespierre, are still the same men who voted to kill your king.

Peter: With God as my witness and as I hope for my salvation, I shall never make peace in my heart with the liberals.

Burke: God bless you, Peter. It will not be easy, but I know you shall prevail. You have a great capacity for love and a great capacity for hate, a hate for those who hurt or threaten those you love. Never believe pious hypocrites, whose faith is paper thin, when they tell you not to hate. A man who does not hate where he should hate will be unable to love where he should love.

Peter: I understand.

Burke: I believe you do understand, Peter. Now let me tell you one last thing. Never trust institutions; trust the spirit behind the institutions. All churches, all governments, at least the European governments and the European churches, were created to serve our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who can be known by every man who has a heart to listen to His words of salvation. Never abandon that Christ, the simple Christ of the Gospels, and you will never be ultimately overcome even if the whole world caves in to liberalism. Now, before you go, let me pray with you.

[The unconquerable Burke rose from his chair and stood up so that he could kneel.]

Burke: Holy Father, in all things bless this young man and help him to withstand the devilish forces arrayed against him. As he grows in years, help him to come to know, in his heart, the love of Him whose love passeth the understanding of the intellect. And may that love sustain him in this world and the world to come. In Christ's name, Amen.

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That was the last time I saw and spoke to Edmund Burke in this world, but he has always been with me throughout what has turned out to be a very long life. How well have I kept my pledge to Burke? Well, there have been stains on my honour, but a man must be truthful even if the truth tends to show him in a good light. Though I stumbled often I never ultimately succumbed to the liberal demons of the new Europe. And it is my hope that at some time the Delaine blood will renew itself in the person of my namesake, my great grandson, Peter Delaine, to whom I have willed this document. My son died

faithful and true to Christ and Christ's Europe. My grandson went over to the liberals. One can only bear witness with one's life. If no one, not even those of the same blood, care to listen to my witness or follow in my footsteps, well, — there is free will. I hope Peter Delaine becomes a Delaine, but I at least will follow my Father, Mother, Sister, Son, Uncle, and Edmund Burke to the grave, having fought the good fight, despite my many imperfections, until the end.

-END OF THE MANUSCRIPT-

Footnote: My great-grandfather died six years after writing that family memoir. He was 101 years of age, and I was seven, when he died. I didn't read the manuscript until I was eighteen.

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After I finished reading Peter's great-grandfather's account of his family's suffering at the hands of the Jesuit priest and the black Jacobins, I got a call to a sick bed, so I left a note for Peter saying that I would meet him in my study on the following night, providing something unexpected did not come up.

Peter was waiting for me the next evening; I had given instructions to admit him to the study whether I was there or not. After a few polite niceties, Peter came to the point.

"Did you read the manuscript?"

"Yes, I did. It was profoundly moving and very interesting. If I may be so bold, what was the rest of your great-grandfather's life like? Was it as eventful as his early life, or did he manage to settle down somewhere?"

"He married a French émigrée when he was twenty-six. He never returned to Haiti, but he did fight the Jacobins, spiritually and actually the rest of his life."

"In what way?"

"Well, he never was able to raise an army of French émigrés and restore the monarchy, but he did fight many duels, always with the Jacobins who fashioned themselves the new royalty. He did what he could, but he never thought it was enough."

"And his children?"

"He had four daughters and one son. His son and his daughters remained true to eternal France and absolutely opposed to Jacobin France. They never flew the tricolour flag."

"What about his grandson, your father?"

"Ah, that was another matter. My father, despite his heritage, grew up neutral. He took the line of, 'I don't approve of the excesses of the French revolution, but after all it was necessary.' Naturally that did not set well with my grandfather or my great-grandfather, and because of his views, my father was estranged from them. They seldom had contact. I, having had virtually no contact with the anti-Jacobin faction of my family, grew up a thorough-going French liberal. Which is why I entered the priesthood; I wanted to serve Christ by spreading liberalism, which I thought was the gospel for modern man. It was when I saw liberalism close up from within the church that I started to listen to my great-grandfather, through his manuscript. At his death my great-grandfather willed me the manuscript you have just read, because his son was dead and he knew that his grandson was against him. I don't hate my father, but I now know he was wrong. Liberalism is from the devil, and we can never compromise with it."

"You'll get no argument from me on that point; Burke has always been a writer dear to my heart. Your ancestors certainly seem to have been at the forefront of the battle against the Jacobins. What happened to your great-great-uncle, the man your great-grandfather called the hero of the family tragedy?"

"He married an Englishwoman and settled in Sussex. I don't think Baroness Orczy knew of my uncle, but her book *The Scarlet Pimpernel* certainly captured the spirit and adventurous life of Brain Delaine. While the terror was still going on, he made many forays back into France to rescue aristocrats. Like the *Scarlet Pimpernel* he kept his identity secret. Unlike the *Scarlet Pimpernel* he had no songs written about him, but amongst the French émigré population in England he was called the scourge of Jacobinism. He never reconciled with the French government, not under Napoleon nor the Republic. My uncle, a descendant of Brain Delaine, told me that whenever the topic of reconciliation came up Brain Delaine simply stated, 'They are all regicides; I will never make peace with them.' And he never did.

“He lived the rest of his life in England?”

“Yes, except for his rescue missions to France and two or three trips to Haiti.”

“Why Haiti? What was there left for him to do?”

“My uncle never gave me any details about those trips. All he said was that his great-grandfather’s excursions to Haiti were for rescue and punitive purposes. So I can only assume that the family sword was unsheathed again on those missions.”

“Children, did he have children?”

“Yes, he did, and he was blessed with many years. There seems to be a longevity gene in the Delaine family.”

“Where does this family history figure in your life, Peter?”

“It’s hard to put into words... I suppose it all comes down to what Edmund Burke called that ‘charity of honour.’ I feel I violated the charity of honour by being loyal to a universalist idea rather than to my family and my blood. I’d like, in some small way, to atone, if not completely then at least partially for my sin against that charity of honour.”

“Atonement is primarily something that takes place within a man’s heart, Peter. You seem to have made a heartfelt atonement for your Jacobin sympathies. What else do you think it necessary to do? We must be prepared to forgive ourselves when forgiveness is warranted.”

“What you say is all quite true. But in my case, there is a point of family honour that must be taken care of. My great-grandfather and Burke have made me see that if family honour is not placed first, then honour has to be abandoned. A man who betrays his family will betray his clan and his nation.”

“Then you have something in mind that you must do? Something involving your family honour?”

“Yes.”

So Peter finally came to his main purpose for seeking me out. He needed my help to remove what he felt was a stain on his honour. What I am about to relate will seem quite incredible to 20th century readers, but the march of progress is a mirage; we are still the same morally, struggling for salvation against the wickedness and snares of the devil. The pity of the modern man is that he no longer believes in the wickedness and snares of the devil or in the devil’s Divine Antagonist, Jesus Christ. Peter Delaine believed in both, and he wanted my help against the devil and his minions, fighting them in the name of Christ.

Everything went back to that fateful night of almost two-hundred years ago when Peter’s great, great grandfather was murdered by Jacques Bauché. If you recall, Bauché was killed on that same night by Brian Delaine. And you’ll also recall that Brian Delaine made several trips back to Saint-Domingue after that fateful night for punitive and charitable purposes. It seems incredible, but it is quite true, that Brian Delaine did whatever he could to rescue the few remaining whites in Saint-Domingue and to punish as many leaders of the negro rebellions as he could lay his hands on. Several prominent, newly crowned negro tyrants of blood were found strangled in their beds or lying dead in their mansions with a bullet between their eyes. And many a white captive found themselves released from the sacrificial altars at the last minute by Brian Delaine. He was feared as the great avenger of his people. And long after his death the name of Brian Delaine survived in the voodoo cults of Haiti as the great white devil who could still reach out his arm and destroy black men. Voodoo priests invoked his name to put curses on other blacks. If a man suddenly took sick who was an enemy of one of the witch doctors it was supposed to be because the witch doctor removed his protective shield of black magic from the victim and allowed the spirit of Brian Delaine to claim another victim. It was steadfastly believed throughout the black community in Haiti that the witch doctors were the only men standing between the blacks and the vengeance of Brian Delaine.

A black Roman Catholic priest, a Haitian who blended voodoo and Catholicism, decided to put an end to what he felt was a morbid fear among his people of the ghost of Brian Delaine. He was opposed by many of the witch doctors because they needed Brian Delaine. They wanted to be looked on as the only ones powerful enough to keep the ghost of Brian Delaine from harming the blacks of Haiti. And the witch doctors were the most powerful group of men in Haiti. But the black Catholic voodoo priest had two things in his favor. First, he could get help from other European priests, and second, he was a direct descendant of Jacques Bauché, whose martyred name was also a power in Haiti.

So Father Jacques Bauché – he was named for his famous ancestor – went to France to obtain support for his scheme. And he got it from two French Jesuits. In the name of whatever pig god they worshipped – it was most certainly not Christ – they agreed to help Jacques Bauché accomplish his bloody mission.

Peter learned of Bauché's trip to France and his visit with two Roman Catholic priests from a friend of his who was familiar with Peter's family history. When Peter investigated, he discovered a truly hideous plot aimed at a direct descendant of Brian Delaine.

I've never felt the slightest inclination to go over to Rome. The inhumanity of Roman universalism has always filled me with horror. Nevertheless I still regarded the Protestant minister and the Roman Catholic priest as serving in the same corps as myself. So it was particularly sad for me to see two of my co-religionists go over, so blatantly, to Satan. When all is laid bare on that final day of judgment, I suspect we will see that the fateful separation was the heart from the head. Once a man makes an intellectual system of the Christian faith and makes his own mind the final arbiter of all things Christian, he is fit for the foulest and blackest treasons and stratagems imaginable. Father Ormand and Father Lejune were willing to betray their race because they had already abstracted the living God into a mind-forged system of their own invention. In their minds everything that had the stink of humanity, from Christ, to their own people, was hateful and deserving of death.

The two apostate priests had helped Father Bauché identify an English girl who was a direct descendant of Brain Delaine. You'll remember that Brain Delaine married an Englishwoman. Well, Father Ormand and Father Lejune traced the line of Brain Delaine all the way to Susan Bradley. Susan was 18 years old, living with her parents in London. All three were members of my parish. Why didn't Jacques Bauché and the two Jesuits want the mother? After all, she too was a direct descendant of Brain Delaine. The answer turned out to be quite simple. The twisted priests and their cohorts wanted a virgin for the blood ritual of vengeance.

I don't think any of the three priests, not even Jacques Bauché, believed in the efficacy of virgin sacrifice, but Jacques Bauché's Haitian followers believed in it. And that is why he brought six followers along with him. He needed them to witness the sacrifice and tell other Haitians what they had witnessed. Without their witness, Bauché could not prove that he had removed the curse of Brain Delaine.

Jacques Bauché would become the most feared witch doctor in Haiti after he murdered Susan Bradley, but what did Father Lejune and Father Ormand stand to gain by their participation in such a heinous crime? It's hard to say why a man turns to Satan, but there is something that I've observed in the modern Europeans, particularly in apostate clergymen, that might go a long way toward explaining the actions of Father Lejune and Father Ormand.

When a man has only an intellectual knowledge of the Christian faith and no affection for the person of Christ, he tends to resent God. He looks on God as the law giver only, and a rather harsh law giver at that. He then creates another God, an abstract God, who will do his will. Neither Ormand nor Lejune ever really knew Christ; hence, they were open, I believe, to any deviation from Christianity that promised them some relief from the spiritual ennui that always engulfs the post-Christian European. And what is the antidote for the spiritual ennui of the post-Christian European? Some things never change; it is sex and blood. Ormand and Lejune fantasized about killing Susan Bradley and then having sex with Bauché's henchmen.

Bauché's beliefs were somewhat different than the two European priests. He didn't believe that the slaughter of Susan Bradley would remove the curse of Brian Delaine, because he didn't believe in the curse of Brian Delaine. But he did believe in the major tenets of the Christian faith, and he hated those tenets. His hero was Satan in whom he believed with absolute certainty.

So these three priests and the six negro devotees of the voodoo gods of Haiti landed on English shores to slaughter Susan Bradley. Peter had done his homework well. He knew everything about the plans of the three priests. They were to arrive on June 3rd, a Wednesday, and two days after that they planned to kidnap Susan Bradley on the way home from the dress shop where she worked. The kidnapping had to be done by Fathers Lejune and Ormand because the section of London where Susan lived had no negroes in its precincts. Their presence would arouse suspicion, whereas Fathers Lejune and Ormand, dressed as working class Englishmen, would not arouse any suspicion. After they made Susan a prisoner, the two priests planned to drive her to the outskirts of a small town, Taven, on the southern coast of England. There, on the desolate cliffs overlooking the sea, they planned to kill Susan in a ritual that combined the elements of a black mass and the voodoo rites of the Haitian witch doctors.

Peter wanted me to help him contact Susan and her parents in order to warn them of the danger Susan was in. He thought they would only believe such an incredible story if their own pastor could attest to its truth. And frankly I wasn't sure I could convince the Bradleys of the truth of Peter Delaine's story. From the perspective of a lower middle class English

family of the 1930's, the whole affair seemed much too fantastical. But the parents and Susan did believe in the fantastical tale of Christ's death on the cross and resurrection from the dead, so why, believing that, would they doubt that the battle against principalities and powers, that Christ's servant Paul warned us of, could come upon us in any form and at any time?

Since Peter's great-grandfather and namesake set the stage for this story with his narrative that went from narrative to theater, why should I not avail myself of the same means to an end? Let me set the stage. Picture a lower middle class English living room, at 10:30 pm. Susan's father, a tall lean man with kind eyes and an athletic bearing no doubt maintained by keeping his appointed rounds as a postman, sat in his chair near the family hearth. Susan's ten-year-old brother Donald was already in bed asleep. Susan's mother, Mrs. Bradley, attractive for her age, but slightly overweight, sat next to her husband. She knew of her famous ancestor, Brian Delaine, but she did not have the intimate knowledge of that branch of her family that Peter had. Once Peter informed the Bradleys of the complete details of the Delaine family history, and I vouched for Peter, the Bradleys readily believed the truth. And of course Susan Bradley was present, sitting with her parents, in the full bloom of womanhood, more than attractive, quite beautiful. The curtain rises on the stage at 11 pm after all three learned the truth from us and believed it.

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Mr. Bradley: I'm certainly not going to stand by and see my daughter killed by those Satanists, and that's what they are. I'll kill them all myself if I have to.

Mrs. Bradley: But will that be necessary, Edward? Can't we turn them all over to Scotland Yard? What do you think, Reverend Grey?

Reverend Grey: We could tell Scotland Yard about this, but I would be very worried about relying on Scotland Yard. The police are essentially reactive. They prevent crime by catching murderers after they have murdered. Their speedy apprehension of murderers is a deterrent to other murders, but I want Susan to live to a ripe old age, and I don't want her to be a case for Scotland Yard to solve.

Mr. Bradley: Nor do I, but what do you suggest, Reverend? And may I be quite blunt? You are not a man of action. I mean no disrespect, but if these men intend what you say they intend, I don't know that either an Anglican minister or a Roman Catholic priest is the man to stop them.

Peter: I have no intention of allowing the Reverend Grey to become involved. It is my honour that has been stained, and it is my kinswoman who is in jeopardy. As God is my witness, these men shall not touch Susan.

Mrs. Bradley: I'm sure you have honourable intentions, Father, but the fact remains that we only trust you because Reverend Grey trusts you. How can we entrust the life of our daughter to you?

Mr. Bradley: Or to you, Reverend Grey?

Susan: May I say something? After all I'm not a disinterested party in this affair.

Mr. Bradley: Of course you may.

Susan: Well then, I have this to say: Reverend Grey baptized me, he confirmed me, and I received my first communion from him. He has come to our house as a guest more times than I can count, and he has also visited this house when little Donald, myself, or you, Papa, and you, Mother, were sick. I'll never forget when I had the fever four years ago. He sat with me all through the day and into the night. I went to sleep with the words of the Gospel resonating through my room. The way the Reverend Grey read the Gospel to me that night was... Well, it was as if I had heard the words of our Lord for the first time. I can't describe the comfort I got from those words read by a...

Rev. Grey: No, Susan...

Susan: Yes, Reverend, I mean it – a saint. Whatever he advises, I will do. Don't you see, Mother? Don't you see, Father? We can trust this man in everything.

Mrs. Bradley: But Susan, you're young! Just because a man is good does not mean he is competent in every aspect of life. Your father and I are not questioning Reverend Grey's goodness, we are questioning his competence...

Mr. Bradley: Your mother is right, Susan. This matter is not something that should be left to the Reverend.

Susan: But I'm content to leave it to him.

Rev. Grey: Perhaps I didn't express myself clearly. If you leave this matter to me and Father Delaine, you are not putting Susan into our hands alone. I have many friends, in all walks of life. What I am asking you to do, for Susan's sake, is to trust me to get the help necessary to free Susan from those fiends, not just for one night, but forever.

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There was much more said that night, but ultimately Susan's trust in me prevailed.

Everything was left to Father Delaine and me. Peter contacted Bauché, Lejune, and Ormand and convinced them that no kidnapping was necessary; he would deliver Susan into their hands. It wasn't difficult for him to convince the three priests that he would betray his kinswoman, since they were the type of men that would betray their own. The fateful meeting took place on the cliffs of Taven. It seemed as if we were all upon the heath where Macbeth met with the weird sisters. Father Ormand and Father Lejune were present in their priestly garb. Bauché was in the garb of a voodoo priest, and his six followers were also dressed in the ceremonial attire of voodoo devotees. Father Delaine appeared to be alone, leading Susan Bradley, who was clothed in a white bridal gown. I, for reasons which will become clear later, was not visibly present.

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Jacques Bauché: Have you brought the victim?

Peter Delaine: Yes, she is drugged and barely conscious.

Father Ormand: Why have you brought her? Why didn't you have us take her?

Peter Delaine: Because I don't believe the guilt of the white man, particularly the guilt of my ancestors, can ever be remitted except by blood. I offer up my kinswoman in atonement for the sins of white men against the black.

Father Lejune: Yes, this sacrifice is only the beginning. What we do here tonight is holy, but the work must not stop here, it must go on until the world is purged of the white race.

Peter Delaine: What you speak is God's truth. The work must continue after tonight.

Jacques Bauché: Bind her to the altar, and we shall begin the ceremony.

I'll not describe the blasphemy that Lejune, Ormand, and Bauché called a ceremony. Suffice it to say that the ceremony came to a halt moments before the sacrifice.

Ghost [rising from behind the altar]: Stop, this shall not go on!

Father Ormand: Who are you? [turning to the six negroes] Kill him! [they stand transfixed]

Ghost: I am Brian Delaine. You shall not defile my Faith or touch one hair of my kinswoman! [in one motion, he cuts the victim loose freeing her and heaves the heavy stone altar onto Jacques Bauché, killing him instantly]

Father Lejune: What have you done?

Father Ormand [addressing the frightened blacks]: If you won't kill him, I will! [He raises a revolver from under his cassock, but as suddenly as he raises the revolver he falls face down. He is dead. Father Lejune runs to his fallen comrade, but he also suddenly pitches forward. He too is dead.]

Ghost [turning to the six blacks and pointing to their boat]: Go, that boat will take you to the ship Jacques Bauché hired. Return to Haiti and never seek the blood of my people, or I'll have your blood! Take their bodies with you and bury them at sea. This is my command. [The six negroes do as they are commanded.]

Jonathan Talbot [emerging from the rocks above]: They're gone, Chris. That was a pretty impressive display of strength.



Rev. Christopher Grey [emerging from the ghost's shroud]: My childhood heroes were strongmen. Lifting heavy weights has always been a hobby of mine. Brain Delaine was supposed to have been quite strong, so I thought I could lend authenticity to my performance by lifting that stone altar. And I must thank you for shooting straight.

Jonathan Talbot: My task was easy. How do you feel, Miss Bradley?

Susan: I just want to go home. This is not something you forget.

Peter Delaine: Don't forget it, Susan. Remember it your entire life, but remember it as the night your God delivered you from evil.

Susan: I will, Father.

Peter Delaine: No, Susan, I'm your kinsman. To you, I'm Peter. [They embrace.]

Rev. Grey: It's a pity we're not in France.

Peter Delaine: Why, Christopher?

Rev. Grey: Because then I could say the lines.

Peter Delaine: I still don't follow you.

Jonathan: I do. Say them anyway. We're close enough to France, and the lines fit.

Rev. Grey: "And then to Calais; and to England then, Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men."

Susan: May one happy woman say, 'amen'?

Rev. Grey: Yes.

Susan: Amen.

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At the time I'm writing this remembrance, Peter is still alive. He stayed in England after his encounter with the descendant of the hated Jacques Bauché. For 12 years he taught in a small college in Sussex by the sea, claiming the sea was in his blood.

Peter taught history and taught it as no one else could. History in Peter's hand was a living, breathing entity. Through his passion for the truth behind historical events, Peter made his students see that the abstract principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, abstracted from the minds of evil men bent on destroying what Burke called the unbought grace of life, were evil. Nor did Peter shrink from pointing out the logical consequences, as his great-grandfather saw in Haiti, of the implementation of the godless principles of the Jacobins. Negro savagery unleashed was the logical consequence, the higher culture subjected to the lowest of all cultures and everything good in Old Europe torn down and spit upon.

Peter did not spare Britain when he warned of the spreading influence of Jacobinism. "The old French aristocrats had a country to flee to. Where will Europeans go when Britain becomes a refuge for colored heathens?" Because of his honesty and his ability to influence his students for the good, Peter was dismissed after 12 years of teaching. He still lives in Sussex by the sea and teaches almost as many students on an informal basis at his home as he once did on a formal basis at the college.

Peter always visits me at the Christmas season, which seems particularly appropriate because it is during the Christmas season that we all feel, the most acutely, those ties of blood and kinship that bind us to each other and to our Lord. Peter returned to his God through those ties of blood and kinship, and I love and honour him for his spiritual journey. His is a great heart. In a few days, I'll be seeing him again, and together we will celebrate the birthday of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who shall always be the King of provincial, kith-and-kin Europe. As my kinsman wrote, "Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in." +

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Even to the Edge of Doom - December 15, 2012

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

-Wm. Shakespeare

Just a few nights ago I saw what has become a very rare sight in this brave new racially diverse world of ours. I saw a white soloist, with an all white chorus, singing traditional Christmas carols to an all white audience. It was a wonderful sight. When I was growing up I took such wonderful sights for granted. But for the last thirty years or so I have not taken such events as an all-white Christmas celebration for granted, for the simple reason that the liberal oligarchy in charge of my nation does not want anything that is exclusively white to exist.

Diversity and inclusion are the god words of the liberals. When they utter those sacred words, we are all supposed to fall down on our faces and worship the nearest colored person. But who is being served by such slavish worship? Certainly not the white man who used to live in a racially segregated world where the God-Man, not the colored man, was worshipped. Nor are the colored people being served by inclusion and diversity. If there is no one to light the lamps, how can the barbarians of color find their way out of the darkness?

Inclusion and diversity are code words which mean the destruction of the white race. Every time I see an all-white celebration of Christmas, or see a painting or read a novel from the European past, I feel, along with my love for the particular European art work, a hatred for the liberals who want to destroy everything from the white Christian culture that sustains us all. Never believe the lie that European culture can be sustained without the survival of the white race who created that culture. Our skin color is part of our soul, and individual human souls cannot be transposed into the bodies of other humans by saying the magic words of diversity and inclusion. The liberals themselves could not live in a non-European world, but they are possessed by a satanic hatred of Christ, so like their Jacobin predecessors they attack the creator by effacing His image in man. God's image was at the heart of European culture, and Satan's image is at the heart of the colored cultures. To destroy the former culture and worship the latter culture is the liberal agenda.

Before the physical conquest of a people can take place, the soon-to-be-conquered people must have already either lost faith in their own God or wavered in their faith in their God. The Moslems were defeated in 732 A.D. because the Europeans still believed in Christ. The Moslems are triumphing now because Europeans do not believe what Charles Martel believed. But I do not want to dwell on the Moslems, or the Jews for that matter. I want to focus on the technological barbarian hordes that have made Christendom into Satandom: the liberal tribesmen.

The majority of white people have not taken liberalism to their bosoms, but their faith in the European vision of Christ has been shaken enough to make them defenseless against the passionate Christ-haters. And that very term, "Christ-haters," which so accurately describes the liberals, makes the white grazer cringe. It sounds too extreme, too uncharitable. But look at the world the liberals have built. Is there anything in this new world that Christ would approve of? Just briefly, after the re-election of Obama, many white grazers saw past the liberal façade of diversity and inclusion and beheld the face of Satan. They were willing to listen to terms such as "satanic liberals" and "negro worship" without running and hiding under their beds. But those moments of white sanity passed after they spoke to their clergymen. They then returned to their passive, apprehensive state of existence, hoping that somehow the liberals and their barbarian allies would leave the churches intact (and of course they will because the churches are liberal), and convert to the more moderate mishmash liberalism of the white grazers. Such a consummation, which we do not wish for, will never happen. The passionate always devour the lukewarm.

Most of the preliminary work of the liberals was done prior to the 20th century. Aquinas, Rousseau, Voltaire, Robespierre, Darwin, Freud, Marx, etc. all prepared the way for the revolution of the managerial rationalists, the bureaucratic men of science who aspire to build a better world than the world created by God. When the white grazer sees through his eye, instead of with it, and perceives Satan behind the rationalist façade, the grazer will become a European again. He will refuse to worship the liberals' black gods. Such a refusal is not a futile, insignificant gesture, it is the essence of the counter-revolution. Satan's "I shall not serve" set the satanic revolution in motion, and the European's "I shall not serve Satan" shall set the European counter-revolution in motion. One case in point – after the Obama's re-election, when the liberals and the colored tribesmen made no attempt to hide their glee, a mild-mannered friend of mine, a middle-of-the-road Christian woman, told me, "I feel like I'm surrounded by devils dancing around the throne of Satan." The young woman modified her extreme statement a few days later after talking to her reasonable, responsible clergyman, but for a moment she saw the truth about liberalism. When such moments can be sustained, when one moment of insight becomes a permanent part of a grazer's heartfelt faith, the grazer will no longer be a grazer. That is a consummation to be devoutly wished for, and devoutly fought for.

A genuine faith, a faith that sustains a man against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and the wickedness and snares of the devil, is bred in the bone of a man at his ancestral hearth fire. Once separated from that blood faith, a man is in grave danger of falling prey to an intellectual man-made faith which cannot sustain him against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or against the wickedness and snares of the devil. The modern European, having abandoned his blood faith for an intellectual faith, has fallen prey to the devil. Our minds are not clever enough to do battle with Satan. Only our hearts, united to His sacred heart, can defeat mankind's arch enemy. Satan plays a very subtle game. The mad-dog liberals he captures quite easily; they are full of intellectual pride, and "we shall be as gods," is their fervent desire. The grazers are different; they are proud of their virtue.⁽¹⁾ So Satan appeals to them through that pride in their virtue. Through his liberal minions, he convinces the grazers to worship negroes. His liberal minions tell atrocity stories. We know how that gambit works. The grazer is given utopian glasses with which to view the antique Europeans. Though most atrocity stories are fictitious and the full story is never told — the black who was lynched was a rapist, the Indians were killed by the British in just retaliation for the Black Hole of Calcutta, etc. — let us still concede that some atrocities were committed by Europeans. That, up till now, has been enough for the liberals. They thrust the atrocities front and center and ask the confused grazer if he approves of such atrocities. "By God, no, I don't!" the virtuous grazer declares.

"Then show us you don't approve by worshipping the colored tribes," the liberals respond. And the grazer complies.

But the antique European will not comply. He points out there is no such thing as atrocities in the colored tribesmen's culture. What a white man would call an atrocity is a normal, every-day, go-about-our-business life to the barbarians of color. The atrocities in the New Orleans Superdome? "What atrocities?" the black man says. "It was only natural." The same applies to the fiendish cruelty of the yellow races and the savagery of the brown and red races. Their atrocities are viewed as the assertion of their rights, or as "only natural," but never as atrocities. It is only the white European who is said to commit atrocities. This madness must stop now. Atrocity stories are unknown outside of the European civilization, because mercy is unknown outside of our European civilization. As we welcome the savage hordes of color into Europe, atrocities will increase at an astronomical rate, but they will no longer be called atrocities; they will simply be the normal, everyday activities of the colored barbarians. Having severed their blood ties to their kith and kin, the Europeans have cut themselves off from the God of their kith and kin. A vague pride in their virtuous refusal to support European atrocities will not avail them against the colored hordes who commit atrocities as easily as an antique European prays.

And then we have the liberals themselves. They have institutionalized infanticide and turned their faces away from the atrocities the colored barbarians commit against white people. Why should they be permitted to condemn our European ancestors for the specks in their eyes, while they, the liberals, have gigantic logs in their own satanic eyes? Look at the liberals, look at the colored savages, and then look at those white people I saw the other night celebrating Christmas. Where should our allegiance be? For whom should we fight to the death, and who should we fight to the death against?

When I was a young man I believed that a deeply held passionate faith could defeat any force on earth that was sent against a man. As I got older I learned to hide my belief that Shakespearean passion could move mountains for fear of ridicule, but I never really modified that essential faith I had in the supremacy of the heartfelt passion over reason and ultimately over death itself. Now as an old man I feel that passion even more strongly than when I was young, and I no longer feel inclined to hide my passion for fear of ridicule. I love the European people; I love them because they showed me the face of Jesus Christ. Those Europeans who have gone to their rest in the arms of the Lord and those Europeans, like the ones who sang those Christmas carols a few nights ago, who still walk the earth will always have at least one heart that loves them and one champion who will fight for them. But I think there are others who feel as I do. That which is lost should constantly be before our eyes. And the anger that wells up in us against those who have destroyed Christian Europe and the love that makes us determined to restore Christian Europe will sustain us in the war against principalities and powers.

'Too late' and 'not enough' are terms the managerial types use. They tell us it is too late to turn back the colored invasion because there are too many of them. But aren't the devil's armies always legion? Numbers are only of significance in math class; they mean nothing in the spiritual realm. Sir Galahad's faith is still our faith: "If God be for us, who can stand against us?" +

(1) Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall. — *Measure for Measure*

The Strength of Innocence - December 8, 2012

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.

The stars in the sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
Close by me forever and love me, I pray!
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And take us to heaven, to live with thee there.

I was fortunate to grow up in a white neighborhood where boys could fight with their fists, abiding by certain prearranged rules, without recourse to knives or guns. Once when I was fighting a champion from the other end of town, my self-appointed, 14-year-old, fight manager poured some advice into my ear: “Hit him with the right uppercut.” I followed my manager’s advice and hit him with many right uppercuts, all to no avail. My opponent was not bothered in the least by my right uppercuts. Yet at the end of every round, my manager told me to, “hit him with the right uppercut.” It was only after I discarded my manager’s advice and started working on my opponent’s gut instead of his jaw that I made some headway.

Which brings me, by a very roundabout route, to the subject of this article. More depressing to me than the coloreds’ atrocities, which are reported by the white nationalists — and the atrocity stories are quite depressing — is the white nationalists’ recommended response to the colored atrocities. The late Samuel Francis always said “vote.” The late William Tyndale always said “vote.” The white nationalists still alive such as David Duke tell us to “vote.” And sometimes as a slight variation on the same theme we are told to “take the necessary action now to stop this Islamic stupidity from destroying the free world we know.” What is the necessary action? “Vote.” Voting is not intrinsically evil, but neither is it a magic talisman that can be used to remedy every evil under the sun. And I would submit to you that the present war on white people is not something that can be halted by voting, for the obvious reason that the people conducting the war, liberals, coloreds, and Moslems, all believe in a god greater than democracy. The liberal believes in the negro, the colored believes in his race, and the Moslem believes in Allah. What is needed is white people who believe in Christ more than egalitarian democracy.

If Europeans believed in Christ, they would revere Christian Europe and would do whatever was necessary to defend it against liberals, coloreds, Moslems, and the colored tribesmen, even if what was necessary was violent, illegal, undemocratic, or a combination of all three. The majority of white people have not become card-carrying liberals. Nor are they moral or physical cowards who refuse to fight for the right. They are suffering from a loss of moral vision. They are not able to see the right clearly enough to fight for it. Are they to blame? Yes, to some extent. But aren’t they, no matter what their age, little children who have been led astray by clergymen who deserve to have a millstone tied around their collective neck?

The clergy turned systems about God into God, which left the Europeans without a personal God who dwelt by their hearth fires and defended them against the wickedness and snares of the devil. The war against the white race was instigated by theologians who decided that God did not need a local habitation and a name; He could dwell in their abstract systems and they, like the oracles of the pagan deities, could impart their interpretation of the will of God to the God’s devotees. And our modern oracles have declared that a universal God demands a universal diversity of races and a diversity of faiths. Gone is the crystal clear charity of the provincial Europeans who believed that Christ and Christ alone was the “Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.” The “you must vote” leaders of the nationalist movements have got it wrong. A true leader does not call his people every insulting name under the sun and tell them to do something. That is not leadership; it’s nagging, which any Dame Van Winkle can do. The true leader acts alone like Tell: “Thou know’st the marksman — I, and I alone. Now are our homesteads free, and innocence — From thee is safe: thou’lt be our curse no more.”

Obviously it will take more than one bolt from a crossbow to free our European homesteads, but the essential thing is that our European leaders must act like true leaders; they must see Christ in our European homesteads, call on Him by name, and lead their people out of darkness by heroic example, instead of Dame Van Winkle nagging. Yeats, with blinding sight, depicted the tragedy of men who believe in collective action from below rather than individual heroism motivated by Him, who is above us all. “The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity.” The liberals, the Moslems, and the colored hordes, have the non-democratic, passionate intensity to make war on the white race. When a few white European men fight back with a passionate, non-democratic intensity that is uniquely and distinctly European, the blood red tide of liberalism, Islam, and colored barbarism will be turned back. A fairy tale scenario? Yes, it is. But Christian Europe was an impossible fairy tale until the European people made it come true. It’s not Pollyanna-ism to

believe that all things are possible to them that call on Him by name, because Europeans who did just that, called on Him by name, created the fairy tale land called Christian Europe, which was not run by a liberal oligarchy that permitted Moslems and negroes to commit murder and mayhem throughout the white nations.

I don't think C. S. Lewis really hit his full stride until he wrote *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Before that his writings showed an overconfidence in the powers of reason. In *The Screwtape Letters*, for instance, the senior devil advises the junior devil to try to keep the 'patient' out of church. I would revise that section of *The Screwtape Letters*, and I think the Narnian Lewis, considering the state of our churches, would approve of the revision.

Senior devil: By all means encourage your patient to attend church.

Junior devil: Isn't that counter-productive? Won't he learn about the enemy at church?

Senior devil: A very long time ago that might have been possible. But our master, who the Christians call the enemy of mankind, convinced the Christians that their minds were untainted with sin and that by dint of pure, unadulterated reason they could reach out and touch God.

Junior devil: But aren't they ignoring the advice of that pest St. Paul when they do that? He said that, "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart."

Senior devil: You quote scripture well.

Junior devil: I'm supposed to because as you know...

Senior devil: Yes, yes, I know, because 'The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.' That's really not so funny. That man frightens me.

Junior devil: Why?

Senior devil: Because he sees through the surface of things. Our master likes to keep mortals dazzled by superficialities.

Junior devil: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be irreverent. I didn't think one quote from Shakespeare would...

Senior devil: Let's drop Shakespeare and stick to the point.

Junior devil: Which is?

Senior devil: The humans are connected to Him through their sloppy little hearts; keep them in their minds, and you, at the very least, make them confused, and best case scenario you will make them into liberals.

Junior devil: Which is the best thing a mortal can be, from the satanic point of view, isn't it?

Senior devil: Yes, it is. If we could make every European a liberal, which is our goal, we would own the world and every creature in it.

Junior devil: Let me get this straight then. It's good to send my patients to church, because the men running the churches have an overweening confidence in their own intellects. Consequently they will try to impose their intellectual faith on my patients. My patients will then be cut off from God and leave themselves open to the gods we suggest, such as the negroes.

Senior devil: Yes, that's it, more or less. It's not as easy as you make it sound. Our Master had to work at it. The sheer boldness of his plan – to walk right into the churches dressed only in a scientist's lab coat, in order to spread Satanism – was without parallel. He is one hell (no pun intended) of a devil.

Junior devil: For how long can we make the white Europeans worship the negroes and let the Moslems invade their nations?

Senior devil: As long as we continue to keep their minds separate from their hearts. The miserable wretches are very proud of themselves at present and think they are progressing toward something magnificent.

Junior devil: Well, in a way they are. They're progressing toward hell, and hell is magnificent.

Senior devil: Ha, ha, that is a good one. You're a funny little devil. But in all seriousness, keep them full of intellectual pride. So long as they retain their belief in science as something more than the study of nature, you will have them where you want them. There is nothing that makes a mortal man more puffed up with pride than the notion that he is more scientific and forward-thinking than the other guy. If you keep the fear of appearing unscientific and stupid ever before your patients' eyes, you'll soon become a senior devil like me.

Junior devil: I'd like that. You get to prowl about the earth with the big fellow, seeking the ruin of souls.

Senior devil: Yes, I do. You mind your Ps and Qs and you'll get to do the same.

If you doubt the testimony of those two fictional devils, we have corroborative testimony from an actual senior devil, George Bernard Shaw. Shaw was the exemplar of pure Satanism. He sneered at everything decent – Christianity, Shakespeare, and all sentiments emanating from the human heart. The exalted human intellect was his god. And since he thought that George Bernard Shaw's intellect was the greatest of all intellects, George Bernard Shaw was his god. Shaw, because he was a senior devil, knew how the devil worked. The supreme ego maniac pointed out that the hated Christian religion of the European people had survived, over the centuries, the various attacks of the pagans and the heretics. What finally killed it as a serious religious faith was the scientific attack. From that attack, Shaw maintained, Christianity would never recover, which was fine with Shaw, because he was a senior devil. (1)

Shaw was wrong. The Christian faith will survive the scientific onslaught because of a force Shaw and his liberal descendants never reckoned with. That force is the moral force of a European hero, determined to protect his own who are being attacked and persecuted for loving and championing the living God. It all comes down to that one central event that took place in a stable in Bethlehem. Accusations of racism from the liberals and the coloreds, of blasphemy from the Moslems, and of intellectual stupidity from the liberals, all stem from one underlying passion: "We hate Christ and His people." The European hero knows this, which is why he will fight without ceasing for the Little Town of Bethlehem civilization against all the world.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us today!

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! +

(1) Two men, because of their sneering contempt for every single manifestation of Christ's humanity in the hearts of His people, have always made me feel that I was in the presence of Satan himself. One of those men was George Bernard Shaw, the other is a traditionalist Roman Catholic priest. The antidote for such men is a love for the Christ child depicted in the Christmas Carol, "Away in a Manger."

Under the Shadow of the Almighty - December 1, 2012

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. –Psalm 1: 14

The Christian churches spawned our universities, but the universities soon took over the churches, and there is now very little separating the churches from the universities. Even so called conservative churches bow to the universities on the subject of diversity. That race doesn't exist when white men try to band together as a race is a liberal dogma. That race is everything when the colored races band together to demand special sainted status is also a liberal dogma. And nowhere are those liberal dogmas more rigidly adhered to than in the universities of the European people. There are black student unions, brown student unions, Asian student unions, and women's centers, but there is nothing for the white male. And whenever a courageous white male tries to form a white student union, he is deemed a racist and denied permission to form a white student union, because there is no such thing as white people, unless the liberal wants to bring them into existence in order to demonize them. And of course the values of our liberal academies have become the ruling values of

our society. Racial diversity, which means the deification of the colored races and the demonization of the white race, is the ruling principle of every European nation. Destroying the universities and their adjuncts, the anti-Christian Christian churches, would not immediately put an end to Liberaldom because the religion of racial diversity has already been institutionalized. But it is also certain that so long as the two-headed monster of academy and church is allowed to spew out its blasphemies unopposed, racial diversity will remain the ruling principle of the European. If, on the other hand, the lifelines of church and academy are cut off from the liberal body, then the foundations of Liberaldom will start to erode.

Christendom eroded when Europeans found 'problems' with the whole notion of 'the resurrection of the body and the life of the world to come.' When the white man believed that the body contained a soul, he had an aversion to diversity because he felt his whiteness was part of his essential soul, a gift from God. The loss of that belief created a new belief in diversity. When faith in Christ's bodily resurrection from the dead and our own bodily resurrection in and through Christ is restored so will our abhorrence of racial diversity be restored. In the depths of our soul, where the modern European man refuses to go, is a non-diverse, integral personality. Unleash that personality, which longs for a God who transcends the church-and-academy-God, and Liberaldom will erode.

The modern universities have strayed far afield from the classical ideal. The Greek educational model was a band of elite scholars united together in the pursuit of knowledge. Our modern universities are primarily indoctrination centers and vocational training sites where the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity are supposed to prevail (though some are always more equal) over the elitist pursuit of knowledge. And yet, despite their seeming divergence from the Greek ideal, our modern universities are the logical consequence of a 'classical education.' The Greek ideal was fatally flawed because it was too rational. Like the 19th and 20th century psychoanalysts, the Greek scholars overestimated the powers of reason and failed to give sufficient weight to those irrational passions of the heart that ultimately apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends.

It's not as if the Greeks themselves were unaware of the poetic of life. Homer, Sophocles, and Aeschylus were not rationalists, but who prevailed? Ultimately it was the rationalists. The poets were banned from Plato's republic. And that ban remained in effect when the Christian Europeans assumed the mantle of Greek civilization. Forgetting that our Lord rebuked the ever-practical, ever-rational Martha, in favor of the fanciful Mary, the Christian theologians insisted on putting God in a silver rod. And by doing so they set in motion an eternal conflict between a faith in a rational system of religion that can be comprehended by the mind of man, and a faith in a God beyond the mind of man who can be comprehended only in the deeper recesses of the human heart.

Our modern academics, whom the churchmen slavishly follow, are in a flight from rationalism. Their worship of the negro is an attempt to escape the rationalist prison of their minds, but their negro worship stinks of rationalism. They have made a rigid, rationalistic theology out of diversity. Will the white man never escape from Greek rationalism? He once did when he believed in the Son of God rather than a rational system of apologetics. Ivan Karamazov's brief against the Christian rationalists could only be defeated by his brother Alyosha, who had no rational explanation for his faith in Christ; he only knew that he loved Him. It's very easy to become sidetracked by the visible outer ornaments of Christianity, because such ornaments can fit quite nicely into a narrow box called religion. But the European poets, like the Hebrew psalmists and St. Paul, keep us mindful of the better part of our faith.

And if we distinguish not between Articles of faith and jurisdiction, but account all those superedifications and furnitures, and ornaments which God hath afforded to his Church, for exterior government, to be equally the Foundation itselfe, there can be no church; as there could be no body of a man, if it were all eye. – John Donne

The only broadsword God has given us with which to fight "diversity" is the only weapon we need, our faith in a loving God beyond reason.

I found the last Presidential election very useful as a barometer of where the Europeans are at this point in their history as a people (I think the percentage of Satanists in every European country would be roughly the same as in the U.S.). I place the white people who voted for Obama beyond the ken of humanity. They are Satan's own. And the rest who voted for Romney? They are in a kind of limbo. They are not comfortable with some of the uglier aspects of Liberaldom, but they lack the heart and the vision to attack Liberaldom and restore Christendom. So they wonder a lot. They wonder why, since they live in the best of all possible worlds (the liberals tell them so) they have such unfilled longings. Perhaps it is just indigestion?

Those people, and the liberals are such people, who think they can grab history by the horns and make it do what they want are always gored by history. The liberal set out to make a new man, a better man, but is he a better man? The modern, liberal European is like no creature, save one, we have ever seen before. The colored tribesmen are what they have always been. The Christian faith that transformed the Europeans did not transform the people of color. So we had two separate worlds, the world of heathendom that the coloreds occupied and the world of Christendom that the

Europeans occupied. And then came the ascendancy of the European liberal whose progenitor is Satan. A new man emerged upon the world stage, a man without any ties to humanity, a man who denounced his kith and kin in order to bind himself to Satan through the worship of the demon gods of color. Don't tell me about the airplane, the rocket ships to the moon, or computers. The most significant event of the 20th century was the creation, by Satan, of a large body of human beings fashioned in his image. These newly fashioned creatures, these satanic clones, must be opposed as we would oppose Satan. The old democratic give-and-take, politely agreeing to disagree, cannot be applied to the clones of the enemy of mankind. Even if a European was foolish enough to adopt a polite 'agree to disagree' stance vis-à-vis the liberals, the liberals would not follow such a policy themselves. They hate humanity as Satan hates humanity. To expect them to live and let live is suicidal. (1)

The Europeans in limbo cannot oppose the satanic clones because they do not believe in the satanic nature of liberalism. I was surprised shortly before the Obama re-election to hear the usually wishy-washy Mike Huckabee state that hell would be the destiny of anyone voting for Obama. I was surprised because that statement showed some awareness of the nature of liberalism, and I didn't expect such an insight from Huckabee. But when I mentioned Huckabee's statement to other limboesque white people, they recoiled from it in horror. "That's too extreme," "That's uncharitable" – you know the litany.

A European is called to fight the devil and his works whether others follow him or not. So we won't look back to see if the white people languishing in limbo are following us. But one thing is certain: Liberalism will remain intact so long as "decent" Europeans agree to disagree with Satan's own. The essential truths that men fight for are seldom articulated, but they are in us; they are in our hearts and our blood. They sustain us in the day of battle. The British soldiers defending Rorke's Drift defeated a numerically overwhelming army of black barbarians because in their souls they believed they were fighting for Christian civilization vs. Satan's minions. I hear the cynic in the corner: "They were fighting for personal survival, nothing more." No, Mr. Cynic, if personal survival had been all they were fighting for, they wouldn't have stayed to fight in the first place. They would have cut and run with the native contingents. We always must come back to the miracle of God incarnate. Was Christ incarnate in the hearts and the civilization of the antique Europeans? And if He was, then why can't we follow in their train? He was, and we shall.

The sneer is the liberals' and Satan's preferred weapon of choice. The sneering focus of the liberals is always on the imperfections of the antique Europeans, never on their own satanic blasphemies. We should never accept the lie that says because Christian Europe was not heaven on earth, liberals are in the right. Is diversity right? Is the demonization of the European people right? No, such things are not right. Old Europe, in essence, was a Pickwickian world where faith, hope, and charity mitigated the harshness of existence and pointed men to the Man of Sorrows who redeemed the world. If we give up the fight for our European racial stronghold, we will lose that Pickwickian world of grace.

My conclusion is an old conclusion, but it must be stated again and again until Liberalism is in ashes. We don't need superior numbers. We need only a few white men to stand up for Europe, fully convinced that in doing so they are standing for the right against Satan and his unholy legions. If we believe in the rightness of Christian Europe and the satanic evil of diverse liberalism, we will fight and prevail against the liberal pestilence that walketh in darkness and the colored hordes that wasteth at noonday. +

(1) After his defeat, Romney accepted an invitation to dine with The Obama. I hope he took a long spoon with him. White people will remain in limbo so long as they agree to disagree with Satan's own.

The Babylonian Captivity of the European People - November 24, 2012

Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us. –Psalm 2:3

It's obvious to all those who have eyes to see that the changing demographics (more negroes and Hispanics voting) render it virtually impossible for a white Republican male, such as Mitt Romney or Ronald Reagan, to win a Presidential election. It's not a case of running a more personable white candidate – Romney was quite personable and actually got a higher percentage of the white vote than Regan did some thirty years ago – it's a case of a third world invasion that white liberals welcomed and white conservatives were unwilling to oppose. The white conservatives have no chance of winning the blacks or the Hispanics over to their side nor do they have a ghost of a chance of converting the 35 – 40% liberal minority who always vote with the colored tribesmen. But we, the European remnant, cannot say as the old Scottish Jacobite said, "All that can be done has been done, and all's been done in vain." We cannot truthfully echo the fallen Jacobite's words

because we have yet to hear from the non-democratic, non-diverse European. Thus far we have only seen pygmy-souled men, the men of the democratic era, on the world stage.

The European man has, like Odysseus, been waiting in the wings to see if any of the evil suitors could string and shoot the great bow. He watched as democratic man failed. And he saw, much to his disgust, clerical man go over to the suitors. Now it is his time. He must string the bow, draw it, and purge his racial stronghold of the liberals and colored tribesmen who have defiled it. It's not the work of a day, but it is time for Europeans to begin the reconquest of their European homeland. The enemy is always the most vulnerable when he is in the midst of his victory celebration.

I don't know the exact date that each and every European government decided to turn their people over to the colored hordes, but every European government has made such a choice. In European America the choice was made in 1965. That's when Ted Kennedy's immigration bill which changed the non-white immigration quotas from 90% European to 90% non-European was passed. It would be easy to just blame our present debacle on Ted Kennedy: "He was a sneaky, conniving degenerate." Yes, he was, but why did Republican and Democrat members of the Senate and Congress go along with Teddy? Because it was popular with the American people? That is ludicrous. If such a bill had been put before the American people, it would have been voted down. And why did every European nation pass bills similar to degenerate Teddy's bill? We are faced with the incontestable fact that all of the ruling oligarchies in the European nations started, in the latter half of the 20th century, to replace their own white people with black, brown, red, and yellow people from foreign lands.

We don't have to look far to see the reason why the ruling oligarchs of every white nation decided to betray their own people. Just look at the statements of the Catholic popes and the leaders of the evangelical churches on the subject of colored immigration, be it legal or illegal. John Paul II was representative of all the mainstream churches. He maintained that faith in Christ mandated that white people should open up their hearts, their borders, and their homes to the colored people of the world. Just after the election I saw a cross-section of evangelical "Christians" who had voted for Obama joining together to demand unrestricted colored immigration. But no South African white was eligible. Apparently God, in the liberals' eyes, is a "some are more equal than others" type of God.

When I was younger I used to call the white-hating Christians well-meaning but misguided. That is nonsense. They are not well-meaning. They hate their own people and wish to see them exterminated. And their desire to eliminate their own people stems from their hatred of God. They are incensed with God for failing to follow any of their rules for the proper ordering of existence, so they strike out at God by attacking His people. Dostoevsky depicted this drama of Christian atheism so well in the Grand Inquisitor scene of *The Brothers Karamazov*. The secret of the Grand Inquisitor was that he hated God for not ordering the world as he, the Grand Inquisitor, would have it. The liberal churchmen believe they are smarter than God, but in restructuring God's benevolent ordering of existence according to their rationalist schemas the churchmen, who were the first liberals after the devil, plunged the Europeans backward in time to the failed philosophical faiths of the Greeks and the Romans. There was a reason why the men and the women of the late Roman Empire sought out the mystery religions. The devotees of the mystery religions could be one with a personal God who was nowhere to be found in the philosophy of the Greeks and the ethical systems of the Romans. But is intimacy with God enough? If there is no silken tie of sympathy between a man and his God, can there be a genuine faith? Christ triumphed over the mystery religions because of His humanity, but did He triumph over the Greco-Roman rationalists? In provincial Europe He did triumph, but he never completely conquered the rationalist element in the upper echelons of the Christian academies where love of the syllogism and rationalist theology predominated over the love of our Savior. That ever-present academic snake in the grass would eventually breed a multi-headed viper that would poison all of Christian Europe. The Europeans worship the negro in the 21st century because the rationalist snake was scotched rather than killed in the first centuries of Christian Europe.

Men cannot live with reason alone. They need faith in a living God beyond reason, but the church men placed Christ in a rationalist box only they could open, so the Europeans went a-whoring. The synthesis of rationalism and negro worship is the Europeans' attempt to combine the vitalism of the mystery religions with the rationalism of the Greco-Romans. What is missing in this synthesis? The living God and the people of Europe who were wedded to the living God. Provincial Europe, the Europe of a particular race of people with a faith in a personal God of their ascending race, has been buried under an avalanche of satanic filth. No matter that the filth is multi-colored and diversified; it is still satanic filth.

The proof of the universalists' atheism is their defiance of God's benevolent ordering of the world. "God loves everyone," the universalists tell us. Yes, he does, which is why He gave us all racial strongholds in this world where we could learn about God's love through the love of our kith and kin. The universalist Christian ends up loving an abstract race of noble savages while hating his own people. Is this Christian? No, it is not. It is something far worse than paganism even; it is liberalism, which is the synthesis of all the evil 'isms' that have ever been created by the satanically inspired minds of men.

There is a depth of feeling that can only be engendered in a man by the love of his kith and kin. Without that depth of feeling a man cannot know, on an intimate level, the Son of God. Why then do the church men tell us that we can only become truly Christian if we become less attached to our own people and more attached to a diversified ant heap of people? Let's try to understand our instructions. In order to be more Christian, we must become less Christian? "Yes," Mr. Liberal tells us, "you've grasped the point perfectly. Christ will become less of a God and the Europeans will become a non-people."

"Then what?"

"Then there will be peace and happiness on earth."

Once, in an endeavor to dissuade a liberal priest from his liberal viewpoints, I pointed out to him that a great work such as Handel's *Messiah* was great because Handel's vision of Christ was non-diverse. The Hallelujah chorus and the entire sacred oratorio are so moving because every word sung and every chord of music is a paean to the King of Kings. How would that sacred oratorio be performed today? It is too horrible to dwell on. Suffice it to say that we would not be inspired by a hymn to the Obama and one universalist Satan-worshipping nation. But let me return to the liberal priest. He agreed with me about Handel's *Messiah*: "It wouldn't be a magnificent work without its purity of theme." Then came the disclaimer: "Poetry and reality are two different things." Are they? Isn't our faith in Christ based on a belief that what touches our heart at the deepest level, at the poetic core, is true?

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. +

Against Principalities and Powers - November 17, 2012

Ah, why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

– Aaron the Moor

It occurred to me while watching the liberals exult over the re-election of The Obama that here in America we have become the complete inverse of Christian Europe. The American republic is truly Satandom. An old Christian hymn describes Christians thronged around the Savior's throne. On the night of Obama's re-election we saw the spawns of Satan thronged around their little anointed black devil. And unfortunately the other European nations are rushing to become more American, which translates to more satanic. They too want to become the inverse of Christian Europe. When I was a young man, I had a hard time reconciling a belief in hell with a belief in a loving Savior. But as I got older and met more liberals up close and personal, I began to understand about hell. Christ cannot force our love. There are those so obdurate in their hatred of the light that God must reluctantly let them go where their hatred drives them to go. Will the liberals be happy once they get to hell? I doubt it, because they are not happy with the hell they have created here on earth. I know they exult over satanic triumphs like the re-election of Obama, but after their celebration they will go back to their sterile, empty, anesthetized lives and hate each other as much as they hate white, Christian Europeans. "See how they love one another," was said of the early Christians. My observations of the liberals reveal the inverse: "See how they hate one another." Do I pity them? Not while they are in power. I reserve my pity for my people who the liberals are attacking with the relentless fury of Satan, their master. When the liberals are locked up where they can't do any more harm, then I will pity them and attempt to ease their self-induced suffering, but until that time it would be inhumane to show sympathy to the devil's own who are persecuting my people.

This brings me to the victims of liberalism, the hated and vilified white people without whom there can be no civilization worthy of the name civilization. But first let me distinguish between depressed and profoundly depressed. The Obama re-election was depressing to me as candid photos of a fat man at a family reunion would be to the fat man. "I know I'm fat;

do you have to shove a picture in my face to emphasize it?" I know I live in negro-worshipping Liberaldom, but I don't like to see vivid, obscene pictures of it. The profoundly depressed white people are more like people who thought they were in relative good health and then found out they had a terminal cancer. These people are in desperate need of consolation, and we live in Liberaldom where there is no consolation for suffering. Of course Christ is the hope of the hopeless, but who among us does not need human conduits to Christ? The great achievement – great in the satanic sense – of American liberals is that they have cut off all human conduits to God. The seventy-year-old woman who doesn't want to leave her house anymore because she might meet someone who voted for Obama, the mid-fiftyish women who thought that God simply wouldn't permit our nation to slide that far down the slippery slope, the young white male who wants to get a gun and start shooting liberals, the old man who yearns for an apocalyptic end of the world are all emblematic of the profound depression that has beset decent white people in the wake of the Obama victory. Can I, or any other antique European, be of some help to these suffering white people? Unfortunately not, because with the exception of the young white male, who I may be some comfort to, the decent whites are the prisoners of the liberal clergy. If I tell the catechism-Aquinas-pope-loving Catholic or the Bible-alone-without-any-human-conduit Protestant that there is strength and comfort in the European tradition and men such as Burke, who said, "If we do not hate where we should hate we will not love where we should love," and men such as Kipling – "When the Saxon began to hate" – they will simply stare vacantly and say that it is wrong to hate; their clergymen told them so. What can be done with such people? Prior to Obama's re-election, I would have said nothing could be done with such people. But I have noticed a slight change. The same people who twenty years ago dismissed the notion that liberals were spawns of Satan who worshipped the negro are now open to the idea. The unadulterated liberal sewage that is spilling out everywhere has had its effect. Whites who never said a bad word about negroes or liberals are now thinking, albeit with some lingering feelings of guilt, bad thoughts about negroes, Mexicans, and liberals. The thought is father to the deed, so let us fan those thoughts into a fire. (1)

The fact that the liberals no longer care to sanitize their sewage shows us just how confident they are of their invulnerability. And for a time the liberals might seem invincible, but liberalism depends on institutionalized superficiality in order to survive. Liberals won't be able to keep every single European on their superficial level. When white men with European hearts start to fight for the deeply held faith of their European ancestors, Liberaldom will crumble. But we shouldn't wait for a majority of whites to agree with us before we act. That type of thinking belongs to the defeatist conservatives of the failed democratic era. In the new European era, which is really a return to an older era, the ethos of fairyland will prevail over the ethos of the democratic era. In the fairy tales, the hero ventures forth without a majority coalition and without consulting an expert in theology. And when he drives his sword through the heart of the evil entity, be it witch, dragon, wizard, or liberal, his people who seemed dead are restored to life. Just as Christ rose from the dead so can a hero consecrated to Christ reanimate his people who languish in a liberal-induced, deathlike sleep. The essential thing is to be an integral European, who has severed his ties to everything modern and liberal. Such a man will be truly free; he will be the master of his arm and the scourge of Liberaldom.

Mortals are not meant to be continually happy. This world is indeed a vale of tears. But we are not meant to be so profoundly depressed that we feel bereft of all spiritual sustenance. And that is the depression engendered by the triumph of Liberalism; white Europeans feel bereft of everything that makes life in this world bearable. Our love of the hearth fire where kith and kin dwell keeps us connected to the living God. This is why the attack on the Europeans' whiteness has been so unrelenting and vile. Within our racial home is our kith and kin – destroy that home and you destroy the Europeans' link to God. Liberals have replaced the European hearth with a satanic cauldron. They severed their connection to Christ in order to be connected, through negro worship, to Satan. The profound depression of the Europeans who do not want to be connected to Satan through Obama, is that they have been forbidden by their clergy to take sustenance from their racial hearth fire. So what is their plight? They are wanderers on the face of the earth. They can't fully accept the satanic reign of the negro-worshipping liberals, but they have no place to call home.

Come December a remnant band of Europeans will celebrate the birth of the God-man Jesus Christ, who took flesh and dwelt among us. But His birth is now viewed by liberals as significant and important only because it was an event that prepared the way for the worship of the negro, whose deification will be solemnized and celebrated on Jan. 20, not just by liberals in America but also by liberals throughout the European world. It's not possible to avoid this stark and somber reality. The Man of Sorrows has been given a subordinate position to the gods of color. The liberals have institutionalized the worship of Baal. At the inaugural ball the modern Europeans will dance around the black idol Obama as the ancient Hebrews danced around their image of Baal. This celebration of all that is unholy should fill the Europeans with something akin to anger, only much greater than anger. It should, but it doesn't. Will there ever be a time when the persecuted white men will rise up and strike down the liberals and their colored gods? It doesn't seem possible at this moment in history, but history is full of surprises. The life of the spirit cannot be put in a rationalist box forever. There is no telling how many people might follow a remnant band of Europeans whose anger is beyond anger and whose ties to their race and the God of their race are indestructible.

For centuries European liberals have tried to condemn Christianity by presenting a certain type of Christian Phariseism, depicted by Scott in *Old Mortality*, François Mauriac in *Woman of the Pharisees*, and Hawthorne in *The Scarlet Letter* as

the real Christianity. They told us that they were the cure for such an unholy religion. But look at what they have given us: a satanic liberal Phariseism that makes the older Christian Pharisees look gentle and benevolent in comparison. The liberals, in the name of their black gods, condemn the white race to eternal damnation. Nothing the white man can do will change the fact that he is, in the liberals' theology, irredeemable. And nothing the black god does can be wrong because he is god and what he does is always good. There is no goodness outside god, so when the black god kills, rapes, and pillages, then murder, rape, and pillaging are good. What about mercy, justice, and charity? Those concepts are alien to the black gods, so they must come from the white devils, which means they must be banished from the earth. "There shall be no justice, no mercy, and no charity in the new Babylon."

St. John gives us the hope to persevere in the face of the liberals' unholy crusade to destroy the white race. The Christian European living in Liberaldom is every bit the exile that St. John was on the island of Patmos. St. John conveys to us, the European remnant, the orders of our Lord and Savior, we are called upon to be steadfast: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. He that has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." If we are content to sit at the foot of the throne of Satan's anointed one we are not listening to what the spirit hath said unto the churches. Christ, not The Obama, is the Europeans' bright and morning star. The profound depression of white people who did not vote for the Obama stems from their feeling of hopelessness in the midst of Liberaldom. But an internal vow to refuse to render homage to the heathen gods of Liberaldom is a life-giving and life-sustaining vow that will have a ripple effect throughout the mystical body of the church. The race war is a religious war. Once the white man sees that reality he will become a whole man again and he will gird up his loins and fight and conquer the principalities and powers of Liberaldom. +

(1) Immediately after Obama's re-election while the liberals were exulting, I heard some very impolitic and correct responses from the usually timid white people who did not vote for the Obama. But then they talked to their clergymen, and they calmed down. "Mustn't be a fanatic," "Let's agree to differ; we are all God's people," blah blah blah. The tiny fire in their hearts was quickly squelched. Some day whites will proceed with the counter-revolution without the blessing of their clergymen.

To This Battlefield - November 10, 2012

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. –St. Paul

I have a cousin who is in despair over the Obama victory. His reaction – "It's the end of everything" – is probably indicative of the reactions of many white people. I sympathize with my cousin and others like him. Obama's victory is quite depressing. But would a Romney victory have reversed the colored tide that is sweeping over our country and turned Liberaldom back into Christendom? Hardly. Admittedly the defeat of Obama would have provided a momentary thrill, such as Donald Duck gets when he temporarily wins out over the chipmunks before his eventual defeat, but the negro-worshipping liberals would have still been in power during a Romney administration. We should use this election as a General uses his scouts during a war. We have found out some information about the enemy. The states with the smallest number of negroes that went for Obama, such as Maine and Vermont, have the highest concentrations of mad-dog liberals. This confirms previous information given to us by Edmund Burke and Anthony Jacob: liberalism is a disease caused by an abstraction from reality. Those whites who are the furthest removed from the real negro are the most likely to worship the noble savage negro. The old Civil War battle lines are still in place; southern whites who actually know blacks did not vote for The Obama.

My cousin's despair is the result of his listening to the irresponsible 11th hour harangues of democracy-loving conservatives. For the past sixty years or so we have had to listen to conservatives telling us that, "The hour is late, this is our last chance, we must elect - _____ or we will perish." When a conservative bids us pin all our hopes on an election, what happens when that election is lost? Do we just curse God and die? We do if we follow the logic of the 11th hour conservatives. But the conservatives never follow their own logic. After losing an election they immediately start preparing for the next election. Even before Romney had officially lost, I heard two Fox news commentators asking themselves how Republicans could begin to get the Hispanic vote. Will the conservatives never learn? They are suffering from a spiritual malaise. They have made a god out of the democratic process. If all hope for a renewal of the European people depends on the Europeans' ability to blend into a non-European democracy of races, then the European people are indeed doomed, because there is no hope for the European within the perimeters of democracy. But outside those perimeters is hope abundant. How many electoral defeats must take place before the white man breaks the chains of democracy?

When my prayers are not answered, I get angry with God. When the anger subsides I realize I have no right to be angry with God. "He knows," as the poetess tells us, and I do not know. One needs to place one's hand in the hand of God, which

is often easier said than done. But in our better moments, in those white moments of the soul, we see with blinding sight, and we do place our hand in the hand of God, not because we ought to do it, but because we love and trust Him. I think the European's infatuation with the democratic heresy stems from a shift in his attitude towards God. As a defense against the God who does not answer prayers to his satisfaction, the European has turned to the democratic version of the Watchmaker God. The Watchmaker God makes the world, winds it up in order to set it in motion, and then steps back, completely indifferent to the fate of the human beings who inhabit the Watchmaker's world. The 17th century rationalists such as Voltaire were not the inventors of the Watchmaker God. The Sadducees and the Pharisees, and later St. Thomas Aquinas, all championed a theology in which a distant God set the world in motion and then stepped aside and let mortals fend for themselves. It's a theology that allows a man to keep God as an idea while dispensing with Him when dealing with the nitty-gritty of practical, down-to-earth living in this world.

The seemingly great advantage of the Watchmaker system is that it puts a man in control of his own destiny and puts God in heaven, looking down on mortals and bestowing His blessing on their marvelous systems and then disappearing into the clouds until He is needed to bestow His blessing on a new, improved man-made system. Grace does not flow from God to man in the Watchmaker system, it flows from the system to man. And over time the system becomes all and all to man, while God becomes less and less, and even disappears altogether from some systems, such as the Communist system.

The great disadvantage of the Watchmaker system is that it cuts a man off from the living God and places him in the hands of a false god who will eventually fail him, as the great god democracy has failed the 11th hour conservative. Such a man now has no faith left from which to launch an attack on his enemies. His god, democracy, has left him naked to his enemies. Too many false Aslans render a man incapable of believing in the real Aslan.

It should be pointed out that the majority of white people in this country did not vote for The Obama. A significant minority did vote for him along with an overwhelming majority of colored people. What does that tell us? The barbarian hordes of color are the eternal enemies of white Europeans, and a large minority of white Europeans are irredeemable liberals who can only be dealt with on the battlefield; there can be no peaceful coexistence with such creatures. What about the majority of whites who did not vote for The Obama? Let me bring in one lone white man to stand in for those whites: In a small grocery store that I frequent there is a white man in his fifties who I've become quite chummy with over the last two years of shopping at his store. But it was only a few months ago that we got beyond small talk. He mentioned that one of his sons was about to become an eagle scout. He sounded a little tentative, worried that I might disapprove, so I told him that I thought the Boy Scouts organization should be applauded for their refusal to admit homosexuals. Upon hearing my opinion on homosexuals and the Boy Scouts, the mild-mannered grocer opened up on a whole host of topics. He desperately wanted The Obama to lose in order to "show our kids that America is still decent." He also, regretfully, felt he had to couch his criticisms of The Obama with the usual apology: "I'm not racist, I just don't like his policies." Mr. Grocer would run a mile from me and possibly report me to the police if I told him my views on race, but I love the man; he is a white man. I wish he would realize, as I wish all such white men would realize, that his innate decency is unique to the white European and that it comes from the living God, not from the American way or the democratic process. But there it is. Our people will not fight outside the perimeters of democracy, so we must fight for them.

During the months preceding the election when some polls showed Romney leading, there were some not so veiled threats from liberals and blacks that they would not remain non-violent if The Obama lost the election. Those threats place me beyond ordinary anger, they fill me with an eternal fire of anger that can never be put out. Is there one single liberal or black barbarian who fears the wrath of the white man now that the Obama has won? No, there isn't. The liberals and his colored allies must be made to fear the angry white man who will not sit back and passively accept his own and his peoples' execution simply because of an election. "If democracy is harmful to the white man, democracy should die so that the white man can live," should be the battle cry of the unadulterated and unmodernized white man. We cannot remain democratically non-violent in the face of this unrelenting war of extermination against our people. A young white male of my acquaintance told me that Obama's re-election made him want to go out and mow down as many liberals as possible. The sentiment does him credit. But I advised him not to waste his anger on indiscriminate violence. Be violent and bloody, yes, but let it count for something. If we take the democratic blinders from our hearts, God will tell us when and how to strike out against the liberals and their colored minions. We should never eschew violence nor should we make it a cure-all. There are many ways to destroy liberals so long as we break with democracy. The important thing is to take the democratic blinders off and let the grace of God do its work.

There is a creeping, crawling creature that we should specifically address in the wake of The Obama's reelection. This creature tells us that, "White people are decadent, the colored races will renew the Christian faith with their purity of soul and their natural and vital natures." If that is the case, how does Mr. "Sell Out My Own People" account for the fact that the majority of whites did not vote for The Obama, while the vast majority — 93% — of the natural, saint-like, colored tribesmen did vote for The Obama? Renewal will never come from the colored races, it will come from within the European people once they have cast off the creeping, crawling creatures and their mad-dog liberal brethren.

The only drama of any importance on the world stage is the drama of the European and his relationship with his God. All other non-European dramas only take on significance when they become part of the European drama. In theme and purpose the Europeans' journey mirrors the ancient Hebrews' journey. There are times when the European people reach out and touch the hand of God as depicted by Michelangelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. And there are times when the Europeans turn from God and plunge themselves and the rest of the world into darkness. At such times the devil rejoices and walks the earth with impunity. Obviously we are living in such times. Is The Obama the Anti-Christ and are these the end times? That's more than I know or anybody else knows. Would it make any difference if we did know? We are supposed to hate the devil and all his works. And negro-worshipping Liberalism is clearly the work of the devil, so whether these are the end times and Obama is the anti-Christ or whether these are not the end times and Obama is just a nondescript little weasel, should not matter to us. Either way the Christ-bearing people must fight Satan and his minions. What is needful — and events like the re-election of the Obama keep us mindful of such things — is that we hold ourselves in a state of permanent warfare with the liberals and their colored allies. They love the devil and all his works, while we belong to the devil's antagonist, the Man of Sorrows. There shall always be a great divide between us, in this world and the next. Who among us would wish it otherwise?

Some savvy political thinkers on the right tell me that the Obama victory will be good for white people because it will "wake them up" and make them vote for a real white candidate next election. I'm not that savvy; I'm a peasant at heart. All I see is that a white man with at least a modicum of the old Christian ethos in his soul lost an important election to a black weasel, who has become the sign and symbol of the liberals' satanic reign. That cannot be a good thing. But it should not be a reason for despair, because the true European does not place his hopes in the democratic process. The light of the world did not come into the world to make it safe for democracy. I place my hopes in the European hearth presided over by the King of Kings. +

Reclaiming Our Spiritual Stronghold - November 3, 2012

I am dreaming of the mountains of my home,
Of the mountains where in childhood I would roam.
I have dwelt 'neath summer skies,
Where the summer never dies,
But my heart is in the mountains of my home.

I can see the little homestead on the hill;
I can hear the magic music of the rill;
There is nothing to compare,
With the love that once was there,
In that lonely little homestead on the hill.

I can see the quiet churchyard down below,
Where the mountain breezes wander to and fro,
And when God my soul will keep,
It is there I want to sleep,
With those dear old folks that loved me long ago.

— W S Gwynne Williams

If ever a man was thrown to the wolves it was "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, the U. S. general who was given the task of getting the Chinese troops during World War II in fighting shape to take on the Japanese. But Chiang Kai-shek did not want his troops to fight the Japanese. He wanted to keep his troops in reserve for the upcoming civil war with Mao Tse Tung and the communists. "Why can't we just use American air power without using Chinese troops?" Chiang Kai-shek asked. Stilwell's reply was that you could never, unless you simply wanted to bomb a nation into oblivion, dispense with your infantry, because it was the infantry that occupied the enemies' territory. From their territorial strongholds, they launched their attacks from air, sea, and land. If you occupied the enemies' territory, you took away their source of strength. Of course we know the final result. Vinegar Joe never got the cooperation of Chiang Kai-shek and Chiang Kai-shek's refusal to give Stilwell enough troops to establish a stronghold against the Japanese was the reason for Chiang Kai-shek's ultimate defeat in the civil war with the communists. Mao did establish strongholds against the Japanese and he used those strongholds after the war to launch his attacks against Chiang Kai-shek.

Is there a moral here? I think so. Our race is our spiritual stronghold. Within that stronghold are the mysterious human relationships that give us the wherewithal to fight the battle against principalities and powers. If you strip a man of his racial identity, you strip him of his soul. How can a man without a soul fight the good fight? He can't; he can only surrender to the devil and his minions.

For over sixty years now there has been an unrelenting demand that the white man should give up his spiritual stronghold, his race, and melt into a soulless blob called humanity. And it is not just secular liberals who make such a demand, it is also the Christian clergy. They too demand that the white man renounce any special ties he might have to the white race. The ideological underpinning for the liberals' and the clerics' demand that the white man renounce his race are contradictory.

On the one hand the white man is told he must renounce his race because the white man's past history shows that he is irredeemable. He has done nothing but evil in the past, and he will do nothing but evil in the future, should he be allowed to live into the future. His only hope for salvation is to worship the black man with all his heart, mind, and soul, and hope that the black man will have mercy on his poor benighted soul. Which, by the way, is a forlorn hope because the black man, unbeknownst to the liberals, is not really a god, nor does he have any concept of mercy. On the other hand is the contradiction. The white man is told by the liberals and the clerics that there is no such thing as race. Skin color has nothing to do with a man's soul. "We are all, under the skin, the same." Then by what right does the dynamic duo of liberals and clergy prattle on about the sanctity of the negro god and the evil of the white man? If there is no such thing as race, then there should be no such thing as negro worship, and there should be no such thing as the demonization of the white man. "We are all just human beings and we are all just wonderful." But the liberals and their clerical brethren are playing both ends against the middle. The white man is an evil bogeyman and the black man is a benevolent god when the liberals and the clerics are eating their Manichean Cheerios, and the white man is part of a multi-colored blob when the dynamic liberal duo are in the mood to "teach the world to sing in perfect harmony."

We've all had those Introductory Philosophy courses in which a smart aleck professor proves, by geometric logic, that we don't really exist. The liberals have been giving a similar introductory course on Race, in which they prove that our whiteness is not part of our soul. Our response to the liberals, and – lest we forget them – the white-hating clergymen, should be passionate rage. Our race contains all that we value most: our kith, our kin, and our God. If we don't believe that the spirit can become incarnate in a people, what happens to our faith in Christ? Our faith in our Creator is inseparable from our faith in our identity as a particular people of a determinate race. Why should we ever question that our whiteness is part of our soul? Our ancestors believed it to be true, and we know, in the deepest recesses of our heart, that it is true. Even the liberal knows, in some tiny corner of his wizened heart, that skin color is more than mere biology, which is why he feels the necessity to fight "racism." He doesn't want a resurgence of the white Europeans because he doesn't want Christ to rule in his liberal, multiracial utopia. The race war is the European's ultimate challenge. If he allows his whiteness to be demonized or harmonized into nothingness, he will be a man without a soul.

There is a direct correlation between the Europeans' declining faith in the major tenets of Christianity and their declining faith in their distinctiveness as a race. How could it be otherwise? If Christ did not become man, and if He did not rise from the dead, it follows that human beings are mere biological entities without an animating spirit within them. What need is there then, to make distinctions between biological entities?

The Christian churches still stand, but they have made a pact with the devil. The devil put a scholar's cap over his horns and a scientist's lab coat over his body and walked in unmolested through the church door. And in the form of a scientist he is deferred to on every issue. Christ's resurrection from the dead has become "problematic," our own bodily resurrection through Christ has become a "quaint" notion, and the re-paganization of existence that Julian the Apostate dreamt of has taken place. The techno-barbarian white has joined with the black barbarian to build a world devoid of light. The unbought grace of life, nurtured in the small units of grace – our families and our people – has been destroyed. We have no spiritual stronghold, having allowed The Enemy to sever our ties to our own people. What is left to us? How should we then live? We should take back that which is ours. We can start the counter-revolution by refusing to accept demonization and by refusing to be harmonized into nothingness.

There is no one in the upcoming Presidential election who represents white people. Romney is the "let's liquidate the European people at a slower rate" candidate, and as such I will vote for him. But there is something else at stake in the election. A Romney victory will indicate that a significant amount of white people are sick to death of being demonized. Now, being tired of the racist label is not the same thing as embracing the racist label, which is the point we want all white people to come to, but it will be significant if large numbers of whites ignore the liberals' racist charge and vote white. My own informal surveys tell me, and I trust my informal polls more than the official polls, that true believers in the sacred negro are to be found in the universities and in their adjuncts, the churches and the media outlets. But the white hoi polloi have no great love for the negro. Unfortunately they have no great love for their own people either. They are lost souls; having been robbed of their identity, they are a seething cauldron of resentment. And they do resent being called racists when they are, unfortunately, not racist. They will root for white sports heroes or black sports heroes. But of course that's not good enough for the liberals. They want all white athletes to disappear, leaving only a pantheon of black athletes to be petted and adored.

Nothing is written, our wills are free. We can utterly destroy ourselves if we want to, and that seems to be the course white people have chosen. However, there is such a thing as the grace of God. We seem so far from His grace at this point in our history, because we have cut ourselves off from the channels of grace, our kith and kin. But who can say what miracles might occur if just a few whites would seek His grace through the racial stronghold of the soul? It all sounds too fairy tale-ish? Yes, it does, but the entire history of the European people reads like a fairy tale to me, a really true fairy tale where the Hero fights His way right to the gates of hell, defeats the devil, and leads His people up from hell to that dear, dear land called Christian Europe.

The white man is still a long way from returning to his racial stronghold, which provides him with protection from the slings and arrows of the liberal and his colored allies. But there is a certain racial fatigue that is taking place in the white man. The liberals are far from infallible. They have played the race card so often that even the self-effacing, long suffering white everyman has grown disgusted. The hideous Bob Dylan asked, "How many years must a people exist before they're allowed to be free?" We must ask, "How many times can you demonize my people before I become a Goth again?" The brain fever hasn't left the white man; he still won't banish the colored hordes from his homeland, but a certain disgust with the endless charges of racism might be the beginning of something wonderful, the end of negro-worshipping Liberalism. I love the image of the melting snow in C. S. Lewis's book *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. The first blade of grass that comes out from under the snow is significant; it means a thaw is beginning that will eventually result in the downfall of the wicked witch. Let us cherish every blade of grass that brings us one step closer to His green and pleasant Europe and one step further away from the liberals' Babylonian kingdom of hell on earth.

The European people can no longer see God clearly because they have lost their spiritual stronghold, their race. When they regain that stronghold, they will be able to see through that dark glass to the Light of the world. "The people that have walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."+

God Knows

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,
'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'

And he replied:

'Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'

So I went forth, and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into the night. And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

So heart be still:

What need our little life,
Our human life to know,
If God hath comprehension?

In all the dizzy strife
Of things both high and low,
God hideth His intention.

God knows. His will
Is best. The stretch of years
Which wind ahead, so dim

To our imperfect vision,
Are clear to God. Our fears
Are premature; In Him,

All time hath full provision.

Then rest: until

God moves to lift the veil
From our impatient eyes,
When, as the sweeter features

Of Life's stern face we hail,
Fair beyond all surmise
God's thought around His creatures

Our minds shall fill.

– Minnie Louise Haskins

My People - October 27, 2012

When the tempest 's at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides;

When the ocean rolls the proudest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

-Scott

I recently read about the white bus driver in Kansas City who was sucker punched by a black 'youth' for no other reason than the fact that he was white. And the liberals' reaction? The bus driver's whiteness was a provocation to the black youth whose people had been "brought over to this country in chains." The story brought back memories of a similar incident some 35 years ago. I was taking a class at the local university with a very liberal professor (aren't they all) who had never actually known any blacks 'up close and personal.' His had been a sheltered life in that regard. This sheltered liberal decided that he was going to get in touch with 'the people,' so he sold his car and began to take public transportation to and from the University. One day, while using public transportation, a large negro punched the mild-mannered professor in the stomach while screaming, "My people were brought over here in chains!" And much to the liberal professor's horror, none of his liberal colleagues at the University were outraged at what he thought was an outrage. "You must understand their rage," and "You shouldn't condemn a whole race" – he hadn't condemned a whole race – "for one bad apple." Now, the liberal professor did not become a born-again white man in the twinkling of an eye, but that incident, along with his close-up observances of negroes at work and play, did turn a very liberal professor into a white man who believed in segregation and white self-defense. Unfortunately, such conversions are rare.

Most liberals cling to their faith in their negro gods no matter what the cost. Chris "The Tingler" Matthews is always a useful example. After the negro-instituted hell in the New Orleans Superdome, the Tingler was outraged, but not by the black murderers and rapists. He was outraged by whites in the neighboring towns who defended their lives and property with loaded shotguns. From the Tingler's standpoint the whites who defended themselves against the black savages were blasphemers; they dared to defy the Tingler's black gods.

Of course the professor punched in the stomach, the bus driver sucker-punched in the face, and the bloody black atrocities in the New Orleans Superdome can all be excused, and they are excused, with the usual liberal blather: "They are just isolated incidents," or, "You must understand their rage." But the non-liberal white knows the incidents are not isolated incidents; they are small samples of the ongoing war, aided and abetted by the liberals, of the black against the white. It's a particularly gruesome war because whites seem unwilling to defend themselves; hence, the war is more a series of massacres than a series of battles. But why won't the white man defend himself against the onslaught of the colored barbarians? Why does the white man lack the self-preservation instinct that all other races seem to possess? The neo-pagans tell us it is because Christianity destroys a man's instinct to defend his race. But if that was so, the Christians of the South during the 1800's would have simply surrendered to the North. Instead we saw in those Christians, before and after the war, an unprecedented example of a people determined to preserve their race:

It is charged that the written law is not always fully and freely observed at the South in matters relating to the exercise of the elective franchise. The defence is not so much a denial of the charge as it is a confession and avoidance. To the accusation it is replied that the written law, when subverted at all, is so subverted only in obedience to a higher law founded on the instinct of self-protection and self-preservation.

Those sentiments, expressed by America's most Southern and most Christian writer, Thomas Nelson Page, were the sentiments of the white Christian people of the South. So the preservation of one's race is absolutely in keeping with the highest tenets of the Christian faith. We must look elsewhere to find the reason for the white man's suicidal rush for the abyss.

The 'elsewhere' lies in the great temptation that Satan offered to Adam and Eve. He made fun of their provincialism and tempted them to renounce their ties to a personal God for an abstract knowledge of the workings of impersonal nature. Throughout the white man's history, which is the only history that need concern us, the conflict has been one of provincialism vs. universalism. When universalism holds sway the people lose contact with the living God and go whoring after nature gods of their own devising. The Sophoclean, provincial element of the Greek culture was reaching out to a personal God above the gods, but the natural, cosmic, universal faith of Socrates and Plato defeated the movement toward a personal God above nature. Likewise the ancient Hebrews. When they returned to Baal and the other universalist gods of nature, they lost contact with the true God.

The first European Christians were devotees of the hero-gods of the North such as Woden and Thor. Their heroes were racial heroes, men like Siegfried and Beowulf. Their conversion to Christianity was not forced on them at sword point;

they saw, in Christ, a God who was superior to their gods by virtue of His divine charity, and they saw in Christ's humanity a hero God who was more humane than their heroes.

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 in *History of England, Vol. One*

Of course, the heroic, bardic Christianity was bound to come into conflict with Roman universalism. It was the Welsh Christians who first felt the sting of Roman universalism. They told Rome that they were going to maintain their provincialism:

“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 Caerlean, who is a guide and an overseer, under God, to direct and keep us on in the spiritual path.”

The result of the Welsh Christians' stubborn provincialism was the massacre of the Welsh Monks of Bangor:

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

-Walter Scott

What does the massacre of Welsh monks by Saxon pagans have to do with the negro worship of 2012? It has everything to do with it. The universalist Roman “Christians,” despite the fact that the Welsh were their fellow Christians, encouraged and countenanced the massacre in order to punish the Welsh Christians' refusal to recognize the universalist faith of Rome. (1) The Saxons, many years later, when they were Christian, suffered the same fate as the Welsh Monks of Bangor. Universalist Rome sanctioned the Norman invasion of the provincial Saxons. And on it goes throughout the Christian centuries of Europe. Luther rebelled against a universalist system that had no room for the babe in the manger and the man of sorrows, but that initial revolt simply resulted in more universalist systems designed to eradicate every vestige of provincial Christianity.

Burke spoke of the same forces at work in the French Revolution. The universalists were willing to shed rivers of blood for the good of mankind, but is it ever for the good of mankind when an elite hierarchy, dedicated to an abstract concept of the good, a concept of their own creation, destroy their own people? The modern liberals are following the same path of all universalist lovers of mankind; they are trying to extinguish the light that emanates from a provincial people with faith in the living God so that their perfect, utopian system can survive and save mankind. And, as is always the case with the universalists, mankind consists only of those they deem worthy of living in utopia. Translated to the contemporary European countries, that means that negroes are sacred, for they are the most natural, and therefore the most fully human, of all the creatures that walk the earth. When the liberals “help” the negroes, they are serving a universal mankind of their own creation. The extent to which a white European buys into a universal, propositional faith will determine the extent to which he is willing to go to in order to defend his people against the onslaught of the devil and his minions. If he embraces universalism, he will consider the negro his god, and he will not defend his race. If he rejects universalism for the provincial hearth fires of the European people, he will defend his race against all the world.

Since universal, utopian systems, whether they profess to serve God or profess to serve mankind, are not connected to the living God, Jesus Christ, there is no faith, no hope and no charity in the cultures emanating from such systems. So what possesses people to create such inhumane systems devoid of God's grace? The enemy of mankind possesses them. He seduces them with the old temptation “Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.” The great lie still corrupts and corrodes man's eternal jewel, his soul.

Nothing that is of the spirit can live in the soul-dead world of diversified, universal Babylon. Only in the provincial, what the liberals would call racist, Europe of the antique Europeans is there a place for that charity of honor and the love that passeth all understanding. Burke was bold enough to “cherish” his prejudices because they stemmed from a blood faith in a provincial God born in a stable in Bethlehem. And Ratty loved his European river for the same reason: “By it and with it and on it and in it.”

For many years the universalists have been feeding off the remnants of provincial Europe, because there is no human sustenance in utopian Europe. But as they consume what is left of the provincial, Christian, European harvest they will come face to face with a world of their own making, a world devoid of all mercy, all charity, all hope, and all faith, except for a desperate faith in nature and nature’s god, the negro. The ethos of this new world, a fusion of utopian liberalism and paganism, was articulated many years ago by the Russian revolutionary and “lover of humanity,” Bakunin: “All tender and gentle feelings of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude and even honor itself should be choked off in the revolutionary’s breast by the single cold passion of his revolutionary task.” And what is the revolutionary’s task? To destroy God by destroying every last remnant of His people. We too, the Europeans, have a task: to be true to our instincts, our people, and our God. +

(1) I don’t care whether someone is called venerable, saintly, or devout; if he betrays his own people to the barbarian hordes, because he is loyal to an abstract savage god of his own creation, he is not Christian. He is Satan’s own! This was the “venerable” Bede’s retrospective on the massacre at Bangor:

It is said that of the monks who had come to pray about twelve hundred perished in this battle, and only fifty escaped by flight. Brocmail and his men took to their heels at the first assault, leaving those whom they should have protected unarmed and exposed to the sword-strokes of the enemy. Thus, long after his death, was fulfilled Bishop Augustine’s prophecy that the faithless Britons, who had rejected the offer of eternal salvation, would incur the punishment of temporal destruction.

The Jacobins who consigned all the French aristocrats in Haiti to the less-than-tender mercies of black savages, and our modern liberals who excuse every black atrocity with, “You must understand their rage,” are cut from the same cold, heartless, universalist cloth as Bede. I’ve had my fill of such creatures.

Only the provincial Christian is a man to be admired and emulated. Thomas Nelson Page describes such a man much better than I can: “He was a Goth in all his appetites and habits, a Goth unchanged and unfettered. True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing nothing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart – a Goth.” The most noticeable thing about the un-Goth-like modern white man is his absence of heart.

Upon the Heath - October 20, 2012

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate. – Banquo

Though it seems obvious to an antique European that the modern Europeans have replaced Christianity with negro worship, it is not so obvious to the modern European. He has been taken in hook, line, and sinker by Satan’s shell game. Once the white man allowed Satan to make Christianity a propositional faith, the road was clear for negro worship. Halfway-house Christians become indignant when you tell them that they too, despite their professed Christianity, are members of the liberals’ negro worshipping cult. The confusion lies in the halfway-house Christians’ failure to understand the nature of an institutionalized state religion. In such a religion there will always be the zealous devotees, who believe with all their heart, mind, and soul, the lukewarm devotees, the practical devotees – “it’s best to go along with the powers that be” – and the sincere, but non-fanatical devotees. The zealots set the tone for the rest of the devotees – sincere, practical and indifferent. It is their rules, the zealots’, which must be adhered to.

Chris “The Tinger” Matthews, who says he “tingles” from head to toe when Obama speaks, is an example of a negro-worshipping zealot. He was trained by Jesuits, of which he is inordinately proud considering his hostility towards Christianity, but has retained nothing of the faith the Jesuits taught him except a belief in the infallibility of human reason. Matthews’ tingling admiration for everything The Obama says and does, and his unwillingness to speak ill of any black man no matter what his crime, are proof of Taine’s assertion about the inability of reason to control the passions of our hearts:

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...

Of course Matthews is not wrong because he has passions, he is wrong because his passion is for the negro rather than Christ, for negro-worshipping America rather than Christian Europe. Men must have a faith they can feel passionate about. The upper echelon of liberals has been able to impose their passionate faith in the negro on the less intense, but pliable (because they are without a passionate faith) rank and file Europeans. The Christian church men have joined the liberals and excused their apostasy with the great lie: "The colored people will pick up the mantle of Christianity discarded by the Europeans." Oh really? Is that happening in Africa? In China? In Mexico? The colored people have returned to their heathen faiths, which they only superficially left to appease white people, while the Europeans have "progressed" to utopia, which resembles, in all its particulars, the subterranean dwelling that is not supposed to exist except in the discarded faith of the antique Europeans.

In the old Christian faith, the faithful were enjoined to hate the devil and all of his works. So too in the negro-worshipping faith are the faithful enjoined to hate the devil and all his works. But in the new faith it is the white man who is the devil. It is not enough to love the sacred negro; you must hate the devil, the white man. This new faith puts the Christian clergyman in a paradoxical position. Christianity has always been a European phenomenon; its only sincere practitioners were to be found in Europe and the countries settled by Europeans. So it would seem to be in the self-interest of the Christian clergyman, and in the interest of the Christian churches, that white influence and white dominance should be spread to all the regions of the earth. But such is not the case. The Christian clergymen work diligently to rid the world of the white man. How do we explain this paradox? One line from Hamlet explains the white hating clergymen: "things mortal move them not at all..." The European clergymen despise all things human. They consider themselves as the Illuminati, or the enlightened ones, who receive and dispense the esoteric knowledge necessary for "enlightenment." The people who built a culture, a truly human culture, based on their love for the God-Man, are despised by the Illuminati, because anything that stinks of humanity is an anathema to the enlightened members of the clerical caste.

Years and years of compromise with paganism have brought the Europeans to this inhuman pass. Now, as in all "enlightened" religious systems, the basest forms of race-mixing and sexual perversions are permitted as part of the religious ritual. And race-mixing is not just permitted, it is a holy rite. So too is sodomy, becoming, in the citadels of once Christian nations, a holy rite. The negro, the sign and symbol of racial and sexual Babylon, will always be exalted in the new esoteric religion so that savagery and inhumanity will thrive under the all-knowing and all-seeing eye of the Illuminati.

That negro worship is the new faith of the Christian Illuminati seems to be self-evident, yet the mere suggestion that such is the case, that the modern Christian worships the negro instead of Christ, is guaranteed to bring scorn, derision, and punitive action down upon the suggester. Of course the hysterical reaction one gets when pointing out the true religion of the modern white man merely proves what we already know. The liberals will respond with fire and sword when their faith is challenged.

Although the church men spawned liberalism by emptying their churches of the human element – the European people and the God-Man – it is doubtful that the secular liberals will ultimately allow the churches to survive, because after clearing the ground for liberalism the Christian Illuminati have always lagged slightly behind the secular liberals. They embraced racial Babylon and then sexual Babylon after the secular liberals led the way. This could, despite their pathetic attempt to catch up to the secular liberals, leave the church men out in the cold when the kingdom of hell on earth is established. Doesn't the Book of Revelation speak of a war between the secular heathens and the apostatized church men, with the former defeating the latter?

And he saith unto me, The waters which thou sawest, where the whore sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues.

And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire.

For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled.

And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth.

Possibly that is just wishful thinking on my part, wanting to see the apostate clergymen hoisted on their own petards, but I have observed, in my lifetime, the inability of even the most liberal of "Christian" clergymen to really please the mad-dog liberals. The mad-doggians still mistrust the apostates no matter how ardently and devoutly the apostate clergymen spout their liberal pieties and sing their paeans to the sacred negro. Their dilemma is much like Buckingham's dilemma in Shakespeare's Richard III. After doing every evil under the sun in compliance with Richard's orders, Buckingham grows

“circumspect” and balks at killing Edward’s young sons, the true heirs of the throne. He is killed because he wanted to be evil only to a certain point and then stop. But there is no stopping on the slippery slope that leads to Babylon. Once the Christian clergymen accepted racial Babylon, they had to go on and accept sexual Babylon and the destruction of the only people who stood in the way of racial and sexual Babylon.

What I said of Tony Blair is true of The Tinger. If Chris Matthews was one isolated mad man, we could lament over his personal tragedy, but we could ignore him as an isolated mad man. But The Tinger is not one isolated mad man, he represents Satan’s legions marching triumphant over the ruins of Christian Europe. What Chris Matthews represents is a tragedy of Shakespearean proportions. Macbeth and Banquo both stood on the heath and confronted the witches. Each man made a fateful choice. Macbeth chose to cast his lot with Satan, and Banquo chose Christ. European liberals, embodied by The Tinger, have made their fateful choice on the heath, and they, like Macbeth, have chosen Satan. Matthews’ heart is hardened toward the millions of infants slaughtered in the charnel houses of Babylon, but his heart bleeds if one word of criticism is leveled at the black barbarian ruler of Babylon. Matthews’ face is truly the face of evil in all its banal, insidious, immoral superficiality. All such moral reprobates always end up contemplating a bloodstained world of their own making that resembles a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

A people with an upper crust of moral pariahs such as Chris Matthews ruling over them are a people that have lost their collective soul. There is no spiritual center to such people; they will be blown along by the satanic winds of change from one perversion to another. What would it take for the European people to reclaim their soul? They need to see with their hearts. They need to see a Europe that was, despite all her imperfections (which I could catalog for you better than any of her liberal detractors), consecrated to His sacred heart, not in some formal ceremony, but in the daily lives of her people who said with one voice, “Yes, we know that Man, in all His divinity and in all His humanity.” It is no small thing to have a people before us who had intimate knowledge of the living God. It is something more precious than gold, and certainly more precious than the esoteric knowledge of the liberals who bid us abandon our European past for a future where we can worship the negro and hate the Christian Europeans.

All the forces of Liberalism, which are the forces of hell, have gathered together to condemn the white European. His doom has been pronounced and the sentence is irrevocable. But why should the European accept Satan’s death sentence? Why can’t I, or any European with a European heart, go and stand upon the same heath where Macbeth and the Liberal Europeans sold their souls to the devil? And why can’t I, and those other faithful Europeans, stand with Banquo and hurl our defiance at Satan and his liberal minions? No doom is irrevocable in the realm of the spirit. And such a realm is our Europe; it’s where our people and our God reside. If we seem to be bereft of God and without a people, it is because we have not had the courage to seek out the European realm of existence, where He is worshipped in spirit and in truth. If we hate where we should love, the liberals and all their works, we will love the people and the God whom we should love.

It is time to renew the covenant; Christ will never forsake His people, and we few, we Europeans, will never forsake Him. We can be part of the New Babylon, in which liberals tingle from head to toe at every word spoken by their black barbarian gods. Or we can be part of a European world that was forged by hearts of fire who saw the risen Lord. It shouldn’t be a hard choice to make. +

That Which is Essential - October 13, 2012

“O, happy living things! No tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unawares.
“The selfsame moment I could pray:
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.”

A New Zealand government official recently pronounced that the New Zealand government was “totally committed” to a more “diverse” New Zealand. In the state of Maine a group of activists representing Somalian immigrants threatened to sue when a government official suggested that the Somalians needed to adjust to the existing culture of their new country. In that once blessed plot of earth called England, a British MP declared that it would be necessary to build four new cities about the size of London in order to make room for the new colored arrivals, who somehow are considered essential to Britain’s existence. Not to be outdone by insane negro-loving liberals, a Mexican activist group demanded that the words “illegal immigrants” be abandoned because (isn’t it obvious?) the use of the word “illegal” is “racist.” It doesn’t matter

what formerly European nation we go to, we always hear the same refrain: “We must become diverse,” which means, “We must destroy the white race.”

The great movement toward diversity is called progress. But why is it called progress? To what are we progressing? We are progressing toward a perfect world — though no one knows exactly when we will arrive there. What will the perfect world be like? We never hear anything definite from the utopians. All we know is that there will be no white people in the new world and there will be no Christ in the new world. This is acknowledged and applauded by the liberals and denied by the Christian atheists, who insist that what is going on in European countries is the inclusion of the colored races, not the destruction of the white race. What about the absence of Christ in the new world order? The Christian atheists also deny that such will be the case. “We are simply purifying the Faith by making it less European and more inclusive. A faith, like a nation, must be inclusive if it is to survive.”

The Christian atheists should not be allowed to get away with such outright lies. How can capitulation to a cabal of merciless liberals and bloodthirsty barbarians of color be called a “purification” of the Christian faith? And how can we have any touchstone of reality if we deny all of our acquired wisdom about the nature of God and man, derived from our deepest intuitions about things spiritual, for a new rationalist faith in intellectual vapor? The answer to that question can be seen on the faces of frightened, lost white people who have allowed their racial identities and their faith to be diversified.

I recently saw a video on YouTube put out by a group of young French men and women, who called themselves “Generation Identitaire.” Their heartfelt declaration of war against the diversifying powers-that-be was quite moving. They no longer shall be rootless and without an identity; they will be white and French was the thrust of their declaration. But let me insert an old man’s warning: There is no such thing as a white identity that denies, ignores, or skirts around the white man’s faith in Christ. Beneath the outward bravado of the pagan nationalists I see spiritual surrender in their souls. They have sided with the liberals on the central issue: “Did Christ rise from the dead?” And they have sided with the Christian atheists by conceding that whoever wears the collar or cassock has the right to define Christianity. Hence, when a clergyman says Christianity means diversity, the young pagans reject Christianity despite the fact that their people, the white Europeans when they were Christian, rejected diversity in the name of Christ. There is nothing new about the deification of youth. That is as old as paganism. And there is nothing new about the assertion that we should be proud of our race because our race, biologically speaking, is smarter and stronger than other races. That too is pagan. What the Christian European, who is now rejected by the liberal and the neo-pagan, brought into the darkness of paganism was a belief that youth was a thing of the spirit, not a product of biology; nor was skin color primarily a biological entity; it too belonged in the realm of the spirit. If our whiteness is not of the spirit, an external sign of our inmost soul, why should we desire to fight for it? And if youth is not of the spirit, if it is merely a transitory biological strength to be passed from one generation of apes to the next generation of apes, then of what use is the sweet bird of youth? It is an evil phantom masquerading as the Messiah.

Abstract theories about race and religion, whether they come from the right or the left, will always lead us away from our people and our God. We are men, as Burke so eloquently put it, who derive our knowledge of existence from our “untaught feelings” about the nature of existence. If we forsake those untaught feelings for modern research and utopian science then we will have only a gypsy’s faith in that diversified ant heap called nature.

When I read about such groups as the French Identitaire, I realize that we, the European people, have left the Christian hangover era behind. We no longer have any of the ethical remnants of Christianity left in the formerly Christian nations. Compassion and mercy are dead. There is only the technological barbarism of the liberals and the traditional barbarism of the colored tribes left. And white youths who quite rightly recoil at such barbarism have no knowledge of or feeling for the European culture of the past which was a culture diametrically opposed to the twin barbarian cultures of modern Europe. Those of us who have not lost sight of antique Europe and the God who presided over it must keep the bridge to that sacred past clear of liberals and colored barbarians. We do this for two reasons. First, our survival depends on keeping the bridge to the past secure. And secondly, there will always be some who will see beyond liberalism, beyond neo-paganism, to the Heart of Hearts. The bridge must stay clear so that those loving hearts can find their way home.

The Europeans’ apostasy parallels the apostasy of the ancient Hebrews. In a multitude of different guises the modern European worships nature. He has returned to Baal. The negro will always be at the center of such worship because he is the most ‘natural’; he is the embodiment of all that is primitive, dark, and deadly. So long as we accept the hideous lie that negro worship is an upward movement, we will continue to spiral ever deeper into hell.

In what is certainly Anthony Trollope’s best short story, “The Parson’s Daughter of Oxney Colne,” we read of the daughter of a country parson in the parish of Oxney Colne. The young woman is beautiful and virtuous, but she is also poor. A rich suitor comes along and falls in love with the young heroine’s outward beauty. To her inner beauty, he is indifferent

because he is incapable of comprehending what inner beauty is. The couple get engaged, but the parson's daughter begins to suspect that she is not appreciated for what she feels to be essential – her soul.

'But I should wish to make you think how great is the leap in the world which you are about to take.' Then again they walked on for many steps before she answered him.

'Tell me, then, John,' she said, when she had sufficiently considered what words she would speak;—and as she spoke a dark bright colour suffused her face, and her eyes flashed almost with anger. 'What leap do you mean? Do you mean a leap upwards?'

'Well, yes; I hope it will be so.'

'In one sense, certainly, it would be a leap upwards. To be the wife of the man I loved; to have the privilege of holding his happiness in my hand; to know that I was his own—the companion whom he had chosen out of all the world—that would, indeed, be a leap upward; a leap almost to heaven, if all that were so. But if you mean upwards in any other sense—'

'I was thinking of the social scale.'

'Then, Captain Broughton, your thoughts were doing me dishonour.'

'Doing you dishonour!'

'Yes, doing me dishonour. That your father is, in the world's esteem, a greater man than mine is doubtless true enough. That you, as a man, are richer than I am as a woman is doubtless also true. But you dishonour me, and yourself also, if these things can weigh with you now.'

'Patience,—I think you can hardly know what words you are saying to me.'

'Pardon me, but I think I do. Nothing that you can give me—no gifts of that description—can weigh aught against that which I am giving you. If you had all the wealth and rank of the greatest lord in the land, it would count as nothing in such a scale. If—as I have not doubted—if in return for my heart you have given me yours, then—then—then, you have paid me fully. But when gifts such as those are going, nothing else can count even as a make-weight.'

'I do not quite understand you,' he answered, after a pause. 'I fear you are a little high-flown.' And then, while the evening was still early, they walked back to the parsonage almost without another word.

In the Gospels there are men such as Philip the apostle who immediately see there is something special about Jesus. When Nathaniel asks him, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?", Philip answers, "Come and see." In contrast, there are men such as Caiaphas who see nothing extraordinary about Christ because of their moral blindness. This is what we are up against in modern Europe. The difference between Christian Europe and Babylonian Europe is clear to those who do not have blinders on their hearts. The morally blind Caiaphases are determined to destroy the European people by blending them into the impersonal mass of humanity that constitutes modern Babylon.

The Europeans have been to the mountain and have stood on holy ground. And they have stood on holy ground because they embraced the little human things that lead us to God. St. Paul is the greatest of all theologians because his epistles are addressed to small groups of individual human beings. All transcendent thought comes from a concern for particular human beings. Shakespeare's "simple" stories take us to the heights and depths because Shakespeare is concerned with the human heart, not with theories about humanity. And likewise the incomparable Burke; his letters are irreplaceable works of genius because he wrote them from his heart, without moral blinders on, to stir the hearts of other human beings who still had hearts that lived.

Modern Europeans have contracted a brain fever that has gotten into their blood. Until that fever breaks, there is nothing that can be done with them. They will continue to worship the negro and try to appease the lords of Liberalism. But if that fever should finally break! It would be like water released from a gigantic dam. All of Liberalism would be washed away. Do we know the day and the hour of that great cleansing? Of course we don't, because the human heart and God's grace are mysteries. But when the European's fever breaks, the moral blinders will be removed from his heart, and he will dream dreams and see visions again of a babe in a manger and a Man of Sorrows. +

Many Are They That Rise Up Against Us - October 6, 2012

I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about. Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly. Salvation belongeth unto the Lord: thy blessing is upon thy people. Selah. Psalms 3: 6 – 8

In the year 1665 the Great Plague struck London, killing over one hundred thousand people. The following year, 1666, two thirds of the city was destroyed by the Great Fire of London. Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, built a new St. Paul's Cathedral after the fire. It is said that in his old age Wren often asked to be carried to a place beneath the dome so that he could look at the magnificent church which was the result of his vision and creativity. Wren must have loved much, his God and his people, to have built that labor of love. But could Wren's new St. Paul's ever replace, in the heart of one who loved the old church, the old St. Paul's? Of course not. In Ainsworth's novel, *Old Saint Paul's*, he describes the feelings of a devotee of the old church:

He lived to see the new cathedral completed by Sir Christopher Wren, and often visited it with feelings of admiration, but never with the same sentiments of veneration and awe that he had experienced, when, in times long gone by, he had repaired to Old Saint Paul's.

So something wonderful went out of the heart of London when old St. Paul's was burnt to the ground even though Wren's cathedral was worthy of its predecessor. But with the building of the new St. Paul's, the tragic destruction of the old St. Paul's was somewhat mitigated. There was hope that over time the new St. Paul's could become as venerated as the old St. Paul's. Can the same be said of the European people, who are the result of God's creativity and His vision – can they, once destroyed, be rebuilt as old St. Paul's Cathedral was rebuilt? No, they cannot be rebuilt because they are human beings created in the image of God, and the ongoing attempt to destroy the European people in the name of Babylon is an affront to God.

There seems to be some confusion about who is the creator and who is the creature in the minds of the secular and religious utopian theorists. If God is the creator, then His creatures should live their lives as God, not liberal utopians, ordained. If He created people of separate races, then shouldn't we, as God's creatures, try to maintain that separation? Is the Tower of Babel a myth or is it an actual event in our salvation history that we should regard as a warning from God? All concern about Babel and racial segregation goes out the window if we regard man as the creator of God. If God becomes a theory of the Utopians, who cast Him as a civil rights advocate, the final point of an evolutionary process, a watchmaker, a symbol of the best that we can be, or a forerunner of the sacred negro, then the traditional God of the Christians ceases to exist. And of course this is what the modern utopians of church and state desire. They desire the death of the traditional God of the European people, because if He dies the European people die, which allows the liberals to build their brave new multi-racial world over the corpses of white Europeans. "Christians" who side with the purveyors of racial diversity are not Christian, because the Christian God is not an abstract God; He is a God who lives. We cannot know Him through a diversified mass of nondescript people; we can only know Him through our non-diverse relationships with our own people. And of course if there was one ounce of Christianity in the modern Christian churchmen, they would see all the marks of Satan in the modern movement toward "diversity." Even if the stated purpose of diversity, "the equality of the races," was really the true purpose of diversity, it would be wrong, because the races are inherently unequal. To impose a false equality on them would be hell. But diversity has nothing to do with equality. A few white liberals of advanced years might hold on to such views of diversity, but the vast majority of mad-dog liberals and conservative liberals know what diversity means. It means the destruction of the white race by outright murder and by miscegenation. The first method is preferred in African countries where blacks are in the majority, and the second method is preferred in countries where blacks still constitute a minority. There is no doubt, because we have seen what happened in Haiti, in the Reconstruction Era South, and post-white South Africa, that the 'death by miscegenation' societies will become 'death by murder' societies once the blacks are in the majority in the once white nations. It is only the white grazers who don't know about the ongoing war against white people. The liberals certainly know, and they rejoice every time a vestige of old Europe is destroyed. The English people of Christopher Wren's time wanted St. Paul's Cathedral restored because it was a symbol of their faith. So too do the liberals want the European Parliament building in Strasbourg preserved because it is designed to look like the Tower of Babel, the sign and symbol of the modern Europeans' faith.

In Walter Scott's novel *Quentin Durward* the title character urges a gypsy, a man of indeterminate race and no faith, to think about Christ before the executioners put him to death. But the gypsy is obdurate:

"What canst thou expect, dying in such opinions, and impenitent?"

"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!—Hence! begone!—disturb me no farther!"

We structure our lives around our faith. The European intelligentsia of church and state have become the devotees of nature and nature's god. As we all are to melt into that general mass of nature at our deaths, so must our lives, the liberals tell us, be structured so that we are blended into one diverse mass of inhumanity here on earth. We must be diversified into non-existence. Our connections to our kith and kin must be obliterated so we can be in contact with the mass of

nature personified by the negro. The European Christian will always refuse to become part of a diversified inhuman mass of nature. There is no genuine love in such a mass, because the inhuman mass lacks that which makes us humane – the love of our own people and the love of the living God who took flesh and dwelt among us.

The Christian Londoners, with Wren leading the way, rebuilt St. Paul's Cathedral, an important symbol of their faith. Would those same Christians have consented to the destruction of something infinitely more valuable than St. Paul's Cathedral? Would they have willingly consented to hand their wives, their children, and their city over to a heathen army of blacks and apostate white men? No, they would not. They would have fought to the last man to prevent such a horror. Why then do Europeans of the present day do what was unthinkable to the Europeans of the 1600's? It's a question of faith. When the Europeans allowed their faith in Christ to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" they lost their way and stumbled blindly toward a death in life existence in the kingdom of the negro worshipping liberals.

It is not a case, as the pagan white nationalists tell us, of getting the information out to white people. The information is there. From billboards in Duluth to Mexican Pride Day in Texas the message is loud and clear: White people are evil. The white grazers do not want to dispute that fact; they simply want to be allowed to make the words, "evil whites," part of the past. "We were evil, we were racist and sexist, but now we have changed. We can become part of Babylon if we are allowed another chance. Please, Mr. Liberal, please, Mr. Negro, won't you allow me to crawl at your feet in the new Babylon?"

"For a time," say the Babylonians; and under their breaths, "But when the time is right we will kill you."

The white grazer has been betrayed by the white intelligentsia, who have foisted their ignorance on him. "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." That's what universal suffrage and democracy has brought upon us. The peasant is just as blind as the intellectual because he too has blinders on his heart. A man is not a man until he can love in spite of doom, in spite of the scorn and hatred of the world. Hamlet finally became Hamlet the Dane when he leaped into Ophelia's grave declaring his love for her: "This is I, Hamlet the Dane!.. I lov'd Ophelia."

And so did Christ love us. He was and is the inspiration for all true heroism. He faced scorn and derision for His loved ones and He continues to love them in spite of doom. A passion united to His passion cannot be defeated. But such a passion cannot be feigned. It must come from a heart that truly loves. That is what separates the modern European from the antique European. The antique European was a man who loved much. He didn't love an abstract, generic people of an indeterminate race. He loved his own people. And he didn't love an abstract God — he loved the Man of Sorrows. The Scriptures speak of a God whose love passeth all understanding. The modern theologians disagree. They worship a God of limited powers with a limited capacity for love. He bids us, according to the liberals, save our small quota of love for strangers outside our own race. To them all our love is due. Why? Because, we are told, "They alone are natural, they alone are holy; in the name of the abstracted intellect, the sacred negro, and the ghostly looking man in the white lab coat, amen." The bargain which the liberals offer the white man is this: "If you renounce your race and your God, we will permit you to live a kind of gypsy existence on the fringes of Liberalism. But you must renounce your race and your faith."

Even if the white man accepted such a bargain, the liberal and the colored barbarians would not hold to their part of the bargain, because neither the liberal nor the colored barbarian can ever sup full of horrors. Their regime is built on lies, so it must be artificially maintained by terror and blood. The mere existence of the white man, even if he complies with all the dictates of Liberalism, is a sign of contradiction to the liberals. Whiteness reminds the liberal of a people and a God that he wants no part of: "Remind me not of my end," the liberal says in the blindness of his heart. Is it possible to destroy every reminder of Him by destroying His people? That is the liberal's desire. But it is not my desire, nor is it the desire of any European who is still a European. I don't believe that ten million liberals and an infinity of colored barbarians are ultimately a match for European hearts that truly love. It might seem unrealistic, the notion that a few who love much can defeat many, but isn't the unadulterated Christian faith based on such an unrealistic and "absurd" premise? Christ was not even many; He was one. And the history of the European people, during the Christian era, is full of examples of a faithful few conquering a multitude of Satan's minions: King Alfred vs. the Danes, Charles Martel vs. the Moslems, Havelock vs. the Indian hordes, the British at Rorke's Drift vs. the Zulus, and Christian Europeans against the world. "By the Cross We Conquer," is true for us as individuals in our war with the devil, and it is true for us as a people. When "By the Cross We Conquer," is written in our hearts, we are an invincible people. Fairy tale Europe, where the undiverse few conquer the diversified many, is sacred Europe, and we few will champion that Europe against all the world. +

The Living Hell of Utopia - September 29, 2012

Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the principle of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. It is no easy operation to eradicate humanity from the human breast. What Shakespeare calls "the compunctious visitings

of nature” will sometimes knock at their hearts, and protest against their murderous speculations. But they have a means of compounding with their nature. Their humanity is not dissolved. They only give it a long prorogation. They are ready to declare, that they do not think two thousand years too long a period for the good that they pursue. It is remarkable, that they never see any way to their projected good but by the road of some evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering through the wild waste of centuries added to centuries of misery and desolation. Their humanity is at 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. – Burke

I admire those people who grow their own food and eat what they grow, but I am not that self-sufficient. I still must depend on the grocery stores for my food. And it is mostly at the grocery stores that I get to rub shoulders with the white hoi polloi. The other day I listened to two white female checkout clerks (both mid-fortyish) going on about a black rapper named Snoop Dog. They and their children just love Snoop Dogg. And both women were also professed born again Christians. Has it come to this? Is Christianity synonymous with the worship of black rappers? Do all Europeans feel an uncontrollable desire to abase themselves before their black gods? The answer to both questions is, unfortunately, yes. Those two women were mothers. They were what would be called ordinary white people, which is what makes it all the more tragic. We know how debased and satanic academics are, but if the black worshipping faith has spread to run-of-the-mill working class whites, which it most certainly has, there is a greater need in Europe than ever before for hearts of fire who will oppose negro worshipping liberalism. When “Christian” white women say Snoop Dogg’s name with the reverence once reserved for His name, it is time to draw the sword and throw the sheath away.

It is truly astounding when we read the writings of the 20th century academics, authors, theologians and thinkers to see that none of them saw fit to write about the Europeans’ struggle to survive as a people in the face of the unrelenting hatred of the liberals and the colored barbarians. It was as if there was a code of silence, rigidly enforced, that forbade conservatives and liberals from mentioning the black rhinoceros in the living room. Long tomes were written by the liberals about the glories of communism, and long tomes were written by the conservatives about the evils of communism, but nowhere, in the “respectable” books and journals of the European intelligentsia do we find any concern for the survival of the European people. The British and the Americans fought for democracy in both world wars and for the democratic version of egalitarianism after World War II, but they never fought for the white race. Quite the contrary, it seemed to be a given (though we don’t know when it was decided) in the 20th century, particularly in the latter half, that the white man should obligingly disappear from the face of the earth. If he wasn’t willing to disappear quietly, he would be exterminated. And sadly, there is no difference between the anti-European writings and speeches of the Christian clergymen, whose churches were founded by Europeans, and the liberals’ anti-European diatribes. The conservative intelligentsia, the liberal intelligentsia, and the clerical intelligentsia were all of one accord: “the white man must cease to exist.”

The 20th century was the century when the European intelligentsia won over the European people to a systems analysis view of existence. Since all of life could be comprehended, the experts told us, by analyzing nature in all of its components, the intelligent man need only decide which systems analysis expert was correct and go with him. The democratic capitalist expert, the communist expert, the distributist expert, the religious expert were in their Gnostic view of existence all compact. The European people ceased to be a people; they became raw material. And lo and behold, it was discovered that white people were defective raw material. Utopia could not be built with such spoiled raw material. The natural, vital people of color were the stuff that the utopians of the right and left dreamed of. The magic world of the utopian theologians, the utopian paradise of democratic government, the communist peoples’ republic, etc., could only come to fruition if the existing world order ceased to exist. And who (in the diseased minds of the utopian intellectuals of the 20th century) had been running the world and ruling the world for over 2,000 years? White people, of course. So it is white people that must perish. The utopians say that white people must vacate the earth because they fought senseless wars, because they were cruel, because they were unjust, and ten thousand other becauses. But not one of those reasons is the real reason that white utopians must destroy the white race. The white man must perish so the utopians’ abstract vision of a perfect world can live. The Jesuits in the 1500s in Paraguay wanted only pure Indians in their perfect state, just as the modern democratic wizards and magicians want only pure and vital negroes in their perfect state. The brilliant intellectuals of the 20th century thought they were ushering in a new world when in reality they were returning to the wizardry of paganism. “Mumbo jumbo, presto, dynamo, when the white race goes poof, we will all live in paradise.”

What lies behind this magical new world? But wait, wouldn’t it be more appropriate to ask who lurks behind the many masks of utopia? Satan is the mastermind behind all the utopian schemes. Utopian fantasies which eliminate white people only come from white people because it was whites who made Christianity a blood faith. Burned deep into the blood of the white man is a consciousness of Christ and a consciousness of Satan. In turning from Christ the whites have turned to Satan. Isn’t hell the ultimate utopia, a great intelligence presiding over indistinct human beings without personalities, because they have effaced the image of God in man by diversifying their race and their faith?

The portal to utopian hell is racial diversity. And racial diversity is protected and defended by Satan. He uses the curse of stupidity to defend diversity. We are back in the Garden reliving our original sin. "Are you stupid enough to believe in some artificial boundary of God's?" was the essence of Satan's temptation. "All power and knowledge exists for those who defy God's boundaries." We can hear Satan today loud and clear, "Diversity will make you strong, you shall be as gods, you will no longer be stupid."

Only the third dumb brothers of fairy tale renown will be courageous enough to defy Satan's charge of stupidity. Shakespeare was one such third dumb brother when he championed the little human things that make us great:

"I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it."

Yes, the simple play of our lives, as God ordained, will always be stupid in the reptilian eyes of Satan and in the soul-dead eyes of the white intelligentsia. Who dares to be stupid and risk their ridicule? No one dares in this most decadent of times. But that other third dumb brother, Edmund Burke, dared: "... in this enlightened age I am bold enough to confess that we are generally men of untaught feelings; that instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree..."

And we should be so bold as well. Our race is part of our soul, a gift from God; we haven't the right to destroy God's gift. The intelligentsia of church, academy, press, and state were and are the pied pipers of diversity. When the European people followed their lead, they became one aggregate herd of swine that are to be disposed of as quickly as possible.

The Europeans have ceded their birthright to the systems analysis men. If I were to read you a short summary of one of Shakespeare's plays, the play would seem quite simple, just like a man's life: "He was born, he mated, and he died." But within Shakespeare's simple plays are insights that cut to the heart of existence. If we didn't read the plays but just settled for the plot summaries, we would never see life through Shakespeare's penetrating eyes. And if we ignore a man's connections to a particular family, race, and nation – those small units of the spirit that constitute a man's soul – we will not have any knowledge of the essential man, we will only know a generic man doomed to live as an abstraction and then to die, ground into nothingness in the satanic mills of the utopians. It never ceases to amaze me when liberals feign concern about the suicide rate among white teenagers. Isn't that the ultimate purpose of our modern educational system, the liquidation of white people? Those suicide victims are doing what they have been taught to do. Utopia means "not a place," and people without a place commit suicide.

In an old musical the male lead declares that his attachment to his beloved has become "like breathing in and breathing out, it's second nature to me now." That is what the black worshipping faith has become to the white man – it's second nature to him now. Years and years of relentless propaganda have turned the Christ-bearing people into the negro-worshipping people. The gas was turned on slowly, by degrees, so white people would not even notice they were breathing the deadly fumes of demonic negro worship. But we have all breathed the fumes, and virtually all of us are closer to negro-worshipping Europe than we are to Christian Europe. When I went to school, we were taught a song about the United Nations:

We are the United Nations of the world,
For peace, and freedom we stand...

The peace of the grave for white people and the freedom of hell for Satan's colored minions.

The antique European living in the nowhere land of utopia needs to see the two separate worlds of Christian Europe and negro-worshipping Europe clearly. In the first world is all that makes life worth living: our families, our race, and our God. In that second world is unspeakable evil: "We have come face to face with a spirit of evil so strong as to be almost visible and tangible – a foe to all that is normal, sane, and creative, like the evil possessions recorded in the New Testament." Only a blood faith, our ancient faith, can exorcise the mind-forged demon faith from our souls.

We are engaged in a battle that is of Shakespearean proportions. Hamlet knew he had to kill Claudius because Claudius had –

Kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes...

The utopian liberals have killed our kith and kin, whor'd our native land, and placed the sacred black man on the altar where Christ should dwell. What should our response be to such inhuman savagery? Should we consent to our own oblivion because we are afraid of being called stupid and prejudiced? Should we consent to the death of Christian Europe

because utopian liberals have decreed that sacred negroes like Snoop Dogg are the new gods of utopia? We have our eternal no, and we have fire and sword. The interim is ours. +

Keep Thy Heart - September 22, 2012

“Satan conquers by distorting and diverting man’s spiritual eye, his heart. So keep thy heart, thou man of Europe, and thou shalt ride triumphant over ruin and death.” –CWN

The Family Research Council is one of those moderate Christian outfits that opposes gay marriage and legalized infanticide within the framework of Christ-hating democracy. The very name – Research Council – gives you an idea of just how dangerous they are. They are going to think the evils of liberal democracy away by careful study and a presentation of the facts to their misguided liberal brethren.

Despite their timidity and their willingness to stay democratic and innocuous, the Family Research Council was labeled a hate group by a true hate group, the white-hating, satanic organization called the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC). In response to the SPLC’s vicious smear campaign, a left wing devotee of the SPLC went into the Family Research Council headquarters and shot a security guard. There was of course no outcry against the SPLC for encouraging the shooting, nor did any members of the SPLC express contrition for their part in the shooting even though the security guard was black. But why should they be contrite? They are just being consistent. They hate the Family Research Council because it supports white Christian causes, so should they shed any tears when one of their followers attacks such an organization?

Just as disturbing as the shooting – and this always seems to be the case nowadays in the aftermath of liberal hate crimes – was the reaction of the Family Research Council. The FRC and their supporters pointed out that it was their attackers, not them, who were intolerant and hateful. That is all too true; the liberals are the intolerant and hate-filled ones. Should the Christian hate, should the Christian be intolerant, or is Christianity synonymous with tolerance and the absence of hate? It would seem so if we listen to the modern proponents of Christianity. But aren’t “Christians” who tell us that we should not hate really telling us to surrender to the liberals? Why should a professed Christian spend his entire life explaining why he doesn’t hate gays, abortionists, feminists, and negroes? Far better to hate the devil and his minions as a true European Christian should: “They never will love where they ought to love, who do not hate where they ought to hate.” Is it iced tea or skim milk that flows through the veins of the purveyors of tolerance, in the face of evil? Whatever it is, it isn’t blood.

This tolerance is not confined to the whites in the United States. Remember the English Defence League’s response to black hoods who were terrorizing London? They wanted “all decent people be they black, white, Sikh or Muslim...” to band together for England. That kind of response to violence against your own people is a response that will ensure that violence against your people continues. If William Tell responded to Gessler as “decent” whites now respond to liberals, there would be no legend of Tell because he and his family would have been exterminated. We can see the scene in our mind’s eye: Tell successfully shoots the arrow off his son’s head, but he does not, before shooting, put that second arrow, meant for Gessler if he misses, into his quiver. After Tell’s success, Gessler asks Tell if he harbors any resentment against him, Gessler, for putting his son’s life in jeopardy, and Tell responds, “No, there is no room in my heart for hate. I seek only to live in perfect accord with all men.”

“That’s all well and good,” says Gessler, “but I think I’ll throw you in prison anyway.”

As you recall, on the way to prison Tell is needed to steer the boat in perilous waters, so he is unbound. Once unbound, he escapes to the mountains, shoots Gessler, and leads his people in a counter-revolution. The modern version would be quite different. Once free, Tell would start printing pamphlets explaining to his countrymen why he was so tolerant of the man who wanted him to kill his own son. “I’m just too good and decent to hate. I won’t lift a finger against those who attack my kith and kin. That is not Christian.” As a result of Tell’s ‘tolerance,’ his family and his people are wiped out, and Gessler dances over the graves of Tell’s kith and kin.

What kind of people accepts Satan’s definition of tolerance and decency? The liberals define decency as an acceptance of their indecencies, and they define tolerance as a tolerance of the atrocities that they and their colored gods commit against white Europeans and unborn babies. No one cries “Hold, that’s enough,” in the ranks of the Europeans because the European has cut himself off from the mysterious human relationships, the love for his kith and kin, which engenders the passion in a man to protect innocence and fight to the death in defense of his own. If a man renounces his own people for an abstract faith in decency and tolerance, he has nothing to fight for. And such is the case with the “decent European.” He will blather on endlessly about decency and tolerance, but he is incapable of loving decent European people enough to

defend them against the liberals and their barbarian allies. And he is too afraid of being called intolerant and hate-filled to attack the great haters and murderers of his own people.

Solzhenitsyn, when he first came over from Russia to the West, made the observation that the most striking thing about the Western people was their lack of courage. He didn't understand why they didn't defend themselves and their allies against the communists. If he would have probed deeper he would have discovered that the people of the West did not lack courage per se – they weren't all congenital cowards; what they lacked was a passion for the little human things, hearth, home, and race, which engenders the spirit to fight for the right. A man who believes in the abstract principles of negro-worshipping democracy is not going to be passionately opposed to communism. He will be passionately opposed to South African apartheid and Southern segregation.

The Russian people have not thrown off the yoke of egalitarian Satanism; they are still riding the liberty, fraternity, and equality express train to oblivion. All that has changed is the train's engineer. He now wears a democratic hat instead of a communist hat. The spiritual backbone that Solzhenitsyn said was lacking in the Western peoples is also lacking in the Russian people because they too have the white man's disease. They have forsaken their people to go whoring after the gods of diversity. It's happening slower in Russia than in the West, but the drive toward racial diversity and oblivion is in progress in Russia as well as the West. The worship of the great negro god is supposed to bring about the unity of east and west that all liberals long for. Is such a unity, the unity of the slime pit, possible? I suppose it is, but is it desirable? The antique European says it isn't desirable, and he will fight to the knife against such a hellish final solution. But the liberal, the colored, and the ornamental, tolerant Christian will accept Satan's slime pit so long as it is racially diverse.

The propositional Christian who has forsaken the bred-in-the-bone Christianity of his European ancestors will be forever trying (and trying in vain) to prove that Christianity and liberalism are compatible. On that issue the liberal has more sense. He will cite Christianity when it suits his purpose: "You are intolerant and unchristian." But he knows who his enemies are. The enemy is Christ and the Europeans who cling to their prejudice in favor of Christian Europe over Babylonian Europe. The halfway house Christian who thinks he can preserve Christianity by joining it to Babylon has already, in his heart, surrendered to Babylon.

This question of tolerance is central to the demise of the European because his demise was caused by the evils he was tolerant of. He was tolerant of miscegenation, he was tolerant of sexual permissiveness, he was tolerant of feminism, he was tolerant of abortion, he was tolerant of homosexuality... Why such tolerance? The tolerance stemmed from men and women who severed their ties from Jesus Christ, "the God of their succeeding race," for a faith in an abstract, philosophical Christianity that was flexible enough to bend with the times. You have no touchstone of reality if your faith is not in your blood, because the problems of life are too complex for the mind to solve. Our Lord became incarnate so we could know Him through the blood. When we try to know Him with our minds, through the contemplation of nature, or the contemplation of our navels, or any other form of mental computation, we always end up back in the Garden eating the forbidden apple.

Is it really so difficult for a European Christian to determine what is Christian tolerance and what is Christian apostasy? I don't think it is. It is only difficult for ornamental Christians who want to blend Christianity and liberalism. The non-blended European, because his heart still lives, knows when it is time to sheath the sword in deference to human foibles to which we are all subject, and when it is time to unsheathe the sword because innocence and His people are at the mercy of tyrants who have no mercy. A man would have to be dead to every decent emotion that elevates a man in order to be tolerant of modern race-mixing, sexually liberated, Babylonian liberalism.

What Burke said of the French Jacobins, that they were seeking to attack God by destroying His image in man, is true of our modern Jacobin liberals. And they have in large part succeeded in effacing the image of God in man, because they have convinced Europeans that racial diversity is synonymous with Christianity. How could such a blasphemy become holy writ among the Europeans? Isn't a diverse people a non-people? And doesn't a people without an identity produce an abstract god without an identity? We have lost Christ because we have lost His people, the Europeans. The liberals, in hypocritical desperation (they claimed they could live in their minds alone) have placed the black man on their altars. Has there ever been such blindness of heart?

The race war instigated by the liberals has nothing to do with the enfranchisement of blacks. It is about the disenfranchisement of the white man from the human race, because if the white man disappears from the earth the image of God in man disappears from the earth. I hear the sneering pastors deploring the 'racism' of those white Europeans from the past: "Thank God we have overcome our prejudices." I don't know what god the Christ-hating pastors are thanking, but it is most certainly not the Man of Sorrows. God's love was given a local habitation and a name when the Europeans asked Him to come "abide with us, for the darkness thickens." That's what the race war is all about, Charlie Brown: Whether white people will survive and show the world the image of God's love in man, or whether they will succumb to the powers of darkness and allow the image of God in man to be effaced forever in a racially diverse hell on earth. Christian

churches and organizations can survive without the European people. But faith in the God whose love passeth all understanding cannot survive without the witness of the European people, who knew that Man.

Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me. +

The Bottomless Pit of Diversity - September 15, 2012

They paid the price to reach their goal
Across a world in flame;
But their own hate slew their own soul
Before that victory came.

-Kipling

Jefferson starts the Declaration of Independence by telling us about truths that he holds to be “self-evident.” But then he lists some alleged truths that are far from self-evident. I hold the following truth of Edmund Burke to be far more self-evident than Thomas Jefferson’s truths:

The writers on public law have often called this aggregate of nations a Commonwealth. They had reason. It is virtually one great state having the same basis of general law; with some diversity of provincial customs and local establishments. 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 economy of every country in Europe has been derived from the same sources.

Anyone who writes about the European people without taking into account the effect that the Christian faith had upon them will never have any understanding of the European people. Even now, when the European people have ceased to be Christian, you must have an understanding of their Christian past in order to understand their post-Christian present.

The post-Christian European has taken the eschatology of Christianity and secularized it. To the Christian, past events are significant to the extent that they contribute to salvation history, which is why the history of the Europeans is relevant to Europeans as well as non-Europeans, whereas the history of the non-European people has relevance only when their history intersects with the Europeans’ history. The obvious reason for the antique Europeans’ ethnocentrism was because the Christian faith became part of European civilization. A European who is not ethnocentric is not a Christian. And of course now that the Europeans are not Christian, the ethnocentrism of the European has reversed itself. The European people currently regard all European history that is unconnected to black history as irrelevant history.

The European Christian looks to the future in the expectation of the second coming of Christ, but he does not deify the future. In fact the genuine Christian, the European, is more likely to revere the past because in the past are the people who took Christ into their homes.

In contrast to the Christian European, the new age liberal European looks to a future where mankind lives together in an earthly paradise. The dreams of the Woodstock hippies will be realized in the future, mankind will advance to a new Garden of Eden. But is such a future an advance? What are the features of the liberals’ future utopia? The first thing one notes is that there is death in the liberals’ paradise. In Christian Europe death was swallowed up in Christ’s victory on the cross: “And Death once dead, there’s no more dying then.” The liberals’ utopian vision of death is opposed to the Christian vision. There is a huge difference between, “there’s no more dying then,” because Christ has conquered death and, “there’s no tragedy in death because the species lives on.” The second thing we notice is connected to our first observation. There is no Christ in the future. He is ominously absent from the futuristic fantasies of the liberals. The force is with us in the future, the Übermensch is with us, a whole assortment of Asian and African gods are also with us in the future, but the Son of Man is gone. And why not? If there is no sin, and death is only natural, why does mankind need redemption from sin and liberation from death? What mankind needs, the utopians tell us, is liberation from oppressive barriers of race, sex, and family. All utopias are biracial, sexually liberated, and opposed to the patriarchal family.

If we put the war between the utopian Europeans and the antique Europeans in the form of a fable, it would run something like this:

Farmer Brown had a farm with the usual farmyard animals. He ran the farm with benevolence, but he did run it as a farm; the animals all had their duties and they were expected to perform their duties for the good of the barnyard community. In

the woods lived a fox who had always been at enmity with Farmer Brown. Secretly and late at night the fox started to talk to the various animals on the farm. He talked to them about nature and about repression. It was unnatural for animals to live on a farm. They were meant to live free in the woods. And it was unnatural for animals to confine their sexual activity to only their own kind. Why shouldn't the rooster mate with a dog, a cow with a goat, the lamb with the bull? Weren't all animals part of nature? And wasn't nature good? All this and more the fox poured into the ears of Farmer Brown's animals, and in the end the animals, save one, left the farm for the promised revels in the woods.

The clever fox knew that it was not enough to get the animals into the woods. He had to keep them in the woods. And how could he keep them in the woods? The woods were miserable. The fox had learned just how miserable they were from years and years of exile from the farm where he had once lived as a special favorite of Farmer Brown. So again, how to keep them in the woods once they realized that endless sex with an assortment of other animals was not all that the fox had told them it would be?

First, the fox instilled in the animals a pathological fear of Farmer Brown. "Do you remember what it was like under Farmer Brown? Do you want to return to those days when Farmer Brown didn't allow you to have unbridled sex with every species of animal?"

"I don't actually recall life under Farmer Brown being that bad," said one of the cows. "And I don't really enjoy having relations with a pig."

The pigs all snorted at the reactionary cow, and later that day the cow disappeared. After that the clever fox kept a whole contingent of weasels on his payroll. Their sole job was to keep their ears open and report any animal who spoke about returning to the farm. The animals that did speak about returning to the farm all disappeared like the disagreeable cow. Soon no animal spoke favorably about the farm, and most of the animals forgot there had ever been a Farmer Brown or a farm.

The third phase of the fox's plan was "the appeal to their intellectual pride" plan. "No intelligent animal believes in farms or Farmer Brown. We are building here in the woods a new world that is constantly getting better and better. I have no doubt that we will soon have a perfect world here if only we eliminate reactionary animals who talk rot about a mythical farm and a mythical man who runs the farm. My research staff, consisting of some wise old owls and a super intelligent German shepherd, are constantly studying and doing research in order to make your world the most perfect of worlds." The animals were very impressed.

Still, despite all his efforts, the fox saw that all was not well. Something was missing in utopia. Because he had not forgotten Farmer Brown and the farm, he knew what was missing – a flesh and blood symbol of the new utopian regime of the animals. The new order stood for pleasure, unity, and peace, but who could be the flesh and blood symbol of pleasure, unity, and peace? The wolf, of course. The barnyard animals had always been taught to fear the wolf, but this was a prejudice, the fox told them. Wolves were natural, wolves were vital, wolves were untainted with the selfishness and petty bourgeois values of the farmyard. So the wolf became the sign and symbol of the new utopia. At every gathering the animals sang hymns to the sacred wolf. In work and play wolves were the centerpiece of the new society. At the campfires at night, the scholarly owls would read long tomes telling how the wolves had been mistreated and discriminated against in the bad old days of the farms. Now in the golden age, in the age of the new, enlightened farmyard animals, the wolf was honored as the sacred god of the farmyard animals. But of course a wolf is still a wolf, despite what the owl scholars say to the contrary. What happened when the wolves behaved like wolves and killed three pigs, two cows, and five little lambs? The owls condemned the goat who reported the slaughter – "You reactionary old goat" – and threw the goat into prison for five years. Then, for good measure, they burned down the goat's modest dwelling and sent his wife and their kids to a retraining center where the kids were taught the evil of their father and the goodness of wolves.

So all seemed well for the fox; his kingdom was in order. But the fox was not happy. There were rumors of an old farm cat named George, who had remained loyal to Farmer Brown. George held meetings in the forest at which he told some of the new age animals about the real Farmer Brown and life on a real farm. The former farm animals seemed interested, but they never committed themselves to George and the old farm. "All quite amusing, those stories about the old farm, but you can't build a life on fairy tales," the old donkey declared.

"How would I make a living if I followed the cat? I'd be marginalized," the ram asserted. "Stuff and nonsense," the wise old owl declared.

"Why haven't you killed the cat?" the fox asked his weasels.

"Because he never meets in the same place twice and he can still run faster than any of the other animals. Besides that, he is a crafty old fellow."

“I don’t want excuses. Find that Farmer Brown loyalist and kill him! That’s an order!”

And there we leave the new age farmyard animals, in the woods with the fox. But George still lives, and it seems, if the weasels can be believed, that George is growing younger, larger, and stronger. Soon, the fox fears, George will descend upon the forest, destroy the Fox’s minions, and lead the rest of the farmyard animals back to the farm. ‘Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Modern Liberalism is supposed to be heaven on earth; haven’t the liberals told us that is what we could expect once they were in power? So why haven’t we become stardust and golden? Because of me and thee. The reactionaries, the recalcitrants, are impeding the final implementation of paradise. And so it will go on until Liberalism is destroyed. Paradise will always be just around the corner once the last racists, the last sexists, are finally eliminated from the face of the earth. We can never be at peace with the liberals because the liberals must destroy the white race in order to ensure the survival of their utopia. The liberals’ assertion that skin color has nothing to do with the spiritual identity of a man turns into a lie as soon as the liberals place the black man at the center of their altars. If skin color has nothing to do with a man’s essential soul, then why do the liberals worship the black man? Shouldn’t they be color blind? Why is all good ascribed to blacks simply on the basis of their color if skin color is of no consequence? In point of fact, our skin color is a thing eternal; it is part of our soul. And white souls, of a bygone era, consecrated their hearts and minds to Christ. The liberal must condemn that by-gone era and condemn the people of that era in order to build Satandom on the ruins of Christendom.

From a utopian viewpoint, antique Europeans are always in the wrong because they were not perfect. But why are liberals, who condemn antique Europeans for the mites in their eyes, never condemned for the logs in their own eyes? The liberals stand condemned not only by their own standards, in that they have failed to usher in utopia, but also by Christian standards. They have instituted Satanic values throughout the European countries by placing the black man on the altars of the formerly Christian churches. We cannot vote such a blasphemy away because all of the democratic governments of the European people only allow the European people to vote for the person that is to be in charge of the ongoing liquidation of the European people. There are no elections being held where one can vote for the survival of the white race. That issue was never put on the ballot because utopians are tyrannical. The predetermined condition for the building of utopia is the destruction of the Christ-bearing people. So why would the tyrants of Liberalism treat the necessity of the extermination of the white race as a debatable issue? It is not a debatable issue to them. Whites must perish if Liberalism is to survive. Liberalism won’t survive if Europeans behave like white men who are fully conscious that their whiteness is part of their soul, which belongs to God and is not meant to perish in a racially mixed Babylonian stewpot or in the cosmic wastes of Liberalism. “Still our ancient foe does seek to work us woe,” but Christ, not Satan, is the God of our race, and He wills that we should fight for our kith and kin with a passion and a love that passeth the understanding of the liberal and the barbarian. They who have not faith, who have not hope, who have not charity, will never impose their utopia of death on we few, the Europeans who refuse to abandon His Europe and His people. +

The Restoration of Innocence, Mercy, and Faith - September 8, 2012

“Endeavouring to persuade the people that they are no better than beasts, the whole body of their institution tends to make them beasts of prey, furious and savage.”

– Burke

First Burke and then Taine, in their commentaries on the French Revolution, pointed out that the French revolutionaries had a pathological hatred for human beings. While professing to love humanity in the abstract, they hated any genuine manifestation of humanity in individual members of the human race.

This sort of people are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man, that they have totally forgotten his nature. Without opening one new avenue to the understanding, they have succeeded in stopping up those that lead to the heart. They have perverted in themselves, and in those that attend to them, all the well-placed sympathies of the human breast... Humanity and compassion are ridiculed as the fruits of superstition and ignorance. Tenderness to individuals is considered as treason to the public. – Burke

Such was the essence of French Jacobinism and such is the essence of modern liberalism. Burke warned that the death of Robespierre did not end the French Revolution. The snake had been scotched, not killed. And that hideous reptile has now grown to mammoth proportions, making its destruction impossible without the grace of God, which Europeans have ceased to pray for. “I serve the King and the King serves Christ,” is no longer part of the Europeans’ vernacular.

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.

The black man was not always the keystone of the castle of unreality. Originally the liberal tried using the father, the abstracted intellect. But alone the abstracted intellect could not capture the hearts of men. So the liberal added the son, in the form of the abstraction called 'the people,' to the castle of unreality. And to support the son, the holy spirit, science, was also brought into the castle. The son (the people) was always the keystone of Satan's blasphemous mimicry of the Holy Trinity. Just as the Son of God represented, in His humanity, the highest form of humanity, so did the son in Satan's trinity have to be the lowest form of humanity. So Satan moved toward the deification of the negro by degrees. The once Christian Europeans needed to worship the lowest dregs of their own people before they could be persuaded to worship the generic black man as the European messiah. But negro worship has come to fruition in Europe, which would seem to indicate from a Christian standpoint that the European people have reached the bottom of the pit and are now in the process of maintaining the pit against all invaders. Why would any European wish to defend a castle which consists of an interracial slime-pit? For the same reason the demons in the gospel wanted to be sent into the swine who plunged over a cliff. They hate the light and worship the darkness. Having lost faith in Christ the liberals need stronger and stronger doses of unreality in order to keep reality at bay.

What we are witnessing throughout the European world is the consolidation of the forces of liberalism. They have banned together to destroy anyone or anything that reminds them of Europe when Christ lived and dwelt among the European people. And who do they run to in their war against God? The descendants of Ham and Cush, whom we were expressly forbid to make our masters. We know neither the day nor the hour, but I often wonder why the halfway-house Christians who are so enamored of Israel because of "prophecies" do not look at the Biblical battle right in front of their eyes instead of the false Armageddon they have invented: The forces of Ham and Cush against the sons of Japheth and Shem. Why don't those who call themselves Christian gird up their loins for that battle? Because they have not taken off the layers of unreality from their souls. All around them are the unChristian fruits of diversity, but they refuse to see, because in their hearts they have decided to stand with the liberals against Christ. The liberal disease took hold by degrees, but in the end it spread to the spine of the halfway-house Christians, and they, being unable to stand upright, could no longer see anything beyond the liberals' pigsty. Now they think that racially diverse pig-slime is the only reality. If you suddenly showed them a vision of Christian Europe before it was turned into a pigsty, they would condemn it as a world of evil and unreality and proclaim their liberal pigsty to be the summit of beauty and truth.

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 Liberaldom. Is such a faith madness? Indeed it is. The negro worshipping liberal and the Jacobin are spiritually united.

"I must confess," said he, "that for days I could neither eat nor sleep for excess of joy!" One day a Jacobin in the tribune declared: "We shall be a nation of gods!" – Fancies like these bring on lunacy, or, at all events, they create disease. "Some men are in a fever all day long," said a companion of St. Just, "I had it for twelve years." -Taine

Such a frenzy for satanic utopias is hard to maintain. As the faith in white Jacobins and Russian proletariat died, the faith in the colored people, especially the black, grew. Who could doubt, when witnessing the frenzy of the American and European liberals on the occasion of Obama's election, that the spirit of Jacobinism, which is the spirit of the fallen angel, is alive and thriving in the negro worship of the modern Europeans?

Burke succeeded in turning his own people and the bulk of Europe against the bloody reign of terror. But he failed to convince the European people, after the blood-letting had ceased, just how deeply utopian thinking had penetrated France and Europe. If unchecked it would, Burke maintained, destroy Christian Europe. Every European liberal condemned Burke's "wild speculations," and even conservatives to this day claim Burke was "too extreme." But 'tis not so. What Burke feared, the destruction of the unbought grace of life, occurred.

I stand astonished at those persons who do not feel a resentment, not more natural than politick, at the atrocious insults that this monstrous compound offers to the dignity of every nation, and who are not alarmed with what it threatens to

their safety... This pretended Republick is founded in crimes, and exists by wrong and robbery; and wrong and robbery, far from a title to any thing, is war with mankind. To be at peace with robbery is to be an accomplice with it. – Burke

The rest of Europe made peace with the robbers because they too wanted to spend the unbought grace of life in their own nations. They wanted to build abstract idols and worship those idols. All that was needed for Jacobinism to carry the day was a curb on the extreme blood-letting. Once that diminished, the Jacobin virus was allowed to spread slowly throughout Europe and slowly rot the spiritual spine of the European by killing the provincial virtues: love of family, race and place, and replacing those virtues with a love of abstract universal families, foreign races, and mother earth.

The mantra of liberalism is “always upward and always onward.” Toward what? Have we moved upward? Not in the Christian sense of the word. We have moved downward. We have moved onward though, onward to Babylon. And each stage toward Babylon, being that much further removed from Christendom, is crueler and harsher, more lacking in humanity, than the previous stages. So much so that liberals of former eras, men and women who tried so hard to be progressive and future-oriented, are not even cited or known by their liberal descendants. Bernard Shaw, who hated the British people for not allowing him to replace Shakespeare as the national bard and who attacked God by attacking His people, is an unknown to the modern liberal zombies. Nor does Bertrand Russell, Comte, Feuerbach, or Voltaire rate a hearing among the unthinking, unfeeling breed of modern Babylonians who have no idea that their modern pigsty was the work of centuries. Nor do they know that their progenitors still had some Christian lingerings that prevented them from completely living up to their cruel utopian plans. But we can rely on that no more. The new breed has no Christian lingerings in their soul. They are a final product of years of anti-European madness. Look around you. I have. There is no mercy, no pity in Babylon. The liberals have triumphed, which means Satan rules unopposed.

At the sight of European Babylon there must be a rage within the European that says, “This shall not go on.” Without that rage it is futile to oppose liberalism. One must love that which was lost and refuse to accept its loss. For one shining moment Dylan Thomas spoke for the European who refuses to accept the death of his loved ones and the death of his culture: “Rage, Rage against the dying of the light.” The European who is strong of heart will not leave the satanic liberals and their negro idols in possession of sacred Europe. They will rage against the death of innocence and the death of mercy and faith, until innocence and mercy grace Europe’s green and pleasant land again and faith is restored. Such a restoration is absurd from a democratic standpoint. But that will be the test. When Europeans stop thinking like calculators and start thinking with their blood they will know what Alfred and Tell knew: one man, who loves his people with a love and passion beyond the understanding of the liberal and the barbarian, will start a crusade or shoot an arrow that will eventually defeat the seemingly invincible forces of the utopian liberals and their heathen gods.

Before World War II commenced, King George VI of England read in his 1939 Christmas broadcast to the British Empire the poem “The Gate of the Year” by Minnie Louise Haskins. It was quite appropriate. Britain was already on the way to becoming a full-fledged Jacobin state at the time of that Christmas reading, but facing a world war the King instinctively reached into the past to inspire his people to fight for Britain. Old Britain was an “Into the Hand of God,” civilization, and it was the ethos of that older Britain that would see the British people through the war. We, the last remaining Europeans, are engaged in a war of infinitely greater magnitude than any of the preceding wars. This war is for the survival of the European people. If we refuse to let go of the “into the Hand of God” Europe, the segregated Europe which is religiously and racially non-diverse, we will certainly prevail over liberals who have placed their faith in science and the Noble Black Savage. There is no true strength emanating from such a perverse civilization. If the walls of Liberaldom remain intact it is only because we have not placed ourselves in the hand of God. Once we do so, the love that passeth all understanding will stir us to protect innocence, render the deeds of mercy, and destroy the liberal leviathan. +

Strong of Heart - September 1, 2012

You’ll find her father with her, and some more,
Who took the oath with you upon the Rutli;
Bid them be resolute, and strong of heart,—
For Tell is free and master of his arm;

– Schiller’s William Tell

The essential ethos of a civilization is never written in a constitution or any official document. It is too sacred to be written down; it lives in the hearts of the people. For many centuries the ethos of the European people was a Christian ethos. In their hearts the Europeans believed that the touchstone of reality to which all questions of policy and ethics ultimately must be referred was the Man of Sorrows. He was the Hero of Western civilization. And one came to believe in The Hero through the type of hero worship that Thomas Hughes writes about in *Tom Brown’s School Days*:

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

An incarnational faith needs men and women who embody the ethos of their God. Men like Alfred, Tell, and Wallace, and women such as Florence Nightingale and our mothers, sisters, and wives of the European hearth, who embodied the ethos of Christianity, pointed us toward Him. The attack on Christ and His civilization starts with an attack on the heroes of Europe because a people who lose their heroes cease to be a people. We live and die with the hero, his aspirations are our aspirations, his God is our God. We love him because in his selfless sacrifice for his people he imitates the sacrifice of Christ at Golgotha. That he is a man with faults makes us love him all the more because despite his faults he rose above the material and the mundane and strove with might and main for his people and His Kingdom come.

Then the liberal comes along and either demonizes the European hero or abstracts the hero, isolates one of his virtues, and uses that one virtue in behalf of Liberalism. Let's take Nathan Bedford Forrest, Lincoln, and Robert E. Lee as cases in point. Forrest traded and owned slaves before the war. After the war he was the first Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. From the liberals' point of view he was Satan incarnate (metaphorically speaking, because liberals don't believe in Satan). During the war and after "That Devil Forrest" was an anathema to the liberals. He was, and is, in liberal lore an unredeemable sinner. Yet to the white people of the South, the last Europeans, Forrest was the hero who stood above them all. He fought for his people to the last gasp, unconquerable during the war and still unconquerable after the war when the South lay prostrate before the seemingly invincible North. Forrest was a true European hero, in line with Alfred, Arthur, El Cid, Tell, and Havelock. In contrast, Lincoln was a new breed of liberal hero. He was willing to do the liberals' bidding, so he was lauded, but not as a beloved hero who fought for his people, but as a man who fought for the abstract ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The liberal never has any other kind of hero than the Lincoln-type, because the liberal is the man without a country, a man "concentred all in self." This is the key to the liberal. If you abstract from men only the qualities that fit your abstractions, and then revere and worship the abstraction, to whom are you paying homage? Whom do you really worship? Yourself, of course. Lee was only clubbable as an abstract supporter of abolition and higher education, not as the man who was the defender of his people. And the abstraction process did not start with Northern liberals nor did it stop with them. The Son of God was abstracted from the heart of Europe. In a bygone era, He was the sum product of a theologian's abstract notion of nature. In subsequent eras, He became Christ the Watchmaker, Christ the Marxist, Christ the Democrat, Christ the End Product of Evolution, and Christ the Negro-Worshipping Social Worker. But in every liberal manifestation of Christ there is no living God, no Christ the Lord who carried our sorrows and was wounded for our transgressions. We must and will have that God, the true God, who comes to us through "our mysterious human relationships," that the liberals have maniacally abstracted out of existence.

Every so often I read a "conservative's" expose of our school system. The conservative tells us of the anti-European bias that exists in the grade schools, the high schools, and our universities. Everything European is considered evil and every sexual perversion is considered ground-breaking and therefore good. All this is true, except I would substitute the words 'satanic hatred' for the word 'bias.'

There is one thing that always strikes me as woefully inadequate in the concerned conservatives' suggested solutions to the liberals' hatred of all things European. The conservatives always want more democracy! They want Joe Public and Peter Parent to put pressure, through petitions and "turn the scoundrels out" voting, on the anti-European academics. But even if we assume, which is an unwarranted assumption, that there are members of the public who are against the anti-European educational system, by what stretch of the imagination are we to believe that redemption is to be had from the devil? Are the liberals going to tell us, "Yes, by George, now that you mention it, we are quite biased against the European people; we'll correct that mistake immediately!"? Of course not. This is not a time for a reasoned, measured response, which we would give to someone with whom we had a mild disagreement on a minor issue. We are dealing with an enemy who we are diametrically opposed to. There can be no dialog, no democratic pleading, with an enemy whose a priori assumption is that you and your people must die. Our race and our soul are one; if the liberals abstract that from us, what is left? There is nothing left. Look to the north, to our past, when the newly Christianized men of the European forests and mountains were not abstracted men. They loved their own race more intensely after their conversions to Christianity. Which is as it should be with us. Nothing good comes from hating your own race. It shows no disrespect to other races when you love your own race above all other races, because a man who hates his own race will be unable to love any race. He will set up an abstracted idol of another race, and make that idol his God, but he will not love anyone of any race. The first great betrayal of his own race renders a man incapable of loving anyone outside of himself and anything that does not serve his exalted image of himself. The religious justification for the hatred of the white man comes from the theologians of the abstract. If all our mysterious human relationships are suspect because human passions and emotions are involved

in those relationships, then what is left? Abstracted reason is all that is left. And abstracted reason needs no body, no blood; it is a disembodied, cosmic thing floating above us and beyond us like a deadly gas. The churchmen, like their big brothers of the Academy, do not have the intellectual honesty or integrity to live in the mind-forged world of their own creation. While denying their own people the right to love their own above all others, they claim the right – because even liberals have human needs and wants – to make the colored people their own. But their love is a twisted egotistic love because of their rationalism. The liberals can “help” the colored people in a way that feeds their self-love. There is no room for God in Liberalism because no God can enter into a mind-forged world of self-love.

The first rationalist revolt took place in the Garden of Eden, when Satan reasoned things out with Adam and Eve and convinced them that they would not die when they ate from “the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.” And that initial revolt, that passion to live with our own reason outside of God’s love is in us all. When the European people countered that illicit passion with a passion for intimacy with the Son of God, Europe was strong and healthy. When the rationalist serpent entered the church and spread outward the European people took sick and became a death-in-life people.

Thomas Hughes, to his credit, saw the Christian gentlemen, Battle-of-Waterloo-playing-fields-of-Eton ethos when he attended Rugby under Thomas Arnold and later when he attended Oxford. He, and he alone, was critical of trying to go through life with the Greeks as a guide rather than Christ.

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

“I don’t understand,” said Tom.

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

“Yes, a great deal,” Tom answered, after a pause; “but it isn’t the same thing.”

“Why not the same thing?”

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

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

“How do you mean?” said Tom.

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

—*Tom Brown at Oxford*

But unfortunately there was another side to the British tradition, a classical, rationalist side that both the Catholic and the Protestant held to, that destroyed Christian Europe. Thomas Arnold wanted to make Christian gentlemen, but there was Greek rationalism in the classrooms which bore poisonous fruits in the next generation. Arnold’s son, Matthew Arnold, was the logical consequence of the ill-fated attempt to fuse Greek rationalism and Christianity. What a despair-ridden, bloodless faith results from such a pairing:

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

If the romance of Christianity is made into a philosophy, mankind will flee from that philosophy and take refuge in the romance of hedonistic, race-mixing Babylon. It’s a small step from “Dover Beach” to Woodstock:

By the time we got to Woodstock
We were half a million strong

And everywhere there was song and celebration
And I dreamed I saw the bombers
Riding shotgun in the sky
And they were turning into butterflies
Above our nation
We are stardust
We are golden
And we've got to get ourselves
Back to the garden.

The poor spiritually crippled children of Woodstock were merely acting out the despair of Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach." The fruits of rationalism are poisonous as our Lord warned us they would be. We have gone back to the garden, to feast once more on the forbidden fruit. The Woodstock generation grew up and institutionalized racial Babylon, which spawned sexual Babylon and legalized abortion. We don't need to go back to a liberal, utopian Eden, which is in reality a nightmarish dystopia. We need to go back to incarnational Europe, the land of the one true romance of life: The romance that begins in a stable in Bethlehem and ends with The Hero conquering, for the sake of His people, that last great enemy. Look to the heroes of Europe, past and present; they are the men and women who still dream dreams and see the vision of the risen Lord, presiding over His Europe. +

In Defense of the Racist Europeans - August 25, 2012

The modern democracies of the West, with their philosophies of the stomach and the stock exchange, cannot inspire the people nor protect them. They despise nationhood and despise race. But without our national and racial backbones how shall we stand erect? With quicksands as our foundation how shall we build? How shall we be true to ourselves if we have no selves? Our race is what we are; it is our form. It is our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and wives and children. They are the race. How then shall we count it of little worth? Shall we despise our own flesh and blood? Is that what modern democracy is supposed to mean? Is that what Christianity is supposed to mean?

– Anthony Jacob

After the Communist Revolution in Russia, fellow-traveler literature became quite common in the rest of Europe (Shaw, Wells, etc.) just as fellow-traveler literature became popular in the rest of Europe after the French Revolution (Priestly, Price, etc.). A small genre of literature in opposition to the pro-communist literature also developed in the West. That genre consisted of anti-communist literature, often written by former communists such as Muggeridge, Chambers, and Koestler. But with the exception of one lone Englishman, Anthony Jacob, the conservatives never linked their anti-communist views with a defense of the white race. On the surface the conservatives, particularly during war time, sounded very patriotic, but it was all smoke and mirrors. "Defense of Democracy" was all the rage, not a defense of the white race. But a rousing defense of an universalist idea of a generic, mixed race people is not patriotic, it is treason. It breeds the spiritual decadence that the great minstrel sings of: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead..."

The type of universalist patriotism exhibited by conservative and liberal in the 20th century was only present in the liberals in the 19th century. Men like Havelock and Kipling — the latter was on the cuff between the 19th and 20th centuries — did not equate support for multi-racial democracy with patriotism. Havelock didn't say, "There are hundreds of democracy-loving people in Cawnpore that we must rescue." He said, "There are men and women of our own race held captive." And Kipling did not write of the burden of the multi-racial liberals; he wrote of the "white man's burden." If you find a white man in the 20th, and now the 21st century, who will state unequivocally that the defense of his race and the defense of his nation are one and the same, then you will have found a true patriot.

In our own nation, the great anti-nation of the world, resistance to multi-racial universalism came from the Southern, Burkean conservatives of the 19th century. The liberals of the north were universalists who had only just begun to work out the implications of their universalism. When they started to actualize the implications of universal democracy, they destroyed the divinely fashioned barriers between the races. The non-universalist culture, the South, put up more than just a modicum of resistance, but by the end of the 20th century there were only soul-dead universalists throughout all of Europe and the United States. (1) "O brave new universalist world, How do we love thee," was the cry of the soul-dead Europeans.

Fitzhugh warned us that a government was only beneficial if it was conservative. If a government becomes liberal, it ceases to be beneficial; it becomes harmful. Is there a government in any European nation that is trying to conserve the European people and their traditional faith? No, of course there isn't. Are they legitimate governments if they don't serve their people, but are instead at war with their people? Again, the answer is — of course not. The European people do not have a

government; they have masters who hold them in bondage with the power of an ideology. So long as the white man does not believe the white race is a nation unto itself, he will be in bondage to the devil, who rules through his liberal minions.

Occasionally a white man or a group of white men complain that they are not being treated equally in Babylon. They say they are being discriminated against. Of course they are; Liberalism is based on the hatred of the white man. But it is useless for a white man to plead for equal rights in Babylon. Would you go up to brigands, who had invaded your home and thrown you out into the street, and ask them to allow you to live in a corner of the basement of your former home? I suppose you would if you were a modern European, but it would be far better to wait for the right opportunity and retake your house by killing the brigands.

The post-World War II conservatives had no problem in vilifying FDR for turning Eastern Europe over to the communists, and for his refusal to do anything against good old "Uncle Joe." (2) But did the post-World War II conservatives ever say anything against the type of race-mixing demagoguery represented by Eleanor Roosevelt? "A great many people believe that there should be no intermingling of races... Nevertheless, down through the ages, it has been proved over and over again that this is one of the questions which people settle for themselves, and no amount of legislation will keep them from doing so. This is a question, therefore, that I think we have to leave to individuals, not only all over the United States, but all over the world, to handle."

What the 20th century anti-communist conservatives failed to realize was that if you don't oppose the race-mixing heresy it is useless to try and oppose the communist heresy, because the race-mixing heresy is the bricks and mortar holding the communist-democratic heresy together. The communists and their democratic egalitarian cousins knew and still know that race-mixing is necessary for the triumph of communism and/or democratic egalitarianism. If a man can be induced to marry outside his race, he can also be induced to transfer his loyalties from his kith and kin to a "higher" loyalty, to abstract concepts such as the "proletariat" or "the people" or "humanity" or "the oppressed black minorities." He will be a cog in the inhuman machine of one of the modern dystopian heresies. Of what use are strictures against communism then if the only people who would be against it, the Christian Europeans of old, have ceased to exist? And hasn't that been the case? Who really cares about communism anymore? If a man has no loyalty to his kith and kin why should he care about communism? Because it is Godless? That is of no consequence to the modern European. When he severed his ties to kith and kin he also severed his ties to the living God. And the official word from the rulers of Liberalism is that the Europeans are happy with their new black gods.

When I was a young man the post-war conservatives were the Old Guard. I went to them for guidance. But as I grew older I realized that the post-war Old Guard were not conservatives. It was their great-grandfathers and grandfathers of the 19th century who were the true conservatives. The modern post-war conservatives were liberals. They had abandoned the fairy tale vision of God, which is found in the Bible and the European bards, for a more scientific view of God and man. And when a man becomes 'scientific' he always Gnosticizes Christianity. The belief in the resurrection of the body is changed to a metaphoric resurrection, and a man's skin color is no longer seen as part of his soul. The Biblical truth, that the wisdom of man is in his blood, is looked on as unscientific and barbaric. The famous liberal, George Bernard Shaw, used to froth at the mouth at the slightest mention of Christianity. How could civilized men countenance a blood sacrifice? If a man's blood is not part of his soul, then a religion that was redeemed by the blood of the Lamb would be barbaric. But our blood is part of our soul. Our bodies and our spirit are one, and we believe – those of us who remain European – that God intends to resurrect the whole man on the last day.

The European "conservatives" of the 20th century were flawed conservatives because they did not wish to conserve that which is essential: the European people and their non-propositional Christianity. Instead the conservatives jettisoned the European people in the name of their pet abstractions – propositional Christianity and propositional economics. Run a little test of your own. Start using words like loyalty and honor. Tell people you must remain loyal to your own race, which is why you don't watch pro football. Or better yet, tell people that you have taken a vow to refrain from strong drink and strong meat until the stain upon your honor, caused by the presence of liberals and negroes in your nation, is removed. Of course you will be committed if you use such language and then suit your actions to your words. But the antique Europeans did suit their actions to such words. They believed in "that charity of honor," and they believed in loyalty and fidelity to their own race. If we don't conserve their faith, we have no faith and no nation.

The managerial conservatives of the 20th century accepted the liberals' basic premise that a culture based on loyalty to one's people, defined by their race, was unprogressive and inferior to a culture that was based on a universalist creed. The conservative opposition to communism was pragmatic. "There is no need to kill so many people in defense of a failed economic system. We can give people a better economy without killing quite so many people." And even on that issue, the slaughter of innocents, the managerial conservatives did not understand that multi-racial universalism, whether it is communist or democratic, always results in the slaughter of innocents. If we tally up the aborted babies and the whites killed by the colored tribesmen who are permitted to live and breathe on sacred European soil, who's to say that we of the liberal and negro-infested West haven't compiled a more obscene number of slaughtered innocents than the Russian

communists? The “prejudice” that loyalty and fidelity to kith and kin is the first of all virtues, the virtue which anchors all other virtues, was formed when the Christian faith of the Europeans was at high tide. So why would professed Christian conservatives assume that the ethos of race-mixing Babylon was more in keeping with the Christian faith than the prejudices of their forefathers? Because they were and are divided men, with one foot in the modern world, and one foot in the old world. If they don’t become “racists” they will soon become complete men of negation; they will become holistic liberals. Only those who cling to the prejudices of the antique European racists will be able to stand against the liberal whirlwind. The managerial types of the conservative and halfway-house Christian variety, will be swept away by the liberals. +

(1) The South was not wholly defeated until the 1950’s.

(2) FDR had this to say about Uncle Joe: “He is a man who combines a tremendous, relentless determination with a stalwart good humor. I believe that he is truly representative of the heart and soul of Russia; and I believe that we are going to get along very well with him and the Russian people — very well indeed.”

Bound in with Shame - August 18, 2012

“Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.”

—Richard II

From first to last, the Olympic Games in Britain were, as the British intended, an attack on Shakespeare’s Britain:

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear’d by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world’s ransom, Blessed Mary’s Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land...

Of course the Brits’ televised attack on white Britain was no different from the ongoing attacks on white people and their past that are taking place in every European nation. And the attacks on white people are being led by white people. The colored tribesmen hate the whites, but not with the passion that white people hate white people. It seems contradictory. How can people filled with self-love perpetuate a theology based on the hatred of themselves? We have seen, over the course of the last one hundred years, how liberals deal with that contradiction. They condemn white people of the past and all white people of the present who want to maintain any links to the past. Those whites are evil and must be destroyed. But the new whites, who deny that they are white, can be part of the new Babylon. The ideological support for the liberals’ jettisoning of everything white has already been written. “Scientific” minded liberals write tomes telling us that people with outwardly white skin often have more black genes than negroes with black skins. So you see, white rappers who claim they are really black are simply being scientific. Such delusional logic should tell us that people have passions, for good or ill, and they use their minds to justify their passions. It doesn’t work the other way.

Is the liberals’ passion to deny their white souls a good passion or an illicit passion? The answer seems obvious. It is an evil passion that will carry the man or woman possessed of it to hell. And the people who anchor their churches and their governments on such an evil passion will have hellish churches and governments. We don’t need to play a game of twenty questions in order to discover the identity of the people who have made the hatred of the white European and the love of the negro the cornerstone of their uncivil civilization. And where are the liberals? Quick, send in the liberals. Don’t bother — they’re here.

Conservatives (who by the way are not conservative) are forever perpetuating the myth that a few corrections, a few little tweaks in the system, will stop the downward spiral of the European people. Such reasoning ignores the fact that “the system” of the European people is a system designed by liberals to destroy every last vestige of Christian Europe. It is not

pessimistic to state that the Europeans who still regard themselves as a distinct people are a conquered race; it is simply reality. It does no good to deny it because the result of such a denial is despair. The conservative keeps promising an electoral victory that will reverse *Roe v. Wade*, stop illegal immigration, and restore our Constitution. If he would become a true conservative and see Western Civilization as the incarnation of Christian values, he would see that nothing that 'stinks' of European Christianity will ever be permitted in a civilization based on liberalism. But the conservative will never see this because his conservatism, unlike Burke's which goes back to our Christian roots, is a conservatism that wants to stop halfway down the slippery slope. The conservative who says nay to legalized abortion but yes to feminism and race mixing doesn't understand the satanic links that bind us to Satan. First comes racial Babylon, which leads to sexual Babylon. Then, once the ethos of Babylon becomes established, the murder of infants and other amoral deviations from Christianity become part of the fabric of everyday life in Babylon.

We can see in the Olympics the tragedy of Europe. The modern Olympics were started as an attempt to revive the spirit of the pagan Olympic games. But when the post-Christian European tries to return to the paganism of the Greeks, he doesn't even achieve – if such a descent can be called an achievement – the level of the Greeks. Instead he descends below the level of the pagan Greeks and ends up in the pigsties of Babylon. The European can never return to the Greek idyll. He must be a Christian or a Babylonian. The white rulers and their subjects have chosen to be Babylonians.

The Babylonian captivity of the Europeans will continue so long as the Europeans remain ignorant of their captivity, calling their captivity the best of all worlds because it is democratic and progressive. But the democracy of swine, who eat, drink, and wallow before they are slaughtered is not a democracy to be admired or emulated. Europeans once had a higher destiny.

All that was needful to make swine of the Europeans was the liquidation of their past. In their past was a spiritual culture. The antique European felt himself to be connected to his European kinsmen and countrymen by ties of spirit and blood, and through those ties the European felt connected to the living God. If there is no spiritual dimension to man, if his blood is not infused with the spirit of God but is instead mere vegetable matter, then he has no connecting link to those who lived and died before him. Vegetable matter has no kindred and no animating spirit.

On Walter Scott's birthday, my daughter played me a "Minstrel's Lament" for the death of Europe's greatest minstrel. It was sad because it sang of the death of Sir Walter Scott, but it was also a joyful lament. It was joyful in this sense: Scott sang of the eternal in man, so at his death, men thought of Scott and themselves in the light of the eternal God. And in that light, death is swallowed up in victory. The evangelist tells us that, "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." The eternal "relevance" of the antique European culture, represented by Walter Scott, is that there were men and women of that culture who knew Him. Our present, anti-European culture boasts of the fact that they know Him not. And the bitter fruits of their proud ignorance are all around us. We live in a pigsty of liberalism, which the liberals have tried to pass off as a tropical island paradise. As one European after another forsakes his past, pigsty Europe becomes more firmly entrenched in people's minds as the only reality. In such a frame of mind, the modern European looks on even the smallest ray of light from that other Europe, His Europe, as something to be shunned. He thinks, in his demon-possessed mind, the light that shineth in darkness will kill him, so he flees from the only thing that can save him.

For he had commanded the unclean spirit to come out of the man. For oftentimes it had caught him: and he was kept bound with chains and in fetters; and he brake the bands, and was driven of the devil into the wilderness. And Jesus asked him, saying, What is thy name? And he said, Legion: because many devils were entered into him. And they besought him that he would not command them to go out into the deep. And there was there an herd of many swine feeding on the mountain: and they besought him that he would suffer them to enter into them. And he suffered them. Then went the devils out of the man, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choked.

The further the European sinks into the mire of Liberaldom, the more scornful and derisive he becomes toward the heartfelt faith, and the culture that sprang from that faith, of his European ancestors. The Olympic Games, in which everything that came from Christian Britain was mocked and spit upon was a painful reminder of how our Lord was mocked and spit upon when he was brought before the Sanhedrin.

Then the high priest rent his clothes and saith, What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy: what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death. And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and to say unto him, Prophesy: and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands.

When the pagan Clovis first heard the story of Christ's crucifixion he remarked, "Oh, that I had been there with my Franks!" Can a European who still has a European heart do less in defense of Christ than a pagan? There are no

extenuating circumstances. Modern, post-Christian, interracial, transsexual Europe is satanic in the old-fashioned, now discarded, sense of the word. The liberals are possessed of the devil. And those possessed of the devil will protect their demonic pigsties with the demonic fury of the devil.

The liberals are now fighting in defense of the established order, because the established order is satanic. Events like the Olympic Games are mop-up actions and warnings. The liberals are putting the mutilated corpses of antique Europeans on display as a warning to anyone out there who might want to become an antique European. But there is always someone who sees past the mutilated corpse to the living, breathing person who still lives in His Kingdom come. The moral beauty of His face and His civilization can never be completely effaced. The moral beauty of the non-liberal Europe will reemerge from the darkness of Liberalism, just as Christ emerged from the darkness of the tomb. +

The Sport of Demon Worship - August 11, 2012

The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

– Banquo in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*

The official word has been pronounced on the Olympics: "Though it is only for two weeks it's wonderful to see young people from all nations get together in the spirit of harmony and peace, which is engendered by friendly athletic competition." Even if the competition was actually friendly, and a good deal of it is not, we should ask what end is being served by the "friendly competition." The answer comes back, "Universal peace and brotherhood is being served." But is universal peace and brotherhood, even if such a utopian scheme were possible, a desirable goal? The Olympic universal peace and brotherhood is the peace and brotherhood of a Babylonian orgy. The participants might be fairly peaceful immediately after the orgy, because they are tired, but in due time they will seek more of the unhallowed pleasures of Babylon. And they will quarrel, fight, and kill for their share of the limited allotments of the Babylonian pie.

Modern sporting events are the moral equivalent of the medieval morality plays, which were performed on the steps of the church as an extension of the religious ceremonies. Is there any doubt, if we view the "sports" of the modern Europeans, about the irreligion of the white man? The most abject, slavish worship that has ever been seen on the face of the earth takes place in the sporting events of the western world. Sports that do not have black participants are considered lesser sports. And when a white man succeeds in a sport that is dominated by blacks it is assumed that somehow the white's success is due to prejudice against blacks. Our sports are part ritual, part drama, just like our church services, but the sporting events are purer, from a modern standpoint, in content than the church services because there is less of a Christian hangover at the sporting rituals. Sometimes old Christian creeds, slightly modified, are recited at church services, and some old hymns might sneak into a few services. No such problem in our modern sports. A Christian hangover might linger over some small issues of protocol, but by and large the sporting rituals in the western world have changed from Christian morality plays to pagan religious festivals. And the Olympic games are a syncretistic blend of all the pagan sporting events, which is why they deserve to be called the Babylonian Games or the New Tower of Babel Games.

Since there is a direct correlation between a people's religion and their sport it should not surprise us that European sports have become less provincial and more corporate. When a sporting event is local and part of the life of a specific race of people living together in a specific geographical area, the sport becomes an integral part of the people's identity as a people. The sport is not a good in and of itself, it is good because it allows for the dramatic enactment of the religious ethos of the people. In the case of the antique Europeans it was Christian values that were embodied in their sports. Sports were reformed or abandoned altogether according to how well they served the people's need for dramatic, Christian morality plays. If you doubt for one moment the religious nature of sporting events, just look at how sports' terms are used in a religious context. 'When the great score keeper tallies up the score...', 'I've run a good race', and on it goes. Desmond Young made a profound point when he said that the only way to make the English treat war seriously was to make them regard it as sport. Of course, sport is part of a people's inner life; it must be taken seriously.

The Englishman who said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton was not being flippant. He was simply acknowledging that a nation teaches its young men, for good or ill, through sport. What are our young men, and our young women, learning from our modern sports? They are learning that negroes are to be worshipped and that loyalty to their race, and the culture that stemmed from their race, is outmoded and evil. Some future liberal historian will declare that the war against the white race was won on the playing fields of the European people. Of course after he pens those words, he too will be liquidated.

If we see sport for what it is — an extension of a people's religious faith that has far greater influence than a church service, which cannot reach as many people — we can understand why we cannot view sport as something separate from the great liberal hydra that is intent on destroying the white race. Sport is a vital limb of the liberal hydra.

The late John Tyndall, who fought so nobly for Britain, once wrote of attending a football match (what we call soccer) between England and Germany. Naturally as an Englishman Tyndall went to the match in order to root for England, but much to his horror he saw that half the “English” team consisted of negroes. So he shifted his allegiance and rooted for the German team, which had no negroes playing for them on that particular day. Tyndall had the right type of patriotism, the only type of patriotism that is uplifting. He loved a particular people, his own people, not a propositional, generic people with a different race and culture from his own, who were polluting his homeland with their presence. Of course it was the United States that first championed the propositional nation over a kith and kin nation. “There is no black or white, Mexican or Chinese; there are only Americans.” What utter nonsense! Only the white man believes in such a dystopian proposition. The black, brown, red, and yellow people of the earth believe only in the triumph of their race, and the destruction of all other races.

The sporting arm of liberalism uses the same tactics to spread and propagate liberalism as the churches use. The churches place the emphasis on the corporate structure and encourage their devotees to place their faith in the organization rather than a personal God. Using the same tactic in the sporting arenas, the liberals emphasize the organization rather than any specific individuals. No sooner does a modern white child place a picture of his favorite white player on the wall, and his favorite player is traded because it is the corporation that matters, not the individual. And to whom or what is the sports organization dedicated? To the negro, of course. The white child with a favorite white player is encouraged to be loyal to the corporation, not his people, which is why the corporation will try to ensure that only black players participate in corporate sports. Then every poster will have a black god on it instead of a white devil. The Tim Tebow phenomenon of last year, when he was reviled by the liberals and the blacks for being white and popular, was an example of the institutionalized hatred of the white and the institutionalized reverence for the black that is at the heart of all white nations.

It doesn't matter if a white involved in sports follows all the stated rules of Liberalism. He will be persecuted and eliminated simply for being white and successful, because the unwritten law of Liberalism is the essence of liberalism: The white must die so that the black gods can live.

The ongoing hatred and post-mortem skewering of Joe Paterno is another example of the way liberals use sports to destroy whites, even if the whites whom they wish to destroy tried to adhere to all the principles of Liberalism. Joe Paterno was a liberal! He coached at a college with an interracial football team, and he gave to all the liberal causes. But he was a liberal in a Republican-George Bush sense of the word. As such he was considered too white to be lionized as he was by the ‘God and guns’ people of western Pennsylvania. He had to be destroyed. The Sandusky affair had no more to do with the liberals’ motivation for destroying Joe Paterno than Watergate had to do with the liberals’ motivation for destroying Richard Nixon. Paterno was humiliated and destroyed because he was perceived (and the perception was wrong) to be a conservative white man, just as Nixon was perceived to be a conservative white man (also incorrect) because of his successful prosecution of Alger Hiss.

It's not possible for the white male to appease the liberal hydra by trying not to be white. Even if he supports the propositional society of Babylon his whiteness will make him an anathema. When the white Americans were held hostage by the Ayatollah Khomeini, he kept harping on the evils of the white Christian West, even though the West had long ceased to be Christian. It's no matter; so long as whites exist, the enemies of Christ will regard them as the Christ-bearers no matter how often and how vehemently they renounce Christ.

It's only because I remember Edgar's warning: “Who is't can say, ‘I am at the worst’? I am worse than e'er I was...” that I refrain from saying that the white race has hit bottom. I can only observe that white people, as a people, have descended further down the slippery slope of idolatry and devil worship than ever before. Does their downward spiral have an end? It doesn't appear so; we seem poised for centuries of devil worship through the devil's proxy, the negro.

Kierkegaard once said that there is a type of martyrdom that comes about as a result of being trampled to death by geese. That is the type of martyrdom taking place in the majority of white hearths. Some whites are dramatically martyred in the streets of Babylon, but most are just beaten down by the relentless anti-white propaganda spewed out from the many-headed liberal hydra. School, pulpit, press, and sporting event all bear witness to the evil of the white man and the grace, beauty, and sanctity of the negro. We should be prepared to defend our people against the violent assaults of the liberals and their colored henchmen, but we should also — and in this the remnant European is woefully inept — be prepared to fight the daily battle, countering the relentless pounding of the liberals with a relentless pounding of our own. The Hamlet analogy — “We defy augury” — is also apropos. The liberals want us to feel that resistance is hopeless because they have

the numbers and the magic called science on their side. But we have something purer, nobler, and deeper than the liberals' magic; we have faith in Him who turns lost causes into triumphs. Even the last great enemy, death, has no dominion over Him.

Resistance to Liberalism is only hopeless if the European stays on the surface of life with the colored tribesmen and the liberals. If the European seeks the depths, he will find that within which passeth the outward forms of this world. He will find, in the depths of his soul, the true God who will give him the strength to hurl his defiance at the liberals and their black gods. Liberalism is a disease of the soul, and it has become deeply rooted in all the nations of Europe. It would take a miracle to root it out. But we few, we Europeans, who are about to die, believe in miracles. "The sign of the cross, the spirit above the dust." +

On Scott's Birthday - August 4, 2012

Canto Sixth

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

-Walter Scott

In honor of Walter Scott's birthday, August 15, 1771, I would like to talk about his enduring value to all Europeans. I know Scott is of no significance to modern Europeans who do not believe that anything or anybody from the past has enduring value, but Scott endures, and always shall endure, in eternal Europe, and that is the only Europe I care about.

"Scott is long-winded," "Scott is superficial," "Scott is moralistic," "Scott is sloppy;" all that and more have been hurled at Scott by the modern, soul-dead Europeans. But all the criticisms of Scott stem from one central premise of the liberals – "The Christ championed by the Europeans prior to the 20th century was not the true God." So it follows, by liberal logic, that the most European of writers, the most Christian of writers, should be derided and discarded.

Scott's works serve as a sign of contradiction to the liberals, because they told us that there was no such thing as Christian Europe and that there never were such men as Walter Scott. But when we turn the pages of Scott's books, we see that there was a Christian Europe and there were such men as Walter Scott.

Scott's appeal – and he was enormously popular in his day – was not to the propositional Christian of either the Roman Catholic or Protestant churches. Scott's Christianity went much deeper than the outward forms of the sects. His Christianity was in line with St. Paul's; it was a Christianity of the heart. The fact that Scott was so widely read in Europe and America, particularly in the South, is an indication that the Europeans of the 18th and 19th centuries still held the Christian God in their hearts.

My contention is that the vision of Christ which is crystal clear in Scott's novels is the true vision. Scott's faith is in line with St. Paul, the early Church fathers, and the great majority of European Christians prior to the 20th century. So if we look at the reasons why Scott has been rejected and discarded, we can see the reasons why the true faith has been rejected and discarded.

First, Scott's Christianity is the fairy tale Christianity of the Bible. He depicts a Christ who comes to mankind through human hearts. The more "intelligent" faith of the medieval scholastics and their modern academic counterparts is not found in the heroes and heroines of Scott's novels. Certainly there are the great reasoners, such as Louis XI in Quentin

Durward, but he is the arch-villain of the novel as are all the great reasoners in Scott's novels. When liberals say that Scott is just a storyteller without any realistic characters it is because they don't believe that a portrait of a liberal who has lost faith in everything but his own reason and consequently given himself over to Satan is realistic, because they believe reason abstracted from God is a good thing. And since they do not believe in Satan or his Divine Antagonist, they reject as unrealistic and simpleminded anyone who believes in Satan and his Divine Antagonist.

In modern Liberalism we search in vain for anyone in the Christian churches courageous enough to believe in the fairytale Christ that Scott and his readers believed in. But if Christ can only be known through the esoteric system-makers, who tell us of a Christ with no resemblance to the Christ of Scott's Europe, why would we want to worship Christ?

The second feature of Scott's Christianity is his Pauline belief that charity is the greatest of these. His heroes and heroines all have that charity of honor that Burke writes about. Without charity there can be no honor, and without honor, which encompasses our duties to God and our fellow men, there can be no true charity. Jeanie Deans, the heroine of *The Heart of Midlothian*, does not walk from Edinburgh to London to beg the King to pardon her sister because she believes the crime of child-murder is of no consequence; that would be a stain on her honor. She goes to London to ask the King to pardon her sister because she believes her sister is innocent of the sin of child-murder. That is true charity, charity with honor. We no longer have any true charity in church or state, because we have separated honor from charity. The willful murder of infants is considered charity, and the betrayal of one's own people is considered honorable because charity and honor are now separate liberal entities.

The third aspect of Scott's Christian vision is his provincialism: hearth fire – neighborhood – region – nation. The modern mad-dog liberals and the liberal conservatives are universalists. They love mankind while hating everything that makes a man humane. We learn to love God and man in those small provincial units the liberals condemn. Deprive a man of his hearth-fire virtues: love of family, race, and place, and you produce a cynical, cowardly man fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Such a man has no place in his heart for God, because he has not developed a heart. Without the provincial virtues he becomes only a creature of reason like the aforementioned Louis XI:

In this point of view, Goethe's conception of the character and reasoning of Mephistopheles, the tempting spirit in the singular play of "Faust," appears to me more happy than that which has been formed by Byron, and even than the Satan of Milton. These last great authors have given to the Evil Principle something which elevates and dignifies his wickedness; a sustained and unconquerable resistance against Omnipotence itself—a lofty scorn of suffering compared with submission, and all those points of attraction in the Author of Evil, which have induced Burns and others to consider him as the Hero of the "Paradise Lost." The great German poet has, on the contrary, rendered his seducing spirit a being who, otherwise totally unimpassioned, seems only to have existed for the purpose of increasing, by his persuasions and temptations, the mass of moral evil, and who calls forth by his seductions those slumbering passions which otherwise might have allowed the human being who was the object of the Evil Spirit's operations to pass the tenor of his life in tranquillity. For this purpose Mephistopheles is, like Louis XI, endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions, the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification.

There can never be an "I'll respect your culture and you'll respect my culture" peace between a universalist culture and a provincial culture, because a universalist culture is based on a man-made abstraction, while a provincial culture is based on the laws of God. The abstract culture must destroy the provincial culture completely so that the grace of God can never take root in the souls of men.

The grace of God is anathema to the universalists. The French Revolution and the war of Northern aggression in our own country were wars fought to destroy the unbought grace of life that God grants to provincial cultures formed by men with provincial hearts. The current "peace" is the peace of the grave. The liberals believe they have killed provincialism. But those of us who believe as Scott believed know that a hero, in imitation of The Hero, can restore provincialism.

Which brings us to the fourth component of Scott's Christianity: his belief in the hero. It is the task of the Christian hero to break through, by the force of his spirit, the materialist façade of the world. By his spiritual exertions, he reveals to his people the animating spirit, which has a local habitation and a name, behind the material world. Liberals have no heroes because they are materialists. They have idols, such as negroes, who are the gods of the natural world, and they have systems, which wise gurus explain to their neophytes. But they do not have heroes; heroes come only from spirit-based cultures. Back in the day when liberals even bothered to comment on Scott's novels, they would cast him aside as "unrealistic" because of his heroes and heroines. But aren't the liberals making a priori assumptions about the materialistic nature of existence when they condemn Scott for his romantic heroes?

The Freud-Jung dispute speaks to this issue. If you recall there was once a clash of secularist titans. Jung, who was a secular disciple of Freud, broke with Freud on the issue of religious faith. Freud claimed that a man with religious faith was suffering from a neurosis, for which he needed a cure. Jung saw that all his patients had religious longings, so he asked the question, "How can something we all have, namely religious longings, be labeled a neurosis?" Of course Jung

never went any further with his findings. He didn't bend his knee to Christ. Instead he sat in his easy chair and thought about the Oversoul. But the Freud-Jung dispute is pertinent to the hero / anti-hero debate between the European and the liberal. If a longing for the hero, the man who can break through the chains of superficial materialism threatening to strangle his people, is in us, then how can it be an unreality? All my life, for instance, the longing for a hero has been much stronger and more real to me than a longing for an expert with a system. The former beckons me to the mountains where He resides, while the latter beckons me to a materialist hell on earth.

Scott's novels in which the romance of heroism took center stage became as nothing to the 20th century Europeans because they had crossed a spiritual Rubicon. No more would they think of themselves as men with souls; they now belonged to nature and nature's gods, the negroes. And the primary concern of the managerial liberal, in every European country, was to suppress any manifestation of the Walter Scott-type hero who would remind his people that they were the spirit above the dust who belonged to the Hero of Heroes and the King of Kings. The treatment of Rommel by the Nazis and the allies during World War II is a perfect example of the hatred the Christian hero draws from the scientific, managerial materialists who run the Western world. Hitler, who was a demi-god of a materialist state, hated Rommel because he had a following among the remnant of German Christians. In the end the pagan demi-god had the Christian hero murdered, because the satanic demi-god cannot tolerate the Christian hero who is a sign of contradiction to his pagan reign. Throughout the 20th century and continuing into the 21st, no matter what side is fighting the materialist, utilitarian philosophy prevails. The allied forces were just as anxious as Hitler to suppress any manifestations of heroism, lest the people be converted to the true faith:

TO: All Commanders and Chiefs of Staff

FROM: Headquarters, B.T.E. and M.E.F.

There exists a real danger that our friend Rommel is becoming a kind of magician or bogey-man to our troops, who are talking far too much about him. He is by no means a superman, although he is undoubtedly very energetic and able. Even if he were a superman, it would still be highly undesirable that our men should credit him with supernatural powers.

I wish you to dispel by all possible means the idea that Rommel represents something more than an ordinary German general. The important thing now is to see that we do not always talk of Rommel when we mean the enemy in Libya. We must refer to "the Germans" or "the Axis powers" or "the enemy" and not always keep harping on Rommel.

Please ensure that this order is put into immediate effect, and impress upon all Commanders that, from a psychological point of view, it is a matter of the highest importance.

(Signed)

c. j. Auchinleck,
General,
Commander-in-Chief, M.E.F.

From what the liberals would call "a psychological point of view," and what we would call a spiritual view, any talk of or stories about the hero must be suppressed because heroism is the stuff the true faith is built on.

A fairytale-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. +

That Charity of Honor - July 28, 2012

In the groves of their academy, at the end of each vista, you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons; so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. – Edmund Burke

Another 4th of July has come and gone. What are we to make of it? Is there anything left for white people to celebrate? I think not; the fire crackers remind us of Macbeth's gloomy assertion about life: "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Surely the tale of liberalism is a tale told by idiots signifying a flight to oblivion.

The conservative liberals and the mad-dog liberals are in agreement that patriotism has nothing to do with race. They think patriotism consists of loyalty to an idea, which in their minds is much more noble than loyalty to one's people. What seems like treachery to an antique European, namely the betrayal of one's people, is deemed good citizenship and patriotism to the propositional liberal and his conservative counterpart. At a slightly slower rate than the French, the European Americans and the people of Europe adopted the liberty, equality, and fraternity patriotism of the Jacobins. Now, in the various European utopian states, a man is considered a patriot to the extent that he lives up to the abstract ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity. And such "ideals" always come with the proviso that some are more equal than others. The Haitian negroes were not only equal to the French aristocrats, they were better, because being more "natural" and without any taint of sin from the previous white regimes they were purer and more noble. The liberty, equality, fraternity virus engulfed all the European countries and gradually made the European people into one homogeneous, white-hating unit. All modern, white nation-states believe that genuine patriotism, which is racial, is evil because it is racist, and all utopian, abstract revolutionary ideals are patriotic. "Power to the people..."

We are told that even a man brimming with health has cancerous cells in his body, but the cancer cells are not able to multiply because in the healthy man they are surrounded and kept in check by the healthy cells. It is when the cancerous cells become stronger and more numerous than the healthy ones that a man succumbs to cancer. It was and is that way with the liberal cancer. Rousseau was one cancer cell, Voltaire another, then Darwin, Marx, and on it went until the European people succumbed to the cancerous ideology of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Every white child should be stamped D.O.A. at his birth because the soul-killing ideology of liberalism can lead to nothing but spiritual death.

The death-in-life existence of the white man is in stark contrast to the people of the colored races. Their patriotism is for their race, not for an idea. Mexicans within the United States consider themselves to be Mexicans, not Americans. Arabs in France are loyal to Islam, not France. They will only be patriotic Frenchmen when France becomes Moslem. And so it goes with the oriental, the black, and the red. They are loyal to their race, not to the liberals' ideal of liberty, equality, and fraternity. While the white-ruling class punishes all manifestations of white racial patriotism, the colored tribesmen practice their own form of racial patriotism, which consists of the elimination of the white race. And for that reason, the fact that the patriotism of the colored tribes consists of the hatred of the white race, I diverge from the white democratic nationalists. They simply want the rights of whites to be respected within a democratic nation of different colored people. But this can never be; it's part of the false utopian thinking of the liberal ruling class. Only white people can love their own without hating others, because only white people made Christ part of their patriotic zeal for their own people. When you love your people in and through Him, you don't hate the stranger unless he threatens your own people. Not so the colored tribesmen. They hate and kill for the joy of hating and the love of killing. The white can remain separate from the colored tribesmen, or he can rule the colored tribesmen, but he must never try to be on a basis of equality with the colored. Such equality is called liberalism, and liberalism destroys white people, because the central tenet of liberalism is that white people must cease to exist so that "the people," who are the colored tribesmen, can live and strive. Who dares oppose liberalism opposes the kingdom of the colored gods on earth, which is being built with the sacrificial blood of the white man. And the white man is willing to sacrifice his blood in order to rebuild Babylon because he doesn't believe that the soul of a man is in his blood. The abstracted intellect contains all the spiritual sustenance that a man needs. So says the liberal. But why then does the liberal want to mix his blood with the colored barbarians? If the abstracted brain is sufficient to sustain life, why doesn't the liberal remain with Aquinas and Buddha, contemplating the abstraction called mankind with his disembodied brain? Because rationalistic Christianity, which is liberalism, is not capable of sustaining a people's faith. Human beings need a faith with blood in it. Unable to believe in the blood faith of his European ancestors the modern liberal seeks to create a new blood faith by fusing his abstracted reason with the blood of the savage. The purest (not pure as in holy) example of the new white religion of intellectualized savagery can be seen in concerts of rock stars like Madonna and the geriatric Rolling Stones rock group. Prancing around in imitation of negroes (Mick Jagger said Tina Turner was his biggest influence) and simultaneously worshipping negroes (witness Madonna) is the essence of white rock music and the essence of the white man's religion.

About 8-10 years ago I read an article in a British nationalist publication which was written by an American white nationalist named Kevin Strom. The article was written before Strom went to jail. In the article Strom stated that the white man needed a new religion to replace Christianity. Strom recommended a return to the Greek religion. Nothing new there. Anti-European intellectuals throughout the Christian European era have advocated a return to the halcyon days of the Greeks. But the utopian intellectuals see a Greece of their own invention. They see themselves eating feta cheese salads and drinking Greek wine while they pontificate to willing devotees of both sexes, who in return for the wisdom of the Olympian utopians will render their bodies to the intellectual giants. It is a totally earthbound religion, the religion of the utopian intellectuals, that ignores the Sophoclean heart of the ancient Greek culture. "Without a redeemer, a God-Man above the philosophers and the heathen deities, we are lost." But they were not lost. The God that Sophocles longed for

came and gave hope to men who loved Him enough to call on Him by name: a hope that the dragons of paganism and the demonic 'other' behind the abstracted intellects of the philosophers could be defeated.

We haven't strayed from the point. The reason white people are propositional patriots instead of "my people, my race" patriots is because they are propositional Christians. Two armed theological camps, the Protestants and the Catholics, measure a man's faith by his adherence to their propositional theologies. Individual human beings and distinct racial groups are as nothing to propositional theologians who have abstracted God into a miniature automaton who comes out of a mind-forged box to bless the Abstracted, Interracial, Interdenominational Church of the New Babylonian Dispensation, the A.I.I.C.N.B.D. Their petty quarrels and managerial madness have used up the unbought grace of life that the Europeans received from a loving God. We need to seek that God of infinite mercy and grace again. He comes to us in and through His people.

Every celebration of European "patriotism" is in reality a celebration of the death of European civilization, the only true civilization that ever existed. On the 4th of July, European-Americans celebrate their right to commit suicide in the New Babylonian World Order. In France they celebrate the same right, with different ceremonies, on Bastille Day. I don't know on what specific date the British people chose to celebrate their extinction, but I know they celebrate their own demise. If I needed further proof of that fact I certainly got it when I saw a British Olympic official on the BBC. The British official told the reporter that it was "absolutely essential" that the international audience of the Olympic Games should see a multi-racial Britain. Why? Because white people worship colored people and hate their own people. That is the "essential" dogma of the Europeans.

The existentialists of the early and mid-20th century were right to reject the propositional theology of the Christian Churches. A false proposition about God is worse than a denial of God. But there is something more in keeping with existentialism than atheism. It is faith in the God who exists in the existential depths of the human heart. From faith in that God came the culture of honor, chivalry, and love that all Europeans who have not renounced their blood still revere and will champion in spite of doom:

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 avenge 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. 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.

– Burke

Amongst thousands of remarkable phrases that I find in Burke, the phrase, "that charity of honor," strikes me as the best description of the antique European civilization. 'Who would be wedded to hell,' asks Shakespeare's Gremio. The modern Europeans would. They have turned from the charity of honor civilization and embraced the civilization of hell, which is embodied in the unhallowed halls of academia. "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved," our Lord assures us. Grace, once spent, is not like money. It can return if we ask Him to send us the grace to fight for His nation and our people. True white patriotism comes from a love of the European hearth and the God who presides over that hearth. +

Into the Hand of God - July 21, 2012

And is then example nothing? It is every thing. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other. This war is a war against that example. It is not a war for Louis the Eighteenth, or even for the property, virtue, fidelity of France. It is a war for George the Third, for Francis the Second, and for all the dignity, property, honour, virtue, and religion of England, of Germany, and of all nations. – Edmund Burke

When Jim Webb was writing as a former naval officer, not as a government official, he wrote an article stating his heartfelt opinion as to why women soldiers should not be used in combat. He was attacked by the liberals for his opinions. Once Webb became a government official, he changed his mind about female troops in combat. He was then lauded by the liberals for his "growth." Chief Justice Roberts came to the Supreme Court as a Bush appointee and a "conservative." As such he was, in the eyes of the liberals, a very bad man. But then the strict constructionist voted for Obamacare and he, like Webb, became a man of integrity who had "grown" during his tenure in office. He saw the liberal light. Even more recently a "conservative" columnist named David Blankenhorn, who used to be an outspoken opponent of gay marriage,

decided that gay marriage was a wonderful thing. Need we add that Blankenhorn was lauded by the liberals for his new-found “integrity”? I could supply hundreds of examples of sudden growth by conservatives. It seems to be a very common phenomenon.

When I was in my early teens I remember seeing an ad for a Kim Novak movie (I realize I date myself by mentioning Kim Novak), which asked the question, “What strange power does she have over men?” It was pretty obvious, even to a fourteen year old boy – or maybe especially to a fourteen year old boy – what power Kim Novak had over men. It’s just as obvious what strange power the mad-dog liberals have over the liberal-conservatives. They hold the keys to wealth, power, and popularity because they are the rulers of the European people. It might be possible to obtain wealth without being a mad-dog liberal, but power and popularity in large doses are not attainable outside the kennels of the mad-dog liberals. And since the conservative-liberal is not really a principled conservative in the Burkean sense of the word, he can quite easily be seduced by mad-dog liberalism, just as the men in the old movies fell victim to the seductive charms of Kim Novak.

With the exception of some demented sickies such as Newt Gingrich, who is power mad to an extraordinary degree, the treachery of the conservative-liberals seems to be motivated by a fear of being unpopular. Of course in a democracy, which has obtained sacred status in the European nations, one’s popularity is connected to wealth and power. When an unpopular politician loses an election he also loses wealth and power. But that still doesn’t explain why politicians, who already have wealth and power and no longer have to worry about reelection still behave like cowards in order to avoid unpopularity. Ronald Reagan was a classic case in point. There was absolutely nothing to prevent him from pardoning Oliver North, who had run afoul of the liberals because he served his President and his country, except for Reagan’s fear of being unpopular with liberals who wanted a witch-hunt show trial. It was the same with Reagan’s prolife stance. He could have personally attended the prolife rallies, instead of phoning in his “support,” and given a rousing fight to the knife speech, except for his fear of being unpopular with his liberal wife and liberals in general. I’ve also observed this fear of being unpopular with liberals in tenured, conservative academicians and ‘job secure for life’ clerics who profess to be appalled at some of the uglier manifestations of liberalism, such as liberalized abortion.

I once saw a journalist’s interview with a movie director who had a reputation for being an actor’s director, a director whom actors liked. The question posed to him was, “How did you become an actor’s director?” His answer? He told a story about one of his early directorial jobs in which Orson Welles was the star of the movie as well as the screenwriter for the movie. One day in the middle of a scene Orson Welles stormed off the set and went to his dressing room. Of course the young director went to Welles’ dressing room and asked him what the problem was. Welles asked the director, “Who’s the star of this picture?”

“You are, Orson,” the director replied.

“Am I doing a good job?”

“Of course, you are, Orson; you’re doing a magnificent job.”

“Who wrote the screenplay for the movie?”

“You did, Orson.”

“Is it a good screenplay?”

“Yes, it’s a great screenplay.”

“If I’m doing a magnificent job acting and I wrote a great screenplay, then why haven’t you told me about it and praised me for it.”

“But, Orson, I thought you knew you were excellent and the screenplay was great. I didn’t think you needed to be constantly praised for your work.”

Welles’ reply was quite interesting, and I think it applies to academics, clergyman, and politicians as well as actors. Welles told the young director that all children want praise for everything they do, no matter how seemingly insignificant what they have done might seem to the adults around them. And children in a loving home usually get that exorbitant praise, but most people, Welles maintained, as they grow up realize that they can’t expect the world to fawn over them and constantly praise them for everything they do. The actor or actress is different. Something happened to them inside; they never lost the desire to be constantly praised and fawned upon. The young director never forgot what Welles told him and consequently he became known as an actor’s director.

Actors, academics, politicians, and clergy might have a more obsessive need to be loved and adored than other people, but I think we all desire to be popular and appreciated by as many people as possible. It's a very human desire and not necessarily an evil one. Unless – and the 'unless' makes all the difference – a man sacrifices his soul in order to be liked and adored by the multitude. Because a man, if he is a man, must have causes and people he loves whether or not they are popular. "Though all the world betray thee – One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee," must be the stance of a real man, a European man, vis-à-vis the things he loves. In my judgment the most damning thing that can be said of a man is that he doesn't love anything or anybody deeply enough to love in spite of the hatred of the multitude. And that is the condemnation I hurl at the modern halfway house Christians and their secular counterparts, the conservative liberals. They do not love antique Europe and antique Europe's God enough to forsake the fawning favor of the liberals, who call all loyal Europeans racist, in order to fight the unpopular and lonely fight for Christian Europe. "You can't condemn them for wanting to be popular," Mr. Smooth-it-over Easy tells me. But, to paraphrase Scott-King, "I can condemn them and I do."

Let me go back to the Kim Novak analogy. Every civilization, including the vaunted Greek civilization of antiquity, could not handle the sexual aspect of man's nature. The pagans tried to regulate sexual activity by incorporating it into their religions, but they never could elevate their civilizations to a level where men saw that sexual pleasure was only a minor component in a larger, divine plan for mankind. I'm not naïve about the failures of Christian Europeans to completely rise above the pagan temptations, but if we take Christian Europe for all in all, there is incontestable evidence that the Christian Europeans did what the wisest pagan sages considered impossible: by loving in and through the incarnate God they spiritualized human love without Gnosticizing it. Of course no modern European believes that such a Europe, a Europe that transcended paganism, existed. Having violated the pact between God and man, to use God's gifts as God intended them to be used, the modern Europeans cannot conceive of a people who could transcend paganism.

The pagan, cosmic temptation, to lose one's soul in the impersonal force of sexuality, was only conquered by the Christian Europeans' passion to make human love and love for the living God an incorporate union. The modern Europeans' desire to conform to liberalism and by conforming obtain the popularity that mortal men crave is the result of removing mortal love from divine love. Only a love for a personal God and the civilization that came from that love could turn a man away from the pursuit of vain glory and unlimited sexual pleasure.

In the absence of any personal attachment to the God and people of Christian Europe, the modern European will never leave the liberal pigsties of popularity. All his better instincts will be killed in their infancy because he will be afraid that if he follows his nobler instincts, he will be cast out from the company of his fellow men and from the love of God. And the last point is the key point. Only a man who feels that God is with him (if God be for me who can stand against me?) can stand alone against the world. So long as the European everyman accepts the mind-forged doctrine which says that God can only be known through a closed system presided over by clerical boogey men, he will remain mesmerized and emasculated by liberalism, because our churchmen tell us that their systems are all in all. And the all in all of a closed system, man-made Christianity is liberalism. (1)

A man needs to have faith in the living God rather than the parchments of a perfect constitutional system or a perfect religious system. Satan wants the Europeans to engage in endless debates about the best systems in politics and religion. And the Europeans have fallen into Satan's trap. What Satan doesn't tell the Europeans is that the living God is not to be found in their closed systems that they so proudly proclaim to be the truth and the way. The living god is above systems and the pygmy minds who invent systems as a replacement for God. If we accept the mind-forged world of the system makers we will never have the faith in God that is necessary to stand alone against the liberals, because the God of the system makers is subject to the rules of the system. If the system makers declare that Christ is subordinate to a natural world order dedicated to the worship of negroes, the man who doesn't have faith in God instead of a system that encompasses God will ultimately become – even if he resists at first – a devotee of the Noble Black Savage.

The great divide between the antique Europeans and the modern Europeans is strikingly clear to anyone who steps away from the world of systems and enters the world of the Europeans of old. They, the Europeans who lived in the Europe of the living God, felt that God revealed Himself through His people. He spoke directly to them and he cared about what happened to them collectively and personally. As a result of that "rather odd" (from a modern standpoint) view of God, the antique European was not afraid of the dark because he knew that his God was with him and his people. Minnie Louise Haskins speaks for the Europeans who believed in a God above and beyond all systems.

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'

And he replied:

'Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'

So I went forth, and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into the night. And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

It's one of the many paradoxes of the spiritual life. A man must not be afraid to stand alone against the world, with only his faith in his Redeemer, before he can discover that he is not alone. Faith builds upon faith, which is why one man with faith in the Christ who knows not systems can truly move the mountains of Liberalism from the green and pleasant land of Europe. +

(1) The reason all resistance to liberalism fails is because the conservatives with some decent instincts, such as the Tea Party people, never attack the central faith of liberalism, which is the cult of the Noble Black Savage, because they fear the condemnation of the religious boogymen who have transformed European Christianity into a nature religion centered on the worship of negroes.

The Rulers of Babylon - July 14, 2012

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. –Genesis 11:4

For nearly a century now the European people have been ruled by liberals. What can we say about them? Certainly nothing good. They are the most inhuman, cruel, tyrannical people that have ever walked the earth. And yet the liberals do not see themselves as cruel, inhuman tyrants. Why don't they see what is obvious? They don't see the obvious because they have reduced all of life to an abstraction. They never see individual human beings suffering terribly under their regimes because they have only an abstract idea of humanity that they lovingly caress in their own minds. They desire to help an abstract concept of 'the people,' which to them is all of humanity, and to reap the applause of 'the people' for their great benevolence. So the liberals keep "helping" their abstract, generic people while opposing all the 'enemies' of 'the people,' and those 'enemies' are the real flesh and blood human beings that inhabit this earth. Any appeal to the liberals' compassion from non-liberals will not only fail, it will bring the wrath of the liberals upon the appellant, because the liberals do not want anyone to challenge their abstract ideal of humanity and their vision of themselves as the great benefactors of humanity.

In the non-abstract world called reality there is no doubt that aborted babies are human beings, but for over thirty years the liberals have steadfastly resisted appeals on behalf of the murdered infants and the infants about to be murdered. All attempts to persuade the liberals of their cruelty and inhumanity are futile because they don't recognize the humanity of the babies in the womb or the humanity of those who plead for them. It is the same with the slaughter of white people and the systematic eradication of their culture. No appeal to the humane instincts of the liberals will stop the extermination process because the liberals, having no genuine humanity, only an abstract idea of humanity, do not look on white people as human beings. Like Robespierre the liberals recognize only a small group of people as truly human. For Robespierre it was all the low class scum who fawned on him, and for the liberals it is the negroes.

The revolution goes on, but the 'chosen few' have changed. The concept of 'the people,' those persons who are designated as genuine human beings, has narrowed. Now it is only the colored races, with the negro taking precedence (some are more equal) that constitute humanity. And it is striking and very revealing to see how completely estranged, even those cohabiting, the black and the liberal are. The liberal doesn't see the real black man; he sees only his abstract notion of a black man, and all that the black man knows of the white liberals, or cares to know, is that they are easy prey.

A culture based on a false abstraction, the belief in the Noble Savage, cannot provide the spiritual sustenance to a people. White people are becoming extinct because they haven't the spirit to survive. When the entire Western world becomes like Academia, where the abstraction rules, the white man will cease to exist, and the negroes, who are sustained by the white race, will become beasts of burden for their rival colored races. Having never been Christian, the colored rivals of the black race do not have the post-Christian disease. They do not view the black man as a Noble Savage.

When I was growing up a low budget movie called *The Blob* was popular. It has remained a popular movie to this day and can be seen on many of the old movie channels. It is difficult to see why *The Blob* remains so popular as it has no substantive plot. But then again, liberalism has no substantive plot and it remains highly popular. The Blob, who is the title character, starts out as a small, sticky, inhuman substance and grows, by feeding on people, into an enormous mass of inhumanity that needs to constantly feed and grow in order to survive. Hmm... is the Blob a metaphor? Yes, I think it is. That monstrous mass of inhumanity is what we now call liberalism. Within that mass of inhumanity is what is left of individual human beings. But they choose to extinguish their humanity and become part of an abstract monstrosity that has an overwhelming need to make all of humanity part of itself, the Blob.

About six months ago, I got one of those hideous summons to appear in court for jury duty. Since the summons came with a threat for non-compliance, I complied. Different courts use different methods of weeding out the undesirable jurors. Some courts get rid of the undesirables before selecting the jury, while others select the jury and then dismiss those who don't pass muster. On this occasion the lawyers first picked the jury and then questioned them. I was selected as a juror, but then the questions began. Does anyone here know the defendant? Does anyone here know the defense attorney? And so on, and so on. Quite basic stuff. Then came the big question, at least from my point of view. "Does any member of the jury feel that they could not follow the judge's instructions if his instructions went against their own personal beliefs?" I immediately responded: "My conscience does not belong to the judge. Of course, I'd go with my personal beliefs against the judge's instructions." I was on fire to continue; I wanted to go on about a morally bankrupt nation that gave legal sanction to the murder of infants. From there I wanted to talk about the necessity of making man's law conform to God's law. The judge was having none of that though. Despite the fact that he had debated with all other potential jurors who had brought up misgivings on lesser topics, he dismissed me immediately without any discussion.

The judge's survival instincts were functioning properly. A government with no moral basis dare not allow courtroom discussion of the moral undergirding of its laws. As I was leaving the courtroom, I thought of Burke's proud statement about the once great nation of Britain.

We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire; Helvetius has made no progress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. – Burke

Ah, there's the rub. We now are the converts of Rousseau, and madmen now are our lawgivers. Just as the satanic regimes of the French Jacobins and the Russian communists needed reams and reams of legal documents (90% of the Jacobin lawmakers were lawyers) so does our present government try to mask its moral illegitimacy by setting up a kingdom of legal documents. What kind of people do such governments produce? They produce an inhuman Blob of soulless people. I think many of those potential jurors, if you talked to them privately, would have assented to the proposition that God's law trumps man's law. But they would never apply that to their own country. Reared on the assumptions that what is lawful is right, and that a man's religion is a private matter independent of the law, the seemingly human jurors became mesmerized zombies in the face of that triple-turned whore called 'The Law.'

In reality all people structure their laws according to their religious faith. The liberals put forward the lie that liberal law is not religiously based so that they can keep the few remaining Christians out of the public debate. What kind of man agrees to leave his faith behind when deciding matters of great importance? A nothing man. All governments of the European world are now based on an inversion of the Christian faith, an unholy trinity that we encounter in every aspect of our lives: The Father – the abstracted intellect, The Son – the negro, and The Holy Ghost – science. All white children are taught the liberal faith, and they learn to practice it as they pass from childhood to zombiehood. The negroes? They hear of their divine status from cradle to grave.

It's important to see that the liberals are conquerors. They have done to Europe what conquerors do. They have destroyed all that once sustained the culture they conquered. In religion, politics, law, and in civil society all vestiges of Christian Europe are gone. The fight must be to restore Christian Europe and destroy all vestiges of Liberalism, not to beg the liberals for breathing room in Liberalism. But the internal work against principalities and powers that St. Paul writes about must be done first, or all is done in vain. Superficial Christianity soon becomes liberalism:

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. –Burke

We need to ask our modern liberal Jacobins what Burke asked the French Jacobins: "Having destroyed the old order, whose laws stemmed from the Christian faith, on what principle do you propose to base your laws?" And of course their answer to Burke was an abstraction called Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity presided over by a whore called Reason. And our modern Jacobins are of the same spirit. In their minds, which are abstracted from reality, they believe in a racially blended world, sustained by science and presided over by the negro.

A world such as Liberalism, which is opposed to reality, must have cradle-to-grave propaganda. The great push for a universal educational system from which "no child will be left behind" is a thinly disguised program to make every white man, woman, and child denounce their European rights of memory and consign their souls, which are white, to the devil.

From approximately 1914 to 1965 the great bulk of Europeans had forsaken the Christian faith. But during that time period the great bulk of Europeans still believed in the ethical system that stemmed from the Christian faith. Race-mixing

was not rampant, abortion was illegal, and feminine virtue was honored. But an ethical system cannot survive long without the faith that created it. In the second half of the 20th century we saw the collapse of the ethical system which came from Christianity. Race-mixing became holy, abortion became legal, and female promiscuity and sluttishness were considered wonderfully progressive and ground-breaking (witness Madonna cavorting at the Super Bowl). There are no adequate words to describe such a moral collapse. It is a tragedy that only Shakespeare could describe. There is only one benefit from the death of the ethical system that was the result of a Christian hangover. The one benefit is clarity. When non-Christian Europeans of the Christian hangover era shared the same values, if not the same faith, as European Christians, it was much more difficult to do battle with them. But now, when the New Age heathens regularly worship at the altar of the negro gods and revel in the fleshpots of Babylon, it is easy to see that the sword must be drawn and the battle joined. Who, having known His Europe and having seen the liberals' New World Order, would ever sheath his sword until Liberaldom is destroyed? +

Honor-Bound - July 7, 2012

These are not natural events;
they strengthen
From strange to stranger.

-The Tempest

I recently saw a televised debate between a mad-dog liberal Democrat and a liberal-conservative Republican. They were debating Obamacare. The liberal-conservative, who seemed to have actually read Obama's health care plan, quoted chapter and verse from it and told the viewers why the plan would be bad for the American people. The mad-dog liberal did not deem to answer one single point raised by the liberal-conservative. Instead, he simply played the race card. All opposition to Obama's health care plan was racist, case closed. The liberal-conservative had all the wind taken out of his sails and spent the rest of the debate defending himself against charges of racism.

I turned off the debate, which was no longer a debate but a televised show trial. The conservative-liberal was desperately trying to defend himself against the charge of Racism. And wasn't that show trial a mini-preview of the upcoming Presidential election? Romney will make some critique of one of Obama's programs, and the mad-dog liberals will turn the tables on him with the race card. And Romney will run and hide under the bed. As Yogi Berra once said, "It's déjà vu all over again." It's the old infallibility debate. During John Paul II's reign of terror, the papalators squelched all opposition to John Paul II's liberalism by playing the Pope card, just as the mad-dog liberals trump all opposition by playing the race card in defense of Obama. What will happen when a black man becomes Pope? That could cause a schism; there will be two Popes.

Maybe the time will never come when we have two Popes, but let's not delude ourselves about the fact that we do have a black Pope. Obama's election and his continuance in office is the result of the religious fervor of white Americans. If white people did not worship the Noble Black Savage, Obama would not be our Presidential Pope.

If by some chance Obama should lose the upcoming Presidential election, the liberals will become sedevacantists. The throne will be vacant, so they will worship and obey a composite collection of black Popes from the past and present, such as Martin Luther King, Jr., and Nelson Mandela. And they will continue to clamor for a new black Pope to fill the vacant throne because in the eyes of the liberals a white man is, by virtue of his whiteness, a heretic outside the ken of humanity. In Liberaldom only the colored races are considered fully human. The upcoming election will not change the religion of the white race. Whether Romney wins or Obama wins, the worship of the negro will continue to be the state religion of the European people.

Ronald Reagan was not precisely correct when he called the Soviet Union the "Evil Empire." The Soviet Union was an evil country within the evil empire of Liberaldom. Every modern European nation is part of that evil empire and the evil empire acknowledges the negro as God. The edifice of negro worship is science. If you criticize science you are considered a Luddite who is against life-saving advances in medicine. But science is so much more than some practical inventions that have helped men to adjust to their natural environment. Modern science is a monstrous man-child that has turned against his parent. It is one thing, which is far from harmful, to look at the world of nature in order to see how human suffering can be alleviated by obtaining some mastery of the laws of nature. It is quite another thing to try to scientize God, to make Him into a God who is confined within a natural process called nature. The "educated" men — and all Europeans believe themselves to be educated men — do not believe that the visible material world of nature is a pale reflection of a far greater spiritual world. They believe in a world of fact and science. Thomas Gradgrind's philosophy of education has become the credo of the modern European:

“Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, Sir!”

A world of fact and science needs a god who is of this world only. That is why the future-oriented “intelligent” men such as Voltaire and Rousseau, choose to worship the Noble Savage instead of Christ. But such a horrendous falling off, from Christ to the Noble Savage, is a return to paganism. The liberal envisions some kind of synthesis of the Greek intellectual tradition with the earthiness of the vital and natural people of the colored races: “They’re so authentic.” Wine, cheese, avocado dip, and couples of every color and sex pairing off for moonlight trysts under the spreading palms. Such are the fantasies of the liberals. But it doesn’t happen like that. Since the coming of Christ the light is greater, but so are the shadows. It is all or nothing for the white man. He can’t have just a little bit of paganism, a nice pleasant Greek idyll. The idyll will quickly become a nightmare from which the white man will be incapable of escaping. He feels the void in his soul, but he does not seek to fill the void in his soul by repentance. Instead he goes deeper into hell. The paganism of the Greeks is on the outer circle of hell; the post-Christian white man feels driven to go further down and closer to Satan. He is like a drug addict who needs larger and stronger doses of his drug in order to keep reality at bay. And sadly the reality of Christ crucified, Christ risen that the white man wants to keep at bay, is the only reality that will cure the white European. Until he looks up and seeks the light, he will continue to make his descent into hell with the demons of black barbarism scourging him every inch of the way.

The modern European world has a nightmarish quality to it because there is no room in the nations of Europe for the people and the culture of Europe. If you go out into a major European city you will see large groups of colored barbarians determined to infuse their cultural values of rape, murder, and mayhem on the Europeans. If you wander into a European church, any denomination will do, you will not hear anything about the Christ of the European people. You will hear of the social worker Christ who died to make future generations free to worship the noble black savage. And lest you think you will escape from your nightmare into leisure sports, the liberals have made it clear that all sporting events must be connected to the religious life of the people, so no sporting event is valid that doesn’t have negroes in it.

The reigning credo of liberalism is that all white men are evil and all evil men are white. This will be the ruling principle of Liberalism so long as nature is our god. Listen to Robespierre on the 8th of June, 1794, when he spoke at the festival in honor of the Supreme Being:

“The Universe is here assembled! O, Nature, how sublime, how exquisite is thy power! How tyrants must quail at the contemplation of this festival!”

And who were the tyrants? Anyone who opposed Robespierre’s abstract idea of nature. And the work goes on. Rival factions of Jacobins called Republicans and Democrats, Tories and Laborites, socialists and Christian democrats, will oppose each other, but they are all working toward one goal, the murder of the ancient regime, which is Christian Europe. All white men are connected by blood to the ancient regime, whether they like it or not. It is ordained that they must die so nature can rule. Nicolas Sarkozy, former President of France, spoke for every European nation when he said France is a “regicide country.” Yes, indeed France is a regicide country, and so are we all, the European people, members of regicide nations. We have forgotten that we are the Christ-bearers who were born to bear witness to the God who transcends nature: “there is in this business more than nature, Was ever conduct of.”

If there isn’t something more to the business of life than mere nature, if indeed Christ be not risen, then the liberals and the neopagans are right. Let’s return to the paganism that provides the most creature comforts. But if Christ is risen we cannot live in peaceful accord with the regicides of Liberalism whether they call themselves liberals, conservatives, or neopagans.

The modern Jacobins of Liberalism, who believe in their own abstracted world of noble savages and enlightened white people can make Christ into whatever they want Him to be. He can be a social worker who supports integration, a tolerant good fellow who supports homosexuality and a woman’s right to choose, or a lesser god who worships the black gods right alongside of the Jacobins. But the Christian European has a different relationship with Christ. His Christ is the Living God, whom the European people took into their hearts and homes. We are honor-bound to bring Christ back into our European home and destroy the regicide liberals. They have turned Christian Europe into a Babylonian whorehouse which is roughly equivalent to our modern college campuses. In such a “natural” setting the Jacobins can satisfy their lusts of the flesh and their pride of the intellect. Let us bid the hell hounds turn and fight to the death.

It is not a case of fixing a process that has gone wrong. The democratic process has not gone wrong. It was always wrong. The evil mind behind democracy is Satan. He wanted, and still wants, to destroy the Christ-bearing people, and by doing so he hopes to deal a death blow to God. The European no longer sees through the same eyes as the Europeans of the past.

He doesn't see Europeans as His people, who are involved in a war with Satan and his colored minions, but he still sees images of good and evil. He sees the forces of democracy, with the negro as their god, fighting evil white men who are trying to return mankind to the unscientific, unenlightened era of the Europeans. But look at the nightmare world the negro worshipping liberals, who see nothing but evil in old Europe, have created. What world, antique Europe or their hell on earth, are we honor bound to champion? +

The Third Path - June 30, 2012

O Lord arise, help us, and deliver us, for thy name's sake.

– *The Book of Common Prayer*

I recall an old western movie in which the main character asked his partner, after he saw Mr. Money Bags leave their ranch with his thugs: "Did you crawl?" His partner responded, "I wasn't asked to." The hero was ready to disown his partner if he had crawled upon compulsion. What would he have thought of a man who crawls without being compelled to crawl?

Such were my thoughts when I heard Rich Lowry of *National Review* joining in with the black witch doctor, Al Sharpton, to condemn George Zimmerman, before any of the evidence was in, for the murder of the saintly and blessed man-child called Trayvon Martin. Sadly, Lowry's rush to throw himself at the feet of Al Sharpton did not surprise me. National Review magazine was only marginally conservative at its inception, and it has been going steadily down the left bank of the hill for the past three decades.

What Lowry revealed, in his cowardly attempt to appease his liberal cousins and the black barbarians, was the essential unity of the liberal and the conservative. Spiritually they are joined at the hip. What is the doctrine that binds them to each other, often in hate? It is democratic egalitarianism. Democracy as a magical, mystical system, as an end in and of itself, not as a means to an end, is the faith of the modern liberal and the conservative.

Faith in an all encompassing system to which all people must adhere because the system encompasses God is a very old Faith; it is pagan. The reason that Christianity could not be absorbed into the Roman system was because the Christian could only render to Caesar that which belonged to Caesar; in those matters touching his conscience and his faith he had to render to God alone. The modern Christian circumvents his obligations to God by simply declaring democracy and Christianity as one and the same. Therefore anything undemocratic is unchristian; there is no problem of conscience. So long as the "Christian" practices the civic religion of democratic negro worship he will feel that he is right with God. Our current system of democratic egalitarianism in which some are more equal than others does not seem even remotely compatible with the Christian faith. But the fear of being in a state of non-conformity to the powers that be can make a man convince himself of just about anything, no matter how absurd. And our satanic modern democratic system, which makes demands that run counter to the will of the living God and counter to the nobler instincts in the human heart, feeds on the blood of all those who are not loyal to the system. Just as the French Jacobins maintained their reign of terror with blood, so do our modern Jacobins, the liberals, maintain their regime with blood.

They must abuse their engine because fear, losing its effect through habit, needs example to keep it alive; the negro monarch or the pacha who would keep the fear alive by which he rules, must be stimulated every day; he must slaughter too many to be sure of slaughtering enough; he must slaughter constantly, in heaps, indiscriminately, haphazard, no matter for what offence, on the slightest suspicion, the innocent along with the guilty. He and his are lost the moment they cease to obey this rule. Every Jacobin, like every African monarch or pacha, must observe it that he may be and remain at the head of his band.—For this reason, the chiefs of the sect, its natural leaders designated beforehand, consist of theorists able to grasp its principles, and logicians about to arrive at its conclusions, narrow-minded enough not to see that their undertaking exceeds their powers and all human powers, shrewd enough to see that brutal force is their only instrumentality, inhuman enough to apply it unscrupulously and without reserve, and perverted enough to murder on all sides that they may stamp an impression of lasting terror.

– The French Revolution by Hippolyte Taine

It was Metternich who warned us that, "Whenever I hear the word 'democracy' I know a bloodbath is coming." Wasn't that the case in France? In South Africa? And isn't it the case in the streets of every city of European origin? Yes, it was and is. The barbarians of color kill at the behest of the liberals, who invoke democracy to justify the extermination of the white race: "Just growing pains" and "You really can't blame them after years of ..." And yet, after all the violence against white people, instigated by adherents of democracy, no white men, not even professed white nationalists, ever propose to fight white genocide by any means other than democratic means. Such men do not understand the religious nature of democracy. It is not a system of laws; far from it. Martin Luther King, Jr. violated the law, but he was adhering to the

religious tenets of egalitarian democracy by moving the nation toward racial egalitarianism. When the Black Panthers murdered white policemen in the 1960's they were applauded and made into saints because they too were serving the democratic system. The system is all. All of a man's loyalty and devotion is supposed to be to the system. Outside the system is the night.

The Christian European will not accept the democratic system as his god. His conscience and his honor cannot be overwhelmed and superseded by a sovereign state directly opposed to the living God. If we render our souls to Caesar, which is precisely the demand of the Caesars of democratic egalitarianism, we will become men of straw easily gathered and burnt by Satan and his minions.

In order to survive, a democratic, egalitarian government must pander to the lowest instincts in mankind. But the keepers of the democratic flame do not say, "We are pandering to the lowest instincts in mankind." Instead they call fair foul and foul fair. The worship of black barbarians becomes "civil rights." The celebration of unbridled lust becomes "overcoming repression." The murder of infants becomes a "woman's right to choose," and on it goes into the Babylonian night.

We are told by the liberals that the new theocracy of democratic egalitarianism came about because it was the will of the people. I don't agree. Revolutions do not succeed because an overwhelming majority support the revolutionaries. They come about when a passionate few believe in the revolution and an overwhelming majority are uncertain about and indifferent to the status quo. Christian Europe was replaced by democratic Babylon, because Europeans were in doubt about the distinctiveness of the European people. And they doubted their distinctiveness as a people because they doubted the distinctiveness of Jesus Christ from all other gods. The scientific revolt against the incarnational civilization of Christian Europe ushered in a new world with the negro as the sacred god of the new world. Now that the revolution has been institutionalized there is an overwhelming majority of people who support it, but the overwhelming majority of people have never known any other faith than democratic egalitarianism and have never been exposed to Christianity as preached and practiced by Europeans in the Christian era of Europe. Can the liberals say with certainty that if the true Christianity, the European Christianity of a bygone era, was championed by a passionate white minority, that they, the liberals, might not be overwhelmed by a newly aroused majority of white people who had become indifferent and bored with democratic Babylon? No, they cannot say that with absolute certainty, so they keep a close watch for outbursts of Christian European resistance to democratic Babylon, in order to crush it as they would crush a loathsome insect.

I know neither the day nor the hour of Liberaldom's demise, but I do know what will bring it down. Passion will bring it down. A passion like unto Burke's, who fought with might and main against the regicide French. A passion like Shakespeare's, who saw past the outer form of things to the spirit within. All true, transcendent passion stems from His passion. It is a passion that overwhelms all that stands against it. When a few Europeans recover that passion, the end of Liberaldom is nigh.

The wheel is come full circle. The reason that a man like Rich Lowry of National Review is a spiritual coward is because his soul has been overmanned by the democratic, negro-worshipping heresy of modern Liberaldom. In the absence of a passionate faith in Jesus Christ and the European culture that was the incarnation of that faith, Lowry became a fearful, cringing caricature of a man lying flat on his face in front of the sacred black man. Negro worship is the inevitable outcome of the democratic system, because in the 'some- are-more-equal-than-others' democracy of the devil, the lowest common denominator, the negro, must be exalted. So long as democracy is a god word in the European nations, white men will bow down to the negro. What fills an antique European with disgust, the sight of white men bowing down to their negro gods, makes the modern white men feel holy and uplifted. Just as the antique Europeans felt no shame in bending their knees to Christ, the modern white men feel no shame in effacing themselves before their negro gods.

Even if democratic egalitarianism meant what it said, that we are all to be treated equally, it would be wrong, because Holy Scriptures and the reality of life tell us that human beings are inherently unequal. But democratic egalitarianism does not mean what it says. Sometime in the early 1970's the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team fielded an all black team. Every year on the anniversary of that sacred day the members of the predominantly white news media oooh and aah about the magnificence of the day. They never explain why the day deserves to be so exalted. It is just a given that a day in which a baseball team fielded an all black team is a day that white people should celebrate. But why, if we truly are a democratic egalitarian society that celebrates diversity, should we celebrate an entirely black baseball team? Isn't such a non-diverse team something we should deplore? Shouldn't a team have some white players, as well as some red, yellow, and brown players, if it is a truly diverse, democratic egalitarian team worthy of honor and homage? Of course it should if we simply go by the dictionary meaning of democratic and egalitarian, but we know the true meaning of democratic egalitarianism. It is a pagan, religious system in which all honor and homage is due to the black gods.

Robert Frost wrote of two divergent paths in the woods. He claims he took the path less traveled on. I have my doubts about that. But even if we countenance Frost's claim, we must see that Frost's less traveled path, the path of the

democratic egalitarian conservative, ultimately merges with that other path, the path of the democratic egalitarian liberal. And that path leads the conservative and the liberal to the altar of the negro gods.

There is a third path. It can't be seen by the naked eye, at least not at first, because it has not been trodden on for almost a century. It is completely covered by thorns and briars. But if a European, possessed of that passionate faith that moves mountains, would start hewing a path for himself, despite the thorns and briars, he will eventually come to a clearing in the woods. And there upon the altar of his European ancestors he will find the antithesis of the black gods of Liberaldom. He will find Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living god, who was wounded for our offenses and smitten for our wickedness. +

The Dear Land of Storybooks - June 23, 2012

Yet as I saw it, I see it again
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live and where'er I may be
I'll always remember my town by the sea

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Let us begin with Hippolyte Taine:

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 poet, has shown us Liberaldom from within the liberals' twisted souls. Their hearts have become corrupted with a sick, illicit passion. And they use their reason to defend the passion of their hearts, not to examine their hearts in order to see if what they feel inside can stand up to the test of reality. In fact, quite the opposite is true; the liberals must constantly deny reality so they can maintain their liberalism. No appeal to reason has any effect on the liberals, because the liberals' evil hearts govern their brains. It is impossible to have a "dialogue" with a liberal, because the liberals have denounced all their humanity for an inhuman, satanic faith.

The liberals' passion for abstraction stems from their illicit desire for a multiracial, Eden-like Babylon, presided over by a benevolent negro god. They must abstract such a utopian kingdom because it has no basis in reality. Babylon is hell, not paradise, and the negro is a cruel barbarian despot, not a benevolent ruler. Only in the abstract world of the liberals' brains is there a multiracial paradise. And because the liberals' paradise has no basis in reality, the dream of a liberal paradise must be maintained by murder. "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."

Deserving of death? Does that only describe the Jacobins' feelings about the French aristocrats? I hope there are no Europeans, who still feel themselves to be Europeans, that think "the Jacobins were just a French phenomenon back then" and are not present today throughout all of Europe. If you think that then you are morally blind. Liberalism is the expansion of the Jacobin Reign of Terror. Only now it is not confined to French aristocrats; it has been extended to all white people. And just as Robespierre thought his special 'elect' status would save him from the bloody terror he instituted, so do the liberals think their special elect status as the founding fathers of the Babylonian Terror will keep them from the bloody deaths they plan for the rest of the white race.

During the height of the Reign of Terror no one within France dared to speak out against the Terror. To do so was death. And very few men outside of France —Burke was the exception — spoke out against the Terror because they wanted to have dealings with the new government. The modern European whose heart is with old Europe is in a similar situation vis-à-vis his government, as the throne and altar Frenchman was vis-à-vis his government during the Reign of Terror. He dare not speak out, but whether he speaks out or not he is marked to die. In modern Liberaldom, there are no nations outside of Liberaldom from which a Burke can launch an attack, because all of what was once Christendom is now part of Liberaldom.

Liberaldom is maintained by lying abstractions, so every lying abstraction feeds the liberal leviathan. This is why 'getting out the vote' tactics and 'dialoging' with liberals is beneficial to liberals and very self-defeating for antique Europeans. The democratic process in Liberaldom consists of a competition between rival sects of negro-worshipping Jacobins. They often

hate each other like Robespierre hated Danton, but they are all striving for the same goal: a democratic, multiracial state devoid of white people. And how can there be a dialogue with a group of people who have made an a priori assumption that you, and your people, need to be eradicated so Babylon can survive and thrive?

“The pity of men is that they forget.” Only the great soldiers of the spirit see with blinding sight, while the rest of mankind see only momentary flashes of light and then forget what it was they saw. Burke saw that the Jacobin ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity meant death to Christian Europe. Time has proven Burke right. Jacobinism has spread throughout Christendom and is now the ruling ideology of Liberalism. Once the Ancient Mariner’s shipmates gave their consent to the murder of the albatross, they also inherited the curse:

Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr’d, I had kill’d the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
‘Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

One by one the European nations gave their consent to the murder of old Europe. They justified their murders with god words such as ‘democracy,’ ‘racial equality,’ ‘evolving beyond,’ and ‘truth and justice,’ but the high-sounding words were only used to cloak a cowardly betrayal of His Europe in order to return to the Egyptian night of the colored races.

We are in the midst of a Reign of Terror. The slightest opposition to black atrocities, by word or deed, will be severely punished by the liberal Jacobins. For the white man, all seems cheerless, dark, and deadly. Like the Ancient Mariner, he is alone on a wide, wide sea. But he is only alone because he refuses to remember that he is the Christ-bearer. If he would remember, he would realize what it means to have a people and a God:

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. – Psalm 91:5-14

In the midst of the Reign of Terror, our people and our God are with us.

The war for the extermination of the white race is a stage, quite possibly the final stage, in a war that began in the Garden of Eden. Sinful man wanted to impose his Satan-inspired, abstracted vision of existence on God. The issue has always been one of boundaries. The man connected to the heart of God looks on boundaries of race, sex, nation, and hearth as part of God’s benevolent ordering of the world; God’s boundaries are sacred boundaries meant to help men know the living God. But the man, the liberal, whose heart is a knot of vipers, looks on God’s boundaries as prison walls. He will not be confined by them. He belongs to a universal race, a universal nation, a universal sex, and a universal family. And as a consequence of his universalism, he belongs to a nondescript, impersonal, cosmic god who is no God at all.

Speaking only for myself (but I suspect others who have made the long trek back to bardic Europe might have similar feelings) I feel as one with the Ancient Mariner. I grew up in Babylon and accepted the premises of Babylon until I saw the beauty of the European Albatross that was slain. Now I stoppeth whomever I can and tell them the tale of the European Albatross, the bird of good omen that leads us to the Christ. We must believe that every heartfelt defense of the antique European people puts a spiritual dent in the liberals’ ideological wall of satanic abstractions. The old English proverb is apropos: “Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is better.” If we hold fast to the hearth and people of old Europe we will see, at the last trump, in the twinkling of the eye, the demise of Liberalism.

It will be as it is in the fairy tales: when the sword of the hero plunges deep into the heart of the sorcerer or sorceress, the kingdom built upon the evil heart perishes as well. I love the scene in Walt Disney’s *Sleeping Beauty*, when Prince Phillip hurls the sword of truth into Maleficent’s heart (she has assumed the form of a dragon). All that remains is the sword of truth. Christian Europe is truth, Liberalism is falsehood. Ultimately only the sword of Europe will be left when Liberalism is ashes.

One of the most remarkable works of literature ever penned was Robert Louis Stevenson’s *A Child’s Garden of Verses*. The verses, taken in their entirety, give us a uniquely European view of existence. We see in Stevenson’s verses the romance of the European hearth fire. The European home is of the spirit. All love, all charity, all things rich and rare center around the

European hearth fire. That is the vision of Stevenson, and it is the vision of all Europeans prior to the coming of the defilers of all things European. But that sacred world invoked by Stevenson, of our European hearth fire, where we learned to love God and man through the little things, still exists in the racial memory of the European people. We must recover our memories of our European childhood, because without that childhood we are lost souls doomed to wander alone and sightless through the darkness of Liberaldom.

It seems like an easy thing to remember our European childhood, much easier than forming a think-tank or electing a politician to office, but it is very difficult to maintain a memory of a sacred childhood when all the machinery of church and state have banded together to eradicate the memory of our sacred past. They want us to believe that our European childhood was a sickness from which we need to recover. The honor, the love, the faith, and the charity that existed in the story book land of Europe must be eviscerated so that Liberaldom can survive. But Liberaldom won't survive; our refusal to leave our childhood memories of Europe in the dustbins of history will ensure the death of Liberaldom.

Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-books. +

Fairy Tale Europe vs. Jacobin Liberaldom - June 16, 2012

With the Jacobin, on the contrary, the first precept is not moral, but political; it is not his duties which he exaggerates but his rights, while his doctrine, instead of being a prick to his conscience, flatters his pride. Vast and insatiate as human pride may be, it is satisfied this time, for never before has it had so much to feed upon.

– *The French Revolution* by Hippolyte Taine

If you spend one hour a week viewing a news source independent of the mainstream media, or even if you just watch the mainstream media's attempts to cover up black atrocities, it soon becomes obvious there is a one-sided war going on. The liberals and the colored barbarians are in the process of exterminating the white race.

In every war that ever was, there was first a pamphleteering phase, a period of time in which those who desired war made their case for war. The current war, the war fought for the extermination of the white race, had its roots in the type of 'noble savage' literature written by men like Rousseau and Addison, and in the 'liberty, equality, fraternity' literature of the French Jacobins and men such as Joseph Priestly and Thomas Paine. What all the anti-white egalitarians and negro worshippers had in common was a hatred for white Christian Europeans and an exalted opinion of the greatness of their own intellects. And it was their exalted egotism that made them believe they could work for the destruction of the white race without any damage to themselves. The liberal ego-maniacs believed that they would rule over a kingdom of grateful noble savages who would allow great white intellectuals like themselves to be the power behind the throne and altar dedicated to the new, noble savage. That is how the mind of the utopian white works. The colored barbarian views life quite differently. He is at war with the white man because he is a barbarian who always plunders and murders those whom he perceives are weaker than himself. He doesn't read books about the noble savage or pamphlets by Joseph Priestly; all he knows is that the existing white power structure will allow him to kill whites with impunity. And he does just that.

It was inevitable, once white-hating liberals took control of the Christian churches, the schools, the government, and the major news outlets, that the constant stream of anti-European verbiage would start a war of extermination. And, also true to form, the propaganda war is continuing now that the real fighting has started, because it is always necessary to keep your troops in ideological fighting-trim. Whenever, which is seldom, a white man fights back, the propaganda wheels are set in motion in order to provide the ideological undergirding for whatever measures are taken against the offending white rebel.

The great tragedy is that the white European cannot say, as the old Scottish clansman said, "All that can be done has been done, and all's been done in vain." Quite the opposite is the case with the European. All that can be done has not been done. In fact, nothing has been done. The Europeans surrendered before the enemy fired a shot. What Anthony Jacob wrote in 1965 remains true today:

As matters stand at present the white man is on the run. It is not the black man or the brown man who is on the march (they are not going anywhere, even if they think they are), it is the white man who is on the run.

Why is the white man on the run? He is on the run because he does not believe that his skin color is part of his soul. He thinks that his identity as a white perishes with the flesh, and all that perishes is of no consequence in the spiritual world.

But did not our Lord bid His fearful and doubting disciples to see and feel that His flesh was part of His essential identity as the Son of Man?

Why are ye troubled? And why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.

– Luke 24: 38-39

The God of love who was fully divine and fully human knew that mortal man needs a local habitation and a name in order to know the Divine Love. Europeans of old Europe knew this; the modern, European, ornamental Christians do not.

The human heart is the conduit for God's grace. Conservative and liberal Christians have determined that God does not impart to human hearts the blessings of His heaven. They believe God reveals himself through abstract thought. Such a belief places the conservative and the liberal outside of the European Christian tradition. The seemingly sudden emergence of the "race issue" in every branch of the modern propositional churches is the sign of the death of Christianity in those churches. The true faith can only be passed on through the little human things that cosmic philosophers ignore. We learn to love in small units: family, race, community, nation, and then mankind. If you deprive a person of those vital units of love, then you deprive him of his soul, because without those vital human vessels of grace he cannot be connected to anything but an intellectual concept of God, which is meaningless. Satan wants an endless debate between two groups of Gnostics, the conservatives and the liberals. –CWNY

The great white flight from the unbearable burden of race is an attempt to escape from the Cross. If our body is an illusion, not to be considered part of our essential soul, then Christ's suffering on the Cross is also an illusion; He placed His soul somewhere else while His body suffered. And we too, the liberals tell us, can avoid the Cross by imitating our Gnostic Lord and divorcing our bodies from our souls by making our minds part of the great universal mind of all mankind and worshipping the negro as the sign and symbol of the new universalism. Just as the French Jacobins made an actual flesh and blood prostitute the goddess of their new religion, so have the modern liberals made the negro the flesh and blood god of their new faithless faith. This new faith of the Europeans has made them into a faceless, soulless, dung heap devoid of humanity.

The race war is a continuation of the French Revolution; it is an attack on God through His people. Taine's descriptions of the French Jacobins describes our liberals and their negro henchmen:

They are joyous. They dance around each new corpse, and sing the carmagnole; they arouse the people of the quarter to amuse them, and that they may have their share of "the fine fete." Benches are arranged for "gentlemen" and others for "ladies"; the latter, with greater curiosity, are additionally anxious to contemplate at their ease "the aristocrats" already slain; consequently, lights are required, and one is placed on the breast of each corpse.

It was the heirs of the apostles, the Europeans, who allowed us to handle and see the living God. It is the liberals of church and state who have taken Him away from us and bid us handle and see the living negro instead of the living God. By taking away our identity as a people, the liberals hope to forge a new world devoid of the old Christ and His people.

If I say that the white nation will not ultimately succumb to multiracial liberalism, I can quite justly be accused of speaking from the heart, not the head. But the eyes of faith, which are in the heart, see much more than the eyes of the mind. There will be much suffering and travail, but in the end the few will fight the many and they will prevail, because they will have His image, which is embodied in His Europe, before their eyes.

The end for Liberalism will come when a remnant band of Europeans throws off the oppressive ideology of progressive intelligence. I use those words rather than 'evolution,' because evolution tends to be narrowly associated with Darwin, and I am talking about an ideology that encompasses Darwinian evolution, but is infinitely broader than Darwinian evolution. I define progressive intelligence as the modern notion that we have advanced beyond... Beyond what? Well, beyond everything. In the Church we have advanced beyond a simplistic concept of a personal savior who came to free us from sin and give us eternal life in His kingdom. And in church and state we have advanced beyond our "prejudices"; we no longer see black and white (unless we are discriminating against whites); we just see one universal people. I remember reading, a few months back, a liberal's apologia for a multiracial world. The enlightened liberal informed his readers that the Greeks and the Romans, whom we all know were the most intelligent of people, were unconcerned about race. It was only those Germanic, Christian Europeans who became obsessed about race. The message of his heavy-handed editorial was quite clear. Intelligent people are not racist, only Europeans during the Christian European era were racist, because they believed in a stupid fairy tale God invented by a very stupid people. "Do you want to be stupid?," the progressive intelligence apologist asks us. And we are supposed to cry out, "Hell no! I'm not stupid, I'm not racist, I'm not Christian as they were. I'm a new age universalist Christian. Please, Mr. Liberal, don't call me a racist; find me a black man and I'll worship him!" I wish I could remember the title of a book I once read to my children when they were young. (1) In the book a country boy (for some reason which I've also forgotten) goes to spend some time at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

When the lad is asked to sing for the entertainment of the court, the boy sings a country ditty he learned at his mother's knee. Despite the laughter and sneers of the men and women at court, the country boy finishes his song. One of the members of the court, who is world-weary and jaded, but not yet emptied of all humanity, applauds the boy and tells him, 'Never be ashamed of the things you love.'

Our faith and the culture built around that faith is a fairy tale. The European people are currently imprisoned by evil enchanters called liberals. They keep their kingdom in order by the use of magic words such as 'stupid' and 'racist.' So long as those magic words keep Europeans from loving their people and their ancient bardic faith, the kingdom of the loathsome liberals will continue. But when a third dumb brother ventures forth because he loves old Europe for its own sake and not for anything he can get from it, the kingdom of the liberals will come crashing down.

Fairy tale logic seems illogical, but His ways are different from the ways of the men of logic. What was Christ compared to Pilate? A mere nothing, a troublesome prisoner. But who prevailed? If history remembers Leonid Brezhnev, it will be only because he was the premier of Russia when Alexander Solzhenitsyn lived there. The European, if he is to be true to his God and his race, must always champion the spirit above the dust. Throw all the statistical analyses about the death of the European away and view the movie, made before the demise of the story movies, *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*. George Pal, the producer, was, like Walt Disney, the real director of all his films. He loved to make fairy tale pictures like *Tom Thumb* and *The Naked Jungle* (in which Charlton Heston battles a multitude of supposedly invincible ants). In *The Brothers Grimm*, one brother, Jacob, labors to write scholarly works on mathematics, logic, and Greek, while the other brother, Wilhelm, goes about the country collecting and recording fairy tales that have been part of the oral tradition of his nation for centuries. Toward the end of the picture, the scholarly brother goes to Berlin to receive a reward for his scholarly work. He is accompanied by Wilhelm, who writes the "silly fairy stories." The final judgment on the worth of the "silly stories" is given by the children of Berlin, who greet the brothers as they get off the train. Completely ignoring Jacob, the children rush to Wilhelm and implore him to, "Tell us a story, Mr. Grimm! Please tell us a story!" The antique Europeans told me a story and I wept. They are my people and I love them with a love that cannot be adequately put into words. Burke is right; if you truly love your people, you will hate those who want to destroy them. The battle is joined; the war shall no longer be a one-sided war. And, praise be God, let us never yield to Liberalism and never lose sight of Fairy Tale Europe. +

(1) I believe the book was *Master Skylark* by John Bennett

Thy People - June 9, 2012

To come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the Noble Savage. —Charles Dickens

Shows like *House Hunters* are enormously popular with women, which makes sense: women have a natural born homing instinct. In *House Hunters*, which my wife watches unless the couple looking for a house is too offensive (an interracial or homosexual couple), the viewer follows a couple in search of a house. The realtor shows them three different houses, and we are left to guess which house the 'house hunters' are going to pick. The house hunters are all much wealthier than I am — they can afford quite expensive houses, but I have yet to be envious of the house hunters because in the shows I've seen no house hunter has bought my dream house. Have you ever seen the movie called *The Uninvited* (1944), starring Ray Milland and Gail Russell? That house, minus the ghosts, is my dream house, a Victorian-styled home, overlooking the ocean, in a small English village. What more could an antique European ask for? Of course, since it is my dream house, the inhabitants of the village are all white people. No house, no matter how beautiful, could be a dream house if it was in an integrated neighborhood, which is why I've never had any desire to live or vacation in the tropics. I prefer to be around white people for the simple reason that I am white, "good my countryman."

Which brings me, in a very roundabout way, to the subject of this essay. One House Hunter show recently featured a white couple seeking a home on a tropical island. They found it. And as they were walking about the island, the white female declared, "I love the natives here. They are so authentic." There is a whole world in that statement, and it is not a good world. It took over 200 years for the hate-filled anti-European meanderings of Jean Jacques Rousseau to become the faith of the European people, but his faith is now their faith.

The liberals' worship of the 'Noble Black Savage' comes from their dissatisfaction with the European civilization. They thought the older, now defunct, European civilization was moribund because of being sexist, racist, and sexually repressive. The new order will have "authentic" non-white, godded people who will restore all people to their true natural state of innocence. It sounds very, very silly when it is stated flat-out, but there is no denying the reality, or the intensity, of the liberals' religious faith; they believe in the 'Noble Black Savage.'

The European people could not have shifted from a Christ-worshipping people to a negro-worshipping people without the support, or at least the acquiescence, of organized Christianity. So we need to ask how ostensibly Christian organizations could accept the deification of the 'Noble Black Savage,' when their stated belief in original sin and Jesus Christ would seem to dictate that they should reject the deification of the negro. I think, when you look at the capitulation of organized Christianity to negro worship, it becomes apparent that the church men fell victim to the Caiaphas syndrome. Caiaphas thought it expedient that Christ should die so that his organization and his generic people connected to that organization should live. The modern Christian church men thought it expedient that faith in Christ Crucified and Christ Risen, which was embodied in the culture of the antique Europeans, should die so that their church organizations and their generic people can live.

In my younger days I was shocked when I read an article by a seemingly devout Thomist who proclaimed the new Catholicism would be "sexier and more earthy" because of the blacks that would fill up the church pews. But that was years ago. I am no longer shocked by such blasphemies from the mouths of ornamental Christians, because such blasphemies have become the religious orthodoxy of organized Christianity. And it was inevitable that ornamental Christianity would become tied to liberalism; the ornamental Christian knows only the exterior trappings of religious worship. He does not know of the spirit within a European man that passeth outward show and seeks communion with the living God.

The Sadducees were atheists; they didn't believe in a God who could bring the dead to life. And the Pharisees were hypocrites; they professed to believe in a God who could raise the dead, but when their faith was put to the test they sided with Caiaphas, the Sadducee, and demanded that Christ be crucified for the good of organized Jewry. Isn't the same process occurring today? The ornamental Christians who celebrate Christmas and Easter have joined with the liberal Sadducees in an effort to kill Christ by destroying His image in His people. For if there is no longer a European people, past or present, from whence comes a vision of the true God, who can only be known through His people?

Let me dwell for a moment longer on the Pharisaical branch of Liberalism, the ornamental Christians. They play a game of false humility. By ascribing all virtues to the emerging "sexy and earthy" black "Christians" while denigrating the antique, racist Europeans, the ornamental Christians cozy up to the liberal Sadducees while simultaneously making themselves out to be saints who have overcome their prejudices. Need I quote Burke again? (1) Our prejudices are our touchstones of reality. It is sinful not to be prejudiced in favor of the older European civilization over and against the colored heathens' anti-civilizations. If you really prefer the "authentic" 'Noble Black Savage' civilization to Walter Scott's Europe, you are a debauched, inhuman monstrosity that no true European can tolerate. This brave, wonderful paradise that the Sadducees and Pharisees of Liberalism are preparing for us is a world devoid of those three antiquated virtues – antiquated in the opinion of the liberals, that is – faith, hope, and charity. The liberals tell us that in their brave new world we need only to have faith in the negro, to have hope in science, to show kindness toward the negro and charity toward none.

In the 1950's we were living on Christian fumes, and by the late 1960's there were no Christian fumes left. There was only a very lethal gas, the gas of liberalism. I've lived long enough to see the end of charity. What was only an "if these shadows are not altered" scenario in the early 20th century has become part of the fabric of our daily lives. The colored tribes, be they black, red, yellow, or brown, have never had Christian charity, and white liberals, who are legion, have hardened their hearts against their own people, who are being murdered and tortured at an astonishing rate by colored barbarians. And the liberals have hardened their hearts against children of all colors, who are being murdered in their mothers' wombs. What kind of madmen are liberals who call this new world that has not charity a 'paradise' and condemn the Christian civilization which preceded this monstrous new world? They are the spawn of Satan.

God touched the hearts of the Europeans through His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. The Europeans who responded to God's divine Son were imbued with a divine charity, which became a benevolent flame of charity that had never been seen on earth before. The magic talisman culture of the colored tribes, in which earthly power and might were the penultimate, was replaced by the burning flame of charity of the Europeans, whose heroes and heroines were those who imitated, on a deep level, Christ's divine charity. So much mud has been thrown on the antique European culture during the liberals' satanic reign that people have lost sight of the one stunning, glaring truth staring us in the face: There was no true charity on earth until the coming of Christ, and the flame of charity was not embodied in a people until the Europeans welcomed Christ into their hearts and their homes. When the realization of what was lost by the liberals' replacing faith, hope, and above all charity, with science and negro worship comes to the confused European, who has not yet fully turned his soul over to Liberalism, he will set his face against the world and he will strike home: "Between us the battle is joined henceforward."

In the upcoming Presidential election in this country, the rights of all sorts of colored people will be discussed ad nauseum. But one people whose rights will not be discussed are the people who have no rights: the white people. Such will always be the case in Babylon. The only race that could reestablish a link between this world and His world shall not be

allowed to establish a foothold in Babylon. I liken the plight of the white race to that of a boxer who has been knocked down in the ring. The referee, who hates the downed fighter, does not send the opposing fighter to a neutral corner but instead allows the opposing fighter to stand over his opponent and knock him down every time he tries to get up. There is only one rule in Liberaldom: the white race must die. How could it be otherwise? In a world that has not charity, there is no room for the Christ-bearing people.

The seemingly invincible coalition of forces arrayed against the antique European will disappear when the European rejects the magic talisman culture of science with its accompanying worship of the negro, and returns to the real world, the fairy tale world of old Europe. Modern heroes such as Superman, Doc Savage, and Adolph Hitler all look to a future, devoid of Christ, for the salvation of their people. But in the European fairy tale, the hero eschews magic talismans and the worship of heathen deities. Armed only with those three virtues of the Red Cross Knight – faith, hope, and charity – the European fights and defeats the multitudinous armies of darkness arrayed against him. I know fairy tale Christianity with its quests and dragon-slaying is sneered at by the liberals, but that is the first step in the return of the European hero. Can he overcome his fear of being sneered at and labeled an imbecile or worse, in modern terms, a racist? Perfect love casteth out fear. The European hero sees that his European ancestors are being denigrated and that his people yet living are in danger of being exterminated. A sword pierces his heart, a sword of charity, and he sets his face against a world of liberals and colored barbarians. Certainly we should all use what intelligence we have to further His Kingdom Come, but ultimately it is hearts of fire connected to His Sacred Heart that will bring Babylon down. +

(1) “I am bold enough to confess, that we are generally men of untaught feelings; that instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices; and the longer they have lasted, and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them.” -Edmund Burke in *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

We Few - June 2, 2012

No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord. – Isaiah 54: 17

I saw O'Reilly's interview with Bernie Goldberg in which Goldberg speaks of the media's refusal to cover the beatings by “black Youths” of a white male reporter and a white female reporter. I believe the beatings took place in Virginia, but the location isn't important since the same type of crimes are commonplace throughout the United States and Europe. Two things struck me in Goldberg's comments. First, there has been a thirty-year blackout on the reporting of black atrocities. And crimes far worse than the beatings in Virginia are taking place on a daily basis, so why was this particular atrocity singled out for attention? It was probably because the female victim “made a fuss” and because of the fact that the white victims were reporters, which aroused the sympathy of the reporter who appeared on O'Reilly's show.

Second, I noted that O'Reilly and Goldberg criticized black thuggery using language that followed the strict anti-racist rules of the liberal-conservatives. Goldberg deplored the lack of outrage over the beatings, and he deplored the lack of media coverage, but he also “understood” why the liberals did not want to publicize black atrocity stories. They don't want to publicize such stories, Goldberg said, because bigots would use the stories to further bigotry. Both O'Reilly and Goldberg tsked-tsked at the mention of bigots, and both men emphasized their complete and unconditional hatred of bigotry. Who are the bigots that make the liberals' cover up black atrocities and make O'Reilly, the Irish Catholic, and Goldberg, the Jew, speak of “bigots” as if they were the great bogeymen of the Western world? The bigots are me and thee; non-propositional white men who do not look on their racial identity as grist for the great universalist melting pot. Such white men are the only ones who care that white people are beaten, raped, and murdered by black barbarians on a daily basis throughout the formerly European countries.

A liberal-conservative such as O'Reilly will never draw the proper conclusion from, or advocate the proper response to, black atrocities, because O'Reilly is committed to a universalist, democratic vision of God and man. O'Reilly's generic God created a generic mankind and then turned the earth and all its inhabitants over to intelligent men like O'Reilly, to rule over a propositional mankind with democratic fairness and balance. The O'Reilly/Goldberg mention of a black atrocity is the equivalent of a Christmas card from a father you haven't seen for twenty years. It's better than nothing, but it's hardly something to base your hopes on.

Every time, which is seldom, a black atrocity story makes it to a major news outlet, I hear a chorus of “maybe this will wake white people up” from white people who would prefer not to be exterminated. But there have been enough atrocity stories reported to wake up those who were capable of being awakened. And why were white people asleep in the first place?

No, my fair cousin.
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow.
To do our country loss; and if to live,...

Report all the atrocity stories you can, but do not look for one man more. The liberals know and approve of the black atrocities. They take their orders from him who is without mercy. They are just as devoid of humanity as their black henchmen, "When our grace we have forgot." If we as white people do not believe we are a distinct people, created as a distinct people by a personal God, then we may as well join the universalists and tiptoe quietly through Babylon in the hope of avoiding the general slaughter of whites. But if we believe we are a people, ordained by God to carry His banner, we should respond to the liberals and their colored henchmen with fire and sword.

Our Lord tells us, through his prophet Isaiah, that "... even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even will I carry, and will deliver you." The Europeans' Christian history has shown that God looks after His people. As a tiny minority amongst the world's colored hordes, whites always have managed to rule in their own nations and in the colored nations they saw fit to colonize. But now the whites have given their colonial possessions back to the colored barbarians while simultaneously giving their own countries to the colored hordes.

The whites' insane, maniacal zeal to liquidate the white race can only be understood in a religious context. Off this stage we have shown that the whites' denial of Christ has led to their affirmation of the negro and his supporting cast of colored deities. All the rituals and ceremonies that were used to support the Christ story are now used to support and propagate the story of the negro god. The church men tell us of his birth in Africa, his tragic plight as a suffering servant at the hands of the evil white people, and then his triumphant resurrection from a life in slavery to a life eternal as the god of the Western world.

There is a recurring type of maniac who appears again and again throughout the literature of the European, and he is the pharisaical Christian who justifies his anti-Christian cruelty by citing his own cruel man-made image of God. Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* and François Mauriac's *The Woman of the Pharisees* are works that offer us two of the best depictions of the religious fanatic who presents his anti-Christian cruelty as the true faith. The Christian authors who condemn, through their works, the Christian Pharisees, perform a great service because they help us to keep our faith pure and undefiled by Phariseism. How ironic then that the modern Pharisees, the liberals and their halfway-house Christian allies, have instituted a cruel Pharisaical religion that makes all the Torquemadas and witch-burning Puritans look like mild peace-loving lambs. For what could be crueler than a god who demands the extermination of an entire race of people in order to satisfy his bloodlust? If this negro god, whom the liberals have substituted for Christ, is allowed to continue in his position as the god of the Europeans, surely goodness and mercy will disappear from the face of the earth. And let's be blunt: goodness and mercy have disappeared where the black god reigns. The Kansas City, Missouri incident, in which "black youths" set a 13 year-old white boy on fire as they screamed, "This is what you deserve, white boy!," is a typical religious ritual of the modern Babylonian state. Only a heretic, a blasphemer, would question the black man's right to kill the white infidels. Are there any whites left who are willing to dissent from liberal orthodoxy and be called heretics? We shall see. My hope is that God will raise up a few who will eventually defeat the many. He has done so in the past, so I have faith that He will do so in the present.

I once, while traveling through Britain in my early twenties, was given a ride by an Englishman who had fought in the Battle of Britain as an R.A.F. pilot. If you recall your English history, you'll remember that those British pilots were the men of whom Churchill spoke when he said, "Never in the course of human events was so much owed by so many to so few." In the course of a ride of approximately one hour and a subsequent two-hour stop at a local pub, I got to talk quite extensively with that former R.A.F. pilot. I particularly remember his response to my question, "How did you feel before the battle?" He told me that he was quite naturally afraid of dying, but that was not his main fear. He was mainly afraid of "letting down his people." Ah, to have a people. Everything we are, and everything we do of value, comes from our consciousness of being connected to a particular people. Men who believe in universals will fight, but they will fight ignobly against their own people. It is only the man who has a genuine people of his own race and his own God that will fight nobly against impossible odds. Kipling said it best: "The people, Lord, thy people are good enough for me!"

The racial consciousness by which a man comes to terms with his own humanity and through which the white man comes to know God has been carefully bred out of the European by a system of rewards and punishments fit for dogs, not men. Whenever a white man behaves in a manner that suggests he thinks there is a distinct group of people called Europeans, who are worth preserving as a distinct people, separate from the colored savages, that white man is punished. Whenever a white man supports the extermination of the white race, that white man is rewarded, in the short term of course; in the long run the trained white spaniel will also be eliminated, but he doesn't see the long run, having been reduced to a groveling, inhuman creature, devoid of vision and humanity.

In Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, which is no longer allowed to be read in our schools, Shakespeare lays bare the soul of the Jew. Shylock hates Antonio for two reasons: because Antonio is a professed Christian, and because Antonio practices Christianity.

I hate him for he is a Christian.
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

And of course Shylock gets his chance for revenge. Wouldn't a Christian do the same thing if he had the Jew on the hip?

If you prick us, do we not bleed?
if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison
us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not
revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will
resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian,
what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian
wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by
Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you
teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I
will better the instruction.

But there is a difference between the Christian and the Jew. Would that the modern Christians who are Christians on the outside and Jews on the inside still knew of that difference. What does the Duke of Venice do when he has Shylock on the hip? Does he want his pound of flesh? No, he forgives as only a European who has the true faith, the faith bred in the bone, can forgive.

That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

We shall be governed either by the spirit that governed the Duke of Venice or by the spirit that governed Shylock. We are currently being governed by the satanic spirit that motivated Shylock, because Christians have turned Jewish. The European liberal has a Jewish heart; he hates Christianity and those who seek to practice Christianity. This is why an antique European cannot just focus on the external Jews, some of whom are more Christian in ethos than the European liberals; he must direct his attack against all those who have Jewish hearts, be they Jew or European.

In the latter half of the 20th century, Satan fused the hate-filled faith of the faithless Jew with the worship of the negro. Now Satan has the antique European on the hip. Will he extend mercy? Of course not. He is our ancient foe.

The Jews, the Jewish-hearted liberals, and the colored barbarian hordes are all arrayed against the antique Europeans, who are numerically insignificant compared to Satan's legions. Should we tremble before such odds? No, we should not. And we shall not. It matters not at all whether we are 12 percent of the world's population, 6 percent of the world's population, or 1/2 of a percent of the world's population. If we are Europeans, true to our blood and to our God, we are enough to destroy the liberals and their colored gods. The Christ-centered European is unconquerable; so it always has been and so it always shall be. We are the people of the Word, who have seen the risen Lord, and so long as we are faithful to Him, no force on earth shall prevail against us. +

In the Sight of God - May 26, 2012

So may the outward shows be least themselves; The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. – Merchant of Venice

All European revolutions and counter-revolutions are started and sustained by people who think that all of their actions on behalf of the cause are done in the sight of God. For good or ill there would be no revolutions or counter-revolutions without the participants' belief that whether they failed or succeeded their God saw and approved of their efforts. Implicit in the British soldier's heroic defense of Rorke's drift was the belief that in fighting for Britain and against the Zulus he was fighting for Christian civilization in the sight of his God. Likewise the communist: he fights for the future reign of the people, and he believes that those people of the future will see what he has done and approve of it. And finally we have the modern liberal with his triune God: The Father–The Intellect Detached from the Heart, The Son–The Negro, The Unholy Ghost–Science. The liberal wants his fellow detached intellects to see his efforts on behalf of the Negro, and he wants to be

applauded for his efforts. And he wants the divine Son of the divinely detached intellect, the negro, to see his efforts on behalf of the negro and to give his blessing to the devotee. Then comes the last part of the unholy satanic sideshow: the liberals seek a comforter, someone or something that can sustain them in their battle against the recalcitrant Europeans. Call it Science Descending, it envelops the liberal in an anesthetizing gas which renders him incapable of any heartfelt feeling about any aspect of existence. Through the unholy ghost called science, the liberal achieves oblivion; he is sans feeling, sans thinking, sans everything but a desire to serve his triune god.

It's been said of liberals that they are politically correct even in restrooms. When Big Brother is not watching them they still censor themselves; no racist comments ever slip from their lips. That is because they always have the image of their god before their eyes. Wherever they are, they feel they are in the sight of their god.

Theologians have written volumes about the distinctions between the visible church and the mystical church. In my view the visible church consists of those outward ceremonies and professions of faith that can be seen by the naked eye and heard by the ear. For instance, I can see John Doe walking to church, and I can hear him reciting the creed in church; those are visible signs that John Doe is a member of that particular church. The mystical church is something different. It consists of those silken threads of sympathy and love by which we are bound to our God, but which are not visible to the naked eye.

Membership in the two churches is not mutually exclusive nor is it necessarily mutually inclusive. A man can profess belief in Jesus Christ while maintaining a mystical faith in the negro, and a man might eschew the outward ceremonies of religious worship and yet maintain a mystical connection to the living God. Charity demands that we assume a man believes what he professes, until he proves, by revealing where his treasure lies, that his true faith is other than his professed faith.

It is my contention that the members of visible, organized Christianity (with a few exceptions, which is always the case) have severed their mystical ties with Christ and become members of the mystical church of the liberals. This is painfully evident when we see where their treasure, and therefore their heart, lies. Their hearts lie with the unrepentant Jews, the unsexed women called feminists, and above all else, with the negroes. The liberals who are not members of the visible Christian church nor the mystical Christian church are easier to detect than the professed Christians who are mystical liberals. But the antique European, who still has a mystical connection to his God, must not be deceived by the outward professions of faith of the halfway-house Christians. They are our enemies. It's very unpleasant to think that no one has our backs — on the contrary, those who profess Christ will stab us in the back in the name of Christ — but that is the reality, and our Lord told us it would be so:

They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God good service.

And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me.

Those words should resonate with us. Don't the halfway house Christians seek to kill the old "racist" Christianity and the people who still adhere to it? And haven't the halfway-house Christians severed their mystical ties to Christ by cutting themselves off from their own people, past and present? The mystical ties of honor and blood that bind us to our kith and kin also bind us to God. When we have only the outward visible signs of faith but lack the inner, invisible current of faith, we have not faith.

The antique European, in my judgment, is the hero of the modern drama. And the hero must be willing to fight for the good. That goes without saying. But the hero must also be able to see the good and discern evil. That is much more difficult than the actual fighting. In Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Arthur watches his knights defeat the heathen knights while violating every law of chivalry. Only Arthur, who can discern good from evil, sees the victory as a Pyrrhic victory:

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

What enables a man to see past the ornaments of life to that which is within? The Roman Catholic traditionalists forsook their ancient people for a formulaic replica of the past, and the Biblical Christians, "with sober brow," made a whited sepulcher of their new found interpretation of Scripture that allows them to be outwardly Christian while inwardly Jewish. Such a falling off comes when Europeans break with their past by seeing only the dry parchments and church rituals of the past as worth preserving. Those ornaments are only symbols of the spirit and blood faith of the antique Europeans.

The mystical church, which is the animating spirit of Europe, is to be found in the people of old Europe. Look at their spiritual history as told by the chroniclers, the poets. In Shakespeare, the archetypal European, we see a world where outward forms count for nothing. It is the inner life that matters.

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:

— *The Merchant of Venice*

Le Fanu adds his voice to Shakespeare's:

This world is a parable – the habitation of symbols – the phantoms of spiritual things immortal shown in material shape.

That essential wisdom of the European people, which was the fruit of centuries of spiritual struggle, that the material world is but a symbol of the spiritual world, has been pushed aside in modern Europe. The liberals and the ornamental Christians side with the people of color because they share the same “this world only” religion. They are united in a celebration of outward forms without spiritual substance.

Self-styled, hardheaded “realists” get very angry when you talk about the things of the spirit. They feel talking about such things leads to a “pie in the sky” attitude that ensures defeat because those who see God in the heavens are defeatists who look for victory in the next world while surrendering to the enemy in this world. But if such was the case why did the antique Europeans, the members of the mystical Christian church, conquer the world? It is a paradox, but it is reality; those Europeans who worshipped the God who was not of this world, conquered the world in His name.

In every introductory course in philosophy we are told that arguments from history are not valid arguments, because such arguments are subjective; a man can foist his own personal prejudices on the argument from history. It is only by using the objective method, the Socratic dialogue, the philosophers tell us, eschewing all prejudices acquired from messy, anecdotal histories, that a man can arrive at the truth. I'd like to say that with all due respect I differ with the philosophers. But I can't say that, because I don't have any respect for the philosophers. Just as literary critics have no understanding of existence because they approach a work of literature with the detached minds of scientists intent on finding the truth by dissection, so the philosophers destroy thought by detaching it from the human heart. And because of that fateful divorce the philosophers, the men who make their living as thinkers, are always wrong about everything. The Badger and Mole know that Toad will return, because they argue from History, not Philosophy.

“They argued from history,” continued the Rat. “They said that no criminal laws had ever been known to prevail against cheek and plausibility such as yours, combined with the power of a long purse. So they arranged to move their things into Toad Hall, and sleep there, and keep it aired, and have it all ready for you when you turned up.”

What do we know of anything if we don't argue from history? Do we even know if we exist at all if we don't know our family history? How did the people whose God entered history come to the conclusion that all arguments from history were invalid? I do argue from history. All we know of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior, comes from the history of the European people. Without that history we are lost souls, sitting in a sterile classroom, trying to make sense out of an a priori assumption about the meaninglessness of existence. Or we might be sitting in a church seminar trying to make sense of church documents or Holy Scriptures, but without a blood connection to our European ancestors the church documents and the Holy Scriptures are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

The European alone possesses the moral vision to reject gaudy gold and pale silver in preference for the meager leaden casket, whose plainness cloaks its magnificence. The leaden casket is for those who belong to the mystical church. That Church will endure till the end of time, because it is eternally linked to the European and to Him. +

The Last Rally - May 19, 2012

Their bosom is a rock of granite, on which falsehood has long since built her strong hold. Poor truth has had a hard work of it with her pickaxe. Nothing but gunpowder will do. — Edmund Burke

In the 1970's and through the 1980's and 1990's you heard the term "institutionalized racism" on a regular basis. Some white liberals had evolved beyond racism as individuals, but all our institutions were racist. So we were told. Now we still hear the cries of 'racist,' but we don't hear as much about institutional racism because all our institutions are permeated by blacks. And the institutions that do not have blacks are desperately seeking blacks because no one wants to be accused of perpetuating institutional racism. Such an aberration from the norms of civilized behavior would be unconscionable.

Of course there was no institutional racism against blacks during the period that the term became fashionable. The whites should have institutionalized racism, but unfortunately they did not. Instead they institutionalized the worship of the negro. Now white people are divided into two camps: whites who maniacally push for the annihilation of white people because they feel driven by a satanic urge to destroy the Christ-bearing race, and those white people, the grazers, who automatically do whatever hurts the white race because they have been trained from birth to hate the white race. The latter are the real victims of institutionalized racism.

Let's take John McCain as an exemplar of the satanic, white-hating white. He recently crawled out of his subterranean dwelling, which is connected to hell, in order to encourage the United States to bomb Syria into oblivion. But lest you think that John McCain is not a humanitarian, I should point out that he is also working tirelessly to ban the mixed martial arts fighting that has become so popular. McCain claims such fighting is much too brutal. Hmm. The sport is quite brutal, but it is not as brutal, in terms of life-threatening concussions, as boxing or football. And it is not nearly as brutal, or as final, as dropping a bomb on someone's head. So judging from McCain's track record as a staunch supporter of mass executions and the all-American sports of boxing and football, I don't think we can believe in his humanitarian concern about the excessive violence and brutality found in the sport of mixed martial arts. I would suggest another reason for McCain's fake humanitarianism. The fighters in the sport of mixed martial arts are predominantly white, while the participants in boxing and football are predominantly black. McCain would never think of trying to ban football or boxing because of the violent nature of those sports, for the reason that he would be accused of trying to keep poor black boys from making a living. But who will complain if he tries to prevent poor white boys from fighting their way out of poverty? Is the young white male supposed to give up everything that makes him feel like a man? (1)

Obviously, the McCains of Liberaldom are legion. They might even be the sons and daughters of satanic angels who mixed their blood with mortal women, but more likely they are the end result of years of liberal rule in the lands that used to be called Christendom.

The second type of white is the white who supports every white-hating movement but does not even realize he is anti-white. This type of individual has had the spiritual equivalent of a blood transfusion and a bone marrow transplant. The faith of antique Europe that was bred in the blood and bone of his ancestors has been replaced by a new white-hating faith that is bred in the blood and bone of every modern European.

The late Ronald Reagan can serve as a perfect example of the white man who aids and abets the demonically possessed white-hating liberals, such as John McCain, without even considering himself a white hater. He was raised on the universalist heresy of one race, one culture, and he would be more likely to question his parentage than the universalist doctrine that he absorbed into his blood. When Reagan became President he signed a liberal "amnesty" bill, continued the anti-white immigration policies of his predecessors, and despite his professed opposition to abortion did nothing to reverse the abortion tide. Reagan was a decent sort; he was not a John McCain. But in the absence of a road-to-Damascus conversion from bred-in-the-bone liberalism to bred-in-the-bone European Christianity, the "decent" conservative will always go the way of the liberals. Under better direction his innate decency would have pointed him in another direction and toward another star, but because he does not receive better direction he is guided in all things by the worst, who are full of passionate intensity.

The mad-dog liberal such as John McCain is a state executioner who loves his job. He takes special pleasure in destroying all enemies of the state, foreign or domestic. The conservative-liberal such as Ronald Reagan is not motivated by hate when he works to destroy the white race. He is a soldier defending his state against its enemies, and all those who oppose multiracialism and multiculturalism are enemies of the state. In the end, whether the antique European is killed by the mad-dog liberal who enjoys executing white people, or whether he is killed by the Reagan-type conservative who will kill without any deep animosity toward white people, the antique European is still dead.

I once read a memoir of an English liberal who fought with the communists during the Spanish civil war. What he saw in Spain turned him into an ardent anti-communist. In subsequent years he became a Christian pastor. In reading the memoir I was struck by the fact that the former liberal's belief in the divinity of Christ was preceded by his new-found belief in original sin acquired while witnessing the events of the Spanish Civil War. It is often the case that, when a man comes to a belief in one of the doctrines that stems from the Christian faith, he then precedes to a belief in the Christian faith in its entirety. And the reverse is also the case. When once a man starts to disbelieve in one of the major tenets of the Christian faith, he is on the road to a rejection of all the tenets of the Christian faith.

Before the European liberal rejected the divinity of Christ, he rejected the doctrine of original sin, aided by theologians such as Pelagius and Semipelagians like Thomas Aquinas. If the notion of original sin is absurd, then the notion of a God-Man who comes to redeem us from sin becomes absurd. But if there is such a thing as original sin, and if there really was a Redeemer, then the liberal's denials cannot change the reality of original sin and the reality of the Man of Sorrows. The liberal will still have a need to assuage his feelings of guilt and to find some object of worship. Enter the negro, stage left. The liberals' guilt is taken away by their service to the negro, and their need to worship is fulfilled by their adoration of the negro. But negro-worshipping Liberaldom can only survive by maintaining a wall of superficiality around the kingdom. For once a man looks behind the curtain of Liberaldom, he sees a fat, bloated negro being sustained by a legion of emaciated white scientists and academics. What can such a coalition give white people? They can give them the negro to worship and science to anesthetize them. And they need to be anesthetized because neither the negro or the scientist can raise the dead. The paths of glory lead but to the grave, but if those earthly paths of glory follow His sacred paths, they will lead a man to salvation beyond the grave. Where do the paths of liberal superficiality lead? To the grave and damnation.

It seems, looking at the heavily guarded and heavily fortified walls of superficiality that surround Liberaldom, that there is nothing the antique European can do to defeat liberalism. The liberal will fight to the death to protect his god, and the grazers will fight alongside the liberal, completely oblivious to the fact that they once, before their spiritual blood transfusion and bone marrow transplant, had a faith bred in the blood and the bone.

Then again we are the people who know not seems. I once went through a military history museum in which there were numerous suits of armor displayed that had been worn by Christian knights many centuries ago. My first thought was that the suits of armor seemed much too small. The diminutive size of the combatants, as indicated by the size of their armor, did not seem to fit with the deeds depicted in the chronicles of that era. But then on second thought I realized that the poets who depicted the heroes of yore as giants were right. They were giants of the spirit. And when we compare those giants on a spiritual scale with the modern European, we can see what pygmies of spirit the modern Europeans are in relation to the antique Europeans. The walls guarding the kingdom of liberal superficiality would be as nothing to the giants of old Europe. "It would be the work of one day to storm the castle, rout the liberals, and burn all of Liberaldom to ashes." That is the voice of our ancestors. For us, the faithful few, the work will be more than the work of a day, because we are not yet the men they were. But it is something – no, it is more than something, it is everything – to know that we have a people to love and a hearth fire to defend. That will make all the difference when going into battle against the liberals. A deep and abiding love for one's own people and their God will always prevail over a superficial faith in a false god. The intellect divorced from the heart is the father in the liberal trinity; the negro is the son; and science is the unholy ghost. In our hearts, in the depths, we know their day is ending, and His day, which is ancient and yet so new, is dawning.

The distinction must be made between a society of pagan idolaters and, to use a phrase of Richard Hooker, "God's own ancient elect people." We are not of these modern Babylonians. We belong to Christian Europe, and we are strong to the extent that we hold to our distinctive faith in our own ancient elect people and their God. +

(1) Mixed martial arts is not a sport that edifies. You would not say of it what was said of the type of sport depicted in Tom Brown's Schooldays: "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." But still I don't like to see poor, non-technocratic whites deprived of a chance to become providers by "the work of their hands," because a satanic liberal like John McCain wants to see every single white male driven from the face of the earth.

Be Ye Steadfast and Unmovable - May 12, 2012

"I can live no longer by thinking."

– Orlando, *As You Like It*

"Let us leave the liberals and the neo-pagans at the stream of unreality and look at the reality. The white man's racial anemia has one source: his lack of faith in Jesus Christ. Any white Christian who thinks that he can cure white racial anemia through alliances with pragmatic, 'Let's leave religion out of the picture' conservatives, or openly 'hostile to Christianity' neo-pagans is deluded. The only cure for a disease that stems from a lack of faith is faith. But of course neither I nor any other Christian European can make the modern European believe, as his ancestors once believed, in the God-Man, Jesus Christ. The Christian faith is not a suit of armor that can be used for the utilitarian purpose of fending off the barbarians and then discarded when the barbarian threat is gone. It is all or nothing. Either we believe in the white Christ and fight for His Europe, or we perish." – CWNy

Much has been written about the horrors of the 20th century phenomenon of total war, war on a scale that prior to the 20th century had only been depicted in nightmarish works of science fiction. And much has been written about the gulags and concentration camps of the 20th century, but there has been very little written about the revolt of the white intelligentsia against their own people. There has been very little written about that revolt because the intelligentsia are the people who do the writing about wars, concentration camps, and revolts. Why should they blow the whistle on themselves? They never do.

When I speak of the intelligentsia I do not necessarily refer to people with intelligence. I refer to writers, clergy, university professors, and journalists, men who make their living, or aspire to make their living, by the use of their intellects. This highly influential group of individuals have, for the past 60 years at least, been consistently hostile to the people of the white race. Whatever is good for the white race has been opposed by the white intelligentsia, and whatever is bad for the white race has been supported by the white intelligentsia.

We do not observe this strange phenomenon within the intelligentsia of the various colored tribes. The intellectuals of the colored tribes all support the aspirations of their own people. And of course it is liberalism that has made the white intelligentsia turn against the white race. But from whence comes liberalism? And why is it a whites-only ideology? Liberalism stems from bastardized Christianity, and only the white race, with surprisingly few exceptions, has a history of adherence to the major tenets of the Christian faith. It's ironic that a people who once espoused a belief in the God-Man should end up believing that the black man is god.

There is no white Christian opposition to the white intelligentsia's belief that the extermination of the white race, through miscegenation and tribal murder, is mandated by the nebulous evolutionary god of the liberals. All true Christians, as defined by the white intelligentsia, desire the extermination of the white race. This is the unquestioned doctrine of the white elite, be they professed liberals or professed Christians. The only segment of the white intelligentsia that does not believe that the white race should be exterminated is the numerically small group of men called the neo-pagans. It's tempting, if one is a white Christian who does not believe that Christ mandated the extermination of the white race, to hitch one's wagon to the neo-pagans' cart. But they represent a more dangerous enemy than the liberals because their heretical beliefs are closer to the truth, and therefore harder to detect, than the liberals' beliefs.

The liberal thinks the white man, prior to the 20th century, was guilty of forcing a false Christianity on mankind. "Christ was not the Son of God; he was a precursor of Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr., who lived and died to make all men into wine-and-cheese-party liberals; and the pre-20th century Europeans had perverted Christ's teachings and made Him into a hideous god who supported racism and sexism." Such is the credo of the liberals. The neo-pagan agrees with the liberal on the issue of the pre-20th century Europeans. "Yes, they did create a false Christianity. Christ really was just who the liberals say he was; a regular human being, not a god, who was a forerunner of Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr." But then the liberal and the neo-pagan diverge. The neo-pagan admires the creativity of the older Europeans. He likes the "racist" Christianity of the older Europeans, albeit he thinks they were rather stupid to believe in the Christian fairy-tale. The older neo-pagans, most of whom have left this world, talk about "our Greco-Roman, Saxon, Celtic, Christian heritage" so as not to offend some older Christians who might join with the neo-pagans against the Jewish cabal and the colored hordes, but at bottom the neo-pagan creed is a Nietzschean creed of despair. "Christ be not Risen; look to the coming of the white Übermensch."

Obviously, the new breed neo-pagans are not Nietzscheans – most haven't even heard of him. But they are like him in that they look to the future, to the technological white-man with a superior intellect who sees life outside the old perimeters of good and evil. And because they, like the liberal, look to a future where the older European Christianity is of no consequence the neo-pagan has become, over the last thirty years, more and more conciliatory toward the liberals. In fact the criticism of liberals has virtually stopped in the pagan-nationalist publications. They criticize the Jews, but not the liberals. The worst they ever do is reprimand the liberals for not seeing that "we really don't hate blacks; we are really non-violent, and we really and truly respect all cultures and all people."

It is liberalism not Judaism that has destroyed the white man. The neo-pagans don't seem to realize that the Europeans, when they were believing Christians, took measures to protect themselves from the Jews. Now, having lost their faith, the Europeans are at the mercy of the Jews. But the neo-pagans cannot supply the European people with the only weapon, faith in Christ, that has proven effective against the Jews. Great passions determine the course of history; without the passion supplied by Christ's passion the European can never resist Judaism or multicultural liberalism.

I've noticed in some thirty years of reading the nationalist publications that despite their great differences with the liberals on a host of issues, they are in agreement with them on the one essential issue. Both groups think that the findings of modern science necessitate a revision of the Christ story. The liberal makes Him a superior human being, a forerunner of their modern heroes, and the neo-pagan makes Him a creation of the European's mind. On the great issue of the 20th and 21st century, faith vs. science, both the liberal and the neo-pagan have sided with science. But the liberal has been

infinitely more successful than the neo-pagan. Why? Because men need an object to worship; science alone is an insufficient god for the great mass of humanity. The liberal has given his adherents the negro to worship while the neo-pagan can only offer his sterile condemnation of unfair and unjust discrimination against white people. But the liberal will not listen to such condemnations. How can mere mortals criticize gods? And why should a people who have rejected Christ for the negro concern themselves with fairness and justice? While the liberal looks to a future of science and the negro, the neo-pagan looks only to a future of science and his white genes. The liberal will always win that contest.

What is needed, if someone could be found who believed it to be true, is a defense of the white man that takes into account man's spiritual nature as well as his physical nature. We have seen enough of I.Q. tests and standardized intelligence tests cited to prove the superior intelligence (and by doing so demonstrating his right to live) of the white man. What we do not see cited is the European's witness to the truth. He was the poet laureate who took the airy nothing of the Greek philosophers and scientists and gave it a local habitation and a name: Jesus of Nazareth.

The European Christ-bearer has become a Pontius Pilate, looking Christ right in the face and asking Him, "What is truth?" Is truth to be found in the collective face of the black race? Is it to be found in our white genes? Faith in a man who purported to be both man and God is difficult, but doesn't the history of our own people point to the truth of the Christ story? The modern church men have retained the name Christian, but they have not retained the Christian faith. When they severed their ties to their people and their people's God, in the name of a purified, intellectual Christianity, they turned from the living God of charity and mercy to an abstract generic black god of merciless cruelty.

Throughout the history of organized European Christianity it has always been the clergy, the intellectual elite, who initiated the great heresies. And the European people, thinking with their hearts, always served as a counterpoise to the intellectuals. I have often wondered if the Europeans' instinct to preserve their faith when it was attacked by the intellectuals was an instinct bred in the blood and bone of the Europeans long before the coming of Christ. Could it be that from the beginning of time God was preparing them to be the Christ-bearers? Why were they so intensely monogamous even in their pagan days? And why did the Europeans never practice cannibalism as the colored tribes did and still do? The Europeans were always the poetic race. The things of the spirit were first with them. When they heard the word of God they wept and believed because they had an instinct for the true God. And through the Christian centuries of Europe, it has always been the European people, not the scholarly elites, who have kept the faith, because the scholarly elites want to create an inhuman abstract god while the European people want a God that they can worship in spirit and in truth.

Why the breakdown in the 20th century? Why did the Europeans become a non-people? It was because Satan extended the franchise. Intellectual stupidity became democratized. "You are all intellectuals now," Satan declared, "You are all too smart to believe in a fairy tale. Look to science, look to the negro – there is your true home and your true god."

I've always considered Herman Melville's character Bulkington, who appears briefly in *Moby Dick*, as the true European:

When on that shivering winter's night, the Pequod thrust her vindictive bows into the cold malicious waves, who should I see standing at her helm but Bulkington! I looked with sympathetic awe and fearfulness upon the man, who in mid-winter just landed from a four years' dangerous voyage, could so unrestingly push off again for still another tempestuous term. The land seemed scorching to his feet. Wonderfulest things are ever the unmentionable; deep memories yield no epitaphs; this six-inch chapter is the stoneless grave of Bulkington. Let me only say that it fared with him as with the storm-tossed ship, that miserably drives along the leeward land. The port would fain give succor; the port is pitiful; in the port is safety, comfort, hearthstone, supper, warm blankets, friends, all that's kind to our mortalities. But in that gale, the port, the land, is that ship's direst jeopardy; she must fly all hospitality; one touch of land, though it but graze the keel, would make her shudder through and through. With all her might she crowds all sail off shore; in so doing, fights 'gainst the very winds that fain would blow her homeward; seeks all the lashed sea's landlessness again; for refuge's sake forlornly rushing into peril; her only friend her bitterest foe!...

But as in landlessness alone resides highest truth, shoreless, indefinite as God—so, better is it to perish in that howling infinite, than be ingloriously dashed upon the lee, even if that were safety! For worm-like, then, oh! who would craven crawl to land! Terrors of the terrible! is all this agony so vain? Take heart, take heart, O Bulkington! Bear thee grimly, demigod! Up from the spray of thy ocean-perishing—straight up, leaps thy apotheosis!

The material world that the European Bulkington refused to have anything to do with has so encroached on the spiritual world that the Europeans have ceased to be European. It was and is their task to champion the things of the spirit and to hold Christ's banner aloft as a sign of contradiction to the colored people wallowing in the slime pits of heathenism. If the European will not do what he was born to do, champion Christ, no one will. The colored tribesmen will not pick up the European banner; they will simply go on being heathens while absorbing the white man into their formless, inanimate mass of diversity. The coward always defends the wall of the fort where the enemy is certain not to attack, and he runs from the wall where the battle rages. The modern halfway-house Christians who never talk about defending the white race, unless they talk about the immorality of defending the white race, are not Christians. They are in the transition stage from Christian to liberal. Soon they will get their pilot's license and fly with the liberals into diversity land.

The rationalist solutions to life seem, on the surface, to be the best solutions: “All races are the same.... Skin color is just pigmentation... We know God through the rational computations of our brains...” But what if the current of our life does not fit into rational channels? What if our life is an ocean of passions and visions? When Theseus, the rational Athenian, comes upon the young lovers in the enchanted woods he expresses his distrust of their irrational path to the truth:

I never may believe
These antick fables nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The passion that comprehends more than cool reason can lead a man over a cliff or it can bring him to the gates of heaven. But passion cannot be taken out of the mortal's life, because a man's passion is his life. Without it he can never understand Christ's passion. Note Hippolyta's rejoinder to Theseus:

But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Yes, the Europeans' story told over is the story of their night in the enchanted woods with Christ, the King of Fairyland. The European believed in the “antick fable” of Christ the Lord, and that passionate, heartfelt belief set him apart from the colored races. Wherever a passion for the antick fable endures there is Europe. Kipling expressed the sentiment so well: “So long as the blood endures.” That is all that matters. Numbers are of no significance. So long as a few Europeans stay true to their blood, His Europe will endure. +

The Distinctive Faith of the Europeans - May 5, 2012

Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which did so. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye? And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded. And this was known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus; and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. And many that believed came, and confessed, and shewed their deeds. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver. – Acts 19: 13-29

I first read Alfred Lilienthal's book *What Price Israel* (1953) when I was an undergraduate. My Jewish philosophy professor, who believed in none of the tenets of the Jewish faith, but was a passionate supporter of Israel, kept talking about Lilienthal as if he were the devil himself. Since I didn't particularly like my philosophy professor, I was interested in the man he hated.

Lilienthal's book hardly seemed that controversial to me. But at that time I was completely naïve about the Zionist hatred for any man, Christian or Jew, who insisted that Israel did not have the right to claim the allegiance of any citizen other than her own. No American Jew, Lilienthal insisted, owed Israel any loyalty whatsoever. Lilienthal was also very critical of the Balfour Declaration of 1917 which was a blatant betrayal of the Palestine people in favor of the militant Zionists. I found it strange that my militant atheist professor was so concerned about Israel, while Lilienthal, a believing Jew, wanted nothing to do with Israel. I now realize that atheist Jews are much more likely than Orthodox Jews to become militant Zionists. Having lost their faith they make a new god out of the state of Israel. Not that most believing Jews support Lilienthal's position – far from it, the majority are rabid supporters of Israel – but the few dissenters in the Jewish ranks are generally of Lilienthal's persuasion.

Nothing has changed in the Jewish community since Lilienthal's book. The Jews, secular and religious, still demand that the Jews of all nations, and the gentiles of all European nations, should support the nation state of Israel. And they still demand that the native Palestinians should be exterminated like vermin.

What has changed since 1953 is the attitude toward Israel in the white Christian community, or, to be more accurate, in the white, halfway-house Christian community. Those “Christians” were always supportive of Israel from its very inception, but as Christianity became less and less of a religion and more of a feel-good philosophy the halfway-house

Christians began to look on support for the nation state of Israel as one of the major tenets, after negro worship, of the Christian faith. It takes centuries for a people to divest themselves of an old faith and act in complete conformity to their new faith, which is why halfway-house Christians still invoke Christ even after they have ceased to believe in Him. But implicit in the halfway-house Christians' zealous, fanatical support for the nation state of Israel, despite the Israelis' anti-Christian behavior toward the rest of the world, is the belief that Christ be not risen. Because if He be not risen, the Jews are right; we must continue to wait for another. Is it the black man? Yes, for now, but once the European has forsaken Christ there is no telling where he will go a-whoring next or for how long.

Of course it is only the post-Christian white who supports Israel with fanatical intensity. The people of color have no particular love for Israel. Why is this? Surely it has become obvious. A man needs to belong to a particular race of people; God made him that way, so he could learn to love God through His people. You can't change a man's need by denying it exists. We cannot love or belong to an idea of a family or an idea of a community or an idea of a nation. We must belong to an actual family, an actual community, and an actual nation. Going backward in time, I vividly remember a conversation with a female acquaintance who, judging from her attention to her religious duties, seemed to be a devout Roman Catholic. One day she casually remarked to me that she was planning to become a Jew. When I asked her why, she replied, "I like their sense of community. They really stick together, and they believe in God just like we do." That woman was not an isolated case. Though most of the halfway-house Christians do not make a formal conversion to Judaism, they do, by their commitment to the state of Israel, reveal to us that their hearts are tied to the synagogue and not to the Christian hearth. Such a betrayal is indeed reprehensible, but it was predictable. For over a century the white Christian clergy have been preaching that love can only be intellectual and universal. We must love all equally, because we are all God's children... you know the refrain. That kind of insipid, tepid love for a generic mankind and for a generic God is no love at all. And where there is no love, there is no knowledge of God, because the source of wisdom, the heart, has been rendered null and void.

Denied true community with the people of their own race, the modern halfway house Christians are desperately trying to become Jewish. "O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!" The modern fusionist Christians who worship the negro and look to the Jews for a sense of community are in the position of the dwarfs in C. S. Lewis's book *The Last Battle*:

Tirian had never dreamed that one of the results of an Ape's setting up a false Aslan would be to stop people from believing in the real one. He had felt quite sure that the Dwarfs would rally to his side the moment he showed them how they had been deceived. And then next night he would have led them to Stable Hill and shown Puzzle to all the creatures and everyone would have turned against the Ape and, perhaps after a scuffle with the Calormenes, the whole thing would have been over. But now, it seemed, he could count on nothing. How many other Narnians might turn the same way as the Dwarfs?

In the modern churches the universal and the generic have triumphed over the particular and the personal. The new Christians profess to love everyone, but in reality they are incapable of loving anyone. And they worship the generic black man, of whom they have no personal knowledge. The rot in the churches is widespread and deeply imbedded. If it is not rooted out of the churches, does that mean we must accept the new universalist, anti-Christian version of Christianity? Our answer to that question will be determined by how we define the Church of God. If you define The Church as an organization with a mandate from God to preach the Gospel to all mankind, then you will adhere to the organized church of your choice despite the fact that your organized church fuses Judaism and Christianity and supports the worship of negroes. But if you regard the Church as a people, not an organization, who are connected to the living God, then you will not be deterred from serving your God because organized Jewry and their adjuncts, the Christian churches, say you nay. I think the huge mistake was made in the medieval ages when the scholastics attempted to define the Christian Church in non-poetic, rational terms. The Church cannot be defined rationally. Any attempt to do so is a bastardization of the truth. I know that Christ's Church exists. I've seen it in the collective face of the European people, but I'd be completely at a loss to define what constitutes the Church in rational terms. But there is a continuity, a continuity of spirit and blood, in the religious history of the European people. When they looked on themselves as a people, distinct from other people, they kept the Faith. When they became non-distinct universal people, they lost the Faith. Perhaps, contrary to the modern churchmen, knowledge of the living God comes to us through the blood and not the mind.

The desire to fuse Judaism with Christianity stems from a failure on the part of the European people to see the distinctiveness of Christ. When He becomes a junior executive in an organization called The Church, it is easy to merge the Christian organization with the Jewish one. And with their loss of faith came the Europeans' identity crisis. The Europeans were distinct from all other races because they were the Christ-bearers. But if Christ is not distinct from all other gods, if He can be blended with Judaism or the negro or Muhammad, then what is so distinct about the European people? "Nothing," the European replies as he prepares to blend with all mankind and lose his identity in a stinking multi-racial, multi-cultural dung heap.

It's impossible to exaggerate the extent to which the halfway-house Christian community has embraced Israel. They passionately desire to slaughter millions of innocent people, whom they perceive to be the enemies of Israel, and they

justify their murderous, anti-Christian advocacy with the Christian Bible! This is a result of an intellectual faith devoid of spirit and blood. The weak-minded, weak-spirited Christian fusionists can be easily manipulated by Satan and his liberal henchmen. "Let's all gather at the River," has become, "Let's all fall down and worship the negro right before we bomb all of Israel's enemies."

The halfway-house Christians worship the negro in order to be liked by liberals within and without their church, because liberals are in power and the halfway-house Christians want to appease the powerful. Such a stance via the powers that be is cowardly and reprehensible. But the halfway-house Christians' motivation for supporting Israel is infinitely more reprehensible than their reason for supporting negro worship. Bored and indifferent to the Christ story, the story of how the Son of God redeemed us from sin and death, they have tasted the forbidden fruit and sought to know, nay, not just to know but to bring about by their own efforts, the end of the world. "Behold I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that use their tongues, and say, He saith." (Jer. 23:32)

Our Lord did not tell us the day nor the hour, nor did He tell us that we could be good Christians by supporting an anti-Christian, anti-human nation state called Israel. If halfway-house Christians had not abandoned the wisdom of the heart, which comes from a connection to a particular people and a personal God, they would not now be instruments of Satan. They have deliberately darkened their hearts in order to indulge their fantasies of an apocalyptic end of the world that they, not God, have brought about.

There are many, many writers, such as Scott, Shakespeare, and Edmund Burke, to whom I am forever in debt for making me feel less alone in the universe by expressing my own inmost thoughts. In the case of Burke, his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* and his *Letters on a Regicide Peace* were works that spoke to my heart. One passage in particular from *Letters on a Regicide Peace* accurately represents my present stance vis-à-vis the modern world. In the *Letters* Burke states that he no longer has any official position in the government. He has only his opinion to offer. But it is his heartfelt opinion. From out of the depths, the depths of sorrow, he urges his people not to make peace with the regicide French. So it is with me. I've never had a position in the government, but I do speak from the depths: "Do not make peace with these regicide liberals and their allies in the Christian halfway houses. They want to kill God by destroying His image in His people. Look to the mountains. There is not one breath of pure air in this regicide world of modernity, but in the mountains, where He resides, where the true Europeans have always resided, there is honor, there is charity, and there is love. And it is from those European mountains that we will launch our attack on the regicide world of the liberals." +

The Return - April 28, 2012

Home! That was what they meant, those caressing appeals, those soft touches wafted through the air..." — *The Wind in the Willows*

Donald Davidson lived long enough to be condemned by his fellow Southerners and Northern liberals as a racist, outside the ken of humanity. At best he was treated to private sympathy and public condemnation. Once, when he attempted to elicit support for segregation from Allen Tate, Tate tried to mollify him by suggesting that maybe the negroes wouldn't want to integrate. Then, having spewed immoral drivel on a friend seeking moral support, Tate went merrily on his academic way. And Tate's cowardly response to the vital issue of white survival was the response of all post-1945 conservative intellectuals, with the exception of Anthony Jacob and Davidson himself. They were completely indifferent to the major issue of the 20th century: an emergence of a liberal oligarchy, with a stranglehold on the schools and the churches, who were determined to destroy the white race.

The Jews have always hated the European people because the European people were the Christ-bearers. And the colored tribesmen have always hated the white man because they worship darkness and not the light. So why were the whites of the 20th century, and why are the whites of the 21st century, in greater danger than in any of the preceding centuries? What has changed? Well, the European-hating Jew we have always had with us, and the white-hating colored tribesmen we have always had with us, but a controlling liberal oligarchy determined to eradicate the white race? We have not always had that demonic oligarchy with us. There were always white-hating whites within Christendom, but it was only in the latter half of the 20th century that they gained complete control of the European nations. That is the difference between past and present. The white race is now at the mercy of the savage races of color, which are devoid of mercy, because white liberals have taken power after years and years of conservative indifference to the survival of their own people.

I liken the conservative intellectual's response to the white-hating liberal as that of a man with a wife and five children, who responds to a home invasion by armed thugs by ignoring the thugs as they butcher his wife and children. Instead of fighting against the thugs, our modern conservative intellectual father runs to his study and saves his soon-to-be-published manuscript on the theory of the family. "Thank God, I saved the manuscript!" the father says as he escapes out the window of his study, "The world would have been left bereft of families had I not saved my work on the theory of the

family!” Do I exaggerate? Not one bit. I grew up reading the post-World War II conservatives, and as a young man I got to meet some of them. They were not a bad bunch, but I came to realize that they were not the men their 19th century counterparts were. They had begun the shift, ever so slightly, away from a blood faith grounded in the people of Europe, to an intellectual faith grounded in the ever-changing universalist world of abstract thought. As soon as a man starts down that slippery slope, his ultimate destiny is determined: he will become part of Liberaldom. And that is the key to understanding the post-1945 conservatives. They became ashamed of anything that could not be made into a theory. Writers such as Dabney, Fitzhugh, and Page spoke unabashedly about the necessity of the survival of the white race, but their 20th century conservative counterparts theorized about race and wrote vaguely about respecting traditions, on the one hand, while condemning the racism of their ancestors on the other hand. Some did this in order to be dispassionate and objective, and by doing so convince the liberals that they, the new conservatives, were really good fellows. Well, the liberals still didn’t regard the conservatives as good guys, and the unimpassioned “objectivity” of the conservatives turned out to be less truthful than the passionate advocacy of the 19th century conservatives. When we read the works of Dabney, Fitzhugh, and Page today, we feel that we are in the presence of prophets. They spoke from their hearts and they spoke the truth. What about their “conservative” descendants? We find nothing but intellectual drivel similar to the vacillating verbiage that Allen Tate dumped on Donald Davidson.

It was inevitable that the post-World War II conservatives would be absorbed into Liberaldom and become just as hostile to the European people as the liberals. In order to understand why the absorption and betrayal was inevitable, you need only read Edmund Whittaker’s book called *Space and Spirit* (1948). Whittaker was a professor of mathematics at the University of Edinburgh. In his book he pointed out that modern science was a derivative of classical and medieval philosophy. Therefore, Whittaker argued, there was a direct connection between modern science, the Greek philosophical tradition, and medieval philosophy. I agree with Whittaker that those three schools of thought are united. But Whittaker thought the unity was a good thing. I think the Greek philosophical tradition in conjunction with the medieval philosophical tradition, and their child, modern science, is an unholy trinity that has destroyed the European people. Negroes murder whites with impunity, while the whites worship negroes in the same churches where they used to worship Christ, because of the impious union of Greek philosophy, medieval philosophy, and modern science.

There is a line, not visible to the material eye, which separates the bardic culture from the scientific culture. At some point in the early part of the 20th century, the European people crossed over the bardic line and became a secondhand race of people. A secondhand race of people has no instinctual life. They have no direct link to their past because they do not believe in blood ties. And they have no connection to a living God, because they believe that a real God must conform to the philosophical and scientific specifications of their secondhand knowledge of existence. Where is the empirical proof for Christ’s resurrection from the dead? There is no proof in the modern scientific, philosophical world of the modern European. The proof of His resurrection lies in the blood of the European people prior to the time when they renounced their blood. The Christian fairy tale is true, but its truth can only be seen by people who believe in fairy tales more than mathematics.

As Whittaker tells us, the scientific-philosophical heresy, which he does not label a heresy, has always been part of the Western tradition, but it was not the vital part of our tradition until the 20th century. Undergirding all the classical studies — before the 20th century — was the European spirit, which was completely opposed to the Greek and medieval classical tradition. Over and above the staid, dispassionate classicism of the philosophical-scientific theology was the passion of the bardic European whose faith was described by Thomas Nelson Page:

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.

The pagan Europeans accepted Christ so readily because they had a strong racial memory of the time when they were connected to God, heart and soul. They knew God, not in the fullness of His divine humanity in the person of Christ, but they did know Him. Their shift from the Hero-Gods of Europe to the God-Man was more of a homecoming than a conversion. Their Hero-Gods were created from a dim recollection of the true God. The Christ story clarified their memories, and they returned home.

The Europeans’ struggle has always been to keep the secondhand, abstract faith of the unholy trinity at bay while holding on to the essential bardic, bred-in-the-bone faith of the European people. So long as the Europeans kept to the “tilled field and hedgerow, linked to the ploughed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingering...” they were men. Once they rejected the lane of evening lingering for the philosophical-scientific heresy, they became second-hand men staring at themselves from outside themselves and wondering how they came to such a pass. Once we first begin to doubt that our knowledge of the true God is bred in the bone, we go down a slippery slope of doubts that lead to a second-hand intellectual faith, which in turn leads to the worship of the negro.

Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,

We welcome fond credulity.

Yes, isn't it the height of credulity to flee from the living God to an abstract faith in the noble black savage?

We are all born into the heretical world of science. With our mother's milk we imbibe a sick, soul-killing ideology. In order to cure our souls we must fight our way back to bardic Europe. C. S. Lewis, a man who had to fight his way back, gives us a marvelous image of the European's return to bardic Europe through the wardrobe door. Old Europe was certainly a Narnian world in which we saw God and knew Him not only as our Lord but as our kinsman. In that world is charity, truth, beauty, honor, and faith; outside that world is the abstracted intellect, devoid of humanity, which is always the mark of Satan.

For this purpose Mephistopheles is, like Louis XI, endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions, the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification.

The material world is merely a symbol of the spiritual world; such was the collective wisdom of the European people who believed in Christ. The collective wisdom of the philosophical-scientific Europeans is that the material world is the world: "Whatever we see with the naked eye is reality." But 'tis not so; we are such stuff as dreams are made on. The European once dreamt of dragons, giants, heroes, fair ladies, and a God whose love passeth all understanding. Were those dreams pure fiction, and is our nightmare world of science reality? That is the question. Modern Europeans, conservative and liberal, have taken their stand with the men in the white laboratory coats. The fairy tale world of antique Europe has been condemned because its people were guilty of crimes against humanity, the foremost of which was racism. But in my eyes the European Fairy Tale must have been true. If it wasn't, then how did they, the antique Europeans, manage the spiritual equivalent of walking on water? Surely such a people had to be connected to the living God in order to have spawned William Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Handel, and Chartres Cathedral. The only people who ever displayed an understanding of 1 Corinthians 13 were the antique Europeans. Who, once they have been exposed to old Europe, would prefer the modern, racially diverse Europe that has not charity? The answer? The entire white establishment. And bereft is the word for the European people. Like Arthur after the demise of the Roundtable, they wonder if they ever really existed at all:

...on my heart hath fallen
Confusion, till I know not what I am,

If a man from this our modern Europe once takes a journey into bardic Europe, because he sees a kindly light emanating from that distant land, he will never again see life with the materialist eye. He will dream dreams and see the vision: dreams of old Europe and her people, and a vision of the risen Lord. In my country we will soon be having a Presidential election, and I certainly will be voting against The Obama. But the far more important election took place at the beginning of the 20th century when the European people elected to institutionalize the unholy trinity of Greek philosophy, medieval philosophy, and science. From that liberal alliance came modern race-mixing, abortion, and atheist Europe. There is no hope in such a world. We need to go home. Home, for the European, will always be His Europe. He can't abide with us until we decide to abide with Him by the hearth fire that He has kept burning through all the years of our wanderings in the deserts of modernity. My youngest daughter once remarked to me that she always felt she was reentering an alien, hostile world and leaving a wonderful, comfortable world when she finished a novel by Ian Maclaren, Walter Scott, or Charles Dickens. She has it right. Old Europe is our world, and we "don't want any other." +

A Conservatism of the Heart - April 21, 2012

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." – Revelations 22:13

Since Ronald Reagan won the presidency running as a "conservative," every Republican candidate has called himself a conservative. And of course no Republican candidate since Reagan has actually been a conservative. How about Reagan? Was he a conservative? I would say no, but in Reagan's defense it must be said that he actually read Russell Kirk's book *The Conservative Mind*, and Kirk spoke very highly of him. But in either case — whether Reagan was or was not a conservative — there is no question of any current candidate for the presidency being conservative in the true Burkean meaning of the word. Burke's conservatism was rooted in the belief that men were bound to their past by unbreakable ties of honor and blood that could be traced all the way back to Christ's birth in a stable in Bethlehem. And it was prejudice, so derided by liberals, that kept a people from breaking their ties to the past:

...we are generally men of untaught feelings; that instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and to take more shame to ourselves we cherish them because they are prejudices, and the longer they have lasted and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them!

Conservative and liberal candidates of today are committed to the exact opposite of Burkean conservatism. They are committed to a complete break with the past. Whereas the antique European was prejudiced in favor of honor, blood ties, and Christianity, the liberal is prejudiced against such things; he favors dishonor, hatred of blood ties, and the worship of the negro.

Russell Kirk's book, *The Conservative Mind* (1953), gave a certain intellectual respectability to conservatism that it had never had before, but conservatism remained a curse word to most intellectuals and the majority of the American people until Ronald Reagan came into office, after which conservatism became diluted and had nothing whatever to do with Burke or Russell Kirk. Today a conservative stands for less taxes, negro worship, and the saturation bombing of all Israel's enemies. A liberal stands for more taxes, negro worship, and the saturation bombing of all Israel's enemies. Not much of a contrast, is there?

I was first exposed to European-culture conservatives such as Russell Kirk, Richard Weaver, and Whittaker Chambers through the good offices of *National Review* magazine. Though never living up to its stated purpose, "To stand athwart history yelling Stop," *NR* did, in its early years, expose young people like me to European-American conservatives such as Weaver, Chambers, and Kirk, and to European conservatives such as Thomas Molnar and Erik von Kuehelt-Leddihn. Of course by the 1980's *NR* had become an adjunct of the Republican Party without any concern for European conservatism, which was inevitable considering the individualist, libertarian bias of its founder. But I don't think William F. Buckley Jr's capitalist-libertarian orientation was the only factor in the demise of European cultural conservatism; in fact I don't think it was the main cause.

What I'm going to say next will sound terribly ungrateful to the European conservatives of the mid-twentieth century, but I mean no disrespect. They were great men with a sound intellectual understanding of the basis of European civilization, namely the Christian faith. But for all their intellectual acumen they were missing something that their European counterparts in the preceding European centuries had. What was the missing element in the conservative intellectual movement represented by Russell Kirk? I think it was passion. Why do we call Christ's Passion His Passion? Because it is His outpouring of love for His people. Listen to Kirk's reason for writing *The Conservative Mind*:

...my contribution to our endeavor to conserve the spiritual and intellectual and political tradition of our civilization; and if we are to rescue the modern mind, we must do it very soon. What Matthew Arnold called an 'epoch of concentration' is impending, in any case. If we are to make that approaching era a time of enlightened conservatism, rather than an era of stagnant repression, we need to move with decision. The struggle will be decided in the minds of the rising generation – and within that generation, substantially by the minority who have the gift of reason.

Is it possible to revitalize a people who suffer from an excess of rationality with a rational analysis? Dostoevsky got it right:

I submit, however, that there are cases when there is more honor in allowing ourselves to be swayed even by unreasonable passion, as long as it stems from a great love, than in not being subjected to it at all. And that is particularly true in youth, for there is something suspect about a younger person who is always very reasonable, and I do not rate such a person very highly. So now you know my personal opinion! I suspect that some reasonable people may declare that every youth, after all, cannot expect to believe in such a superstition and that my young man certainly would not be a very good example for others to follow. To that, I would answer once more that my young man had faith, a sacred and unshakable faith, and that I still refuse to apologize for him.

Yes, a man can be too rational. Burke, whom Kirk lauds, was passionate. He used reason as a sword in defense of his passions, not as an end in itself. We must ask why Kirk's book and not Anthony Jacob's book *White Man, Think Again!* became the benchmark book for conservatives. Jacob's reasoning is certainly as acute as Kirk's, but Jacob had an underlying passion that inspired his reasoning. His passion was for his people, not for an intellectual construct:

Unity, in any event, is strength only when it is based on enduring family ties, on the unity of like peoples. That is why Aesop's object-lesson on unity was given to brothers and not unrelated men. It is nothing short of lunacy, or Liberal unrealism, to attempt to weld civilized white men and uncivilized black men into an enduring 'family unity'. The two cannot mix: and all attempts to make them mix will work gravely to the detriment of the Whites, upon whom civilization exclusively depends. To my mind it is self-evident that the Anglo-Saxon and kindred peoples are absolutely irreplaceable, and that without them the civilization they engendered and represent would, with the possible exception of one or two curious deviations or malformations, soon cease to exist. Let there be no mistake about this. When we speak of civilisation we are referring to that which is wholly our own. There is no other civilization whatever. At best there are one or two minor foreign cultures. At best there are one or two successful foreign copyists of our civilisation's more material aspects. But there are absolutely no imitators of its moral and spiritual uniqueness, because there are no other people like the Westerners whose possession it is.

What happens when we make the intellectual tradition of the West into the sum and substance of the West's "spiritual tradition"? We have seen, in the last fifty years, what happens. Professed Christians treat the European people as something disposable. They think that the faith, since it is an intellectual thing, can be transported from people to people like an overcoat. But can it? Think with your heart. What do you see? I see a people who were once the Christ-bearers transferring their allegiance, at the urging of the rational men of the clergy, from Christ to the black man. And they do this because they believe that they are abandoning their prejudices, which are wrong, in order to adhere to a new religion, which is pure, intellectual, and righteous. But do we see the new people of God, the colored people, maintaining the old religion of the European people? No, we do not. We see a world gone mad with sex and blood lust facilitated by white clergymen who have abandoned a personal commitment to a loving God and his people for a universal love of the generic negro.

The conservative intellectual movement chronicled by George H. Nash in his book *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945* was a failure precisely because it was only an intellectual movement. It was rooted in the Greek philosophical tradition of pure mind rather than the Pauline, Shakespearean tradition of the wisdom of the heart, which is why men like Anthony Jacob and Donald Davidson were not considered a legitimate part of the conservative intellectual movement. Those men, writing from the heart, saw with the blinding sight denied to the men of intellect. They saw that faith is not an intellectual construct, it is a burning fire in the hearts of those who call on their God by name. Ultimately intellectual conservatism, even if it affirms "our spiritual traditions," ends up back with the God without a name.

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

"I don't understand," said Tom.

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

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

"Why not the same thing?"

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

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

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

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

The assumption behind the post-war conservative intellectual movement was that the cure for the faulty reasoning of the liberals was the correct reasoning of the conservatives. But can we really out-reason the devil, who is the man behind the liberals? I once got into an argument with a clerical Thomist who thought it was a sin to homeschool one's children when a good religious school was available. "How could an untrained parent," the Thomist argued, "teach a child the essentials of the faith?" The substance of my response was, "Who but a parent could teach their children the essentials of the faith because the parent teaches with a loving heart, the source of all knowledge."

Now is not the time to lie; I must invoke Edgar in Shakespeare's *King Lear* and "speak what I feel not, what I ought to say." The conservative sons of Martha cannot lead us into battle. The sons of Mary, those who love with hearts of fire, are the men for us. Whoever has kept faith with the European people in the past and continues to do so in the present, while all the compromising philistines of the right and the left demand that we deny our people, is the man to follow. The race issue is the primary issue for the liberals, because they need a black god to replace Christ. And the conservatives have made Christianity an intellectual construct so that they can avoid the race issue. "Western civilization has nothing to do with race," they tell us. But Western civilization has everything to do with race, just as the Incarnation has everything to do with Christianity. The Christian faith needs to be embodied in a people in order to be revealed to all people. Christianity is a revealed religion, not an intellectual construct. God has revealed Himself through His people, and if we abandon His people we abandon Him.

Conservatives who invoke Burke to support intellectual conservatism miss the main point about Burke. Burke was not an intellectual! He was something much greater. He was a man with a heart of fire. He loved his people and their God so

much that he used the sword God gave him, a Shakespearean command of the English language, to attack the enemy of his people and his God, the regicide French. But take away Burke's passionate heart and what is left? Only an intellect fit for clever comments and teaching seminars on politics, certainly not a Christian poet and warrior of the highest order. And haven't the European people, nourished on 'intellect-is-all' theology, been left bereft of the passion necessary to mount a charge against the worst, the liberals, who are full of passionate hate for all things European? Christianity transformed the world because the European people fell passionately in love with Christ, and not because some very intelligent theologians distributed a six-point program for a belief in the Deity. Handel's *Messiah* did not come from his brain; it came from a heart that loved. And so it always shall be for the Europeans. We are men to the extent we love our people and our God. And we are inhuman beasts when we abandon our people and our God.

It fell to John, the apostle who laid his head on the Sacred Heart of Jesus at the Last Supper, to reveal to us our beginning and our end. We are the people who took Christ into our hearts. We believe in the fairy tale of the empty tomb. That is what distinguishes the European from all other peoples. And lest we forget, that distinctive faith of the European does not come from exalted reason, it comes from a faithful and loving heart. +

And There Reigns Love - April 14, 2012

"O, God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them."

I had a religious studies professor in college who was always rhapsodizing about the wonderful cosmic canopy of the pagan religions. They were one with nature because their gods were nature gods. The great tragedy occurred for the European when he allowed the religion of Jesus Christ to replace the more natural, vital religions of nature. Such was the wisdom of my learned professor.

Even a confused undergraduate such as me could see the fallacy in the great man's paean to the nature religions of antiquity: what if the nature religions were false? My professor, in union with his fellow academics and Pontus Pilate, who looked at Christ and asked, rhetorically, 'what is truth?' started with the a priori assumption that truth was unknowable. Therefore man was free to make his own truth. And for my professor truth was nature and nature's gods, because he found those gods more exciting, vital, and comforting than Christ. My professor was partially right; the pagan religions are more exciting and vital than Christianity if excitement consists of sexual licentiousness and blood-letting constitutes vitality. And the pagan religions are more comforting if a man prefers to live on the surface of life, anesthetized and fortified by a soul-deadening ideology that does not remind him of his mortality. That is the great benefit of living with the nature gods. You don't have to go below the surface of life, and you can find superficial transcendence in blood and sex. Such transcendence has kept, and probably always will, the colored tribesmen content. But can paganism keep the white man in spiritual comfort? Won't he eventually feel the need for a real faith? It seems that he doesn't feel such a need; the combination of science and negro worship appears to be keeping the white man content. But if we look closer we can see that the post-Christian liberal is not being sustained by his new pagan faith. Having spent "the unbought grace of life" that came from Christianity the liberal is being sustained by the last lingering vapors of a civilization that has disappeared in the mists of time. When even the vaporous mists of Christianity disappear the liberal will be face to face with his negro gods, and he will not be able to endure it.

What are the Christian vapors that sustain a liberal despite his hatred of all things Christian? The hated family ties are one example. My sister, a mad-dog liberal, still sends out Christmas cards and attends family gatherings at Christmas time. Why? Because despite her professed hatred of all things white and Christian, she still needs the comfort of Christian lingerings. The fact that liberals are living in houses that have not yet been confiscated and given to the negroes, which is the case in South Africa and Rhodesia, is also because of Christian lingerings. Soon even the last Christian vapors will disappear. Will that signal the end or a new beginning for the white man? When finally able to see what was lost, will the white man strike back or will he merely curl up in the fetal position and die? We don't know the numbers. But we do know there will be a few whites who prefer to die standing up. And God will use those whites to restore His people. It is an absolute in mad-dog liberal circles that Christianity was a false religion. "Christ did not die and rise from the dead," the liberals tell us. And the halfway-house Christians parrot the liberals while adding their own twist: "Christ is still the son of God, but he is a son of God like we are Sons of God." Richard Llewellyn, who wrote a heart-rending account of his Welsh coal-mining ancestors at the turn of the century, disgraces his ancestors by enveloping them in metaphysical filth:

It was then that I had thoughts about Christ, and I have never changed my mind. He did appear to me then as a man, and as a man I still think of him. In that way, I have had comfort. If he had been a God, or any more a son of God than any of us, then it is unfair to ask

us to do what he did. But if he was a man who found out for himself what there is that is hidden in life, then we all have a chance to do the same. And with the help of God, we shall.

So Christ isn't God, but there is a God, an unknown God. Everything Richard Llewellyn loved in that valley disappeared because he and his 20th century counterparts went searching for another God beside Christ. In the later part of the 20th century they found their new god, the noble black savage. Huw Morgan loved his father but couldn't believe in the God of his father. What god do his descendants worship today?

I've read *How Green Was My Valley* three times. And at every reading I tried to love the Morgan family. I tried to love them because my ancestors were also Welsh coal miners. But it is only the father, who does not give up his faith in Christ as true God and true man, whom I love and respect. His sons, who still practice the ethics of Christianity but no longer believe in the divinity of Christ, fill me with sorrow and anger. Sorrow because of what they could have been, and anger because they spent the unbought grace of life with no regard for the consequences to future generations of Europeans. We have only the vapors of a Christian civilization left to us because men like Huw Morgan felt a loving God should not countenance the suffering men endure on this earth.

In contrast to *How Green Was My Valley*, which got great critical reviews and was made into a movie, stand the two Drumtochty novels of Ian Maclaren, *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. No movie was made of the novels, which had popular success but no critical acclaim. Though the events depicted in *How Green Was My Valley* and the Drumtochty books were supposed to take place during the same time period, there was actually 46 years separating the works. Llewellyn's book was written in 1940 while Maclaren's books were written in 1894. The contrast is truly astonishing and all in favor, from my viewpoint, of Ian Maclaren's Drumtochty novels. The men and women of Maclaren's novels all believe in the Man of Sorrows. He is as real to them in His divinity and His humanity as the food on the table and the farmlands that yielded the food.

I don't think the difference in religious viewpoint between *How Green Was My Valley* and the Drumtochty novels was the result of the greater religiosity of the Scotsman over the Welshman, nor do I think the difference lies in the fact that the Welshmen in Llewellyn's book were coal-miners and the Scotsmen in Maclaren's books were farmers. I can think of no profession more soul-deadening than coal-mining, but I don't think that explains the difference in religious outlook we see in the book of the Welshman and the books of the Scotsman. The religious difference lies not in the ethnicity of the authors nor in the professions of their characters, but in the authors themselves. Maclaren is still a man of the 19th century. He is aware of the forces of modernity, but those forces have not shaken his faith in the God-Man. Llewellyn is a man of the 20th century; the forces of modernity have shaken his faith in the God-Man. W. H. Auden, writing about William Butler Yeats, said that Ireland had hurt Yeats into poetry. *How Green Was My Valley* didn't hurt me into poetry, but it did, when I first read it as a young man, hurt me into thinking about the difference between the 20th century European and the pre-20th century European. You see, I desperately wanted to love those Morgans, "for I am Welsh you know," but with the exception of the father, I couldn't love them. Their authorial voice was suffering from the spiritual ennui that was spreading throughout all of Europe. And why should that be? We take it for granted now, but why should the 20th and now the 21st century European no longer believe that Jesus Christ is God and man? Authors such as Llewellyn usually cite the incredible suffering that exists on earth. That suffering, they tell us, makes belief in Jesus Christ impossible. But was the suffering of mankind in general and the Europeans in particular any greater in the 20th century than the preceding centuries? These things are hard to measure, but I don't think we can say that suffering was any greater in the 20th century than in any other century. So if we can't point to a sudden emergence of suffering as the cause of the Europeans' rejection of Christ, the question hovers over us still: Why the loss of faith? I would suggest the Europeans' loss of faith stems from their increased faith in science. It is easier to bear suffering if we think it is the inevitable lot of mankind. But once we are told that suffering is not inevitable, that science can eliminate it, we become more conscious of the injustice of our mortal condition and we reject the claims of a God who promised to redeem our suffering for the claims of a scientific cabal that can eliminate suffering. It is the oldest trick of the devil; he deceived Macbeth with it as he deceived Adam and Eve:

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.

The honest trifle was that science could eliminate some of the suffering caused by plagues and disease. But we were deceived in the deepest consequence: science could not redeem men from their sins nor could it give them eternal life. And the unlooked-for consequence – only Satan saw what was coming – of the Europeans' infatuation with science as a means to alleviate physical suffering was a tenfold increase in spiritual suffering, because the Europeans lost their faith in Jesus Christ who redeemed the world through His suffering and death on the cross. Men can endure suffering if they believe they do not suffer in vain or alone. Bereft of faith and feeling alone in the universe, the Europeans turned to science and

negro worship in order to anesthetize their humanity and stimulate their blood. And of course it hasn't worked. Try as they might white people can never become happy-go-lucky pagans. For them it is heaven or hell; there is no in between.

In Scott's epic poem *Marmion* he writes of the "tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive." The European has woven a web of lies around Liberalism. And the first lie was the lie which spawned every other lie: "You shall be as gods." With science to alleviate suffering and the negro to provide an object of worship, the European is desperately trying to keep the living God at bay and derive comfort from his man-made, mind-forged faith. And through it all, the liberal Europeans' process of lying self-deception, the negro and the other colored tribesmen have remained the same. They follow the endless pagan cycle of sacrifice without mercy. The colored tribesmen do not understand the reason why white people have abdicated their right to exist. They only know that it is so, and they move in for the kill. It's not a case of "We must act now" and vote our troubles away. Nor is it the eleventh hour. We're well past that. White people have lost their will to live, because they have no racial memory. The neo-pagan likes to hearken back to the pre-Christian era as the golden age of Europe. But the European never had a pagan era as the non-European people did. The European, even in the midst of his paganism, heard the call of the one true God speaking to His people, "I have some rites of memory in this kingdom." Indeed He does. The Europeans embraced Christ as men embrace a brother or a father from whom they were separated when young, but with whom now, in their manhood, they are reunited. The Christ bearers! Listen to your blood, look back through the mists, and behold your God. He looks at us now, as He looked at Peter after the third denial, with infinite love and compassion. Truly that Man, fully human and fully divine, is worth fighting for. No other race will fight for Him if the European race does not. Multiculturalism and multiracialism are lies perpetuated by the father of lies. If we fight for the full restoration of the European people we fight for His reign of charity. "They shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it." +

Death Is Swallowed Up in Victory! - April 7, 2012

...for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." I Corinthians 15: 52 – 53

I saw a small news item the other day that is emblematic of the state of Christianity in every European country. A group of Moslems living in Switzerland have demanded that the Cross be taken off the Swiss flag because the Cross is offensive to Moslems. The fact that Moslems are allowed in Switzerland, let alone that they feel entitled to demand that the Swiss abandon their cultural heritage to suit them, indicates to me that Christianity is dead in Switzerland as it is dead in every European country. And please don't tell me about church attendance and celebrations of Christmas and Easter. The symbols and customs of a dead culture often remain for centuries after that culture has ceased to be a living culture. Christianity as practiced by Europeans prior to the 20th century is dead.

Is Christian Europe permanently dead? A Spenglerian who believes that cultures like people go through an inevitable cycle of birth, maturity, decay, and death would answer that question in the affirmative: "Yes, Christian Europe is dead and will never return." But a non-Spenglerian, a European of the old stock, sees something more than mere nature in a culture. The antique European sees that a culture consists of human beings with souls; therefore, a culture is a spiritual entity not subject to the strict, physical laws of birth, maturity, decay and death. Just as a soul can be reanimated so can a culture. What would it take to reanimate the souls of the dead-to-life Europeans? What is needful? Faith is needful. The same faith that animated Europeans for so many centuries prior to the modern age: a faith in Christ crucified, Christ risen. Recapturing that faith should be the European's all in all.

Of course faith cannot be merely an intellectual construct that serves a very limited material need on this earth. Genuine faith comes from the divine longings in the human heart. Though we still have Christian churches in Liberalism, we do not have a genuine faith. The modern Christians have created a new non-spiritual Christ whose kingdom is of this world only. Let us look at the original, "this world only" defilers of the living God: if we go back to Christ's first audience, to "his own, and his own received him not," we are confronted by the Sadducees and the Pharisees. I see in these two groups the modern liberals and the modern conservatives. The liberals, like the Sadducees, see no animating spiritual principle in man. Man is doomed to die and return to nothingness, so the concern of man should be generic man, or, in modern terms, the generic Earth of Al Gore and the Hollywood crowd. Rock stars such as Madonna worship black Christ figures and wear crosses to accent their cleavage, but they do not worship the living God of the antique Europeans. Like the Sadducees, their god is sensual pleasure in this world only.

The Pharisees believed in God and the immortality of the soul, so it is all the more striking that the Pharisees were so vehemently opposed to Christ. But then upon consideration we find that it is not at all unusual for men who make a living by saying "Lord, Lord," to feign and propagate a belief in a false God in order to reap material rewards in this world. In Frank Morrison's book *Who Moved the Stone*, he wonders if Caiaphas himself might have secretly believed that Christ was

indeed the Messiah but refused to acknowledge the fact because it would have cost him his job as the head of the Sanhedrin. (1)

The conservative, like the Pharisee, wants to be member of a church that is a power in this world. So when the culture that showed the world the face of Jesus Christ has fallen out of power, you simply proclaim your allegiance to a this-world-only faith and try to grab your share of the Kingdom of God on earth. What is multiculturalism and multiracialism other than an attempt to forge an alliance between Christianity and Babylon so that “Christians” can retain some power in the New World Order? And what is behind the incredible push to make Christianity and Judaism one faith? Christ enjoined His followers to spread the Gospel, but did He enjoin them to water down the Gospel in order to appease the rulers of this world?

The European has crossed the Rubicon and entered the city of Babylon. But unlike Julius Caesar’s Rubicon, the European can go back because his Rubicon is a spiritual Rubicon. He can go back across the Rubicon if he stops believing that his advance across the river was a heroic Christian endeavor rather than a cowardly retreat.

There have been some staggering changes in the European nations in the last forty years. During that time period the people of Europe embraced racial Babylon, which engendered the sexual Babylon of legalized abortion, homosexuality and sexual permissiveness. All the aforementioned evils were quite predictable given the decline in a genuine faith in the resurrection of Christ that occurred in the early part of the 20th century. Nations are moral entities; when the faith that created a nation becomes a dead letter, then moral decay is bound to ensue.

What was not quite as predictable — it became apparent in hindsight — was that organized Christianity offered little resistance at first and then accepted virtually all of the new post-Christian Christianity. The church hierarchies debated the minutia of the law while ignoring the spirit of their faith. And the enemy from without became part of the fabric of the church.

The churchmen of the West try to defend their apostasy by invoking universalist Christianity and the apostasy of the European people: “Christ came to save all people, and the Europeans have abandoned Christ.” In response and in defense: in order to preach the Gospel to all peoples there must be one people, a moral entity, that can go forth and preach the Gospel to every nation. The European people were that moral entity. In the past prior to the 20th century, when the Europeans apostatized, the Christian clergy called on their people to repent and return to God; they did not declare the European people a non-people and make the colored races into demigods on a higher plane of existence than Christ Himself. And how can the clergy justify the betrayal of their own people by claiming that their people apostatized, when they, the clergy, were the prior apostates? They made the living God into an abstract, dead God and then blamed their people for being apostate from that God. There is no universalist, abstract way to God. We find God in the hearts of His people, nowhere else.

At Christmas time I always think of Dickens’ *Christmas Carol*; there are so many scenes from that story that have become part of my soul. And at Easter time I always think of Handel’s *Messiah*. Musical scholars tell me that there are better musical compositions, and there certainly are some magnificent works by composers such as Mozart and Bach. But for me Handel’s *Messiah* is of a different order altogether, because no other piece of music puts us so close to the divine humanity of God. Other works make us feel the majesty of God, but are there any other musical works that make us feel so close to the heart of God?

And I think the singular and astounding magnificence of Handel’s *Messiah* comes from its simple retelling of the Christ story as it is told in the Holy Scriptures. From the comforting prophecies about the Lamb of God, through Christ’s birth, death, resurrection, and His life in eternity, Handel shows us God as He meant us to see Him, as an indwelling spiritual presence among His people. The Word took flesh and dwelt among us.

No great artist, be he writer, painter, or composer, creates alone. His work is connected to the heart of his people and their God. The artist is infinitely more gifted than his fellow men, but he is of them. Handel speaks for the European people in the *Messiah*. His vision of God was the European peoples’ vision of God, and his vision of God is the vision of we few, the remnant Europeans. It’s not possible to keep God and jettison the people of God. The antique Europeans’ vision of the living God is the vision that must prevail because it is the true vision. We strive to remain separate from all other cultures and all other peoples so that the light of Christ can shine in the darkness. As Europe becomes Babylon, the darkness spreads.

One of the many things I like about the incomparable Edmund Burke was that he was not afraid to wear his heart on his sleeve. He openly admitted in his *Letters on a Regicide Peace* that his people’s failure to see the necessity of war with Regicide France had left him profoundly depressed. Nonetheless, he fought nobly on. We can do no less. You would have to be a man of stone not to be depressed at the present state of the European people. But the Christ story so magnificently

told by Handel makes it clear that Christ renews His people through a faithful remnant. Our faith in our people and their God, Christ the Lord, is not dependent on the numerical superiority sought by the Sadduceean liberals and the Pharisaical conservatives. Our faith is grounded in the blood of the Lamb that was slain. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing ..." +

- (1) But the personal consequences to Caiaphas and his family were hardly less distasteful. We do not know what changes in the Constitution of the Great Sanhedrin would have taken place under a truly Messianic regime. They would probably have been very considerable. But one thing is certain: the supreme ascendancy of the High Priest, as the arbiter of the national fortunes, would have suffered eclipse. Whatever aspects of its ancient and historic form the Hebrew Constitution might have retained, the real Dynast would have been the Messiah. As the national Deliverer and the supreme Representative of the God of Israel, His right to impose policy and to direct events would have been final and absolute. The prospect of the Nazarene Carpenter stepping into this unique and unparalleled seat of national power must have been profoundly disturbing to certain men (and women) who had an unquestioned interest in the maintenance of the status quo.
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The Cross is Beauty, the Cross is Truth - March 31, 2012

"Herein constitutes the great blasphemy of the negro-worshipping, halfway-house Christian: he flies in the face of the time-honored prejudices of the Christian European people. The modern, halfway-house Christian self-righteously takes it as a given that the Europeans of the past were insufficiently Christian because they placed a wall between the races and punished those who tried to breach the wall. Why would you assume such a time-honored prejudice was wrong? Was God wrong to discriminate against Ham and his descendants? Were millions of Christian Europeans wrong for century after century because they discriminated in favor of the white Christian civilization against the black barbarian civilization? If we are looking for diseased souls, we will find more than enough in the ranks of the halfway-house Christians. They see, when they look at the Europeans of the past, nothing but shameful prejudices, when (if they had eyes to see) they should see the image of the God they have forsaken for the Negro and the gods of the inclusive Christian churches." – CWNV

I have no quarrel with Keats' famous poetic assertion,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," – that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

What I quarrel with is Keats' inability to see beauty on the Cross. Scott did and so did all the European poets of depth. The superficial triumvirate of Shelly, Keats, and Byron could not see past the outward beauty of nature to the inner beauty of the Son of God.

Our modern liberals, the spiritual descendants of Shelley, Keats, and Byron (even though they can no longer quote them) have given a local habitation and a name to truth and beauty:

"Beauty is the noble black savage, truth the noble black savage," - that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

I'm being unfair to Keats. He died young. Possibly had he lived longer, he would have found his way to the foot of the cross and seen truth and beauty when he looked up. And at least Keats left the question of what is truth and what is beauty unanswered. The liberals have supplied us with a hideous loathsome answer. Do I exaggerate to make a point?

Unfortunately I do not. The liberal literally worships the black race. Their recent hysteria over a Puerto Rican's self-defense slaying of a black thug is just one more example of the liberals' intense religious devotion to their black gods. The father of the Puerto Rican boy is pathetically trying to explain that his son is not white, but once the liberal-colored barbarian mob has decided there has been a sacrilege committed, there is no mercy, no extenuating circumstances. We think of Cinna the poet. He tried to explain to the crazed mob that he was not Cinna the conspirator, but the mob would have his blood.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4th Pleb. It is no matter, his name's Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3rd Pleb. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, Ho! Fire brands!

Despite being Puerto Rican, George Zimmerman has been labeled a white man who has committed blasphemy; he has struck the liberals' god. The liberals have decreed that he must die.

There is a twin dynamic at work in every self-defense killing of a black man. The liberals respond to the crisis with religious fervor. Their faith has been attacked and they feel called to defend, not to debate. On the other hand, the black barbarians who could care less about the death of a black man – they kill their own at an incredible rate – react to the self-defense slaying of a black with animal cunning. They know that if whites were to start defending themselves, the blacks' reign of terror would come to an end. So they call all their white devotees to rally around their gods whenever there is a blasphemous act of sacrilege committed. And they are never disappointed; the whites always answer the call to man the walls of the "Africa in Europe" fort. It is significant that George Zimmerman was Puerto Rican. Had he been white he would never have defended himself against a black man. The white will not attack his god. As it stands now I fear that the young Puerto Rican will either commit suicide or be sent to jail, which is tragic because the young man was merely trying to defend his neighborhood from the criminal element, a noble instinct.

The worship of the negro in the European nations is a direct result of the triumph of rationalism in the European world. Christ replaced the gods of the mystery cults because He loved with a passionate intensity which Cybele and Mithras could not come close to equaling. And He replaced the gods of the Greek and Roman sages because He was a living God, not an abstraction. Therein lays the key to the death of Christianity in Europe. A small group of medieval scholastics made reason the judge of revelation which opened the Cartesian floodgates that made Christianity into a philosophy rather than a faith. First only a few, tired, burnt-out rationalists, such as Voltaire and Rousseau, sought refuge from their own minds by worshipping the bodies of the negroes. But as the small cabal of rationalists grew into a vast majority in state and church the stage was set for negro worship. When God becomes merely an end product of a rational, scientific process His people will go whoring after other more vital gods. Why did the European people settle on the negro gods? Because they are the exact opposite of the Christian God. Christ is light, they are darkness. Christ is merciful, the negro gods are cruel and without mercy. Christ is the Son of God, the negroes and their liberal devotees are the minions of Satan.

Modern European paganism is a syncretic paganism that combines the rationalism of the pagan philosophers with the savage orgiastic rites of the most primitive tribesmen. And the central blasphemy of the new paganism is its emphasis on sacrifice rather than mercy. How many whites must die in order to propitiate the black gods? There is no finite number because the pagan religions are cyclic; they do not have a beginning and an end. That eschatology was part of the Christian faith. The liberals do hold out a hope for a kingdom of their black gods here on earth, but that can only come about when the cyclical sacrifice of whites ceases to produce any more whites to sacrifice. At that point the liberal will have ceased to exist as well and only the eternal night of Babylon will remain.

Leaving aside the question of whether the Europeans are the original Hebrews of the Old Testament, I think it is perfectly clear that our history mirrors that of the ancient Hebrews. When God became an abstraction to the Hebrew people, because the Hebrews failed to keep faith with Him in their hearts, they went whoring after the gods of nature. Haven't the modern Europeans done the same thing? What is the European deification of science if not another manifestation of a nature religion? And what is the worship of the negro other than nature worship taken to its most primitive degenerate level?

Every branch of the Christian Church tells us that the Christian faith is not embodied in a people. We are told that a special expeditor of the faith gives us a rational explanation of Christ's death and resurrection and by our mere adherence to the expeditor's rational system we can know God. And if the faith is a rational system, then it is not necessary to pass the faith on through a particular people. The system is all; everybody can gain access to God through the system. But such a bloodless, rationalistic method of transmitting the faith doesn't work. When rationalism enters a Christian Church the people go to the gods of the pagans. And then the expeditors invite the pagan gods into their churches in order to stay "relevant" and get more people back in the pews. If the European churches returned to the European Christ they would be able to take the negro gods from the altar and they could once again worship the living God in spirit and in truth.

You can't stay connected to the past by merely preserving a document from the past or a system from the past. You have to have a burning desire to know the past through your people. By an act of imagination and vision you have to put yourself in a position to see what they saw and feel what they felt. And you certainly won't go through that necessary bonding with your ancestors if you come to believe they are irrelevant or evil. What do the halfway house Christians, and it's a stretch to call them halfway-house Christians, think is worth preserving from the European past? It appears that they think there is nothing worth preserving because the Europeans of the past were sexist, homophobic, imperialist, and above all racist. "Ye shall know them by their fruits." If you really think there is one single redeemable element in modern Babylon you are truly insane. White insanity, which stems from a loss of faith in the Christ of the antique Europeans, is the bone and sinew of multiracial, multicultural Babylon. If the white man ever regains his sanity the era of European Babylon will come to an end.

Modern psychology has taught us that insanity is in the mind, and the cure for it is rationality. But if we step away from the superficiality of psychology and look at life from a more integral, poetic perspective, the way Europeans looked at life

before the advent of satanic psychology, we can see the true origins of insanity. Men are driven insane when they live only in the mind. The nihilistic father in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, keeps telling his son that the tragedy of life is secondhand, it is an intellectual construct. When his son comes to believe that life is second-hand, he commits suicide.

The basic premise of psychology, that a man has a mind but no soul, is the basic premise of Liberalism. But the mere assertion, even if it is a codified, institutionalized assertion, that a man has no soul, cannot change reality. Man does have a soul. The modern European needs his negro gods because without those gods he is left alone in a room with his own mind-forged nothingness. His mind has rejected the reality of Christian Europe so he needs something else to fill the void. Once we grasp the religious nature of the liberals' love for the black savage we will not be deceived into thinking that we can get the liberals to keep black savagery in check. They will not go against their gods.

Liberalism was founded on a belief in the supremacy of reason unfettered. But the liberal could not live with reason alone, so he added the negro. And he propitiates his negro gods in public ceremonies throughout the European lands. It's ironic that only the white man, who the negro despises, treats the black man as a god. No other race, including the black race, worships the negro as a god. But there is a chink in the liberals' religious worshipping armor. Only the upper echelon of liberals truly worships and adores the negro; the rock stars, the movie stars, the academics, and the young who want to be rock stars, movie stars and academics. The great unwashed are not so much in a state of belief in the negro as they are in a state of disbelief in anything else. They are easily led because the liberals are full of passionate intensity about the sanctity of the negroes while the grazers are bewildered and confused. If the grazers could be roused... I know the response: "If wishes were horses, then beggars would ride."

Is there any sign that a revival of the European is any more than wish? Yes, there is one sign; it is the sign of the cross, the cross Europeans once honored. They did not hold any of the modern whited sepulchers of modernity as sacred; not the democratic process, not science, and not the negro. They cried from the depths for contact with the living God, and He responded to them. That sign of contradiction to the modern world, the Christ-centered culture of the antique Europeans, is still there. It is in our hearts and our blood. Only one people, as a people, saw beauty and truth on a cross. Look past the purple-robed priests and priestesses of cosmic modernity that bid us come to worship the negro, and see the living God who dwelt in the hearts of a people who loved much. "See how they love one another."

A man must have a local habitation, within a particular family and race or else he will never know the true God. The antique Europeans knew the true God, the modern Europeans do not. The difference between now and then is the difference between the Tower of Babel and the Cross. The modern liberals are forever building the Tower of Babel, which is supposed, when finished, to represent beauty and truth. We still have our defiant 'no.' We will stay with our own people who saw beauty and truth on The Cross. +

White Genocide - March 24, 2012

"Love, like charity, not only begins at home but perishes without one." – Anthony Jacob

Like Badger in *The Wind in the Willows* I've always been fond of children. A few days ago I saw two cute, blond and blue-eyed children accompanying their father on a trip to the food store. They were Disney-type kids, a girl about five and a boy about seven; by 'Disney-type' I mean the type of kids Walt Disney might have cast in a *Mary Poppins* or a *Swiss Family Robinson* movie. The father was also a 'regular guy' type of fellow who looked like he could have played a father in one of Mr. Disney's *Absent Minded Professor* movies.

Now here's the kicker – I finished my shopping at the same time as the white poster family finished theirs and our cars were parked next to each other. When I saw the children up close I saw that they both were wearing tee shirts that said "This time for Africa." And the car the regular guy drove had two prominent bumper stickers, one of which said "Obama in '08" and the other said something about loving Jesus. Is this the promised end for the white race? A soulless, mindless white man polluting his children with soul-killing drivel? I don't usually engage such creatures in conversation, but this time I did. I asked the man-without-a-soul what his children's tee shirts stood for. He told me the words "This time for Africa" were the theme of the World Cup which was held in South Africa. He also told me the words meant we should all fight racism.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"We must fight racism," he repeated.

"But, what do you mean by that?" I repeated.

“We should fight for Africa and fight racism,” he said with a rising note of anger in his voice.

“Does fighting racism mean you must destroy your children? Because that is what you are doing to them by teaching them to hate white people and love black people.”

“You’re a racist,” he said with all the righteous indignation of a Puritan condemning a witch. And that is where it ended. What did I accomplish by confronting the soulless man? Well, I certainly didn’t convert him. But then I didn’t think I could convert him. I’ve seen so many of those lost white souls that, just once, I thought I’d try to see if there was even a glimmer of light in the soul of one of the dead-to-life white men. There wasn’t.

That soulless man with the two unfortunate children is a sad, tragic sign of the times. I can’t help but think of the millions of white children growing up with such parents. A father and mother like the evil Murdstones in Dickens’ *David Copperfield* would be better parents for a white child than the modern, white-hating parents of today. I think of our Lord’s words when I meet such parents. “But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.”

The Christian hangover phase of the European’s history was from approximately 1914 to 1965. During that time period the bulk of Europeans still adhered to the ethical standards of Christianity, despite the fact that they no longer believed in the major tenets of the Christian faith. But in the late 1960’s young Europeans began to act on the premises of their secularized parents. During the last 45 years we have seen the complete dissolution of Christian ethical standards and the institutionalization of a new religious orthodoxy based on secular, utopian liberalism. At the beginning of the revolution in the late 1960’s you only saw long-haired rock stars, who named their children “Free” and “Starflower,” supporting radical African causes. Some 40 years later crew-cut good old boys adopt black children and have their white children wear tee shirts that say “This time for Africa.” The white expansion into Africa is now called black genocide. But it was in reality the charitable outreach of a Christian people to the lesser breeds without the law. Men like Edmund Hodgson and Elton Knauf were not the only ones who gave everything in an attempt to bring the negro out of his bondage to Satan. Even the hated “imperialists” such as Cecil Rhodes did more for the negro than could possibly be repaid in ten lifetimes. The white man never asked for thanks for being charitable to the black race, because noblesse oblige toward the lesser breeds was bred into the white man’s bones. He performed charitable deeds by instinct.

Black genocide is the genocide that never was. What should concern every white European is the white genocide that is taking place right now. European countries are simply collective farms in which white people are trained to serve the black gods of the European nations. And if white people do not care about white genocide, or – as is more often the case – if they encourage white genocide, there will be no one who cares to stop white genocide. There will be no one to stop the genocide of white people because it is only the whites who ever tried to stop the genocide of other peoples. The orientals never cared about their own as much as the whites did. Nor did the Aztec or the black. It was always the white race that tried to stop the genocide of other races. Now that the white liberal has turned on his own people there is no one to prevent the extermination of the white race.

We must always have before our eyes the enemy with whom we have to deal. The utopian liberal is the most cold-hearted creature on the face of the earth. He can remain unmoved in the face of bloodshed that would have sickened Genghis Khan, so long as the blood is spilled for the future happiness of mankind. The closest a liberal ever comes to condemning a black atrocity is the Pope John XXIII dictum of “regrettable” or the utopian white nation builders’ refrain of “growing pains.” “Yes,” the liberals intone, “they butchered thousands upon thousands of white people, but we need to understand their rage. And we have no doubt that in the long run...” The long run is here. The utopians have been in power for over forty years. White children grow up with no connection to their own past and no hope for any future but the future honor of being absorbed and destroyed by the black race. Every time one of the more blatant manifestations of black thuggery emerges, such as the atrocities in the New Orleans Superdome, the liberals find a way to blame the black atrocities on a remnant “culture of racism.” The liberals will never hold themselves accountable for the failure of utopia because they will never admit that utopia has arrived. It is always about to come to fruition, as soon as the last racist Europeans are destroyed. When there are no more racist whites, blacks will no longer be forced to commit atrocities, and harmony and understanding will reign supreme in Babylon. Such a belief is the holy writ of the liberal.

In a truly hideous funeral ritual white people are voluntarily digging their own and their children’s graves. Every week white people parade into churches and schools to hear the new gospel of liberalism: “Thou shalt love the black man with all thy heart and soul, and thou shalt hate the white man with all thy heart and soul.” In the 1960’s the new gospel was preached in the more modern up-dated churches and at the university level of “higher education.” Now even the “conservative churches” preach the new gospel of the negro, and every kindergarten student is taught how to hate white people and love the black. A friend of mine reported that at a recent conference on home schooling, a black journalist stood up during a question and answer period and asked, “How do we know that white homeschooled white children will

be taught about slavery?” They – the techno-barbarians and the black barbarians – want to get them all. They want no one to escape to tell thee. And who ultimately will rule in the ruins of white civilization? The black barbarians can destroy but they will never rule.

Every person in your country, in a situation to be actuated by a principle of honour, is disgraced and degraded, and can entertain no sensation of life, except in a mortified and humiliated indignation. But this generation will quickly pass away. The next generation of the nobility will resemble the artificers and clowns, and money-jobbers, usurers, and Jews, who will be always their fellows, sometimes their masters. — Edmund Burke

In every white church there is the mainstream church, and then splinter groups that have left the mainstream church and formed a new group they claim is purer and truer to the old doctrine of their former church. In the Roman Catholic Church the fight centered on the liturgy, with the more conservative groups calling themselves traditionalists and sticking with the Latin liturgy. In the Anglican Church the dispute was over the radical changes in the *Book of Common Prayer* and the ordination of women. The more conservative group, calling themselves Orthodox Anglicans, refused to ordain women and radicalize the *Book of Common Prayer*. In the Protestant churches and the churches that refuse the label ‘Protestant’ and prefer the term ‘Christian,’ the dispute was over the Bible. Is it God’s word or a bunch of fables? Obviously, any decent white man always inclines to the more conservative side in any religious dispute. But haven’t the white “conservative Christians” been fooled by Satan’s shell game? While the Catholic traditionalist looks for God in the properly performed ritual with the correct words, and the conservative Protestants look for Him in the proper interpretation of Scripture, haven’t they and all the conservative Christians abandoned the primary source of God’s grace, which is His people? The human heart is the conduit for God’s grace. Conservative and liberal Christians have determined that God does not impart to human hearts the blessings of His heaven. They believe God reveals himself through abstract thought. Such a belief places the conservative and the liberal outside of the European Christian tradition. The seemingly sudden emergence of the “race issue” in every branch of the modern propositional churches is the sign of the death of Christianity in those churches. The true faith can only be passed on through the little human things that cosmic philosophers ignore. We learn to love in small units: family, race, community, nation, and then mankind. If you deprive a person of those vital units of love, then you deprive him of his soul, because without those vital human vessels of grace he cannot be connected to anything but an intellectual concept of God, which is meaningless. Satan wants an endless debate between two groups of Gnostics, the conservatives and the liberals.

We must ask ourselves why Christianity is currently a meaningless word. It is meaningless because it can be anything; it is an airy nothing without a local habitation. But Christianity once did mean something when it had a local habitation in the European people. Is it just a coincidence that the Christian faith has become a propositional faith at the same time the European people have become a propositional people? No, it is not. Whenever cosmic, universalist, multiracial Christianity is preached and practiced, the image of God in His people is effaced and the world is plunged into darkness. The modern European is afraid to face the people of Nineveh. But he won’t admit that he is afraid. He labels his fear “growth” and calls himself courageous for overcoming his prejudices. But the raging tempest of modernity that surrounds us gives the lie to the modern European Jonahs. The tempest won’t cease until the European becomes, once again, what God has ordained him to be – the Christ bearer.

We are not meant to bandy words with God and make Him conform to our Grand Inquisitorial, intellectual concepts of the way He should be. We are meant to love Him and obey Him. Very few Europeans in any age equaled the Welsh pastor, Rev. Stephen Roose Hughes, that Dickens writes about in *The Uncommercial Traveler*, but the ‘racist’, kinist Europeans of old did show us the true faith. Their faith stemmed from a love for the Son of God that was engendered by their love for their own kind. If we can’t love our own particular people over all other people, how can we love Christ, the God who revealed His love for mankind through a particular people? This is not an esoteric theory that I have invented. Look at the collective face of the antique Europeans. And now look at the collective face of the modern liberals. On whose face do we see the image of the Son of God? Instead of supporting white genocide, which is the prerequisite for eternal Babylon, the European should love his people and their God with the fierce and abiding love that casteth out all fear. The liberal and the colored barbarian have not charity. Knowing that fact and knowing that the antique Europeans did have charity, because they knew the living God, should steel us in the day of battle. +

To This Battle Field: Counterrevolution in Babylon - March 17, 2012

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? — Edmund Burke in *Letters on a Regicide Peace*

One of the nice things about traveling through Britain in the early 1970's was that you could hitchhike and get picked up by perfectly respectable people. What was foolhardy in the States was considered quite safe in the United Kingdom. I have every one of the Brits who stopped and gave me a lift filed away somewhere in my memory banks. And every once and a while one or two of them pop up in my puppet show of memory. The other day I found myself remembering an Englishman who picked me up somewhere in Lancashire. I was on my way to the Lake District, and he was on his way home with his wife and two children from an outing in the resort town of Blackpool. At least I think it was Blackpool, but don't hold me to that detail.

I don't remember how many miles I traveled with the family, but I do remember that we stopped and had some tea and crackers at some sort of roadside refreshment stand. Of course it was useless to offer to pay; my money was never accepted by any of those wonderful, hospitable Brits. Naturally when someone is kind enough to give you a ride and welcome you into their family for part of a day you want to reciprocate your host's kindness by being an agreeable companion and talking about what he is interested in. My host was passionately fond of hunting and football. As regards football – I couldn't talk very intelligently about their English football, but I could and did talk about the differences between American and European football. Nor could I claim great expertise in hunting. I was a city boy without any practical knowledge of field and stream sports. But it was the talk of hunting that shifted the conversation into deeper waters. My host was not pleased with the red tape he had to go through to get a permit for a hunting shotgun. Nor was he pleased that once the permit was obtained he could not use lead pellets; he had to use the steel bullets. This was before Britain banned every kind of firearm. Without any premonition of impending doom I asked my friend if he thought Britain was moving toward a total ban on all firearms. "That will never happen," he said, "It would be unthinkable."

Every time I see the *Hound of the Baskervilles* movie starring Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes, I think of that good-natured, kindly Brit. I think of him because at a crucial point in the movie, when the Lord of Baskerville Hall is about to be killed by the hound, Holmes and Watson kill the hound with their revolvers. In modern Britain where the unthinkable happened, Lord Baskerville is a dead man under the same circumstances. That is what the mad-dog rulers of Britain want. They want to exterminate the native-born white Brits and replace them with colored barbarians, who are infinitely more evil and merciless than a savage hound. And no European, whose nation's gun laws might not be quite as strict as Britain's, can feel smug about his own country. The ruling elite in every European nation have the same goal as the British rulers, that is, the extermination of the native-born whites. Even without banning gun ownership, the liberals can demonize, isolate, and destroy. Witness the fate of Randy Weaver's family and the Branch Davidians in this country. We should hold onto our guns as long as we can, but gun ownership is not a magic talisman. When white people do not believe they are a people, they will succumb to liberalism whether they own guns or not. And if they believe themselves to be a people with a special destiny, as the antique Europeans once believed, they will fight with or without guns, and they will prevail.

I often wonder what happened to that genial Brit, just as I wonder what happened to all the Southern segregationists of the 1960's. Did they all go underground? Most likely. The "democratic" leaders of European nations, in the true spirit of democracy, never consult the governed on any radical shift in policy. The native-born Brits were not asked if they wanted to give up their right of self-defense nor were the Southern whites asked if they wanted to integrate. The liberal governments did not consult their people on such questions because they knew the people would have said, "No, we don't want to give up our firearms," and "No, we don't want to integrate."

After radical changes by fiat the liberals start the retraining process. School, church, and media attack racism, sexism, and gun ownership as something evil from the bad old days when white Europeans ruled the roost. But the retraining process only applies to white youths. The colored people own and use guns, much less constructively than white people. The colored people are allowed to be sexist. And the colored people are not only allowed, but encouraged to be rabid racists. It is only the white people, never the colored people, who need to be retrained into oblivion.

Democracy-loving conservatives are fond of scolding white people after the fact when they are deprived of their liberties. "You should have voted," they say. "You should have formed committees, and sent petitions to Washington," they scold. But it is completely ahistorical to say such things. Democracies are oligarchies in which all decisions are made by a select few who then impose their will on the people. All resistance from within the confines of the democratic system is futile, because the liberal rulers of the democratic oligarchy make up the rules for the democratic oligarchy. You can't vote against integration, because that is a major tenet of the liberal oligarchy. You can't vote against the systemic elimination of white Europeans through massive colored immigration, because the extermination of the white race is the *raison d'être* of the liberals. And on it goes — nothing that would alter the existing liberal power structure is ever subject to a vote. All committees and think-tanks that are created by "conservatives" with the stated intent to "have an influence" are just so much gas. They accomplish nothing because they are adjuncts of Liberaldom. You can't destroy Liberaldom from within Liberaldom, any more than you can paint the outside of your house from the inside.

I go back to Burke who said, “It is a great evil, that of a civil war. But in that state of things a civil war which would give to good men and a good cause some means of struggle, is a blessing...” Precisely, the liberals have created a demon-cratie state religion with a whole pantheon of greater and lesser colored gods. Every aspect of the pagan nature religions, including human sacrifice, has been re-created by the liberals with the addition of a few Christian symbols, perverted to stand for something diametrically opposed to Christianity. A civil war waged against such a satanic theocracy would indeed be a blessing.

Whenever a man brings up the topic of counter-revolution – attacking the Western democracies from outside the framework of democracy – that man is called impractical. What could be more practical than fighting against demonic foes who will not rest until they have your heart’s blood? Most naysayers are infected with the democratic virus. They really believe that the democratic process in and of itself is a quasi-divine thing that all men must worship. And a small number of naysayers are against counterrevolution because they see no hope for its success. The latter have a narrow view of counterrevolution. Just because an immediate, full-scale military assault would not be successful does not mean the antique European has to embrace institutionalized Satanism. Far from it! We fight a war of spiritual preparation from within the bowels of Liberalism until the day of a final reckoning comes. And if it never comes in our lifetime? Well, then we will have lived and struggled for “the good cause” and we will go to our house justified. Would you have it otherwise and die having served Liberalism? What is Christian is always what is practical. If Satan rules Liberalism, then we should stop worshipping the democratic process and fight against Liberalism.

I hear the dissenting chorus: “Democracy is the Christian way, multiculturalism is Christian tolerance, and miscegenation is Christian love and brotherhood.” Is it really so difficult to decide whether the modern Christian churchmen or the antique Europeans got it right? If you live only in the theoretical realm your faith will be a reed blowing in the winds of modernity. But if you have a heart that still lives you will see where the truth lies. Our minds can be blinded by an intellectual shell game, but not our hearts.

When I read the history of the European settlements in this country and other countries such as South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia, I am struck by the fact that those white settlers took it as a given that they had to fight to carve out European homes while surrounded by colored barbarians who wanted their blood. And by a miracle of God’s grace and human beings cooperating with God’s grace, those white settlers of the colored lands, who are now called the spoilers of the colored lands, turned what had once been heathen lands into Christian lands. Now we are witnessing, throughout every European nation, the reversal of the European expansion into the heathen lands. The colored barbarians have driven the whites from their lands, and they are well on their way to making the formerly white European nations into colored barbarian nations. This is supposed to be a good thing. “We must be multiracial and multicultural if we are to survive,” liberals such as Tony Blair tell us. But no multiracial, multicultural nation ever survived. And the European nations will not be the exceptions. They will either be white Christian nations, because the whites finally rose up and drove the colored heathen into the sea, or they will be colored, barbarian nations.

A demonic character in the Alfred Hitchcock film *Strangers on a Train* brags that, “I’m a very clever fellow.” And so is the devil a very clever fellow. The devil didn’t attack God head-on; instead he made Him of no consequence by trivializing Him. That is the striking thing about the new feel-good, fusionist Christianity of the Christian churches. It is astonishingly superficial and trivial because it is liberal, and liberalism is superficial and trivial. The Europeans have forsaken the spiritual depths of European Christianity in order to be multicultural. If blacks can’t relate to Christ as the Son of God, then make Him into a great civil rights advocate on a slightly lower level than Nelson Mandela and Martin Luther King Jr. Similar accommodations have been made for every other non-white race. But when inclusiveness replaces spiritual depth, there is no real faith left in the organized churches; they become houses of desolation. The Christian faith is the bulwark of the Europeans. If they wallow in the superficial pig sty of inclusive, multicultural Christianity, they will not be able to mount an attack against Liberalism, because they will not see any difference between themselves and the colored barbarians. They will have renounced the non-blended God of the antique Europeans in order to worship in the new inclusive Church of Satan, in which the negro always receives the greatest adulation and homage.

At age thirty, Richard Weaver found that he had to rethink the basic assumptions of his twenties, because he had come to the realization that his basic assumptions had been wrong. I found myself in a similar position at age 24. I came to the conclusion that everything I had been taught for the past six years in the unhallowed halls of academia was fundamentally wrong. And I would sum up the fundamental error at the heart of my education and the education of all modern Europeans by citing Descartes’ belief that a man could only come to know reality by divesting himself of all that he had been brought up to believe. If such a dictate were to be followed, and it has been followed, the European would be cut off from his past where Christ dwells, and he would be cut off from his heartfelt sentiments about the nature of reality. And as a consequence the European is at the mercy of the abstract philosophers and their psychological descendants. I remember, toward the end of my purgatory in academia, asking my Shakespearean studies “teacher,” who insisted on forcing a Freudian interpretation on Shakespeare’s plays, how a second-rate philosopher-psychologist could tell us anything about a first-rate poet. Is our existence here on earth a poetic drama, as St. Paul and the European poets tell us? Or is it a problem

in Logic 101? “There are more things in heaven and Earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.” Indeed there are! There is no God of love in ‘our philosophy.’ There is no personal God in all of feel-good, “I’m okay, you’re okay,” Jungian psychology. The European must seek the depths where his people reside because there He resides as well. All is cheerless, dark, and deadly, because the modern European is no longer connected to the fairy tale, Christian world of old Europe. He has embraced the oblivion of multicultural, racially diverse Babylon.

A “mere” feeling is ultimately at the heart of our resistance to the mind-forged Babylon of the liberals. I recall a moment in my life that turned me into a raging anti-liberal. I was reading Bertrand Russell for a philosophy course. He stated with mathematical certainty that we lived in a godless, loveless universe. My heart rebelled against Russell’s cold, mathematical atheism. In a brief moment of illumination, I saw the image of God in man in the honored dead of Europe and in those still living who were connected to His Europe. I knew Russell was wrong. There is a deeper knowledge that is hidden from the philosophers and the Pharisees. Our sacred civilization was rooted in a faith in the personal God who St. Paul encountered on the road to Damascus. When we see with St. Paul’s eyes again, having cast off the blindness of superficial, Cartesian logic, we will be men again, and we will do what our ancestors did so well. We will champion the true European fairy tale of Christ crucified, Christ risen, against all the world. +

That Which is Lost - March 10, 2012

“I had heard of that clergyman, as having buried many scores of the shipwrecked people; of his having opened his house and heart to their agonised friends; of his having used a most sweet and patient diligence for weeks and weeks, in the performance of the forlornest offices that Man can render to his kind; of his having most tenderly and thoroughly devoted himself to the dead, and to those who were sorrowing for the dead. I had said to myself, ‘In the Christmas season of the year, I should like to see that man!’” — Charles Dickens’ *The Uncommercial Traveller*

A friend with kinist sympathies recently called me to express his delight that Pat Buchanan had been fired from his position from MSNBC. He was delighted because he thought that Pat would now be on our side! I can understand my friend’s feelings. Pat Buchanan, although marginalized, still has a voice within Liberalism. It is only natural that a kinist from outside Liberalism should hope for a voice within Liberalism. But shouldn’t our hopes be based on something real? Pat has always consistently supported the propositional idea of a nation. He has never maintained that the United States should be a white, Christian nation. What Mr. Buchanan has consistently urged, as Simon Heffer also urged in Britain, is that immigrants of color should respect the existing culture and customs of the white Americans. That’s all Mr. Buchanan ever maintained. And for expressing those views, he was fired, which should not surprise us because we know that liberals are totalitarians. They talk about free speech and fair play when they are out of power, but once they obtain power they do not tolerate any opposition. And there has been a marked change in liberal behavior over the last ten years. They no longer even try to cloak the Babylonian night of liberalism with some of the trappings from the Christian day of Europe. Mainstream newspapers show homosexual lovers on their front pages, interracial couples are strewn throughout the television shows, and sexual depravities that would have made Caligula blush are celebrated in print, on screen, and on television. When such liberal depravities are so blatant, it’s a sign that the liberals do not think they will ever be outside looking in again. They are the powers that be and they see no sun setting on their day.

What does it mean when journalists such as Pat Buchanan and Glenn Beck, men who voiced their objections to certain liberal policies respectfully while following the rules of Liberalism, are cast out of Liberalism? It means that liberals do not want a multicultural democratic society of “you respect my culture, and I’ll respect yours.” They want a totalitarian state dedicated to the hatred of the white Christian European and the worship of the black man.

The so-called “democratic process” is merely a cloak for totalitarian liberalism. When liberals achieve the power necessary to quench all opposition they dispense with all pretexts. Elections in the European countries are merely state-sponsored show trials; we know the verdict before the verdict is given. The elected official will support “our democratic institutions” no matter which party he represents. And supporting our democratic institutions means supporting totalitarian liberalism and the state religion of totalitarian liberalism, which is negro worship.

If we look at the existing world order with the eyes of the conservative prognosticators or the mad-dog liberals, everything seems cheerless, dark and deadly. But do those men of Liberalism see with blinding sight? No, they do not. Even the conservative liberals who profess to be religious do not look at the Europeans’ history with their hearts. The eyes of reason see a Liberalism that is forever. But the European heart, which has not been destroyed by the ignorance of reason, can see that antique Europe was His Europe and the antique Europeans were His people. The European people will be tested and tried, but they will not perish if they hold to the vision of Christ that is the common inheritance of all Europeans who have not forsaken their blood.

At this point I want to use a word that has been mightily abused. That word is 'Biblical.' It is currently used to connote a form of Christian Judaism in which the end of the world can be brought on by supporting the nation-state of Israel. I use the word in a more traditional and existential sense. The ancient Hebrews were enjoined by the prophets to view themselves as a Biblical people, a people connected to a God who ruled over all of human history. Their God was not to be found in nature. Whenever the Hebrews made nature their god they lost their vision of the true God. And the modern European has made the nature-worshipping heresy his own.

God cannot come to a people who do not call on Him by name. If Christ becomes part of a rationalist nature theology, or if He becomes a super human civil rights worker or anything other than the God who is the beginning and the end, He will turn into airy nothing and be abstracted from the vital inner life of the European people. The existentialist writers of the mid-twentieth century were right to stress existence over essence, but why should such an existential emphasis lead to a denial of God? It should only lead to a denial of the abstract 'Gods' of the Christian theologians and the pagan nature religions. The God of Abraham, Jacob, Isaac, and St. Paul is an existential God! His existence precedes the theologians' theories about the essence of God. When Europeans disregarded theories about the nature of a God whose existence could be inferred by reason contemplating nature, and concentrated instead on keeping faith with the God who took flesh and dwelt amongst them, they were a people with a purpose and a vision. Once they abstracted God from their blood, they lost their vision and their purpose. If the anti-European clergymen had kept faith with their people and the incarnate God, as distinct from the abstract God, they would not have gone whoring after negro gods in order to give them a vital blood connection to the deity. The kingdom of God was truly within them, and they gave it up for the abstract negro gods of nature. In the hands of the decadents, the 20th and 21st century Christless Christians, Christianity has become a faithless faith that is good when it serves liberalism and bad when it does not. The antidote for Christless Christianity is European Christianity, the faith of our ancestors.

Prior to the 20th century the unquestioned assumption among Europeans, with the exception of a few Rousseauian intellectuals, was that European culture was good. And it was considered good because the European people were Christian. By the latter half of the 20th century the unquestioned assumption of the modern Europeans was that the pre-20th century European culture was evil. And it was considered evil because the Europeans of that time period were Christian. Because European Christianity was so evil, the mad-dog liberals dispensed with it altogether. The halfway-house Christians tried to save Christianity by making a distinction between the evil Christianity practiced by the Europeans and the new Christianity preached by the modern Christian clergy. But what if the Christianity of the antique Europeans was the true "practical" Christianity? In point of fact it was and it is. Kipling wrote that "The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me." The Christian faith of the antique Europeans is good enough for all of us.

There are so many white moments in the works of Charles Dickens, moments when we see the image of our Savior reflected in the charitable outreach of one human being to another. One such moment occurs in the *Pickwick Papers* when Pickwick forgives Jingle. Another such moment takes place when Pip tells Magwitch that, "Please God, I will be as true to you as you have been to me!" And then there is that wonderful moment when Nicholas Nickleby steps forward and stops Wackford Squeers from beating Smike. Such white moments define European Christianity. Those Dickensian heroes of charity reflected the real, the true, European Christianity. Dickens called it "practical Christianity," and he thought the real life embodiment of it was the Reverend Stephen Roose Hughes of Llanallgo, Wales. If you still have a European heart prepare to shed tears when you read Dickens' report, in the second chapter of *The Uncommercial Traveller*, of a shipwreck that took place in 1859 off the coast of Wales. Over 500 men and women lost their lives in the wreck and the Rev. Hughes turned his church into a refuge for the relatives of the dead and his churchyard into a burial ground for the honored dead. Honored because they were human beings created in His image. Dickens came to the church some two months after the wreck. He never forgot the works of charity he saw performed by a man who had the true faith, bred in the bone.

So cheerful of spirit and guiltless of affectation, as true practical Christianity ever is! I read more of the New Testament in the fresh frank face going up the village beside me, in five minutes, than I have read in anathematising discourses (albeit put to press with enormous flourishing of trumpets), in all my life. I heard more of the Sacred Book in the cordial voice that had nothing to say about its owner, than in all the would-be celestial pairs of bellows that have ever blown conceit at me.

Again –

He had numbered each body in a register describing it, and had placed a corresponding number on each coffin, and over each grave. Identified bodies he had buried singly, in private graves, in another part of the church-yard. Several bodies had been exhumed from the graves of four, as relatives had come from a distance and seen his register; and, when recognised, these have been reburied in private graves, so that the mourners might erect separate headstones over the remains. In all such cases he had performed the funeral service a second time, and the ladies of his house had attended...

The cheerful earnestness of this good Christian minister was as consolatory, as the circumstances out of which it shone were sad. I never have seen anything more delightfully genuine than the calm dismissal by himself and his household of all they had undergone, as

a simple duty that was quietly done and ended. In speaking of it, they spoke of it with great compassion for the bereaved; but laid no stress upon their own hard share in those weary weeks, except as it had attached many people to them as friends, and elicited many touching expressions of gratitude.

And –

In this noble modesty, in this beautiful simplicity, in this serene avoidance of the least attempt to ‘improve’ an occasion which might be supposed to have sunk of its own weight into my heart, I seemed to have happily come, in a few steps, from the churchyard with its open grave, which was the type of Death, to the Christian dwelling side by side with it, which was the type of Resurrection. I never shall think of the former, without the latter. The two will always rest side by side in my memory. If I had lost any one dear to me in this unfortunate ship, if I had made a voyage from Australia to look at the grave in the churchyard, I should go away, thankful to GOD that that house was so close to it, and that its shadow by day and its domestic lights by night fell upon the earth in which its Master had so tenderly laid my dear one’s head.

Rev. Hughes was an uncommon man even then. But such Christian charity and heroism was not that uncommon in Christian Europe. We must see what we have lost, the image of God in man, if we are ever going to cast off the Egyptian night of the liberals and seek the Christian day of the antique Europeans.

Dickens used the term practical Christianity to describe the Rev. Hughes’ bred-in-the-bone Christianity. But is such a faith practical from a materialist standpoint? No, it is not practical from a materialist perspective. It is practical though, if human beings have souls. If that is the case what could be more practical than to be in union with the Blessed Savior whose love passeth all understanding? Very few moderns deny God; they simply put Him in an intellectual box and save Him for the next world in case science doesn’t conquer death before it’s their turn to die. But can God be put on hold in that matter? Should the living God be treated as one who is dead in this world? Won’t human beings then seek other gods, such as the negro, in order to feel connected to something other than their own minds? Frost wrote of two paths that diverged in the woods. Our ancestors took the path that led to Calvary because they saw their salvation in the cross of Christ. The modern Europeans took the other path. There was no cross and no thorns on that path, but there was also no God of love on that path. A science lab is a dark, loveless place. And a church with a negro God at the altar is a hideous, loathsome dwelling.

Since the Europeans have followed the pied pipers of Liberalism they have become as sounding brass. So long as they remain connected to the brave new world of negro-worshipping, Christless Christianity, and separated from the practical Christianity of the Rev. Stephen Roose Hughes of old Europe, they will be lost souls wandering in the desolate dwellings of Liberalism. But the romance of the Cross will always have its European champions. The heart that truly loves, the European heart, will fight for that which is lost, our sacred Europe. +

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close...

Courting the Friendship of the Wicked - March 3, 2012

It is a dreadful part of the example, that infernal malevolence had had pious apologists, who read their lectures on frailties in favour of crimes; who abandoned the weak, and court the friendship of the wicked. – *Letter on a Regicide Peace* by Edmund Burke

I was a great deal less than ecstatic, but more than mildly pleased to see Simon Heffer’s article chronicling the Labour Party’s attempts to “destroy Britishness” through massive immigration. What I liked about Heffer’s article was his recognition that the native Brits had every right to expect their rulers and those immigrants who come to Britain to respect the native British culture:

In a society that remains more than 90 per cent indigenously British, it is ludicrous to be ashamed of national traditions, rooted in common values from a shared past.

And it is entirely right to expect those who come here to accept those values and traditions, and not be made – usually by mischievous, politically-motivated white liberals – to feel hostile towards them.

When even many atheists recognise the central importance of Christianity to the culture and institutions of our country – and I am one of them – it is offensive to the intellect as well as to the spiritual to seek to downgrade or marginalize that faith.

Our society needs an end to mass immigration.

What I did not like about the article was Heffer's attempt to avoid both the racial and religious issue. He, like the members of the English Defence League (EDL), who wanted "all decent people be they black, white, Christian, Sikh, Jewish or Muslim..." to ban together for England, fails to come to grips with the fact that the non-white, non-Christian immigrants will never become good Britons. First and foremost they can't become good Britons, because a good Briton, by definition, is white and he is Christian. There is no other kind of Briton. To suggest there can be an abstract British citizen, loyal to an abstract Britain with no racial or religious identity is to enter the utopian realm of Thomas Paine. And secondly, the Moslems and the people of color do not want to become good Britons. The Moslems want to make Britain into Islamabad, and the blacks want to rape and pillage their way through Britain.

Heffer, though an atheist, thinks that respect for Britain's national identity, "Founded on Christian values of tolerance and decency..." is the best way to guarantee a harmonious future for all our people, of whatever racial background..." That sounds disgusting. Let's all hold hands and sing the Coca Cola song. There are some nonbelievers, such as George Eliot, Thomas Jefferson, and Simon Heffer, who admire Christianity as an ethical system. Such "friends" of Christianity are dangerous because Christianity severed from the belief in Christ as the son of God becomes a secularized ethical system (I believe it's called liberalism) in which faith, hope, and charity are replaced by "tolerance and decency" which translates to tolerance for evils, such as abortion and miscegenation, and respect for decency as defined by liberals. True charity, which stems from faith in Christ, is more often than not deemed too intolerant and indecent in the extreme by liberals who want white Christians to tolerate the evils liberals do and the moral indecencies that they glory in.

Heffner has taken one baby step toward the light, but he will remain largely in the dark if he continues to ignore the obvious: Racial and religious diversity kills. Britain and every other European nation must be racially and religiously non-diverse if they hope to survive.

Recent barbarian atrocities in Britain, a mild white protest of the atrocities, and a satanic liberal response to the mild protest, illustrate the present position of white people vis-à-vis the state and vis-à-vis the non-white cultures: In Rochdale, England (I've never been there but I'm told it's in the northwest) eleven Asian men, at least they are called men, raped and assaulted a number of young white girls. In other words, the subhuman Asians are practicing pedophiles. When a few white teenagers threw rocks at the businesses of the offending Asians, the police threatened "robust" action against people seeking to "take advantage" of the racial tension in the town. And when the inclusive, "we love everybody" English Defence League (called an "extreme right wing" organization) planned a protest of the Asian barbarities, the police warned that "There are clear racial elements behind this. The EDL are coming to Manchester again on Saturday. We have a robust policing operation in place. I'm very confident of that policing operation." The police went on to warn white Britons not to put anything inflammatory up on Facebook or Twitter. "We are, as a police service, monitoring all the sites. Where we see things that are inflammatory or trying to incite or corral people for criminal activity, we will act."

It doesn't matter what European country you look at; the same nightmare is unfolding. A sick, degenerate white hierarchy opens up their country to the colored hordes. They hope that the colored barbarians will dispose of the white grazers and then become loving subjects of the Atticus Finches of Liberalism. The first part of the scenario is already taking place, the second part never will take place.

Once they enter the formerly European nations the colored barbarians do what they did in their own countries — they behave like barbarians. The only difference is that in the white countries there is no one to check them. The colored barbarians have free license to murder, rape, and rob white people. If there is even the slightest murmur of a protest from white people the government responds as it did in the Rochdale pedophile incidents; it vows to crack down on white racists. And of course the crackdown works. Even mild protests are framed in such all-inclusive language — "we respect all races and faiths" and "we deplore all violence" — that the protestors become a kind of support group for the barbarians of color, reassuring them that white people won't become violent, and white people are not against all colored barbarians, just a few misguided, naughty ones.

I see the suicide of the white race taking place before my eyes, but I still can't understand it. How long will white people remain a non-people? Shakespeare is the pre-eminent European poet because of the breadth and depth of his poetic vision. He is always our contemporary because he imagined and depicted every aspect of the human condition. He speaks to us, the suicidal whites, across the centuries: King Lear brings untold miseries on himself, his subjects, and his loved ones by his folly. But through suffering, Lear is ennobled. Suffering has not driven him mad; it has driven him to sanctity. And it is from that new perspective, the perspective of a saint, that King Lear realizes there are human beings so hideously evil that there can be only one response to them: "And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-laws, Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!"

While liberals look to punish even so much as an angry word from a white grazer, they themselves choose violence to solve all their problems. Does childbirth interfere with a woman's right to be free and fulfilled? Then wipe out the children in

their mothers' wombs. Do white people pose a threat to the new Babylonian utopia? Then bring in the colored barbarians and turn them loose on the whites. The liberals' hands are covered with blood, and the barbarians' hands are covered with blood. Yet still the white grazers remain tolerant, supportive, and respectful toward the governments that have sanctioned the extermination of the white race. Young white males join their nations' armies and navies to fight for the new, white-hating Babylonian world order. And white parents support school and church where their children learn to hate the white race and worship the colored races. How long, oh Lord, how long?

The conservative American columnist Chilton Williamson recently predicted that the United States would soon be engaged in a civil war because of the irreconcilable racial groups currently residing in the land mass called the United States. A civil war would be an improvement on the present war in which only the liberals and the colored barbarians are fighting. It would be most heartening if white people actually started holding up their end of the war. A war in which only one side is fighting can hardly even qualify as a war, unless you call killing cattle in a slaughterhouse a warlike activity. Without a whimper Europeans have turned themselves over to the butchers.

Should we just assume that the white race is a cowardly race of spineless jellyfish and leave it at that? We can't if we want to get at the truth. White people have shown tremendous courage during national disasters in their own countries and when going to the aid of victims of national disasters in other countries. It is in defense of their own against colored aggression that they seem completely helpless. Why should this be so?

White people cannot act in accord against a common colored enemy, because they believe what their leaders have told them, that they are a pariah race of people who must do penance for the sins of their ancestors. This is why whites always frame even their most mild protests against colored atrocities in non-racial terms: "... all decent people, be they black, white, Christian, Sikh, Jewish or Muslim..." The whites will remain in bondage, at the mercy of a merciless, hate-filled hierarchy of liberals and the colored barbarians, so long as they continue to seek redemption from the devil. And it is the devil who rules Liberaldom through the good offices of the liberal. The ideals of the French Jacobins have become the ruling principles throughout the European countries:

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.

If white people, such as the members of the EDL who try to stop white genocide with Coca Cola songs, would look to a different leadership, the leadership of their honored dead, they could find in that leadership the white man's answer to the demonic rule of the liberals and the colored barbarians. It was with the backing and the encouragement of Satan that the liberals urged, and then when they got power they demanded, that all Europeans break with their evil past, which was racist, sexist, homophobic and completely unprogressive. And thus far the white grazers have been mesmerized by modernity. Some aspects of it might make them uncomfortable, but they are still too mesmerized by it to forsake it. So they keep hoping against hope that the liberals will be merciful to them and let them live in Babylon. But the god of Liberaldom does not extend mercy to the penitent. No amount of groveling will atone for the white man's sins against the black gods of Liberaldom. The white man will not be forgiven even in death. And what was the unforgivable sin of the white man? He was the Christ-bearer: that was his sin. Asian pedophiles rape white girls in Britain, and black barbarians rape and torture whites in the United States, South Africa and every European country, because the liberal hierarchies of every European nation condone such atrocities. And they will go on condoning and defending such atrocities because they hate the Son of God and His people. As Burke said, they want to tear God to pieces by destroying the image of God in man.

When the British police officials warned that they were going to take "robust" action against whites seeking to retaliate against the Asian pedophiles, what were they really saying? Let me translate. They were saying, "I love the devil and all his works, and I hate Christ and all His works." If the whites with some spark of whiteness left in their souls, such as the Coca Cola songsters of the EDL, could see who really rules Britain and all of Europe, they might stop seeking redemption from the prince of darkness and turn to the God who defends the hopeless and those who fight for the hopeless. Tolerance of evil is not Christian. Hatred of one's own is not Christian. And the support of Satan's reign on earth is damnable. We all die in the end, but shouldn't we die fighting for His reign of charity rather than Satan's reign of darkness? +

The Symbol and Substance of Europe – FEBRUARY 24, 2012

"The sign o' the cross – the spirit above the dust." – Herman Melville

Edward James Corbett was a British hunter, conservationist and author. He was born (1875) and raised in British India, holding the rank of Colonel in the British Indian Army. Between the years 1907 and 1938, Corbett tracked down and killed 19 tigers and 14 leopards. But Corbett did not hunt for sport. He hunted man-killers. It is estimated that the man-killers Corbett disposed of had killed more than 1,200 men and women.

Corbett always hunted the man-killers alone and on foot, at great peril to his own life. The natives regarded him as a saint with mystic powers. But of course Corbett had no mystical powers; he was simply a white man whose Christian faith was bred in the bone. In later years Corbett wrote a book about his experiences (*Man-Eaters of Kumaon*) and tried to teach the natives of India how to preserve their wildlife. The man-killers never got Edward James Corbett; he died peacefully in bed in 1955 at age 79.

Without in any way trying to diminish Corbett's remarkable achievements in India, I must assert that Corbett's efforts on behalf of Indian natives ("the least of these my brethren") were duplicated by white men in India, Africa, and all of the colored lands. Wherever white men set foot, there was charity and mercy where there had never been charity and mercy before. Corbett's efforts only differed from other whites' charitable efforts by virtue of the fact that Corbett's work was acknowledged and appreciated by the natives. Most other whites were rewarded for their charitable work with hatred. And some, like the missionaries Edmund Hodgson and Elton Knauf, suffered torture and death at the hands of the natives for whom they had labored their entire lives.

In hindsight it appears to me that men like Corbett and Hodgson should have stayed in Europe and worked to defend Christendom from the heathens instead of trying to make heathens part of Christendom. But what we cannot say about the liberals, that their hearts were in the right place, we can say with certainty about whites like Corbett. Their hearts were in the right place. They tried to convert the heathens of color. Their efforts were unsuccessful because of the colored peoples' hatred of the light, not because of any failing on their part.

Will I not concede any imperfections in the whites who lived and worked in the colored lands? No, I will not, because throughout Liberaldom there is a hue and cry against the whites who took up the white man's burden. I will not join the mob of liberal Jacobins. When taken for all in all -- and that is how human beings should be taken -- the white man's efforts on behalf of the colored heathens should be lauded to the skies, not condemned and covered with liberal scorn and derision.

The liberals present themselves as the light-givers. On a daily basis they shed light on the terrible racist past of the white men who ruined the Eden-like perfection of the colored lands. In print, television, and movie the white man is depicted as the great despoiler of the noble colored people. But is this unquestioned doctrine of the liberals true? Isn't there anyone left who can see that the liberal Emperor has no clothes on? The naked truth is this: Wherever the Christian European went -- China, Africa, India, and so on -- the colored heathens in those lands were shown there was something infinitely more sublime and beautiful to be found in Christianity than in their heathen faiths. What has happened since the white man left the colored lands? The natives have returned to their Egyptian night.

I wouldn't want to see the white imperial era return, not because the whites of that time period were evil -- far from it -- but because I don't think whites should waste their spiritual energy in a futile attempt to convert colored heathens to the light. Far better to keep the faith in your own corner of Europe and let the heathen who has the humility to do so learn by the example of the Christian Europeans. Still, what the antique Europeans did by going to the lands of the colored barbarians and trying to convert them was far better than what the modern Europeans have done: they have denounced Christianity and invited the colored people into the European lands so that they can worship them, always reserving the center of the church altar for the black gods.

And we must ask, "Is this what our ancestors fought for during the Christian era of Europe? Did Alfred fight so that his posterity could worship negroes? Did the great composers, writers, painters, and sculptors of Christian Europe work and labor so that colored barbarians could destroy the work of centuries in one moment? Everywhere we see Satan triumphant. He has placed black idols at the center of what used to be Christian Europe, and he has managed to turn Christian worship into negro worship. Such abominations will end when the Europeans' awake from their death-in-life existence. What would it take to awaken them? If God took flesh, dwelt among them, was crucified, died and was buried, and then rose again from the dead, would that revive the death-in-life Europeans? Yes, it would, and it shall. The neo-pagan is wrong to try to abandon the Cross. It is now and always shall be our hope, our strength, and our salvation. We need to strip all the theological blasphemies and anemic ethical systems away from the Cross. The Cross is a flame, a sword; it is the symbol and substance of Europe. By the Cross we conquer.

The liberal has pushed Satanism to its logical extreme: the worship of the negro and his culture and the demonization of the Christian European and his culture. It certainly would have been preferable to live in the 1950's and the early 1960's when white people still had a Christian hangover. But the evil was present then, couched in high-sounding words such as

‘civil rights.’ Now with the benefit of hindsight, we can see that the civil rights movement was the final nail in the coffin of Christian Europe. From that movement came women’s rights, which means abortion rights, and diversity, which means the extermination of white people. Satan needed a sign of contradiction to be the focal point of his earthly reign. And the negro was chosen to be that sign of contradiction to Christian Europe. Christ cannot reign in a nation consecrated to the negro. And if the whole world is consecrated to the negro? Then the Son of Man will have no place to lay His head and all the earth will resemble our modern college campuses where lost souls wander in and out of houses of desolation.

In the not-to-distant past, when there were a few social conservatives left in the conservative ranks, American conservatives would debate whether America was polluting Europe or Europe was polluting America. When Obama was elected that question was answered. The Europeans are like unto the American Europeans, but the United States has earned the title of The Most Satanic Nation on earth. When the Ayatollah Khomeini called the U.S. the “Great Satan” he was correct, but he was correct for the wrong reason. The Ayatollah looked on the U.S. as the foremost nation of Christendom, which made the U.S., from the Ayatollah’s Muslim perspective, the Great Satan. In reality, the U.S. was and is the leader of the new anti-Christian states of Europe. The sooner the current rulers of this nation and their European puppets are dead and gone, the sooner we can rebuild Christendom, purged of the colored tribesmen and the mad-dog liberals.

It has been a heart-breaking experience for me to watch my children, who were raised in the Europe of Walter Scott, have to go out into the cities of desolation in an effort to make a living. I recently told one of those children, now an adult, that I was sorry I hadn’t managed to fix it so she never had to have anything to do with Liberalism. My daughter told me, “At least I know that Europe, and I’ll always carry the memory of it in my heart.” God bless her.

The death of Christian Europe is like the death of a loved one. The pain of their passing is only eased by the memory of their life here on earth and the hope of their resurrection to a better life. Of course the analogy isn’t a perfect one. All mortal men must die in the flesh so they can live eternally in the spirit; such is the will of God. But Christian Europe did not have to die; its death was not the will of God, but the will of the liberals and their master. And that is where our passionate hate should come into play. If we spend our whole life hating Satan’s Liberalism, hating it because we love His Europe, we will at least be able to say we kept faith with our people and our God.

As regards our daily existence the Christian hangover years were certainly better than this our modern age. During the hangover years, there was still a certain sense of modesty and decorum between the sexes, and ordinary kindness had not yet become the political entitlement of only one sainted race. But there is one great advantage for an antique European living in modern Liberalism. That one great advantage consists in this: The liberals have flown their colors. They have raised the flag of negro worship for all the world to see. Wherever that flag flies, we can strike home and know we strike an enemy.

I’ve been forced to observe the liberals at work and play for many years. And two pillars of liberalism stand out as the primary pillars of the liberal cathedral. Those two pillars are the church and the university. Every major university at one time was an adjunct of a Christian church. Now every church is an adjunct of the university. Such a reversal was inevitable once the church men unfettered reason from revelation and the human heart. If reason is all, why shouldn’t the academy, the citadel of unfettered reason, be all? But if reason is all why did the Christian churches’ only genuine theologian tell us that understanding comes from the heart and ignorance stems from the blindness of the heart? Academy and church keep the anti-European bonfire aflame and the flag of negro worship flying. At the onset I said that Edward James Corbett had no mystical powers, that he was just a white man whose Christianity was bred in the bone. That type of faith is far greater than any mystic mumbo-jumbo. The white man with such a faith will endure to the end. We must refuse to evolve, and stay with the bred in the bone faith of our ancestors who rejected the wisdom of the sages and placed their hope in the foolishness of The Cross. By the Cross we conquer. +

That Which Endures - FEBRUARY 18, 2012

Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

-Dylan Thomas

It’s truly remarkable, and not in a good way, that not one of the remaining presidential candidates cares to bring up the only question that matters: Do the European people have the right to survive as a distinct people? If the answer to that question is ‘yes’, then the presidential candidates should outline their programs for the preservation of the European people, who one would have thought were at least as important a resource as natural gas or oil.

Since no candidate has brought up the most important issue, we must conclude that none of the candidates think the survival of the European people is an important issue. In fact, I would go further. I think all the presidential candidates subscribe to the proposition that the world will be a better place when there is no such thing as a European.

Because the Republican presidential candidates have already given their assent to the extermination of the white race, this upcoming election will not be an election, as some conservatives have suggested, to determine whether the United States will become a third world nation or remain a viable European-style nation. That determination has already been made: the United States will become a non-European third world nation. What the election will determine is just how fast the United States will move toward third world status. The Democrats and their little black idol favor Babylon Now, while the Republicans, with the exception of Gingrich, prefer a slightly slower movement toward third world Babylonian status. I will vote for any Republican other than Gingrich, but in doing so I have no illusion that I'll be voting for a man who wants to preserve the European people by ending all illegal immigration, restricting all legal immigration to whites only, and evicting all the colored people from the country. I'll be voting for a President who prefers to execute his European prisoners in small groups at monthly intervals in contrast to his more impatient opponent who wants all Europeans shot at dawn.

The American political contests, in which every candidate tries to be inclusive and non-European, remind me of August Strindberg's play *The Dance of Death*. In that play Strindberg, who had the misfortune to marry a feminist, describes a marriage that has become hell because one partner in the marriage has decided to rewrite the laws of Christian marriage. The European, who was wedded to Christ, has become the female harpy depicted in Strindberg's play. God's merciful ordering of existence became unbearable to the European rationalist, and he plays the part of the shrewish female: "I will have my way and not God's way." Hence the dance of death, in which white, soulless puppets dance to the music with Satan playing the tune.

What would it take to make a European cut the strings binding him to Satan and walk away from the dance of death? It would take a sustained, passionate rage against the dying of the light. Dylan Thomas was speaking not only to his father but to all Europeans when he urged us to "Rage, rage against the dying of the light." But against whom should that rage be directed? And who will hear our passionate, enraged cry from the depths of our soul? Does the light still shineth in darkness? The European doesn't know. He doesn't know, because the rationalists of Church and academy have convinced the poor, bare, unaccommodated European that the outer crust of existence, the part of existence that can be put into a silver rod to be analyzed and discussed via the dialectic, is the whole of existence.

Faith does not exist on the surface of life, that outer crust that can be seen with the material eye. Faith exists only in the depths of the heart. A man must see life feelingly or he won't be a man. Europeans are entering the last phase of a hideous dance of death, because they have blinders on their hearts:

Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart. – Ephesians 4:18

If the European stays on the outer crust of existence with his inclusive democracy, fusionist Christianity, and racial Babylon, he will surely die. But if he sees life feelingly and rejects inclusive democracy, fusionist Christianity, and racial Babylon, he will walk away from the dance of death and start to rebuild Christian Europe in whatever blessed plot of land in Christendom that God gave him to love over all. If the European's love is like unto His love, and the European's passion is like unto His passion, he will prevail over all the forces of hell which now seem so invincible. Lest we forget, the true European, the European who sees with his heart, knows not "seems." The Hamlet analogy is apropos. Claudius was guilty of fratricide and regicide. And like Claudius, the modern rulers of Liberalism are guilty of fratricide and regicide: the fratricide of negro worship, which entails the sacrificial offering of your kith and kin to the black gods, and the regicide of democracy, which entails the murder of all Christian kings and the dethronement of Christ the King, is absolutely essential for the survival of Liberalism. (1) And the one thing necessary to ensure that fratricide and regicide remain the ruling principles of Liberalism is the institutionalization of superficiality. There must be no Hamlets, no men of depth, because it is in the depths of the human heart that a man finds the truth about God and man. Listen to Claudius's attempt to gloss over fratricide and regicide with platitudes:

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd: whose common theme
Is death of fathers, ...

The liberals follow the same method as Claudius. They cloak their murderous intentions with high-sounding words: "Tis a fault to heaven if you are not inclusive," the halfway-house Christians tell us. "Tis a fault to nature if you don't worship the natural savage," the mad-dog liberals tell us. And we have heard the other banalities too: we are stubborn, unmanly, simple, and unschool'd -- the liberals must have been schooled by Claudius! But we should look past the platitudes, as Hamlet did, and see the evil that lurks behind the wall of platitudes. Yes, we are stubbornly committed to the God of old Europe rather than the black gods of the modern European. Yes, we are unschooled and simple enough to love our own people, and we are 'unmanly' enough to shed tears for the death of our people. But the liberal should take note: first we weep, then we fight. There shall be a reckoning:

Hamlet. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?
Follow my mother! [King dies.

We know against whom our rage should be directed -- against the liberals and the colored barbarians. They have one abiding passion, the hatred of the white European. And we know to whom we should go for aid in the last great fight of all. Dylan Thomas's prayer was a prayer to the unknown God; our prayer is to Christ the Lord.

When I went to college it seemed that every student in the dorm had the Henry David Thoreau poster: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." Every student fashioned himself a rebel stepping to the music of a different drummer, when in reality the students were one large herd of cattle, stepping to the same music, the music of modernity. The rulers of Liberaldom are the same as those students (in fact some of those students are the current rulers of Liberaldom); they fashion themselves as rebels against the status quo when in reality they are the status quo. The liberal rule of misrule is one big carny show. Behind the glittering lights of new, technological gizmos, and newer, better people -- better because they are not white -- is the grinning, hideous face of Satan.

The neo-pagan blames the Christian faith for the demise of the European. 'Tis not so; the rise of the European people stemmed from their faith in Christ. When the Europeans' passionate faith in Christ turned into moral theology, then the European people declined. When faith becomes a series of moral precepts, genuine faith dies. The moral theologians, pagan and Christian, never seemed to grasp the fact that a man must have his passions and his sentiments. Those who want to replace passion and sentiment with rationality must be judged, as Richard Weaver said, "the most subversive enemies of society and culture."

Christ didn't come to destroy man's passions; quite the contrary, He came to inflame men's passion for the things of the spirit. Illicit passions cannot be defeated by philosophy or moral precepts. A man's passion for all women can only be overcome by his passionate love for one woman. A man's lust for money and power can only be overcome by a passionate love for the God-Man, who bids us seek a Kingdom that is not of this world. And so it will always be; only passion can defeat passion.

The culture created by the European people was a miracle of grace. Their culture was not, as were the cultures of the people of color, created to give religious sanction to man's baser passions. The Europeans' culture, inspired by their passionate love for the Man of Sorrows, was based on the passions and sentiments that elevate a man, rather than debase him.

We come once again to the subject of these wars. The European people are hated because they were the Christ-bearing people. Even those who are willing to renounce their race are still suspect because they are the same color as the Europeans of old. And those of us who will not renounce the antique Europeans and their God? We are to be exterminated. But our hope lies in precisely that which the liberals order us to renounce. If we love the European hearth of our ancestors, where kith, kin and Christ were honored and loved, with a passionate intensity which passeth the understanding of the liberal and the colored barbarian, we will have the best hope of prevailing in the battle against principalities and powers. +

(1) In a very revealing remark, France's President Sarkozy said recently that his country is a "regicide country" whose people "could, for the sake of a symbolic measure, overthrow the country." He's proud of it! It makes me want to rise and ride for God and King!
Labels: blood faith, passion grounded in His passion, politics

Against a Regicide Peace with the Liberals - FEBRUARY 11, 2012

They never will love where they ought to love, who do not hate where they ought to hate. – Edmund Burke

Burke had great success in turning the tide of English public opinion against the French revolution, but he was not successful in convincing his fellow countrymen that the war against France should continue even after the death of Robespierre resulted in a diminution of bloodshed. The same regicides who had killed the king and broke with all the traditions of Christian Europe were still in power and still unrepentant.

The murderers of Robespierre, besides what they are entitled to by being engaged in the same tontine of Infamy, are his Representatives; have inherited all his murderous qualities, in addition to their own private stock. But it seems, we are always to be of a party with the last and victorious Assassins. I confess, I am of a different mind; and am, rather inclined, of the two, to think and speak less hardly of a dead ruffian, than to associate with the living. I could better bear the stench of the gibbeted murderer, than the society of the bloody felons who yet annoy the world. Whilst they wait the recompense due to their ancient crimes, they merit new punishment by the new offences they commit. There is a period to the offences of Robespierre. They survive in his Assassins. Better a living dog, says the old proverb, than a dead lion; not so here. Murderers and hogs never look well till they are hanged.

Burke poured his whole heart and soul into his letters against Regicide France and, by his own admission, was broken-hearted when his countrymen were willing to sup with the devil.

The same anti-Christian principles that Burke so correctly and passionately urged his countryman to fight against are the principles on which the nations of Europe have built Liberalism. Every European nation has traveled the same road, some at slower rates than the other nations but in the end every European nation arrived at the liberal wayside inn; the inn of liberty from God, equality with the ape, and fraternity with the devil. And the Goddess of Abstract Reason was the lodestar that guided the Europeans to the wonderful utopian inn in which the negro is worshipped and adored in the chapel by the staircase and abortions are provided in the room down the hall.

There is no room for the Christian European in the inn of the Regicide liberals who have killed Christ, the crowned King of Europe. But why should we want a place in an inn reserved for Regicides? I'm sick to death of white nationalist and conservative leaders who tell white people to remain democratic, non-violent, and respectful of other races so the liberals and the colored barbarians will allow white people to live in Babylon. The problem with such advice is that it is based on three false abstractions.

1. As long as you have a democracy you will have a liberal oligarchy of men and women who know how to manipulate the masses through a system that rewards politically correct behavior, such as negro worship, and punishes anti-social behavior, such as the refusal to worship negroes. We are not permitted to vote for rulers who do not worship negroes, because no candidate is permitted to run for office who does not pay tribute to the gods of color.

Democracy is not compatible with the Christian faith of the antique European. You can't take a vote to determine truth. There have been Christian republics and Christian monarchies, but there has never been – and there never shall be – a Christian democracy. The end result of democratic government is Babylon, which is opposed to the faith from which all our legitimate governments come: "On that religion, according to our mode, all our laws and institutions stand as upon their base." (Burke) We need to destroy democratic, Babylon and return to our base.

2. It sounds very nice to say, "I'm against all violence," but who is being served when white men renounce "all violence"? The blacks who murder and rape are being served, because if white people remain nonviolent blacks will not be held accountable for their crimes. And the white-hating liberals will be served because they will retain power, free to abort babies and worship the negro. It is not Christian to maintain a Quaker-like pacifism in the face of an enemy like the liberals and the colored barbarians, who are alternately the liberals' gods and their henchmen.

The white nationalists' call for non-violence in the face of negro atrocities could only come from white men who have abstracted themselves from existence. In the abstract non-violence sounds good, but when actual people, your own people, are the victims of terrible atrocities, perpetrated by the barbarians of color and encouraged by the liberals, a call for non-violence is not just muddle-headed, it is obscene. There are tactical considerations; when surrounded by Caesar's assassins

with their daggers still covered with Caesar's blood, Mark Antony let them think he was going to passively accept their butchery of his friend. But such was not the case:

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times...

Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Can such passion only come from a pagan? It was a Christian who put those words in Antony's mouth.

And they were Christian soldiers who rode with Forrest when he assumed the leadership of the Ku Klux Klan. The only reason that the Southerners of the late 1800's did not suffer the same fate as the French in 1798 Haiti was because Forrest and his fellow soldiers loved their own enough to eschew platitudes and to respond to violence with violence. The white Southerners only succumbed to the forces of Babylon when they became non-violent and democratic in the 1950s. The same can be said of South African whites. They avoided the wholesale extermination of white people in 1838 when Andries Pretorius avenged the massacre of Piet Retief and his followers by killing those responsible for the massacre, and they fell victim to systematic extermination in 1994 when they became democratic and non-violent. Should this really be that hard to comprehend? There is no mercy in the colored barbarian; we have ample proof of that. And the liberal? Will he try to stay the hand of his black gods? Never! The revolutionary, Mikhail Bakunin, stated the underlying ethos of the liberal:

All tender and gentle feelings of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude and even honor itself should be choked off in the revolutionary's breast by the single cold passion of his revolutionary task. He is not a revolutionary if he has pity for anything in the world. He knows only one science – the science of destruction. He lives in the world with a single aim – its total and swift destruction.

Most liberals do not have the will to maniacally and consistently break off all human ties, but Bakunin's ideology of hate is their ideology. The only difference between the liberals and Bakunin is that now the liberals are the establishment. Their task is to preserve Liberalism and destroy all resistance, in contrast to Bakunin who wanted to destroy the existing order and preserve and nurture the revolutionary cabals. But in their cruelty and in their hate of Christian Europe the liberals and Bakunin are one.

How can a professed white nationalist remain a pacifist in the face of such ideological hatred against whites, particularly when that hatred is the direct cause of the murder of white people? A man cannot remain passive in the face of such ideological hatred, but a modern caricature of a man, a man who wants to jettison actual flesh and blood white people for a new world order in which white, black, yellow and brown all share equal but separate portions of Babylon, can remain passive and indifferent to the murder of white people and their culture. And therein lies the secret of the pagan, white nationalist. He has more in common with the liberal who looks to the future than he has with the white Christian European who looks to the past. He and his liberal soul-mate merely differ over the allotment of the utopian pie.

Thus far I have only talked about the white nationalist's bizarre views on violence and the defense of the white race. But we need to look at the conservative Christian's – or what I call the halfway-house Christian's – views of violence in defense of the white race as well. The halfway-house Christian has no problem with violence if it is state-sponsored violence against people far away in Iraq, Afghanistan, or Palestine. Saturation bombing of innocent civilians far away is a holy and good thing in the eyes of the "conservative" Christian. But what about local killing in defense of white people? I think you know the answer to that question. How can the sacrificial killing of white people by black people be called murder? Can mere mortals judge gods?

The conservative's love for murder if it is far away and condemnation of killing in defense if it is local is not confined to the issue of white self-defense. I once mentioned to a fellow pro-lifer of Irish extraction, who regularly sent large checks to the communists in the IRA so that they could kill innocent English civilians, that abortion doctors should be killed. The tough IRA enthusiast suddenly became a mad-dog pacifist before my very eyes. "Killing an abortion doctor would be murder," he told me. I remember thinking of those lines from King Lear: "Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind." The conservative who eschews violence in defense of the innocents at home and applauds violence against the innocents abroad is most assuredly mad, and those who follow him are most assuredly blind.

Most old saws are correct, but the old saw that proclaims "sticks and stones can break my bones, but names can never hurt me" is incorrect. Louis XVI, his Queen, and his son were killed because the French philosophers put the tyrant's name upon the King. White people are being murdered and their lands pillaged because the liberals have been demonizing white

people in print, pulpit, and university for the past fifty years. The barbarians of color did the murders, but the liberals provided the words that convinced the white grazers that they were not a people who had a right to self-defense.

The seemingly insurmountable obstacles preventing white self-defense, such as the extreme isolation of modern life and the negro-worshipping nature of all our major institutions, would not seem as insurmountable if white people believed themselves to be a people distinct from other races of people, with a common heritage that was worth preserving. Then they would work to stay in non-diverse communities and defend their own from governmental and barbarian encroachments. It wouldn't be an easy task; the enemy is maniacal and implacable, but an integral (as distinct from an integrated) white populace could prevail over the liberal and the colored barbarian. It all starts, the white counter revolution, with a deep and abiding love and respect for the people of antique Europe and the heritage they bequeathed to us.

3. It's all very high-minded I'm sure to say that we, as white people, respect all cultures and all religions, but such claims, which I hear ad nauseum from the white nationalists and the conservatives, are at best empty verbiage and at worst harmful to white people. All a white person can say about other non-white cultures is what Dickens said in his article on the "Noble Savage":

We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object, than for being cruel to a William Shakespeare or an Isaac Newton; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.

We certainly have no justification for being cruel to the lesser breeds without the law. But we have every justification for protecting ourselves against liberals and militant colored barbarians who do not believe in charity or tolerance.

There are two fallacies in the modern propaganda of tolerance, "you respect my culture and I'll respect yours." The first fallacy is what we have just articulated: liberals and black barbarians do not want to respect any culture other than their own, especially the white European culture. And the second fallacy is linked to the first: how can people who have no concept of charity or mercy, like the liberals and the black barbarians, have any respect for a people who want to maintain their link to Christian Europe where men revered the God of charity and mercy? The principle of "you respect my culture and I'll respect yours" can only be applied to differences between Christian European nations. – CWNy – "The Heroic Temper"

The triune principles of democracy, non-violence, and tolerance are not the guiding principles of the Europeans. We are not democratic; the truths of our faith and the fate of our people shall not be determined by popular vote. Nor are we committed to non-violence in the face of evil. And lastly, we are intolerant of any faith or race other than our own, and we are intolerant of aggressive, militant barbarians of color who seek to impose their faith, which is really an absence of faith, on the European people.

How should we then live? If we are anti-democratic, violent when necessary, and intolerant and disrespectful toward colored barbarians and liberals, we will be keeping faith with our people and our God. And that is all that matters. +

In Spite of Liberalism - FEBRUARY 03, 2012

That nature which condemns its origins
Cannot be bordered certain in itself

-Shakespeare

The billboards in Duluth, Minnesota on which white people are depicted as loathsome reptiles not fit to live were put up by the mad-dog, liberal Directory of Duluth. The usual suspects make up the Directory:

Central Labor Body
CHUM (Churches United in Ministry)
City of Duluth (the white, effeminate Mayor, Don Ness – no relation to Eliot – from the Mayor's Office, the Human Rights Commission, and the American Indian Commission)
Community Action Duluth
Domestic Abuse Intervention
Lake Superior College
NAACP
St. Louis County Public Health and Human Services
University of Minnesota Duluth
University of Minnesota Superior

It's not often that white-hating liberals surprise me by the extent of their white-hating programs, but I must admit to being somewhat surprised by the billboards. It's so blatant. If I were a mad-dog liberal on Ness's advisory committee, I would have advised them not to be so blatantly anti-white, lest they arouse some whites, who had, prior to now, been too stupefied to act in their own behalf. Then again, jackals and vultures have an instinct for carrion, so maybe Ness and the Directory knew the white grazers were soul-dead and would not tear down the posters and launch a punitive expedition against Don Ness and company. Kipling warned the world that the English "were not easily moved," but when they were they were dangerous:

It was not suddenly bred,
It will not swiftly abate,
Through the chill years ahead.
When Time shall count from the date
That the English began to hate.

Would that such a chilling prophecy was true today, not just of Englishmen but of all white men.

What has happened to the white man? Why does he permit his race to be vilified? Does he really believe what the liberals say about the white man? Unfortunately, to a large extent the white grazer does believe what the liberals say about the white race. He accepts the liberals' interpretation of the white man's history, which is, according to the liberals, a history of white exploitation of the colored races. Where the grazer differs from the liberal is on the subject of racism present. The white grazer does not believe he is racist, and he resents being told he is. For a time the "institutionalized racism" charge, that is, "you're not necessarily racist but all your institutions are" kept the white man's resentment at bay. Not anymore. Every major institution is stocked full of colored barbarians. So the resentment smolders: "Why am I accused of racism and labeled a pariah?" The white grazer doesn't do anything with his resentment, because he doesn't know what to do with it. Instead he tries harder to prove he is not racist and grumbles in private to his fellow grazers about being called a racist.

The white grazers lack two things that are needed to make them into white men again: they lack leadership and they lack faith. And the two components, leadership and faith, are interrelated. When the European intelligentsia, which consisted of the clergy, the academics, the politicians, and the journalists, succumbed to rationalism, they inevitably – over time – infected the European people with their faithless faith. The emergence of negro worship within the ranks of the white intelligentsia signified the failure of rationalistic materialism. Something more, something with blood in it, was needed. Enter the black *Übermensch*. Not exactly what Nietzsche envisioned, but negro worship is the logical outcome of a fusion of rationalism and vitalism. It's the bloodless rationalist's attempt to renew his blood by losing himself in the sacred blood of the black man. The once-Christian liberal will always keep elements of Christianity, in twisted, perverted forms, in his new Christless faith. Christians once believed that they were saved by Christ's redeeming blood. Now the liberal believes that he will be freed from his rationalist prison by fusing his lifeless blood with the "vital, earthy, sexy" blood of the black man. It sounds insane, this new religion of the white intelligentsia, but it is their religion. They are attempting to become pagans again, not realizing there is no vitalism in blood without the spirit; there is only death. The antique Europeans were vital because their blood was infused with the spirit of God. That infusion of spirit and blood is quite different from the satanic fusion of white and black blood that the modern Europeans seek.

The great English historian, Herbert Butterfield, stressed that most of the important changes in the Europeans' history came quietly, almost imperceptibly, while the noisier, seemingly more important events, but in reality less significant, got all the attention. He cites the Protestant-Catholic divide of the 1500s as an example of one of the less significant developments that got all the attention while a more significant revolution occurred that quietly changed the European people forever. That revolution was the scientific revolution of the late 1600s and early 1700s. The Protestant revolt was not an atheistic revolt against God; it was, in its essence, the revolt of a Christian people against a clerical elite that valued an abstract, rational system more than Christ. In contrast the scientific revolt was a revolt of positivist materialism, even though the original advocates of it were professed Christians. If that philosophy prevailed in Europe, the European would be worse than ere he ever was, because prior to his embrace of the Christian faith the European had 'eat, drink, and be merry' paganism to comfort him. Unable to return to paganism and unable to believe in Christ, the European would be lost. And of course that is what has happened. Positivist materialism, which sailed into Europe on the good ship Abstract Theology, has triumphed in Europe. There will be no revival of European culture or the European people until the positivist, materialist dragon is faced and overcome. But in order to face the dragon we must be connected to our past and believe what our ancestors believed. In the absence of that connection and belief we are dead souls whose spiritless faces appear on billboards that proclaim the evil of white people.

The liberal does not forbid the white grazers to invoke their past because the whites of the past were racist; that's just a subterfuge. The liberal has closed the door on the Europeans' past because he can't bear to look at life as the antique

Europeans did. Only the European of the old stock looked positivist materialism in the face without caving into despair. He didn't need the soul-deadening escapism of negro worship because he had a faith in the God who lived. Life is indeed unbearable without faith, but the white cannot return to paganism. If he won't have the faith of his ancestors, he will have oblivion.

The great enemy of the white man are those whites who jettison the Europeans' Christian past in order to lead mankind to a new and brighter future in which the white man becomes one with inanimate nature, rather than transcending dumb nature through faith in Jesus Christ. Tolstoy was one of those false prophets of the future. He rejected St. Paul's Christianity and replaced it with a type of Jungian, Emersonian, over-soul religion in which a man's personality is extinguished by death, but he survives as an essence. The reluctant atheist, Anton Chekhov, rejected Tolstoy's brave new faith.

He recognizes immortality in its Kantian form, assuming that all of us (men and animals) will live on in some principle (such as reason or love), the essence of which is a mystery. But I can only imagine such a principle or force as a shapeless, gelatinous mass; my I, my individuality, my consciousness, would merge with this mass – and I feel no need for this kind of immortality.

Nor do I. Chekhov gives us life without a commercial. The men and women he writes about are personalities of infinite worth, but because of some horrendous cruel trick of the universe they are condemned to die and fade into nothingness. But is that the promised end? Even Chekhov the atheist saw hope in the European past:

Now the student was thinking about Vasilisa: if she wept, it meant that everything that had happened with Peter on that dreadful night had some relation to her...

He looked back. The solitary fire flickered peacefully in the darkness, and the people around it could no longer be seen. The student thought again that if Vasilisa wept and her daughter was troubled, then obviously what he had just told them, something that had taken place nineteen centuries ago, had a relation to the present—to both women, and probably to this desolate village, to himself, to all people. If the old woman wept, it was not because he was able to tell it movingly, but because Peter was close to her and she was interested with her whole being in what had happened in Peter's soul.

And joy suddenly stirred in his soul, and he even stopped for a moment to catch his breath. The past, he thought, is connected with the present in an unbroken chain of events flowing one out of the other. And it seemed to him that he had just seen both ends of that chain: he touched one end, and the other moved.

Maybe Chekhov was not the atheist he purported to be. For one moment when he wrote of the event that took place nineteen centuries ago, Chekhov stood in the presence of the redeemer who defeated dumb nature and will stand between us and extinction at the hour of our death. Would that Chekhov had been able hold to that vision for more than one shining moment.

It was Chekhov's countryman, Dostoyevsky, the prophet with blinding sight, who diagnosed Chekhov's dilemma and the dilemma of the modern European. "Can an intelligent man, a European, believe in the divinity of Christ?" The intelligentsia of Europe answered Dostoyevsky's question with a definitive 'no.' But why should the answer to that question, the only question that matters, be no? Why should the advent of science make Christianity false?

In my father's hometown the town character had an answer for anyone who wanted to talk about rocket ships and space. "Space is no place," he told the townspeople. And likewise, "science is nothing." It is not wise, because wisdom comes from the heart, and science has no heart. Chekhov was right to weep in the face of death. But he was wrong to separate his heart, which wept, from his head, which saw only dumb nature claiming its own when a human soul passed from this world to the next. Shouldn't our tears in the face of death remind us of the Man of Sorrows who wept in the face of Lazarus's death? And shouldn't the heart that truly loves remember what occurred on that day long ago? "Lazarus – come forth!" I have much more sympathy for Europeans like Chekhov, who want to believe but cannot see past the façade of the material world to the spiritual world, than I have for the liberals who rejoice at the demise of Christianity and place their hopes in the fusion of science and negro worship. But ultimately, whether it is the heartfelt hopelessness of Chekhov, or the triumphant, satanic glee of the liberals, I don't understand them. Nor do I want to understand them. A European who is connected to His Europe and His people will know, in his blood, that his redeemer liveth. The strength of the European people was always their faith in Christ. In the midst of paganism they cried out from the depths, "In life, in death, O Lord, abide with us."

A false conservatism seeks to preserve the forms of things past even if those forms no longer conserve the spiritual values of one's ancestors but are in fact used to further the destruction of the older civilization's spiritual reserves. There is no need to preserve our democratic process, our established churches, our universities, or our "free" press. What needs to be preserved are our ties to the past, our ties to a people who placed their kith and kin above all others.

The grazers will return to their blood when the remnant band produces leaders who see with blinding sight because they see life with the heart of an antique European. Nationalist leaders who reject the Europeans' Christian past are no more fit to lead white people away from the darkness of negro worship than a chimpanzee is fit to command a battleship. The European hero is a Christ-bearer, a warrior. His weapons are vision and memory, the vision of the Risen Lord and the memory of a Europe that was consecrated to Him.

The liberal Directory of Duluth did white people a favor. They made it crystal clear. Church and state consider themselves in a holy war against all things European. Since mercy only abides in old Europe we can expect no mercy from the rulers of Liberaldom. And to expect mercy from the barbarians of color is the height of absurdity. We have no choice but to call on Him who saves and ask Him to abide with us in the day of battle. +

For Whom Should We Weep - JANUARY 27, 2012

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"
-Hamlet

I recently saw a news special in which a group of conservationists were lamenting the fate of the African black rhino. Apparently the black rhino has become extinct because the Asians believe the black rhino's horn has magical healing powers. That superstitious belief, of the oh-so intelligent Asians, made the extermination of the African black rhino very profitable. And the African authorities, who could care less about the extinction of the black rhino, were quite willing to look the other way while poachers made enormous profits selling "magical" black rhino horns to Asians.

Oddly enough the liberals in the special did not blame the Asians for the extinction of the black rhino. Nor did they blame the Africans. Guess who they blamed? No, I'm not going to tell you; I want you to guess. What's that you say? You're right! They blamed the white man. Why was it the white man's fault? The conservationists didn't say; I suppose it was another one of those self-evident truths apparent to everyone who can see the Emperor's new clothes and not apparent to those of us who only see a fat, naked emperor.

Two points need to be made about the liberals and their concern for the extinction of the black rhino. The first and lesser point to be made is that the people of color whom the liberals worship do not support the liberals on most issues, such as the preservation of endangered animals, in which the liberals happen to be in the right because they retain a remnant of Christianity in their souls. The colored tribes only support the liberals when it comes to the one central issue, the hatred of the white man. It's a contradiction the liberals are unwilling to face: their colored gods do not value what they value. Other than their shared hatred for the white man, the liberals and the colored tribes have nothing in common. Is a shared hatred something to build upon? Only in the short term; in the long term the liberals and their colored gods are going to come into conflict. What a shame.

The second more important point is this: an infallible way to learn what an individual or a people value is to look at whom they have compassion for. Because I am a white man I regret the extermination of the black rhino. It was not a good thing. However, my sympathy for the black rhino is nothing compared to my sympathy for the white race, which is also being exterminated. But do the liberals who weep for the black rhino share my sympathy for the white race? No, they don't. They are worse than indifferent to the sufferings of white people; they rejoice in everything that hurts the white man and moves the liberals and the colored people further along the road to Babylon. When white people are tortured, murdered, and raped by black people, the liberals go on the attack against anyone who tries to hold blacks accountable for their crimes. And yet when there is even a suggestion that a black has suffered at the hands of whites, as in the bogus rape allegations against the Duke Lacrosse team, the whole liberal world is roused to a fevered pitch of righteous fury.

Such sympathy for black Hecubas is truly revealing. Why do the liberals have such sympathy for the blacks and no sympathy for their own people? Because the generic suffering black is the liberals' substitute for the Suffering Servant of the Christian faith. They have created the black suffering servant to worship and adore, so even a hint of an attack on their god elicits their sympathy. It has always been thus and it always shall be. Liberalism is from the devil; therefore, the liberals will always reserve their sympathy for their devilish gods and those who further the cause of their devilish gods.

In Burke's third letter against a peace with the regicide French, he comments on the English liberals' hatred of their own Christian countrymen and their love and concern for French atheistic rebels.

Men are rarely without some sympathy in the sufferings of others; but in the immense and diversified mass of human misery, which may be pitied, but cannot be relieved, in the gross, the mind must make a choice. Our sympathy is always more forcibly attracted

towards the misfortunes of certain persons, and in certain descriptions: and this sympathetic attraction discovers, beyond a possibility of mistake, our mental affinities, and elective affections. It is a much surer proof, than the strongest declaration, of a real connexion and of an over-ruling bias in the mind. I am told that the active sympathies of this party have been chiefly, if not wholly attracted to the sufferings of the patriarchal rebels, who were amongst the promulgators of the maxims of the French Revolution, and who have suffered, from their apt and forward scholars, some part of the evils, which they had themselves so liberally distributed to all the other parts of the community. Some of these men, flying from the knives which they had sharpened against their country and its laws, rebelling against the very powers they had set over themselves by their rebellion against their Sovereign, given up by those very armies to whose faithful attachment they trusted for their safety and support, after they had compleately debauched all military fidelity in its source.

The man who sympathizes with the demonic ‘other’, whether the demonic other is a French Regicide or a colored barbarian, is a man with a disordered soul who will always champion the cause of Satan over Christ. I agree with Burke; once we see where a man’s sympathies lie we know the man. My sympathies lie with the white victims of colored atrocities, and I hate those who have made gods of their murderers. I don’t think a white man can feel any other way and still be a human being, because once a man severs his natural ties to kith and kin, he is open to every unnatural tie that comes his way, compliments of Satan. And the satanic, unnatural ties – feminism, homosexuality, and negro worship – are all presented to the European as progressions toward a multi-racial, multi-sexual utopia. Only prejudice can stop the building of utopia, so prejudice must be, according to the liberals’ bible, eradicated.

Mainstream conservatives in church and state spend most of their adult lives trying to prove they are not prejudiced. But we are all prejudiced; we could not live, as Richard Weaver so eloquently told us, without prejudice. Our prejudices stem from our heartfelt sentiments about the nature of existence. The liberals who deride “prejudice” have deep-seated prejudices of their own. When they accuse their enemies of “prejudice” they are merely using a diversionary tactic. It is not prejudice that bothers the liberal, it is prejudice that does not coincide with his prejudice that he is against. It is not then a question of eliminating prejudices, it is a question of whose prejudices are correct. Is the negro really a demi-god devoid of original sin? Is the Christian faith of the antique Europeans based on a lie? The liberals’ deep-seated prejudices compel them to answer yes to both questions, just as my deep-seated prejudices compel me to answer No! to both questions.

Just because all God’s children have prejudices does not mean all prejudices should be tolerated. A man’s prejudices must stand the test of reality. If they are false and vicious, they should be challenged, and the people who hold such prejudices should be fought. Because the liberals have a prejudice against white Europeans, they have no sympathy for the torture and murder of white Europeans. Because the liberal is prejudiced against Christ, he makes a substitute Christ out of the black savage. Liberal prejudices are not based on reality. They are the prejudices of men and women who have severed the ties that bind them to humanity, in favor of abstract theories of life which promise them unlimited pleasure in a paradisiacal world devoid of the pain and suffering, caused by white people and their God.

In a Christian European society liberals would either be incarcerated or be in hiding in some cellar writing hate-spewing pamphlets against their own people. But we do not live in a Christian society. We live in Liberaldom, which has institutionalized the satanic love of the demonic stranger and the hatred of one’s own kith and kin, so Christian Europeans have been relegated to jails and cellars.

Liberals frequently say of other liberals, when one of their utopian schemes goes awry, that their hearts were in the right place. But the exact opposite is the case. The liberals’ hearts are not in the right place! Their hearts should be with their own people and with their peoples’ God. Rousseau’s heart was not in the right place when he fantasized about the Nobel Savage. Pope John XXIII’s heart was not in the right place when he forgave the unrepentant black savages who tortured and murdered his people. Nor is any liberal’s heart in the right place when he longs for the destruction of everything European. A utopian mind stems from a sick soul. One’s own race is always the hated race in the mind of an utopian liberal. Maybe his mother beat him, or his father abandoned him, or he does not feel that his own people truly appreciate his great genius. So the demented liberal creates, in his mind’s eye, a kinder, gentler race of people who truly love and appreciate him. And in doing so the liberal steps away from humanity and walks into the arms of Satan. God gave us one people to love over all others so that we could be connected to Him through that love. The liberal who rejects the personal and particular love of his own people for the love of an abstracted image of the demonic stranger is a man without a soul.

The soullessness that Scott’s Last Minstrel speaks of – “Breathes there a man with soul so dead...” – is the modern European. Just as Christian chivalry was bred in the bone of the antique Europeans, so is a condition of soullessness bred into the very bone of the modern European. He says that his world has been expanded so that his potentialities to love and be loved have expanded. But that is a bitter, loathsome theory very far from the truth. Love stems from a depth of feeling that can only come from a close attachment to our own kith and kin. The modern existentialists such as Camus, Becket, and Sartre wrote that any contact with one’s fellow human beings was hell. Their prejudices against humanity stemmed from their loss of faith in the humane God. Human contact of any kind without faith in Christ is indeed unbearable. Who can stand such an existence? Certainly not the liberal, so he seeks oblivion in Babylon where the colored, demonic ‘other’

dwells. “Blessed stranger, lead me into the darkness of oblivion and away from the unbearable burden of my race,” is the prayer of the modern liberal European.

Whenever (which consists of the bulk of my waking hours) I place myself back in the Europe of my ancestors by way of book, movie, or vision, I am struck by the tremendous gulf separating them from the modern Europeans. And if I was asked to explain that deep gulf, I would say that it was the result of the antique Europeans’ fairy-tale comprehension of life, which is in direct contrast to the modern European’s material view of existence. Like the ancient Hebrew the antique European was aware that there were laws of nature: a man had to eat; a spear, an arrow, or bullet could kill him, and so on. But the world of nature was not the antique European’s world any more than it was the ancient Hebrew’s world. The antique European viewed the natural world as a mere backdrop for the greater world of the spirit. The soulless modern European needs to find that ancient world again. And it falls upon the remnant band, the last Europeans, to place the threads of the European past into the soulless Europeans’ hands and bid them make their way back to the land of the fairy tale, the land of love, the land of honor and of faith. The evil wizards and witches of Liberaldom will try to prevent the return of the Europeans to their homeland, but the liberals are not infallible or invincible. “We are in God’s hands, brother, not theirs.” +

The Threads of Our European Past - JANUARY 20, 2012

“It is with an armed doctrine that we are at war.” – Burke

Martin Luther King Jr. Day has come and gone, but we are enjoined by the liberals to keep the spirit of Martin Luther King Jr. Day in our hearts 365 days a year. And most whites do just that. I saw a horrendous story out of Britain (there don’t seem to be any good stories coming out of Britain) about a 14-year-old white girl who was beaten by a gang of black girls. The white girl’s father said his daughter “was just a grain of sand,” without significance; no need to make a fuss about the incident. And the white girl who was beaten reiterated her father’s unconcern. Some have suggested that the girl who was beaten and her father are suffering, like so many whites, from the Stockholm or Patty Hearst syndrome, in which a kidnapped victim, after long captivity, starts to identify and/or sympathize with his captors. There are certain parallels. The white race is currently held captive by the black race, and the white people have given up their own identities in order to submerge their whiteness in a sea of blackness. But there is a huge difference between the Stockholm syndrome type of kidnapping victim and the modern black-worshipping Europeans. The Stockholm syndrome hostages and Patty Hearst were forcefully taken prisoner and converted after months of isolation from anyone but their kidnappers. The modern Europeans were not forcibly taken; they willingly surrendered to the black marauders. Why? What took place before the whites’ surrender to make them so willing to become worthless grains of sand, who lived only to serve the needs of the black race? I think my sister, who is a mad-dog liberal, can supply us with the answer. My sister has been mugged many times by negroes, but after each mugging she is more vehement than ever in her defense of the essential goodness and divinity of the black man. While listening to her talk about the ‘black man’ I can’t help thinking of the words from the Bible: “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.” My sister’s credo, which is the credo of all mad-dog liberals, is, “Though the black man slay me and thee and every white person, yet will I worship him.” And why must the liberal worship the black man? Because the post-Christian white needs to worship something, and the black man fulfills that need.

At first it was only the post-Christian liberal elite who worshipped the black man, but the halfway-house Christians soon followed in the mad-log liberals’ train. If we look at the phenomenon of Abraham Lincoln, we can better understand the relationship of the halfway-house Christian to the liberal. Lincoln found the mad-dog abolitionists personally abhorrent, yet he ultimately did their bidding, saying, “We are both moving toward Zion.” Dishonest Abe was a halfway-house Christian. In the absence of a firm Christian faith, he was unable to resist the passionate intensity of the thoroughly secular abolitionists. Such is always the case. When a man wavers in his faith moral rot sets in, and he is unable to resist the blood red tide of men who are full of the passionate intensity of demonism. The modern halfway-house Christians have gone with the tide of liberalism because it is easier to surrender than resist, and because they lack the intensity of faith of the negro worshipping liberals. The end result is that the halfway-house Christians become one in faith and brotherhood with the liberals. The whites who do not suffer from the Stockholm syndrome are those men and women who have strong religious faith. If the halfway house Christians had not already had one foot in the liberals’ camp they would not have succumbed to the new faith of the liberals.

The grazers fill in the European demographic chart. They do not love the negro like the liberal and the halfway house Christian, but the grazers want to survive and they think they can survive if they appease the ruling elite. Their position is kind of like the average Joe who works for a boss who has made his son plant supervisor. The average Joe must be nice to the boss’s son for the obvious reason that he wants to keep working. The grazers must pay lip service to the liberals’ gods because they want to keep working as well. But sadly the grazers do not figure in the liberals’ plan for the future, because in the end the liberals do not trust the white grazers. They are always worried that a leader might arise and turn the

grazers into white men again. So the mad-dog liberal, the halfway-house Christian, and their black gods will trudge on into the future together. Or so the liberal and the halfway-house Christian purpose. Their black gods have something else in mind for them; not by plan but by instinct, they hate the white man.

Many of the saints and mystics (we won't debate here how saintly they really were) talk about losing themselves in God. They talk about dying to self in order to be open to the will of God. I see this religious mysticism, directed toward the negro rather than the Christian God, in the white liberals such as my sister and the 'grain of sand' father. Such "mysticism" seems somewhat sick to me even in the Christian mystics, because it seems in the extreme cases to be an attempt to place the ecstatic religious experience above communion with the living God. But in the case of the liberals, who want to die to all things white in order to become one with the soul of the black man, it is the height of blasphemy. And just as the Christian mystic often puts the religious experience above genuine contact with God, so does the liberal put the ecstatic experience of losing himself in cosmic blackness above the experience of actually dealing with the black as if he was a fellow human being. If the latter was the case, that the liberal really viewed the negro as a human being, he would deal with the negro as Prospero dealt with Caliban; he protected his own from the savagery of Caliban while sternly, but kindly, showing Caliban the light:

Prospero. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Caliban. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

The secular-oriented nationalist publications set great store in "getting the message out to white people." But isn't that putting the cart before the horse? White people have to first regard themselves as a people before they will respond to pleas to rise up in defense of their people. The colored races have the same pagan blood and sex religions that they have always had. They hate each other, but above all they hate the white man. And the liberal worships the negro and hates the white man with a religious fervor. How can mere pragmatism counter such hatred? Passionate religious intensity can only be countered with passionate religious intensity. I share the white nationalists' disgust with the Christian churches, but mere occupancy of a building that was once a place of worship does not make a gaggle of fusionists into Christians. It's not as if there is no historical record of Europeans who were Christian. There is! And European Christians, for all of their faults, did not betray their own people by blending with the colored races or by sacrificing their own to the colored savages to be tortured and murdered. Let me amend that. No honorable white mixed his blood with the coloreds or offered his people up for sacrifice to the coloreds. Pirates, prostitutes, and carpetbaggers did just that.

After the worst of the reign of terror was over and France was under the Directory, the practical men thought it was time to make peace with regicide France. Edmund Burke objected to such a peace. He pointed out that no man could be a member of the Directory who had not given his consent to the murder of the King. How could such men be trusted to make an honorable peace with Christian nations? And how could Englishmen and men of honor in every European nation permit the principles of atheistic revolution to spread throughout Europe because of the failure of the European nations to punish regicide? Well, practical men did make peace with the regicides, and the ideals of the French Revolution did poison and kill Christian Europe.

The racial suicide of the Europeans is the final denouement of the French revolution. First, regicide was permitted and celebrated as a great step forward for mankind. Then every advance that pushed Europeans further away from God and closer to Satan was celebrated until an atheistic hierarchy passed a death sentence on the Europeans by mandating the worship of negroes throughout the formerly white Christian nations of Europe. In Liberaldom there is one major condition, to which one must agree in order to be a member of the governing Directory of Liberaldom. One must consent to the death of the European people through miscegenation, and no member of the base populi can dissent from the primary credo of the Great Liberal Directory if they want a share in the post-Christian, post-European world of the future.

Time has proven Burke right, and the practical men, who thought Burke exaggerated the dangers of the spread of French utopianism to England and the rest of Europe, wrong. For years England was held up as a model of civilization by French and English historians. England vowed "never again" after their bloody civil war, and they kept that vow, always moving into the future "while holding on to the threads of the past." This was true of England up to and through World War II, but then England let go of her past at an accelerated rate as if the English people, having been the most "backward" of people (from a French avant-garde viewpoint) became the most determined anti-European nation in Europe. It is only a difference in degree though, because all European nations are liquidating everything that stinks of old Europe.

The spirit of abstraction that Burke rightly saw as the spirit of atheism and revolution turns a people into an aggregate herd and an individual into an inanimate grain of sand. There is no such thing as a practical world distinct from the spiritual world. We are not meant to be divided men; we are meant to live connected to a non-abstract, personal God who bids us live and die connected to Him through our love for our kith and kin. When the liberals tell us we must walk away from our race in order to be accepted in their world they are really telling us to turn from our personal God to their abstract black idols. The eternal quest of Satan is to separate man from God by dehumanizing and depersonalizing every aspect of our existence here on earth. And the most dehumanizing and depersonalizing thing a man can do is to give up his racial identity, which is of the spirit, in order to serve in Satan's Babylonian dystopia. That man who said the beating of his daughter had no more significance than a grain of sand is a man of whom we can say, "He did not die but nothing of life remained."

When Burke turned the sentiment in his own country and other European nations against the French revolutionists he evoked images from his nation's past. He showed his countrymen that in their past was kith, kin, and God. Why should they give that up for an abstract future devoid of kith, kin, and God? And the Burkean vision of a people that marched into the future while holding on to the threads of the past stood the blessed plot and her people in good stead, until they cut the threads to their past in the second half of the 20th century. Now the blessed plot is leased out to the abstractionists and the barbarian hordes of color.

The moral conservatism of Burke was not invented by Burke; it was embedded in the soul of all European nations. But Europeans needed a Burke to redirect their vision to the sacred treasures contained within their own countries' traditions that were not the traditions of abstract thought unconnected to the human heart; they were traditions connected to the hearth fire, where a man was not an abstraction, but a particular person connected to a particular people and a personal God. Burkean conservatism was the conservatism of our Lord. Throughout His ministry here on earth, He took great pains to show that His future death and resurrection were tied to the past that His people must know and cherish. "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

And at the inn at Emmaus it was Christ who showed the apostles, His people, just how intimately their past was connected to Him.

Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?

"Did not our hearts burn within us..." Yes our hearts do burn within us when we are connected to our European past that contains the European Christ story, which is not an abstracted theory about the rights of man; it is the story of God's grace and a people who responded to His grace. The new multi-racial, multi-faith world that we are told we must accept is a world we most certainly will not accept. We will not accept that world because He doesn't dwell in that world. We are bound to our European past with ties that cannot be broken by liberals, colored barbarians or Satan himself. In the midst of the Babylonian night the European remnant turns to Him, who never has and never will refuse to hear the prayers of His people:

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." +

The Liberal and the Colored -- United in Hate - JANUARY 13, 2012

The crimes that the White community of Southern Rhodesia had committed were obvious. In the first place they are White, and in the second place they are guilty of having brought civilization to a land of black Stone-Age savages. — Anthony Jacob

The hostility in the liberal and black community toward that young football player, Tim Tebow, is another sign of the times. What has the young man done to elicit such hatred from the liberal-colored coalition? He prays before, during, and after his games to the God of the Christians. And during last year's Stupor Bowl, which is sometimes called the Super Bowl, he and his mother did an anti-abortion commercial. For that the liberals and the blacks want him eliminated. I'm told that *Saturday Night Live*, the sacred theater of the liberals, did a sneering satire of Tebow's Christian faith. So what else is new? Don't liberals usually attack and mock the good and defend and praise evil? Yes, they do, but the noose is tightening around white Europeans. Just 10 years ago the appearance on the scene of a mild-mannered white sports figure who claimed to be Christian would not have evoked such blatant and open hostility. And forty years ago the liberals would

have kept their hostility to themselves, but we live in the era of liberalism triumphant; the liberals feel that they no longer have to tolerate even the slightest deviation from liberal orthodoxy. Why should they? Does the wolf tolerate the lamb? And we should note that Tim Tebow has not said one “racist” thing. In fact, I’m sure he has all the correct views on race, but that doesn’t matter to the liberals and the colored barbarians. He is white, and he has become a hero to many young white people. That is bad. Why is it bad? Because whites, particularly young whites, are not allowed to have heroes who are Christian and white. That could lead to white youths thinking they are entitled to regard themselves as a particular people with a special destiny as a people. Such a departure from liberal orthodoxy is forbidden.

From Tim Tebow to Patrick Buchanan – a liberal-black organization has called for his dismissal from television because of his “racism.” But mild-mannered Pat has never said anything “racist.” He merely pointed out in his last book that multicultural America is not working because the new wave of non-European immigrants do not want to be absorbed into American culture; they want to impose their culture on white Americans. For such views he is supposed to be a dangerous racist. Pat receives the liberals’ seal of disapproval despite the fact that when he ran for President the last time he chose a black running mate and despite the fact that he has never advocated segregation or the deportation of colored people. Buchanan’s moderation counts for nothing with the liberals and the coloreds. They still consider him a racist and therefore damned. Unless you are a rabid, blaspheming negro-worshipper, you will be linked with the racists anyway, so why not, if you fashion yourself a conservative, go all the way over to the side of the kinist, Christian, European remnant? The adage, “one might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb,” applies here.

If we cross the ocean we come to the once proud nation of Ireland. The left-wing administration of Trinity College in Dublin cancelled a scheduled talk by British National Party (BNP) Chairman Nick Griffin, on the subject of immigration, claiming that the cancellation was a “victory” for multiculturalism. I view the cancellation of Griffin’s talk as vindication of the late John Tyndall, who was the founder of the BNP. Griffin ungraciously purged Tyndall from the BNP because he was supposedly too extreme. Griffin thought his conciliatory approach of asking that whites be looked on as a legitimate part of multicultural Britain was more practical than Tyndall’s “whites only” advocacy. When will the “practical” white men learn that nothing but the annihilation of the white race will satisfy the liberal-colored coalition?

The condemnation of whites for being white never ends. Geert Wilders asks for restrictions on immigration, and the Muslims sue him in court. Arizona’s Maricopa County Sheriff Joe Arpaio tries to enforce the state immigration laws, and Obama’s communist Justice Department accuses him of discrimination against Hispanics. And in every case I’ve mentioned, from the football player to the sheriff, the white in question is simply hated for being white. They have not attacked, either verbally or physically, anyone of the colored races. And that is the pity of it. The colored races are fighting a war against the white race, and whites are not fighting back.

Every conflict between faiths ends up as a conflict on the battlefield. The whining lawsuits of the liberal-backed Hispanic, black, and Asian organizations are to the colored hordes and the liberals what the Communist Manifesto was to the Bolsheviks. The whining lawsuits are their declarations of war. From the liberal and colored standpoint the murders, rapes, and other assorted atrocities perpetuated against white people by the colored savages are the sanctified acts of a people fighting a holy war in defense of Babylon. No white conservative will ever be able to convince the colored people to allow the whites to be part of a multicultural state, because the essence of a multicultural state is the hatred of the white. In fact the only shared value of the yellow, the black, and the brown is their hatred of the white man.

The colored hordes know only about the bloody sacrifice of other races to the needs of their own race. They have no concept of mercy. Mercy is a white man’s word, and to the colored tribes a sign of weakness. They do not see that the sight of innocence under attack, of decency under attack, of one’s people under attack, can stir up feelings of mercy in a man’s heart that makes him want to do battle in defense of innocence, decency, and his people for mercy’s sake. The colored races do not see this because they fight for bloodlust and gain, never for mercy’s sake. “This is all too extreme and harsh,” the white halfway-house Christian tells me. But is it harsh? Wouldn’t it be more accurate to say that it is too truthful for the halfway-house Christian to accept? First and foremost, the Christian European loves and extends mercy to his own. But did the European’s mercy end with his own race? No! The only mercy that the colored races, particularly the beloved black race of the halfway-house Christians, ever knew came from the hated and persecuted white race. And I will repeat what has become a refrain with me, a necessary counterpoise to the liberals’ white-hating refrain: If the white race disappears, absorbed into a Babylonian, mixed race, mercy will disappear from the face of the earth. An old Christian hymn warns the sinner to “Look down, look down, that lonesome road before you travel on.” The halfway house Christians need to look down the negro-worshipping road and see where it ends. It ends in a hellish, nightmare world of lost souls.

I recently read a conservative columnist’s careful analysis of the upcoming Presidential election. He concluded that despite The Obama’s terrible record as President he was going to be re-elected. He professed to be clueless as to the reason for this: “How can the American people re-elect such a terrible President?” I find it hard to believe that the conservative columnist did not know the answer to that question. I suspect he was being prudently disingenuous. But then again, white people who genuinely believe that all of life consists of propositional faiths, and propositional people, might not be able to

understand that the colored races do not believe in the propositional theory of existence. The reason, Mr. Conservative, Obama is still the favored darling of the American electorate is because black people always support their own, and white liberals have replaced their Christian faith with negro worship.

The conservative who draws back from the obvious conclusion to be drawn from the coloreds' rhetoric and their actions, that there is a race war in progress, does so because he is still laboring under the false impression that the liberals and the coloreds are just as reasonable and willing to participate in the give and take of a republican form of government as 19th century Englishmen. Such is not the case. The 19th century Englishman was still operating under the assumption that his political opponent was a human being created in the image of God. And men on both sides of the political aisle believed in the humbling doctrine of original sin.

"And none is so unforgiving to the transgressors as the person who does not believe in original sin. Here is a system which releases us from self-discipline, authorizing us to treat the political enemy as subhuman, irredeemable. In consequence the good are engaged against the wicked in a more irretrievable warfare, where the makeshift of the ballot-box may itself become intolerable, and nothing is left but the resort to force."-- Herbert Butterfield

Prophetic words indeed! Now we have come to a state of "irretrievable warfare." The liberal has transformed the Christian belief that all men are tainted with original sin into the belief that only the white male is tainted with original sin. Eliminate the white male and the rest of mankind will live happily ever after in a white-free paradise. Such is the liberal agenda. By a special form of Gnostic denial the liberal has convinced himself that he is not white, so he doesn't apply the jeremiads against whites to himself. Nor does he envision himself in the black stew pots into which he is consigning all non-liberal, and therefore subhuman and irredeemable, whites.

The transference of all sin to the white male and all virtue to the colored people is the reason we never hear any criticism of the black race. No crime committed by a black is ever the fault of the offending black. The explanation for the crime is always twisted around and becomes the fault of the white man. If you doubt that liberals have made a god of the black man, simply observe them at work and play. Do they blaspheme Christ in their theaters and ban Him from the work place? Yes, they do. Do they permit one single critical statement to be made about the black man on stage or screen? Of course, they do not. Do they ban the black man from the workplace? Far from it, the liberals grant blacks privileged status in the workplace and regularly pay homage to the greatness and the magnificence of the black god who condescends to preside over white devotees, providing they pay him proper homage.

The current battle between the liberal-colored coalition and the white European is not a one-sided war because the colored barbarians outnumber the white Europeans; it is a one-sided war because the liberal and the colored barbarian have made the hatred of the white the central tenet of their religious faith, while the white man has no faith to set in opposition to the liberal-colored faith. On whom can the European call in the day of battle? He doesn't have a clue. He is back with the god-with-no-name championed by the pagan Greek philosophers.

I once, while traveling in England, viewed an old historic English church that had been built, the guide told me, over the ruins of a pagan temple. It occurred to me then, and it seems even more certain today, that we are witnessing the reverse of the Christian church being built over the ruins of a pagan place of worship. The current liberal, negro-worshipping churches have replaced, not physically but spiritually, the old Christian churches. Europeans need to break their attachments to the church structures and the church organizations so that they can reconnect with the substance of the Christian faith, The Man of Sorrows. From such a connection comes the will to fight for mercy's sake.

The only sure thing about the historical process is that it cannot be used as a magic talisman to predict the future. Human beings make human events, and they are too complicated to be played upon by the Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns of the world. We know nothing for certain about the future of the Europeans. At present they don't seem to have a future. But there is the grace of God and there are still Europeans who believe that one man of faith can move mountains. We fight without yielding because we only know Him through His people; we are all called, those of us who still belong to His Europe, to keep the European light shining in the darkness of Babylon. +

Into the Hand of God - JANUARY 06, 2012

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,
'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'
And he replied: 'Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.
That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'
So I went forth, and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into the night.
And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

In Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle*, the hero of the novel tries to explain to his friend why he is going to attempt to do something honorable. He tells his friend that he would like to be able to say that at least once in his life he didn't behave like a complete scoundrel. The hero's sentiments were my own when I first read the novel in my early twenties, and they are still my own now that I'm in my late fifties. There have been many dishonorable moments in my life, but I like to think that there were a few moments in my life when I didn't behave as a complete scoundrel. One such moment occurred when I was twelve-years-old; I had occasion to stand between an eight-year-old boy and some teenage boys who were pelting him with snowballs. The snowballs weren't the soft, fluffy kind either; they were the hard, icy type of snowballs. I didn't know the boy well – twelve-year-olds don't go around with eight-year-olds – but he was one of those boys, like Arthur in *Tom Brown's School Days*, who brought out the protective instinct in anyone with a modicum of Christianity in their soul. I stood in front of the boy and screamed out something like, "Throw snowballs at somebody your own size if you want to throw snowballs." Though big for my age, I actually wasn't as large as the teenagers, but I thought that was what you said to bullies, because I had seen heroic boys in the movies say that in similar situations. The bullies took me at my word and pummeled me with snowballs, while young Arthur (I'll call him by that name) stood behind me. I stood there until the school bus came and Arthur got on it. Then I got on the bus as slowly as possible to show the bullies that their snowballs had not hurt me at all. I think my strategy in the incident of Arthur and the bullies was rather questionable, because I never, in subsequent years, received such painful blows to the head in either boxing or football. But on the whole I think that was one time in my life when I did not behave as a complete scoundrel.

I bring the school boy incident up for this reason: my heart was aflame with righteous indignation that day because I saw what I perceived to be goodness personified, young Arthur, assailed by evil personified, the teenage bullies. Maybe I exaggerated Arthur's goodness, but I don't think so, and maybe I exaggerated the evil of the bullies, but again, I don't think so, but that nightmare, the nightmare of evil relentlessly attacking the good, set my heart aflame and made me want to defend goodness.

I have felt for many years, and still feel, the same way toward the antique Europeans and their culture as I did toward young Arthur. They are being attacked by evil personified, and they are incapable of defending themselves. "Will no one step into the breach and defend them?" "Yes," I answer, "I will." How could a man with even a modicum of Christianity in his soul not want to defend the antique Europeans against the unrelenting attack of the satanic liberals and their colored henchmen? (1) Well, it's apparent that very few people want to defend the antique Europeans, but I don't know why so few want to defend them. Is it because there isn't any of the "good Christianity," the fighting Christianity, left in the Europeans? Or is it because the liberals have "done it awfully well," meaning they have cleverly kept the focus on the moles in the eyes of the antique Europeans and ignored the logs in their own eyes? Whatever the reason, the antique Europeans and those Europeans who refuse to break faith with them are under the relentless attack of satanic liberals and colored barbarians. And the white grazers who do not understand the evil that menaces them, and hate those who try to tell them about it, are being attacked along with the recalcitrant remnant of the European faithful.

The actual physical attack on white Europeans, the murders, the robberies, the rapes, and the beatings, have been going on for the last forty to fifty years with increased ferocity and intensity every year. But it was the non-violent attack of the scientists and philosophers that laid the foundations for the actual physical attack on the European people. This is the vital point we must understand. The colored races have always hated the white race because the coloreds worship darkness and not the light, but it was only when white people lost their faith, because they succumbed to liberalism, that they became incapable of defending themselves against the colored barbarians. If faith returns to the white man his will to resist the savage colored hordes will return.

There is, of course, no magic wand we can use to make liberalism disappear from modern Europe. Nor can we go back in time and kill liberalism before it kills Christian Europe. Liberalism, which is the antithesis of Christianity, is now a part of every European's heritage, just as Christianity is part of a European's heritage. The modern European whose heart belongs to old Europe can exorcise liberalism from his heart, but he can't ignore it because liberalism is part of his people's history. Nor can the liberal ignore the antique Europeans' heartfelt faith in Jesus of Nazareth, because that too is part of the white man's history. He must exorcise it from his heart and kill the Christian hearts of other white Europeans.

The liberal thinks that the Christless European, with faith in nothing except the Babylonian night of Liberalism, is the new, improved European who is here to stay, living and loving in a Godless world of scientific wonders and sensual, earthy people of color who do not have to kill the Christianity in their hearts because they never had any heartfelt faith in the Christian God. Which is why the liberal so desperately wants to merge with the colored races. He knows mankind can never be truly happy till the European's racial memory of his past is completely eradicated by the extinction, through miscegenation, of the white race. In the Jimmie Stewart movie *It's a Wonderful Life*, the teacher tells Jimmie Stewart's daughter that every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings. The modern liberal tells his children that every time a white marries a person of color mankind moves closer to paradise. It's as if a sorceress has placed white Europeans under a spell, a spell of science, sex, and futurity that renders him incapable of seeing who he once was, and whom he once

believed in. It is the task of those of us who still see His Europe, as Puddleglum still saw Narnia, to destroy Liberalism so that the Europeans grazing in the pastures of Liberalism can look up from their seemingly green pastures, that “lead but to the grave,” and see their true Master and their true destiny.

The valley of the shadow of Liberalism should not, and it shall not, be the final destination of the Europeans. We are, despite the fact that most Europeans can no longer see it, the Christ-bearing people. God will not abandon us if we call on Him by name. The main thrust of an attack against Liberalism should focus on the ideological undergirding of the liberals, because without an ideological foundation Liberalism will crumble, and the white man who once was blind will be able to see what his ancestors saw. With that vision before him, the vision of the Living God, the white man will reclaim his own again.

It is very easy to fall into despair when we look at the numbers arrayed against white Christian Europeans. But the numbers are deceiving. The vast majority of whites follow their leaders, who are in a minority but are full of passionate hatred against the European people. If you destroy the liberal elite you can destroy liberalism. The liberal elite are like the men who saw Jesus raise Lazarus from the dead; and seeing that miracle their only concern was to hide it from the people lest those people might see and believe. “But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done. Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, ‘What do we? For this man doeth many miracles.’” In those two verses from John 11: 46-47, we see the essence of liberalism.

A small cabal of intransigent liberals and their devout followers have banded together to hide the light that was Christian Europe from the eyes of the white people who are not liberal at heart but are grazing in the locust fields, deprived of the memory of what they once were and could be again. I have been accused, by the type of friends of which you say, “with such friends I don’t need enemies,” of being too easy on the white grazers. To those “friends” I reply that being called a grazer is hardly complimentary, so I’m not that “easy” on the grazers. But I do see more than just a little bit of the “spirit above the dust” in the grazers. Those football, NASCAR-stupefied men are the same ones who come to life when flood waters threaten to engulf such cities as New Orleans. And I still have the image of a white grazer of a policeman on our force coming to life long enough to go unarmed against a knife-wielding negro (see “The White Deer”). Unfortunately such outbursts of whiteness are few and far between and often misdirected toward liberal causes, but it is to our own people we should look for a revival of Christendom, not to the dark races that never have supported, and never will, the cause of Christian Europe. The devil knows this, which is why he has placed race-mixing at the very top of his agenda. No matter how stupefied the grazers seem they are still white, and the devil fears the white man. Why risk a revival of that hated Christ-bearing race when they can so easily be eradicated? It is our task, the remnant band of Europeans, to foil the devil’s plan by continuing to hold the banner of Christian Europe aloft, even in the midst of and in spite of Liberalism.

Men in battle need clarity. They need to know their enemy. It’s clear that the colored races are the enemy of the European. But what is the ideological underpinning of liberalism that sustains the liberal and makes the white grazers hopelessly acquiescent to the assault of the colored hordes? We need not drag in all the philosophers, Greek, secular, and “Christian” who had a hand in trying to make the spiritual world subject to laws of the natural world. Suffice it to say that the edifice of Liberalism is built on the idea that the natural, material world is the world. Men so deluded seek to scientize that which cannot be scientized, the soul of man. Anything that stinks of the spiritual is “dealt with” in a liberal state, sometimes with brute force, sometimes through ostracism or economic disenfranchisement, but whatever method is used the objective is the same, to kill all things of the spirit by scientizing existence.

There has only ever been two non-materialist civilizations in the history of the world, the ancient Hebrew civilization and the ancient European civilization. If you tell me that they are one and the same, I won’t dispute you, but whether the Europeans are the ancient Hebrews or whether their adherence to dictates of the living God made them seem like unto the ancient Hebrews does not have to be decided definitely before we can act on the sure and certain faith that the European people are the Christ-bearers, born to champion Christ against the satanic liberals and the colored barbarians. The European knows that over and above the natural world of the liberals and the colored tribes is His world, the world of storybook heroes and heroines, whose hearts are set aflame every time they see His Europe and His people attacked by the relentless forces of evil. Those forces of evil, and the personality behind them, shall not prevail because there are always a few Europeans who will respond to Christ’s call to arms. A handful of Cyranos are more than a match for a magnitude of liberals and their colored allies. +

(1) The most striking thing about the apostasy of the Europeans from European Christianity is the apostasy of the white clergymen. They truly seem to rejoice in not only the destruction of European culture, but they also condone, by their silence, the violent physical assaults on white people by colored barbarians. “If you have not charity.” There is no Christianity left in the Christian churches because the “Christian” clergymen have not charity toward their own people.

Against the Heathens - DECEMBER 30, 2011

How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.
-Henry Francis Lyte

The former Prime Minister of Britain, Tony Blair, recently stated that massive Third World immigration is “a very positive thing, and there’s no way for a country like Britain to succeed in the future unless it is open to people of different colors, faiths, and cultures.”

Now if Blair’s opinion was the opinion of one isolated lunatic, we could ignore it. But Blair’s opinion on the subject of diversity is the opinion of the ruling elites in every single European nation, so it behooves us to examine Blair’s opinion in the light of reality.

The first point Blair makes is that the influx of colored people with different cultures and different religions from white Britons is a “positive thing.” Why is it a positive thing? Liberals such as Blair never give us a direct answer to that question. It is supposed to be one of those self-evident truths that cannot be questioned. But if we listen to what the liberals in every European country say about the traditional culture of their ancestors we can ascertain the liberals’ answer to the question, “Why is the destruction of white, Christian Europe by colored barbarians a good thing?”

The liberal answer, which is implicit in their hate-filled rhetoric and their hate-filled immigration policies, is that the traditional culture of the European people must be destroyed because it, and the people who created it, were evil. Because the liberals are lunatics their condemnation of the antique Europeans is illogical and inconsistent. On the one hand the antique Europeans are criticized for being insufficiently Christian: “They were racist when they should have been egalitarian and they fought wars with each other when they should have made peace.” But then on the other hand, the antique Europeans are criticized for being too Christian: “They held to their belief that their God was not just a manifestation of the good in man; He was, they claimed, the one true God; all other religions were false; only their faith was true. This was terribly narrow-minded, hate-filled, and prejudiced. And we shouldn’t forget that the Europeans of old polluted the world with their repressive attitudes toward sex and marriage.”

The most negative aspect of the older European culture, according to the liberals, was its unscientific nature. At the center of the Christian Europe was a belief in a fairy tale God who impeded the upward and onward march to a future of science, diversity and sexual pleasure. Such great liberals as Darwin, Freud, Marx, Voltaire, and Rousseau taught us that man was a glorified animal that could only be happy so long as he believed in gods who were merely manifestations of the natural world. The pagan faiths of Voodoo, Islam, Hinduism, and so on, are all acceptable to the liberals because they are not transcendent faiths. Only the antique faith of the Europeans, which proclaimed that Gandhi, Buddha, Socrates, Mohammed, and the generic black man were not co-equal with Christ the Messiah, is a proscribed faith. And the edict against the Christian faith includes, of necessity, the white race because the whites are the Christ-bearing people. So when liberals such as Tony Blair tell us that the destruction of the white race is a positive thing, what they are saying is exactly what Julian the Apostate was saying at the beginning of the Christian Era of Europe: “The Christian God is a false God, and His followers have polluted the world.” Julian sought a future that was a regression to paganism just as the modern Tony Blairs want a future that is a regression to Babylon.

The conservative branch of Liberalism has tried to “save” Christianity by making it a propositional religion. But our God is an incarnate God; He needs a people to say “Come, Lord Jesus, into our hearts and to our hearth fires.” The incarnate God is not a propositional God who can be passed from one people to the next by sprinkling magical philosophical pixie dust on the new devotees. The “race has nothing to do with Christianity” conservatives are in a state of denial. Having nothing but a propositional faith themselves, they cannot see that a genuine faith must be rooted in the hearts of a people connected to the heart of God. The seeds of European Christianity can be planted in other nations, but if they are not nurtured by Europeans they will never bring forth Christian fruits. The Christ-bearing race must return to Christ; salvation will not come from the colored tribes.

Blair’s second point, echoed by all European liberals, is that in order to “succeed in the future” white people need to open up their nations “to people of different colors, faiths and cultures.” If we needed any more proof of the liberals’ insanity, that statement would provide it. Are white people succeeding in the new diverse nations that have come into being? Spiritually? Heavens, no! Are they succeeding financially? Don’t be ridiculous; they are becoming the lower rungs on a Third World ladder. So what kind of “success” are Blair and his fellow liberals talking about? They must mean a successful shift from the Christian faith to a faith in the colored races of the world, particularly the black race. What kind of success is that? It is the same kind of success achieved by the swine in the Gospels. But the liberal must, like Jonah, hide from God

no matter what the cost. And never let a “conservative” tell you that European suicide is really Christian charity. The colored races might make short term economic gains as a result of pillaging the West, but in the long term there will be nothing to pillage when there are no whites to build economies containing something worth pillaging. But the real cost will be in souls. There will be no colored conversions to the light, because the light that shone from Europe will have become the darkness of Babylon. Such a future of “success” is not a consummation devoutly to be wished for. It is an abomination to be resisted with all one’s heart and soul.

The clerics and their liberal brethren tell us that resistance to the colored barbarians is wrong. The conservative, statistical men tell us that resistance is futile because the demographic charts show that the European nations will be colored nations by 2050. And the nationalist leaders tell us that our only hope is to eschew violence and win elections by “getting the message out.”

We should take note of the grim demographic figures in order to get an idea of what we are up against, just as the British soldiers took note of the number of Zulus arrayed against them at Rorke’s Drift. And certainly if a pro-white candidate ever appears we should vote for him. But ultimately the battle for Christian Europe will not be decided by the number of colored barbarians who occupy the European nations. Nor will the battle be decided by elections. The battle will be decided by the Europeans’ fidelity to their God. We don’t know what miracles of grace might occur if the Europeans renew their covenant with God. We do know that miracles occurred in the past when white and Christian were synonymous, so why shouldn’t similar miracles occur in the future if the Europeans pick up the discarded mantle of their Christ-bearing ancestors?

Of course, we can’t simply make an intellectual commitment to “old-fashioned” values in order to save the secular, democratic West or a faltering economy. We must truly love His Europe, which has nothing to do with democracy or capitalism, and refuse to let it die, because we came to know Him at the European hearth fire.

The colored barbarians rape, murder, and pillage because white people do not believe themselves to be a people; they believe they are walking propositions without a past or future. They exist to the extent that they can serve the non-propositional people of color. When black “youths” rampage through the Mall of America in Minnesota, attacking white people, they are not, by liberal logic, doing any harm, because they are only attacking propositional people who do not have a genuine existence. We are facing the Cartesian theory carried out to its logical conclusion. The white thinks he is an abstraction without any blood connection to a particular race or God, so he acts out the part. He is a man cut off from everything that makes life worth living, a loving attachment to a particular people and a particular God.

John Stuart Mill, the utilitarian philosopher, worried at one point in his life that he was becoming mad through an excess of rationality. He tried listening to music in order to subdue the rationalist monster inside him, but he couldn’t bear it because he kept thinking about the finite nature of musical compositions. Mill then turned to the reading of fairy tales. Judging from what he wrote, it doesn’t appear he ever successfully conquered the rationalist demon, but he was on the right track when he started reading fairy tales, because the sickness of the modern European is the result of his inability to see life feelingly as the heroes of the fairy tales do. The third dumb brothers of fairy tale fame do not wait for a consensus against dragons before they venture forth to slay the dragon devouring their people. Nor do they allow Cartesian philosophers to tell them that they and their loved ones are not worth fighting for because they don’t really exist at all. The fairy tale hero is a simple soul who loves his people and hates those who attack and menace his people. If a mere handful of modern Europeans were to become like unto the fairy tale heroes of old Europe, the tidal wave of colored barbarians would be turned away from European shores. And the multitudinous herds of colored barbarians that are raping, murdering, and pillaging within the European walls would be driven back to the black holes from whence they came.

My favorite comedians are Laurel and Hardy. They are both, in their best movies, third dumb brothers. In March of the Wooden Soldiers they reach their zenith. At a critical juncture in the film, the very existence of Toyland, which is Europe, is threatened by the evil liberal, Barnaby. Motivated by sheer hate, Barnaby leads an army of negroized bogeymen against Toyland. When hope seems nearly gone Laurel and Hardy set in motion 100 six-foot wooden soldiers, who miraculously become flesh and blood soldiers that drive the bogeymen back beyond the walls of Toyland and into a river of crocodiles. How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable would our existence seem if we did not believe that the European fairy tale is true. If Christ be not risen, it would be better to become propositional people and fade away into the Babylonian night. But Christ is risen, and He enjoins us to rise from our lethargy and defend and champion His fairy kingdom, which is ours to defend, against the liberals and their armies of colored bogeymen. +

Remembrances: The Policeman - DECEMBER 23, 2011

And there reigns love and all love’s loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

I was pastor at St. John's Anglican Church in London from 1910 to 1950. When I started there as assistant pastor I was thirty-one years of age. For the first five years I was assistant pastor and for the last thirty-five I was senior pastor. Many people have passed through the doors of St. John's while I was pastor there, but I only came to know a small minority of the people who came to St. John's. Let me clarify that. I came to know a large number of people by name, and I knew their occupations and their family histories, but I know the souls of only a few of my parishioners. I think that must be the way with all pastors. When you leave the seminary you have notions of taking a world of troubles onto your shoulders and solving the deep and perplexing spiritual problems of your many and myriad parishioners. But reality quickly sets in. The spiritual problem of most of my parishioners was that they didn't believe they had any spiritual problems. They needed Christ's pastors to baptize them, marry them, and bury them. In return for those services they were willing to put up with a Sunday sermon and a few pastoral visits. That is the reality, but there are a few, the men and women who seek you out because you have publicly avowed your allegiance to Him. Those men and women need something more from a pastor than the average parishioner. It's not for me to judge whether their need makes them better or worse than the average birth-marriage-and-death parishioners. I can only say that those men and women who came to me in the throes of spiritual dilemmas are the men and women I came to know. My remembrances are not of things past; they are of people past. Every human personality is a universe. What follows are my memories of those universes.

"The Policeman"

John Talbot looked, at first glance, to be a man in his early forties, broad-shouldered, deep-chested with eyes that looked quite through you. In point of fact he was in his early sixties; except for the few grey hairs he showed no outward signs of age. Before I knew his profession I had marked him as a military type. John approached me one day after a Sunday sermon in April of 1921.

"Reverend, sir, could I speak to you for a moment?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I'd like to come see you sometime about a matter of some importance, at least to me."

There were many people around me at the time, most of them waiting to ask me something, and I could see John did not want to make his private problem a public one, so I quickly made an appointment with him for Tuesday night of that week and we parted.

The front of my house, which was next to the church, faced the main street, but the door to my study faced a side street. That is usually where I received the nocturnal Nicodemuses such as John Talbot.

"It's kind of you to see me."

"Not at all, it's one of the most pleasant aspects of my calling. I get to meet so many different people."

"I'm not a particularly religious man, Reverend, but I heard you were not a typical religious man."

"I won't inquire who it was that said that about me."

"She meant it as a compliment."

"Then I'll take it as a compliment. But what is it you want from me?"

"I want you to listen to me for about an hour, and then I want you to pass judgment on me."

"I'm not really in the business of passing judgment on people."

"I put that rather crudely, Reverend. What I meant was... well, if you listen to what I have to say, you'll be able to understand what I mean when I say I want you to pass judgment on me."

"Certainly, I'll listen to you. Do you want what you say to be under the seal of confession?"

Talbot looked at me a long time and then took his time answering my question. “No, I don’t think that will be necessary. I was raised in the Church of England, though I haven’t been to church in years, and I know about the seal of confession. But if you’re the type of man who would break his word, then you’d be the type of priest who would violate the seal of confession. So I’ll take my chances with your word. If you tell me that what I say here stays right here with you, then that is good enough for me. You see I’ve already decided that you’re a man of your word.”

“So soon?”

“Not that soon, Reverend. I’ve made my living as a police inspector at Scotland Yard for over thirty years, and I’ve learned to read people pretty well.”

“And you’ve read me already?”

“I guess I’ve put my foot in it again. I don’t mean to sound presumptuous. I certainly don’t know you inside out from just one meeting, but I know enough to take a chance with you. And I’m not taking a chance based on just one meeting. I listened to your sermons the last four Sundays. Actually I didn’t do much listening, I observed you. That’s when I made up my mind that you were my man, the man I needed to judge me. Then when I came here and saw you and your study, I was even more convinced that you were the man I needed.”

“I hope I can be of some help to you, but I’m also afraid you might be making something of me I’m not, because I most definitely am not a seer or a man with the ability to read souls. You seem to be a man with a great weight on his heart – that I can see – but that is all I can discern.”

Talbot had a way, no doubt developed from years as a detective for Scotland Yard, of seeming to ask irrelevant questions that were in reality very relevant. Such was the case in this instance. “I see a Bible on your bookshelf and the Book of Common Prayer, and I see Shakespeare, Dickens, and Scott as well. But I don’t see any books of theology or church history, which are the books one usually sees on a clergyman’s shelf. Why is that?”

“I have the books that give me spiritual sustenance. I never had much use for theology or ecclesiastical history. I love the poets and the novelists, though. Do you read literature yourself?”

“No, I don’t; well, I do read one author.”

“Who?”

“Shakespeare.”

“If I could only read just one author, he would be the one.”

“I find he helps in my work, Reverend.”

“He helps me in mine, too.”

“How so?”

“For the same reason he helps you, I imagine. He helps me to understand people, for good or for ill. Surely a minister needs to understand people just as much, if not more so, than a police inspector?”

“I suppose you do. But most ministers wouldn’t go to Shakespeare to find out about people.”

“Not just people, Mr. Talbot. I go to Shakespeare to find out about God. It never ceases to amaze me, and trouble me, that Christians who profess to believe that God has a human heart think that they can’t learn anything about God from the human heart. Speaking for myself, I can honestly say that I only know God through the hearts of his creatures. But you didn’t come here to listen to me; you want me to listen to you.”

“You just made my point, Reverend. You are not the run-of-the-mill cleric, and I need a man who is not run-of-the-mill.”

“I think then, Inspector, you should proceed with your story.”

I won't present what the Inspector told me verbatim, but I will, to the best of my recollection, relate what John Talbot told me.

In 1895, there was a murder in the town of Langsford, England. Langsford was a small fishing village on the west coast of England between Liverpool and Blackpool. The people there were not strangers to violent death. The sea is cruel. But murder was something else. There had never been a murder in Langsford. The town had a constable, but he was an elderly man and more a night watchman than a constable. He felt, and the Mayor of Langsford agreed with him, that the town needed someone from Scotland Yard to "come up."

John Talbot was in his mid-thirties at the time and considered to be one of the best detectives on the force.

"The locals expect Scotland Yard men to get results. Make sure you get results." With those words from his superior, Talbot was sent to Langsford to "wrap things up in two weeks."

"Some things have changed considerably in law enforcement since 1895," John related, "but the basics still remain the same. In murder you look for motive, opportunity, and means. Find those three components, and you've found your murderer."

The victim in this case was a twenty-year-old woman, who was found on the Langsford docks at 1:00 AM by the town constable. She had been raped and stabbed in the heart.

John had seen many dead bodies before in his capacity as a police detective and before that in his capacity as a soldier in India's sunny climes. But this murder hit John personally.

"It's hard to describe, Reverend. I know all human life is precious, but that young woman seemed more precious. Even in death, she had... I can't really describe it... she was beautiful but also something more than beautiful. She seemed like an angel. I felt such a rage inside me. If her murderer had been beside me when I viewed the body, I have no doubt I would have killed that man on the spot with my bare hands."

As it turned out, it didn't take the Inspector long to find the murderer. The one suspect was a young man who had been engaged to the victim two years before she was murdered. About a year before her death she broke off the engagement and became engaged to another young man from Langsford. The first thought of many of the townspeople when Jennie was found murdered was that her former fiancé had committed the crime. But he had an unassailable alibi; he had been out with the fishing boats during the time of the murder. That left the constable without any other suspects and necessitated calling Scotland Yard.

As John related to me, he followed the usual procedures. He talked to everyone connected to the young woman: her parents, her friends, and her fiancé. It was during his interview with the fiancé that John knew he had found the murderer.

"It wasn't because he didn't show any emotion when he talked about the woman he had been about to wed. I'd learned by that time that people respond to grief in different ways. Some go cold outside, kind of numb, while others get hysterical. There isn't one set pattern. So it wasn't his lack of emotion that made me certain he had murdered Jennifer Cowley. It was the cold hate I saw in his eyes every time he talked about her and every time I mentioned her name. It's not evidence you can present to a jury -- I knew I still had to prove my case -- but I knew as sure as the turning of the earth that Arthur Windom had raped and murdered Jennifer Cowley."

John needed evidence of a motive if he was going to get a conviction. He could easily establish means and opportunity, but why would a man kill his fiancé? John came up with nothing useful in his countless interviews with people of Langsford. By all accounts Arthur Windom was a beloved native son. He grew up in Langsford, got into some trouble as a school boy, but not anything unusual. He was handsome and a great athlete. The only period of his life in which he didn't live in Langsford was the four years he spent in India, "a servin' of her Majesty, the Queen." When he returned to Langsford at age twenty-six, he was viewed as a conquering hero. And as a conquering hero he became engaged to the prettiest girl in town, Jennifer Cowley. Windom was twenty-eight at the time of Jenny's death.

After two weeks, the time limit which his superiors had given him, John had no evidence to support his belief in Windom's guilt. Nor had he told a living soul of his conviction. He was hoping he could turn up something or that a witness would come forward. He asked Scotland Yard for one more week, telling them he was about to crack the case. He was given one more week.

It was more than just the detective in John Talbot that made him unwilling to let go of the case. He had fallen in love with Jennifer Cowley. I can remember the exact words he used to describe his love. "It's not just a romantic love, Reverend, in

fact it isn't that type of love at all. It's... well, it's a spiritual love, and I know a man like me has no right to talk about spiritual things."

"It's not a question of rights, John. The spirit goes where it lists. There is no law that says God's love is confined to church-goers."

"Thank you for not laughing at me. It was, and still is, of absolute importance to me that Jenny Cowley should know that I loved her. I needed to love her; she deserved to be loved. I spent some time with her family and there was something that her brother told me about her that confirmed for me what I already knew about her."

"He was twelve when she was eighteen. And he was passionately fond, as most English boys are, of football. His favorite team was playing in Liverpool on an upcoming Saturday. Neither the boy's father nor mother could get away from Langsford on the day of the game, so Jennifer agreed to take her brother to the game. At some point during the game, Jennifer spotted a boy, around eight years old, who had somehow gotten separated from his parents. Jenny took that crying boy in her arms and assured him he could stay with her until his parents found him. 'She took care of everyone like that,' her brother said through his tears. 'Why wasn't there someone there to take care of her when she needed someone?' Could you have answered her brother, Reverend?"

"No, I could not."

"Neither could I, but I vowed then and there that if I didn't collect the evidence to have Windom hanged, I would kill him myself. Oh, I knew what the Christian pastors would tell me. 'Vengeance is wrong; leave him to God's justice. She would have forgiven him.' All that they would say and more. But there was something inside of me then, and it's still in me, that said, 'Someone has to stand up for Jenny in the here and now. If anything is to make any sense, someone has to stand up for her.' I couldn't get past that. I suppose you'd call it an obsession."

"An obsession isn't necessarily bad."

"But was my obsession wrong?"

"Suppose you finish your story before I say anything more about your obsession."

After John failed to "crack the case" during his one week extension, he was called back to London. The Langsford murder case was still his case, but only if the local authorities found some evidence, and in that event he would be sent for again. So John went back to his work in London, but he spent all his spare time working on another aspect of the Cowley murder. He checked on Arthur Windom's war record. That took time, but John was a bulldog on every case he took on, even when he wasn't emotionally involved with the victim. With the added incentive of love, John was indefatigable.

Windom's war record was quite good. He had been decorated for bravery on two separate occasions. Talbot found three former officers, now back in England, who had served with Windom. They all spoke highly of his character and his courage under fire. Gathering incriminating evidence via Windom's war record seemed to be a dead end. But six months after his return to London from Langsford, Talbot received a visitor in his office.

"I'm looking for Inspector Talbot. I've come in reference to that advertisement in the paper. It said you was looking to interview them that was in the 2nd Irregular Calvary Regiment from '89 to '93. There was also mention of some kind of reward."

"Come in and sit down, Mr. uh..."

"My name is Thomas Hughes."

"Sit down, Mr. Hughes. The reward is not large, just five pounds, but I would be most grateful if you could tell me if you knew Arthur Windom. He was said to be in your regiment."

"Five pounds ain't much, but it's better than nothing. Yes, I knew Arthur Windom. What do you want to know about him?"

"First, I would like to know what was your relationship with Arthur Windom while you were in the service."

"I was his orderly, and he was my superior officer. I was a private, and he was a captain. I got assigned to him after his promotion."

“And for how long were you his orderly?”

“Two years.”

“During that time did you notice what his relationships were with women?”

“Privates don’t get to go around with captains.”

“Certainly they don’t, but surely during the two years you were Windom’s orderly you must have been told to get out his uniform and clean it and polish his boots for those special affairs officers are always invited to.”

“Yes, Captain Windom went to a lot of those affairs. And he made a lot of married officers pretty nervous.”

“And why was that?”

“Cause he was handsome and had a way with the ladies.”

“Was there ever one special lady?”

“Well, there was the Colonel’s daughter. She must have been about seventeen or eighteen. And she hated India; most of the women do. Her mother was always after the Colonel to invite the young officers for dinner and cards and so on. So the girl wouldn’t be bored. The Colonel was a tartar with us, but he was a weak sister when it came to his wife. Whatever she wanted, she got. So he always tried to get the young officers over to his place to please his wife who wanted their daughter to meet young men her own age.”

“And that’s how she met Arthur Windom?”

“Yes, but it wasn’t long before they were meeting each other places that neither the Colonel nor his wife knew about. They were very private meetings, if you know what I mean.”

At this point in the interview John Talbot felt he had to make a decision about Thomas Hughes. If he was to get the type of cooperation he needed, he had to appeal to Hughes’ humanity. That was the rub. Did Hughes have any humanity? Talbot decided that he did. He sized Hughes up as a man who would fight with his friend over a shilling, but would never think of taking a single shilling from the same friend if that friend had entrusted his life savings to him.

“Mr. Hughes, I need to appeal to you man to man. I can give you another twenty pounds on top of the five I gave you, but that’s about all I can give you for something that is worth more than a million pounds to me. I need to know if you ever heard or saw anything in those private meetings between Windom and the Colonel’s daughter that would suggest that Windom was capable of raping and murdering a young woman.”

“This sounds serious, Inspector. I don’t know that I want to be involved in ...”

“I think Arthur Windom raped and killed a young woman in Langsford because she refused to give him what he wanted before they were married. I can’t save that woman’s life, but I can, with your help, make sure that Windom is called to account for the murder he committed. And if he murdered once, he will do it again, so you would also be helping me to prevent other murders.”

“I’ll help you, Inspector. I never liked Windom, but I didn’t want to be the type of man who does a man dirt just because he doesn’t like him. But if it’s murder, and worse yet, rape you’re talking about, I’m for you and that woman that’s been murdered, and I’m against that Windom.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hughes. Is there something then that you saw or heard that would indicate that Windom was capable of rape and murder?”

“Yes, sir, there was. He had been seeing the Colonel’s daughter privately for about six months, and one night she came out to the Captain’s tent. I was just about to come in and ask if there was nothing else he wanted me to do before turning in. I stopped short of going in though because I could hear him screaming at someone. It didn’t take long for me to make out that it was the Colonel’s daughter he was screaming at.

“He was boiling mad at her for coming out to where we was camped and showing herself where somebody might see her. Oh, she cried something awful and said nobody had seen her and she just had to see him and when was they going to get married like he said they were.

“Well, he made it clear they were not going to get married ever. That he wouldn’t marry damaged goods and such talk like that. It was pretty clear, Inspector, that it was him that made her damaged goods and that he had promised to marry her. But after she settled down from all her crying she got real calm and she told him that she didn’t care what happened to her; she was going to tell everybody what he had done.”

“What was his response?”

“That’s what sent chills down my spine, Inspector. He said he’d kill her; not in the way you say ‘I’ll kill you’ to somebody that cheated you at cards or because you’re angry but you don’t really have any intention of killing ‘em. I mean he meant it. And she must have believed him because she never said a word about what he done. Not even in the hospital.”

“Why did she go to the hospital?”

“Cause she almost drowned. Her parents said she fell into the river, but I think – no, I don’t just think it, I know it – she jumped in after what he said to her that night. Some young lieutenant that was just going back to the barracks after having a few saw her go off the bridge, and he jumped in and saved her. She spent some time in the hospital, but she came out alright. And you know at the time I left India I heard she was engaged to that young lieutenant, only he wasn’t a lieutenant anymore, he was a captain. Imagine that, he went out for a few beers and ended up saving the Colonel’s daughter!”

“I’m glad it worked out for that young girl. But let’s not forget the girl that it didn’t work out for. I can’t prove it, but I’m convinced more than ever, after what you’ve said, that Jennifer Cowley was going to break off her engagement to Windom, or else she refused to have relations with him before they were married. He most likely had no more intention of marrying Jennifer than he had of marrying the Colonel’s daughter.”

“No, I don’t think Windom was made for marriage, Inspector, leastways not to a fisherman’s daughter. He always said he’d only marry a woman as wealthy as a duchess and then he’d be as faithful to her money as he was unfaithful to her.”

“I need your help, Thomas, and I want to make it clear what type of help I’m asking you to give me. I don’t have enough evidence to arrest Windom, let alone to have him convicted of the murder. I intend to confront him, give him a chance to confess, and then kill him. You needn’t know all the details. All you need to know is that I plan to go outside the law to bring Windom to justice.”

“What do you need from me, Inspector?”

“I need you to write him a letter, which I’ll dictate, asking him to meet you on a certain date on the moors near Cheviot Hills.”

“Don’t you think he’ll be a bit suspicious, me asking him to meet me on the moors?”

“Possibly. But why should he be suspicious of you? And when you tell him you found a way to make 10,000 pounds, but you need the help of a bold Officer of the Dragoons, he’ll meet you. And we’ll make sure to tell him to destroy the letter after he reads it. That way there will be no way anybody will link you to his death.”

“It all sounds kind of crazy, Inspector. Two hours ago, I was reading an advertisement in the paper that said there was 5 pounds reward for anyone that had served in the 2nd Irregular Calvary Regiment. Now I’m to invite Arthur Windom to be murdered on the moors.”

“Not murdered, Thomas; he is going to be executed.”

“Begging your pardon, Inspector. I didn’t mean to call you a murderer. I think you’re a man.”

“Then you’ll help me?”

“That I will. You dictate the letter and I’ll sign it and send it, though I’m a bit slow on the writing.”

“Does Windom know that?”

“Yes, sir, he does. He once asked me to write a letter for him, and he was mad at me when he saw what a bad job I made of it.”

“Then we’ll send him a letter that is a bad job of it so he’ll know it came from you. But I should warn you, Thomas; once he sees me there, he’ll know who set him up. And if he kills me, he’ll come after you.”

“I’ll take that chance. There’s just one thing, Inspector.”

“What?”

“I’ll take the five pounds ‘cause I need it, but I don’t want no more money from you than that. I just want you to let me know when it’s done. Just send me a line that says, ‘It’s done.’”

“Thomas, you’re a man. God bless you.”

A certain chill came over me when John came to the end of his description of his meeting with Thomas Hughes. I knew that I was now going to be told about Inspector John Talbot’s meeting with Arthur Windom on the bare lonely moors of Cheviot Hills, after which I would be expected to render some kind of judgment. I told John one more time that I was not fit to judge anyone, and he was not obligated to go any further. Though I must admit I was not immune to the all too human failing of morbid curiosity. I was afraid he was going to tell me what happened on the moor between him and Arthur Windom, and I was afraid he wouldn’t tell me. But John was not a man for half measures. He had chosen me as the man to whom his tale had to be told, and there was no going back. He accepted a glass of water, finished it in one gulp, and proceeded with his narrative.

“The letter did the trick. Two weeks after we sent it I met Arthur Windom at midnight on the moors. It sounds like some kind of detective story, but that’s how it turned out. There he was. If he was surprised to see me instead of Thomas Hughes, he didn’t show it. He was completely self-possessed and calm. Probably because he thought I was there to trick him into a confession or something like that. The surprise came when I pulled my revolver and leveled it at his heart.”

“What’s that for, Inspector? Surely you don’t intend to shoot me?”

“I do.”

At those words his self-possession left him, and he assumed the defensive posture of a hunted animal at bay.

“Why?”

“You raped and murdered Jenny Cowley.”

“That’s absurd, she was my fiancé. I loved her.”

“So you told me.”

“Then why are you accusing me of murdering her?”

“And raping her.”

“All right, why are you accusing me of raping and murdering her?”

“I’m not accusing you. I’m telling you I know you did it. And I’m going to give you one chance to save your miserable life. You confess and I’ll put this gun down.”

“You’d let me go?”

“No, I’ll put this gun down and we’ll settle it between us with knives. I’m sure you carry some kind of blade; maybe it’s the same one you killed Jenny with. You’re supposed to be quite an athlete as well; maybe you’ll get lucky. If you do you can drop me in the moor and live happily ever after.”

“And if I refuse?”

“I’ll put a bullet between your eyes.”

“How do I know that you’ll keep your promise?”

“You’ve been in the service. You can read a man, even if you’re not a man yourself.”

Windom’s eyes flashed hate at John’s remark, which was what John wanted.

“You’re an English gentleman, and an English gentleman never breaks his word, is that it?”

“Let’s just say I prefer to take you on man to man, and to the knife.”

“All right, you’ll have your knife fight. And I’ll dump you in the moors after I slice you up. Oh, wait, you wanted a confession first. It’s all quite simple. The young lady wanted to call off the marriage. It seems that she had detected certain deficiencies in my character. I wasn’t really put out by her breaking off the marriage, because I had no intention of going through with it. But I wasn’t leaving without my... well, to put it in military terms, without my commission. She owed that to me. It was her own fault that I killed her. She made such a fuss that I had to shut her up. Now, I ask you, man to man, does it really matter that one silly twit of a girl died before her time? I saw young men and plenty of children die in India, and no one cared. Why make such a fuss over one dead girl? Well, say something, you stupid copper.”

John never said a word. He set his gun aside and drew his knife as Windom drew his. The fight was long, and John received a wound in the thigh, which troubled him the rest of his life, but in the end, Arthur Windom was buried in the moors of Cheviot Hills. Three days later Thomas Hughes received a letter of just two words: “It’s done.”

“I know it’s unfair to place my burden on you, Reverend, but I needed someone to hear my story.”

“Tell me, John, now with benefit of hindsight, do you regret what you did?”

“No.”

“Then I’m at a loss to understand why you want my judgment, as you put it, at all.”

“It’s like this, Reverend. There are things you know inside, things that just are. I fell in love with Jennie Cowley, and I couldn’t let her murderer live. Nothing will make me regret what I did. But it’s been lonely keeping the secret all those years. I needed someone to share it with, and not just anybody, but someone who could, if not agree with what I did, at least understand why I did it. Even if your judgment goes against me, I’m still glad I told you my secret.”

“There is a passage in the Bible, John, which you may be familiar with. Under attack from the Pharisees who accuse Him of undermining the law, Christ tells them: ‘Think not that I come to destroy the law and the prophets, I come to fulfill.’ Any law, it seems to me as a Christian, to be a binding law must be rooted in God’s law. If there is something in the letter of our law that prevents a man from carrying out the spirit of God’s law, then I must side with the man who carries out the spirit of God’s law in defiance of the letter of man’s law.”

“You surprise me, Reverend. I never expected your approval.”

“You have it.”

I don’t think John was the type of man who cried often, but he cried then, and we embraced.

“There’s one more thing, John. You said you read Shakespeare.”

“Yes, often.”

“Have you read the sonnets?”

“No, just the plays; I’m not too fond of sonnets.”

“Well, there is one sonnet I want to read to you. It’s the greatest Christian work of devotion ever written, yet it is seldom noted by the members of the Christian community. If you hand me that volume of Shakespeare on the table there, I shall read it to you.”

John handed me the volume of Shakespeare's works, and I read him Sonnet 31:

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

"What you loved and still love in Jennifer Cowley is still alive with Christ. If you have Him you have her. Our Lord said in the Kingdom of Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but we shouldn't take that to mean that there are no special bonds between a man and a woman in heaven. How could the Source of all love banish any genuine, pure bond of love between a man and a woman? Jenny waits for you, John, in the arms of the Lord."

"Do you believe that, Reverend?"

"Yes, I do. And you're not to be stranger here after tonight. I expect to see you often, if not in church, then here in my study. Now, will you kneel and let me give you my blessing?"

"Yes, please do."

"Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of thy only Son, our Savior Jesus Christ. Amen."

John retired two years after our meeting with over thirty years of service to Scotland Yard. He lived well into his eighties, and we became very close friends. He only attended services on Christmas and Easter, but he visited my study almost every week. I must relate the circumstances of his death.

During World War II, England was under siege from German planes. We were in complete darkness every night. The lights of London could not be used for fear of the German war planes. Although he was in his mid-eighties, John Talbot was still strong and healthy. He served as an air raid warden, and he was always the last to seek shelter. "Women, children, and everybody else before me," was John Talbot's code of conduct. One night the German bombers exploded a building on top of John. He was still alive, but no one knew quite how. He asked for me. When I got to him he was almost completely covered with the remains of the building, but I could see his face and shoulders beneath the rubble.

"I didn't want to die until you came, Chris."

"Are you in much pain, John?"

"No, not much. I see her now, Chris. It's as you told me that first night in your study. She's alive and in His arms. I'm going to her and to Him. I must thank you for..."

"No, John, I must thank you."

I made the sign of the cross over him, and gave him my final blessing.

"O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life, in whom whosoever believeth, shall live though he die, and whosoever liveth and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also taught us (by his holy Apostle Paul) not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him: We meekly beseech thee (O Father) to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, as our hope is this our brother doth; and that at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive that blessing which thy well-beloved son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our mediator and redeemer. Amen."

The most remarkable thing about John Talbot was that he didn't see himself as a remarkable man. He saw himself as a sinner, and his constant prayer to our Lord was always, "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner." I loved him then. I love him now, and I shall always love him. I think in many respects, John was the last of a breed. His Christianity was in the blood. He was of the same metal as Alfred and the Christian heroes of Walter Scott. When there are no Englishmen left like John Talbot, there will no longer be an England. +++

Blessed England, Blessed Europe - DECEMBER 16, 2011

"This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England..." – Shakespeare

I saw two Londons the other day. The first London was in a short documentary following a movie made in 1940. An American photo journalist gave Americans a close-up view of Londoners going about their daily lives despite the fact that every night the Germans destroyed their buildings and killed thousands of their people in air raids. Still, in spite of doom, the Londoners remained undaunted. The American journalist concluded that "London will survive."

I saw the second London in a recent news report from a London newspaper:

Carol singers raising money for a cancer charity in Trafalgar Square were attacked by protesters during a night of disorder that saw 139 arrests.

Shops were attacked, passers-by threatened and car windows smashed during a demonstration in central London against the election result in the Democratic Republic of Congo...

Masked teenage boys 'stormed' the singers, throwing bottles of water and hot drinks into the crowd. A woman in her 40s, said to be undergoing treatment for breast cancer, was pulled to the ground. A youth attempted to set light to the Christmas tree, an annual gift from the city of Oslo since 1947, one witness said.

The obvious question is, "Why did the Londoners of 1940 stand firm against megatons of German bombs while the Londoners of 2011 cannot even prevent a few black punks from terrorizing their people?" The answer is quite simple: The Londoners of 1940 might have loosened their ties to the past prior to World War II, but they hadn't yet made a complete break with their heroic past. Hence they had the spiritual reserves to survive as a people. But the modern Londoners, like all modern Europeans, are morally adrift. They don't believe in the same God that their ancestors believed in, so they can't respond to black barbarism in the way their ancestors would have responded. If you don't regard black people as gods you can treat them like the thugs that they are.

In the 18th and 19th centuries the British not only defended their own in Britain, they defended their own abroad. For instance, in my school days of long ago, I remember reading about an incident that took place in an African country in the 1800s. A British couple were jostled in an African riot, and in retaliation the British invaded the country and deposed the black dictator. Nor did the British in India allow their people to be killed or injured without retaliating. It's sad and tragic when white men no longer believe they should defend their own people.

The incident in Trafalgar Square was typical of the ongoing war waged by the colored races against white people. And the liberal response to such incidents is always the same. "Let's not let the acts of a few violent 'youths' prejudice us against the vast majority of fine, moderate black people who are a credit to multi-racial Britain!" If the white-liberal does not know by now that there is no such thing as a moderate black person he will never know, because he has no intention of removing the mind-forged blinders from his eyes. The only reason every single black in a formerly white country doesn't riot, rape, pillage, and murder is because some are still afraid that there might be consequences for their actions. The escalating number of black atrocities in every European-based nation is the result of more and more blacks coming to an awareness that there will be no white response to black violence except the usual liberal double-speak. Gangs of black murderers and rapists will be called 'youths,' and their criminal activities will be described as 'unfortunate' but (as if some outside source was making them commit violent acts) "understandable under the circumstances, blah, blah, blah..."

No matter what acts of violence are perpetuated by blacks we must, our clerical elite tell us, keep up the refrain, "Let's not let a few misguided youths prejudice us against a whole people. And let us not become violent; that would be counter-productive." But why shouldn't whites be prejudiced against blacks? Have the negroes as a race ever shown themselves capable of supporting the good and hating evil? The bolder ones seem to genuinely enjoy murder, rape, and mayhem. And the more timid majority enjoy the violent activities of their fellow blacks vicariously. While working as a police officer I was struck by the contrast between the black and white neighborhoods. When we went into white neighborhoods to arrest

white punks the people there cheered us. When we went into black neighborhoods to arrest black punks the people threw rocks and homemade explosives at us.

And why is it a given that white people must not respond violently to black crime? Because it is 'counter-productive'? I beg to differ; immediate, violent retaliation is the only thing that does deter black violence. As whites retreat and appease, the blacks advance and escalate their violence. If the anti-Christian Christians of the new Christless churches would stop looking for the mythical, moderate blacks whom they can worship and adore and face reality, they would see that every humane, charitable impulse on this earth emanates from white people. It's quite simple, Mr. Negro-worshipping Liberal. When the white remnant disappears so will charity. And then what will happen to your beloved black gods?

In view of what Savanhu considered to be European unfitness to govern Rhodesia, we might examine what he would consider to be African fitness. Having already glanced at African political fitness we can leave that on one side. But where for example the Africans' purely humanitarian regard for their own kind is concerned, we find the Native Affairs Department reporting that film scenes of African children suffering from disease and starvation are greeted with shrieks of laughter by African audiences, "We have found that a distressingly large proportion of our rural population see nothing but humour in the sufferings of other people," Mr Nesham, the N.A.D. senior information officer, reported. Similarly, Mr Guy, of the Rhodesian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, stated: "I have met no Coloured, Asiatic or African workers in the campaign against tuberculosis. Is it too much to ask members of these communities to come to our assistance?" Likewise, the only African-managed orphanage in Rhodesia reported that it has to rely entirely on White generosity for its support, as Africans themselves refuse to contribute because they feel that that is "the white man's job."

It is the colored barbarians' love of cruelty and indifference to human misery (and the Asian surpasses the black in this regard) that separates them forever from the antique European. Between such wholly different peoples there can be only enmity. The white is repulsed by the black's barbarism and the black is enraged by the white man's attempts to bring him out of his beloved Babylonian night. The new "unity" between whites and the colored races has come about because the white liberal has become a techno-barbarian. The techno-barbarian, like the colored barbarian, has not charity, but there is a difference between the two barbarian tribes. The techno-barbarian, because he once was Christian, does not want to look at the consequences of his inhuman philosophy. He relies on his technology to shield his eyes from his own cruelty. Where a colored barbarian would kill a child up close and personal with no compunction whatsoever, a white liberal has the child tortured and killed in an abortuary hidden from his liberal eyes. The modern liberal is like the head bad guy in the old gangster films. He tells the hero that he deprecates violence, but he must torture him if he doesn't talk. When the hero refuses to talk the leader exits the room and "regrettably" leaves the hero to the not-so-tender care of his subordinates. Robespierre, an ardent opponent of capital punishment who had thousands killed in the name of humanity, was a forerunner of the modern technocratic liberal.

The crazed voices you hear from the hinterlands of Liberalism are the "conservative Christians" of the Catholic and Protestant denominations. "It doesn't matter that white people no longer support the antique faith of Europe," they tell us. "The black, yellow and brown people of the world will take up the cause of Christian Europe." Oh really? Where is the evidence for such an astounding claim? In Africa where the inhabitants, in the absence of white rule, have returned to cannibalism and voodoo? In China where Asian cruelty still reigns supreme over all other forms of cruelty? How about Mexico where the ancient Aztec faith has returned? Et tu, Mr. Conservative Christian? Why must you plunge your dagger into the European remnant? Aren't there already enough bleeding wounds in the Europeans? If the conservative wants to regain his honor as a man of Europe instead of trying to hold on to his cherished corner of Liberalism, he must venture forth with the remnant band of Europeans to wrest the kingdom of Europe from the liberals and colored barbarians. But it is easier to proclaim heathendom the new Christendom than it is to fight for the restoration of Christendom. Which is why we won't see the conservative in the ranks of the antique Europeans. That's just as well, because the conservative, when forced to choose between the antique Europeans and black-worshipping Liberalism will always side with the liberals. Something to do with the side their bread is buttered on.

In a short story called "The Haunted Man," Charles Dickens tells the story of an educated man, a Chemist, who makes a bargain with a phantom from the world of spirits. The ghost grants him a "gift." The Chemist asks to be released from the remembrance of all the sorrow, wrong, and trouble he has ever known.

"I have the power to cancel their remembrance – to leave but very faint, confused traces of them, that will die out soon," returned the Spectre.

And the Chemist is also granted the power to erase the remembrance of sorrow and trouble in the lives of others.

"And take this with you, man whom I here renounce! The gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will. Without recovering yourself the power that you have yielded up, you shall henceforth destroy its like in all whom you approach. Your wisdom has discovered that the memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble is the lot of all mankind, and that mankind would be the happier, in its other memories, without it. Go! Be its benefactor! Freed from such remembrance, from this hour, carry involuntarily the blessing of such freedom with you. Its diffusion is inseparable and inalienable from you. Go! Be happy in the good you have won, and in the good you do!"

Of course the “gift” does not make the Chemist a happy man; he becomes a haunted man, and he does not bring happiness to others, for without the remembrance of past sorrows there can be no present joy. The haunted man and the people he blights with his presence know neither sorrow nor joy; they are devoid of all humanity. And without a knowledge of past sorrow the haunted man cannot know the Man of Sorrows who turned our sorrows to joy with His resurrection from the dead. It is only when a woman breaks the curse by refusing to give up the remembrance of her dead infant, that the chemist and those he polluted can once again see the light.

Redlaw fell upon his knees with a loud cry.

‘O Thou,’ he said, ‘who, through the teaching of pure love, hast graciously restored me to the memory which was the memory of Christ upon the cross, and of all the good who perished in His cause, receive my thanks, and bless her!’

I would suggest that the great majority of modern Europeans are in the spiritual state of Redlaw, the Chemist. They have tried to build a utopian world of science in which there is no remembrance of past sorrows. So the faith of their ancestors, who believed in the Man of Sorrows, must be either eliminated or modified into a Christianity without the cross.

I love the ending of Dickens’ story. The haunted man is not restored by a wise man; he is restored to life because one simple, unlearned soul loves too much to give up her remembrance of past sorrow. Christ’s Europe, the Europe of Grimm’s fairy tales, “A Christmas Carol” and Christmas caroling, church bells at midnight, and evening lingerings, depends on our loving remembrance of the cross of Christ and our determined refusal to let His Europe, with all its sorrows and troubles, die. Europeans who love deeply will simply not let barbarian hordes rule His Europe. God has never abandoned His people. If we hold fast to our remembrance of Christian Europe we will see miracles in the blessed plot of land and throughout the sacred realm of Europe. +

A Christmas Carol - DECEMBER 09, 2011

‘I am mortal,’ Scrooge remonstrated, ‘and liable to fall.’

‘Bear but a touch of my hand there,’ said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, ‘and you shall be upheld in more than this!’

It’s the time of year when I read *A Christmas Carol*, Dickens’ marvelous Christmas gift to the people of Europe, with my family. There is always something new that comes across to you when re-reading a great work of literature such as *A Christmas Carol*. On this reading I was struck by the relative ease with which Scrooge was brought to repentance by Jacob Marley and the three spirits of Christmas. Scrooge was in desperate spiritual straits, which is why the spirits visited him, but he was a mere traditional sinner addicted to greed and avarice. The spirits of Christmas touched his heart by showing him scenes from his childhood, former loves lost because of his avarice, and his eventual lonely demise if he remained obdurate. And Scrooge did repent, but what if he had been a liberal (which is something infinitely worse than a miser)? Would the spirits have had such an easy time of it? Could the Spirit of Christmas Past touch a liberal’s heart as he touched Scrooge’s and transform the liberal into something other than a liberal? No, the triune spirits of Christmas could not melt a liberal’s heart; we have seen the liberals reject the spirits’ overtures time and time again. What enables the liberal to remain steadfast against the light that caused Scrooge to repent? Solzhenitsyn wondered about the phenomenon of the liberals’ stubborn resistance to the light in the second book of his Gulag memoirs. He concluded that it was ideology that gave the liberal such an advantage over the regular sinners like Scrooge and the Macbeths. The Macbeths had guilty consciences after their blood-letting, Solzhenitsyn opined, because they lacked a utopian ideology that could kill all the “compunctious visitings of nature” in the human breast. Burke made the same point as Solzhenitsyn centuries earlier when he wrote about the radical French revolutionaries, the progenitors of the Russian communists and the European liberals:

Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the principle of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil.

To completely divest oneself of all humanity is no easy task, but the liberal, for all practical purposes, has done it. He has built a world where every good and noble sentiment stemming from the human heart is condemned by law, or else, if not proscribed by law, covered with scorn and ridicule. The liberal has succeeded where Scrooge failed, because he has made his rebellion against the light into religious orthodoxy. He has become a Jew by hardening his heart just like the Jew:

You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften (than which what’s harder?)
His Jewish heart.

The spirits of Christmas had to convince Scrooge that his contra mundum stance had alienated him from his fellow men by killing the ties, such as our attachments to kith and kin, that make us human. The spirits of Christmas have quite a different task ahead of them, a much more difficult task, when they face off against the modern liberal. Unlike Scrooge, the liberal is not, at least at the superficial level, an outcast from his fellow men. Nor is the liberal contra mundum; quite the contrary, he is completely in sync with the modern world. It's ironic – the repentant Scrooge, were he to be transported to modern Liberaldom, would have to be contra mundum if he wanted to hold onto his new faith in the God who “made lame beggars walk and blind men see.” The repentant Scrooge living in modern Babylon would face different visitations than the unrepentant Scrooge living in Christendom faced. The satanic Spirit of Earth Days Past would show him the girl he could have married had he been willing to abandon his sexist, patriarchal notions of marriage. He would also show him scenes of his childhood in which the other children shunned him because he didn't worship negroes or blaspheme the living God. Then the demonic Spirit of Liberaldom Present would show Scrooge all the jobs he had lost because he would not bend his knee to Babylon. And finally the Spirit of Liberaldom Future would show Scrooge his lonely demise, shunned by his fellow men for his refusal to worship the gods of Liberaldom. But of course the satanic spirits would not show Scrooge what awaits him beyond the grave, a crown of glory, for having fought the good fight. Nor will any of the demonic spirits of Liberaldom past, present, or future, show their adherents what awaits them when they cross the bar.

A direct attack on God Himself is beyond Satan's capabilities. But he can attack His people. Following the same procedure that a farmer might follow to eliminate vermin (and that is how Satan views human beings), Satan works to destroy the breeding grounds for God's grace. He seeks to separate a man from his ties to kith and kin that enable him to feel there is a human heart at the center of the universe. “From my hearth fire,” the antique European asserts, “to His heavenly kingdom is not such a great leap, because my God has taken flesh and dwelt amongst us.” The desire to keep the vision of a loving God revealed to us at the European hearth remains the same. But the struggle has changed. The arch enemy of mankind has shifted the scene of battle. Satan used to fight contra mundum; he was against Christian Europe, but in the Babylonian present he fights in defense of Liberaldom. The antique European now must be contra mundum; he is against the Babylonian state, against the negro-worshipping church, and against the new family structure of the liberals which consists of inter-racial couples gathered around one universal bonfire dedicated to the gods of Babylon.

The antique Europeans' situation is far from hopeless. We are no worse off, as regards the numbers arrayed against us, than Alexander Smollett was when he flew his sovereign's colors in defiance of a seemingly invincible horde of pirates. But we must respond to the liberal-barbarian coalition as Smollett responded to the pirates. He was confident in the rightness of his cause, and he knew that his enemies had an implacable hatred for him and his fellow Englishmen. The fight had to be to the death; pirates do not give quarter. Nor do the liberals and their barbarian colored allies give quarter to white Europeans. Babylonians can never unite in love, because there is no love in Babylon, but they can unite in hate. And they hate with the satanic fury of a people wedded to darkness. If the remnant band of whites were to be eliminated the dark races and the liberals would dry up and die, because the sum total of their lives is the hatred of the white, and they feed off that hatred like vultures feed on carrion.

You can't reason with the liberals or the colored tribesmen. Their hatred is deeply ingrained in their souls, and they will not abandon it because it is wrong -- they have declared that wrong is right – or because it is un-Christian – they are at war with Christ. Jean de La Fontaine wrote a fable called “The Wolf and the Lamb” that the European who wishes to remain European should take note of.

Might has a conquering logic of its own,
As will immediately be shown.

A Lamb one morning to the brink
Of a clear stream went down to drink.
A Wolf adventuring in quest of food
Came to the spot, and flew into a passion,
Saying: ‘I like your hardihood,
To foul my drink in this disgusting fashion.
Now for the chastisement I owe you!’
‘Nay,’ said the Lamb, ‘so please Your Grace,
Your Lordship's wrath is out of place.
A moment's thought will clearly show you
I'm drinking twenty yards below you,
And therefore cannot possibly
Befoul your beverage in the least degree.’
‘You do,’ he snarled; ‘moreover, I'll be sworn
‘Twas you maligned me last July.’
‘How could I, when I wasn't born?
I'm not yet weaned,’ was the reply.

'Well, if it wasn't you, it was your brother.'
'I have none.' 'Then it was some other
Of your insufferable crew--
'Tis common talk on every side.
I'm sick of being vilified
By sheep, lambs, dogs, and shepherds too:
'Tis time I made my vengeance good.'
Thereon he haled him to the wood,
And ate him in a righteous fury
Without recourse to judge or jury.

The antique European has been found guilty, "without recourse to judge or jury," of crimes against the colored races. And for his crimes he, and all those who refuse to renounce him, are to be destroyed as the Lamb in La Fontaine's fable was destroyed. If you feel angry at the unjust condemnation of the ancient Europeans, and if you are enraged at the liberals' efforts, in tandem with the colored barbarians, to destroy the European remnant, you will face the liberal and colored coalition with the resolve of the European heroes of old. We are told to hate the devil and his works. The techno barbaric-colored barbaric world of Liberalism is the work of Satan. The passionate love of our people, the remnant Europeans, will enkindle a hate for Liberalism that will ultimately break down the walls of Liberalism. What is needful is that the European should hate and love with all his heart.

It's quite telling that Scrooge's journey toward redemption starts when the Spirit of Christmas Past touches his heart. That is our starting point for a European counter-revolution: a heart connected to our European past. Christ loved so much that He refused to let those He loved die. We, who love His people and the Little European Town of Bethlehem that they built and consecrated to Him, should love enough to keep the European Bethlehem alive.

The modern liberal professes to be very wise, much wiser than the Europeans of the past. But if the liberal is so wise, why does he worship the ignoble black savage? And the churchmen who ape the beliefs of the liberals? Why does their new faith of the illuminated elect boil down, in practice, to the worship of the negro? Because the modern liberal and the modern cleric have forsaken the incarnate God of the *Christmas Carol* for a mind-forged, esoteric system that bids its devotees kill the heart so that the mind can be 'illuminated.'

And we see before us the results of their wonderful cogitations. We must reject their world, in which the Light of the world is replaced by darkness, and stay connected to the non-esoteric world of Dickens' Christmas Carol. That is our world, a world where a repentant sinner can become a man with a heart connected to His Sacred Heart:

...and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!+++

The Hills of Europe - DECEMBER 02, 2011

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. *Psalms 121: 1*

Let's suppose I'm a British soldier of the 19th century, just returned "from Injia's sunny climes" where I was "servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen." At the dinner party my friends and family throw for me, the subject of the lesser breeds without the law comes up.

"As far as I'm concerned, we should dig a huge hole and bury the lot of them in it," one of the guests asserts.

"Not so fast," I tell him, "they worship a black-hearted god, but some of them, if they are shown a different God, can become something better. Take my regimental bhisti Gunga Din, for instance..."

And the 19th century British soldier serving in China or Africa would say something similar to the "dig a hole and bury 'em" civilian in those instances as well. When the white man's role as the standard bearer for Christian civilization is taken as a given by his fellow whites, and when the white man is strong enough to impose his will on the colored people who resist white rule, the Christian soldier, because he is a Christian soldier, is generous in his praise of the colored people who are trying to move toward the light. A good soldier defends the wall of the fort that is under attack. So when the 19th century Christian soldier praised his colored allies, he was not betraying his people, because the racial wall of the European fort was not under attack at that time.

It is quite a different story when we come to the 20th and 21st centuries in which the rule of whites over the colored tribes is looked upon as something immoral and opposed to Christianity, and when the white man is considered some kind of venomous creature not fit to share the earth with the noble black savage, the oh-so-spiritual oriental, and the brave and honorable Indian. At such times as these, when the battle is raging at the racial wall of the fort, it is a base betrayal of the European people and the Christian faith to attend university seminars and church socials where the beautiful people talk about the true and noble colored people and the evil white people. It would be like attending a funeral of good and noble man and insisting on speaking nothing but evil about the deceased.

Our Lord enjoined us to read the signs of the times. Is it really time to cover the antique Europeans with scorn and hatred and anoint the black race and their supporting cast of yellow, red, and brown people as God's elect? I don't think so. I would suggest that now is the time to talk about the ignoble barbarism of the black savage, the fiendish cruelty of the Asian, the savagery of the Indian, the merciless heathenism of the modern Mexican Aztecs, and the incredible contrast between the antique European culture that liberals condemn, and the modern techno-barbaric, colored-barbaric culture that liberals bid us applaud and support.

The emergence of a barbaric, technocratic, white culture whose people worship the colored races is a direct result of the scientific revolution that took place in Europe in the late 1600's and into the early 1700's. That revolution triggered the great betrayal; in response to the scientific revolution the European severed his ties to his past. Who needs the past when a fun-filled future of gizmos and gadgets awaits man?

The first men of science were Christians as well as scientists and would have been appalled at the logical consequences that the Voltaires and Rousseaus drew from their findings. Nor did the first philosophers of the scientific era think of themselves as atheists. But what is the logical consequence of Descartes' declaration that a man could "only study the universe after divesting himself of all that he had been brought up to believe"? Do we see in Descartes the echo of the medieval monk who sought to ride the rationalist chariot all the way to heaven? Such a deification of man's power to dissect and analyze led to the French Revolution and the rule of the metaphysicians.

Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the principle of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. It is no easy operation to eradicate humanity from the human breast. What Shakespeare calls 'the compunctious visitings of nature' will sometimes knock at their hearts, and protest against their murderous speculations. But they have a means of compounding with their nature. Their humanity is not dissolved. They only give it a long prorogation. They are ready to declare, that they do not think two thousand years too long a period for the good that they pursue. It is remarkable, that they never see any way to their projected good but by the road of some evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering through the wild waste of centuries added to centuries of misery and desolation. Their humanity is at the horizon—and, like the horizon, it always flies before them. The geometricians, and the chemists, bring, the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the soot of their furnaces, dispositions that make them worse than indifferent about those feelings and habitudes, which are the support of the moral world. Ambition is come upon them suddenly; they are intoxicated with it, and it has rendered them fearless of the danger, which may from thence arise to others or to themselves. These philosophers consider men in their experiments, no more than they do mice in an air pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas. - Edmund Burke

Burke and later Herbert Butterfield and H. V. Morton were justifiably proud of their people's refusal to jettison the past:

Let us praise as a living thing the continuity of our history, and praise the whigs who taught us that we must nurse this blessing—reconciling continuity with change, discovering meditations between past and present, and showing what can be achieved by man's reconciling mind. Perhaps it is not even the whigs that we should praise, but rather something in our traditions which captured the party at the moment when it seemed ready to drift into unmeasurable waters. Perhaps we owe most in fact to the solid body of Englishmen, who throughout the centuries have resisted the wildest aberrations, determined never for the sake of speculative ends to lose the good they already possessed; anxious not to destroy those virtues in their national life which need long periods of time for their development; but waiting to steal for the whole nation what they could appropriate in the traditions of monarch, aristocracy bourgeoisie and church. – Butterfield

But in the latter half of the 20th century the British people did jettison their past. And they seemed to feel a need, like the American Southerners who were the Burkean conservatives of their nation, to jettison their past at an accelerated rate in order to show themselves just as forward-looking and modern as the liberals on the continent. It is difficult to say who is more zealous in their current pursuit of racial Babylon, the British or their continental cousins in Spain, France, etc., but it does seem that the white nations who were the most reluctant to mix their blood with the coloreds in the past are now at the forefront of the European suicide movements.

Great writers, great defenders of Christian Europe, such as H. V. Morton, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Edmund Burke, Walter Scott, Herbert Butterfield, and Rudyard Kipling all wrote about the dangers of caving in to the inhumanity of the scientific-philosophic, new age rationalists. "Don't break faith with your past," was their warning. However, none of those writers mentioned could foresee a time when the white European would allow the total annihilation of his past through

race-mixing. It was too abhorrent to those men of blood. But is not race-mixing Satan's supreme triumph? If he can kill the white race, then he can eradicate the past, the Christian past of the European people. Without that past there is no future for poor, unaccommodated mankind. It's of no consequence to Satan if a theoretical Christ, fashioned to please the liberals and the colored races, exists in the Christian churches. All that concerns Satan is the non-abstract Christ, the Christ of the antique Europeans. If the European blood line dies, then faith in the non-abstract Christ dies with it. Racial Babylon is the work of a diabolical intelligence beyond the comprehension of our minute brains.

Satan's plan to destroy Christianity through race-mixing seems to be succeeding, but there is a flaw in his plan. There always seems to be a few European recalcitrants who refuse to comply with Satan's plan. Let's call those Europeans 'the human element'. From first to last Satan has always hated the human element. He rebelled when God created man, and he laughed with scorn when Christ became incarnate. Humanity makes Satan livid with rage, because in the fully developed human being Satan sees the face of his arch enemy, Jesus Christ, the God-man born to destroy him. Is it any wonder then that he wants to eradicate the face of God in men through race-mixing? If the Christ-bearing race exists only in a past that is scorned and ridiculed by the Babylonians of the present, then where is the face of Jesus Christ? Whose face appears in the techno-barbarian, colored-barbarian culture of Babylon. Yes, it is the face of Satan, and he is exulting over his newly created world, the Babylonian world of white-hating, race-mixing Liberaldom.

The parasitic liberals of the academic and clerical professions, who owe their existence to the antique European culture which they despise, are all heirs of the scientific-philosophic revolution. Their great motivating fear is that they might be regarded as backward-looking ignoramuses. Balzac took their measure:

In Paris, when they want to disparage a man, they say: 'He has a good heart.' The phrase means: 'The poor fellow is as stupid as a rhinoceros.'

And I believe it was Péguy who said, "It will never be known what acts of cowardice have been motivated by the fear of not looking sufficiently progressive." There is no room for the antique European in Liberaldom, because the existence of the liberal technocrat and the colored barbarian depends on the eradication of the European past. The threads of the past, which a European Christian wants to weave into his future because they are connected to Christ, must be severed by the Babylonians who look to a future world devoid of the faith, hope, and charity that permeated Christian Europe. Burke understood such liberals aright when he insisted that two thousand years of cruelty is nothing to them so long as they see themselves as progressing toward utopia.

But what kind of utopia is it that can only occur after the white race and the Christian faith are eliminated? And even the current petted and adored black gods of Liberaldom will not be as adored as the black gods yet unborn, who will be more noble and more progressive than the current ones, because true perfection is always in the future. I think much of the incredible liberal hatred of the unborn – for what is more hateful than willful murder? – is a bitter resentment that the unborn will be superior to the liberals because they will be further along the progressive highway toward utopia. It is the liberal who wants to stop the future, not the antique European, because the liberal glorifies himself by the abstract future he claims to be building for mankind. He doesn't want non-abstract, real human beings to ruin his dream of utopia, and this is why the liberal yearns for the death of everything human that might impinge on his abstract unreality. In contrast, the antique European, who always moves into the future while holding on to the threads of the past, relishes the birth of concrete, non-abstracted Europeans, who will become part of a blood line that has its roots in His Kingdom, which is to come and is within us.

The late John Paul II once asked, with obvious perplexity, why the people with the correct views on racial equality and democracy had the wrong views on abortion. But it was John Paul II who was being inconsistent, not the liberals. The abortion that is race-mixing is akin to the abortion of the unborn. Once you permit the first type of legalized abortion you will ultimately permit, and even celebrate, the second type of abortion. You can't stop halfway down the slippery slope of Babylon.

When I was a young man the charge that I "over-romanticized" old Europe usually forced me to at least re-examine my passion for Europe. But I always came back to my first love. And now that I am an old man, I can say, without ever intending to re-examine my passion, that it is impossible to over-romanticize antique Europe. The psalmist looked up unto the hills and saw his redemption. It is from the hills of Europe that we can see our Redeemer. Help will not come to us from the techno-barbarian, colored-barbarian world of Babylon. It will come to us when we honor our past by staying faithful to our people and their God. We are all, we Europeans, called to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe, William Tell of Switzerland, and Men of Harlech. Let Cyrano have the last word, for his white plume is the European vision:

Yes, all my laurels you have riven away
And all my roses; yet in spite of you,
There is one crown I bear away with me,

And to-night, when I enter before God,
My salute shall sweep all the stars away
From the blue threshold! One thing without stain,
Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom
Mine own!—

(He springs forward, his sword aloft.)

and that is...

(The sword escapes from his hand; he totters, and falls into the arms of LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.)

ROXANE

(Bends over him and kisses him on the forehead.)

--That is...

CYRANO

(Opens his eyes and smiles up at her.)

My white plume...

+++

In Remembrance - NOVEMBER 25, 2011

“Why, it’s old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it’s Fezziwig alive again!” – from *A Christmas Carol*

I’ve now become old enough (how did it happen?) to bore my children with “when I was young” or “when I was your age” stories. So let me proceed with a “when I was young” story.

When I was young there was a television show called *Tombstone Territory*. The Theme song (most Westerns had to have a theme song) went something like this:

Whistle me back a memory
Whistle me back where I wanna be,
Whistle a tune that will carry me
To Tombstone Territory.

When your past has gone afoul of the law
It’s a handy place to be
Because your future’s just as good as your draw
In Tombstone Territory.

It’s been 45 years since the show aired, so I might be a bit sketchy about the words, but I think I’ve captured the sentiment. As the theme song indicated, Tombstone Territory was not yet part of the United States; bad men went there to escape from their crimes. The show featured a different good guy every week that would go into Tombstone in order to put “paid” to the account of a bad guy, who found out, too late, that he couldn’t escape from the knights without armor who dealt out justice without regard to legalistic technicalities.

After that mini-introduction you would be entitled to anticipate an article about Westerns. Well, even though I’m due for another article on Westerns, this article is not going to be about Westerns. It’s going to be about whistling back a memory, a memory of Dickens’ London.

Do you recall old Fezziwig, who employed Ebenezer Scrooge when he was a young man? If you do then you will know that Fezziwig was a wonderful employer and a man who kept Christmas as it should be kept. But there is another aspect of the Fezziwig story that should be told.

A young orphan boy, about the same age as Oliver Twist when he roamed the streets of London, found himself alone and homeless and desperately trying to avoid the Fagins of the world who prey on the innocent. When hope seemed nearly gone the young orphan was rescued from the streets by the self-same Fezziwig of the Christmas Carol. Fezziwig, who was about 35 at the time, took the young orphan into his family home and he and his wife raised him as their own. He taught Johnathan, for so he was named, that God was love, and he made Johnathan feel loved by God by loving him in the name of God. And when the time came for Jonathan to enter the world, Fezziwig started him in a business of his own. Such men are rare indeed.

A few years after Fezziwig's Christmas party, depicted in *A Christmas Carol*, Fezziwig was put on trial for fraud, embezzlement, counterfeiting, and numerous other charges including that of sorcery. In point of fact all the charges were false. They were put forward by a cabal of sophisters, economists, and calculators who sought to ruin Fezziwig. Some sought his ruin because they hoped to profit financially by his demise, and others sought his ruin because they hated any man who refused to descend to their level of inhumanity. The fiendish cabal succeeded! Fezziwig was ruined and sent to prison, where he died in the first month of a 20-year sentence.

During the trial only Johnathan Fezziwig spoke in defense of Fezziwig. But he had no hard evidence of Fezziwig's innocence to speak of. All he could speak of was Fezziwig's kindness to a poor orphan boy, and of his kindness to the poor and to his employees.

Johnathan also told the court that Fezziwig's voice always trembled with emotion when he read certain passages from the Bible, especially those passages which described Christ's miracles of charity, such as the raising of Jairus's daughter and the raising of Lazarus from the dead.

"Objection. Such anecdotes are hardly relevant," the prosecuting attorney asserted.

"Objection sustained," the judge replied. "You will confine your remarks to hard evidence."

But Johnathan had no "hard evidence," only a deep and abiding love for a man he knew, with a certainty deeper and more profound than mathematical certainty, to be the finest, noblest man that ever lived.

The trial and the subsequent death of Fezziwig did not change Johnathan's desire to restore Fezziwig's reputation and to reclaim Fezziwig's business from the sophisters, economists, and calculators. Johnathan wanted to restore Fezziwig's reputation because he loved him, and regarding the business: Johnathan didn't want to reclaim it because he needed money; he wanted to reclaim Fezziwig's business because he knew the new owners (the sophisters, economists, and calculators) had not charity. Under their reign, the beast in man would rule instead of the divinity in man.

What happened to all of Fezziwig's friends? Johnathan went to them after Fezziwig's death and asked them to help him restore Fezziwig's reputation and reclaim his business. Joseph Gage, an Alderman, told him, "I liked old Fezziwig; I never thought the serious charges against him were true. But he was a man who had 'a taste'. At some of those Christmas parties he gave I'm sure he was intoxicated. Yes, he had his faults, old Fezziwig did, and you'd best forget about trying to restore his reputation and reclaim his business. Things will get along nicely without him."

William Taylor, city clerk: "Fezziwig seemed to be a good man, but obviously he wasn't since the courts found him guilty of so many terrible crimes. It just goes to show you that you really can't know a man properly until he goes to court or dies. That way you have access to all his secret papers."

Richard Allen, neighbor: "Nothing surprises me about that man. He was enamored of works. He thought all of the charity work he did would be pleasing to God. But our works are rags; we are saved by grace. I'm sorry for you, Johnathan, but you should not have made a whited sepulcher of Fezziwig."

Johnathan: "He never sought to buy his way into heaven, Mr. Allen. He gave because he felt sorry for people; it was that simple."

Allen (with an insufferable, more-pious-than-thou look on his face): "I think you see Fezziwig with rose-tinted glasses. I see him for what he was: a sinner who thought he could get to heaven through works alone."

And so it went. Johnathan soon gave up trying to enlist the support of Fezziwig's "friends." He had one last hope; he sought out the man who had been Fezziwig's pastor for the last thirty years of his life, the Rev. George Grey.

Johnathan: "Do you believe the charges against him?"

Rev. Grey: "I don't know what to believe. I didn't attend the trial, and they wouldn't let me see him in prison."

Johnathan: "But you worked with him on so many charitable projects. You were a guest at his house. Surely you must have known the man?"

Grey: "He seemed to be a good man, but what am I to think about all the testimony against him?"

Johnathan: "But Reverend, look at the men who testified against him. They are the scum of the earth not fit to tie his shoelaces, let alone supplant him in his business. What will happen to all your charitable enterprises without Fezziwig? He was the heart and soul of the charitable outreach in this church for the past 45 years."

Grey: "I see no reason why Fezziwig's successors can't carry on the same charitable activities that Fezziwig maintained. In fact their business should do better because they have brought in Chinese and African labor."

Johnathan: "Are they maintaining the charities?"

Grey: "Well, no, not at present, but I have every hope that they will in the future."

Johnathan: "It's always in the future, isn't it, Reverend?"

Grey: "I think we all must look to the future, Johnathan. And I must say, at the risk of giving offence, that you have an overly romanticized view of Fezziwig. He is in the past; you should look to the future."

Johnathan: "I don't think I'll take your advice, Reverend. I'll stay with Fezziwig and Fezziwig's God."

Grey: "You're taking a very narrow view of things."

Johnathan: "Yes, I am. Didn't someone once say something about a narrow gate?"

Grey: "I fear..."

Johnathan: "That I'm going to wrong those honorable men? I'm not going to wrong them. I'm going to see justice done. You won't see me at church anymore, but when you read about the untimely deaths of a few sophisters, economists, and calculators, you'll know that a narrow-minded, overly romantic, Fezziwig-partisan is still in the vicinity."

There is a moral gulf between the pre-20th century European and the modern European that makes one believe the pre-modern European is a different species from the modern European. An even wider moral gulf exists between the colored peoples and the pre-modern European. The contrast seems to be the greatest between the pre-modern white and the black, but the moral gulf is an infinity of cubits wide between the pre-modern European and all the colored races, Asians, brown, etc.

The reason for the moral gulf is Jesus Christ. The pre-modern Europeans took Him into their hearts and hearths and became the Christ-bearers to the heathen nations. In contrast the modern Europeans of the 20th and 21st centuries rejected Christ and became the vanguard of Satan, destroying everything European and Christian in order to create a kingdom of Satan on earth.

In the satanic phase of his history the European sought out the colored tribes, not to convert them as he attempted to do during the Christian stage of his history, but to mix his blood with theirs in order to eradicate the European from the face of the earth. Modern anti-Christian Christians who mix their blood with the colored in order to "Christianize" them must answer the question, "Why, when Christianity was the faith of the European people, didn't the Europeans mix their blood with that of the colored people?" It seemed clear to the antique Europeans that in order to convert the heathen it was necessary to stay European. A mixed colored and European race soon becomes a thoroughly colored monster race. The New Age Christian, who wants Christianity and race-mixing, is always forced by the logic of his new Christ-less faith to deny the European Christianity of his ancestors and replace it with a propositional faith that can be all things to all people. In the new Babylonian Christianity, Christ is part Buddha, part witch doctor, and part guru, but he is not the Son of God whom the Europeans of old worshipped in spirit and in truth.

That the antique European's vision of Christ is the true vision we should not question for one moment. There will always be the Twains, the Shaws, and the Voltaires who want to treat the European miracle as a debatable hypothesis or even as an outright falsehood. Such creatures are not seeking the truth. They, like Satan, their mentor, cannot stand to look upon a

God who loves according to what is in the heart, not the head. Nor can they abide a people who prefer to be ruled by the Man of Sorrows rather than by satanic theories from the pygmy brains of the anti-European intellectuals. It is the task of the remnant Europeans – there will always be a remnant – to stay bound in spirit and blood to their ancestors and their God so that the prodigals can return to the fold and the heathen can see The Light of the nations.

In England radical “educators” are trying to ban the use of white paper in the schools because they feel the use of white paper gives black children the idea that white is good and black is bad. There is a demonic wisdom in the educators’ new gambit. They have comprehended there is a mystical element to race, but because they are satanic liberals, they have inverted the racial hierarchy. In reality, the white represents the extreme good and the black the extreme evil with the other races in between. Farfetched? No, it is not. Good and evil exist in every race, but the potentialities for evil and good are not the same in every race. We are more appalled at the evil white men do because of what we know they can be, and we are less appalled – or should we say less surprised – at the evil colored people do because we don’t expect as much from them as we do from the white man. Such sentiments stem from prejudice, a prejudice derived from looking through the eye at the differences between modern Europeans, the colored peoples, and the antique Europeans. The liberals have an opposing view; they see a black race of people who should be worshipped above all other people by a supporting cast of Asians, Indians, and liberals. It falls to us, the remnant Europeans, to defend Europe against the modern Babylonians, not to debate with them, for if we debate with the liberals we concede that the absolute necessity of the survival of the Christ-bearing race is a debatable point. Such a concession is blasphemy. Better to be against the world than against our God. +

Yet Death Cannot Our Hearts Divide - NOVEMBER 18, 2011

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. – Genesis 11: 5-6

I once read, with growing horror as I progressed in my reading, an article by a Jansenist priest who professed to know beyond a shadow of a doubt that Martin Luther was in hell. Anyone with even a modicum of Christianity in their soul (which would exclude Dante) knows that we are permitted – nay we are enjoined – to make judgments here on earth about the nature of good and evil. But the final judgment of souls, Christians believe, is left to God.

I include that rather basic Christian tenet as a preface to this post in order to make it clear that when I use words such as ‘condemn’ and ‘judge’ it is in the traditional Christian sense; I am condemning actions and individuals whom I believe to be evil, but the final disposition of their souls rests with God. I wish that I could say that I had never, even for a moment, wished one of my enemies in hell. I can’t say that though, because there have been such moments, but when the darkness lifts I realize such ultimate judgments belong to Him alone. Having issued that disclaimer, let me proceed to the subject of these wars.

By what right do the liberals or the halfway house Christians condemn the football coach recently accused of sodomizing young children? As an antique European I can condemn him, because his actions are considered sinful when judged by antique European standards. (1) But how can the liberals and their New Age Christian allies condemn a child molester? There is no such thing as a sex crime in Babylon. For a liberal to draw back from that obvious tenet of Babylon is a monumental act of hypocrisy. What did Jerry Sandusky do that was not in keeping with the ethos of Babylon? Is sodomy a sin in Babylon? No, it is not. Is sex with children a sin in Babylon? No, it is not; the liberals start sex education classes in kindergarten. Is Sandusky being condemned because the sex was not consensual? It appears that it was. And please, Mr. Liberal, don’t tell me that a child can’t decide those things for himself when you hand out contraceptives to children like candy and you provide abortions for them without obtaining their parents’ consent. And if it wasn’t consensual? So what? Wasn’t Sandusky simply ‘breaking another taboo’? And isn’t that always a good thing? How can we progress toward paradise on earth if courageous men like Jerry Sandusky do not break down antiquated moral barriers put in place by older Europeans who did not worship the idols of Babylon? Liberals are forever condemning their own children because they do not act according to the liberals’ preferred vision of Babylon. Just as they condemned Hitler for preferring his Aryan version of Babylon to their wine-and-cheese-party Babylon, they have condemned Sandusky for not adhering to their homosexual ideal, where a man has one significant other for a time and then moves on to another significant other, just like the heterosexual liberals. But Sandusky didn’t conform to the liberals’ ideal. He preferred young boys to adult males. Who in Liberaldom dares to condemn him? They all do, but they have no right to do so.

The liberals even have the audacity to talk about the loss of innocence! Every liberal program for “children” is designed to destroy their innocence. Our public schools and the mainstream private schools are cesspools of debauchery. No child comes out of such bastions of Liberaldom with a shred of innocence. The liberals will now insist that what the sports charities need is more state supervision. But how can degenerate, inhuman monsters be the moral arbiters of what is good

for children? They have already told us what they consider good for children: children must be brought up to take their place in Babylon. In order to do that they must learn to hate white people, because white people once oppressed the human race, and to adore the new multi-colored (minus the white) Babylonian world in which there is no sin but racism and sexism. When the liberal condemns the Jerry Sanduskys of Babylon he is exhibiting a remnant strain of Christianity. In time, if no Europeans stand against Babylon, even the man-boy activities of such degenerates as Jerry Sandusky will be sanctioned. Just give the Babylonians time and much worse crimes than Jerry Sandusky's will become part of the fabric of everyday life in Babylon. Actually I should cancel the future tense; much worse crimes than Jerry Sandusky's are already part of the fabric of modern Babylon.

It is my belief that the Christian churches joined with organized Jewry to usher in the age of Babylon. The Jews, after being marginalized by the people who embraced the Messiah they rejected, became a people whose central tenet of faith was the hatred of the white European. In keeping with their central tenet they encouraged race-mixing among the Europeans in order to fuse Christianity with paganism, which always leads to the death of Christianity. When the Europeans became part of organized Jewry and began to hate their European ancestors they fused their faith and their race with the colored tribes. It is truly remarkable, considering the transfigured Christ came down to earth to condemn the building of the tower of Babel, that professed Christians should condemn sodomy on the one hand (which God also came down to earth to condemn) and on the other hand accept the first step toward institutionalized sodomy, which is race-mixing, for once we defy God's order in one instance we will defy Him in other instances as well.

In the civil rights movements in this country during the 1950's and 1960's we frequently heard Christian pastors push race-mixing as the Christian thing to do. But are such pastors really Christians? I don't think so, for a number of reasons.

1) The so-called Christian pastors do not take the Biblical injunctions against race-mixing seriously. They interpret the Bible mythically and feel free to ignore it as true history.

2) Their new Christianity is based on hate. While they are preaching love for the "oppressed" colored races they spew out hatred for the white race. This is in stark contrast to the Christian segregationists such as Thomas Nelson Page. If we read his commentaries on the Negro for instance, we do not find hatred for the negro in his writings. We do find, in the new age Christians' commentaries about white people, vehement hatred of the white on every page. Now the "Christian" pastors would tell us that is because the white is evil and the colored races are good. But that is the point. Is it Christian to ascribe all evil to one race?

3) The anti-Christian Christian pastors have no concern for truth. Can there be faith without truth? Our Lord did not think so. The civil rights pastors (and we know that civil rights means race-mixing) don't care to look at the results of racial equality in Haiti or race-mixing in Mexico. In Haiti racial equality turned into black domination and the extermination of the whites. In Mexico race-mixing allowed the Aztecs to reconquer Mexico. When the colored pagan mixes with the white Christian, a Christian society is not the result. Instead we see a gradual transformation from a Christian society to a pagan society. And please don't repeat the hackneyed argument that the pure and noble coloreds will regenerate the decadent white race. Most Europeans are post-Christian pagans, but their regeneration will not come, if it comes at all, by mixing with the colored races. Then there will be no white race from which to launch a counter-attack. If everyone is a mixed-race Babylonian, there will be no light, no vision of the European Christ to look to for our salvation. And truth be told, which is the solemn duty of the Christian, there is a remnant band of Europeans who have not bent their knees to Baal. Their vision needs to be followed, not obliterated or watered down by the colored races.

4) Where there is no humanity there is no God. I worked one summer, during my college days, at an inner city camp for boys. Since most of the campers were going to be black, a white social worker was sent from the local university to tell the counselors, who were predominantly white, how to be nice to black children. (2) The hard-eyed social worker told us that it was very important not to force the black children to abandon their neighborhood pals or their brothers in the name of some group activity. "These bonds of neighborhood and family are very important to a black child's self-esteem," the Ph.D. intoned. I was hardly a white separatist at the time, but I did ask the obvious question: "Should we encourage the same solidarity amongst the white boys who come to camp?" The answer was quite illuminating. "I don't care about white boys." But shouldn't someone care about white boys? I do, because they are my people, and I don't want to be wiser than my ancestors and become part of a Babylonian world where there are no close ties between kith and kin because nobody has any recognizable kith or kin.

To date there has only been one fully human race. The other races have yet to become fully human. Yes, they care about their own, but they do not love their own as the Europeans once loved their own. God's spies, the European poets, who are the true chroniclers of European history, have shown us that to be fully human a man needs the depth of feeling that comes only from an attachment to a particular people and a personal God who sustains those people. How did Scott put it?

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

What kind of world will it be when whites mix their blood with the colored races? It will be a world of dead souls.

The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

What kind of man condemns his children to a life without a connection to a particular people where they can learn, through their attachment to kith and kin, how to love the living God? A man without honor, a man who hates his own people so much that he wants to kill his kith and kin by eradicating every trace of their blood lines in the cesspools of Babylon.

Once, in a conversation with a traditionalist priest, I expressed, or tried to express, my love for the older European culture. The priest took particular pleasure in informing me that the Europe I loved didn't exist anymore. I thought that was a rather odd comment coming from a man who was supposed to believe in Christ's resurrection from the dead. Of course I knew that the modern European people had turned their back on Europe. I wasn't living in a cave for thirty years, reading only books by Walter Scott. The Christian reveres that which leads him to Christ. A man who knows the heart of old Europe will know the heart of Christ. Nothing eternal dies. If I unite my heart and soul to the ancient Europeans who rest in the arms of the Lord, then Christian Europe still lives on this earth. And one faithful soul will breathe life into another faithful soul, and so it will go on till Christ returns. There is never a good reason to cease the fight for antique Europe.

We know that the struggle availeth because the devil still attacks the European. Even though there does not seem to be the slightest possibility of a European revival, the devil is afraid that the Europeans might once again call on His name and rise and ride. Why else would he order his minions to intensify their assault on white people?

Over the years I've seen so many friends and acquaintances who I thought were strong in their faith and committed to old Europe heart and soul succumb to the lure of Babylon. And when I look back on those "friends" – now enemies – I can see their tragic flaw. They had an intellectual commitment to certain philosophical and theological principles, but they didn't love the people of antique Europe and the civilization they built. They saw the European past with only their minds, not their hearts. Without a heartfelt love for Europe to sustain them, they succumbed to the siren call of Babylon.

Ultimately I cannot understand the Europeans who betray their blood. I know they exist in legions, but there is nothing inside of me that I can draw on to understand them. Do they have hearts of stone? Does not the beauty, the spiritual beauty of antique Europe, move them in the very depths of their souls? Don't they have children they want to grow up loving the culture in which He resides? It's the mystery of iniquity. The devil saw Christ with, not through, the eye, and consequently he saw only an archrival. We few, we Europeans, who see through the eye shall go, not once more unto the breach, but unto the breach again and again, until His Kingdom come. +

(1) I don't know whether Sandusky is a child rapist or child molester, but in either case the immoral monsters of Liberalism have no right to condemn him. He is their child.

(2) Most of the black counselors were fired because they beat the children.

The Homing Instinct - NOVEMBER 11, 2011

I am dreaming of the mountains of my home,
Of the mountains where in childhood I would roam.
I have dwelt 'neath summer skies,
Where the summer never dies,
But my heart is in the mountains of my home.

I can see the little homestead on the hill;
I can hear the magic music of the rill;
There is nothing to compare,
With the love that once was there,
In that lonely little homestead on the hill.

I can see the quiet churchyard down below,
Where the mountain breezes wander to and fro,
And when God my soul will keep,
It is there I want to sleep,
With those dear old folks that loved me long ago.

-- W S Gwynne Williams

As a confused undergraduate, desperately concerned about the existence or nonexistence of God, I sought out a Roman Catholic priest who taught courses at the university. I went to him because I had read one of his books in which he indicated he believed in the Christian God in a non-modern sense as defined in the Apostle's Creed. During a lengthy conversation we touched on many aspects of this thing called faith. He shared his thoughts with me, and I told him of my perplexities. I still, after forty years, remember his response when I asked him what he found to be the biggest obstacle to faith. With a look of intense pain on his face he said, "There are so few signs." The New Testament passage about an evil and adulterous generation which seeketh a sign did not occur to me then, and if it had I would not have applied it to that man, because he was kind to me.

After that first lengthy meeting I only saw my priestly friend in passing. After I graduated I didn't see him again for ten years. He was still teaching at the university, and I was on campus to participate in a kind of religious roundtable discussion in which my friend was also a participant. He greeted me warmly, and I told him what I had been doing, placing particular emphasis on my conversion to Christianity and my membership in his church. He said he was delighted and that he too had taken a spiritual journey in the last ten years. I didn't quite know what he meant and before I could ask for clarification the roundtable discussion began.

I knew before the discussion started that I would be facing a sneering group of former clerics and intellectual something-or-others who would be united in their sneering ridicule of the simple faith that set Europe ablaze in times past. But I knew I would have one ally, the friend of 10 years ago. I pictured us fighting back to back, like Will Starrett and Shane, against an army of sneering academics. It didn't turn out as I expected. My believing friend had become a member of the sneering intelligentsia. I had to shift scenarios; instead of Shane and Will Starrett fighting against difficult odds I was the disinherited knight fighting against impossible odds. I didn't acquit myself very well, frequently losing my train of thought and stumbling with my responses to the panel of sneering atheists.

Much to my surprise, my "good friend" came up to me afterwards and acted like we were ever the best of friends. It was all just a fun, scintillating discussion to him. Not so with me. I come from Welsh coal miners and German farmers who believed that a man who insults your faith is not your friend. I did not hit the man as my ancestors would have, but I did walk out without shaking hands or pretending we were all educated men who could forget our differences over something as silly as the Resurrection of Christ and still get along just swimmingly.

I've had many years to think about the old priest's apostasy and I've formed some definite opinions on the subject. I think the old priest's statement, "There are so few signs," was an indication of a man teetering on the brink. Man is a social animal. He tends to conform to the values of his peers. The old priest had spent most of his life in academic circles, which is probably why he yearned for a sign; he needed something to buttress up a faith that was beginning to erode. I spent three hours with the academics he saw every day, and my faith was reeling after contact with such people. I needed to go home and reconnect with Walter Scott's Europe before I felt cleansed of the academic disease. Little wonder then that the once firm-in-his-faith priest succumbed to sneering liberalism.

"Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd; therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?"

Who so firm? No one is. Over the years I've seen such a falling off of friends. There was the Southern segregationist who, once removed from his native land, ended up marrying a black girl. A fire-brand of a fundamentalist who went to California and became a free love advocate. Then there was the "good" Italian Catholic girl who left her husband, my friend, for another woman. In my mind's eye I can still see them all, and it's not a pretty sight.

The liberals and the halfway house Christians are fond of telling people like me, who write about the moral gulf between old Europe and modern Europe, that every sin known to man existed in old Europe just as it does now. And that is true; but we must make two distinctions. First, the antique Europeans did not deny that they were sinners. When they committed adultery they called it sin; when a woman killed her child, she was called a murderess. And the second distinction is like unto the first. When a man or woman sinned they were not supported by their peers; they were shunned.

For instance, in antique Europe if a man was addicted to sodomy he had no support system. He knew if he couldn't control his sinful desires then he must confine them to secret places where the outcast men dwelt. And repentance was possible, because if a man persisted in his sin he knew he lost the fellowship of his fellow men, just as Scrooge cast himself into greed-forged isolation by his illicit love of money. The sinner could be reclaimed, because there was a world beckoning to him in which people believed there was such a thing as sin. Not so today. I remember a congressman in the not-too-distant past who was, in addition to being a congressman, a columnist for a conservative Catholic magazine. He got caught in a homosexual tryst. Not something unusual, such things happened in Old Europe as well. But what followed was completely modern. The congressmen, after first expressing contrition, ended up becoming a member of a Catholic homosexual organization (I believe it was called Dignity) which claimed homosexual acts were sanctioned by God. And therein is the great difference between our current Western society and antique Europe. Miscegenation, infanticide, sodomy, and academic atheism all existed in old Europe, but such things were not sanctioned by society. Virtue was encouraged and sin was discouraged in old Europe by labeling sin as sin and by socially ostracizing the unrepentant sinner and the advocates of sin. Today a sinner is lauded and told he is virtuous. He has a support system for his sin. Miscegenation becomes "striking a blow against prejudice," infanticide becomes "a woman's choice," sexual promiscuity becomes "free love," and institutionalized blasphemy becomes "liberalism." Who is so firm that cannot be seduced in such a society? Only the prejudiced, intransigent Europeans will survive, those who cling to an older segregated Europe with the ferocity of Ratty in *The Wind in the Willows*:

"The River," corrected the Rat.

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

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

And even he was almost seduced away from his European river by the siren call of exotic foreign climes.

"Why, where are you off to, Ratty?" asked the Mole in great surprise, grasping him by the arm.

"Going South, with the rest of them," murmured the Rat in a dreamy monotone, never looking at him.

"Seawards first and then on shipboard, and so to the shores that are calling me!"

He pressed resolutely forward, still without haste, but with dogged fixity of purpose; but the Mole, now thoroughly alarmed, placed himself in front of him, and looking into his eyes saw that they were glazed and set and turned a streaked and sifting grey—not his friend's eyes, but the eyes of some other animal! Grappling with him strongly he dragged him inside, threw him down, and held him.

The Rat struggled desperately for a few moments, and then his strength seemed suddenly to leave him, and he lay still and exhausted, with closed eyes, trembling. Presently the Mole assisted him to rise and placed him in a chair, where he sat collapsed and shrunken into himself, his body shaken by a violent shivering, passing in time into an hysterical fit of dry sobbing. Mole made the door fast, threw the satchel into a drawer and locked it, and sat down quietly on the table by his friend, waiting for the strange seizure to pass. Gradually the Rat sank into a troubled doze, broken by starts and confused murmurings of things strange and wild and foreign to the unenlightened Mole; and from that he passed into a deep slumber.

He was brought back to his senses, to his instinctual love of his home and his people by the "unenlightened" Mole. And he in turn, along with the Badger and the Mole, brought the Toad back to an appreciation of his ancestral home. So long as something of the homing instinct is alive in a white man, he can be reclaimed by the fidelity of other whites. If he can't be reclaimed it's because propositional Christianity and the lure of the exotic peoples and exotic lands have killed his homing instincts. A friend once told me about a white nationalist rally he attended. A white male sat up front and held hands with a black girl while the main speaker talked about the necessity of segregation and the preservation of the white race. As it became obvious that the interracial couple were there to make a statement, the speaker stopped his talk and addressed them. He asked them if they thought there was anything wrong with race-mixing. Of course the couple replied that there wasn't anything wrong with it. It was sanctioned by love, and what could be wrong with love? Now the speaker could have responded as Princess Flavia responded to Rudolf Rassendyll in *Prisoner of Zenda*:

"Is love the only thing?" she asked, in low, sweet tones that seemed to bring a calm even to my wrung heart. "If love were the only thing I could follow you—in rags, if need be—to the world's end; for you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! But is love the only thing?"

I made her no answer. It gives me shame now to think that I would not help her.

She came near me and laid her hand on my shoulder. I put my hand up and held hers.

"I know people write and talk as if it were. Perhaps, for some, Fate lets it be. Ah, if I were one of them! But if love had been the only thing you would have let the king die in his cell."

I kissed her hand.

"Honor binds a woman, too, Rudolf. My honor lies in being true to my country and my House."

But that would have given a European dignity to the couple that they did not deserve. What the speaker did say was that there was nothing to be said to the young couple. They had no instinctive horror about what they were doing, so there was nothing that any white man could say to convince the degenerate couple nothing good stems from a betrayal of kith and kin.

Race-mixing is an abortion of the white race. Liberals have decided that the white race deserves to perish because it was sexist, racist, and Christian. No matter how far the modern white moves away from his ancestors, the liberal still wants him destroyed because of his past history. The white grazer might be spared for a time if he complies with the dictates of the liberals, but in the end the grazer will be killed with the last Europeans. Or so the liberals purpose. Their triumph is not mathematically certain, because the grace of God exists. European civilization was the result of a marriage between the European people and Christ. Liberalism was built when the Europeans divorced Christ and married Satan. The second marriage can be annulled, and if it is annulled it will be because the European's homing instinct became stronger than the siren call of Babylon. But there must be a home for the prodigal European to return home to. It is the task of the hero to stay wedded to the European hearth fire and never yield his place or waver in his devotion until His God calls him home.

How can the remnant band of Europeans remain faithful unto death when they have no support system? How can they avoid the fate of that apostate priest who made a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformation from a Christian to a sneering academic? They can remain faithful by staying close to their kith and kin who have left this world but live in His eternal Europe. The death-in-life existence of the modern Europeans is not life. Their life, the ancient Europeans of Christian Europe, is the genuine life; it is life eternal. The communion of the saints is not mumbo-jumbo. Where two or three are gathered together in His name... There is a legion of Europeans gathered in His name who are willing to sustain us in our day of battle against the liberals and their colored gods. If God and His legions of saints are for us who can be against us? I don't want to minimize the feeling of God-forsakenness that envelops a man when he tries to adhere to the code of the ancient Europeans without the support of his peers. But at the same time I must emphasize that the bond of love and affection that can exist, if a man stays connected to the antique Europeans and their God, is something that can sustain a man as he walks through the valley of the shadow of Babylon.

Le Fanu is right. The devil approaches the citadel of a man's heart by stealth, "with many zigzags and parallels." Satan did not, at first, ask the European to give up his faith. He walked right in the church door preaching a new, a purer Christianity, devoid of racism and superstition. And once the initial betrayal is made, the betrayal of kith and kin, a man is primed for the next betrayal and the next, until a man becomes, as my old friend the apostate priest became, a sneering academic, one of Satan's own.

We live amongst an evil and adulterous generation of men who laugh in derision at the old faith, asking us, "Why, if your God is the true God is there no sign? Why does He not come down off the cross and punish us and save you?" But we have been given a sign, the sign of the cross.

In a black Mass, I am told, the satanic devotees worship an inverted cross. Isn't that the essence of liberalism? Christianity is still preached, but it is an inverted Christianity. Pope John XXIII forgives non-repentant, black, torture-murderers for the sins they committed, not against him, but against others. The liberals offer up other whites as an atonement, not for the sins of liberals, but for the sins of the racist, white people of the past. And the definition of sin itself has been inverted. Only one race and one sex within that race has the taint of original sin. Is such a faith the Christian faith? To be young again is not permitted in the natural world, but in the realm of the spirit we can become young again. We can rescind the first betrayal and return to our ancestral European home and clean out the stoats and the weasels that have overrun it.

"God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!" +

The European Vision: Sources of Hostility - NOVEMBER 04, 2011

"It is sufficient," said the Disinherited Knight. "Half the sum my present necessities compel me to accept; of the remaining half, distribute one moiety among yourselves, sir squires, and divide the other half betwixt the heralds and the pursuivants, and minstrels, and attendants."

The squires, with cap in hand, and low reverences, expressed their deep sense of a courtesy and generosity not often practiced, at least upon a scale so extensive. The Disinherited Knight then addressed his discourse to Baldwin, the squire of Brian de Bois-Gilbert. "From your master," said he, "I will accept neither arms nor ransom. Say to him in my name, that with lances, as well on foot as on horseback. To this mortal quarrel he has himself defied me, and I shall not forget the challenge. Meantime, let him be assured that I hold him not as one of his companions, with whom I can with pleasure exchange courtesies; but rather as one with whom I stand upon terms of mortal defiance."

-*Ivanhoe* by Walter Scott

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "To talk of many things: Of shoes--and ships--and sealing-wax-- Of cabbages--and kings-- And why the sea is boiling hot-- And whether pigs have wings." A friend whose advice I respect recently advised me to open up my column to comments. By doing so, my friend argued, I could have a greater influence and I could deal with all my detractors. "Do you know what they are saying about you?" With all due respect I don't intend to follow my friend's advice. On the question of influencing more people: if you haven't been able to "influence" a person with a heartfelt, carefully written article, why should you be able to influence them with a shorter, less carefully written letter? Comments written by way of email tend to be sloppy and snippy, and being full of original sin I'm sure my replies would tend to be sloppy and snippy. So right away I would be involved in a sloppy and snippy quarrel. Hardly in keeping with the code of my exemplars, such as Walter Scott.

And what about those detractors? For the brief space of time that I received comments the detractors outnumbered the supporters by ten to one. Who has the time or energy to deal with that many detractors? Despite being time and energy-consuming, I still might debate my detractors if I genuinely believed that I could convince one living soul among them that I was right and they were wrong by the use of rational, dialectical argument. But I've lived long enough to see the futility of such arguments. Human beings form their opinions based on passions. They use their reason to defend their passions. No rational argument can change a man's passions. He has to come to a belief that his passions are misplaced by an internal process that defies rational exposition. For instance, I converted to Christianity in my mid-twenties thanks to the good offices of the European poets. Their vision of Christianity was my vision. After converting to Christianity I was determined to find a church that shared my vision of Christ. My passion to worship led me to the Roman Catholic Church. At the time of my entry into the Roman Catholic Church there was no argument on the face of the earth that could have convinced me that the Roman Catholic Church was not the one and only Christian church just as Edmund Gwen in *Miracle on 34th Street* was the one and only Santa Claus. After a short purgatory in the *Novus Ordo* Church and a longer stay with the traditionalists, I came to the conclusion that my vision of Christ and the Roman Catholic Church's vision were incompatible. I had to choose between two passions, my vision of Christ or my desire to belong to a church. I chose to stay with the vision. At that point I was open to all the rational arguments against the Roman Catholic Church's claim to be the one true church, because an internal non-rational process had made me receptive to reason. You can only reach people who are going through an internal process much like your own. When they see their inmost passion embodied in words they respond, and a rare thing happens: two kindred souls meet.

"Do you know what they are saying about you?" Of course I know. I've lived in Liberaldom my entire life. I don't have to listen to every single liberal rant in order to know the enemy. Their rants are not that original. And what could I do to stop the rants if I did listen to them all?

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

If even a king cannot stop back-wounding calumny, how can we lesser mortals stop it?
The antique Europeans did not put forward any theories of race. They had a prejudice that whites should stay with their own and coloreds should stay with their own. Conquistadores, pirates, and mountain men often violated the white man's code, but it was a definite code that existed in the heart of the Christian European Everyman of the Catholic and Protestant persuasions up till the latter half of the 20th century. (1) Then it seemed that almost overnight all the old prejudices were thrown away and a new Christianity was posited. In the name of the universal brotherhood of man race-mixing was not only permitted, it was encouraged as the Christian thing to do. What caused this colossal change? The liberal will tell us that a new enlightened philosophy caused the change. The cobwebs of superstition and prejudice were washed away and light and progress came into the old, dilapidated European house. But when we see the bitter fruits of the new enlightened Christianity we must reject the liberals' assessment.

One spring I took a walk around a nearby lake on two successive days. On the first day the lake was covered with ice. On the second day the ice was entirely gone. It appeared that the ice had melted overnight. But of course this was not the case.

The melting process had taken place over a longer period of time. The final deicing only appeared as a sudden overnight phenomenon.

Such is the case with the new Christian universalism. It took centuries for Christianity to become a propositional philosophy in which the nature and the personal attributes of God could only be known by studying things outside of man, such as nature and abstract philosophy. Nothing inside man was of any consequence; He, the rational, godded men told us, was to be found in the vaporous mists of their cogitations. All the humanity was extracted from the Christian faith, leaving a hollow shell of a church, dedicated to abstractions such as 'humanity' and 'brotherhood', and opposed to actual flesh and blood human beings, who held to very basic notions of fidelity to kith and kin. If we replace the God of the hearth fire, the God whom we know through the human things, with a propositional God who can be known only through the intercession of experts on the subject of God, we will become slaves to the new fusionist faith of the Christ-less Christian churches.

The hostility toward the antique, European Christianity that does not equate Christianity with propositional, philosophical liberalism comes from four sources: the liberals, the Roman Catholics, the Protestants, and the neo-pagans. The Roman Catholic is wedded to the doctrine of papal infallibility even though no two Catholics agree on the definition of it; some Catholics invoke it for almost every Papal encyclical, and other Catholics in the traditionalist ranks, for the obvious reason that they want the leeway to disregard what the Vatican II popes say, claim there was only ever one or two infallible Papal statements. Not all traditionalist priests are as cynical as Father _____, who when asked what Papal encyclicals were infallible, said, "Whatever one I agree with is infallible." Actually such cynicism is preferable to the papolatry of the conservatives. I was once given the boot from my parish when I asked my priest, who taught that John Paul II's strictures against capital punishment were infallible, "How can Peter contradict Peter? The popes prior to Vatican II supported capital punishment."

"Those popes didn't speak infallibly, but John Paul II is speaking infallibly," was the rather confusing answer. It was inevitable that papal infallibility would become part of the modern church, because the new doctrine makes the layman completely dependent on the religious expert to tell him what the Christian faith is. If the experts tell him that to love God means to hate one's own and love the colored races, the poor Catholic layman feels he must do as the experts say. The reason the Catholic grazer can watch his daughter walk down the aisle and marry a black man is because outside of his church he has no faith to cling to. It is to no avail to tell the Roman Catholic layman that there is another Catholic church besides the modern Roman Catholic Church and there is another faith: the heartfelt faith of the people of old Europe. Their secret was discovered by George Fitzhugh, the Southern cavalier and man of letters:

The prevalent philosophy of the day takes cognizance of but half of human nature – and that the worst half. Our happiness is so involved in the happiness and well-being of everything around us that a mere selfish philosophy, like political economy, is a very unsafe and delusive guide.

We employ the term Benevolence to express our outward affections, sympathies, tastes, and feelings, but it is inadequate to express our meaning; it is not the opposite of selfishness, and unselfishness would be too negative for our purpose. Philosophy has been so busy with the worst feature of human nature that it has not even found a name for this, its better feature. We must fall back on Christianity, which embraces man's whole nature, and though not a code of philosophy, is something better; for it proposes to lead us through the trials and intricacies of life, not by the mere cool calculations of the head, but by the unerring instincts of a pure and regenerate heart. The problem of the Moral World is too vast and complex for the human mind to comprehend; yet the pure heart will, safely and quietly, feel its way through the mazes that confound the head.

Why belabor the point by going through the mini-Romes of the Protestant churches? They have their own denominational popes and their inflexible belief in the propositional faith of the experts, who condemn the blood faith of the antique Europeans in the name of the universal faith of Babylonian Christianity. You will never convince such Christians, Roman Catholic or Protestant, that they are wrong, and the antique, racist Europeans are a more certain touchstone of reality than their "infallible" experts. Such "Christians" produce sadness more than anger. No matter how beautiful, in my eyes, the culture of old Europe seems to be, in comparison to the filth of modern Babylon, the condemnations still come. "We must support the Pope and love our black brothers." "You seem to be suggesting that Europeans did something special when it was nothing but the grace of God; you are a free-willer." Modern anti-Christian Christian theology is designed to support the outward forms of the faith to the detriment of the substance of the faith, which is a belief in Christ crucified, Christ risen. What is wrong with modern man? Dostoyevsky told us, "He has lost Jesus Christ." He still lives though in the European past, which is past, present, and future.

The liberal is a product of the propositional faiths of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. If human reason has the final say about the nature of God, what stands in the way of human reason becoming God? Liberals have created a Humpty Dumpty world: "When I use a word, it means anything I want it to mean," in which they invent abstractions, such as the Noble Savage, and then worship the abstraction. Burke, the supreme anti-liberal of Europe, cut right to the heart of

the liberals' madness when he wrote, "I hate abstractions." Like their mentors, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Satan, the liberals will mock on. Our task is to hold to the vision that is not dependent on the research of the rationalists. "It is useless to tell us that we know nothing of these things, that we can know nothing until their critical examination is over; we can only say, 'Examine away; but we do know something of this matter, whatever you may assent to the contrary, and mean to live on that knowledge.'" We cannot find God in nature or in the abstractions of the rationalists; He is incarnate. We live in Him and through Him; at least that is what the ancient Europeans bore witness to. They wept and believed.

The final chapter in this tragic history is the neo-pagan revolt. Neo-pagans are in rebellion against Christ because, they claim, He has killed the white race with His talk of love and universal brotherhood. To believe such an enormous lie the neo-pagan must join with the liberals and the Christian rationalists in proclaiming the new Christianity of the abstract Christ to be the true Christianity. The Europeans who walked in the garden of Gethsemane with Christ knew differently. And so would the neo-pagans if they truly loved their people.

The collective voice of the antique Europeans says, "We know that Man, and you do not know Him; that is the sum and substance of your tragedy." Is there one voice that can speak for all those voices? Yes, there is. Writing towards the end of the Christian era of Europe, John Watson (pen name Ian Maclaren) wrote two novels which stand together as one work, titled *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. He speaks for the European people in those works. Such a people, with such a vision of God, must be our guide through this vale of tears. (2)

"Ye're right, Saunders, and a bonnie stack it makes;" and then Charlie Grant went in with Drumsheugh to the warmth and the kindly light, while the darkness fell upon the empty harvest field, from which the last sheaf had been safely garnered. +

(1) Inclusiveness is all the rage in the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. Yet there is no room for Europeans who believe, as Langland the Catholic, Bunyan the Puritan, and every European Christian prior to the 20th century believed – that a man should cling to his own people and love them over all.

(2) The psalmist reminds us that we walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The saints and poets of incarnational Europe show us that He walks with us through that Valley to the Mountains beyond it. If the Scottish dialect in Watson's books is too much for you then let Sheridan LeFanu have the last European word:

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

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

The Forsaken Past of Europe - OCTOBER 28, 2011

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past.
--William Shakespeare

Writing in the war-torn London of 1939, H. V. Morton had this to say of an Englishman's debt to his past:

In times of peace it is permissible for all but a few antiquaries to forget the past and to forge ahead cheerfully into the future; but in war-time a nation, calling up its spiritual reserves, draws unconsciously upon the strength of its past, and owes to its ancestors more than it knows, or than may be set down in words. So if these sketches of a past that still influences the present have any interest, it is because they remind us of certain permanent values, and they promise that London, so old in experience, will one day pick up the threads of her existence and go onward in history.

Things didn't turn out as H. V. Morton hoped. As a true-bred Englishman of the old stock, Morton quite naturally thought that the essential England would always remain: "There will always be an England." But the jettisoning of the past which holds a nation's spiritual reserves had begun before World War II, indeed it was the main reason for World War II, and it continued at an accelerated rate throughout the European nations after the war. This pillorying of the past, which is tantamount to national suicide, has continued unabated in every European country up to the present day. There is virtually nothing left of Europe's past in any European country. Of course this is by design. You can't get your ticket punched on the great Liberal Express train to Babylon if you don't sever your ties to the past.

Tragically most Europeans have complied with the required act of renunciation. And by doing so they have lost their spiritual reserve when they need it most, when they should be fighting a war for the survival of the white race. They are not fighting that war, a war infinitely more vital to their interests than any of the World Wars, because they have surrendered their right to exist as a people.

At this point the conservative always brings in Malcolm Muggeridge's 1979 article about the great liberal death wish. But the liberal doesn't have a death wish. The policies he advocates will certainly result in his death, but the liberal is not supposing his death when he proposes the death of European civilization. The essence of the great liberal death wish is the sacrificial offerings of other whites, in order that the liberal can be ensured of life eternal. It's a twisted reversal of Christ's death on the cross. Christ shed His blood so that men might have eternal life; the liberal demands that the blood of others shall be shed so that he can attain a Faustian life everlasting. Babies shall be aborted so that the liberal will have breathing room, and the black gods must be appeased with white victims so that they will not vent their wrath upon the liberal. Of course the black gods will vent their wrath on the liberal and the non-liberal, but the liberal doesn't believe that, and he doesn't want the white grazer to believe that either. Which is why the victims of the black "gods" such as Eugene Terreblanche, the South African nationalist murdered by blacks, are called 'white supremacists' rather than 'white nationalists' or 'white rights advocates'. The implied message in the use of the term 'white supremacist' is that the white victim would not have been a victim if he had not been an advocate of 'white supremacy'.

There is an element of fear in the liberals' new-found faith in the black man. They keep their fears at bay by the continual sacrificial offerings to the colored gods, and by constant propaganda against the European people who lived prior to our modern Age of Aquarius. The obsessive-compulsive nature of the sacrifices and the relentless propaganda campaigns is a result of twin fears: the fear of the wrath of the black man and the greater fear of the return of white, Christian Europe. The second fear is the greater fear to the liberals, because such a restoration would mean, in the liberal's mind, a return to Christianity that would necessitate the return of justice, mercy, and faith. The liberals want only justice as they, not God, define it. They have no need for mercy because they are the righteous ones, and they have no need for faith in Christ because they now have a new god in the form of the black man. Thus the liberal keeps his fear of the black man in check with sacrifices of white people and the pillorying of their past in order to avoid what he most fears, the Christian faith.

Satan serves as a kind of technical advisor to the liberals. And he has advised the liberals not to destroy the Christian churches or directly insult the Christian God. "Instead," Satan advises his liberal fellow-travelers, "you must attack the European version of Christianity as something cruel, racist, and unscientific. Urge people to practice a new Christianity which is kind, non-discriminatory and up-to-date (meaning Christ is not the exclusive son of God – we are all sons of God)." Satan is very flexible – "whatever works" is his motto, and the attack on European Christianity and the people who championed it has proved most effective. All the white "Christians" have fallen in line with Satan's command. In the name of racial equality, the Christian churches preach a "purer," non-culture-bound Christianity designed to appeal to the colored races. The problem with that broad-based, broad-minded Christianity is that it is not true. In every century of the Christian era of Europe there were blasphemers who championed the forms of the faith against the substance of the faith. Walter Scott depicts such a "Christian" in his novel *Old Mortality*. John Balfour, a fanatical Scottish Covenanter, violates the law of chivalry, which was written in the hearts of all Christian Europeans, by killing, in the name of his mind-forged Christless faith, a Christian soldier of the royalist party who came to Balfour bearing a flag of truce.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but—"

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul. Amen!" said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

"What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother officers.

"My duty," said Balfour firmly. "Is it not written, 'Thou shalt be zealous even to slaying'? Let those who dare NOW venture to speak of truce or pardon!"

Such individuals as Balfour have always been part of Christendom, and they often obtained positions of leadership in their particular church, but the substance of Christianity, the vision of a merciful God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, has always been at the center of the Europeans' view of existence. Faith needs to be embodied. Where is the Christian faith now that the incarnational faith of the antique Europeans has been vilified and rejected? In academia? You jest. In our churches? They have become adjuncts of academia. Do we see the Christian faith embodied in the people of color? No, we don't. The clerics and academics have made the colored people their gods, but that is not the same as seeing the face of Christ in His people. The attack on the white race and their antiquated Christian civilization – antiquated by modern liberal standards – is not a purification of Christianity, it is a termination of Christianity. The

halfway-house Christians who want Babylon and Christ can spin it how they will, but it always comes back to a very basic betrayal: the white man turned from his God to the gods of the stranger. And the result has been the devastation of Europe.

“They that do change old love for new,
Pray God they change for worse.”

Why in the present war, the war for the preservation of the white race, do the Europeans not unconsciously turn to their past and draw upon their spiritual reserves, as they did in other lesser wars? Is it because they have exhausted their spiritual reserves in a losing battle with the liberals who have convinced them that the past is evil and the Babylonian future is good? Yes, that seems to be the case. We no longer see the “animation of the European” in their eyes.

I seldom read the white nationalist publications because they don’t seem to have any respect or love for antique Europe and her people. Their god is not my God, and their people are not my people. They treat the Europeans’ Christian past as the liberals treat it, as something that is dead, and good riddance to it. But does that narrow, modernist interpretation of the past, in which people are studied like dead insects, tell us the truth about existence? The testimony of our ancestors puts things in a different light. To them the things of the material world were symbols of the things of a greater spiritual world. In such a world the past, present, and future form a trinity in spirit, all three are separate, but all three are also united, because they are of the spirit. When the liberal or the neo-pagan posits a future without the Christian past of the European people they are trying to breathe life into a corpse. There is nothing eternal in liberalism or neo-paganism; both lack an animating spirit because both have rejected the European past, where the God who united the past with the present and the future dwells. When you see the gulf, the mind-forged gulf, between the modern European and his past you are tempted to despair and join with Melville in asking, “Is all this struggle in vain?” But then the past wells up before you, a past in which a whole people loved a Fairy Prince who rescued them from the dragon of death. And the love that once was there is still there for the European who rejects the liberal’s Babylonian world of the future in order to live in the European past, rooted in the spiritual trinity of past, present, and future.

It’s not possible to predict a gloomy future for the European people or a glorious future, because the love that built Christian Europe is not subject to the rules of the material world. A fire kindled in that world will burn according to certain laws of the physical sciences. But a spiritual fire, engendered by a man’s love of antique Europe’s people and their God, could become a consuming fire that destroys Liberalism. Satan knows that, which is why he never sleeps, but neither shall we sleep till we have restored Christian Europe.

“I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England’s green and pleasant land.” +

Hearts of Stone - OCTOBER 21, 2011

This sort of people are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man, that they have totally forgotten his nature. Without opening one new avenue to the understanding, they have succeeded in stopping up those that lead to the heart. They have perverted in themselves, and in those that attend to them, all the well-placed sympathies of the human heart.
– Edmund Burke

It is one of the great ironies of history that Robespierre, the infamous architect of the reign of terror, was an outspoken opponent of capital punishment before the revolution took place and even after the revolution. How then did he justify what he did during his bloody reign? He used the justification of all utopian zealots. He claimed that for a very short period men had to harden their hearts against all human sentiments and be merciless and cruel in order to usher in a world where there was no need for cruelty and killing, because there would be equality and harmony. Such is always the mantra of the utopian reformers, whether they be French revolutionaries, Russian Marxists, Northern Reconstructionists, or modern day democratic egalitarians. Everything that stemmed from the ancient faith, love of kith and kin, honor, and fidelity to the time worn traditions of one’s nation, all had to give way before the new utopian creed which entailed hatred of kith and kin, a sneering contempt for the code of chivalry, and a hatred for the ancient traditions of one’s nation. The transition period in which there is to be no human sentiment is always supposed to be short. But it never is; it always becomes permanent. Humanity never returns to utopian nations unless the utopian heresy is rooted out of the offending nation. (1)

The abstract principle to which the utopian appeals to justify his bloodletting is “the people.” But of course it is a people narrowly defined. Everyone outside the orbit of “the people” such as French aristocrats, white southerners, or Russian

nobles are to become the necessary sacrifices to the new world order that is to be ushered in by Comrade Robespierre, Comrade Lincoln, or Comrade Lenin. All “human respect” must be burned out of the new breed of men so that they can murder every man, woman, and child that stands in the way of “the people.”

And who are the people? That has changed over the years. Initially the people were the proletariat of every race, but the liberals discovered, over the centuries, that it wasn’t just the French nobility, the Southern aristocrats, or the Czar and his Cossacks that were impeding mankind’s onward march to the light, it was all white people – poor, rich, and in-between – who had blighted the world. It does no good to ask the utopians to compare the old, racist, non-utopian regimes to the new utopian regimes in order to show the superiority of the old order to the new order, because the new pigs of *Animal Farm* are in that “transition stage” during which the heart must be closed to every human sentiment and the mind must be focused on abstract notions of the people, which currently translates to blacks, first and foremost, and then the other colored races.

If the modern Europeans could see Christian Europe next to contemporary Europe, all but the worst, the liberals with the passionate intensity of the possessed, would follow the call of old Europe and old Europe’s God. But the grazers do not see; they have been anaesthetized incrementally. They no longer believe there ever was any other world other than Liberaldom. The halfway-house Christians? They are wedded to liberalism. They feel uncomfortable with some aspects of it, but they remain allied to the liberal succubus because of their inability to see that modern, democratic egalitarianism, in which the negro has been elevated to the status of a God, springs from the same utopian roots as the French and Russian revolutions. We have not dispensed with utopian animal farms because Robespierre was deposed and communist Russia is no more. The hideous, inhuman ideology of utopia still dominates every European country in the guise of an abstraction called democracy, which in reality is a negro-worshipping oligarchy.

It can’t be stressed enough that the transitional stage of utopia, during which the heart must be hardened against the old, antiquated notions of love, honor, loyalty, and faith, is a permanent stage. The liberal’s utopian promised land is a desert in which nothing human can live. If Europeans were not morally anaesthetized, they could see this clearly. Look at our comedy; it is base and degrading. Our drama? We have none. Our great works of art? They celebrate the disintegration of the human personality. A desert would actually be a step up from democratic utopia. We need to go to the Old Testament prophets to describe the “utopia” we live in:

Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire: your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overgrown by strangers.

Yes, that succinctly describes the “utopia” that is modern Europe. Strangers devour our land because we do not believe in the antiquated, non-utopian virtues that sustain a land against devouring strangers; faith, hope, and charity. And the greatest of those virtues is the virtue that is so obviously missing from the desolated lands of the European people. Divine charity incarnate reached out to mankind; the Europeans responded to Him and Christian Europe was the result. Is it possible for a heart that has been touched by that divine charity, through the good offices of the antique Europeans, to permit their civilization, which is ours as well, to be obliterated, along with those who are faithful to it, from the face of the earth? No, it is not possible. The hearts that truly love never forget. No Christian European can forget that the interracial utopia of the liberals was built with and is sustained by sacrilege and blood –the sacrileges of a legion of Voltaires and Rousseaus and the blood of Christian Europeans that are sacrificed on the altars of the new barbarian gods. But of course, the liberals tell us, the absence of charity in the new utopia is only temporary. Charity will return when the recalcitrant remnant of Europeans are eliminated. Liars! It is the remnant band that must restore the Europe that revered the Man of Sorrows from whom faith, hope, and charity comes.

I do not agree with G. K. Chesterton’s flippant summation of Thomas Hardy’s work, “The village atheist commenting on the village idiot.” Hardy was an atheist, but he was not a sneering atheist. He wanted the Christian faith to be true but could not bring himself to believe that a loving God could permit the suffering that came with the human condition. And the village idiots? They are us. I certainly don’t feel morally or intellectually superior to the characters depicted in Hardy’s novels. Hardy was spiritually akin to Ivan Karamazov: “I don’t reject God, I reject His world,” and to the embittered, blinded Goucester prior to his conversion: “As flies to the wanton boys, are we to th’ gods, They kill us for their sport.” Hardy’s vision is hard to refute. It certainly cannot be refuted by Thomistic rationalism or by the type of Christian apologetics (“let me tell you why God makes you suffer”) practiced by Job’s comforters. But there is a response to Hardy, and the response came from Him, as Alyosha tells his brother Ivan.

“That’s rebellion,” Alyosha said softly, lowering his eyes.

“Rebellion? I wish you hadn’t used that word,” Ivan said feelingly. “I don’t believe it’s possible to live in rebellion, and I want to live! Tell me yourself—I challenge you: let’s assume that you were called upon to build the edifice of human destiny so that men would finally be happy and would find peace and tranquility. If you knew that, in order to attain this, you would have to torture just one single creature,

let's say the little girl who beat her chest so desperately in the outhouse, and that on her unavenged tears you could build that edifice, would you agree to do it? Tell me and don't lie!"

"No, I would not," Alyosha said softly.

"And do you find acceptable the idea that those for whom you are building that edifice should gratefully receive a happiness that rests on the blood of a tortured child and, having received it, should continue to enjoy it eternally?"

"No, I do not find that acceptable," Alyosha said and his eyes suddenly flared up. "But a moment ago you asked whether there was in the world 'a single creature who could forgive.' Well, there is. And He can forgive everyone for everything, because He Himself gave His innocent blood for everyone's sin and for everyone's sake. You forgot to mention Him, although it is on Him that the edifice must be founded, it is to Him that they will sing. 'You were right, O Lord, for Your ways have now been revealed to us!'"

Our Lord has been condemned for breaking a promise He never made. He promised to redeem our earthly suffering, not to end it. The Jews of the hardened hearts could not forgive Him, despite the fact that the prophets told them of the coming of the suffering servant and not the king of the revels, for not setting up a paradise on earth. And the modern liberals have joined with the Jews in their hatred of the Man of Sorrows. Once again Christ has been rejected by His people. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." But the promise was kept; He has redeemed our suffering. The antique Europeans bore witness to His act of redemption. "Truly," the ancient Europeans tell us, "this man was the Son of God."

By seeking to create a world different from God's world, a world without suffering, the liberals have plunged us into a world in which there is even greater suffering, because it is a world devoid of charity and a world devoid of the faith and the hope that our suffering has some meaning because He has redeemed our suffering through His Holy Cross. We have lost so much by allowing the liberals to replace Christian Europe with their mind-forged paradise on earth, in fact we have lost everything that makes life bearable. Must we accept this brave new world? I don't accept it. The liberals have convinced the grazers that there never was any other world but theirs, and they have convinced the halfway-house Christians that their advanced Christianity is the real Christianity. But the liberals have not charity; their regime is built on pillage, sacrilege, and murder. If we don't love our faith and our people enough to fight the liberals and their barbarian allies to the death, we are worse than dead men, we are men without souls.

If we are alive to the Europeans' Christian journey, the Via Dolorosa, we will know that there is a Man of Sorrows who stands ready to renew the covenant that was so shamefully discarded by an adulterous and evil generation of liberal vipers. We can go home again by simply affirming what Peter affirmed, many months after the night of his denials, "Yes, I know that man, He is the Christ, the Son of the Living God." We know he said those words or words like them because we know that he was crucified because of his affirmation of Christ. We all suffer and we all die. The great question is whether we suffer and die for nothing, for nada, or whether our pain, suffering and ultimate death in this world has been redeemed by His pain, suffering, and death on the cross. The collective voice of the much-vilified and hated Europeans of the olden times says that we have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. We will hold to their vision in defiance of the Babylonian liberals and their dark barbarian legions. +

(1) Neither France nor Russia ever went back to their Christian roots. The French shifted to a more incremental utopian scheme, the democratic egalitarianism of the United States, and the Russians did the same in the latter half of the 20th century. Only those who equate Christianity with democracy would see Christianity in post-Communist Russia and post-revolutionary France.

The Seat of the Scornful - OCTOBER 14, 2011

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. – Psalm 1:1

Walter Scott in the introduction to *Quentin Durward* and again in *Kenilworth* states that the mark of the devil is a sneering, mocking, scornful countenance. My own observations of liberals leads me to concur with Scott; the scornful derisive, sneer is truly the mark of the devil. Scott lamented that in his own time the contemptuous sneer was used to attack the Christian faith:

There has never been an hour or an age, in which this formidable weapon has been more actively employed against the Christian faith than our own day. Wit and ridicule have formed the poignant sauce with which infidels have seasoned their abstract reasoning, and voluptuaries the swinish messes of pollution, which they have spread unblushingly before the public. It is a weapon suited to the character of the Apostate Spirit himself, such as we conceive him to be—loving nothing, honouring nothing, feeling neither the

enthusiasm of religion nor of praise, but striving to debase all that is excellent, and degrade all that is noble and praiseworthy, by cold irony and contemptuous sneering.

What would Scott say about modern liberals, who have mocked and sneered at the Christian faith to an extent that makes the 18th century mocker look like a good Joe in comparison? He would say what Macduff said: "Fit to govern? Not fit to live!" We are governed by an elite band of mockers and scorners who in healthy times would have been imprisoned for their poisonous, hate-filled ideology.

I think Scott was correct in calling our attention to an inordinate fear of ridicule that puts the antique Christian in a state of terror before those who mock and ridicule his Christian faith. Dickens makes a similar point in *Great Expectations* when he shows Pip to be obsessed with gaining the good opinion of those people whom he most despises.

The Rousseauian liberal – and all liberals are Rousseauian – used two very basic tactics to undermine the antique European's faith in his people's vision of God and the culture they created based on that vision. First, the liberal mocked the intelligence of the antique European, claiming he was unscientific and childish. And secondly, he accused the antique European of being hypocritical because he fought wars in the name of the Prince of Peace, and he failed to treat all men, particularly the colored man, as his brother. In the first instance, the liberal's assumption of superior intelligence does not stand up to the test of reality. Is Freud smarter than Shakespeare because he wore a lab coat, smoked a pipe, and had a doctorate? And was Darwin wiser than St. Paul because he was "scientific" and objective while St. Paul was unscientific and subjective? This is nonsense; the liberals' heroes are intellectual pygmies because they can't think with their hearts, the true source of knowledge. Shakespeare and St. Paul knew that; Darwin, Freud, and their liberal descendants never knew it and never will.

In the second instance, we are faced with another liberal hypocrisy. They deny the truth of the Europeans' vision of Christ, that He was indeed the Son of God, yet they demand the right to tell Christian Europeans how they should live the Christian faith. What right does a liberal, who is a past and present advocate of mass murder (Stalin, Mao Tse-Tung, legalized abortion) have to condemn the Christian European for his failure to end war? Better to ask if the European's Christian faith has made a difference in the way war is viewed and the way wars are fought? The man who looks through not with the eye can see a difference. And the brotherhood of man? No European of the Christian era ever equated the Christian belief in the universal brotherhood of all men and women in Christ, with a democratic, egalitarian society where there was no recognition of the spiritual difference between the races. Spiritual gifts are aristocratic, not democratic. The attempt to democratize things of the spirit is liberal utopian, not Christian European.

The liberal rejects the older culture of the white man because the incarnate Lord can be found in that culture, and he hates the incarnate God just as much as the Jews and the Muslims hate the incarnate God. With the colored barbarians it is a different story. They don't hate the Christian God as the liberals do; they are completely indifferent to Him. He doesn't reach them at a deep level; they are more attracted to a God who promises them wealth and power than a suffering servant God who promises them a cross. This is why the "Christian" T.V. pastors who preach an Islamic Christianity always have an audience that is almost entirely black. And it is also why black Africa is becoming Islamic. If the Europeans were strong in their Christian faith they could at least compel the colored people to comply with the ethical standards of the Christian faith, even if interior assent to the faith itself was withheld. The blacks can always be kept in check if the white man is strong in his faith.

But of course the white man is not strong in his ancient faith, which is the Christian faith; he is zealous in behalf of his new mind-forged utopian faith. This new, bastard faith of the white man is based on a maniacal hatred of the incarnate Christ of Europe and an obsessive love of the generic black man, the noble savage. And the essential paper edifice of the liberal's new faith is the abstraction. The Sadducees and the Pharisees were unable to recognize the true God when He came amongst them because they made the minutiae of the law the entirety of the law. They worshipped their own abstractions and neglected the true object of God's law, which is justice, mercy and faith. Directly parallel in their mind set to the legalistic Jews were the French revolutionaries of 1789. Burke reports that the majority of French legislators had law degrees. Forgetting that all change in a Christian society should be change that conserves what is Christian, the French assembly of lawyers killed Christian France with a lawyers' brief against their Christian King. All the governments of Europe and the European nations have followed the lead of the ancient Jews and the French revolutionaries, and have built a new world based on their own abstractions and a hatred of Jesus Christ. Why the hatred? Because the modern European, like the pharisaical Jew, cannot abide a God who bids us take up our cross and follow Him. What was once the hope and the symbol of Europe, the cross of Christ, has become a scandal to the European, just as it was and is a scandal to the Jews.

When the old "anti-semitic" Europeans warned about organized Jewry, what were they talking about? They were talking about a people who had hardened their hearts against all things Christian. Their legal system was set up to shield them from Christ's love. This is why Antonio realizes the futility of looking for mercy from the hardened Jewish heart:

I pray you, think, you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that--than which what's harder?--
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.
Of course Shylock didn't get his will, because in that instance Christians refused to allow Europe to be run by the laws of Jewry. But now Europeans have become like unto the Jews in the hardness of their hearts toward all things Christian and in their use of the minutiae of the law to kill the spirit of God's law, the law of justice, mercy and faith.

In his anti-communist manifesto entitled *Witness*, Whittaker Chambers told us of the communist leaders' obsession with official documents. Every government department had mountains and mountains of official documents. In reflecting on that phenomenon Chambers came to the conclusion that the Communists inundated Russia with official documents because their regime had no moral legitimacy. They sought to replace moral legitimacy with an artificial legitimacy of official documents which were the moral equivalent of the deaf shouting warnings to the deaf.

America has achieved, or should we say has deteriorated to the same moral illegitimacy as the Russian communists. Justice, mercy, and faith count for nothing in America and Europe; the upward and onward push to a democratic, interracial, godless world counts for everything. But is equality ever really the goal of the utopian? No, it isn't. Some will always be more equal than others. Remember the seven commandments of *Animal Farm*?

Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.
Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
No animal shall wear clothes.
No animal shall sleep in a bed.
No animal shall drink alcohol.
No animal shall kill any other animal.
All animals are equal.

And then the seven commandments became one:

All Animals Are Equal;
But Some Animals Are More
Equal Than Others

When "our grace we have forgot," when we abandon our faith in a spiritual aristocracy we will have an aristocracy of the cruel and degenerate (the liberals) who will elevate the base (the negroes) to the status of gods.

In the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm, the third dumb brother who is pure of heart often wins the hand of the King's daughter despite his lowly origins. In the older European regimes there was seldom such a direct correlation between spiritual gifts and high office. The best man, as the character Sapp in *Prisoner of Zenda* tells us, does not always become King. Nevertheless the older Europeans tried to structure their societies in such a way that the principle of noblesse oblige took precedence over the rights of man. The former principle, though not utopian, is more conducive to fostering Christian faith and Christian charity than the latter principle, which, despite sounding quite humane, always produces a world where "humanity must perforce prey on itself, like monsters from the deep."

Orwell, having fought his way through the process, saw the devil's horns protruding from every utopian scheme. The liberals' utopia started with a few high-minded edicts about racial equality, but in the end the liberals have only one commandment: "The white is evil, and the black is sacred." And missing from the liberal's "utopia" is the God who the racist Europeans held aloft as the Savior of all mankind. The only equality shared by all men is their dependence on His mercy. What kind of society is it that holds His mercy, and the people who sought His mercy, as something to be sneered at and held up to ridicule? It is a satanic society where black-worshipping liberals sit in the seats of the scornful. They think their reign will be forever, but the men of Europe who still see the Cross of Christ through a glass darkly will live to see the end of the men of scorn and the triumph of the Man of Sorrows. +

The Red Cross Knights of Europe - OCTOBER 07, 2011

During what the Northern liberals called “Reconstruction” and the Southern people experienced as hell, the liberals of the North tried to exterminate the white race in the South, just as the whites in San Domingo were exterminated, by placing them at the mercy of black barbarians who had no concept of mercy. (1) The Northern liberals failed to exterminate the white Southerners for one reason and one reason only. Thomas Nelson Page, this nation’s Walter Scott, tells us the reason:

“It was a veteran soldiery that repopled the plantations and the homesteads of the South, and withstood the forces thrown against them during the period of Reconstruction. In addition to such racial traits as personal pride, self-reliance, and physical courage, they possessed also race pride, which is inestimable in a great popular struggle. This race pride the war had only increased. However beaten and broken they were, the people of the South came out of the war with their spirit unquenched, and a belief that they were unconquerable.”

And of course the man who wrote “The Needle’s Eye” is not referring to the racial pride of the pagan, he is talking about the racial pride of a Christian, which is pietas, the love of one’s own and a consciousness of one’s responsibilities toward a God who enjoins His people to love their own as He loves them.

The civil war in this country was just a slightly more dramatic manifestation of the civil war taking place in every European nation. And in every European nation the outcome was the same. The “love that once was there,” the love that the white man had for his own people, died and the European succumbed to the liberal-barbarian coalition. By the mid-1960’s white Britain, the white South, white France, and so on, were no more. White people still existed in all of the European nations, but a people without pride of race are not a people; they are cattle waiting to be taken to the slaughterhouse.

What made the European stop loving his own? The philosophers and “thinking men” told him ad nauseum and into infinity that his own people were unworthy of love, and over time the European came to believe in the unworthiness of the European. “Better to lose one’s self in a cosmic secular faith, in which the white race is absorbed by the all good and all powerful black race.” It’s not superior numbers that killed the white man; it was the white man’s loss of faith in the goodness of the European people and the truth of their vision of Christ. Where the old European Christianity was personal, intuitive, and connected to the hearth fire, the new Christianity was impersonal, rationalist, and connected to a cosmic, Babylonian pleasure dome. The New Orleans Superdome during Hurricane Katrina and the United Nations’ building during the ongoing bloody carnage in the streets of New York (no more tripping the light fantastic with Mamie O’Rourke) are perfect examples of the heart and texture of the new Christ-less, hopeless world in which the white man has chosen to exist until his liberal and black masters decide that it is time for his body to join his soul in the Kingdom of the Dead.

Is a death in life existence worth living? Even the grazers have said that it isn’t. In the midst of their somnolence they have cried out. They cannot bear the banality of the racial and sexual Babylon in which they live. The traditional soporifics, blood sport, pornography, and Christless cathedrals presided over by a faithless clerical elite, have only produced despair. Men and women, especially white men and white women, need to feel that they are loved for what they are, not because of how well they denounce what they are. The color of a man’s skin is part of his essential soul; if he must deny that soul in order to exist he will pine away and die. That is what is happening to the white man, particularly the grazer. The halfway-house Christian has more successfully tapped into the demonic energy of the liberal.

Taken out of context Edgar’s words in King Lear – “Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say” – sound like some hippie platitude from the sixties – “Hey, man, I just got to go with what I feel.” But in the context of the play Edgar’s words cut to the heart of existence. King Lear has destroyed his realm and ruined the lives of his subjects because “he has but little known himself.” He created a false image of reality, which reinforced his own exalted image of himself, and tried to inflict that abstraction on his subjects. The result was a world where “Humanity must perforce prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep.” Such will always be the case when the European does not see life “feelingly.” When he worships at an altar created in his own abstracted mind, divorced from every clean and noble sentiment of the heart, such as love of race, family, and God, he becomes either a grazer who is preyed upon by the inhuman, liberal monsters of the deep, or else he becomes an inhuman, liberal monster of the deep.

The mind-forged altars of the black gods of Liberalism were built by men like Voltaire, Rousseau, Twain, and Pope John XXIII. Their lies about the intrinsic evil of the European people became the faithless faith of the European people. There were no more mea culpas for personal sins; there was only one mea culpa, the mea culpa for being white. And the only acceptable penance for whiteness is self-destruction. This liberal-recommended self-immolation is not what the white should do. He should refuse to be part of the penitential rites of the Christ-less church of the liberals, and instead he should return to his own hearth fire and learn to see life feelingly again. Once the heart is engaged, sight will return to the

white man and he will leave his Babylonian pleasure dome of oblivion to return home, to his people and their ancient faith.

The liberals were not reconstructing the South. If we reconstruct something we rebuild that which was broken or destroyed. The attempted reconstruction of the South was in reality an attempt to destroy the South. The first attempt failed, but subsequent attempts were successful, just as they were successful throughout the European world. The terminology used to describe the liquidation of the European people varies from nation to nation, but the desired object, the death of the European people, is the same throughout all the formerly white Christian nations.

I don't dispute the math of the conservatives and the white nationalists who tell us of the coming colored majorities in all the formerly European nations, but I do dispute the notion that white nationalists need to "wake up" a majority of white people before they can affect any "meaningful change." Is that the way Europeans, when they were real flesh and blood Europeans, used to view existence? The hero doesn't wait for followers; he acts. The unquenchable spirit that rides triumphant over ruin and death does not care about demographic charts and prophecies of doom. Hamlet's defiance of augury still stands today. Nothing is impossible in the spiritual realm. The European must decide to enter that realm once again. If we allow the "this world only" liberals to set the perimeters for us we will never come out of Babylon. But if we turn from the Duessa of Babylon, as St. George did, and keep our eyes focused on Una, the Faerie Queene of truth and beauty, who bids us look to Him as the beginning and the end of every quest, we will win. The liberal-barbarian dragon has no defense against the Red Cross Knight of Europe.

"The knight himselfe euen trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeem'd,
But yet at last, when as the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she prayd, and thankd her faithfull knight,
That had atchieu'd so great a conquest by his might."

Fairy tales again? Yes! Isn't a belief in a fairy tale what separates the European from the colored races? Michelangelo (whose work is no different from an African voodoo sculpture, or so the liberals tell us) depicts the hand of God reaching out for the hand of man. Christ was and is the hand and heart of God. If the liberals were given ten thousand years to come up with a more sublime and beautiful image of God than the European vision of Christ, they could not do it. Keats was profoundly Christian without knowing it: "Beauty is truth and truth beauty." Stripped naked the outwardly alluring Duessa was revealed as an ugly witch that turned men's stomachs. The tragedy of the European is that he still sees Duessa clothed in the outward splendor of Babylon. It is the task of the Red Cross Knights of Europe to show the naked evil of Duessa. Then all will be clear. The battle lines will be drawn. It is the Red Cross Knights of Europe versus Duessa's liberal-barbarian coalition. +

(1) Are there any blacks that have a concept of mercy? Yes, those who are loyal to their white masters and have adopted the values and beliefs of the white Europeans. Such blacks are few and far between. In all of San Domingo, for instance, there was only one recorded case of a black servant who didn't turn on his white masters. Uncle Remus? The man was a saint, but he was a creation of a white man. Still, let's concede the existence of a few faithful, black Uncle Remuses. How are they viewed by the black barbarians? Aren't they vilified because they don't hate the white race? Of course they are. We are engaged in a war with the prince of darkness and his minions. Let's not indulge in "Find the good negro" parlor games.

The Walls of Utopia - SEPTEMBER 30, 2011

"Hope for the future has been transferred to the peoples of the developing countries, to disaffected national minorities, for example the blacks in the U.S.A...." -- Igor Shafarevich (1975)

Utopian visions of society existed in pre-Christian Europe (witness *Plato's Republic*) but the virtual explosion of utopian literature did not occur until the Christian era in Europe. It was an easy leap, in the minds of the utopians, to go from a belief in the second coming of Christ that would usher in the end of history, to a belief in a paradise on earth that signified a new era of equality, liberty, and fraternity. The utopian schemes usually came from clergymen, and those that were actually instituted were maintained by violence and eventually suppressed by violence. The utopian "visionaries" were amazingly consistent in their insistence on the abolition of private property, the abolition of the family, the abolition of traditional Christianity, and the enforced equality of all mankind. In almost all of the utopian fantasies of the Christian era Christ was part of the utopia, but it was not an incarnate Christ who had a local habitation in the hearts of the European

people. He was an abstract Christ who was invoked to give men like Thomas Muntzer permission to sleep with any woman past sixteen years of age or to bless the bloody rampages -- in the name of utopia, of course -- of men like Dolcino and Robespierre. The common theme was always a denial of the Christ of the Gospels in favor of a pantheistic figurehead Christ who gave his blessing to insane visions of an earthly paradise founded on sex and blood. In the modern, post-Christian era many of the utopian liberals dispense with Christ altogether, but there are still some who keep Christ somewhere in the background of their plans for heaven on earth.

The noble savage has always been a central figure in utopian literature. He was prominent enough in 18th century and 19th century utopian literature to invoke critical reactions from Samuel Johnson and Charles Dickens, but there is a big difference between the popularity of the negro in certain academic and clerical circles and the institutionalization of negro worship throughout the European world. That doubtful blessing did not occur until the latter half of the 20th century and the first eleven years of the 21st century. In fact we should probably change our dating system to acknowledge our new god. Under the new era, which began in 1965, 2011 A. D. becomes 46 A.N. (After the Negro), the Year of our New Lord.

It is depressing to read white nationalists literature from the 1970's and the 1980's, because their literature reads the same now as it did then: "White people are starting to wake up." But they are not starting to wake up. What is the use of lying to ourselves?

The reason for the failure of the white nationalists, such as William Tyndale and Samuel Francis, to 'wake up' white people is similar to the reason a tree cannot be felled by merely chopping its limbs. You need to cut the tree down at its roots. And the root of negro worship is the utopian mindset of the European liberal. So long as the European views existence through a distorted utopian prism he will worship the negro and attack the four pillars of antique Europe: faith in Christ, the patriarchal family, private property, and a hierarchical, non-egalitarian society.

I remember seeing a Hercules movie starring Steve Reeves when I was young. At the beginning of the picture a beautiful maiden had lost control of the horses pulling her chariot and was about to plunge headlong over a cliff. Suddenly Hercules appears, tears a tree from out of the ground, and hurls it in front of the runaway chariot in time to stop the horses and the maiden from plunging over the cliff. That type of Herculean effort is needed from the antique European. Liberal, bloodless, utopianism has been planted in the soil of Europe. There needs to be an uprooting, because utopian ideals, when they become part of the fabric of a nation, kill the soul.

That the European people in mass have turned from Christ to a sci-fi world in which the black man is worshipped and adored is self-evident. The reason for the great apostasy is not self-evident. It involves a mystery, the mystery of iniquity. Why do some people fall in love with a vision of the true God and others fall in love with their satanic, abstracted, mind-forged gods? We seldom view intellectual dishonesty as a sin, but is it not the greatest of sins, having its origin in the pride of the intellect? Isn't a utopian using his reason to create his own world separate from God's world? And isn't that the height of blasphemy?

In his notes in the margins of his copy of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Herman Melville made a comment next to an impassioned speech of Edmund, the evil, illegitimate son of Gloucester, that demonism often has an energy that mere virtue lacks. The poetic whaler was right. The vast majority of modern Europeans are not card-carrying members of an utopian organization, but they do not have a passionate faith in the non-utopian Man of Sorrows who stirred the hearts of their European forefathers. And in the absence of such a faith the grazers and the halfway-house Christians have been swept along on the current of the passionate faith of the utopian liberals. Rather than stand athwart the liberal current and try to stop it, the barely virtuous grazer and the merely virtuous halfway-house Christian swim with the worst who are full of passionate intensity.

The lack of passionate intensity is the most significant factor in the decline of the white European. The communist revolutionaries in Tsarist Russia did not try to get the Russian Everyman to convert to communism; they merely tried to weaken the Russian people's passionate attachment to their Tsar by constantly pointing out just how far the Tsar's regime fell short of utopia. It was the same in Louis XVI's France. The radical utopians didn't have to make a large number of converts to their cause; they just had to turn passion into tepid virtue. C. S. Lewis makes a profound point when he emphasizes in *The Chronicles of Narnia* that Aslan is not a tame lion. The lukewarm are grist for Satan's mills.

When the utopian is out of power he tries to kill the passionate love a man has for race, family, and faith by pointing out the deficiencies of a man's people, his family, and his faith. And when the utopian obtains power, he continues to attack the moral pillars of the older, non-utopian regimes in order to keep the passion levels of the grazers and the halfway-house Christians as low as possible. When egalitarian democracy produces a sexual and racial Babylon, the liberal keeps the placid, white people in the fold by pointing out the excesses of the European monarchs. When the new Babylonian churches preach a blended Christian faith, the liberals stifle all opposition by pointing out the racism of the antique

Europeans, the religious wars of the antique Europeans, and the antique Europeans' unscientific notions about the origins of man and the cause of lightning. The criticisms of old Europe and its inhabitants are unrelenting. There is no evil, past or present, which is not attributed to the European people of the pre-modern era. And by and large the modern European has accepted that liberal condemnation and forfeited his right to be passionately opposed to anything that is detrimental to the European people. Do whites ever criticize black murderers without prefacing their criticism with a litany of all the truly "good black people" who are just too wonderful for words? Do they dutifully turn their faces away when whites in South Africa and Rhodesia are routinely murdered by state-sponsored terrorists? Of course they do. They do so because their Christ is a blended Christ subordinate to the black gods of utopia. When was the last time a white man refused to be understanding about the slaughter of his own people and the denigration of his white forefathers? Such an event, and it would indeed be an event, has not occurred in my lifetime.

It is the white man's Christian conscience that has been used against him. In C. S. Lewis's book *Reflections on the Psalms* he points out that the Jew looks on himself as a plaintiff in a court case in which he expects God to award him damages, while the Christian looks on himself as a defendant in a court case who is hoping for mercy from the judge. But the consciousness of our own shortcomings and our people's shortcomings, when compared to God's perfection, should not blind us to the infinite value of a civilization and the people of that civilization, who built a Europe consecrated to Him. The utopian liberals should not be allowed to continually attack white people and their Christian heritage. Who will stand up for antique Europe? I loved Burke's feelings of horror at the lack of French cavaliers ready to rise and ride in defense of God and country: "I thought ten thousand swords must avenge even a look that threatened her with insult."

There is only one sin in Liberalism, and it is not any of the seven deadly sins, which are approved and lauded by liberals. The one sin is a white man's love for his own people and His non-blended god. That love compels him to defy the idolatrous black gods which form the metaphysical basis of Liberalism. The satanic intelligence behind the new utopia is correct. The white man who loves and hates with all his heart is his greatest foe. If the European ever comes to love his own again, the walls of utopia will come tumbling down. +

Eternal Ties That Bind - SEPTEMBER 23, 2011

"I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beams on my soul. Woe to those who seek justice in the dark haunts of mystery and of cruelty! She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Woe to those who would advance the general weal by trampling upon the social affections! They aspire to be more than men – they shall become worse than tigers." – Sir Walter Scott

Writing in the late 1800's the English historian William E. T. Lecky claimed that Edmund Burke had exaggerated the dangers the French Revolution posed to the rest of Europe. After all, Lecky asserted, was not England still standing, free, constitutional, and Christian? But if Lecky had been able to see through the surface events of life to the spirit animating the events, as Burke could, he would have seen that the ideology that made Christian men and women into inhuman monsters in France was slowly and insidiously enveloping Britain and all of Europe. What in essence is the ideology of liberty, equality, and fraternity? It is a flight from the non-abstract, personal faith in Jesus Christ, to an impersonal abstract faith in humanity. And the most striking thing about the practitioners of the new faith, which is now a very old faith, was their hatred for the natural ties of affection that had previously bound all Christian Europeans to their nations and their people. When Edmund Burke strongly criticized the radical clergyman, Dr. Price, for exulting over the capture and humiliation of the King and Queen of France, Price asked Burke why he was so concerned about the Monarch and his Queen.

Why do I feel so differently from the Reverend Dr. Price, and those of his lay flock, who will choose to adopt the sentiments of his discourse?—For this plain reason—because it is natural I should; because we are so made as to be affected at such spectacles with melancholy sentiments upon the unstable condition of mortal prosperity, and the tremendous uncertainty of human greatness; because in those natural feelings we learn great lessons; because in events like these our passions instruct our reason; because when kings are hurl'd from their thrones by the Supreme Director of this great drama, and become the objects of insult to the base, and of pity to the good, we behold such disasters in the moral, as we should behold a miracle in the physical order of things.

"Because it is natural I should." Ah, there's the rub. Burke, and most of his fellow Englishmen at the time, had no desire to have a new religion where original sin was vested in one unpopular branch of the human race, such as the rich or the white, and virtue was invested in only "the people" as narrowly defined by their lower class origins or by their noble, black skins. The sentimental English still believed that natural attachments to kith, kin and God were the best attachments. They did not, except for the radicals like Price and Priestley (1), abandon their natural ties to each other for a new faith in the god of abstract Humanity. One can appreciate the pride Burke had in his people when he wrote of the contrast between them and the French radicals.

I almost venture to affirm, that not one in a hundred amongst us participates in the "triumph" of the Revolution Society. If the king and queen of France, and their children, were to fall into our hands by the chance of war, in the most acrimonious of all hostilities (I deprecate such an event, I deprecate such hostility), they would be treated with another sort of triumphal entry into London. We formerly have had a king of France in that situation; you have read how he was treated by the victor in the field, and in what manner he was afterwards received in England. Four hundred years have gone over us, but I believe we are not materially changed since that period. Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers. We have not (as I conceive) lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century, nor as yet have we subtilized ourselves into savages. We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire; Helvetius has made no progress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. We know that we have made no discoveries, and we think that no discoveries are to be made in morality, nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mold upon our presumption and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity. In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff and rags and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of men. We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms.

"Oh, what a falling-off was there." All Europe has now gone astray and institutionalized the abstracted, cruel inhumanity of the first French radicals. The European has been "completely embowelled" of his natural sentiments. In the French Revolution of America, the Civil War, the white people of the South became victims of the brave new doctrine of abstracted humanity. White Southerners became non-persons and the negro was declared a demigod and invested with all the humanity that the evil, white Southerner was said to be devoid of. Then, in the 1960's, to the eternal shame of the Roman Catholic Church, the pope of abstracted humanity, Pope John XXIII, institutionalized the satanic principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity in the Roman Catholic Church. He spit on his own people, who were tortured and mutilated by bestial black savages, by lovingly forgiving the black barbarians who gleefully tortured and murdered white Christians. And every black atrocity since that loving forgiveness was extended by John XXIII has been praised and excused by the abstracted inhuman creatures that have come to be called liberals. The original French radicals were moral monsters – they had no right to kill their king. Nothing he had done reached the level of tyrannical despotism. But everything the French radicals did and everything our modern liberals do clearly marks them as tyrannical despots. Are such men fit to govern? Macduff had the answer to that question: "Fit to govern? Not fit to live!" Such men as the Rev. Price, Priestly, Pope John XXIII, and the legion of modern liberal academics and clergymen were created by God, so we will not, as they have done to the Christian Europeans, abstract them from the human race, but we will call them what they are: inhuman hellhounds who have betrayed their own people and their God in order to serve the satanic abstraction called "The People," which in modern times has become equivalent to serving the negro. And why should we oppose them? We oppose them because it is natural that we should oppose those who try to kill our feelings of affection and love for our kith and kin. Such feelings and attachments sustain us in our day of battle against principalities and powers, and keep us connected to Christ, the God of the European hearth.

The new, abstract, utopian faith of the liberal combines the rationalism of the Greeks with the pagan rites of the mystery cults. Rationalism alone leaves a void in the soul, so the liberal adds an infusion of colored blood to inject mystery and direct communion with his god into his faith. The obvious missing link, a real missing link, is a loving God, who surpasses the understanding of the rationalists and who also surpasses, in breadth and depth, the cruel, loveless mysticism of the mystery religions.

Despite our Lord's and St. Paul's insistence that our organ of sight is the heart, not the head (or maybe because of that), the heretics of the European world have always insisted that reason, divorced from the heart, is the lodestar of mortal men. It was of no small significance that the bloodthirsty French utopians enthroned a prostitute as the goddess of reason, for reason, divorced from the heart, is always a whore.

The history of the noncolored people is a boring continuum of blood and sex. The only time their histories rise to the level of interesting is when they intersect with the histories of the white people. When the white people were strong, when they stayed close to the virtues of the heart and eschewed rationalism, their contact with the colored cultures did them no harm and humanized the colored people, to the extent that they could be humanized. But when European rationalism intermixed with colored barbarism, the bestiality of the coloreds was intensified, and the satanic evil of reason divorced from the moral sentiments inculcated by Christianity, was allowed to run rampant throughout the formerly Christian nations of Europe. The rationalist white Europeans returned to paganism and called it progress. Look at modern interracial Europe. Every pagan abomination has returned tenfold because the European has mixed his technology with colored barbarism in order to enhance and magnify the paganism which is called, by the European rationalists, the onward march of mankind toward heaven on earth. The dark minds of the rationalists will always seek to blend with the dark skins of the heathen because the light of Christian Europe is an anathema to them.

In Anthony Jacob's magnificent book *White Man Think Again*, he emphasizes that the white race is not in decline because the black race is advancing. The white race is in decline because white people are retreating. And if we look at the retreat clearly, we can trace the retreat to one source, rationalism. When the white man renounced the ties of honor, faith, and love that formerly bound all white people to their European hearths, he became a creature created in the image of Satan, a sneering debunker of everything holy and sacred:

For this purpose Mephistopheles is, like Louis XL, endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions, the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification. – Scott

Yes, Scott has masterfully described the modern liberal. He uses his reason not to champion the divine longings in the heart, but to deprecate the very notion of divine longings. He is dead to the eternal verities; all he seeks, with the desperate cunning of a dope fiend deprived of his dope, is that which fulfills his own selfish appetites. The liberal doesn't love his black god; he loves the gratification he gets from worshipping at the shrine of a god who permits every self-indulgence, so long as the devotee fulfills his sacrificial obligations. And such sacrificial offerings are easy for the liberal because he always sacrifices other whites, never his own sacred, self-indulgent person.

In capital letters writ large and ever before our eyes we should see the words, "Every time we abstract humanity, we aid Liberalism and hurt the European people." I recently saw a neo-pagan blogger applauding the beating of a white girl, by black marauders, in one of our major cities. The blogger was delighted because he thought that the beating and more such beatings would help whites to "wake up." Nothing but more liberalism will come from such inhuman creatures as that white, neo-pagan strategist. To love the white race as a generic race, abstracted from individuals of that race, is liberalism. It is the liberalism of Hitler and other false purveyors of racial solidarity. There can be no solidarity where there is no humanity. The European does not love in the abstract. He loves his own particular nation, his own particular race, his own particular family, because God ordained that he love them over all. Such love – particular, intense, and personal – enables us to understand and respond to His love, which is particular, intense, and personal.

Exaggerate the dangers of French rationalism and utopianism? If anything, Burke underestimated the dangers. We have fallen infinitely lower than the French radicals that Burke so rightly deplored:

Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists; and calculators has succeeded...

We still have our eternal, defiant "No" to the sophisters, economists, and calculators. And all Europeans still have a racial memory of the God who is the light that shineth in darkness, even in the darkness of rationalism and barbarism. +

(1) Priestley's "advanced" views on the subject of bloodletting in the name of the universal brotherhood of man were so abhorrent to his English neighbors that they burned down his house, forcing him to flee to America, where he was petted and adored by American liberals.

One Civilization - SEPTEMBER 16, 2011

The poison of diversity kills the soul just as surely as a knife in the heart kills the body. – CWN

In H. V. Morton's book *In Search of South Africa* (1946), he tells us of waking up in a small town in South Africa on Christmas day and feeling homesick for England. But then he hears the villagers singing some English Christmas carols, and he attends a Christmas dinner "right out of Dickens." The carols and the dinner make him feel at home. In fact Morton felt so 'at home' that he eventually settled in South Africa. The European people used to make foreign countries – such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the United States, and South Africa – into European countries. Now the reverse is the case. The European people invite colored tribesmen into formerly European nations and allow the colored tribesmen to turn European nations into colored, tribal nations. And the assumption behind all the suicidal surrenders to the colored barbarians is that there should be less white people in the world and more colored people. Why? Because white people are bad and colored people are good. That, in the liberals' eyes, is a self-evident fact. It is not self-evident to me; in fact I think the reverse is true, but we'll let that pass for the moment.

No-one except the antique Christian European has faced the present consequences of a diminished European presence in formerly all European nations. Nor has anyone, except the antique Christian European, faced what will be the final consequences of the absence of any European presence in the formerly European countries.

The mad-dog liberal sees a coffee-colored future where only black skins and brown skins exist. But in his mind he shares that coffee-colored world with the black and brown skins. The Gnostic liberal believes if he thinks black, he will be black. The mad-dog liberal also sees, in his coffee-colored world, wine and cheese parties where everyone uses biodegradable cups. He sees a world where Elizabeth Gaskell is awarded the honors over Shakespeare, and non-polluting homosexuals and feminists join together to stop global warming. Does the mad-dog liberal realize that blacks do not read the white man's literature, whether it is feminist literature or genuine literature? Does he realize that black and brown people do not care about biodegradable coffee cups or global warming? Of course the mad-dog liberals don't realize such things; they are too intent on their headfirst plunge off the cliff, like the swine in the Gospel.

The conservative-liberal does not hate white people as the mad-dog liberal does. He simply views white people as irrelevant. In church and state the generic person is what counts to the conservative-liberal. "If white people won't work for slave wages in the factories then we will get non-whites to work in the factories." "The faith is transmitted from great minds to lesser minds; it doesn't matter what color the new neophytes are; it is the docility of their brains we are interested in, not the color of their skins or the state of their souls." Thus the capitalist wants an influx of colored people into his nation so that he can "compete" in the "free market," and the churchman wants an influx of colored so that he can compete with his different denominational rivals. Both variants of the conservative-liberal do not see the consequences of their betrayal of their race. The conservative-liberal might stave off economic disaster for a time, but ultimately the social unrest caused by anti-white immigration policies will kill the businesses that sought to profit by betraying the white race. And in the church the conservative-liberal who tries to transmit an anemic philosophy to the colored barbarians, while holding as naught the bred-in-the-bone faith of the ancient Europeans, will reap a whirlwind of barbarism that will kill the Christian faith by diffusing it into other faiths.

In the last week throughout my anti-nation, which none dare call a country, there was much devastation wrought by floods. Many people were left homeless, and whole towns looked more like abandoned towns than towns where people actually lived. The flood-devastated towns represent the present spiritual state of the European people. The floods of diversity have left the European people in a state of shell-shocked somnolence. Will they never wake from the hideous nightmare of diversity? If they don't their future will be that of the people and towns who were not merely devastated, but were actually consumed by the flood waters.

We must – those of us who are not Negro-worshipping liberals of either the mad-dog or conservative camp – ask why Europeans must now be governed by a barbarian race. Is the black lifestyle, the black religion, which is really an absence of religion, something a European should adapt as his own? Of course it isn't, but the liberal seldom deals with the black man as a black man. He casts him in the role of the noble savage as described by Rousseau, as the noble victim as described by Harper Lee, and the noble man of the future as described by the liberal legion. What kind of future is there for a people who worship a lie? The cult of the great black god is like the cult of the golden calf; it is unadulterated paganism, made all the more heinous by the shameful spectacle of the white Europeans worshipping at the altar of their black god.

During the recent floods white grazers came to life. They manned pumps and organized rescues for stranded flood victims. They were finally allowed to do something! Rescuing flood victims is still not a proscribed activity in Liberaldom, but in the floods of the future, when the white rescuers are extinct, who will rescue the flood victims? Will the great black gods step forth to rescue white people? Will they step forth to rescue black people? Anyone who has eyes to see can answer those questions.

I once served on a police force in a city that lost its power for three days. The mayor said that looters would be shot. Immediately the black organizations and the liberal press called the mayor a racist. But why did the blacks and the liberals assume the looters would be blacks? Isn't such an assumption racist? In point of fact, all the looters were black, and the liberals put their own spin on the black looting. "It's only natural that black people should steal things during a power outage. They are the most disenfranchised people and they don't have the extra quantities of food and water that whites have." But why do they never steal food and water? Why do they steal television sets and electronic devices? And why do they step up the rapes and murders during a power outage? Is that because they are poor and oppressed? Of course the liberals don't really try to answer the last question; they just scream 'racist' and that, in their minds, ends all arguments. Nothing the black man does is the black man's fault. Everything is the white man's fault because he and he alone has the taint of original sin. The colored people were all born without original sin; they are the pure, innocent children of nature.

It's a curious phenomenon, which could only occur in a post-Christian nation, this phenomenon of white grazers suddenly leaving their pastures to protect and serve in national emergencies. Then, when they are no longer needed, they are sent

back to graze, while the blacks, who raped, murdered, and looted during the national disaster, are set right back on the altars of the white church-going grazers to be worshipped and adored. "Penance have they done, and penance shall they do," is the liberal plan for white men.

The European countries and their offspring, such as the United States and Canada, are dying slower than countries like South Africa or the San Domingo of the 1790's, because whites, up until the last 20 years, were the vast majority in those countries. When the blacks outnumber the whites, the rules of egalitarian democracy dictate that formerly white countries will be transformed into modern day South Africa's and modern day Haiti's. And the black majority in those newly-formed black European countries will not respect the rights of the white minorities any more than their black brethren in South Africa and Haiti respected the rights of their white minorities.

Edmund Burke almost singlehandedly turned English public opinion against the French Revolution. He appealed to the innate conservatism of the English people, and they responded. Only the utopian liberals, such as Priestly, supported the homicidal radicals of the French Revolution. One of the overlooked aspects of Burke's criticism of the French radicals was his defense of the French aristocrats. Burke personally met with and aided many of the French nobility who managed to find asylum in Britain. Burke found the French aristocrats to be the best of the breed, whose loss France could ill afford. It's quite possible if France had not lost such men, and many others who didn't manage to get to England, that Europe would have been spared the militarism of Napoleon who became an inevitable consequence when the French radicals murdered their aristocracy.

France never did recover from liberty, equality, and fraternity. Appalled by the extreme violence, they decided, after Napoleon was deposed, to commit national suicide at a slower, democratic rate. And all the other nations of Europe have followed France's lead. "Utopia Now," if it meant violence, was not acceptable to Europeans (except to the Russians), but "Utopia Soon," so long as the death toll was not excessive, was acceptable to Europeans.

What happens when the radical ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity are injected into a nation with a white ruling class and a black majority underclass? The result is Haiti. The U. S. Civil War almost produced another Haiti, but white Southerners had greater solidarity than the French of San Domingo. Now white people do not have either the solidarity or the faith to stand up for white people and their civilization.

The black barbarian we will always have with us. The white men never civilized the blacks. When white men were strong and believed in their civilization, they kept the blacks in check, but that is all they did. Contrary to what the Unitarians and the other assorted sectarian sects have said, the black man was never civilized. The fuel on the fire is the Utopian white man. When the white forsakes Christianity for Utopianism the inert mass of black men are set on fire to murder, rape, and pillage.

Should there be less white men? No, there must be more white men, ready to fight for the only civilization that ever existed. Don't tell me about the pyramids or even the Parthenon. I care only about the civilization that produced men and women who took Him into their hearts and lived by the creed articulated by the Gentle Bard:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

The humanity of God! A people who once felt so close to God that they could hear His heart beat, just as the Apostle John heard it on the night of the Last Supper when he laid his head on the Sacred Heart, is a people that must not perish from the earth, lest the earth lose all connection to His Sacred Heart.+

In Defense of the Non-Inclusive European - SEPTEMBER 09, 2011

Yet many a minstrel in harping can tell
How the Red-cross it conquered, the crescent it fell:
-Walter Scott

When I was an undergraduate I had a professor who was a Marxist. Now, a Marxist in academia is not a rare thing, but this particular Marxist was different from the typical American Marxist. For one instance, this Marxist was a Stalinist. He denied the purges that even Khrushchev said took place. It was all lies -- the Gulag stories of Solzhenitsyn and so many others -- lies, lies, according to my professor. Secondly, the Marxist academic was more consistent than his liberal brethren, most of whom considered themselves Marxists as well. He was more consistent because he hated Shakespeare and regularly denounced him from his Marxist pulpit. A Marxist should hate Shakespeare's vision of life; it is diametrically opposed to Marxism. On the other hand, the other academics, the liberal fellow-travelers of the Marxist, did not share his opinion of Shakespeare. They went into raptures about Shakespeare's poetry, about his humanity, and about his keen insights into human nature. But they had no right to rhapsodize about Shakespeare. The Marxist professor was correct. From a liberal or Marxist view, which amounts to the same thing, Shakespeare is poison; he is a corrupter. As much as I hated the Marxist for hating my Shakespeare, I hated his liberal colleagues more, for trying to take comfort and sustenance from Shakespeare when, based on their professed beliefs, they should have left Shakespeare to the non-liberal Europeans and tried to take sustenance and solace from their modern garbage poets of Liberalism.

I've come to have the same feelings toward the halfway-house Christians that I had towards the Marxist professor's liberal colleagues. Why do they want to retain Christ for comfort and solace while remaining steadfast supporters of Liberalism? They support Negro-worship, Christian fusionism with the Jews, the Muslims, etc., and they have an undying commitment to secular democracy. When they oppose the liberals, on such issues as abortion and evolution, they do so within the framework of Liberalism. They differ respectfully and never try to topple Liberalism for institutionalizing infanticide or blaspheming God. Indeed the halfway-house Christian believes that democratic, egalitarian Liberalism is the Christian form of government. How does he reconcile that belief with legalized abortion and the sacred status of the theory of evolution? He reconciles his Christianity to liberal egalitarianism by calling legalized abortion and Darwinian evolution a misunderstanding: "If they only knew that the fetus was a child, and if they only knew the scientific evidence against evolution, they would understand and join hands with the Christians and celebrate what we all believe in: the worship of the Negro, the inclusion of all faiths in a pantheon of faiths, and the divine mandate to live and die according to the principles of democratic egalitarianism." Negroization + inclusion + democracy = Christianity. Such is the faith of the halfway-house Christian.

The new false Christianity of the halfway-house Christians has done more damage than all the direct assaults on the faith by outright Christ-haters such as Marx and George Bernard Shaw. Why? C. S. Lewis gives us the answer in his seventh and final Narnia novel, *The Last Battle*. The Christian heroes of the novel find out, to their horror, that the result of years of false teaching about Aslan has made people stop believing in the real Aslan. "Tirian had never dreamed that one of the results of an Ape's setting up a false Aslan would be to stop people from believing in the real one." And where has halfway-house Christianity, the false Christianity, come from? It has come from the organized churches. If we break the stranglehold that the organized churches have on Christianity, we will have taken the first step, the most important step, toward bringing down the walls of Liberalism.

There are no liberals in the colored cultures. There are some coloreds, like the Obama, who parrot liberal catch phrases because their bread is buttered by the liberals, but there are no people of color who have formed a passionate attachment to the liberal faith. The reason for the absence of liberal coloreds is obvious. Liberalism is a disease of the post-Christian white; the non-white people have never embraced Christianity, so they have never suffered the after-effect of post-Christianity.

The white man's fate has been the same as Peter's when he walked on water but then fell victim to fears and doubts:

"But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

The building of Christian Europe, through the grace of God, was equivalent to walking on water, but when the European started to sink he didn't ask Christ to save him; he turned to science, and he turned to organized, inclusive Christianity instead of Christ. Churches are buildings; they are not the faith itself. If Christianity is not preached in the Church buildings, then the Christian Church is somewhere else. Why should this be so difficult to understand? St. Paul clearly tells

us that the Church consists of those who believe in Jesus Christ. There is no other church. The Christianity of St. Paul, of the Gospels, is not compatible with the fusionism of the modern churches.

In the black mass the devotees have a valid priest say the mass, using the proper words of consecration. The Satanists think they can use Him for their own satanic purposes. What blasphemy! As if the Son of God would allow Himself to be used in that manner. The devil and his adherents are strict formalists, but our Lord, who bids us worship in spirit and in truth, is not.

Something similar to a black mass is taking place in the Christian halfway-house churches. They want to further the cause of their black gods, so they invoke Christ's name to aid them. But does anyone believe that Our Lord, who sees into the secret recesses of our hearts, can be made to support the worship of Negroes just because halfway-house Christian clergymen invoke His name? Negro-worshipping clergymen will be forever at war with Christian Europeans, because in order to deify the Negro they must demonize the Europeans of the past, who did not deify the Negro. And in that European past, in the lifeblood of the European people, is the true image of Jesus Christ. You can't have a church that worships the Negro and that worships Jesus Christ. The liberals and the halfway-house Christians have made their choice, and we have made ours. All talk about a European resurgence is useless if we do not break with the Negro-worshipping, anti-Christian Christians, who constitute the heretical center of organized Christianity.

Time and time again, I've seen some struggling white turned away from drugs or alcohol or sexual depravity by a burgeoning faith in Jesus Christ. And time and time again, I've seen the stream of that emerging faith diverted into a fusionist hell of Negro worship. The halfway-house Christian is like the seed in the Gospels that falls on the rocks; he has no roots, he has nothing to keep his faith in Christ from being washed away by liberalism.

Satan knows what has to be done to keep his kingdom, Liberalism, in order. It is necessary that the European should divest himself of prejudices. And what are prejudices? They are the European's link to the past. He prefers the values of white Christians to the values of black barbarians, and he prefers his exclusive Christian faith to the inclusive anti-Christian faith of the liberals. Burke said all this many years ago:

... in this enlightened age I am bold enough to confess that we are generally men of untaught feelings; that instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and to take more shame to ourselves we cherish them because they are prejudices, and the longer they have lasted and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them!

Herein constitutes the great blasphemy of the Negro-worshipping, halfway-house Christian: he flies in the face of the time-honored prejudices of the Christian European people. The modern, halfway-house Christian self-righteously takes it as a given that the Europeans of the past were insufficiently Christian because they placed a wall between the races and punished those who tried to breach the wall. Why would you assume such a time-honored prejudice was wrong? Was God wrong to discriminate against Ham and his descendants? Were millions of Christian Europeans wrong for century after century because they discriminated in favor of the white Christian civilization against the black barbarian civilization? If we are looking for diseased souls, we will find more than enough in the ranks of the halfway-house Christians. They see, when they look at the Europeans of the past, nothing but shameful prejudices, when (if they had eyes to see) they should see the image of the God they have forsaken for the Negro and the gods of the inclusive Christian churches.

The white man's sphere of activity has been limited to "whatever serves Liberalism." It's sad to see a once great race of people, the Christ-bearing race, beg to be allowed a small corner of Liberalism. In the wake of the recent race riots in London, for instance, some 60 members of the English Defense League gathered in a park in a London suburb, sang patriotic songs, and chanted, "England, we love you!"

When I read that statement for an instant my heart soared. Were patriotic Englishmen about to make a stand for white, Christian Britain? No, they were not. They followed up their patriotic songs with a declaration that indicated they belonged to the new, inclusive England which is not England; it is nothing: "The EDL and all decent people be they black, white, Christian, Sikh, Jewish or Muslim are sickened by this mindless, selfish and ultimately self-defeating behavior." The white man has been carefully trained to preface all his protests against colored violence with "not all blacks, not all Muslims, not all..." – why go on repeating the drivel of trained parrots? The black and Muslim violence is not "self-defeating"; it is meant to further the defeat of the retreating white Englishmen. The blacks and the Muslims do not dream of a multi-racial Britain where "all decent people" live together. The blacks don't dream at all; they just murder, rape, and pillage, and the Muslims dream of an Islamic Britain. Only white men who consider their race, their nation, and their faith as one sacred entity, which must be defended against all the world, will be of any use in the ongoing war against Satan and his colored legions. +

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

-King Lear

About ten years ago, when my mother was still alive, she sent me the obituary of the man who had been my Little League manager. He was the type of man who would make a good subject for the old *Reader's Digest* feature called "My Most Unforgettable Character." Mr. Gulf was the only manager who didn't have children on a team. His kids were all grown, but he stayed on as a volunteer umpire and a manager. When he died at 88, he had only been retired from Little League baseball for six years. Mr. Gulf was a tall, barrel-chested man with a gravel voice, but he was very patient with his charges and seemed to have grasped the fact, unlike some of the other adults involved with the Little League, that Little League baseball was supposed to help boys become men, in the 'Battle of Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton' sense. The Little League was not designed, in Mr. Gulf's eyes, to help grown men become little boys again. To many of the parents and other managers Mr. Gulf was a figure of ridicule because he regularly sat on the edge of the dugout and spouted sport clichés. But he wasn't comical to us, because Mr. Gulf actually believed in the clichés and his belief made us believe.

One of Mr. Gulf's favorite axioms, which he delivered to every boy before he stepped up to the plate, was, "Son, you've got to believe that you can hit that ball. If you don't believe in yourself, you'll never get a hit." A cliché? Not to Mr. Gulf and not to us. More often than not, we did hit the ball because Mr. Gulf made us believe we could hit. And it seems to me that the problem with the modern European man is that he no longer believes in himself. I don't mean this in the blasphemous sense, in that a man should believe only in himself and in nothing outside himself; I mean it as an extension of Mr. Gulf's 'Battle of Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton' metaphysic. The European used to believe that his culture was superior to every other culture, and that superiority, which came to him by the grace of God, entailed certain responsibilities, chiefly the responsibility of defending his race and his people against the onslaught of lesser breeds who were outside the law and did not know or respect the God of charity and mercy. Strength, vigilance, and unflinching loyalty to white culture was thought to be necessary because the European considered his race as the Christ-bearing race.

The modern European, to the extent that he has any strength, vigilance, or loyalty, expends it all in attacking the white race and the religion that was championed by the white race. There is no escaping that fact. Halfway house Christians will claim that they are just removing the bad European cultural baggage from Christianity and restoring the Christian faith to its original purity, but it is not difficult to see the disingenuousness of their claim. Every single "improvement" on the European-centered Christianity is in line with liberalism; not the gospel of Jesus Christ, the God of the antique Europeans. The new spirit of inclusion is not an improvement; it is a dethronement of Christ. The new cult of Negro worship is not an advance; it is a blasphemous capitulation to the lowest form of paganism. And where in Scripture did Christ say that it was permissible to make Him subordinate to the democratic process?

The new Christianity is not Christianity. Those who equate Christianity with an organized, philosophical system or a social club will follow the new anti-Christian Christianity to its logical conclusion, which is hell. But the Europeans who yearn for a God of charity and mercy above the nature gods will still seek the Son of God. The problem facing the drug-soaked, sex-crazed, nihilistic European, who still feels a void in his soul, is that the Christ he sees before his eyes is a liberal Christ. He needs to seek out the same hovel that Lear took refuge in. And there, in the hovel of spiritual desolation, he will see the Christ, not the Christ of the liberals, but The Christ, The Son of the Living God.

In one post I wrote, titled "The Gingerbread House," I mentioned that the United States and the western European countries used the seductive form of the egalitarian heresy. They covered the books about the European past with monkey-vomit and told the lost souls of modernity that they were welcome to read that filth if they could stand the stench. By and large the confused modern turned from a past covered with monkey vomit. But some pilgrims were so desperate or possibly so cynical that they had to see the monkey vomit books for themselves. I was such an individual. And in those books whose covers were sprayed with the liberal monkey vomit of scorn, derision, and accusations of racism and infantilism, there was a compelling image of a God whom the European people used to worship. He was not the God of the modern, organized churches; He was not the God of the philosophers or the Negro-worshippers; He was Jesus of Nazareth, the Man of Sorrows, who took flesh and dwelt among us. This the antique European believed.

The antique European also believed in his eternal moment. He believed that what he did on this earth made a difference, because his blood was connected to a loving Savior who had forged a connection to His people more mystical and mysterious than the most devout devotee of the ancient mystery religions could conceive, and more intrinsically humane than any philosopher or moral theologian could possibly imagine. The liberal has convinced the European that he has no eternal moment, that there is no link between mortal man and a loving God. We are all, we Europeans of the old stock, in

Hamlet's position. We are born to set it right. We will not be played upon by liberals who are determined to pluck out our mystery by denying our blood connection to the living God:

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

There is a world in those words, "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

Just as Claudius sought to impose his world, based on adultery and fratricide, on Hamlet, so do the liberals seek to impose their world of Negro worship, infanticide, and Christ-less Christianity on the European. The grazers have accepted the legitimacy of the liberals' world, but we few, we Europeans, will not accept their world. In our blood, which we have not forsaken, we have seen another and better world than Liberaldom.

The majority of the French people at the time of the French Revolution did not support the radicals who murdered the King, but the majority of French people had become grazers. They were indifferent to the ancient ideal of "I serve the King and the King serves Christ." And no doubt the indifference of Louis XIV and Louis XV, not Louis XVI, to that ideal did much to breed the indifference. A small minority with conviction will always triumph over a majority of indolent grazers. This is why the polls constantly fool the conservatives. They take a poll among the grazers and find out that a majority favor older traditional values. "Behold!" the conservative exclaims, "We are turning the corner." But the grazer is indifferent traditional. He would prefer his neighbor to be white, but he isn't going to get upset if he is a Somalian; he doesn't like the idea of homosexual marriage, but he isn't going to lose any sleep over it so long as the network keeps showing football games. And on and on it goes. Has the white man really become such a creature of indolence that he can be played upon so easily by the liberals? Yes, he has become such a creature.

Virtually all white Europeans are liberals by what they acquiesce to. But liberalism still has only a minority of adherents who have given their hearts and souls to liberalism. If a European Hamlet emerges, he who has that within which passeth show, who is willing to attack liberalism, he will find that the walls of Liberaldom are not as impregnable as the liberals want us to believe. They are vulnerable to a passion for His Europe that is greater than their passion for Satan's mind-forged walls of Liberaldom.

One of the many admirable aspects of Hamlet's counter revolution was his complete unconcern as to whether the people, the grazers, were for or against him. He knew what his duty was and he did what his high calling demanded of him. We don't know if any of the grazers will follow in our train if we attack Liberaldom, but by the same token we will never know if we don't attack Liberaldom without any expectation of help from the grazers. There might be genuine heroes among the ranks of the grazers who are just in need of a heroic example. If the last Europeans do not act as Europeans they will truly be the last Europeans.

Last week I took my youngest children to an amusement park to enjoy the last rose of summer. While they were enjoying themselves on the rides, I ordered our hamburgers at the food stand. Ordering food at the same time were some liberal 'care providers' (liberals can always be identified) for a large group of retarded young adults and older adults. As the retarded people sat waiting for their food, they started yelling the f-word at each other. The care providers didn't ask them to stop; in fact they seemed quite amused. I went up to the care providers and told them I wanted them to tell their charges to stop screaming the f-word as my children would soon be coming to eat their lunch at a nearby table. The care providers told me what was obvious, that their charges were retarded. Then they went on to explain that we all had to

understand that retarded people had to be treated differently than other people; “we must make allowances” etc. But who teaches retarded people to yell the f-word across a crowded room? The liberal care providers do, by their smiling acquiescence. It is just as uncompassionate to allow retarded adults to wallow in moral filth as it is to allow them to sit in soiled diapers. I never remember retarded people screaming obscenities when I was growing up. They take their cue from their leaders.

The white grazers that I see every day remind me of those retarded people. They take their cue from the liberals and say and do horrendous things. But what if some Europeans would emerge and present a different example for the grazers to follow? Would miracles occur? We don’t know. But we do know that truth needs to be embodied in a person. He taught us that. The hero, not the solecism or the platitude, is the European bridge to His Kingdom come. +

The Hope of Europe - AUGUST 26, 2011

Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o’er.
-Thomas Moore

The rebellion in Libya is big news because it can be cast in an angelic light: “The common people are rising up and casting out an evil dictator; soon there will be a democracy in Libya.” First, it is highly unlikely that the demise of Khadafy will bring about the establishment of a Western-style democracy. And secondly, even if the Libyans could establish a Western-style democracy, it would not be a blessing, it would be a curse. But since the “rebellion” can be placed in a utopian context, part of the ongoing and upward march of mankind, we will be treated to non-stop bulletins about the rebellion’s progress until the new government comes to power and starts slaughtering its citizens, at which point there will be silence.

The recent London riots by the Muslims and the blacks did not receive the laudatory coverage from the Western media that the Libya rebellion received. The reportage of the London riots was vague and mystical: “Some unknown thugs are causing problems.” The reason for the difference in the news coverage between the two rebellions is obvious. The Libyan riots can be proclaimed as a movement toward utopia while the London riots, if reported accurately, would show that the great liberal utopia of religious inclusion and Negro worship is not working.

In my first year as a police officer I shared a patrol car with a veteran officer who was, looking back on it, one of the last instinctual Europeans. His uncommon common sense came from his instincts as a white man, instincts that modern white men have forsaken. Jim was particularly sound on the subject of Negroes. When they were under lock and key, and when one of the weaker Negroes needed help against the stronger, predatory Negroes, Jim was humane to them, much more humane than the Negroes were to each other. But Jim knew the Negroes; he knew about their propensities toward rape, robbery, and murder, and he knew that those propensities could break out at any time if the Negroes were not kept in check by white men. Jim never could understand why the educated establishment of his own country encouraged black violence and persecuted and prosecuted white men, especially policemen, who tried to stop black violence. Having come from academia I tried to explain liberals to Jim, but I never could get him to understand liberals. Their beliefs were just too alien to him. He retired a confused and embittered man.

It was good for me to look at liberalism from Jim’s perspective, because we tend to get too accepting of liberals, too tolerant of their inhumanity, and too tolerant of their presence among us. They are loathsome, reptilian creatures devoid of all the attributes of humanity. Jim understood that. What he failed to understand was the reason for the liberals’ inhumanity. Why would people who seemed to be white themselves preach white genocide? And why would outwardly respectable whites laud and praise black barbarians? Of course, we know the answer. The liberals preach white genocide and praise and honor black barbarians because they worship the Negro, who is the centerpiece of their utopian vision of a Christian paradise on earth that is devoid of Christians and Jesus Christ. Everything that seems to serve the liberals’ vision of a brave new world devoid of Christian Europeans is supported by the liberals. The rebellion in Libya, for instance, feeds the liberals’ fantasy that all people everywhere (except antique Europeans) want to move their country towards the universal utopian state envisioned by the liberals. And often Arab rebels, who know the liberals’ vision of utopia, use that vision of the liberals for their own propaganda purposes. Do you remember, if you’re old enough, when the Iranian “students,” who took the Americans hostage in the late 1970’s, let the Negro and women hostages go? They were aware of the liberal hierarchy. Blacks and women were part of utopia and therefore valued; white men were not slated to be part of utopia, therefore they were of no consequence.

There is a wall, a spiritual wall, that is much more formidable than the old Berlin Wall. It is the wall that Satan has built around Liberaldom. Outside the wall are the antique European males and the European women who have remained faithful to them. Inside the wall are the people of color, the liberals, and the white grazers. The grazers are permitted to

feed in the pastures of Liberaldom so long as they behave themselves and don't make a fuss when some of their own are taken out of the herd and sent to the slaughterhouses of Liberaldom. When the grazers seek to improve the conditions of their grazing pastures, they must frame their appeals in terms that do not suggest there is anything wrong with Liberaldom. Indeed, what could be wrong in paradise? So when grazing whites protest abortion, they make it a black issue: "It is black genocide" they say, "and therefore it is racist and wrong." The Pope of the grazing whites includes all faiths in his pasture and talks about the necessity of getting a black pope to preside over the integrated pastures of black and white sheep. "Christianity is compatible with Liberaldom," the head grazer tells the liberals, "and we are quite willing to subordinate our faith to the dictates of your Negro-worshipping faith."

The walls of Liberaldom are invisible but they are real and the liberals guard them with a religious zeal. The United States of America has the most impregnable walls. Just look at American-European Liberaldom and compare it to European Liberaldom. In European Liberaldom there is some room, albeit not very much, for dissent, because of the European multi-party systems. A Le Pen or a Geert Wilders can actually run for office while holding views that are contrary to Liberaldom, but even those men must couch their dissent in the mildest terms: "I respect all people; I just want my people to receive equal rights." And when has a mild dissenter ever achieved actual power in Liberaldom? But still we must give the liberal star to the United States, "The Land of the Free." In the United States there are only two parties and no one running for office in either party is permitted to speak against Liberaldom and for white Europeans. The only voting option that is left an American European is a vote for a candidate, such as Ron Paul, who wants to liquidate the white race at a slower rate than his democratic counterparts. We ultimately are talking about a minute difference between the European and the European American. They are both in the same boat, and they are both, as the saying goes, seasick.

Every parent who home schools now, or did home school when his children were growing up, has heard the refrain, "But what about socialization? How will your children become socialized? Of course, that is the point. The antique European does not want his children socialized. He wants them to hate Liberaldom with all their heart and soul. And if they don't hate Liberaldom with all their heart and soul, they will eventually become part of Liberaldom.

The antique European is like the home schooled child. Christ has nurtured and taught the European at home, by the hearth fire where charity reigned supreme over ruin and death. If we leave that hearth fire to become part of Liberaldom, instead of spreading that hearth fire throughout Liberaldom until Liberaldom is in flames, we will be drained of faith and life by the liberal succubus.

When you claim, as I do, that there is no hope for the white man within the framework of liberal, Negro-worshipping democracy, the conservatives and the halfway-house Christians claim you are depriving them of hope. I don't see it that way. I am trying to turn their hearts away from a false hope in order that they might someday turn to our only hope. Spiritually Russian communism was akin to liberal democracy. Just as Russian prisoners living under a death sentence needed to divest themselves of a false hope in a reprieve from the Central Executive Committee, so do white men living under a death sentence within the walls of democratic Liberaldom need to divest themselves of their false hope.

There were eight prisoners under sentence of death in the cell, but every one of them, after all, had sent a petition to Kalinin and every one expected a commutation, and therefore: "You today, me tomorrow." They moved away and looked on indifferently while the condemned man was tied up, while he cried out for help, while they shoved a child's rubber ball into his mouth. (Now, looking at that child's ball, could one really guess all its potential uses? What a good example for a lecturer on the dialectical method!)

Does hope lend strength or does it weaken a man? If the condemned men in every cell had ganged up on the executioners as they came in and choked them, wouldn't this have ended the executions sooner than appeals to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee? When one is already on the edge of the grave, why not resist?

But wasn't everything foredoomed anyway, from the moment of arrest? Yet all the arrested crawled along the path of hope on their knees, as if their legs had been amputated.

There is no mercy in liberals, so let's keep our powder dry and at the right moment cry, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

Hope is part of a triumvirate that includes faith and charity. It would be blasphemous to think that true Christian hope can exist in a world without faith and without charity. It is not pleasant to feel one's self alone in a hostile world, but it is far more unpleasant, in fact it is unbearable, to live in a land without faith, hope, and charity, and to think that there is no other world. This is the reason we need to believe in a spiritual realm, the realm of Christian Europe, beyond the walls of Liberaldom. So long as we see that other world clearly we will never be part of Liberaldom; instead we will be the scourge of Liberaldom. There is no higher calling for a European.

Look at the two worlds clearly. There can be no fairy tale endings if we no longer chose to live in that land of faith, hope, and charity called Christian Europe. Liberals systematically constructed a world where genuine faith, hope, and charity are

outlawed, but for how long can they maintain such a kingdom? They will maintain it only so long as the Europeans deny their blood. When the men of fairy tale Europe, His Europe, see with their hearts instead of their heads they will be ready to take back their own again. And once taken, they will hold Christian Europe against all the world. +

Death in Life - AUGUST 19, 2011

Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
The Spectre with his Blood Hand,
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

-Walter Scott

There is a relatively new development in the ongoing race war which only one side, the wrong side, is fighting. Blacks are now using what I believe is called 'social media' to aid them in their war against white people. The blacks target a particular area, such as a mall or shopping center, and they use their cell phones to help coordinate the attack. At the opportune moment, a black horde of Twitterers descend upon their white victims to rob, rape, and murder them. O brave new liberal world that has such creatures in it!

Of course the media do not report the crimes as racially motivated. When the crimes are reported at all, and they generally are not reported, they are reported as crimes committed by "youths." Wouldn't the liberals howl if I did a documentary on Nazi Germany and reported that the upper echelon of the Nazi party was composed of middle-aged men of unknown origin?

Let's look at this as Shane would look at it. He didn't like the fact that Stark Wilson had the front wall and he was left in the open part of the room. But he accepted it as the reality he had to face and deal with. And in the end Stark Wilson was dead.

The reality is that the black race hates the white race. Blacks will kill, rob, and rape white people unless white people show them, in no uncertain terms, that there will be consequences for their actions. The black hatred of the white is not the result of slavery or poverty or anything the white is supposed to have done to the black. The blacks hate the white race because it is in their nature to hate; they have been at war with the white race since the beginning of time. It is only in modern times, however, that a large minority of white people, called liberals, have joined with the blacks in their maniacal hatred of the white race. And the rest of the whites, the grazers, have consented to their own destruction, so long as they are properly fed with Superbowls, NASCAR, and porno movies on their way to the slaughterhouse.

There is also nothing to be gained by ignoring the obvious source of the white hatred of white people; the source is the Christian churches. I know that a great deal of white nationalists blame the Jews for the decline of the white man, but the European-hating Jew we have always had with us and always will have with us. Christian Europeans used to know how to protect themselves from the Jew just as they knew how to protect themselves from the Negro. We need to ask ourselves why the white European has caved in to the Jews and the Negroes. Again, the obvious answer is that the Christian churches preached the inclusion of the Jews and the worship of the blacks. And the clergy of the Christian churches preached those ungodly heresies because they had ceased to be Christian. Just as the Greeks abandoned their gods, the Europeans abandoned Christ.

The Renaissance poets and painters often brought the old pagan gods into their works, but the pagan gods were no longer real to the Europeans; they were used to symbolize some aspect of the Christian faith, which had supplanted them. It might seem like a sad fate for a god, to become merely a symbol for another religion, but the pagan gods could not satisfy the longing in the European's heart. He needed a Hero-God who was a hero because of His humanity. Christ was like unto men, but He was more than men, not by virtue of His inhumanity but by virtue of His humanity. He was strong yet meek, and He was just yet merciful. And above all His heart was aflame with the charity that passeth all understanding, at least the understanding of the human mind; European hearts did understand and believe. – "The Trumpet Shall Sound"

In Liberaldom, Christ merely represents, as was the case with the Greek gods in Renaissance Europe, the virtues of the new religion that has supplanted Christianity. Christ is the civil rights worker, the man who condemns apartheid and segregation; he is the pacifist who is against violence; he is the communist who condemns private property and greed... he is the embodiment of all the liberal virtues, but he is not, to the liberal, the Son of God. The reason the liberal clergymen

scream “Inclusion! Inclusion! Inclusion!” is because they hope to fill the void, created by Christ’s demotion to a virtuous liberal, with a pantheon of heathen gods such as the generic black man, Mohammed, Buddha, the unrepentant Jew, the gods of Montezuma, and every other heathen deity they can stuff into their new, inclusive pantheon of heathen gods. What about Christ’s warning that He is a jealous God? That’s the old Christ; the new Christ is a hero from an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel. He is the nicest liberal in town, and he would never be jealous of other gods.

The Christian clergy, who are not Christian, are the embodiment of Stark Wilson, the hired gun who came to town to destroy the white homesteaders. We must face them, just as Shane faced Stark Wilson. I know the objections by heart, “What about the sacraments -- how will I get valid sacraments?” “What about honoring the Sabbath -- God wants us to attend Church!” There are one thousand reasons and ten that one could list in favor of a pious, humble acceptance of clergy-worship. But in the end we must ask ourselves if Christ, the Son of the Living God, wants us to hate our own kind. And we must also ask ourselves if Christ wants to be worshipped as one god among many and have His name linked to modern liberalism. When the modern clergy blather about inclusion, we should take a page out of Cyrano and tell them, “Say this to all the world, then whisper to me, ‘I no longer believe’.”

The white-hating clergy have managed to make the white man’s love of his own into something filthy and dirty. The mere mention of black on white crime or the need for segregation brings the label of “white supremacist” down on the head of the white man who dares mention the unmentionable. I’ve noticed that even “white nationalists” try to escape the white supremacist label. I recently heard a white nationalist leader deny that he was a white supremacist: “I’m for equal rights for all people.” Is that really something a white man should be for? Are black people willing to accept equal rights? The black man only understands a master-slave relationship. If you grant him equal rights, as the French revolutionists did in Haiti, he takes that as a sign of weakness and sets out to do what he does best: rape, murder, and pillage. The white and the black can only co-exist in a master-slave relationship with the white as master. If the reverse becomes the case, if black men rule, then the whites will be exterminated, and the blacks will be in constant warfare with each other. But since the modern world demands equality, the liberals (especially the clergy) should accept segregation: “Let the blacks have their equality of the dung heap, but keep them away from my people.” The disingenuousness of the liberals becomes crystal clear when we see their unwillingness to let the white man segregate himself from the Negro. If blacks are so wonderful, and whites are so evil, shouldn’t the liberals be demanding that the two races segregate? We have brought the lie of the liberals out into the open. They don’t want ‘separate but equal’ because without the white man the black man will perish. When the whites were exterminated in Haiti, did a new paradisiacal world emerge? No, of course it didn’t. And when the black man’s war against the whites of Europe and the United States ends with the extermination of the whites a new paradise will not emerge.

Of course it’s a “if these shadows are not altered” scenario. The death of the white man only seems inevitable when we look at contemporary, Negro-worshipping Liberalism. We know that the white European once drew strength from Christ, not from democratic ideals and dreams of liberal utopias. If He could once again become the focus of the European, then there would be no attack on the innocent that would go unavenged and there would be no “inclusiveness” in the Christian churches.

In Scott’s epic poem Marmion he writes about the tangled web of a liar:

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

Satan ensnared Adam and Eve with his lie about a power in nature that was greater than God. And when the clergy studied nature as something separate and distinct from God, they came to believe in the lie of their own godlike powers. “If God is less than nature, and we can understand and harness nature, are we not at least co-equal if not superior to God?” The liberals have returned to a pagan concept of God, and the grazers have fallen in line with the new-old pantheon of pagan gods. The great deathlike sleep that has fallen on the people of Europe is the result of the new paganism. There are no longer Europeans with personalities; they all resemble vegetative matter. They no longer love, strive, or worship; they simply vegetate.

Can a human vegetable become a European again? He can if he sees that other Europe, the Europe of the incarnate God. But he won’t be able to see that Europe unless someone from old Europe shows it to him. That is the task of the hero. The hero is one who has not broken faith with the past and who embodies in his person the virtues of the past. The survival of a remnant, a “chosen few,” is a mystery. Why are there always some men who still see with blinding sight? It’s not given to us to know such things as we might know the answer to a mathematical equation. God’s grace and our free will are of the spirit, and such things cannot be measured, quantified, or put in a silver rod.

There is a false dichotomy that theologians addicted to the dialectic often set up. They label certain virtues ‘active virtues’ and others ‘passive virtues.’ In reality, there is no dichotomy. The inner contemplative war against invisible principalities

and powers that takes place in the dark night of our soul is a necessary preparation for the outer war against visible principalities and powers. What does that mean in the modern world? It means that white people won't fight for their own because they no longer have the spiritual depth to fight the good fight in the deepest recesses of their souls. Without the spirit to protect and defend their kith and kin, white people have lost the will to protect and defend as well. It would take a miracle, like a man rising from the dead, to put the spirit of faith and the will to fight in the white man.

Lincoln was wrong when he claimed that the fate of modern Europeans hung on the slender thread of democracy. It was Dostoevsky who was right when he asked whether it was possible for a modern European to believe in the divinity of Christ. Is our faith still so ancient and so new? If we don't believe it is, then to whom can we turn? All the pagan world can turn to the gods of color and the god of science, but not the European who still believes that his Redeemer liveth. +

Children of Wonder - AUGUST 12, 2011

And all the old romance, retold – Robert Louis Stevenson

The response of the British establishment to the London riots was so predictable, so quintessentially liberal, that we can only conclude there is a little yellow book (yellow for cowardice) that all liberal regimes have access to, which explains the proper liberal response to every situation. On page 4 we might see the following:

Question #17: What should we do when Muslims and coloreds start ripping our major city apart, thus exposing the violent underbelly of diversity?

Answer #17: First, say that violence and thuggery will not be tolerated. Second, warn all Britons that this is no time for “right wing vigilantism.” That would be the worst thing that could happen. Third, never blame the riots on people of color or people of the Muslim faith. Fourth, criticize the police for provoking the riot and promise a more diverse police force in the future and more diversity training for the few remaining white policemen. Fifth, make sure that any act of self-defense by white shop owners or white homeowners is prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The London riots this summer, the French riots in 2005 and in 2007, the riots in the New Orleans Superdome during Hurricane Katrina all stem from religious and racial diversity. The Muslims and the coloreds are barbarians who want to destroy white people and their culture. The riots, when they break out, are only slightly more dramatic manifestations of the daily murders, rapes, and mayhem performed by the Muslims and the people of color. What is highly revealing is the liberals' reactions to the crises. They always circle the wagons and protect the new Babylon. They react according to the program described in page 4 of their “Yellow Book.” Their main concern is that there shall be no “right-wing” reaction to the violence of the barbarians of color. All the standard vehicles for diversity – church, press, and state – are brought to the fore to denounce a violent, white reaction to the colored violence. And by and large the diversity machines of church and state will be successful. There might be a few white Britons who will vote for the BNP in the next election, but in the main the white Britons will remain stupefied by the propaganda of the diversity-loving British establishment. Why will the white Britons (and there is no other kind of Briton) remain stupefied and helpless? For the same reason you can't keep a man in prison for twenty years on a starvation diet of bread and water and expect him, upon his release, to fight in the arena against a well-fed, well-conditioned gladiator. The prisoner won't have the muscle to fight, just as the modern Brits do not have the spiritual muscle to fight the satanic, diversity-loving British establishment. The Muslims have a faith, the Negroes have a faith, but the white European has no faith. Men of faith have “prejudices” which see them through life's emergencies. Men without heartfelt prejudices about existence, men who have only formed a propositional faith of the mind, are swept away like the two little pigs who built their houses with straw and sticks.

To the extent that there is ever a response to the violence of the Jihadists and the people of color in Britain, France, the United States or any other European nation, the response is always an appeal by white people to be allowed to exist within the New Babylon. The appeal is not granted because white people, according to the wisdom of the Babylonians are evil. But even if the liberal Babylonians were willing to grant the white peoples' appeal it would not be possible for white people to coexist with Negroes and Muslims, because both groups are committed to the extermination of the white man. Diversity does not mean ‘varied’; it means the death of white people. There is a type of malaise that descends on a people when they are in a hostage-type situation. The modern European has been taken hostage. His liberal foe has sentenced him to death, but he is killing Europeans incrementally. European hostages are very compliant to the murderers' demands, because each one hopes the executioners will kill them later rather than sooner. I recall a hostage situation in my police district. A black murderer was taking the employees of a restaurant back into the storeroom and killing them one by one, while his accomplice stood guard on the other victims. One man decided, “He is going to kill me anyway, so I might as well go down fighting,” and he attacked the man standing guard, took his gun, killed him and then killed the other Negro when he stepped back into the front room. Why don't more Europeans follow that unsung hero's lead? The blacks, the Muslims,

and the other colored tribes have been very blunt about their murderous intentions. Why shouldn't we fight back? Of course the answer to that is clear. The European people do not believe they are a people. Abstract minds cannot fight.

Practical programs of nationalist leaders that are geared to gain acceptance for white people who are living in Babylon are doomed to failure. No pagan, having defeated his enemy, turns over a piece of his conquered territory to his enemy. Only Christian warriors are magnanimous in victory. When mounting a counterrevolution, we can't leave out the faith that inspired the antique Europeans to fight, and win, against the forces of Babylon.

There have been thousands of lost treasure books written, but for me there is only one treasure book, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. In the book Stevenson shows us the type of civilization that produces men who can fight and defeat the forces of Babylon. The pirate culture that Stevenson depicts is a culture much like our modern, liberal Babylonian culture. All races are united in their love of murder, rape, and pillage, and homosexuality is just another form of recreation. Against this culture is the bred-in-the-bone Christianity of Jim Hawkins, Dr. Livesey and Alexander Smollet. When Ben Gunn says he is "sore for Christian diet," he need not say European food because Europe and Christianity are inextricably bound; who could imagine they would ever be rent asunder?

The Christianity that is bred-in-the-bone never surrenders to Babylon because... Well, because it just isn't done. If you would probe a man like Alexander Smollet and ask him why it isn't done, "Why not strike a compromise with the Babylonians?" he would tell you the same thing he told the pirates:

"Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones."

A true-bred Englishman does not beg for a share of Babylon, because he prefers death to dishonor, and because he has the Christian European's ability to distinguish between Christ and Satan. Satan's minions offer a compromise only as a means of destroying the white man. They can only be defeated; a Christian European cannot arrive at a mutual understanding with Satan.

When the spirit is right, when the ability to distinguish the difference between a colored heathen and a Christian European is bred-in-the-bone, the practical measures fall into place. Jim Hawkins is armed because he knows there is such a thing as evil.

"I began to recall what I had heard about cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenceless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly towards him."

Firearms are illegal in Britain and most of America's urban centers, because the rulers of Liberalism do not want white men to set their faces resolutely and take violent action against the murderous colored thugs of Liberalism, but it isn't necessary to wait for the legalization of firearms before we protect and defend our people. If the spirit is willing a man will find the means to fight.

Spiritually the Europeans are dead; no "practical," get-out-the-vote, nationalist movement can revive them, because the nationalist leaders have not chosen the better part. They are pleading for an allotment of the liberal-barbarian pie. (1) Death in life can only be remedied by a faith in the God who turned death into eternal life; no amount of liberal pie, no matter how large the slice, can bring the dead Europeans to life.

When the Muslim and colored riots break out, the liberal establishment treat them as aberrations, but they are not aberrations. They are the logical outcome of white-hating liberalism. Contra church, state, and press the white man must refuse to be eradicated. The "love that once was there" still resides in the hearts of those Europeans who have not renounced their blood. It's more than an uphill battle to restore Europe; it's an impossibility if we succumb to pragmatism or philosophical indifference. But if we make the battle what it truly is, a battle of good vs. evil, and we love the good, which has a name and a personality, we will do more than keep the beast at bay, we will send him back to hell.

Where in Liberalism is the face of Jesus Christ? In the fusionist churches? In the mosques built next to the churches? In the abortuaries? In the black-infested urban centers? And where is the face of Satan? In the fusionist churches, in the mosques... There is nothing redeemable in Liberalism; we are bound to a wheel of fire so long as we try to adjust to Liberalism. The *raison d'être* of liberalism is the destruction of white Europeans, who are standing in the way of utopia. Our *raison d'être* is the restoration of Christian Europe, which was not utopia but something infinitely superior to utopia; it was a land where meek souls "received Him still." No mere liberal or savage barbarian can stand against a European who draws his sword on behalf of the European people who honored, in their hearts, the incarnate Lord of Europe. Set

pragmatism and philosophy aside and become once again a child of wonder and soldier of the cross. That is the life for a man of Europe. +

(1) “And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee...”

“And no man gave unto him”: there is no place for the Christian European in Babylon. We need to return to our Father’s house.

Soulless, Godless Diversity - AUGUST 05, 2011

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead...” – Sir Walter Scott

Every so often I’ll read a conservative writer’s expose of the public schools. He tells us of the gender-mixing classes: “Gender identity is a spectrum where people can be girls and feel like girls, or feel like boys, or feel like both, or feel like neither.” Or he’ll tell us about some hideous sex ed class in which the only sexual option that is never considered a viable option is the Christian option. The assumption in all the expose-type articles is that the public, especially the parents of public-schooled children, would be “scandalized” if they knew what was being taught in the public schools. It’s as if the conservative writers are frozen in time and think there is a generic American public out there from the 1950’s who are shocked by the sexual depravity taught in the classrooms of America. The public does know, and the ones who do not completely approve, a small minority, are indifferent. The indifferent ones don’t really care what the curriculum is; they just want their children to have a “good education.” Why does the conservative hold on to the belief that there is a “moral majority” out there who do not want the sexual ethics of Liberalism taught in our public schools? For the same reason pro-lifers back in the 1970’s and 1980’s kept insisting that the majority of the American people did not want legalized abortion. If you believe in the democratic heresy, and the majority of your countrymen want to live where sexual degeneracy is taught in the classrooms and practiced in society, you must acquiesce to degeneracy. After all, “majority rules”!

In the beginning of all radical movements there is not a majority in favor of radicalism, but once the radicals come to power and institutionalize their beliefs they manage to get the approval of the vast majority of people because they control the educational establishments, the churches, and the media outlets. Conservatives keep referring to a moral majority on their side long after there has ceased to be a moral majority on their side. They fail to realize that once a revolution is successful and revolutionary ideals become part of the establishment, a conservative can’t continue to merely conserve, because he will simply be conserving radicalism; he must become a counter-revolutionary. And saying that the conservative “fails to realize” is being charitable. I suspect in most cases the conservative doesn’t want to look too closely at the sins of Liberalism, because he doesn’t want to be part of a counter-revolution trying to destroy Liberalism; he wants Liberalism to survive because he dreams of ruling Liberalism. Again, the pro-lifers are a classic case. They persisted, despite all evidence to the contrary, in viewing legalized abortion as a misunderstanding, because if it was not a misunderstanding, if liberals were really killing babies because they wanted to kill babies, then that would necessitate a counterrevolution, which would take the conservative outside the parameters of liberal democracy. And of course outside the parameters of liberal democracy is, according to the conservative and the liberal, nothing but darkness. But by failing to let go of liberal democracy, which celebrates racial, religious, and sexual diversity, the conservative has ensured that he and his mad-dog liberal brethren will live in a world without light.

The conservative who deplores the teaching of Degeneracy I and II in our classrooms is not a reliable ally in the war against Babylon. Such “conservatives” think it is possible to pick and choose what parts of Babylon they desire while discarding the Babylonian elements they don’t desire. That is impossible; once you have accepted the democratic principle of diversity you must then accept racial diversity, religious diversity, and sexual diversity. The conservative’s protest against the teaching of sexual depravity is never that strong because he has accepted the principle of diversity. John Paul II, for instance, once issued a mild protest against the feminist love of infanticide, but then in the next breath, he called feminism a great boon to mankind. Such will always be the schizophrenia of the diversity-loving conservative.

Sadly the greatest purveyors of diversity are the Christian churches. It is an unquestioned belief of the Christian churches that racial diversity and religious diversity are the main tenets of the Christian faith. It’s not possible, if you listen to the Christian clergy, to deny that “diversity” is the sum total of their faith. What is difficult to comprehend is the reason diversity became synonymous with Christianity when the Bible, a book Europeans used to respect, and the traditions of the European people, traditions Europeans used to respect, expressly forbid sexual, racial and religious diversity. The

answer can be found in Shakespeare: Human beings, the bard told us time and time again, have an incredible capacity to lie to themselves. The European intelligentsia wanted passionately to jettison the traditional faith of Europe, but they still wanted to use the organizational strength of the Christian churches, especially the Roman Catholic Church, so they kept the churches and banished Christ. The Son of God now wanders throughout the European nations, looking for a non-diverse, antique European hearth fire at which to warm His bleeding hands. He can't find any because the great lie of the modern Christian churchmen is that they still believe in the Son of God, but they do not believe and they cloak their unbelief in diversity. They tell us that Jesus wants the sons of Shem and Japheth to mix with the sons of Ham, and that Jesus wants to make Mohammed, Nelson Mandela, Gandhi, and Buddha equal – even more equal in some cases – with Himself. Liars! You hate the Man of Sorrows because He bids you take up your cross and follow Him. How gauche. You want the diversity of the pleasure dome, where there is no sin, except the sin of opposing religious and racial diversity, and you tell us there is no God who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords; there is only a pantheon of heathen gods. One yearns for the days of honest atheists like Nietzsche and Freud. They said it outright: they hated Christ.

Home and church are linked in the spiritual imagery of the European people. In the past if you wanted to describe a good city, you would call it a city of homes and churches. Satan knew that and he used that imagery to destroy the spiritual home, which is the European people, of the Christian faith. Destroy the Christ-bearing people and you destroy faith in Christ.

A diverse home is not a home. When the Christian churches pushed diversity down the throats of the European people, the European people ceased to be a people! At the local park I frequently see families having reunions. Recently I saw a family reunion consisting of approximately fifty white people and one dreadlocked, vacant-eyed, black creature in their midst, who was attached to a white girl at the reunion. What is the future of those families? Will they adhere to the faith of their ancestors – they were obviously already undermining it – or will they become part of the new Babylonian world of the future? One doesn't have to be a prophet to answer that question. The white grazers will become part of Babylon and instead of munching on charcoal-broiled hamburgers and mumbling nominal prayers of thanks to an ecumenical Christ; they will become charcoal-broiled treats for black savages who will mumble some non-ecumenical prayers to their heathen deities before they dine on the white grazers.

Racial diversity has always been the battering ram of the liberals, because it opens the Christian churches up to all the other diversities. If the white race is evil and the colored races are good, how can the religion of the white man be good and the religion of the colored people be bad? The white people must give way to the fusionism condemned in the Book of Revelation. Christianity must be blended with black voodoo, Islam, Judaism, and every non-Christian faith of the colored tribes. And how can the sexual perversity of the heathens be condemned? They are non-white and therefore without sin. We all remember the horrible image of Pope John Paul II celebrating a Mass with bare-breasted African women. "Once our grace we have forgot," by accepting racial diversity as a consummation devoutly to be wished rather than an abomination to be condemned, all the other faiths and sexual orientations come streaming through the church door and make themselves at home with the good "Christian" people of Europe.

The home, not the church, is the citadel of faith. Every antique European, no matter how poor, no matter how disenfranchised, can say, "Where I live there shall be no diversity." The first Christian counter-revolution was started in a manger, by a poor, outcast infant wrapped in swaddling clothes.

There is an evil intelligence behind diversity. He instructs his white minions, even though they deny his existence, that there shall be no diversity in the colored tribes because diversity weakens a people, and he wants the colored people to be strong in their demonic pride of race. He wants diversity only for the white race, because a diverse race is not a race of people, it is nothing at all. Without the white people's love of race there can be no personalities, no human beings capable of knowing the human in the divine and the divine in the human. The earth will truly be a house of desolation when the white race becomes as diverse as Satan desires.

A people with no identity as a race will soon cede their religious and sexual identities as well. They will be diverse, which means they will be spiritually dead. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land!" The diverse white man is such a man. How can he love his homeland when he doesn't believe in the home? He doesn't believe that the love given and received at the hearth fires of a particular people with a particular faith in a personal God spreads from home to home until those homes constitute a homeland. "Nothing can compare to the love that once was there." A diverse man cannot love because he has no connection to the source of all love, Who can only be known through an intimate connection to a particular race and one particular hearth fire. The poison of diversity kills the soul just as surely as a knife in the heart kills the body. The overwhelming majority of Europeans are whoring after diversity; they no longer see with the blinding sight of the antique Europeans nor do they feel with the passionate intensity of the antique Europeans. The few, the remnant, must stay wedded to our European home because there must be a counterpoise to diversity, a sign of contradiction to Liberalism. "Where I live," the antique European asserts, "there shall be no diversity." +

The Code of the European - JULY 29, 2011

“But I have all my life long been prejudiced against that form of underhand violence which I have heard old men contend came into fashion in our country in modern times, and which certainly seems to be alien from the French character. Without judging others too harshly, or saying that the poniard is never excusable—for then might some wrongs done to women and the helpless go without remedy—I have set my face against its use as unworthy of a Christian soldier.” -- Stanley J. Weyman in *A Gentleman of France*

In the wake of the Norwegian massacre which is reportedly the act of a self-styled “Christian fundamentalist,” the Christian fundamentalists are rushing to renounce the shooter and violence in general. Christians should renounce the shooter for the reason that no Christian kills children, no matter what their color or party affiliation; killing children is what liberals are so fond of doing. But the second renunciation, the renunciation of all violence, is wrong. Christians must defend their own people, using violence when the enemy uses violence. When I hear self-anointed white nationalist leaders urging white people to renounce all violence, while the violence against white people is reaching unheard of levels, I know that the nationalist leaders are more concerned about their own careers than they are about the plight of white people.

I know Anders Behring Breivik, like Timothy McVeigh, was against many things antique Europeans are against – multiculturalism and Islamic encroachment on the West – but he was also a Zionist Christian and he made no attempt, like the IRA makes no attempt, to distinguish non-combatants from combatants. It is true that the murdered young people were liberals in the making, but that type of killing, destroying the enemy’s offspring, is pagan, not Christian. Christian warriors have often failed to live up to the code of chivalry, but that doesn’t make the code invalid or any less binding. Europeans of the past have successfully fought Muslims without becoming like unto the Muslims.

The liberals have quite predictably labeled Anders Behring Breivik a right-wing Christian and an immoral monster. But he is not a Christian as our European ancestors were Christian, nor is he an immoral monster. Anders Behring Breivik is a child of liberalism. He is the product of the new, theoretical Christianity first championed by Thomas Aquinas. If we cannot know the living God via the European people, who made Him the incarnate center of their civilization, how can we know Him? The Christian intelligentsia on the Roman Catholic side said that we could know God through the intercession of an infallible expert’s opinion of Church documents. And the Protestant experts told us we could know God through their interpretations of the Holy Scriptures. Both theoretical versions of Christianity left out the heart of Christianity, man’s personal encounter with the living God, as exemplified in the incarnational culture of the European people. By demonizing the Europeans’ past and denying the validity of their culture of “mere feelings” the European religious theorists cut the European off from his intuitive, instinctual life, which is a man’s only touchstone of reality, and allowed him only a second-hand life in which he was totally dependent on his own mind. He became a reed for any liberal wind that promised him some release from the void in his soul. The post-Christian European, the European who sees only a mind-forged reality, might become a mad-dog liberal and support the mass slaughter of babies and the extermination of the white race; he might become a halfway-house Christian and support the extermination of the white race and acquiesce to the slaughter of babies; or he might become a pro-Zionist white nationalist who believes in the extermination of the children of the mad-dog liberals. It is internecine warfare we are witnessing. We have yet to hear from the men of Christian Europe who do not fight as the pagan liberals or the pagan Muslims fight in order to combat the pagan liberals and the pagan Muslims.

Did our hearts soar when we heard the news of Anders Behring Breivik stalking and killing the Norwegian young people? No, but our hearts were stirred to the depths when Paul Hill stepped out and killed the abortion doctor and his assistant. That was life imitating art. When Paul Hill said, “You won’t kill any more babies,” it reminded us of Nicholas Nickleby’s response to Wackford Squeer’s brutal beating of Smike: “Stop! This must not go on.” It’s in the European’s blood, the instinct to stop brutality at any cost. But if the European has divorced himself from his blood, he will be a dead man from the neck down; he will be all head, a head brimming with the semi-Pelagian, mind-forged theology of St. Thomas Aquinas. In that theological schema, ensoulment occurs when the human mind says it takes place, and not when God ordains it. From a purely logical standpoint, Anders Behring Breivik was completely right to do what he did. He was following the dictates of his own mind-forged faith. The Labor Party was destroying his country, the party members and their children would never have souls – ensoulment takes place when the human intellect says it takes place – so the soulless liberals and their children were fair game for Anders Behring Breivik. All quite logical if the human heart is left out of the equation, as it is in all philosophical and theological systems.

We must fall back on Christianity, which embraces man’s whole nature, and though not a code of philosophy, is something better; for it proposes to lead us through the trials and intricacies of life, not by the mere cool calculations of the head, but by the unerring instincts of a pure and regenerate heart. The problem of the Moral World is too vast and complex for the

human mind to comprehend; yet the pure heart will, safely and quietly, feel its way through the mazes that confound the head.”

Without the unerring instincts of his European heart, Anders Behring Breivik became one with the liberals who view the world and all those who inhabit it as grist for the satanic mills of their minds.

A friend who shares my loathing for Liberaldom told me that it was disingenuous to talk about fighting for the destruction of Liberaldom while denouncing the first man who had the courage to strike back at Liberaldom. I don't see it that way. Liberaldom is the incarnation of Satan where Christ was once incarnate. Are we striking a blow for Christian Europe when we fight as a liberal would fight, with no regard for Christian chivalry? It seems to me that we fall into a satanic trap when we use the tactics of the devil in order to fight the devil. The lodestar of Europe has always been and always shall be Jesus Christ. I don't believe that we have to abandon Him in order to fight, and win, against Satan and his liberal minions. As with Timothy McVeigh there will be no attempt to understand Anders Behring Breivik's rage. "He is a monster," the liberals tell us. But the rage is justified; all Christian Europeans should feel a rage against the liberals and their barbarian allies. It is still possible to channel that rage against the liberals and their barbarian allies without breaking the code of chivalry. In his book, Anders Behring Breivik linked the cause of Christian Europe with the cause of Israel. No man who fuses Judaism and Christianity can be trusted to act as an integral Christian. The Jews regularly attack the Palestinians, making no distinction between combatants and non-combatants, and quite possibly that was a significant influence on Anders Behring Breivik.

No doubt it is easier to never use violence for any reason or to use violence on all occasions and for any reason, than it is to make distinctions and use violence when necessary within limits and to refrain from violence when restraint seems necessary, but such is the cross the Christian must bear. In Caroline Gordon's novel *None Shall Look Back*, she tells us of Nathan Bedford Forrest's actions after he liberated a group of Confederates from a Union prison camp. He took one liberated Southern soldier aside and asked him if any of the Yankee soldiers had abused the Confederate prisoners. There was one who had, and he was shot. The rest of the Yankee prisoners were treated humanely. And again, when Forrest became the Grand Wizard of the K. K. K., he didn't ride against every Negro; he rode against those who raped and murdered.

True Christian charity often demands that we kill, always in defense of, and always with men like Tell, Havelock, and Forrest before us as exemplars. They knew when to kill and when to refrain from killing, because they had faith that was bred in the bone, a surer and more certain faith than the mind-forged faith of the modern, wayward Europeans. +

That Which We Hold Dear - JULY 22, 2011

And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—

--Rudyard Kipling

In Arthur Koestler's autobiography he told of a woman who had spent years as a devoted communist and then one day became an ardent anti-communist. Koestler, now a former communist himself, asked her why she had left the Party. She replied, "One night I heard screams." Of course there had been nights and nights of screams, but one night the screams of one tortured soul penetrated the soul of a communist who thought there was no such thing as a soul. Such conversions were rare, Koestler went on to say, but they did occur.

Because "one night I heard screams" conversions sometimes occur, we should never stop trying to report the atrocities of the black barbarians. There is always the chance that an atrocity story will penetrate the soul of a liberal and he will be converted, but we cannot make the reporting of atrocity stories our only hope. In the main, the liberals have formed a protective shell around their hearts that makes them immune to an appeal for charity and mercy. Augustine once said that there was one deathbed conversion in Scripture, lest you despair; but there was only one lest you presume. We cannot hope for the equivalent of mass deathbed conversions from liberals as a result of getting the information out about black atrocities. What can we hope for then, in lieu of the conversion of the liberals? We can hope and work for the destruction of Negro worshipping Liberaldom.

In a centralized state such as the United States only a small minority of people are really committed to the preservation of the state. The vast majority of people are merely grazers; they go along with the powers that be, but if a different group took over the grazers would go along with them. The late John Tyndale, a British Nationalist, was well aware of the grazers. He once wrote an article explaining that more often than not he found that the British grazers agreed with him on

the necessity of a white Britain, but they wouldn't support him because they feared the loss of their jobs and the stigma of "racist." Seize electoral power, Tyndale argued, and the grazers would go along with the new powers that be, the BNP. I agree with Tyndale about the grazers, but I don't think you can defeat democratic, utopian liberalism from within utopia. You must destroy utopia and rebuild Christian Europe.

Behind Negro worshipping diversity is the desire to eliminate all that elevates a man to a spiritual plane above the nature-worshipping societies of antiquity. And the return to nature, which results in the worship of the savage, occurred in the European world when religious faith became a philosophy. When a man looks at religious faith philosophically he has already started the divorce proceedings between his heart and his head that will lead to the betrayal of his God and his people. He is a man fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Stanley Weyman, in his novel *The Long Night*, depicts a staunch and principled Switzer who betrays his people during their wars with Savoy because he succumbs to the philosophical temptation.

After all, a live dog is better than a dead lion – only you will not see it. We are ruled, the most of us, by our feelings, and die for our side without asking ourselves whether a single person would be a duce the worse if the other side won. It is not philosophical, with another shrug. "That is all."

Therein lies the key to the demise of the European. The devil bids us divorce ourselves from our people and our God in the name of a higher philosophical principle. In reality, an egotistical adherence to a "higher" philosophical principle, higher than "mere feelings," leaves a man in a morally ambivalent state in which he can be easily manipulated by the devil.

This brings us to the necessity of concluding that the upholders of mere dialectic, whether they appear in this modern form or in another, are among the most subversive enemies of society and culture. They are attacking an ultimate source of cohesion in the interest of a doctrine which can issue only in nullity. It is no service to man to impugn his feeling about the world qua feeling. Feeling is the source of that healthful tension between man and what is – both objectively and subjectively. If man could be brought to believe that all feeling about the world is wrong, there would be nothing for him but collapse. -- Richard Weaver

The European has been brought to believe that all his feeling about the world is wrong, and he has indeed collapsed. The abstract philosophical poison, the European's inheritance from Greece, killed the Roman Empire, and then in turn killed Christian Europe. It's not hard to see why the Greek poison is so deadly, nor is it hard to see why men drink it so readily. The Greek philosophical poison consists of the "you shall be as God" liquid. If existence can be put in the silver rod of the philosopher, the philosopher can become God. It's ironic that Plato, the most anti-European of the Greek philosophers, has been carried in the humanities curriculums of European universities for century after century. Plato's cruel utopia, where the patriarchal family is outlawed, abortion is legal, and all ties of kith and kin are obliterated for the sake of the common good of an abstract humanity, was to become a shining light to anti-European intellectuals throughout the long history of Christian Europe.

Every utopia is antithetical to Christianity, even though many utopian schemes, in fact most utopian schemes, come from heretical Christians. Christianity celebrates the living God who saved individual human beings from sin and death. The utopian celebrates humanity in the abstract, which he plans to deliver from the pain of existence by virtue of the power of his mind. Such egomania always ends in oblivion, because individual human beings cannot live in the prison of the abstracted mind, abstracted from God and from man. The Roman Catholic priest, Jean Meslier, who rejected Christianity for his own abstract theology of utopia, at least had the decency to follow his abstract theory to its logical conclusion: After stating "I myself am not more than nothing..." he committed suicide. The same fate has befallen the modern European people; believing they are nothing, a people without kith or kin, they are committing suicide.

All my life I've heard of the Greco-Roman heritage of Europe. And the unchallenged assumption is that the Greco-Roman heritage is good. But the type of heritage that liberals and conservatives are referring to, the Greek philosophical tradition and the Roman organization, have not been good for Europe. The discarded poetical heritage of Homer, Sophocles, and Virgil, the men who felt that there was a God beyond the gods, would have been a heritage for the Europeans to build upon, but it was not that heritage that became "our Greco-Roman heritage."

Our Greco-Roman heritage is the heritage of the utopian Greek philosophers and the race-mixing Romans who put loyalty to the idea of Rome above loyalty to one's blood. The startling fact that comes to the forefront when we look at the European's history is that the classicists have always regarded the European as a barbarian because the European regarded the purity of his race as something sacred. I remember being shocked, because I had always been told the Europeans who invaded Rome were barbarians, when I first read about the real Europeans, such as Dietrich of Berne and Alaric the Goth, men of great heart and of a great civilization. They kept what was good in the Roman Empire, the Christian faith, and discarded what was evil, the Roman policy of mongrelization in the name of Roman unity. It was the task of the European hero then, as it is his task now, to keep the Greco-Roman hell-hound at bay.

Right from the beginning then, there was a Greco-Roman dagger aimed at the heart of European civilization. So long as the Europeans' maintained their bloodlines, they were shielded from the Greco-Roman dagger. But when the shield of race was lowered the dagger of the Greek philosophic tradition and mongrelizing Rome was able to penetrate to the heart of the European civilization. In the purely material world a dagger to the heart is fatal, but in the real world, the world of the European fairy tales, a man and his people can survive a dagger to the heart; they can rise again, and ride triumphant over ruin and death.

Of course all talk of the European riding triumphant over anything is futile if he doesn't recover his identity as a European. He is the Christ-bearer who preserved the faith by preserving the purity of his race. Whenever he wavered toward a Greco-Roman-philosophical utopia, his faith in the living God diminished. How could it be otherwise? Love, charity, and mercy stem from a living God, a God who is man and God; they cannot exist as philosophical abstractions or the "ethical ideals" of an organization dedicated to one-world, one-family, one-multicolored race.

The first European Christians viewed fidelity to their race as they viewed fidelity to their wife and fidelity to their God. The liberals accept that European vision of race and faith as the true Christianity, and then damn Christianity. The halfway-house Christians condemn the "racist" faith of the antique Europeans and point to a new Christianity where Christ appears, blesses Babylon, and then leaves the stage.

Can there be any faith in Christ outside the hearth fires of the condemned Europeans? The answer to that question is obvious to anyone who has a heart that still lives. The path through the European woods takes us to Him; the path through the new improved woods of the liberals leads to Babylon, and beyond that, hell. I have no desire to be wiser than my ancestors. They knew and loved God because of His divine humanity. They saw the human in the divine, because they were faithful to a particular race of people, not a philosophical utopia or a multi-racial organization. The European cottage in the woods, when inhabited by men and women of our own race, is infinitely more beautiful than the gaudy palaces of Babylon peopled by an indeterminate race of subhuman monstrosities. In the former dwelling we see the face of Christ reflected in his people; in the latter we see only darkness. We've truly lost our way if we prefer the Babylonian palace to the European cottage. +

The Darkness of Diversity - JULY 15, 2011

The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide! – H. F. Lyte

In his book *Language is Sermonic*, Richard Weaver made the point that every society has God words and devil words. Such words convey a meaning beyond the mere dictionary meaning of the words. Weaver used the words "democracy" and "reactionary" as examples of God and devil words. Both are still used today as God words and devil words, but there have been a number of new God words and devil words created by the liberals since Weaver wrote *Language is Sermonic*. A perusal of the new lexicon of God and devil words is like reading the pages of a tragic volume; it tells us the sad tale of the Europeans' descent to oblivion.

The great God word of the liberals is diversity. Every college curriculum must have it, every business mandates it, and every neighborhood and school is supposed to celebrate it. What is this marvelous thing? It sounds even more wonderful than flubber, that miraculous substance Fred MacMurray invented in the Disney movie called *The Absent-Minded Professor*. After all the superlatives we've heard about diversity, aren't we entitled to regard it as something more incredible than flubber? Yes, we are so entitled, and fortunately, the liberal informs us, diversity is just as beautiful and stupendous as we were told it is. Diversity is the cornerstone of paradise; it is what ushers mankind into the land of liberal milk and honey, much tastier and sweeter than the Biblical milk and honey which came with the taint of God upon it.

God words are seldom defined, and when they are they do not behave according to their definition. Diversity is supposed to mean a variety of differently colored people all living and working together inside of a great pleasure dome. But the outside observer (Martians are convenient for that type of work) notices that liberals do not mean varied when they use the word diversity; they mean a non-diverse monolith. The Martian observes formerly white countries with their own religion and their own culture based on that religion turning their country over to colored people. He further observes that the retreating whites forsake their God and worship the colored people as gods. He also notes that formerly white neighborhoods become all black neighborhoods, and formerly white customs and white traditions become banned customs and traditions, while all things pertaining to the worship of the Negro are proclaimed "diverse" and therefore sacred. The Martian observer leaves our planet in a daze and is unable to explain our bizarre double- and triple-speak to his fellow Martians.

The white leaders, the sons of Voltaire and Rousseau, talk diversity to the masses, but what they dream of is a non-diverse, non-white society. What about the white grazers? Do they really believe in the myth of “I’ll respect your culture and you’ll respect mine”? Yes, I suspect most of them do. The rationalist, scientific revolution was the prelude to Negro worship. Without their faith in Christ, the grazers lost their grip on reality. They became members of the liberal cult. Whatever their leaders tell them, they believe. And their leaders have told them that diversity means, “I’ll respect your culture and you’ll respect mine.” The white grazers would need the blinding sight that only comes from being an antique European to see that the white is not permitted his own culture; it has been labeled demonic. The antique European is only given the right to worship and serve the Negro. The “I’ll respect your culture and you’ll respect mine” gambit was only necessary for older whites who had a culture separate from the Negro culture. Now that every white child is taught “diversity” at his daycare provider’s knee, it is no longer necessary to tell whites that the Negro will respect their culture if they will respect the Negro’s, because the modern white man knows only one culture, the culture of Negro worship.

Diversity, as the liberal defines diversity, means the extinction of the white race. The colored hordes have always known what diversity means. That is why they support diversity in white nations while they outlaw it in their own nations. When the white nations have become diverse, in the liberal sense of the word, then the colored peoples will put an end to all diversity, in the actual sense of the word.

Racism has been a devil word in the European world for over half a century, but it does not mean what the straight dictionary definition says it means. Racism as a devil word can only be applied to white people. There are no black racists in Liberaldom. All white people are racists just by virtue of being white, but some whites are more racist than other whites. The racist whites, a vanishing breed, are the whites who persist in regarding white people and white culture as a people and a culture worthy of respect, love, and honor. That small remnant refuses to accept diversity. They are, according to liberal dogma, racist vermin who must be exterminated. The anti-white liberals who have denounced the white race have filled the spiritual void in their lives, caused by their rejection of the God of Europe, with a very real and personal hatred of antique Europeans and an abstract love of the black man. Their hate is more real to them than their love; hence, the primary passion of the liberal is his hatred for “racist” white Europeans who refuse to go gently into the dark night of diversity.

The heroes in the novels of the English author A. E. W. Mason and the Southern author Thomas Nelson Page all have one thing in common: they are uprooted from their one special spot of ground that they love over all, and must fight for spiritual and physical survival in foreign lands. In the case of Mason’s English heroes, the foreign land is usually India, and in the case of Page’s Southern heroes the foreign land is the North. But the heroes do not go to the foreign lands alone. They take their homeland and the code that sustains their homeland with them; it is in their blood. Hence, when Mason’s heroes face down howling devil worshippers, the servants of Kali, and prevail against all odds, they have made that spot of ground part of English soil, part of Christian Europe. And when the Southern heroes of Thomas Nelson Page refuse to abandon their bred-in-the-bone chivalry for the ethics of the utilitarian moneylenders of the North, they too have made foreign soil part of their soil, part of Christian Europe.

We few, we “racist” few, we Europeans, are in exile. But we hold Christian Europe in our blood, and wherever we fly our flag, that land remains Europe. There can be no compromise with the haters, because the essence of Liberaldom is the hate of white Europeans. How can they compromise and survive? They can’t and they won’t. Nor can we compromise. We can’t try to become part of Liberaldom, as the conservatives do, by proving that we are not racist. That policy doesn’t work, and it is a satanic policy because it requires that we renounce our blood. We are racist, we prefer our own to the stranger, and we hold Christian Europe as a sacred land separate and distinct from the colored lands. As Europe and the other white countries become colored countries, Christian Europe will become a vague memory and then a fantasy to the remaining Europeans still left alive. It is the task of the hero (and the remnant band of Europeans must assume the heroic mantle for the simple reason that there is nobody else) to make sure that Christian Europe remains a vivid reality to the liberals who hate it and the grazers who have forgotten it. We no longer have a country to return to as Alexander Smollet did, but we can still say, as Alexander Smollet did, that where we stand is Europe.

In the old Perry Mason novels and movies, Perry Mason is both the defender and the prosecutor. He defends his client by exposing the guilty party. We stand in that position vis-à-vis the antique Europeans and the culture they created. They are accused of the unpardonable sin, which is racism. And because of their alleged sin, the building of paradise has been delayed. The sentence of the liberal tribunal is death. Why have no clergymen come to the defense of Europe? Why is it left to the inarticulate peasant class? Because the Christian clergy heard the siren call of paganism and succumbed. In the pagan religions the sacred rituals performed with the proper wording, form, and ceremony, by a member of the elect priestly caste, is the way to God. ’Tis not so with Christ. His blood was our blood, and He comes to us through the blood, not the rite. The clergy jettisoned Christ our brother in order to hold on to their privileged status as keepers of the esoteric rites.

Have Europeans polluted the world and delayed the building of Utopia because they believed in Christ? No, the guilty party, the murderer of everything pure and decent is the liberal. There is an historical record. The only glimpse of charity and mercy ever seen on the face of the earth came from the antique Europeans, who have been convicted without a trial by the guilty-as-sin liberals. What have the liberals, after 60 plus years of power, produced? (1) “The result has been legalized abortion, war without the mitigating influence of chivalry, the absence of charity and mercy, sexual permissiveness and sexual perversion, the rise of the effeminate white male and the decline of the masculine white male, and the de-feminization of the white female. And at the top of the perverted list of European innovations is the innovation that holds Babylon together (or should we say keeps Babylon from being anything but Babylon): the worship of the Negro.” At present the liberals don’t even bother to defend themselves because their power is such that they don’t have to answer to anyone for their crimes. But in the early days of their reign, when they still felt unsure about the permanence of their triumph, they defended the more blatant crimes of Liberaldom, such as increased sexual promiscuity and rising black violence, as mere growing pains of a brave new world. When the Utopian system was completely in place, they insisted, there would be no more glitches in the machine. And who became the glitch that had to be eliminated? Yes, it was the remaining white Europeans who wanted to remain white Europeans.

All antique Europeans living in modern day Liberaldom face a crisis similar to those crises faced and overcome by the British grenadiers in the A. E. W. Mason novels. The liberals and their black minions are howling Afghans, Fuzzy-Wuzzies, and the devilish followers of Kali all rolled into one. It would seem that we, like Mason’s heroes, must fight on alone without hope of reinforcements. But we are not entirely alone. We take our European home, and the strength that those home associations give a man, into battle with us. The Christian European has never been afraid of the valley of the shadow of death, because he knows, with a faith bred-in-the bone, that the Son of God walks by his side. It is eventide for Europe, but no one’s death, and no civilization’s death, is a mathematical certainty so long as He abides with us. +

(1) I noticed a news item on the AmRen page that was one more proof of the ascendancy of liberalism over Christianity. Young people, according to the post, now use the term “that’s racist” in a mocking way, much like an Eddie Haskell in a bygone era might have told a dirty joke in a church parking lot. The young people are being iconoclastic; they are poking fun at the establishment.

The liberals, despite trying to present themselves as downtrodden outsiders, are The Establishment. If a young white person wants to be truly anti-establishment, let him take up the cause of Christian Europe. It was a cross our ancestors gladly bore.

Shielding Innocence - JULY 08, 2011

“There can be no charity in Liberaldom because the liberal, of necessity, must kill Christian charity so that Liberaldom can survive. It’s a war to the death.” – CWN

The recent skewering of the liberal-conservative commentator Glenn Beck was a striking example of the cruelty of the utopian liberals. Beck was one of their own. He regularly had shows on “our black founding fathers,” he said that Geert Wilders, the Dutch immigration restrictionist, was “too extreme,” and he always made sure to have blacks in his audience. Still he was driven off the air while the mad-dog liberals sat around gloating. Why was he driven off the air? He was driven off the air because he failed to understand the nature of the democratic liberal utopian machine that he served, just as Alexander Solzhenitsyn failed to understand, prior to his conversion, the nature of the communist utopian machine he served. Solzhenitsyn told us in his Gulag books that he was a good communist before going to prison. He was a true believer. He had merely written a letter to a friend criticizing some of Stalin’s wartime strategies. There was no criticism of communism in the letter, but Solzhenitsyn was more of a believer in communism than Stalin. Stalin believed only in the personal aggrandizement of Joseph Stalin, so Solzhenitsyn got what turned out to be a fortunate trip, for him and us, to the Gulag.

Beck was more of a believer in democratic egalitarianism than the mad-dog liberals. He failed to understand that in all utopian states “some are more equal than others.” From Beck’s perspective all racism in utopia is evil whether it comes from the white or the black, so he pointed out the racism of The Obama. But utopian states are not about democratic egalitarianism; they are about power. The liberal must have power to crush the enemies of utopia. He believes in an anti-white paradise presided over by a benevolent black god. With the election of the Obama, the United States liberal feels he has lived to see the coming of his god. When the Obama was elected the ecstatic faces of the liberal commentators told us all we need to know about liberals, utopian states, and the noble savage. It’s a war between two diametrically opposed visions of existence. The liberal sees Babylon, and the antique European sees Christian Europe. Beck’s failure to understand the nature of the conflict was not surprising: how can you understand the satanic nature of the democratic egalitarian heresy if you are a true believer in the democratic egalitarian heresy?

So long as white “conservatives” believe in utopian democracy they will continue to be white meat for the liberal machine. And it is a machine the white man is up against, an inhuman entity devoid of pity and full of remorseless cruelty. The white man must renounce Founding Fathers egalitarian democracy or he will be ground into nothingness in the gears of the liberal machine.

In America and Europe the democratic era is treated as an ascent, a triumph of progress, but in reality the democratic era signals the demise of Christian Europe and the rise of Babylon. From approximately 1914 to 1965 the European people had problems believing in Christ’s divinity, but they still maintained the ethical standards of Christianity. From the mid-sixties to the present the European has been trying to live without faith in Christ and without the ethical system that stems from a belief in Christ. The result has been legalized abortion, war without the mitigating influence of chivalry, the absence of charity and mercy, sexual permissiveness and sexual perversion, the rise of the effeminate white male and the decline of the masculine white male, and the de-feminization of the white female. And at the top of the perverted list of European innovations is the innovation that holds Babylon together (or should we say keeps Babylon from being anything but Babylon): the worship of the Negro. For how can a man be expected to be better than his god? With the Negro as his god the white man can descend to the level of a primitive ape and call such a descent progress because he is getting closer to his god. But he cannot quite make it. He can’t be as truly “natural” as his god; there is always something in his way. That something is of course his racial memory of a Christian past; it is a memory he denies in himself and seeks to eradicate in other whites. He has been largely successful in his denial and eradication, but he will never be wholly comfortable with the noble savages.

Some conservatives such as Beck and some halfway house Christians such as Pat Roberson and Pope Benedict XVI will express dissatisfaction with the declining sexual mores of the modern European, but in the same breath they will denounce the racism of the Europeans of the past and praise the new racially diverse future mankind is heading toward. You can’t have it both ways. Racial Babylon and sexual Babylon are one! If white people worship the black they will have no frame of reference to launch an attack against the evils of a sexual Babylon presided over by black gods.

In a religious cult the leaders of the cult try to get the members to have only one frame of reference: the cult leader or leaders. The behavior of cult members might seem bizarre to individuals outside that particular cult, but that is precisely because they are outside of the cult. From inside the cult it makes sense to drink poisoned Kool-Aid, to go into battle believing no bullet can harm you, to sit on a platform waiting to be taken up to heaven... and on and on. Everything the cult leaders say makes sense to the religious devotee because whatever the cult leader says represents God’s truth. That is why it is useless to point out the savagery of the NWCL (Negro Worshipping Church of Liberalism) because as a member of that organization the liberal believes that whatever the black does is good and right. That is the liberal’s unshakeable faith, his black gods can do no evil. This is why crimes of rape, murder, and mayhem, when perpetuated by blacks against whites, are called natural responses to racism – or a simple overflowing of youthful exuberance. Only members of the NWCL could remain steadfastly loyal to their gods despite the white genocide going on around them.

In my mid-twenties I was a member of a parish in which a young white boy, about 14 years of age, was shot by several black “youths” in a drive-by shooting. The boy was an only son with four sisters and a mother and father who loved him with an intensity of love that only a white man could fathom. Neither parent asked the men of the parish to go out and find the blacks responsible for the shooting; they knew vigilantism would be punished, but the parents did hope for justice. They were old-fashioned enough to believe that the murdering scum who killed their son should be killed themselves, even though they were black. The poor, unenlightened bigots! Didn’t they know that black youths were never wrong? If they didn’t know that they were soon going to be informed of that doctrine. The parish priest gave the most blasphemous homily I had ever heard (since that time I’ve heard many such) in a house of God. The priest talked about racial justice, about white people who called black people niggers; about healing the wounds caused by slavery... you know the litany. But not one word about the necessity of loving one’s own and protecting them from Satan’s minions, the Negros. Nor was there a call to punish home so that such an atrocity would be less likely to happen in the future. Of course I was naïve! Imagine expecting a Christian response to existence from a modern clergyman who was a card-carrying member of the NWCL.

If I’m becoming too anecdotal, forgive me and just chalk it up as an old man’s failing. I see another young white boy in my mind’s eye. He was a student in my English Literature class. In that class I took it for granted that my students had all been born and raised to be good liberals. I saw it as my task to try to make them start to divest themselves of their liberalism, or, failing that, to let them know that the literary giants of the Western world were not liberals.

There was one particular student who was always shocked at what he saw as my off-the-wall declarations: “With very few exceptions there has been nothing written of any value since the early 1900s”, “All English literature is a footnote to Shakespeare.” He would respond to my off-the-wall declarations with exclamations of “Mr. ____, how can you say that!” I got into so many arguments with the young man that I began to think of him as the “How can you say that” boy. But he was alive, he had a soul, and he was open to the call of the poets. When he asked me, “How can you say that,” after I called

Stephen King a hack writer, he actually listened to me when I explained the difference between Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and a Stephen King horror novel. And during the course of the year the How-can-you-say-that boy actually saw the difference between Shakespeare and Stephen King. "It has to do with spiritual depth, doesn't it?" "Yes, it does," I told the How-can-you-say-that boy, who became a man during my class. Only God knows why he died at the hands of a "black youth" who robbed the convenience store at which he was working the late shift. Don't ever let your children work at such places. Convenience stores are convenient places for blacks to drive to in order to murder and steal.

There is an organization that all remaining antique Europeans should be members of; we needn't write up any official documents because we don't need paper and ink and notary for things of the spirit. We are members of the OWT (Order of William Tell). Our order is dedicated to the fight the enemies of His reign of charity and to hunt down and kill anyone who comes against our kith and kin. There is certainly enough work to last a lifetime for men who want to join such an order. What did the old Jacobite say? "I've drawn my sword and thrown the sheath away." +

Time was, my dearest children, when with joy
You hail'd your father's safe return to home
From his long mountain toils; for, when he came,
He ever brought with him some little gift,--
A lovely Alpine flower--a curious bird--
Or elf-bolt, such as on the hills are found.
But now he goes in quest of other game,
Sits in this gorge, with murder in his thoughts,
And for his enemy's life-blood lies in wait.
But still it is of you alone he thinks.
Dear children.--'Tis to guard your innocence,
To shield you from the tyrant's fell revenge,
He bends his bow to do a deed of blood!

The Blood Red Tide of Liberalism - JULY 01, 2011

Turn, hell hound, turn!
(Macduff's challenge to Macbeth)

Spirit, Water, Blood recently ran some excerpts from Charles Dickens' essay on "The Noble Savage." Dickens got it right: the savage is savage, but he is far from noble. From Samuel Johnson ("Don't cant to me of savages"), to Dickens, to Thomas Nelson Page, the consensus opinion of the white poets was in line with the Bible. The sons of Ham were meant to be subordinate to and kept in check by the sons of Shem and Japheth, because left to their own devices they would inevitably become predatory animals. Nothing happened in the 20th century, in regards to the Negro, to refute what would now be called the racist rants of poets such as Johnson, Dickens, and Page. In fact, everything that happened in the 20th century in Africa and the United States (read Anthony Jacob's *White Man Think Again!* and the U. S. crime reports) make the white poets' comments on the Negro seem much too mild. And the activities of the 21st century Negro has only confirmed the warnings contained in *White Man Think Again!*, just as Jacob's book confirmed the insightful writings on the Negro of the 18th and 19th century white poets.

At the time Johnson was telling Boswell "don't cant to me of savages," and even later, when Dickens wrote his attack on the noble savage heresy and Page wrote about the Negro problem, the majority of the European intellectuals and the bulk of the European people did not believe in the Noble Savage; they believed, with the white poets, that the black man and the other colored races were the "lesser breeds without the law." But there were a few atheists such as Rousseau and Voltaire who needed a substitute for the Christian God whom they had forsaken. So they created, in their sick, demented minds, abstract, paradisiacal states inhabited by pure, sensuous, earthy, noble savages (see "Till the End of Time.") And the utopian fantasies of a few white intellectuals have become the faith of the modern Europeans.

The worship of the black man is a uniquely European phenomenon. Other colored races see the black man for what he is, a savage predator, who is a danger to any stable society. I remember asking a Korean shop owner in my home city, why, during a spate of black riots, was his business the only business in five blocks of businesses that was not touched by rioters. His answer was quite simple: "I don't taken any b___ from niggers. They know I'll shoot them." The Korean shop owner did not believe in the Noble Savage.

Of course the time is fast approaching – in Britain it has already come – when no one will be allowed access to firearms with which to defend themselves against the barbarian hordes. The NRA has never grasped the fact that gun control and Negro worship are woven together. To own a gun for self-defense is to openly declare that you do not believe in the

sanctity and goodness of the Negro. But if the will to defend one's own is in a man, he will fight with whatever weapon he can lay his hands on.

In his excellent book *Counter Revolution* Thomas Molnar pointed out that revolutions first succeed in the hearts and minds of men before they succeed on the battlefield. The seeds of Christian atheism, which substitutes the Negro for Christ, were sown by philosophers such as Voltaire and Rousseau. "Mock on, Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mock on!" was the impassioned defiance that William Blake hurled at the utopian atheists, but the Europeans preferred the promise of a Negro-infested future to the green and pleasant pastures of Christian Europe.

Utopian atheism and Negro worship are eternally bound together. The unspeakable atrocities in Haiti that occurred in 1789 (see "Tintagel vs Haiti") came about as a result of a fusion of utopian atheism and Negro worship. In the utopians' minds, the old Christian regime was evil; therefore, the antithesis of white French Christians, namely voodoo-worshipping Negroes, had the right – nay, not just the right, the duty – to exterminate the white, Christian French. And they did, to the last man.

In the United States during the infamous "reconstruction" period in the South, the Negro worshipping, democratic egalitarian, atheists turned the white Southerners over to the tender mercies of the Negro barbarians. The Southerners were saved, but only temporarily because the extermination process was resumed in the latter half of the 20th century, from the fate of the French in Haiti by the emergence of Nathan Bedford Forrest and the Ku Klux Klan.

The English everyman of the 19th century reading Dickens' "The Noble Savage" might even have said to his wife, "Why does anyone have to write this down. It's just common sense." But now? Just common sense is uncommon. We live in a cruel dystopian oligarchy where good common sense about the sacred things, such as the love a man has for his own and the hatred he has for those who would destroy his own, has been outlawed, and the practitioners of good common sense have been forced to go underground.

I once read a neo-pagan blog in which the author tried to maintain that the European people had never really taken Christianity seriously; they had just had it foisted on them by their leaders. Such an argument undercuts the neo-pagan's professed love for white people. How can you respect a people who practiced, for over 1500 years, a religion that was merely "foisted" upon them? I couldn't accept the 'foisted upon them' theory of the neo-pagan, nor can I accept the 'foisted upon them' theory when it is used to explain the reason for the Europeans rejection of Christianity for utopian Negro worship. Granted, the utopians were quite clever. At first (and some still do) they fused Christianity and utopianism in order to slowly wean the European from his Christian faith. And utopianism was always posited as a cure for some genuine evil. But ultimately a man doesn't change gods because he was tricked; he changes gods because he believes in the truth of the new god and not in the truth of his old god. It was inevitable once the forces of rationalism and science undermined the European's faith in Christ that the European would embrace Negro worship. Seen through the eyes of faith, Christianity is the natural faith for a man, because it is a faith that encompasses all of reality; it tells a man what he is and where he is going. But if a man foreshortens his vision and looks at the natural world as a self-contained world devoid of a personal God sustaining it, he will be doomed to worship at the satanic altar of the natural savage forever. Nature divorced from God is a Medusa's head; to look upon it in such a distorted fashion -- and science bids us to do just that -- is death.

The road to Negro worship was built brick by brick by theologians and philosophers who told the European to look to nature in order to find God. He wasn't there, so the European assumed He didn't exist. Now he has nature and nature's god, the black man. Is he content with that god? He says he is, but behind the façade of Liberalism is suicidal despair. We are a society addicted to every form of anesthetic: drugs, sex, blood sports, the list is endless. Why, if the Negro god is all sufficient, do Europeans need to anesthetize themselves?

We need to take the European's anesthetics away from him and make him look at the "utopia" in which he lives. What is the essence of this brave new world? All utopian states are built on cruelty; without cruelty the utopian state crumbles because the utopian must destroy the old order where truth, honor, and Jesus Christ reigned:

"All tender and gentle feelings of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude and even honor itself should be choked off in the revolutionary's breast by the single cold passion of his revolutionary task. He is not a revolutionary if he has pity for anything in the world. He knows only one science—the science of destruction. He lives in the world with a single aim—its total and swift destruction." (Mikhail Bakunin)

Yes, destruction and cruelty is the inner law of all utopias. Christ's law of charity, which was the inner law of Christian Europe, became the proscribed law in utopian Europe because utopias are built with the blood of the innocents of the present in order to ensure the security of the chosen ones in the future. There can be no charity in Liberalism because the liberal, of necessity, must kill Christian charity so that Liberalism can survive. It's a war to the death – the Christian

European is committed to the destruction of Liberaldom because the liberals are committed to the destruction of everything a European holds sacred.

When we see the essence of utopian liberalism, which is cruelty, we can see why two seemingly disparate groups of individuals are united. The rationalistic, scientific liberal seems to be miles apart from the Negro barbarians. But they are united in their cruelty. Having renounced the source of divine charity they can only live by hatred; they hate the Christian European.

The liberal hates because he must destroy Christ's people, and the black hates because it is in his nature to hate the white. Needless to say there is no love in the alliance between the liberal and the Negro; both are incapable of love, which belongs to a higher order of existence that the liberal has renounced and the Negro only knew when he served in the tents of the white man.

There is a litmus test for entrance into Liberaldom. You must be willing to stand by and applaud the murder and destruction of your own people in the here and now, and you must applaud the condemnation of the Europeans of the past. Certainly the clergy of the anti-Christian Christian churches, particularly the Catholic popes, have passed the test with flying colors. And the European laity has followed the lead of their blaspheming priests and pastors. But there will be those who refuse to pass the litmus test. God bless them.

When I was young I read a number of the Bulldog Drummond novels by H. C. McNeile. Mr. McNeile always made light of his own intelligence and his hero's intelligence. But Bulldog Drummond had wise blood. He was always up against some criminal mastermind who was trying to manipulate the various utopian radicals into a coalition that would bring Christian Britain down. Drummond was always in defense of, and he was always up to the mark. Two white moments from the novel Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back stand out in my mind. While convalescing in a hospital from wounds inflicted by the evil mastermind, Bulldog Drummond is informed that the evil mastermind has destroyed a trainload of innocent people in order to further his own devilish schemes.

"He listened in silence whilst Darrell told him everything that had happened: then without a word he got out of bed and rang the bell. He was still shaky on his legs, but on his face was the look of grim determination that Darrell knew well of old."

And then later:

"This thing is going to be finished one way or the other, Peter," he said after they had turned the car. "This globe isn't big enough for Demonico and me. And he and I will have a final settlement tonight."

His law of charity demands that we refuse to accept the liberals' law of cruelty. From Marxist Russia to the black-worshipping nations of America and modern Europe, the force behind the utopian movements is the same: it is our ancient foe. It's not all that complex; either we serve Satan or Christ, Babylon or Christian Europe. +

The Last Wave By - JUNE 24, 2011

"Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding." – Shakespeare's *Pericles*

The comic sage O. Henry once made the following observation in his novel *Cabbages and Kings*:

There is a quaint old theory that man may have two souls – a peripheral one which serves ordinarily, and a central one which is stirred only at certain times, but then with activity and vigour. While under the domination of the former a man will shave, vote, pay taxes, give money to his family, buy subscription books and comport himself on the average plan. But let the central soul suddenly become dominant, and he may, in the twinkling of an eye, turn upon the partner of his joys with furious execration; he may change his politics while you could snap your fingers; he may deal out deadly insult to his dearest friend; he may get him, instantaneously, to a monastery or a dance hall; he may elope, or hang himself – or he may write a song or poem, or kiss his wife unasked, or give his funds to the search of a microbe. Then the peripheral soul will return; and we have our safe, sane citizen again.

It is the task of the devil to make man disbelieve in his central soul and believe only in things peripheral and inconsequential. 'I see nothing at all, yet all that is I see.' The devil labored long and hard to convince the European that the peripheral, material world was all there was. He has succeeded. The modern world is the world as Satan always dreamed it would be. And the modern European sees no difference between Liberaldom and Christian Europe because the modern European does not believe in the central things of the soul. When you point out acts of heroic chivalry and Christian charity from the European past, the modern European will simply re-label those acts of heroism and charity as acts of cowardice and self-interest. Whatever is noble in the past, whatever points to the spiritual realm, is re-labeled to fit

in with a modern materialist view of reality. The modern science called psychology, for instance, is nothing more than an attempt to refashion things of the spirit into a materialist garment. Reality is made to fit the liberal's abstractions. In his fantasy world man is a glorified ape, so the world must be structured to accommodate glorified apes. If anyone suggests the world should be anything other than a world fit for glorified apes, the rulers of Liberaldom will silence that person by whatever means necessary.

I've never cared for the science fiction genre because I don't find the future very interesting. It is the past, where the heroes of Europe dwell that is fascinating. We are currently living through a real life version of a sci-fi horror film. The antique European living in Liberaldom is living in a world more remote and antithetical to everything he holds sacred than any alien world ever created by a writer of science fiction.

Picture a planet where black barbarians are worshipped as gods, babies are tortured and murdered at the behest of hermaphrodite creatures, and religious leaders preach a doctrine of mandatory hatred of the white race. Ming the Merciless once landed on the planet and left because it was too merciless for his liking. Of course we're talking about Liberaldom, and the story is not very funny because we live in Liberaldom.

All writers of futuristic literature, with the possible exception of George Orwell, predicted that the totalitarian regimes of the future would be right-wing totalitarian regimes. Where are those regimes? All we see around us are left-wing dystopias, all centered on one basic premise: the black race is a sanctified race, and the white race is a demon race. And there can be no place for the white in the new utopian state because the premise upon which Liberaldom was built was the premise that everything from the European past is evil. Europeans who repudiate their past can avoid extermination for a small space of time, but in the end they will face the death they sought to avoid by sacrificing other whites (it is always other whites) to the seven-headed hydra of Liberaldom.

A superficial comparison of Liberaldom and Christendom reveals men and women in a daily struggle for existence dealing with the peripheral material aspects of life. But if we look deeper we see a great difference between Liberaldom and Christendom. In Liberaldom there is no awareness of the central soul. In fact the liberal denies its existence. All of life consists of "on we work without the light," going toward a kingdom of endless carnal pleasure. The European of the good old stock believed something different from the modern liberal. He believed in "on we worked and waited for the light." The man with a central soul knows that the minutiae of life must be attended to, but he does not forget that life, real life, consists of the white moments of grace. Those moments are part of our soul, a thing eternal, and they go with us into eternity when we stand before God.

A life without white moments is not a life; it is death in life. Every day I see young white people, who should, if they were still linked to their European heritage, make me think of pastoral comedies such as *As You Like It* and marriage feasts from *Much Ado About Nothing*. But I don't see the animation of the European in their eyes; they do not make me think of pastoral comedies and marriage feasts. Instead I think of Nikolai Gogol's novel *Dead Souls*. The white man tells his children there is no central soul, and then bids them look to the black race for the ultimate meaning of life. What meaning is there in blackness? Look behind the mask of blackness, and we see a death's head. The unbought grace of life has been squandered by the white men in a futile attempt to replace love for God, for kith, for kin, with love of the generic black man. But a generic love is an airy nothing.

The eternal battle against principalities and powers does not cease because white people no longer believe they have souls. The battle continues on a different front. When whites believed in Him, they fought against the devil and his minions. Now that Europeans have forsaken their God and the passionate love of their kith and kin that stems from the love of God, they have been herded into concentration camps throughout the world. Satan and the liberals regard such white people as prisoners of war, but the sheep-like Europeans believe they are living life to the fullest; they are happy if they are allowed to live life by proxy through the great black gods of the natural world. At times the white people in the prison camps – and some of the camps are quite plush – get a vague sense of something missing in their lives. But they fill the void with drugs, sex, and an increased involvement in the black-worshipping, Christian churches without Jesus Christ. Young and old, particularly the young, are told that paradise, the future world of pleasure without pain, can only be obtained by worshipping and serving the black gods of Liberaldom. I saw that a young Irishman, just 22 years of age, won the U. S. Open Golf Tournament. The press lauded him for his "growth." And what was his growth? He went to Haiti and spent time with the sacred black people of Haiti. The pathetic, indoctrinated caricature of a European came back chastened and ashamed, vowing to be a better man and not so insular and white. Does anyone care to point out that the Haitians would not need the continued support of the white Europeans if they had not massacred the French Europeans who once ruled their country with a charity that the Haitians could not understand and took for weakness? No, I don't suppose anyone did point that out. It's not intrinsically wrong for a white man to make a goodwill trip to an African country. But it is wrong to appease the rulers of Liberaldom by worshipping at the shrine of their black gods to the detriment of the oppressed and disenfranchised white people all over the world, particularly in nations such as Rhodesia and South Africa. Let white

sports heroes visit the surviving family members of murdered whites in Africa, the United States, and Europe if they want to do genuine charitable outreach. Charity is hard, not easy, and it begins with a man's own kith and kin.

The institutionalized hatred for the white man has bred a kind of hybrid Christianity among the halfway-house Christians who want to retain some vague connection to Christianity but do not want to challenge the new Christ-less Christian theology of liberalism. The halfway-house Christians stay "Christian" by abandoning traditional European-based Christianity and fusing their Christianity with Judaism and Negro worship, a kind of Christian-Jewish-pagan mix. It's not the religion of Jesus Christ, the religion of our European ancestors; it is an anti-European faith which is more acceptable to the rulers of Liberalism.

I once, while attending what we shall laughingly call an institution of "higher" learning, attended a lecture on the subject of the European's loss of a sense of the sacred. The lecturer's analysis seemed to be accurate. He placed the blame on rationalism and science. But he followed up his analysis with a plea of impotence: "We are all Hegelian rationalists now," he intoned; "What can we do about it? There is no going back. We can't pretend to believe that [meaning Christianity] which we, as rational men, cannot believe."

Of course the assumption behind the lecturer's plea of impotence was that scientific, rational thought is the highest summit of thought. The lecturer and his rational, scientific colleagues were drawing conclusions about existence without having plunged to the heart of existence. They had left out the poetic of life. What philosophy and theology cannot fathom, poetry can. Christ, the King of Poets, speaks only to those who have reached the poetic depths; He speaks to men of blood, not to men of intellect. The European fairy tale has not been refuted by the rational and the scientific "thinkers"; it has been left for dead by those who thought the abstractions they created from their pygmy brains, that missed man's central soul, were accurate representations of reality.

The age of chivalry is only dead in the peripheral, statistical world of the rationalist bureaucrats, who worship in the fusionist churches of modernity. In our old European home, chivalry still lives. And those who live by the chivalric code, the code of the European, are not daunted by numbers, by principalities, or by powers. "He that endures to the end shall be saved." +

They Turned All Their Faces Away - JUNE 17, 2011

"Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate." – Banquo in *MacBeth*

Atrocities against whites by non-whites are commonplace, and the only unusual thing about this particular atrocity was that it was reported:

Racial Rapes by Abigail Wilson LL.B. -- from the Australian *On Target*:

CBS foreign correspondent Lara Logan, an attractive blonde, blue-eyed Nordic woman, suffered a "brutal and sustained sexual attack", being raped for about three hours by Egyptian males in Tahir Square, Cairo. This brutal degradation was performed by the freedom loving Egyptians celebrated by the Western media.

The full details of the brutal rape was heavily censored by the mainstream media. Thus The Sydney Morning Herald, February 16, 2011, "US Reporter Lara Logan Sexually Assaulted and Beaten in Egypt: CBS" only says that "She was surrounded and suffered a brutal and sustained sexual assault and beating". And that's all.

However internet sources report that she was vaginally and anally raped for three hours, masturbated on, urinated on, beaten with sticks and she may have had her left nipple bitten off. (The lady in question held just one media interview and revealed she was rescued by women in full Muslim attire. They formed a circle around her thus protecting her from further brutal degradation and she was then able to flee...ed)

Brutal rapes by Middle Eastern men of women of a similar racial profile have occurred across the West – in Sweden, where the rape rate is 20 times higher than that of some countries in southern and eastern Europe, in France and in Australia. In Australia sentences for rape are lenient compared to other countries, but the head of the pack of the Middle Eastern rapists from a few years back got 55 years and others – 25, 23, 18, 71, 11 and 15 years. That is an indication of how horrible the crimes were. Yet the crimes were never seen as racially based. Why?

Essentially women of our race have been deracinated by the Establishment. They have no identity as an ethno-racial group, whereas if these events occurred to any other group, we would never hear the end of it. To suppose that Nordics,

especially Anglo-Saxons could be targeted and racially profiled is a great no-no because it just might give this dying ethno-racial group ideas about its own racial rights and the need to preserve its racial identity. Multiculturalism has been based on the dilution of Anglo Saxons so the Establishment will never, never, ever admit any racial crimes against Anglos. Their race doesn't exist, therefore there can only be crimes against individuals. I think about this as I leave work late at night, hoping that I make it to my car and survive the long drive across this thing they call a capital city.

What is left to say after such reports? I think of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's great work *The Gulag Archipelago*. He wanted to give an accurate, faithful account of life in the Communist Gulag, but after taking us through over 600 pages of Communist brutality, he stopped at one point to tell his readers it wasn't necessary to give any more graphic details: "you know the story." Yes, by that time we did know the story. But as bad as the Russian Gulag was – and it was horrific – the new gulags are worse. There is now a worldwide system of gulags set up for the purpose of torturing and exterminating all members of the white race. In countries such as Rhodesia and South Africa, the extermination process is proceeding at a rapid pace. In countries such as the United States, Britain, and France the extermination process is slightly slower, but only slightly, because there are more whites in those countries.

One of the most terrifying aspects of the Russian Gulag was the completely arbitrary nature of the incarceration process. A man or woman could be thrown in the Gulag to be tortured and or murdered for no particular reason, other than the fact that the Russian Communist officials suspected that every Russian was plotting against the government; no one could be trusted. And no white person can be trusted in the Babylonian countries of the West; all are guilty, without a trial, of being white, which is the color of sin. Some tribunal was held somewhere in the past, at which the white man was found guilty of a heinous crime; hence there can be no such thing as an atrocity against white people because they are monsters who destroyed a colored Babylonian paradise in the past and are the obstacle to mankind's progression to a Babylonian future. Of course it is not the colored barbarians who have adopted an anti-white metaphysic; the coloreds have no metaphysic. All they know is that their once formidable enemy has become "easy meat," so they take advantage of that fact. It is the liberals who have developed an anti-white metaphysic which they have spread throughout Liberaldom to ensure that no white will ever regard himself as white. In fact, any white in Liberaldom who looks on himself as white is ipso facto guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors and will be subject to fine, imprisonment, and often death.

It's quite true that white people, particularly the Anglo-Saxon whites, do not regard themselves as a race of people, separate and distinct from the colored races, and sharing a common heritage and destiny as a people. But that is only part of the reason that whites turn their faces away from atrocities committed against whites by the colored tribesmen. The white man has become a liberal, and the liberal is not merely indifferent to the antique European's desire for racial solidarity, he is in rebellion against white racial solidarity. Mere indifference to race would not allow the liberal to stand by, and often applaud, the torture, murder, and rape of whites. In order to ignore or applaud atrocities, the liberal must hate the white race. And the liberal does hate the white race because he hates Christ. When my youngest daughter was seven years old, she asked me what a liberal was. It was a natural question coming from a child who must have heard her father mention liberals over a thousand times, and never once say anything good about them. The question was difficult for me because I wanted my daughter to understand the satanic nature of liberals without over-complicating the subject or causing her undue alarm. So I told her the simple truth: "Liberals are people who hate Christ. They might not say it outright, but we can tell by what they do that in their hearts they hate Christ." Then I went on to tell her some of the things liberals did, such as kill babies ("Don't worry, I won't let them near you or your baby brother") and offer up other white people to be killed by colored natives whom they worship ("You've seen them in the old jungle movies. Don't worry, I won't let them take you.") It comes down to Blake's profound and succinct insight:

"Man must & will have Some Religion; if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the Synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World, God; and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God."

The first Europeans who heard and believed did so because the Christ story spoke to something buried deep in their racial memory: the memory of a fall from grace due to the influence of a spellbinding charlatan who peddled knowledge and power, and the memory of a promise of a savior who would redeem them from the consequences of their fall from grace. The European, when he was European, was the most fully human of God's creatures, because he was the most fully conscious of the living God acting in his life and the life of his people. When the European lost his consciousness of the true God, he lost his identity. He can't become a proud pagan because he already rejected the pagan gods. The colored people still cling to their pagan gods while the European is left bereft of God, of race, of place, and of soul. He truly is a man of clay, so why should he be upset if he hears about other white, clay people being mutilated and destroyed by flesh and blood colored men? Clay is of no significance, until it is made a quickening spirit by the living God, but that story has been thrown on the European's trash heap.

When I was growing up I never even heard the term homosexual, and even in my late teens I had only an abstract notion of what a homosexual was. All that changed in academia. I saw that what was only an abstraction to me was a very real practice of flesh and blood people. I still couldn't understand it from within, but I had to concede that it was real. This is how I feel about the liberals' hatred of their own race and their religious devotion to the black race. I must concede that it exists, but I can't understand it from within. And I abhor the liberal's maniacal hatred of the white race and their sycophantic worship of the black more than any other of the liberal's many evil manias. I think this is because the hatred of your own people is the satanic hate that produces all the other evils of Liberaldom, such as legalized abortion and legalized homosexual marriage. The denial of the blood ties given to us by a benevolent creator is the first step in the dehumanizing process that leads to the inhumanity of Liberaldom.

When Macbeth murders Duncan he severs the blood ties of kinship and kindred that linked him to his fellow men and to God, which is why he is speaking from the heart when he declares:

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of."

The liberal, like Macbeth, made his fateful decision on the heath to murder his kith and kin, and having acquiesced to their murder again and again and again, the liberal has "supp'd full with horrors"; there is no such thing as an atrocity against white people, because the liberal believes that all white people who will not renounce their blood must be eliminated; they stand in the way of utopia.

"The castle of Macduff I will surprise:
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all the unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line."

Of course Macbeth had more of a conscience than the modern liberals – they do not consider white victims of black carnage worthy of being considered "unfortunate souls."

The European who stands with Europe is not involved in a misunderstanding with the liberals; he is involved in a war. The liberals know that it is war; it is time for the European to grasp that reality as well and never lose sight of it. Otherwise he will be absorbed into Liberaldom; he will make his peace with the powers that be and stop believing that there ever was such a thing as a Christian Europe.

The ties of blood, once severed, are very difficult to renew, but there is a beautiful fairy tale quality to the Christian faith. One Man of Sorrows spawned a small band of brothers who overwhelmed the world. Every renewal starts with a band of brothers, who have not renounced their ties of blood to kith, kin, and Him. +

The Heroic Temper - JUNE 10, 2011

[He] loved chivalry, truth and honour, freedom and courtesy" but was head-strong, stubborn, romantical and most unwise. – *Soldiers of Misfortune* by P. C. Wren

In Baroness Orczy's magnificent novel *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, an English nobleman frequently risks his life to rescue members of the French nobility who have been condemned to die on the guillotine in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity. In subsequent novels, the Scarlet Pimpernel (Sir Percy Blakeney) brings down Robespierre and the entire revolutionary government.

I think of the Scarlet Pimpernel whenever I read some underground newspaper report from Rhodesia or South Africa. The people in those nations are desperately in need of Sir Percy Blakeney. But would he be of any use to them? The French aristocrats were given refugee status in England while the beleaguered whites in Rhodesia and South Africa are denied refugee status in every nation of the world. Where then could the Scarlet Pimpernel take the Rhodesian and South African whites? It is against the rules of Liberaldom to flee paradise, and don't you realize that Rhodesia and South Africa are paradises now that black men are running the show? No matter how trivial the reason, a black African can be granted refugee status in the white countries, but a white Rhodesian or South African is denied refugee status in the face (at least it would be 'in the face' of the liberals if they hadn't turned all their faces away) of an unrelenting campaign to murder every single white person in Rhodesia and South Africa.

You would be incorrect if you claimed that the Scarlet Pimpernel only existed in the imagination of Baroness Orczy. He exists in the spirit of every European who refuses to allow colored barbarians to torture and kill other Europeans. Christian chivalry was embodied in Nathan Bedford Forrest, the first Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan; in Henry Havelock, the British avenger of Cawnpore and liberator of Lucknow; and in Andries Pretorius, the hero of Blood River, who led the punitive expedition against the Zulus after they massacred Piet Retief and his followers. The Scarlet Pimpernel is a true myth; he is the embodiment of the antique European's vision of the proper response to bloody tyranny and the murder of the innocents. The response must be non-democratic -- no petitions against murder and torture to a people addicted to murder and torture -- and it must be violent if violence has been used against one's people. We react according to how hard the enemy is attacking. In the case of the modern liberal and the black barbarian attack on white people, there is no question that the white man must fight back, certainly using different tactics than men like Forrest and Pretorius, but never doctrinally renouncing violence, claiming it is unChristian or impractical. What could be more unChristian than standing idly by while your white countrymen and kinsmen are slain, and what could be more impractical than declaring your Quaker-like pacifism in the face of savage, bloodthirsty barbarians?

Of course any plea for white people to start defending white people falls on deaf or hostile ears. Satan has destroyed the spiritual resolve of the European by poisoning his love for his kith and kin. Without that spiritual resolve the European is cut off from his source of strength -- the God who comes to man through His love of kith and kin. If a man does not love his own, he cannot know God, which is why the godless liberals have joined with the black barbarians in a bloodbath that equals in horrific intensity and surpasses in numbers the massacre of Piet Retief and his followers.

The Boers died fighting hopelessly to the last. Retief was made to witness the death of his son and his followers. The young boys were killed with the others. The bodies were piled upon the hill of death, and over them were the bodies of the grooms and attendants. The heart and liver of Retief were removed and taken to Dingaan so that he might look upon them. Over sixty Boers, one Englishman, and numerous attendants lay dead in the sunlight of that morning in February, and the vultures of Hlomo Amabuta came down from the sky. -- *In Search of South Africa*

The Zulu chief Dingaan always feasted and celebrated after the torture and murder of white people, much like The Obama who recently partied at the White House with rapper Lonnie Rashid Lynn Jr., who sang a song of rapture about Assata Shakur, convicted murderer of the white New Jersey State Trooper Werner Foester. It's an ongoing race war with only one side fighting, the liberals and the black barbarians. And let no white man hope to vote the war away. Every Republican candidate renounces white people before he runs for office. Witness Ron Paul, one of the better candidates, who recently decided that the deportation of illegal aliens was "too harsh"! Is this the promised end? The white Democrats campaign under the banner of an immediate extermination of the white race while the Republicans campaign under the banner of a gradual extermination of the white race. The promised end of the white man that both parties yearn for is not the promised end that a European, who still remains a European, longs for or supports.

In 1971, two men, Nathaniel Weyl and William Marina, published a book called *American Statesmen on Slavery and the Negro*. In the book Weyl and Marina made a modest proposal that they thought would end much of the racial conflict in the United States. They suggested that white people should have the right of private association, in other words, the right to segregate themselves from blacks in sport, in housing, and in schooling. Such a practical measure, the authors felt, would eliminate the racial tension which was sweeping the country. The authors of *American Statesmen on Slavery and the Negro* were right, and they were wrong. They were right in saying that their proposals would eliminate much of the racial unrest in the nation, but they were wrong to think that white liberals want to live in a diverse society where black and white get along by respecting their neighbors' segregated fences. Liberals don't want the blacks to have their culture and the whites theirs; liberals want to eliminate the white European culture altogether and replace it with the black Babylonian culture. And now, some 40 years since Weyl and Marina penned their modest proposal, the liberals have created their own version of a "diverse" culture. It is a culture dominated by anti-European liberals and black barbarians. Weyl and Marina were well-meaning, practical sons of Martha who lacked a deep understanding of good and evil. The liberals do not want to co-exist with antique Europeans; they want to eradicate them. The false assumption behind every practical, well-meaning proposal to prevent bloodshed between the black and white is the assumption that the liberals want to prevent bloodshed. Quite the contrary is true. The liberals want to see rivers of blood flowing from white victims who have been offered up on sacrificial altars built to appease the black gods of the liberals.

If you doubt that the liberals want blood, the white man's blood, just look at the evidence. What happened when blacks ran amuck in the New Orleans Superdome and the surrounding areas where white people were especially vulnerable, because of the flood, to black marauders? Were the liberals outraged? Yes, they were outraged. They were outraged that some white people armed themselves with shotguns in order to save their families from being sacrificed to the black gods. Recently the columnist Matt Drudge reported that which is not supposed to be reported: black on white crime. Again, are the liberals outraged? Yes, they are, but not with the black atrocities; they are outraged with Drudge for reporting the atrocities. And such is always the case, from the "cry me a river" black columnist exulting in the torture murders of

Channon Christian and Christian Newsom, to the satanic “loving forgiveness” of Pope John XXIII after black savages tortured and murdered his own priests and nuns. The message is clear: our ancient foe is using his minions, the liberals and the black barbarians, to destroy the Christ-bearing race. He hopes to strike the Creator by attacking His Creatures. There are two fallacies in the modern propaganda of tolerance, “you respect my culture and I’ll respect yours.” The first fallacy is what we have just articulated: liberals and black barbarians do not want to respect any culture other than their own, especially the white European culture. And the second fallacy is linked to the first: how can people who have no concept of charity or mercy, like the liberals and the black barbarians, have any respect for a people who want to maintain their link to Christian Europe where men revered the God of charity and mercy? The principle of “you respect my culture and I’ll respect yours” can only be applied to differences between Christian European nations. The non-European does not respect other cultures; he wants to destroy them. The Christian European was the only man who could be trusted to treat “the lesser breeds without the law” with paternal charity instead of merciless cruelty. Now that there is no Christian European presence of any significance in the formerly European countries, there is no charity or mercy to be found there. We live in Babylon, where a green-haired, white girl can walk into any abortuary and destroy her child or, if she so desires, cohabit with one of the black gods. In either case the green-haired girl with the ring through her nose is a citizen of Babylon, a nation ruled by merciless, techno-barbarian liberals and black, barbarian demigods. The European hero is a hero because he still has his spiritual resolve, his love for kith and kin. “Mock my people and my God, and I’ll strike you. Strike my kith and kin, and I’ll kill you.” That is the vow of the hero: William Tell, Alfred the Great, Robert Bruce, Henry Havelock, Charles Martel, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Andries Pretorius, and every European who love their own so much that they see His blood upon the rose.

While wandering through Britain in the early 1970s I saw an old English newsreel in an old, small town movie theater that proudly proclaimed Piccadilly, the center of London, to be the center of the civilized world. The newsreel went on to praise such stalwart Brits as Lord Wellington, Lord Nelson, and Alfred the Great. There was even great praise lavished on Andries Pretorius and Robert E. Lee as men of the heroic temper, and therefore spiritual brethren of the Brits. Such respect for the heroes of our race has completely died out. The mere mention of the fact that your heroes are antique Europeans is enough to label a man an imbecile and/or a racist. But we are a race of Scarlet Pimpernels. In fact we are the only race of people who hold the heroes of charity, the defenders and not the conquerors, to be the greatest of heroes, because they follow Him, the King and Lord of Heroes. In that hideous plastic song of the sixties, “The Age of Aquarius,” the lyrics speak of the wonders that will ensue when the stars are in alignment. The European does not care about the stars; he cares about the things of the heart. When the European’s heart is aligned with His heart, the age of the hero will return; it will be “The Age of the Man on the European White Horse,” who rides in defense of the European things, faith, hope and charity; above all charity.

I like the sagas from the Christian era that the liberals call the Dark Ages. (Of course the age when the Europeans saw the light of Christ’s love would be considered the Dark Age to liberals.) I recall one such saga from my childhood. An Icelandic warrior, newly Christianized, was in constant strife with his still pagan neighbors. The Christian Icelandic warrior called the heathen world the “twilight world” and his new-found Christian world he called the “world of light.” Every time the twilight world infringed on the Christian warrior’s world of light, he felt compelled to defend his world by driving the heathen back to their world of darkness. The task of the modern European Christian is the same as that of the Icelandic warrior. We are called upon to drive the heathen back to their world of darkness. Blackness is sacred to the liberal and the black, but it is virulent poison to the antique European, and the people who peddle it are the European’s enemies. But the psalmist assures us that He will not fail us in the day of battle.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.
Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. -- Psalm 91: 1-7

The hero believes that God’s word applies to him. How can we doubt it? He set His love upon our ancestors, and He will set it upon us if only we listen to and heed the wisdom of our European hearts. +

The Old Mill - JUNE 03, 2011

“And the battering ram of the liberal coalition is Negro worship.” – CWNY

There have been volumes of scholarly theological treatises written that dogmatically assert there never has been and never can be such a thing as a Christian civilization. I feel, in the presence of such scholarly assertions, much like the small boy

in the old fable who listened to a group of self-proclaimed wise men declare, based on their studies of a dead bumble bee, that it was impossible for the bumble bee to fly. Unconvinced, the boy actually went outdoors where bumble bees lived and saw the bees in flight. Of course the scholarly men ignored the eyewitness account of the boy and held to their original assertion that “bumble bees cannot fly.”

There was a Christian Europe. I have read the eyewitness accounts of our bardic European chroniclers such as Walter Scott and William Shakespeare. Ben Gunn did not say he hadn't eaten any food cooked by English hands for over three years; he said, “But mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet.” Only an academic who is “an errant knave despite all grace,” would insist that the Europeans during the Christian era of Europe were no different, oftentimes worse, than the pagans.

There are two strands of thought, often comingled in the same thinker, running through the death-heads of the “There-was-no-Christian-Europe” Western intellectuals. The first strand is the purist strand : “I see crimes of passion, crimes of greed, crimes of avarice, etc., in the so-called Christian European culture of the past, so how can you say that the European culture was better?” And of course the purist seldom stops with his denial of the superiority of the antique European culture to all the other cultures; he usually asserts the superiority of the pagan cultures to the Christian, European culture. The non-Europeans are presented as pure and untainted by the sins of the Europeans. What is the result of such thinking? If we can't trust in the essential goodness of the people who took Christ to their hearts, whom can we trust? That brings us to the second strand that runs through the pygmy brain of the European liberal.

The second strand is the egotistical strand. If there is no reliable testimony of the truth of the Christian revelation to be found in the life blood of the antique Europeans, whom shall we turn to as our touchstone of reality? Who will tell us about the person and the nature of God? “We will,” shout the chorus of disenfranchised, disengaged, dysfunctional intellectuals of the Western world. Tragically the European people have listened to them, and as a result they have no touchstone of reality; they have lost their God, and they have lost their identity as a people. They are subject to the egotistical whims of an elite band of intellectuals who have abstracted themselves from all things human.

The European civilization of the incarnate God, a civilization in which all things material were symbols of the spiritual realm, has been replaced by Liberalism, a kingdom where all things once believed to be part of the spiritual realm, such things as love, honor, and pietas, are now seen as part of the material realm. Nature is all, not man's nature as a spiritual being, but man's nature as a biological specimen. And yet somehow, if we listen to our intellectual custodians of the light, we, as biological entities only, are supposed to be moving generically to a paradise on earth. But the paradise is always in the future; we are enjoined to celebrate a kind of reverse-Confucianism. Instead of worshipping our ancestors, we are told we must worship the men and women of the future, who will be clean and pure because they will be black and brown. The black *Übermensch* is the liberals' god, because he is the embodiment of a future state of bliss. In this state of bliss there will be no imperfection because the sinful, imperfect race, the white race, will have ceased to exist.

There is a short story by Nathaniel Hawthorne called “The Birthmark.” In the story, a mad scientist becomes obsessed with a birthmark that he feels mars the perfect beauty of his wife. He tries to “cure” his wife's imperfection by scientific potions. The end result of the cure is the death of his wife. The European intellectuals, under the guise of curing the racial birthmark of the European people, are killing the European people. All the political and social structures of the modern Europeans are set up like the tribal structures of the black natives in the old jungle movies. “Get the white man, torture and kill the white man,” is the sum total of the native black man's religion. And that “advanced” religion is now the religion of the modern European.

Of course the liberal doesn't love black people; the liberal is incapable of love. He can only worship abstractions. The noble black savage is an abstraction, a fantasy that the liberal will kill to maintain. Like the evil scientist in “The Birthmark” the liberal would much rather live in the black and brown paradise of the future than in the eternal moment given to us by a loving Creator: “he failed to look beyond the shadowy space of time, and, living once for all in eternity, to find the perfect future in the present.”

The white Christian civilization that the experts tell us never existed was the only civilization that was rooted in eternity. Christ's reign of charity is eternal; it is past, present, and future. No matter its imperfections -- and of course there are imperfections because man is imperfect -- the civilization of the antique Europeans was the only civilization in history that took the incarnation of the Son of God seriously. The liberals have seized on the racial birthmark of the Europeans and used it as their reason for destroying everything European. But we should be able to see behind the racial façade. The liberals hate humanity like Lucifer, their comrade in arms.

Tradition tells us that Satan's rebellion against God came when he learned about God's plan to create mankind. Ah, the mystery starts to become clear. The real reason for the liberals' hate of the white man stems from their hatred of humanity and the humane God. The human condition is painful; better to flee from that pain and the God who created pain to a future without pain. And the liberals' professed love for the Negro can also be seen for what it is: a love for an abstracted,

black god of paradise who will rule over a pain-free world of black and brown people. The liberal is not deterred from his fantasy by the whiteness of his own skin; in his pygmy mind, which is all he has left, the liberal sees himself as pure mind, and his mind is black.

Satan has built Liberaldom over the ruins of Christendom by separating the European's analytical brain from the organ of sight, the heart. When the European sees with his brain he sees the imperfections of God's world and infers from what he sees that God is imperfect, imprecise, and illogical. So he feels free to create a new and better world. If challenged to show in what way the brave new world of the godless ones is superior to Christendom the liberal will tell you that we are not there yet, but just give him time.

The European who sees with his heart sees something quite different from the liberal. He sees a Hero-God of charity, who will bear any burden and fight any foe to deliver his people from the bondage of sin, which is death. Life is a fairy tale; when we cease to see life in the fairy tale mode — God vs. the devil, the knight vs. the dragon — we cease to behave as men and become swine subject to the imperial commands of the rulers of Liberaldom. Just as a mind-forged structural analysis of a work of literature kills the work of literature, so does a mind-forged structural analysis of man kill the humanity in man. Death in life and lifeless death is all that man can hope for in Liberaldom.

I come back to what a man can hope for. He can hope to live in the eternal moment of his European ancestors. That world, which is non-existent to the liberal and the intellectual dilettante, called Christian Europe still provides us with the chariot of fire and the arrows of desire with which we can reach out and touch the hand of God. Yes, the hand of God was upon the antique Europeans and His hand is upon us if our heart's blood is joined with theirs.

My children recently gave me a book containing the works of the English landscape painter, John Constable (1776 – 1837). For me, Constable's paintings constitute a pictorial *Chronicles of Narnia*. Through the simple human things Constable takes us through the wardrobe door and gives us a glimpse of the divine. When is a landscape more than a landscape? When it is painted by an Englishman whose heart and soul is rooted in eternal Europe. Black-worshipping Liberaldom will be consigned to the fire, but Constable's European landscapes are forever. +

Blood Shall Bring It Down - MAY 28, 2011

Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers. Isaiah 1:7

I'll always be grateful to Walt Disney, the Hans Christian Andersen of America, for keeping the European storytelling tradition alive in his wonderful movies. My parents were math-and-science people who didn't have much use for stories, so my first exposure to the European storyland came to me from the films of Mr. Disney.

I saw most of the Disney films in one of those big old plush theaters that no longer exist. A quarter bought you an enormous box of popcorn, which I'm sure was meant to make us thirsty for the theater's over-priced soft drinks. But my mother gave us enough money (a child could go to the movies in those days without an armed escort) to pay for the movie and one box of popcorn. No soda. I get thirsty now just thinking about eating all that popcorn without any liquid, but I don't recall feeling thirsty during the movie. Perhaps our eat-popcorn-without-getting-thirsty gene deteriorates with age like our eat-enormous-quantities-of-chocolate-chip-cookies-without-getting-sick gene.

I saw most of Walt Disney's films, animated and live action, when I was a child; and when I was an adult, before the day of VCR and DVD, I tried to see the re-releases of the old classics such as *Snow White* and *Pinocchio*.

In my early twenties, about thirty years ago, I went to see a re-release of the Disney classic, *The Song of the South*. At that time in my life I was not unaware of the growing insanity about the Negroes and their newly sainted status, but I was not yet aware of the extent of the mass Negro-worshipping insanity that had taken hold of the country. Outside the theater was a huge protest group, consisting of white liberals and blacks. The protestors formed a ring around the theater, and they were doing the usual ranting and raving while carrying placards denouncing racism and Walt Disney. All the signs and the protestors struck me as offensive, but one sign and one protestor struck me as particularly offensive. A fat, mad-dog liberal was carrying a sign that depicted a pornographic image of Minnie Mouse and Walt Disney. Liberals always use pornography when they protest any aspect of the older, white, European culture. And that makes sense, because the Babylon that they bid us return to is nothing more than the institutionalization of an endless cycle of pornography.

The holder of the particularly loathsome placard was offended when I destroyed his poster, but fortunately for me the policemen presiding over the protest weren't too fond of the protestors. I was told to go into the movie theater and to

refrain from hitting anyone, but I was not arrested for destroying the liberal's sign. I was fortunate; I don't think our modern police would have been as sympathetic to an outraged white man.

I doubt that many of the protestors, black or white, had seen the movie the *Song of the South*, but let's assume that some of the protestors had seen the movie. Why the protest? Why was this the last theatrical re-release of the movie? Why must you now get a pirated copy from Europe if you want to see the movie on DVD or VHS? The reason is quite simple. The hero of the movie is Uncle Remus, a kindly old black man, who loves his white master, and especially loves his white master's young son. I have my doubts that such loyal darkies ever existed, but there is a spate of old novels by Dixon, Caroline Gordon, and Margaret Mitchell that claim there once really were some good darkies. Thomas Nelson Page, in his short story "Mam' Lyddy's Recognition," probably came closest to the truth. He depicts a good, darkie, 'house servant' who becomes corrupted when the family moves up North, where she is exposed to "free niggers." She returns to sanity when one of the free niggers tries to make free with her life savings, and her good, kind, white master saves her from the clutches of the free nigger. Happy day! But Uncle Remus never falls from grace. Through his fidelity to the traditions of his white masters, he inspires the white people to live up to their traditions. The message is clear: white people and the civilization they created are good; black people can only be good by being faithful and loyal to their white masters within a hierarchal structure in which they are subordinate but loved. That image of white and black brought out the black barbarian protestors and the mad-dog liberal protestors. There were only three black people in the theater, among a sea of white people, at the time I saw *Song of the South* -- a black mother with her two children. Apparently that unenlightened black woman thought Uncle Remus was a better role model for her children than *Superfly* or *Shaft*. Are there no limits to the foolishness of the un-illuminated?

Thirty years ago the concrete supporting the Negro-worshipping edifice of Liberalism was in the process of hardening. Now it has solidified. Every aspect of European culture that reminded men they were born for something more than eternal Babylon has been eliminated. The word 'European' has become a devil word, and Europeans who still revere the memory of antique Europe have dwindled down to a precious few. It would be very comforting if the faithful Europeans were more than a precious few, but a few good men were enough for our Lord.

The coalition at the movie theater of black barbarians, anti-Christian clergymen, Jewish Marxists, and mad-dog liberals was a cross-sample of the satanic coalition that is always present when the Christian European tradition is attacked. And the battering ram of the liberal coalition is Negro worship. A war should not be so one-sided. The heirs of the Christ bearers should not leave the field without having ever unsheathed their swords. If every white European falls in line with Negro worship, the Babylonian liberals will reign unchallenged. They will make their sacrifices to the black gods while saturating themselves and the people they rule in the soullessness of pornographic Babylon.

It is the fusionist faith of the Christian churches that has placed the European at the mercy of the Babylonian Inquisition. When Christianity is joined to black barbarism it becomes satanic, just as it does when it is fused with Islam, Judaism, paganism or any other faith. Nor can the Christ-bearing race be fused with the colored races and continue to be the Christ-bearing race. Such a race of people becomes a non-race of people and is absorbed into the multi-colored soulless world of Babylon. The antique European is not any worse off, in terms of his numerical disadvantages, than was Alfred and his small band of Englishmen when they met in one tiny corner of Christian England and vowed to retake England from the heathen Danes. Nor is the modern European any more outnumbered than the stalwart Spaniards of 770 A.D. who met in a cave and vowed to fight to the knife against their Muslim overlords. What is lacking in the modern European is a clear vision of the God he is fighting for and the enemy he is fighting against. It is always Satan, with his angelic intelligence divorced from the divine humanity of God, that we fight against.

Once we know the primary attribute of Satan, intelligence divorced from divine humanity, we can always recognize Satan and his minions, no matter how they try to disguise their work. If the modern clergymen denounce the faith of old Europe in the name of a new, more intelligent, fusionist faith of black barbarism and Christianity, and if they renounce the people of old Europe for the new, black man-gods of Negro-worshipping Christianity, we will know them for what they are despite their clerical garments and their adherence to the outward forms of Christian worship. They are Satan's own, and they should be dealt with as Satan's own.

Twelve hundred and nineteen times Jennet Clouston (*Kidnapped*) hurled her curse at the house of Shaws: "Blood built it; blood stopped the building of it; blood shall bring it down." The blood of our Savior built Christian Europe; the betrayal of His blood brought it down; and the renewal of our blood ties to Him and His Europe can restore Christian Europe and bring down Liberalism. Satan knows that a restoration is possible, which is why he is ever-vigilant. He intends to wash away even the memory of Christian Europe by keeping the European immersed in the filth of a Negro-worshipping Babylon. Every time a human personality, a European, attempts to attack Babylon, Satan will loose his hell-hounds on the offending European. But I have great faith in the remnant band of Europeans that hate and love, like Jennet Clouston and Thomas Nelson Page's Goth, with all their heart.

Walt Disney also made a movie called *So Dear to My Heart*. It was a simple tale of a young boy's life on a Missouri farm, much like the one where Mr. Disney spent the happiest years of his childhood. The Europe proscribed by the liberals is dear to my heart. I feel a sorrow too deep for tears at its destruction; a hate beyond all passion for those who have destroyed Christian Europe and continue to calumniate it; and a love beyond all power of expression for the memory of Christian Europe and the people whose fidelity to Christ created Christian Europe. There must be other Europeans who feel as I do. Such love and hate, felt deep in the blood, will restore Europe and bring Liberalism down. +

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name." – Psalm 91:14

Destroyed by Fire - MAY 20, 2011

"I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

-Samuel Taylor Coleridge

I recently saw a baseball game at a relative's house, but it was far from the enjoyable experience it could have been if white Americans did not worship Negroes. The players all wore the uniforms of the old Negro Leagues. (Apparently it was "civil rights' week" in baseball – although isn't every week "civil rights' week" in baseball?) And every other word out of the white, play-by-play announcer's mouth was in condemnation of the bad old days when evil white men kept Negroes out of baseball. The other word out of the announcer's mouth was of course in praise of the godlike Negroes, past and present. I feigned some vague illness and left my negro-worshipping cousin's dwelling before the game was over.

In a totalitarian, democratic, egalitarian society such as the United States of America, there is no aspect of the citizen's daily life that is not used for propaganda purposes. Sport, at least as pertains to males, is the primary propaganda instrument of the government. You could claim that the United States government does not force white males to watch Negro-worshipping sporting events, and you would be correct, to a certain extent. The U.S. government does not use the straight-forward, masculine form of compulsion championed by the former Soviet Union, but the United States does compel in a more feminine, seductive way. In the soulless, meaningless world of modernity that is the United States, where can a man turn to get some transitory relief from the mundane reality of modernity? The more energetic turn to illicit sex, while the rest of the white males turn to sport. And our sports reflect the ideology of our government. Men that couldn't be reached by any other means, because they don't care about anything else, are reached and indoctrinated through sporting events. The South was not dead as a viable living alternative to the modernist, Unitarian North until they integrated their local Little League teams in order to be allowed into the universalist, integrated Little League of the liberals. And likewise the white South Africans; they sold their souls for the right to participate in worldwide sporting events.

While watching the ballgame and watching my cousin's enraptured love for the Negro ballplayers, I thought of Carl Jung. Jung was a protégé of Sigmund Freud, but he broke with Freud on the issue of religion. It was Freud's contention that all religious belief was neurosis, but Jung saw that all of his patients had some kind of longing for the transcendent. "How," Jung asked, "could you call something a neurosis that was a universal feeling or sentiment?" The religious impulse was not a neurosis confined to one individual, like an impulse to drive one's car off a cliff or to plunge a dagger into a stranger's heart, so how could the religious sentiment be a neurosis? It couldn't, Jung decided. And ministers and priests were delighted with Jung. "You see he says we are not sick." Who is the greater danger though: Freud or Jung? I think it is Jung. Freud attacks your faith head on, and you can meet his attack head on. But Jung tells a Christian that it's OK to have a faith in Christ, because He is a symbol of a need for some kind of transcendent being that exists in all people. "But what of Jesus of Nazareth?" the Christian asks: "Did He rise from the dead on the third day?" Of course, not," Papa Jung tells us, but it's all right to feel the need to go to Church and pretend that He rose again from the dead on the third day. "You're alright, and I'm alright." Thanks for nothing, Carl Jung.

Jung and his disciple Joseph Campbell, the author of the *Hero with a Thousand Faces*, uses the term 'oversoul' and the 'oceanic feeling' to describe man's religious longing, but in the end Jung, like Shaw with his "creative evolution" bids us have faith in an airy nothing without a local habitation and a name. It is regurgitated Platonism, and like the original Platonism, it proved unsatisfactory to men because "hope without an object cannot live." (1) Which brings us back to the baseball game. What if we combine the psychological mumbo-jumbo of the 'oversoul' and 'creative mind' with Negro worship? At last! Now the liberal intellectual and the common man are one; they have found an object to worship – the generic black man. Of course the new fusionist religion of abstract philosophy, pop psychology, and Negro worship is a very superficial religion. There must be constant state-sponsored events and programs to keep the Negro ever before the

white man's eyes, lest he forget that he is supposed to worship and adore the Negro, who is not really (when we look at him as he is) a very adorable object of worship.

The reason right-wingers from the BNP and the American Renaissance fail to make a dent in the liberal machine is because they do not see that the civil rights movement was not about equal rights for blacks. Some whites who were involved in the civil rights movement, quite possibly a majority, might have told themselves and believed their own lie, that they wanted civil rights for the black man. But that is not what they were after then or now. The white liberals wanted a new god to replace the old, dead God named Jesus Christ. No disenfranchised white European will become enfranchised by pleading for equal rights with the black man. Such a plea strikes the white liberal as blasphemous. How can sinful man (remember original sin still exists in the white man) obtain equality with the black gods? It's not possible within the Negro-worshipping confines of Liberaldom.

The white man cannot fight for equality within Liberaldom, equal rights will not be given to him; he has only the right to dig his own grave. But the European can and should fight with his whole heart and soul to destroy Liberaldom. Think in terms of kingdoms. We live in a kingdom that is irrevocably opposed to everything an antique European holds dear. And it's not a question of choosing war over peace; there is no choice. We can't make peace with liberals that have only one definition of peace: an open grave for white men.

Liberaldom has been set up along the lines of the old Roman Empire. All faiths are tolerated so long as they are subservient to the state gods. That's where the Christians ran afoul of the Roman Empire. They refused to bend their knee to any God but Christ. The new halfway-house Christians, who are not Christian by the old European standards, save their "faith" by discarding their belief in Jesus Christ as the one true God. In the modern Christian churches Christ is a 'best man' type of God; He plays 'best man' at the one-sided marriage (all the love comes from the white man) between the European and the black man. Of course the new marriage vow is somewhat different than the traditional Christian marriage vow. In the new vows the white man pledges to forsake the true God and to worship and obey only the black god.

In old Europe the Christian faith was woven into the fabric of European culture. When you attacked the European's God, he rightly saw that it was an attack on his home and everything he held dear in life, because everything that the European valued was connected to Christ. Likewise the modern liberal. If you attack Negro worship, you attack a whole pantheon of values that stem from Negro worship. The feminist circles the wagons, because Negro worship precedes feminism on the slippery slope; without racial Babylon there could be no sexual Babylon. And sexual Babylon is a necessity for the feminist and her cousin, the homosexual. The capitalist who thrives on the idea that there are no natural ties of kith and kin, only ties forged by self-interest between atomistic individual units, will fight to preserve the atomistic theology that dissolves all bonds of kinship within the white race. How can he run roughshod over his fellow competitors in the marketplace if he respects kith and kin? And on it goes, doctor, lawyer, and Indian Chief all have a vested interest in keeping the Negro as the centerpiece of the new religious faith.

The white liberal has given up his childlike faith in Christ for an adolescent crush on the Negro. And he thinks, in his mush-brained adolescent way, that if he will only be faithful, loving and true to his new god, the great black god will be true to him. "Only bad whites will be exterminated," the white liberal intones. I can still hear the voice of that insipid, loathsome, play-by-play announcer mawkishly weeping over the poor Negroes who were forbidden to play baseball with the evil white players, while he simultaneously hurled invective at the evil white players of the segregated era. Someone tell that modern homosexual version of Little Lord Fauntleroy that Pope John's nuns were flaming Negro-worshippers, but that didn't stop the Negroes from raping and torturing them. And I have yet to hear of a black rapist or murderer extending mercy to a white person because of their liberalism. "Though you slay them, yet will I believe in you," is the cry of the white liberal to his black god.

The European who still calls his soul his own is in the same situation as Hamlet the Dane. A kingdom of Satan has been built over a once Christian kingdom. All the externals of a Christian kingdom are intact, but they are being used for satanic purposes. A hero is needed, a man who has "that within which passeth show..." It was our Lord who said, "For behold, the Kingdom of God is within you." In that kingdom, the kingdom inside a faithful European's heart, is the fire and passion to destroy ten thousand Liberaldoms. If we wonder where our ancestors got the innards to keep the Jew at bay, defeat the Moslems, and turn back the colored hordes, we need only go back to the deserted European village, which still exists, waiting to be repopulated, in the heart of every European.

It's not second sight that we need. The European needs first sight. He needs to see God as the first Christian Europeans saw Him, pure and undefiled. He calls us still, to follow in His train. The old hymn tells of "a glorious band, the chosen few on whom the spirit came." It's a mystery why so many do not see. St. Paul tells us that moral blindness comes from a hardened heart. The vision of our Lord softened St. Paul's heart and turned his hate for Christ into love for Christ. The simple vision of a European hearth presided over by Christ the Lord once inspired the European people to build Christendom. When the external façade is removed from Satandom, the façade of Negro worship, and all that Negro

worship spawned, the light of the world will once again be able to touch the hearts of Europeans who now seem dead to the light.

It's difficult, when viewing the immense superstructure of Liberaldom, to believe that there ever was anything besides Liberaldom, or that Liberaldom could ever cease to be. But the faithful heart sees through the external façade of life to the Kingdom within. In that Kingdom He still reigns and will reign forever and ever. It is now only an underground whisper, the European Hallelujah Chorus, but just a whisper of His name once set Europe ablaze. Liberaldom is not forever; eternal Europe, which is His Kingdom, is forever. +

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

"I don't understand," said Tom.

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

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

"Why not the same thing?"

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

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

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

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

More Than Nature - MAY 13, 2011

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

-Herbert Butterfield in *Christianity and History*

I live in two distinct and separate worlds. In one world, the modern post-Christian, anti-European world, I struggle for the necessities of life and must come in contact with the creatures of modernity, who are much scarier than the Creature from the Black Lagoon. In the other world, the world which constitutes my home life, I come into contact with Europeans such as Walter Scott and Kenneth Grahame. I infinitely prefer the second world, the antique European world, to the modern world.

I've noted, while wandering through the wasteland of modernity, that the modern European regards the Europeans who lived prior to the 20th century as evil. This modern practice of regarding your ancestors as evil was not the common practice of Europeans prior to the 20th century. There were always a few intellectuals, such as Mark Twain, Voltaire, and Rousseau, who condemned the Europeans of the past for their inability to achieve utopia, but the main body of Europeans looked on their ancestors as men and women deserving of respect and emulation. I take more than just an academic interest in the reasons for the modern Europeans' condemnation of their ancestors, because I identify with the older Europeans and therefore stand with them as a man condemned.

The antique European was put on trial in the 20th century for the crimes of racism, sexism, and anti-Semitism. On all three counts he was found guilty. He was found guilty of racism because he did not give the black man equal status with the white man. He was found guilty of sexism because he placed the female of the species by the hearth fire with her children and endeavored to keep her out of the workplace. And he was found guilty of anti-Semitism because he thought the unrepentant, unconverted Jew was an enemy of Christian Europe who needed to be carefully watched. In all three cases, racism, sexism, and anti-Semitism, the antique European is only in the wrong if Christ is not the son of God, because a hierarchical structure of the races, a patriarchal ordering of society, and a healthy suspicion of the Jew, is entirely in keeping with the Christian faith. But in modern, Humpty-Dumpty Europe, non-Christian liberals label the

antique Europeans as “unchristian” for condoning racism, sexism and anti-Semitism. But why should non-believing liberals be allowed to define the Christian faith? And why is it considered unchristian to keep the savage races in check for their own good as well as the good of the white man; to keep the life-bearers and life-nurturers out of the workplace; and to keep the unrepentant Jew at bay? There is no reason to consider these exemplary acts of “racism,” “sexism,” and “anti-Semitism” to be unchristian other than the obvious reason: the liberals are not Christian and they want to see the safeguards of a Christian society – racial segregation, patriarchy, and protective measures against the Jews – eliminated so that Satan, not Christ, can live and thrive in Europe’s “pleasant pastures.” And they have got their wish; Satan reigns where Christ once reigned.

If we look at the European people’s history we can see that racial integration is at the top of the slippery slope that leads to feminism and religious indifferentism. Why? Because our hearts are designed to love the particular, not the generic. When you deny your own particular race, you will not become a great lover of mankind, even though you might profess to be such; you will be an abstracted human being incapable of loving anyone or anything. If you don’t care enough about your own people as a distinct race of people, why then should you care about distinct and separate sexes and distinct and separate faiths? You won’t care. A man who blends races also blends the sexes and religious faiths.

In Ben Jonson’s eulogy for Shakespeare he makes reference to “insolent Greece and haughty Rome.” Even though the Greeks and the Romans had much to be proud of their insolence and haughtiness strikes a discordant note with the Christian European. But the Greco-Roman pagans had an excuse; they did not know the God-Man who showed His people the strength of humility and the weakness of pride.

What can we say in defense of the modern European, who has surpassed the ancient Greeks in insolence and exceeded the ancient Romans in haughtiness? Nothing can be said in his defense. The modern European is drunk with the sneering, insolent, haughty pride of science. The infamous atheist George Bernard Shaw, in his essay entitled “Back to Methuselah,” tells his readers how the Christian faith withstood the onslaughts of all the secular pagan religions until it ran into the scientific onslaught. Science put the atheistic sneer – and no one could sneer like Shaw – on the face of the European. Prior to the Age of Science, the history of the Christian, European people was much like the history of the ancient Hebrews. When they went bad, they slid back into the nature religions. And when they responded to the God above nature, they pulled themselves out of the mire of nature worship. Once the scientific view of man is institutionalized there is no exit for the European; nature is his permanent god. In the 20th century, natural apologetics, which showed that Christianity was not in contradiction to the physical sciences, were all the rage in Catholic and Protestant seminaries. But Christianity is against nature. It is not natural to rise from the dead! “We who are about to die demand a miracle.”

Modern civilization stinks of the laboratory, the test tube, and the microscope. Since nature is all, there is no spiritual significance to skin color, sexual orientation, or religious faith. They are all part of nature and therefore subject to nature’s laws. The pagan temptation was always an ever-present threat to European civilization, but paganism, the worship of nature, did not become the permanent faith of the European until he became, “under the influence of the scientific outlook,” more insolent than the Greeks and more haughty than Rome.

There is no room in the new scientific Babylon for the antique European because the antique European carries that within which would destroy Babylon. In his heart the ancient European carried the ability to distinguish between good and evil. Having never succumbed to the natural law of science, he does not worship the black man, kill babies in the name of sexual equality, or worship the same God as the Jews. It is not primarily a lack of courage that makes white males in Britain stand by while white women are raped and murdered, nor is it primarily a lack of courage that makes halfway-house Christians turn their backs on black atrocities, worship at the shrine of the black gods, and turn to the unrepentant Jews as the Chosen People of God. It is a lack of moral vision that makes the white man a prisoner of Babylon. If he could only see. But he doesn’t see, and it seems to be the last post for the European.

Something that the mad-dog liberal Senator Bill Bradley said in a speech at a Democratic convention highlighted the difference between the Europeans of modern scientific Babylon and the Europeans of Scott’s and Shakespeare’s Europe. He stated that real Americans did not accept the existence of tragedy. Bradley did it! He put into words the hitherto unspoken faith of the European liberal. The liberal does not accept the existence of tragedy. All illnesses, wars, accidents, and natural disasters can be prevented by a proper ordering of society, which usually entails the removal of all Europeans who still have a tragic sense of life. It would seem, from the perspective of an antique European, that the liberal must succumb to a tragic sense of life when he faces death, or is death itself preventable by a proper manipulation of our natural environment? No, it is not preventable; most liberals will concede. But death is not tragic to the liberal because he doesn’t care for particular human beings (that is a Christian concept); he cares about the generic human race, which is why Earth Day has replaced Good Friday on the liberal’s calendar. In the liberal view, pain and suffering are tragic, but they will cease when we find the right drugs; the destruction of the earth would be tragic, but that will be prevented when all those who do not believe in global warming are eliminated. In the absence of a belief in a God who created human beings in His image, the tragic sense of life, which is the lifeblood of the European people, disappears and the people perish.

There is nothing natural in the new, scientific naturalism of the modern liberal. Prior to the scientific age, Europeans used to talk about the natural bonds between parent and child and between members of the same race. When talking about the natural ties of kinship and blood, the antique European was referring to spiritual ties. A natural tie was formed in heaven and all Christians felt bound to uphold those ties of the heart.

When the liberal uses the term ‘natural’ he uses it in a different sense than the antique European. The liberal does not believe in natural ties of affection, he believes in nature as defined by science, the nature that consists of raw matter. The liberal sees no animating spirit within a man’s nature; he is simply a biological specimen. The most perfect man, in the eyes of the liberal, is the natural man who is seemingly devoid of any animating spiritual life. The liberal has seized on the black man as the supreme natural man.

The “natural world” of the liberal was built by the reasoners. It is no accident that the villains in the novels of Scott and La Fanu and the plays of Shakespeare are all great reasoners. They have abstracted themselves from real nature, where bonds of kinship and ties of blood and race are sacred, and immersed themselves in the natural world as defined by Darwin. In that world the spirit is subject to the worm, and the cunning mimic the good in order to perpetuate evil. Natural theology becomes Negro worship and natural affections are bestowed on generic mankind while genuine natural ties of blood are demonized and proscribed.

The great reasoners started out by chiseling out pockets of infamy within the walls of Christendom until those small pockets of infamy coalesced and became a satanic replacement for Christendom. The Christian counter-attack will come from Europeans who have formed pockets of resistance within Satandom. And the spiritual ground upon which the counter-revolutionary European will take his stand is the ground all Europeans were born to defend – the land where ties of blood, to our kin, our kind, and our God are sacred ties, natural ties of the spirit. No force in biological nature is as strong as those natural ties of the spirit which were forged by God so that through those ties we might be linked to Him, the God of mercy. When we look at the sick, twisted, degenerate world of darkness that the reasoners have prepared for us as an alternative to His world of the spirit, we recoil. How can fears of being called white supremacists or stupid deter us from defending His world, in which there are genuine natural ties of love and affection, against their world in which the cruelty of biological nature reigns supreme? Every form of paganism produces a few men who turn from paganism to Christ. The modern, syncretistic, scientific paganism is paganism with a different twist, but it is still paganism. What is needed is a few men to turn away from modern paganism. And from those few will come many, just as the fidelity of Christ inspired millions of Europeans to reject the darkness of paganism for the light of the Gospel. All the blather about diversity and the accusations of white supremacy boil down to this: the liberals do not want the people that walked in darkness and saw a great light to believe in the reality of that light. They want the light extinguished, but that shall never come about for we, the last of the old guard and the first of the new faithful, will “break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us.”+

Returning Home - MAY 07, 2011

“Once beyond the village, where the cottages ceased abruptly, on either side of the road they could smell through the darkness the friendly fields again; and they braced themselves for the last long stretch, the home stretch, the stretch that we know is bound to end, some time, in the rattle of the door latch, the sudden firelight, and the sight of the familiar things greeting us as long-absent travelers from far oversea.”

Two sad events, sad from my perspective at any rate, both occurred within the last seven days. The first event was the royal wedding. I did not find the wedding sad because I am in love with pure democracy and think that all the money spent on the royal family should be absorbed by the working class. Far from it. White people thrived under monarchies, and they committed suicide in the democratic era, so I have no desire to see a democracy anywhere in the European world. What was sad about the spectacle of the royal wedding was that all the symbols of Christian Britain were dug out of moth balls to serve the new secular Britain. If the royal wedding was the occasion for the abdication of Britain’s mad-dog liberal Queen and the ascension to the throne of a fighting King, determined to wrest Britain from the Muslims, the colored barbarians, and the liberals, it would indeed be a wedding to celebrate. But that was not the case; the wedding was merely a celebration of the British peoples’ desire to leave traditional Christian Britain behind, while maintaining their right to have a big dress-up party once in a while. The modern Brits are like King Lear who wanted to retain all the privileges of kingship while abdicating the responsibilities of kingship. And if the Brits do not stop the colored invasion, they will soon discover that their colored “friends” will no longer allow them to have their little dress-up parties, just as Regan and Goneril did not permit Lear to maintain his one-hundred knights.

The second sad event was the death of Bin Laden. It was not a tragedy that he was killed – he was a murdering, Islamic jihadist, just as George Bush II was a murdering, democratic jihadist, but it was tragic that he was not killed for the right reason, which makes all the difference. Bin Laden was killed because he attacked Liberalism. He was not killed because he was a militant Muslim who killed white Christians. The rulers of Liberalism would not have tried to kill Bin Laden had he confined his killings to white Christians; it was his attack on Liberalism that earned him the ire of the liberals and the grazers. A Christian is not permitted to choose the lesser of two evils, but if one was forced to choose between the evil of Bin Laden's Muslim faith, and the evil of the liberals' black-worshipping, Israel-worshipping faith, who's to say which is worse? It's the Cyclops vs. the Dragon.

On a certain level, it's understandable that Americans should applaud the death of Bin Laden. He murdered people, and he finally paid for it, but when the applause becomes applause for America, the foremost nation of Liberalism, it should sicken and anger every white European. As soon as Bin Laden was dead and buried, The Obama was proclaiming America's undying love and respect for Islam. Is religious indifferentism something we should applaud? Is the death of Osama Bin Laden going to stop Negro worship and the massacre of whites? Is the death of Osama Bin Laden going to stop the ruling elites in Europe and America from allowing Muslims to overrun their nations? Is the death of Bin Laden going to stop Pakistani Muslims living in Britain from raping white British girls? Is the death of Bin Laden going to stop black barbarians from raping white women who join the Peace Corps to "help Africans"? Is anything good going to happen to white people as the result of Osama Bin Laden's death? No, nothing good will come from Bin Laden's death because "once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right." Our nation is not a traditional European nation. We are not a nation that treasures the evening lingering of Europe. Our people, like the European people throughout the world, look to a Utopian, Babylonian future, not to the Europeans' Christian past.

A neighbor told me he was delighted with the Bin Laden killing because it showed that the "United States still had guts," but that is hardly something to be so proud of. Every nation in the world can find men willing to fight for that nation's government, but every nation cannot always produce men with the vision to see the good and the moral courage to fight only for that good. Even if the killing of Bin Laden ended terrorism, which of course it won't, his death would not be a victory for white Europeans. The white European would be, and is, in the position of Tennyson's King Arthur, in the chapter titled, "The Last Tournament." Arthur's knights win the last tournament, but in winning they break every rule of chivalry, "So all the ways were safe from shore to shore, But in the heart of Arthur, pain was lord." When young white men are sent overseas to kill Arabs on behalf of Israel and Israel's satanic partner, the United States, their success brings me no joy; in my heart, pain is lord.

If we could see with the eyes of an antique European knight of the cross, we would see something quite different than the modern European, who sees with not through the eye. The antique European does not see the Muslims, the Jews, and the liberals as separate and opposed religious groups; he looks upon them all as part of one religious body that is opposed to the mystical body of Christ. The Jews, the Muslims, and the liberals are all competing to fill the void left when Christian Europeans decided to abandon their God and their respective European nations. What we are witnessing are turf wars between religious atheists with denominational differences. Who will prevail? Will it be the Muslim, the liberal, or the Jew?

The white liberal tries to conquer by assimilating the other atheistic religious denominations into his own denomination. This is the reason the leaders of the Western world always insist that they are not against Muslims; they are just against fanatical Muslims like Bin Laden. The anti-Christian, anti-white rulers of the Western world are of the opinion that Muslims can be made conformable to Babylonian liberalism. Their plan doesn't seem to be working, but viewing life realistically was never a favorite pastime of the liberal. The Jews seem to be more conformable to modern liberalism than the Muslims, but that could be because the white post-Christian liberal never opposes the Jews. It is not given to us to know who will conquer, the liberal, the Jew, or the Muslim. We only know that there is no place for the white Christian with the Jews, the Muslims, or the liberals, but then why should we want a place with any of the blasphemers?

The common thread of the religious atheists is their hatred of the incarnate God. They do not believe that the spirit can take flesh. Christian Europe stands as a monumental contradiction to the religious atheism of the Jew, the liberal, and the Muslim, so all three work to remove that monumental contradiction by demonizing the European past and destroying any remnants of that past. This is what makes the racial issue so important. God took flesh and dwelt among us, and the European people, as a people, took God's loving embrace and made it the lifeblood of their culture. A home was no longer just a dwelling place to the European; it was an altar to the incarnate God. If the people who became a sign of contradiction to heathendom because of their faith in Christ can be eliminated, there will no longer be a sign of contradiction to the heathens. Without a human dwelling, Christ will become merely an idea for the philosophers to play with and discard as it suits their fancy. You cannot defend a king without defending his Kingdom. The halfway-house Christians who claim we can keep Christ while jettisoning the European people are either fools, cowards, or a combination of both. They would give a hungry man the bare bones of a carcass and tell him it was meat enough for him.

The European needs the incarnate God, not the black God of the liberals, or the cruel remote God of the Muslims and the Jews. (1) He is now a pawn of the Muslims, the liberals, and the Jews because he has accepted Gnostic Christianity as the true Christianity. Conservative politicians tell us that it doesn't matter if all formerly white European nations become colored nations. What matters is that the idea of the conservative party, or the Republican Party, survives. And the way to survive is to "win the coloreds over to our party." The coloreds are sacred to the white conservatives, and to the liberals as well, because they bring numbers, and in a democratic world numbers rule.

It's the same in the churches. The churchmen tell us to let the sacred coloreds come to the Lord: "Christ's church does not need Europeans to survive; so long as we have our church documents and pure, natural savages, we will survive and thrive." Will they? The soul needs a body, a local habitation and a name. If the true faith that was embodied by the European is set "free" and forced to float through the airy halls of academia, how will men of flesh and blood, because the Gnostic's denial of flesh and blood does not change the reality of flesh and blood, know God?

The royal wedding celebration and the celebrations of Bin Laden's death were spiritually linked. In both cases the European people were celebrating the demise of the European people. At the royal wedding the Brits were celebrating a puppet monarch pledged to support the liquidation of white Britain. And at the celebrations of Bin Laden's death we saw Europeans celebrating a victory for an anti-European government that is determined to turn the United States into a colored nation.

The experts tell us that human beings do not have a homing instinct as animals do. 'Tis not so, at least it is not so for the European. The European does have a homing instinct. Liberalism was built to kill that instinct, but there are certain men who refuse to let go of their homing instinct. They will make their way back through shipwreck, fire, and storm. And once back they will cleanse their home of heathens, be they liberals, Muslims, or Jews; they must do this because every European hearth fire needs to be kept pure and undefiled for the day when Europe's King of Kings returns. +

(1) When Christianity was supreme in Europe the Jews and the Muslim often came together to undermine the European status quo. They are natural allies really, as both worship only God the father and reject the Son who was the Light of Europe and is still and always shall be the Light of the world.

The European Garden - APRIL 29, 2011

For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

-Rudyard Kipling

I once attended a parent-teacher meeting, during which a father defended his son's spitting in the classroom by saying that nowhere in the students' manual was there any rule against spitting in the classroom. I responded to the father by saying that the student manual did not specifically forbid urinating in the classroom either, but nevertheless students were expected to refrain from that practice. Of course the whole conversation was ridiculous. When the common thread of a shared religious heritage and the code of conduct that came from that heritage is lost, there is no point in screaming across the chasm that divides an antique faith from an ultra-modern faith.

There has been a revolution in Europe, a revolution that was brewing for centuries, which has come to fruition in the last fifty years. The new religion has its own inquisition -- all religions do -- and its own set of laws, unwritten and written. What is truly amazing to me is the great number, an overwhelming majority, of Europeans who have complied so willingly with the tenets of the new religion. Let's be clear about what the old religion was and what the new religion is. The old religion 'was bred in the bone' Christianity. The new religion is 'bred in the mind,' propositional Christianity, which is called liberalism. There are some Europeans who want to fuse the old Christianity with liberalism; I call such people halfway-house Christians, but can the devil be wedded to Christ? Such a blasphemy can never be sanctioned. The halfway-house Christians are in league with the liberals.

There are millions of liberal tomes in the workplace, the church, and the university that tell us about the necessity of diversity and the dangers of white supremacy, but let's go to the heart of the matter: the new religion has two commandments from which all the voluminous tomes of liberal minutiae stem:

- I. Thou shalt love the black man with all thy heart, mind, and soul.
- II. Thou shalt hate the white man with all thy heart, mind, and soul.

On these two commandments rest all the laws of Liberaldom. And the laws of Liberaldom are satanic. It is the duty of European Christians of the old stock to destroy Liberaldom. It's not the work of a day, but the destruction of Liberaldom begins with the European who countermands the two commandments of Liberaldom. He must hate the blasphemy of Negro worship with all his heart, mind, and soul, and he must love his kith, kin, and God with all his heart, mind, and soul. Please note that the white Christian's hate is not like unto the hate of the liberal and the black barbarian. The white Christian hates the works of the devil, and Negro worship is the work of the devil, but the Christian's hate, though more passionate than the liberal's and the barbarian's because it comes from the depths of his soul, is of a different kind than the liberal's or the barbarian's. It is a hate that stems from love – love of one's kith and kin who have been condemned to die at the hands of the liberal-backed barbarians, and the love of the God who enjoined us to fight against the devil and all his minions.

In contrast to the white European, the liberal and the barbarian hate for the sake of hating, just as the followers of Kali kill not in defense of, but for the sake of killing. The white man's task then is to set himself in defiance of those two commandments of Liberaldom.

To date there have been no battles between the Europeans and the liberals. There have only been a series of surrenders by the Europeans. It seems apparent that white Europeans have been overawed by the new faith of the liberals. Why should this be? I can only conclude that there are very few antique Europeans left, which seems incredible; such a glorious heritage -- how could the Europeans renounce it? St. Paul and Shakespeare give us the answer: Reality is unbearable without faith in Christ. Every religion, save the Christian religion, is based on a flight from reality. The barbarians flee from reality in the cults of blood and sex. The more philosophically inclined escape reality in the abstraction philosophies, such as stoicism, Buddhism, and Thomism, that bid us divorce ourselves from humanity because any in-depth contact with humanity is painful. I always keep the pages in Scott's *The Antiquary* marked, in which the young hero castigates the divorced-from-humanity theologians:

"We harden ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling—"We harden ourselves in vain to treat with the indifference they deserve the changes of this trumpery whirligig world—We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the *terres atque rotundus* of the poet—the stoical exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life, is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!" said Lovel warmly—"Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sear and indurate our feelings, that nothing should agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of our own selfish interests!—I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the nether mill-stone."

Isn't that what the modern European has done, rendered his heart like a piece of the nether mill-stone in order to escape pain? Yes, he has. And he has done the stoic, the Buddhist, and the Thomist one better; he has syncretized abstracted indifferentism with the sex and blood cults of the barbarians. "Divorce oneself from the true God and His people, and then plunge into the blood and sex cults of the barbarians, of which the Negro is the lodestar." That is the vaunted new religion, blending two very old pagan religions. There is no love, no spiritual passion, and no charity in the new, liberal, syncretized faith, because things of the spirit that cause pain have been eliminated from Liberaldom. The "heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" comes from an excess of love. If a man severs his emotional ties to his kith and kin and the personal god who created man in His image, or if he sees all mankind as part of a Babylonian blood and sex orgy, he will be able to bypass the pain that comes from having a heart of flesh and blood, but he will have ceased to be human.

There are certainly phony declarations of love in the new religion, but there is no genuine love. Does the liberal love the black god whom he worships? No, the liberal loves his own abstracted image of the black man. Does the black man love the liberal? The question is ludicrous. The black man despises the white liberal. What then is the essence of Liberaldom? It is hatred of humanity and the humane God, because humanity, in the liberal's eyes, is pain, unrelenting pain without end, because the liberal thinks no redeemer liveth, and no redeemer will raise him from the dead. Hence, the liberal must join with the colored hordes to kill the white man, who would force him to look at the Gorgon's head of death.

The essential difference between the antique Europeans and the non-Europeans is revealed in their reactions to the Gorgon's head of death. The non-European cannot look at the death's head without being anesthetized by sex and blood or abstracted from it by a theology of negation. In contrast to the non-European, the antique European believes that Jesus Christ, the man of sorrows, looked at the Gorgon's head and lived. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The European must be prepared to go it alone against the liberal-barbarian dragon. There is no guarantee that any other Europeans will join with him in the battle, but there is a possibility that others will follow once they see that accusations of "white supremacy" and demands for "diversity" are ploys of the devil which he uses to unman Christian Europeans. The

man blind from birth in the Gospels, to whom Christ gave sight, did not at first see with blinding sight. Christ told him, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." After he washed in the pool, he saw things clearly. It's always about vision, which comes from the heart. The blind man receives his sight after washing in the pool of Siloam, because he already had seen the Son of God in his heart.

There are Europeans who occasionally get a glimpse of the horror of the new faith, but they shrink from the horror and take refuge in lies. I recall an incident, all too typical, at a college where I was working. A black administrator had come out and found the word "nigger" spray-painted on her car. Of course the F.B.I. was brought in and every man, woman, and child on campus was questioned. In addition everyone employed by the college was forced to take a course in "diversity." And the classes were not cancelled when it was discovered that the incompetent black administrator had spray-painted the word "nigger" on her own car. Nor was the black administrator disciplined by the university or charged with a crime by the police. There was one white teacher on the faculty who was quite upset that no one wanted to discipline the Negress. I tried to explain to her that Negro worship was the new faith of the liberal and no argument, no matter how valid or articulate, would succeed in shaking the liberal's faith in his Negro god. That was too much for the lady in question; she sank back into the swampland of platitudes. "We must understand their culture", "You can't judge them all by one bad apple", "One must make allowances for years of oppression", and on and on into the night it goes.

That was just a minor incident. What happens when a Negro commits a murder? We are not allowed to say that a black man committed a murder. And if it somehow slips out that a black man did commit a murder, we are usually told, as soon as the cuffs are on the black barbarian, that we mustn't draw any racist conclusions from "one bad apple." And sometimes we are told, as in the case of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom that, "These things happen all the time, and we mustn't conclude that black people go around killing whites simply because they love to kill whites." Why mustn't we make that conclusion? I made that conclusion long ago, because I saw what blacks did and I listened to what they said they were going to do. It is a religious war, with the black-worshipping liberals, the black-worshipping halfway-house Christians, and the black gods on one side. Pitted against that triumvirate are the European Christians. Are there any? So long as there is one, we are enough. Our Lord taught us that. And our European ancestors, men who saw with their hearts, followed in His train.

I recently finished a rereading of my favorite Walter Scott novel, *The Antiquary*. Spring was finally coming through the window, and my cat honored me by sleeping on my lap while I read. What a world Scott invokes! It is Christian Europe, peopled with saints, sinners, and those who are a combination of both. But they are all Europeans with souls. They have not sold their birthright as Europeans in order to worship at the shrine of the Negro. Nor have they denounced the living God for an abstract, propositional god. Their world is my world. I don't want any other world, and I refuse to worship the colored gods of the new world order. Buried deep in the white man's blood is a faith that says, "Nothing eternal dies." And the Europe built by Europeans who loved Christ is eternal. "So long as the blood endures."+

The Trumpet Shall Sound - APRIL 23, 2011

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them the light shined. – Isaiah 9:2

I once read an account, which I have no reason to doubt since his work verifies the account, about something that happened while Georg Friedrich Handel was composing *The Messiah*. He had locked himself in his study for several days and his friends and family were worried. What had happened to him? Was he ever coming out? Finally his friends decided that they had to risk disturbing him, so they pounded on the door and demanded that he come out of his study. Handel came out. His hair was disheveled and his eyes shown with a special light. He looked at his friends and finally, as he comprehended their presence, he said, "I have seen the face of God." Can anyone listen to *The Messiah* and doubt that Handel did indeed see the face of God?

And I would ask one additional question. Can anyone look at the heart of pre-modern European culture, the culture that nurtured men like Friedrich Handel, and doubt that we see the face of Jesus Christ imprinted on that culture? The liberals certainly see Christ in the culture of the antique European and that is why they denounce the antique European culture; they hate the Son of God. The halfway-house Christians? They denounce the vision of Christ seen in Handel's *Messiah*, claiming it is a distorted vision of Christ, but they maintain the right to refashion the Christ of Handel's *Messiah* into a Christ more conformable to modern liberalism. Handel's "King of Kings" vision of Christ has given way to the anti-apartheid, integrationist, civil rights worker Christ, who is quite content to work in the background of the civil rights movement, which is of course, the Negro-worshipping movement, and to lick envelopes and send out letters for feminist candidates, who are legion.

The Renaissance poets and painters often brought the old pagan gods into their works, but the pagan gods were no longer real to the Europeans; they were used to symbolize some aspect of the Christian faith, which had supplanted them. It might seem like a sad fate for a god, to become merely a symbol for another religion, but the pagan gods could not satisfy the longing in the European's heart. He needed a Hero-God who was a hero because of His humanity. Christ was like unto men, but He was more than men, not by virtue of His inhumanity but by virtue of His humanity. He was strong yet meek, and He was just yet merciful. And above all His heart was aflame with the charity that passeth all understanding, at least the understanding of the human mind; European hearts did understand and believe.

Handel's *Messiah* is just one of many testaments to the European peoples' Christian faith. For centuries the European King of Kings was Jesus Christ. It was not so with the colored tribes. They never formed an attachment to the Man of Sorrows. Their desire for a cruel god of blood and sacrifice kept them from a deep understanding of the Christian faith, but now in this, the 21st century since our Savior's birth, death, and resurrection from the dead, the European has severed his ties to Jesus Christ. Our Lord has become a dead-letter god to the modern Europeans just as Thor and Zeus became dead-letter gods to the antique Europeans. Why has He been dethroned, and who has supplanted Him? He was dethroned because of the intellectual pride of the European, and He was supplanted by the Negro.

After Christ was dethroned as Europe's King of Kings, the Negro did not immediately become the new king of the white man. It was many years after Christ's dethronement that the Negro became lord of Europe, because such great spiritual upheavals do not take place in a day, but ultimately the worship of the Negro is the logical consequence of the intellectual pride of the white man. When Handel's Christianity was seen as too stupid, too repressive, and too difficult for the European, he created his own natural religion in which he, the white intellectual, remade God into the image of a natural savage, the Negro.

Of course many of the progenitors of the natural religion, such as Darwin and the Scholastics, did not envision that the Negro would be the endpoint of their natural religion, but when you confine man within the natural process and deny him a life outside that natural process, it is inevitable that you will declare the most savage of men to be the most natural and therefore the most holy of men. It was the more visionary of the white-hating Europeans, such as Rousseau, Dryden, Voltaire, and Addison, who saw in advance that the new god would have to be the Negro. The scientific Darwinists and the followers of the scholastic naturalists did not fall in line with the consequences of their progenitors' abstractions until the 20th century.

If you take the church road, you will end up in Babylon, and if you go by way of the school road, you will also end up in Babylon. In Liberalism all roads lead to Babylon, where the Negro is worshipped and the white Christian is considered to be a pariah who must be driven off the face of the earth. And the white man will be driven off the face of the earth if he believes that he deserves to perish because he polluted the world with a vision of the God of love and mercy depicted by Handel in *The Messiah*. It sounds absurd when it's stated outright, that the white man should be exterminated for being the Christ-bearer, but this is what all the liberal blather about white racism amounts to – the European championed the Christian faith; he told the dark races that the true God required mercy, not sacrifice, and he had the audacity to proclaim that his culture, with Christ at its center, was superior to all other cultures. No amount of white mea culpas to the colored races or the rulers of Liberalism will absolve the white man's original sin, the sin of making common cause with Jesus of Nazareth against the colored tribes of Babylon. As long as the modern Europeans feel they must be punished for their racist past, they will continue to try to save themselves by sacrificing other whites – it is always other whites – while inching ever closer to their own annihilation. And they might as well be annihilated if they truly believe that the darkness of Babylon is superior to the light of His Europe, because the people who believe such a blasphemy are already dead inside.

When Europeans such as Jules Verne and Rudyard Kipling wrote stories that took place in the future, they always depicted a Europe inhabited by white men. They never dreamt in their wildest fantasies that a time would come when Europe would be filled with colored barbarians, and the white man's love of his own God to the exclusion of all other gods and the white man's love of his own kith and kin would be called "white supremacy," a crime punishable by death. But such a time has come.

Trust not in churches. In every denomination, the treason is the same. The churches deny the validity of the Europeans' union with Christ and present their union with the kingdom of Babylon, with the Negro on the throne, as the true Christianity. Any attempt to criticize Babylon or praise Christian Europe is treated as the sin of white supremacy, which (as we have already shown) is viewed by all the lords of Liberalism as the unpardonable sin.

The dead-ember culture of Liberalism provides no spiritual warmth for any living soul. It is truly a kingdom of dead souls. No European has to live in such a kingdom. The God who rose from the dead on the third day is capable of sustaining His own people in the Kingdom of the dead and raising them at the last trump. Only a European without a

heart would fail to weep at the sight of Babylonian Europe. But if a European has the heart to weep for Europe he will also have the heart to fight for Christian Europe. I loved the way Thomas Nelson Page described the heroic European:

“He was a Goth in all his appetites and habits, a Goth unchanged, unfettered. True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing nothing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart – a Goth.”

When – and it is not written – the European stops running from the racist police of Liberaldom and starts to fight, “true to his instincts... loving and hating with all his heart,” Liberaldom will start to crumble, and Handel’s hosanna to the King of Kings will overwhelm the liberals’ paean to the colored gods. And that is how it should be, because Jesus Christ is the lawful King of Europe and the Lord of Lords. +

Reclaiming Our Ancestral Home - APRIL 15, 2011

“They were but four in all, but to the panic-stricken weasels the hall seemed full of monstrous animals, grey, black, brown and yellow, whooping and flourishing enormous cudgels’ and they broke and fled with squeals of terror and dismay, this way and that, through the windows, up the chimney, anywhere to get out of reach of those terrible sticks.” – *The Wind in the Willows*

It’s been quite a few years since I’ve been on a train, but in my twenties I used to ride the train a great deal, and as a consequence I knew, during that period of my life, a great many people for twenty minutes. Most of those people have faded from my memory, but the memory of one old man with whom I shared a short train ride has stayed with me my entire life.

The old man got on the train a few stations after I did. He wasn’t walking very steadily, and sort of half-fell into a seat near the front of the train, which happened to be next to me. After one or two stops the old man started talking, half-facing me and half-facing no one. “I used to have a top. It could spin around and around. Now I don’t have it anymore. I just can’t make sense of it anymore. I wish I had that top.”

As a self-professed romantic and a reader of old books I may be accused of over-romanticizing and over-dramatizing the ramblings of a senile old man, but I thought then, and still think so now, that the old man, on the brink of that other world, “The undiscover’d country from whose bourn No traveler returns...,” was trying to set his soul aright by going back to his childhood when things did make sense. It’s akin to what Alyosha Karamazov, whom I quoted a few weeks ago, said about the saving power of a happy memory from our childhood.

There is no conflict between our Lord’s words: “Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,” and St. Paul’s injunction to give up childish things. Our Lord is talking about a non-abstracted, humble, uncynical comprehension of existence. It was the little children and the children at heart who were able to see and appreciate Christ’s divine humanity. St. Paul became a child of wonder himself when he became a Christian; he was against childishness, not childlikeness.

A spinning top might be the type of childishness that does not enter the kingdom of heaven, but I was there when the old man talked about the top. And it seemed to me that the top represented much more to the old man than a spinning top. It represented the home of his childhood and all the good memories of his childhood. It’s possible the longing I thought I detected in the old man’s voice was just my imagination, but I like to think the longing was real, that it was a sign of a man reaching out to God through the lifeline of his childhood.

Even if I’m wrong about the old man’s longing, it is still clear, from our own experience of life and our Lord’s words about little children and the kingdom of heaven, that a childlike comprehension of existence is indeed the lifeline to God. And it also seems clear to me that Satan’s greatest desire is to destroy the humanity in men by destroying their childlike faith in the things of the spirit. Satan wants men to “grow up,” not in the Pauline sense, but in the Darwinian sense. He wants men to evolve, to think faith in Christ is infantile while faith in science, the intellect, and the black man is mature and adult. And Satan has been remarkably successful. Satan’s minions have built Liberaldom on his hatred; finding a man in Liberaldom who still has a childlike faith in Christ is like finding a needle in the proverbial haystack.

Liberal childishness is opposed to the childlike qualities in men. Childishness is selfishness, cruelty, and egotism. Institutionalized childishness is the permanent state of liberal adolescence. Liberals hate the childlike qualities of the spirit, but love the fleshpots of adolescence. They have made adolescence the permanent state of modern man. We are constantly encouraged to use every means possible to stay physically, emotionally, and spiritually in a state of childish adolescence. But we can’t know the true God in a permanent state of adolescence, which is why liberals and halfway-house

Christians worship Negroes and have tea with Buddhists and tree-huggers; they have left the God of their European childhood behind so they must cling to the bloodthirsty, childish gods of the barbarians and the pagans.

Before Liberalism existed there was Christendom. And every time a stone from the walls of Christendom was removed, it was removed in the name of “removing a prejudice.” The European Christian’s belief that a man’s skin color was more than skin deep, that it formed a vital part of his soul, was a “prejudice” that the white man had to overcome so that Christendom could become Liberalism. The white man’s abhorrence of race mixing died hard, but eventually under the unrelenting propaganda of the “We-must-progress-beyond-prejudice” clergy inside and outside the church, the European people started to “progress.” And when the racial stone was removed, every other stone forming the walls of Christendom came tumbling down. Legalized abortion, homosexual marriage, and widespread sexual promiscuity all came as a result of liberal tampering with the soul of man through race-mixing. And the liberal felt licensed to commit his outrages, because he rejected the God of his European childhood, Jesus of Nazareth, for the cruel gods of his childish adolescence, the gods of color.

When the Christian God is invoked by the modern Babylonian Europeans, He is only invoked in a supporting role; the colored gods are the reigning deities. A people who still believed in the truth of the Christian fairy tale would not place the dragons and the devil’s minions, the dark men, in the role reserved for the Christian hero and his God.

In that wonderful European fairy tale, *The Wind in the Willows*, Toad, through his childish, irresponsible infatuation with modernity in the form of the automobile, nearly loses his ancestral home and almost destroys his friends’ land of the “evening lingerings.” But Toad Hall is saved thanks to Toad’s three stalwart friends, Ratty, Badger and Mole, who believe in their childlike hearts that good conquers evil, no matter that the forces of evil are numerically superior, when good men fight with a clear moral purpose. *The Wind in the Willows* is a fairy tale, but it is also a spiritual history of the European people. If we make every issue in life subject to the moral arbitration of the democratic process, the Europeans will always lose, because they are and always have been numerically outnumbered by the barbarian hordes. But a few Europeans of spirit were always enough, and always shall be enough, to keep the barbarians away from the sacred ancestral halls of Europe. It is only now, when the descendants of Ratty, Mole, and Badger have ceased to believe in their people and their God that they have turned Toad Hall and the land of evening lingerings over to the stoats and weasels. I even heard a report that Ratty’s great grand-daughter (thank God he is not alive to see it) is marrying one of the stoats and will be living in an apartment in Toad Hall; the old ancestral home has been turned into condos.

All wars, if we look below the surface, are religious wars. And no war is lost until the people of one side lose faith in their cause. The Southern people didn’t stop being Southern in 1865 after their defeat on the battlefield; they stopped being Southern in the 1950’s when they lost their moral certainty that their ancestors and their ancestors’ God were worth fighting for. But the Southern people and every European with evening lingerings in his soul should have the moral certainty that his fight for a white Christian Europe is moral and just. To concede one inch of the high ground to the liberals is morally indefensible and will make cowards of every white European.

What is the liberal, halfway-house Christian case against the antique European people? That they didn’t live up to the tenets of Christianity? Well, if we judge by divine standards then the European people did not live up to their professed faith. But what if we compare the antique Europeans to the utopians? By any comparative Christian measure the antique Europeans differ from the modern utopians as heaven differs from hell. But of course the liberal utopians think hell is heaven.

And always the race card is used by pope, minister, doctor, lawyer, witch doctor, and Indian chief to show that the European has not been Christian in the past and therefore deserves to be exterminated. Who is defining Christianity? Should it be the liberals, who don’t believe that Christ was the Son of God, and the halfway-house Christians, who have reduced Christ to a glorified Mahatma Gandhi? No, the people who took Christ into their hearts and their homes, the antique Europeans, are the people who should tell us what the “good Christianity” is. And they have told us through their culture.

In the European past, which is only dredged up by the liberals so they can vilify it, the great Christian heroes were men who defended their own against barbarians. The man who did not defend the hearth fire was an outcast from Christian society. And the man who mixed his blood with the heathen was considered to be worse than a heathen because the heathen never knew Him and therefore could not be convicted of knowingly defacing the image of God in man. Life was about the soul in old Europe. The antique European took his whiteness seriously, because he was not a blasphemer who felt he could tinker with human souls in order to remake God’s world into man’s world.

Modern liberal Europeans are so used to correcting and rebuking God that they never even consider why, if divinity and racial integration are synonymous, a loving God created separate and distinct races. And the halfway-house Christians never consider why the people who gave them their Christian churches, their Christian art, and their Christian traditions

failed to understand anything about race until satanic liberals came along to inform them. Nothing in the New Babylon can stand up to the bar of truth. But then the liberals know that. It's all about who shall rule, Satan or Christ. The liberals and their halfway-house Christian dupes who rubber stamp whatever they say have decided that Satan must rule. The European of the old stock has also made his decision. Our ancestral homes in the land of evening lingerings will not be won back by integrating our faith or our race; they will only be won back by Europeans with a childlike faith in the God who wove Himself into the great, and everlastingly true, European fairy tale. +

The Sustaining Vision - APRIL 09, 2011

“What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of evils which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them?” – Walter Scott in *The Antiquary*

When I read any of the white nationalist publications I have to keep my wife and children from seeing them. And this is not because my wife and children are liberals who do not approve of white nationalism. I keep the publications away from them because neither my wife nor children like reading about the demise of everything pure and noble without also reading about some movement to fight the forces of evil that are destroying everything pure and noble. When you hear about a fire-breathing dragon ravaging the countryside, you would also like to hear about the knight, or knights, who are venturing forth to slay the dragon. Granted, they might fail, but at least if you knew some knights were venturing forth, you would not be without hope. But if you are told only about the fire-breathing dragon you will despair. That is the problem with the writers for the white nationalist publications. They tell us what the malevolent Jews are up to, and they tell us about the colored atrocities, but they don't tell us about the knights errant. Perhaps the white nationalists don't tell us about knights errant because they don't believe in knights errant. I read of terrible acts of violence being committed against white people, but all I ever see suggested by the white nationalists to counter the colored atrocities is letter-writing and voting. But where on the ballot in the last election was a candidate who ran on the platform of “white Europe and white America for white people only and death to all colored murderers and rapists”? We've perverted the old fire-breathing-dragon-versus-the-knights story. In the modern white nationalist version of the story the knights go out and watch the fire-breathing dragon destroy whole villages with a breath and consume large numbers of people for a snack. After seeing what the dragon is doing, the knights run back and tell the nearest villagers all about the dragon's bloody rampages. Then they tell the villagers to form a political action group to go door to door in the village and collect signatures to get a candidate for mayor who is against fire-breathing dragons.

Some villagers protest. They say that a fire-breathing dragon doesn't care about elections. He'll just come into the voting section of the village and burn down all the wooden voting booths. They further maintain that they are peasants, ill-suited to combat dragons. “Isn't that your vocation?” they ask the knights.

The knights get angry. “If you're too lazy to vote, you deserve what happens to you. In a democracy there are no knights errant who fight dragons. We give you the information about the dragons and you vote the dragons away.”

The men who write for the conservative, nationalist publications are all university-trained men who still (or used to) make their living as political journalists. They look at every issue from within the democratic system: How can I motivate people to vote for anti-immigration candidates? How will the “American people” react to the Presidents' latest initiative? Their analyses are usually quite astute, but they are like the West Point generals who fought with great success in the Civil War and then went out west only to lead their troops to ignominious defeat in the Indian wars. The nationalist journalists do not see that the white man is now fighting a very different battle from the one they were trained to fight. If they can't grasp that fact they will only drive the remaining white loyalists to despair.

The conservative white nationalists have failed to come to terms with democracy. They persist in trying to fight for the rights of white men while following the rules of a democratic system that has only one rule – the white man must cease to exist. If the white nationalist leaders could somehow divest themselves of the democratic mindset and adopt one rule of their own – the white man will survive – then they could actually lead a movement instead of presiding over a funeral.

Of course the conservative, democratically-minded nationalists are never going to change their position on democracy, so the white peasant must go back to a more elemental response to existence than letter-writing and voting. He must go back, past even the Middle Ages, to a period of his history that the liberals labeled the ‘Dark Ages.’ In that age of light there was a hierarchy of the spirit. An Arthur or an Alfred could come to the fore more easily than in the moribund medieval ages or in the modern democratic age of institutionalized superficiality. When men are closely knit together, bound to each other and their country by ties of blood, a natural leader is much more likely to emerge because men of the village and the hearth fire value the heroic virtues, the virtues that inspire a man to defend his people. A more decadent people places their hope in a system of government and bureaucratic men who can run the system. The South lost the Civil War because

in their time of need they gave power to bureaucratic West Pointers instead of the antique European warrior of the old stock, Nathan Bedford Forrest. The Southern leadership tried to oppose egalitarian democracy with the same democratic egalitarianism of their enemies. Why elect a President and a Congress like your enemies when you need a warrior king?

The first Christian Europeans fought for kith and kin in imitation of their God, the heroic progenitor of all European heroes. A man should not be asked to fight for an abstraction; a particular God and a particular people are the inspiration for true patriotism. The modern liberals are making war on the European people and their God. And the democratic system holds the liberals' arsenal of war weapons. Anything that hurts democracy helps the European people. The new, clannish, anti-democratic European, who is a very old European, will do whatever it takes to destroy democracy and restore Europe.

Nietzsche wrote about the Übermensch, whom he hoped would restore the vitality of the European people. But Nietzsche did not understand the source of the European's vitality. The pre-Christian European lacked the full, integral vitality that comes only from a connection to Christ, the Son of the Living God. Christ was the fulfillment of the European's longing for a Hero worthy of his people just as He was the fulfillment of the law of the Jewish people. By rejecting Christ, the modern European has descended to the level of the Jews, and in doing so he has adopted the Jews' hatred of the European. The fact that the Christian churches have become part of the liberals' democratic arsenal should not deter us from venturing forth with Him as our inspiration. The spirit goes where it lists; if there is no place for Christ in the Christian churches He will go where two or three are gathered together in His name.

A British Nationalist Party bigwig once told me, when I made a reference to Britain's Christian heritage, that he didn't want to hear any "metaphysical b-----." What then is the rallying cry of the British nationalist if it is not, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!" If the goal of white nationalists is to elect whites to public office in order to preside over a kingdom of dead souls, for what reason then does a man fight for a white Europe? Covenanter and Cavalier would be united to oppose such a kingdom. The fight must be for a white Christian Europe because without Christ the European hasn't the spirit or the will to fight.

The BNP bureaucrat's objection to the idea of invoking the God of the antique European people and sallying forth against the forces of Liberalism was put more crudely than most of the white nationalists' objections, but it was fairly typical. And that is the problem. The liberals believe in their Satanic, black-worshipping faith; only a stronger faith, a true faith, can defeat the liberals' satanic faith. That is why the European's situation vis-à-vis Liberalism is at once hopeless and at the same time fraught with hope. It is hopeless if the European places his hope in elections and a leadership wedded to some kind of a dark, Nietzschean future. But there is hope for the European if he will only step away from the narrow parameters of democratic action and neo-pagan pragmatism and fight for what his ancestors fought for: Christian Europe.

A man who actually believes that the liberals and their colored minions are going to be voted away is a man who has ignored what he terms metaphysical b----- for so long that he can't see the nature of the conflict between the antique European and the liberal European. The old hymn describes it well: "And still our ancient foe, Does seek to work us woe." Black and white are not just skin pigments; they are spiritual principles. The liberals must, because they are compelled to do so by the inner dynamic of their satanic faith, worship the Negro. They won't be compelled to allow the white man, who wants to remain white, living space on this earth by an appeal to their reason or their compassion. They are in league with the devil, and he has armed them with the "cruel hate" of the devil.

The spiritual Alzheimer's disease of the white nationalist leaders is what makes them unfit to lead, because it is the remembrance of the European past that makes a European a whole man again. When united with his Christian past, the European becomes the Cyrano he was meant to be: "I feel too strong to war with mortals – Bring me giants!"

A man cannot fight any of the battles of life, whether it be the making-a-living battle, the battle against the lusts of the flesh, or a battle against an enemy on the battlefield, if he does not have a noble and pure image in his heart of what he is fighting for. For thousands of years the European took an image of a European hearth, presided over by the Son of God, into battle with him. That image, if we believe in it and hold to it, will sustain us in our war against Liberalism. A bureaucratic vision of an equal share in the kingdom of Babylon is not a sustaining vision for the true European; he sees something purer and infinitely more beautiful than Babylon; he sees the Star of Bethlehem.+

The Boxed-In World of Liberalism - APRIL 02, 2011

Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or Love in a golden bowl?
-William Blake

For the past month two door-to-door traveling Mormons have been stopping at my house. I listen to them for about 30 to 40 minutes and then I send them on their way. I'm kind of betwixt and between with the young Mormons. On the one hand I would like them to be antique Christians and give up their denial of the triune God and their devotion to Joseph Smith, but on the other hand, it is good to see young white males who still have "the animation of the European in their eyes." Added to that, the Mormons are very conservative on many of the social issues such as abortion. I would hate to see the young Mormons who have been coming to my house become less animated and less conservative by joining one of the mainstream churches of either the Catholic or the Protestant denominations. That is the appalling tragedy of modern Europe: a heretical sect like the Mormons is more Christian than the mainstream and the halfway-house Christians.

The Mormons are spiritually sounder than the halfway-house Christians and their mad-dog liberal brethren in the same way a cancer patient of one year's standing is healthier than a cancer patient of five years' standing who is two days away from death. Both are ill, but both are not ill to the same degree. The Mormon's heresy from the 1820's is not quite as heretically advanced as the modern European's anti-Christian Christian theology.

The modern Christian anti-Christians have no right to sneer at Joseph Smith, because they drink from the same heretical trough that he drank from. Joseph Smith wanted God to become conformable to the narrow perimeters of his $2+2=4$ mind. He was unable to tolerate a God who gave poetical certainty, the certainty that is found only in the depths of the heart, rather than mathematical certainty. He answered Blake's question, "Can wisdom be put in a silver rod, Or love in a golden bowl," with a resounding 'Yes!' The modern liberals have copied the methodology of Joseph Smith. They condemn the present day Mormons not because the Mormons put God in a narrow rationalist box, but because the Mormons' God-in-the-box is more conservative than their God-in-the-box.

The halfway-house Christian, the Mormon, and the liberal are all united in their theology. They are all good, semi-Pelagian Thomists. For them God is a rational construct that can be grasped and contained by the human mind. They stand opposed to the intuitive, visionary, heartfelt faith of the European people. "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them because of the blindness of their heart." – Ephesians 4:18

The blindness of the heart! St. Paul certainly views the heart as the spiritual organ of sight, and so did the prophets, and so did our Lord. If it is true that the spirit resides in the heart, shouldn't we view the religious tradition of a people as the history of their heartfelt, blood faith, and not a history of a series of church documents or one or two experts' opinions of the Holy Bible? If the 'silver rod' wisdom of experts constitutes a tradition, then the Mormons, the halfway-house Christians, and the mad-dog liberals are traditional. They all believe that man creates his own religion in his mind with no reference to the touchstone of reality, the human heart.

The heresy of the "Great Divorce," in which God becomes a construct of the human mind is the second oldest faith. It is the satanic faith: "Ye shall be as gods." The oldest faith is the faith of the heart; God, through the warmth of His love, seeks to draw our hearts to His. The history of the European people, as with the ancient Hebrews, has been a history of the tug of war between Satan and God. Satan pulls the European toward his orbit with the 'pride of intellect' temptation. It makes no difference to Satan whether the European is proud of his esoteric knowledge of the ways of God or whether he is proud of his accumulated knowledge of the natural world; so long as the European has divorced himself from his heartfelt faith in Jesus Christ Satan has the European all locked up. And if Satan has the European he has all mankind – the colored tribes will not leave Babylon to rescue the European from Satan. They are content to live in Babylon.

The heart must be served. If the white clergymen designate religious faith as just an intellectual system, white people will satisfy their intellectual pride by playing with various theories about religion, but they will go to Babylon to satisfy their hearts. All faiths built on the intellect of man end up as a faith in Babylon. The men who least understood Christ were the Pharisees, the guardians of the faith. Isn't that also the case with the European people? The guardians of the faith replaced Christ with their own Pharisaical systems and as a result the Christian churches became a breeding ground for Babylon. Intellectual pride and Babylon go together like a pimp and his whores.

Toward the end of Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*, Alyosha, the third dumb brother, tells the children of the village something from his heart:

"My dear children, perhaps you won't understand what I am saying to you, because I often speak very unintelligibly, but you'll remember it all the same and will agree with my words sometime. You must know that there is nothing higher and stronger and more wholesome and good for life in the future than some good memory, especially a memory of childhood, of home. People talk to you a great deal about your education, but some good, sacred memory, preserved from childhood, is perhaps the best education. If a man

carries many such memories with him into life, he is safe to the end of his days, and if one has only one good memory left in one's heart, even that may sometime be the means of saving us."

From the childhood of our race there are thousands of memories that could sustain us in the battle against principalities and powers. But we have to believe those memories are good and pure and necessary for our faith, which means we have to disbelieve in the utopian liberals and the halfway-house Christians who insist that we are moving upward and onward to paradise if only we repudiate the memories of our European childhood. In our childhood we did not heed the siren call of modernity; we listened to our blood, which told us to hold on to our initial vision of a European hearth presided over by Jesus, the Son of God.

All people construct their governments according to their religious faith. We believe in a lie if we think there can be a religiously neutral state. Madison, Jefferson, and Franklin did not give the world its first religiously neutral state; they created a state based on their religion, which was deism.

The modern liberals have also created a religious state. In modern Liberalism the hatred of the white and the love of the colored has been institutionalized because the hatred of the white and the love of the colored is the religious faith of the modern European. And it will remain the faith of the European so long as the European remains blind to the wisdom of his heart. So long as he believes wisdom comes in a silver rod, he will never escape from the mind-forged hell of Liberalism.

I do not like novels in which the author invites us to infer the existence of God by showing us the reality of the devil. My favorite authors can delineate the good as well as evil. But there is something to be learned from the lesser authors who point to God by inference. Matthew Lewis is such an author. In his novel *The Monk* there is a very sad scene which encapsulates, for me, the tragedy of the modern European. A group of nuns consent to the torture of an innocent young girl, which goes against their heartfelt compassion for the girl, because their Mother Superior has told them that the tortures are for the good of the girl's soul, and of course the Mother Superior must be obeyed because she possesses the godless wisdom of the Pharisees. She knows the fine points of the law, but she doesn't know Him, the fulfillment of the law. If you adhere to the law of the Pharisees, your heart will be hardened like the Pharisees.

The modern European resembles the compliant nuns in Lewis's novel. He might feel twinges of remorse as he watches the extermination of the European people, but he has been taught that wisdom comes from the Pharisaical men of intellect; if they approve of the extermination it must be right. It can truly be said of the European that "he did not die, but nothing of life remains." If only his heart would "indignant break" over the destruction of his people and their sacred past, then the European would be a man again instead of a caricature of a man.

Is there anything that can stir a people whose hearts have been blinded from centuries of adherence to liberal, Pharisaical law? It doesn't seem so, but then I think of Melville's phrase in *Clarel*, "But through such strange illusions have they passed," and then of Shakespeare's phrase, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." Satan wants us to believe that the 2+2=4 world is the only world. Then we will cease to look for anything beyond Babylon, we will copulate without love and make merry without joy, and we will worship at the shrine of the Negro forever. But if one European heart still remembers Europe what will happen to Babylon?

Puddleglum was still fighting hard. "I don't know rightly what you all mean by a world," he said, talking like a man who hasn't enough air. "But you can play that fiddle till your fingers drop off, and still you won't make me forget Narnia; and the whole Overworld too. We'll never see it again, I shouldn't wonder. You may have blotted it out and turned it dark like this, for all I know. Nothing more likely. But I know I was there once. I've seen the sky full of stars. I've seen the sun coming up out of the sea of a morning and sinking behind the mountains at night. And I've seen him up in the midday sky when I couldn't look at him for brightness."

Puddleglum's words had a very rousing effect. The other three all breathed again and looked at one another like people newly awaked.

If it was already finished the devil wouldn't be working so hard to destroy the last Europeans. The 2+2=4 walls of Liberalism are not impregnable. "Once more, unto the breach, dear friends, once more..." +

The Law of Mercy - MARCH 26, 2011

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. – Matthew 5: 17 – 19

John "Devil Man" McCain says bombing Libya is not enough, and every retired general still alive has appeared on Fox News to recommend bombing the Libyans into submission. To whom are they supposed to submit, and to what end? Why does the United States feel compelled every few years to bomb some Arab nation into oblivion? The government officials

always tell us we must bomb in order to free the Iraqi people, the Libyan people, and on and on, from a very bad dictator. Oh really? There are very bad dictators in the African nations who are killing white people, which the liberals claim is permissible and even laudatory, but they are killing black people as well, which is not supposed to be permissible. Why don't we bomb those black dictators? Of course I'm being disingenuous; I know the reason we don't bomb the African dictators: black men are without sin. But it is obvious that our government is not bombing Libya because Gaddafi is a bad man and a dictator. We must keep looking in order to find the real reason for the bombings.

The Protestant evangelicals tell us that we must bomb Libya because Gaddafi and his people are Muslim, and the Islamic faith is opposed to Christianity. Yes, the Islamic faith is opposed to Christianity, but is the race-mixing, porno-loving, aborting United States a Christian nation with a moral right of conquest? What gives the United States and or the organized terror organization called the United Nations the right to violently intervene in the internal affairs of other nations? And let's make an incredible imaginary leap from secularism to Christianity and say that the United States is a Christian nation. Would that give us the right to slaughter millions of innocent Libyans just because they were Muslim? That is a horrendous interpretation of Christ's Gospel. I recall a conversation I had with a Protestant evangelical during the Iraq bombings. I was in favor of banning all Muslims from our country, but I was against the bombing of Iraq. The evangelical thought my "exclusiveness" was incredibly cruel, but he had no problem with the saturation bombing of Iraq. What can one say to such creatures?

If we are not bombing Libya because Gaddafi is a bad man, and if we are not bombing Libya because we are Christian crusaders, then why are we bombing Libya? We are bombing Libya because Israel wants us to bomb Libya. And that is where the white nationalist usually stops -- at the Jews -- but that still doesn't give us the whole answer. We still must ask the question, "Why do white Europeans feel compelled to do whatever the Jews tell them to do?"

Yeats supplies us with the answer to that question:

The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

The white European has lost his moral force. He doesn't believe, in his heart, in the same faith his European ancestors believed in. The Jew still believes in his hate-based faith, so he can easily make a slave of the faithless European.

The Jews are not a monolith. There are Orthodox Jews, ethnic Jews, and completely secular Jews, yet all seem to share an instinctive hatred for all things European, because of the European's long standing connection to Jesus, the son of God. The Jews have always been at the forefront of various movements to secularize Europe, which has not always worked to their advantage. The Jews are not infallible; the secularization of Germany in the 1930's, for instance, did not turn out the way the Jews had hoped. The bond that keeps the Jews together is their eternal hatred of the European, Christian culture. Why the hatred? Walter Scott addresses that point in his book *Religious Discourses By a Layman*:

They could not endure the friendly zeal of the Divine Physician, when he rent from their wounds the balsams with which they soothed, and the rich tissues under which they concealed them, and exhibited festering and filthy cancers which could be cured only by the probe, the knife, and the cautery. Hence they were, from the beginning of our Saviour's ministry until its dreadful consummation, (in which they had a particular share,) the constant enemies of the doctrine and of the person of the blessed Jesus. Under his keen and searching eye, the pretensions which they had so long made in order to be esteemed of men, were exposed without disguise; their enlarged garments and extended phylacteries, their lengthened prayers, their formal ceremonial, and tithes of mint and anise, were denounced as of no avail without the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy, and faith. Feeling thus their own sanctimonious professions held up to contempt, and their pretensions to public veneration at once exposed and destroyed, the Pharisees became the active and violent opposers of those doctrines to which the Sadducees, with sullen apathy, seem to have refused a hearing. It was the Pharisees who maligned the life of our blessed Lord; who essayed to perplex the wisdom of Omnipotence by vain and captious interrogatories, and who, unable to deny those miracles by which the mission of Christ was authenticated and proved, blasphemously imputed them to the agency of daemons.

The antique European who took Christianity seriously was taught from the time of his baptism till his death that it was better to be a publican – “God, be merciful to me, a sinner,” than to be a Pharisee – “God, I thank you, that I am not like the rest of men.” And it was from a consciousness of his own sinfulness and his need for God's mercy that the European built the only civilization in the history of the world in which mercy was considered greater than sacrifice. The Jew stands before his God demanding justice, because he feels himself to be without sin. The Christian asks for mercy, because he feels himself to be a sinner. The difference between the two orientations was articulated once and for all in William Shakespeare's play *The Merchant of Venice*. If Christ be not risen, Shylock is right; he deserves his pound of flesh. But Christ is risen, and Shylock's demand for justice without mercy strikes us as an abomination.

But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

An attribute of God himself? So the Christian believes. However, many years have passed since Shakespeare's time, and the European's beliefs are now more in line with the Jewish people than with the Christian people of old Europe. The Roman Catholics fight over their formal ceremonies and the fine points of dogma much like the Sadducees and Pharisees used to do, and the Protestants proclaim the Jews to be the chosen people and behave as if they are still waiting for the promised Messiah. At the heart of the bombing then is the tragedy of a people who once believed in mercy and not sacrifice, but who now can no longer distinguish between the two.

Just as the Jews are not all of one piece, but end up being united on that one issue – the hatred of the Christian European – the modern soulless Europeans are not all of one piece, but end up united on that one issue – the hatred of the European. The mad-dog liberal sees the distinctiveness of Christianity and the distinctiveness of the European who placed Christ at the center of his civilization. For that very reason the mad-dog liberal hates with the passionate intensity of the Jew. He wants no part of Christianity, so he wants the European people to disappear from the face of the earth. The tiny minority of halfway-house Christians still want to maintain the name of Christian, but they no longer see the distinctiveness of Christianity. John Paul II's Assisi conferences were celebrations of halfway-house Christianity. The halfway-house Christians have a schizophrenic relationship with the culture of the antique European. On the one hand, they deny it ever existed, and then in the next breath they condemn it as sexist, racist, and unchristian. The end result of the mad-dog liberal's attacks and the halfway-house Christian's schizophrenic denials and attacks is that the mad-dog liberal is demonically opposed to the Christian European people, while the halfway-house Christian hasn't the moral force to do anything but acquiesce to whatever the mad-dog liberal tells him to do. And the mad-dog European liberal has decided that Christ be not risen, which entitles him to be just as merciless in his attack on all things European as the Jew. This is the reason that the mad-dog liberal celebrates integrated sports teams, Somalis in Minnesota, and every colored encroachment on European culture. Whatever diminishes the white and enlarges the colored is sacred to the spiritually Jewish, mad-dog liberal.

The Christian Europeans of the pre-modern era had the right attitude toward the Jews. They prayed for the Jews' conversion as their Lord had: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them, that are sent to thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" And they then took measures to protect themselves in case the Jews rejected Christ's divine charity.

The European and the Jew who have united in their hatred of Christian Europe are united in their misery. Neither an individual nor a nation can live with a religious faith that is pure negation and hate. The Jew has only survived over the centuries because he has fed off the humanity of Christian Europeans. No man is an island; the Jew has never acknowledged it, but without the secondary light reflected on his nation from Christian Europe he would have perished in a fire of pure negation. And likewise the modern European, if not for the light from the European past, would also perish in the fires of negation. But now that there are no longer any Europeans to take up the burden of a Christian culture, the Jew and the European have only Babylon to look to. And the dark night of Babylon is descending on Jew and European alike. Initially the Jew encouraged race-mixing in order to destroy the Christian European, and many Jews still do so for that reason. But the Jew, like the European, needs something that is more than pure negation. Secularized Jews have begun to long for Babylon; they too, like the mad-dog liberals and the halfway-house Christians, worship the Negro, the natural king of Babylon.

The Christian poets have been warning us about the dark night of Babylon for centuries. The only unity that can exist outside of God's grace is the unity of Babylon, where every man is united in his hatred of the living God. In such a world, bombing innocent civilians is holy, the denial of kith and kin is a sacred duty, and Satan reigns supreme. Is this then the promised end? No, it is not. The third dumb brothers of Europe have yet to venture forth. The first worldly-wise brother ventured forth with his church documents, and he was consumed by the fire-breathing dragon of Babylon. Then the second worldly-wise brother ventured forth, armed with constitutional platforms and petitions against fire-breathing dragons, and he too was consumed by the dragon. Finally, the third and youngest brother, the foolish one who is not wise in the ways of the world, ventures forth. His faith is a blood faith; it is the ancient faith of the European people. And the dragon falls before the third dumb brother, because the third dumb brother's heart is united to His heart. That is how the European fairy tale ends. We have His guarantee that it is true.

Our ancestors bequeathed to us a tradition of venturing forth in His name to slay dragons and kill giants. It's a tradition we should hold fast to because it is the only tradition that is rooted in the divine charity of the Son of God. Having seen the risen Lord we can never be satisfied with pure negation or the dark night of Babylon. +

We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own...
-- Gerald Griffin

In the face of the most devastating earthquake of modern times, the Japanese people are behaving with incredible courage and fortitude. If we compare the way the Japanese have handled their national disaster with the way the Americans handled the New Orleans flood, we are left with a very disturbing portrait of the Americans. And if you tell me that it was only black people who responded to the crisis of a flood with the savagery of wild animals, I would completely agree with you. The white Europeans responded just as heroically to their crisis as the Japanese are responding to theirs. But the European Americans have committed themselves to the inhuman idea that race has nothing to do with a nation's identity. If you claim a mixed race nation can be a strong, healthy nation then you can't make excuses when your multiracial nation fails to respond to disasters as well as a racially homogeneous nation does.

It's not my intention to glorify the Japanese people; they have institutionalized infanticide and elevated capitalist greed to even higher levels than the Americans, but they have shown the European people, if the European people had eyes to see, what a culturally homogeneous people, as distinct from a culturally diverse people, can do in the face of a national disaster.

The Europeans were once a homogeneous people and their record of heroism in the face of disaster and charitable outreach to kith, kin, and the stranger was unparalleled in human history. But unless Europe is restored the world will never see such heroism and charity again. The liberals have already told us that there was really no such thing as heroic and charitable Europeans. "The age of chivalry is not dead; it never existed." So they say, but they are mad-dog liberals who are in a desperate flight from reality; they can't be relied upon to tell the truth about anything of a spiritual nature. Nor can the colored tribes be relied upon to tell the truth about things of the spirit, though there is a huge difference between the European liberal and the people of color. The colored tribesman cannot tell the truth about spiritual things because he doesn't know of such things; the liberal cannot tell the truth about the life of the spirit because he denies its existence.

The traditional faiths of the colored peoples are all grounded in fantasy; they are untrue. The colored tribesman, be he Asian, African, Indian, whatever, does not have to deny his own people in order to cling to his fantastical and often very fulfilling (from a pagan standpoint) faith. The European does have to deny his own people if he is to escape reality. Christ was and is the white man's burden. If the liberal is going to escape from the living God, he must escape from everything European. He must eradicate, with the fury of the satanically possessed, everything that is distinctly and uniquely European. And of course the most distinctive and unique tradition of the European was his faith in the Son of God. That crucial distinction between the colored and the white – the white must eradicate his heritage in order to escape reality and the colored must embrace his heritage in order to escape reality – is the reason white people are committing racial suicide and colored people are holding fast to their own race and exploiting the suicidal tendencies of the white race.

It's easy to see why the pre-Christian pagan wanted to escape reality – life without faith in Christ is unbearable. The greatest of the pagan poets was Sophocles. And what was his opinion of existence? Better never to have been born. All pagan religions, despite their many and varied ways of dealing with their cosmic complaints, all seek an escape from the inexorable laws of nature by either losing themselves in nature, as in the sex and blood cults, or separating themselves from the pain of existence in the natural world by mentally divorcing themselves from the world, as the contemplative sects do, but all pagan religions are escapist religions.

The white European wants to return to paganism; he finds life under the Christian mantle to be too painful. However, he can't quite manage a smooth transition from Christianity to paganism. He has lost the Christian faith of his ancestors, but he can't shake his ancestors' disbelief in paganism. The result? The liberal combines secularized Christianity, which is utopianism, with paganism. The liberal performs all the pagan rituals, but he does so using new age terminology. The ritual slaughter of infants becomes 'legalized abortion' and 'planned parenthood'; the worship of the Negro is called 'civil rights' and 'diversity'; and the extermination of the whites is called 'social justice.'

The question that we need to ask is, "Why does the white European want to escape from the Christian faith?" He wants to escape from Christianity because the living God exists only in the depths, and it is painful to live in the depths. Most of a man's life is spent dealing with superficialities and minutiae. The pagan religious systems and the halfway house Christian churches are set up to deal with a man's need for gods who will help him with the daily natural shocks that flesh is heir to. Dostoevsky addressed that point in the Brothers Karamazov. His Grand Inquisitor rebukes Christ for rating men too highly. He tells Him men don't want depth; they want bread, authority, and mystery. The Grand Inquisitor makes a good

case for a religion of superficiality, and his program has been adopted in all the formerly Christian churches which now preach Negro worship under the guise of Christianity.

Let's say it outright: Christianity is an agonizing faith. Most of our life is spent on the surface of existence, because to be always plunging to the depths is incredibly painful. So rather than be comfortless, the apostate European seeks the mundane gods of paganism, just as the Israelites returned to Baal as soon as Moses went up to the mountain. But the white moments? Can a man live without white moments? I still maintain that the European cannot live without depth. In Lord Jim Conrad depicts a man, Lord Jim, who lives and dies according to a spiritual ideal. When he is dead, his friend is often inspired by his life and death, but at other times Lord Jim passes from his eyes.

Is he satisfied – quite, now, I wonder? We ought to know. He is one of us—and have I not stood up once, like an evoked ghost, to answer for his eternal constancy? Was I so very wrong after all? Now he is no more, there are days when the reality of his existence comes to me with an immense, with an overwhelming force; and yet upon my honour there are moments, too, when he passes from my eyes like a disembodied spirit astray amongst the passions of this earth, ready to surrender himself faithfully to the claim of his own world of shades.

Christ lives in the depths of the human heart. If we never go there He will pass from our eyes and we will dwell in the land of the pagan gods forever.

Liberalism is maintained with the armor of superficiality. Every book written by an antique, Christian European comes with a preface by a scholar (translation: a liberal) that either puts the author in a neat, psychological, secular box or tells us that he was racist and/or sexist, and therefore damned – in a metaphorical sense, of course, because we all know there is no eternal damnation, just the damnation of being denied a place in Liberalism. In the same vein I once read a “scholarly” account of the ill-fated voyage of the Titanic. The moral eunuch who wrote the article took great pleasure in quoting newspaper articles written at the time of the tragedy in which the men who gave their lives so that their wives and children could survive were quoted as saying, “Pip, pip, cheerio, have a good day” and other such British-isms. The thrust of the modern cynic’s criticism was that the men didn’t say “Pip, pip, cheerio, etc.” But does the absence of a “Pip, pip, cheerio” negate the fact that the men on the Titanic acted according to the highest standards of Christian chivalry? “Bury them all in the superficiality of snide remarks and the satanic sneer” is the liberal mantra. “To live by their code is to live in the depths, which I must avoid at all costs.”

We tend to think of hell in graphic Dantesque images, but I think modern Liberalism is a very close approximation of what the real hell is like – the hell of superficiality. By my mid-twenties I had made the pilgrim’s regress to the God of the Europeans which was a faith diametrically opposed to the faith of my older sister, who was a mad-dog liberal. At a family gathering I got a chance to take a long walk with my sister, whom I had not seen for several years. Young men in their twenties have an inflated opinion of their own persuasiveness and of the effectiveness of rational apologetics. I was guilty on both counts. I was sure I could convince my sister of the absurdity of liberalism and the truth of Christianity. What I encountered shocked me. I was not shocked by my sister’s atheism – that was expected – but I was shocked by the superficiality of her atheism. I was prepared for Ivan Karamazov, and I got Phil Donahue (or Phyllis Donahue, if you want the correct gender). “Why were there no women or blacks at the Last Supper?” “People used to believe in God, because they were afraid of lightning.” That conversation was hellish, and a world dominated by such superficiality is hell.

When I read the literature of the presiding anti-Christian caretakers occupying the buildings that were once Christian European churches, I am thrown back in time to that conversation with my mad-dog liberal sister. Have you heard these (we dare not call them Christians) purveyors of superficial filth pontificate?

“Heaven is multiracial so our churches must be multiracial.”

“We need to de-anglicize our church services.”

“Why are there so few canonized black saints?”

On and on it goes. Where does it end? It ends in hell of course, where the master of the superficial revels lets his superficial neophytes boil in their own banal, superficial juices.

We reach the God of the depths through the little things of the heart. I love the imagery in C. S. Lewis’s magnificent masterpiece, *The Chronicles of Narnia*. The children reach Aslan’s land through a wardrobe in an old English house, where kith and kin gather. Such sacred houses are the stuff that our European dreams are made on. In the depths of our soul we know those dreams are the only reality; the rest, the world of Liberalism, is the superficial dross of the devil.

One tiny sacred Heart was once enough to illuminate the Europeans' world. The path back to that Sacred Heart leads through our old, non-diverse, European home. Surely our European home is worth fighting for? Can the European, who once shared his hearth fire with the Living God, settle for the superficiality of non-stop images of Negro gods on the television screen? The battle for our European home and the battle for our God is the same battle. We cry from the depths, "O Lord, preserve us in this, our greatest battle." +

In the Face of the Whirlwind - MARCH 12, 2011

And he said unto me, son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.
– Ezekiel 37: 3

"Throw our paper platforms, preambles and resolutions, guaranties and constitutions, into the fire, and we should be none the worse off, provided we retained our institutions – and the necessities that begot, and have, so far, continued them."

Fitzhugh makes the point that it is the unwritten traditions of a people that determine what they are, not the paper-and-ink nonsense called constitutions. A constitution is no better or worse than the people who are interpreting it. In our own anti-nation, for instance, the diabolists on the Supreme Court discovered, in 1973, that the crime of infanticide was a constitutional right. That constitutional right was not proclaimed because wise men finally discovered the real meaning of the constitution. It was proclaimed because the unwritten traditions, which were based on the Christian faith of the European people, were altered. And if we go back further and look at the precursor of infanticide, namely race-mixing, we can see the Supreme Court in *Brown v. Topeka* reversing the older Supreme Court ruling (*Plessy v. Ferguson*) against race-mixing, to a ruling in favor of race-mixing. European Americans had changed their faith and the traditions based on that faith so they changed their interpretation of the Constitution.

Liberal-conservatives can blather from now to doomsday about electing men who will appoint judges who are "strict constructionists," but they will accomplish nothing even if they succeed in their goal. The traditions of our nation have changed; there will be no restoration until there is a traditional counter-revolution, and counter-revolutions (like revolutions) first take place in the human heart. When Europeans repudiate liberalism in their hearts they will naturally seek to destroy the traditions and laws that are the result of liberalism. They won't need a guidebook or an intellectual guru to tell them how to proceed against the liberals; they will know what has to be done.

Of course it is not written that the Europeans will ever desire to restore their deserted European villages, but if Europe is restored it will be restored because hearts that were dead came alive again. It's not a question of optimism or pessimism. In the realm of the spirit those arbitrary categories don't exist. It would be ignoring reality to deny that the European people in the main are behaving like the swine in the Gospel. But it would also be unrealistic to think because the Europeans seem, at present, to be dead to the life of the spirit that they will continue in the same vein until their ultimate extinction. Things of the spirit are not subject to the " $2 + 2 = 4$ " rules of the material world. There could be, even in our modern Babylon, some European hearts that are not spiritually dead, and those hearts could form first a crack, then a fissure in the concrete, soulless world of Liberalism. Nothing is written.

I didn't vote in the last Presidential election because Obama was a soul-dead, brain-dead stooge of the liberals, and McCain couldn't have been more obviously a spawn of Satan if he had sported the sign of the beast on his forehead. I would have voted for just about any other Republican candidate if the Republicans had had the sense to run someone besides the devil man, but I would not have voted for a Republican candidate with any hope that my vote was helping to restore the European people. How could a European hope for that result by voting in liberal-sponsored elections? There was no Republican candidate campaigning for white Europeans. I saw no banners proclaiming that Europe should belong to Europeans and that Christ should reign instead of Satan. No, there is nothing for the European within the confines of liberal democracy. A vote for a liberal-conservative candidate is simply a vote for a rearguard delaying action. It is to be hoped that a liberal-conservative will implement liberalism at a slower pace, but an antique European should never place his hopes in elections. "Trust not in princes."

Everything for good or ill that the European does can be traced to his Christian roots. When he does ill, it is because he has bastardized the Christian faith of his forefathers. And the good he used to do was done because he lived and breathed what David Balfour called "the good Christianity." Without the good Christianity, the European is a willow reed that blows whichever way Satan wishes him to blow.

One of the many things I learned from Walter Scott was that the people within a nation should be judged by what and whom they honor. In Scott's Europe the Christian gentleman who was fierce in defense of the innocent and charitable to

the poor and helpless was honored. The mother who stayed by the hearth fire and nursed and reared her children was honored. And Christ, from whom all the virtues flowed, was honored.

In contrast to Scott's Europe, we have modern Babylonian Europe. The Christian gentlemen is now called a sexist; the Christian housewife is now designated as a repressed, stifled, and repulsive woman; and Christ is only accorded a secondary place of honor in support of the primary black gods of our Babylonian world.

The *Marines' Hymn*, sung today, strikes me as blasphemous: "Keeping our honor clean." What honor? The only honor left a Christian European is the honor of facing and defying the liberal Leviathan. There is only dishonor in fighting and defending Babylon.

In Kipling's story "The Man Who Would Be King," Daniel Dravot's only concern, when he is facing certain death at the hands of thousands of murdering savages, is that his friend, whom he has wronged, will forgive him. When he gets that forgiveness, he feels that everything is all right, and he tells the heathens to "Cut you, beggars, cut!" The bastard Europeans and their heathen allies don't matter. Our only concern should be that we don't dishonor Him, the Christ, and them, our ancestors.

Europeans have gone from being the first fully human people to being the first non-existent people. Blake's *The Book of Thel* is a pre-existence myth; the European is living (if you can call non-existence 'living') through a post-existence myth. Think about it. If a man has no ties to a particular race, family, or religion, can it be said that he exists?

The liberal's solution to the non-existence that he has created for himself is to lap the blood of the colored tribes in the hopes that he will feel something, anything, that will stave off the feeling of nothingness he lives with. I've spent more of my life in academia than is good for a person to spend there. And I saw, in academia, the non-existent Europeans up close. I recall one professor, one of a legion of such non-existent Europeans, of the homosexual persuasion who could only be aroused by young men of color. And that professor's sick fantasy forms the basis of the liberals' civilization. Race-mixing and sexual perversion are the cornerstones of Liberaldom.

In Scott's Europe the man who saw beauty in virtue and ugliness in vice was the Everyman of Europe. The decadent liberal who needed the opiate of illicit, interracial sex and saw beauty only in vice was on the outer fringes of society and had to, in order to survive, ape the ways of the virtuous and indulge his vices in secret. Now that the virtues of Scott's Europe have been proscribed and the sins of the decadent avant-garde have been declared virtues the antique European is an outlawed man. But it is better to be an outlawed man than a non-existent man. Rather than drift with the satanic winds, the antique European stands in front of the satanic whirlwinds and refuses to yield, confident that his God will sustain him.

There is a powerful scene in the book of Ezekiel in which the Prophet Ezekiel sees the Lord bring life to dry bones:

So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army. – Ezekiel 37: 10

And the vision of dry bones being raised to life is repeated by St. John in the book of Revelation:

And after three days and an half the spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. – Revelation 11: 11

Liberaldom is the valley of dry bones, the dry bones of the science lab and the sacrificial altars of the savage tribes of color. The culture of dry bones restored to life is the antique European culture. When we passed from the European culture to Liberaldom we went from light to darkness. Every step backward toward Babylon was proclaimed to be a journey toward the light, but how can dry bones produce light? Light comes from God and the people animated by the spirit of God. When Liberaldom is dust, eternal Europe, built on St. Paul's affirmation of faith, "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept," will still be standing. +

Surviving Babylon - MARCH 05, 2011

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. – Prov. 4:23

I feel, when watching the contest between Wisconsin's Governor and the mad-dog liberal Democrats, like John Tyndall did during the Iraq war when reports of the torture of Iraqi prisoners by American soldiers came out. He didn't want to talk about whether the torture was proper or improper, because he didn't think the British or Americans should have been in the war to begin with.

I don't believe in democracy, so I must preface all my comments on the Wisconsin debacle with the statement, "If we had a real nation with real people..." So, with that preface, if the mad-dog liberals really believed in democracy they would let the Wisconsin governor make the economic reforms he was elected to make. No country can function if its elected officials don't respect the process through which they attained office.

During the macabre Wisconsin carnival act the essential difference between the mad-dog liberals (usually members of the Democratic Party) and the conservative-liberals (usually members of the Republican Party) became apparent. The mad-dogs believe that anything that advances their cause is holy. There are no rules of fair play, no democratic procedures that mad-dog liberals must follow; everything that promotes liberalism is lawful.

The conservative-liberal is much more likely to back off from his more moderately liberal agenda if his moderately liberal agenda is against the law. The conservative-liberal is more demure, because he senses he is not as holy as the mad-dog liberal, much like the Kerenskyites of Russia were always vulnerable to the more radical-than-thou (and therefore more holy) Bolsheviks. The conservative-liberal never repudiates liberalism; he just claims that Liberalism will be better served with the policies he advocates than with the policies advocated by the mad-dog liberals.

What is going on in Wisconsin is symptomatic of the type of politics we find throughout the Western world. Having ceased to believe in original sin as something with which all human beings are tainted, the modern Europeans try to align themselves with a 'sinless' group of people and to invest their enemies with original sin. In Wisconsin the unions claim they represent the "working class," which we all know is a group of people without sin. The Wisconsin Governor has pointed out that he was elected by a majority of the people of his state who voted for him because he promised to do something about Wisconsin's fiscal woes. The Governor also has pointed out that union members represent only about 10% of the work force. But just being elected might not give the Wisconsin Governor enough clout to overcome the unions, because he is a white male and therefore tainted with original sin, while the unionists are without sin.

The only reason the unionists and their Democratic allies have not triumphed already is because the "working class" gamut has lost some of its effectiveness in the last 25 years, for the reason that the Negro has trumped the working class. If the unionists could manage to put their case in racial terms, the unionists representing the blacks, and the Wisconsin Governor representing the whites, then the battle would be over and the unionists would be victorious.

It's always surprising to me – although by now it shouldn't be – that professed Christians cannot see how the liberals whom they support have used Christian doctrines to preach Satanism. For instance, the liberals still believe in original sin, but they believe that only the white male is tainted with it. The liberals still believe in a savior; it is the generic black man. And they still believe in heaven and hell; heaven is the future where there will be no white people, and hell is the past when white males were in authority. Every university, every secondary school, every elementary school, every media outlet, every church, and every single official in every single European state proclaims, espouses, and adheres to the principles of the new satanic anti-Christianity.

Sanctity in the new anti-Christianity exists only in the black. White females can achieve a kind of Third Order status if they attach themselves to the black race, but such an attachment will not elicit one drop of pity from the ruling, liberal oligarchy when the women suffer the fate that all white women who embrace the black race suffer. The rape, and often the murder as well, of Third Order white girls who naively joined the Peace Corps to "help the Africans," by African barbarians is just one example of the relentless attacks on the white race which are constantly covered up by the liberal media. But I wonder if the cover-up is necessary any more. The black savagery in the New Orleans Superdome got national attention, and there was not a ripple of protest from white Americans. I think the liberals' work is done. White people will never blame the black man for anything. No matter what evil the black man does, it is always the white man's fault. And the only way, if you are a white man, to mitigate the evil of your whiteness is to scream at the top of your lungs that the atrocities committed by blacks are the result of white racism.

There were dangerous forebodings in the American Civil War. For the first time in the history of the European people, a group of Europeans went to war for a utopian, universalist ideal. All the Europeans who fought for the North were fighting against the white race; they were fighting against themselves. The realization of that fact was the reason for the draft riots in New York City and the Copperhead movements in some Northern states such as Pennsylvania.

Now every white man who serves in the armed forces fights against himself. It is a terrible tragedy to see white males in the American armed forces. What are they fighting for? Sadly, they are fighting for the extinction of the white race and the preservation of an American Babylonian state.

Once a Babylonian state has been established, anything that constitutes "good citizenship" is harmful to the white man. Do you support your local schools? Do you support your local church? If you do, you are supporting Babylon and your own

extinction. When Alfred wrote about obeying the law, he meant God's law. And likewise St. Paul; he wrote about obeying God's law. The laws of Babylon are directly opposed to God's law. We can't serve two masters. Why should we want to? Following God's law allows our people to be a people; following the laws of Babylon destroys our people.

The white European is not being pushed off a cliff by 'The Jew' or 'The Negro'; the white European is jumping off a cliff of his own volition. The Jews have pushed race-mixing and championed anti-European causes since Christendom's inception. It is only now, when the European hasn't faith enough to see any difference between Christianity and Judaism that the Jew can do whatever evil he wills without facing any opposition. And the Negro was never a threat until white men made him a threat by elevating him to a god.

The sickness of the European lies deep in his soul. In his heart, which contains his soul, the European believes that the liberals are right: Christian Europe and the men and women who built it and loved it, particularly the men, were evil. Any white man who stands with the white men of the past stands condemned before the tribunal of Liberalism. Rather than face that dreadful tribunal, the modern European seeks to free himself of the original sin of whiteness by attaching himself to the Jews, to the Negroes, or (as is usually the case) to both. The flight from whiteness and original sin is what drives the halfway-house Christians to genuflect before the secular state of Israel and to burn incense in their churches to the great generic Negro god.

Does knowledge of a fatal condition help one to combat that fatal condition? Herman Melville didn't think so:

"For in tremendous extremities human souls are like drowning men; well enough they know they are in peril; well enough they know the causes of that peril; --nevertheless, the sea is the sea, and these drowning men do drown." -- Pierre

Is it all in vain then to know that the disease of the white man is one of faith and that only a recovery of his lost faith can save him? No, it is not in vain. Melville wrote *Pierre* in the throes of despair; he went on to write *Clarel*, in which he urged Clarel to:

Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned--
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow--
That like a swimmer rising from the deep--
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.

Those two quotes from Melville represent two different planes of existence. In *Pierre*, Melville speaks as a modern European, a man without faith. In *Clarel* he speaks from the depths of his heart and articulates the hope of a European who has regained his faith. *Pierre* represents the European's dark night of the soul, and *Clarel* represents his redemption.

Reason alone cannot restore the European's sanity, because reason lacks vision. Faith transcends reason, because faith involves the heart, which is the spiritual organ of sight. From an empirical, rational standpoint it makes no difference if one European stands before the great liberal tribunal and declares his eternal defiance of the tribunal and his unyielding support of the ancient Europeans. The tribunal is the sea, and the drowning men still drown. But in the spiritual realm, which we see when we look through, not with, the eye, every human soul contains a world. And the world of one antique European can outweigh the principles of a legion of liberal Babylonians. Satan conquers by distorting and diverting man's spiritual eye, his heart. So keep thy heart, thou man of Europe, and thou shalt ride triumphant over ruin and death. +

Black History is Not Sacred History - FEBRUARY 26, 2011

For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. I Corinthians 1:19

Black History Month is not that different from every other month in the countries that once constituted Christendom. There are a few more celebrations of blackness and few extra posters celebrating "diversity" but other than that February is just like the other black history months, only more so. Last week I saw a poster with a pair of white arms, surrounded by numerous black arms, reaching for the sky. The caption of the poster said something about helping the black race "together."

The white liberal -- and virtually all white men are liberals -- has brought the black savage into European civilization and made him the god of European civilization. There is a terrible, satanic symmetry between the white liberal and the black.

Both are possessed of overweening pride in themselves and a corresponding hatred of the Christian God. Both are addicted to rape, torture, and murder, and both hate the white Europeans.

The white liberal's pride is the pride of intellect. He is too smart to believe in a fairy tale God who talks from a burning bush and, later in the story, becomes man, is crucified, and then rises from the dead. "It's all nonsense," says the enlightened liberal.

Christianity is foolishness, as St. Paul tells us, but what is the liberal's replacement for Christianity? No doubt it is something wonderful. Behold -- it is Negro worship! All the great liberals of the past -- Rousseau, Voltaire, Turgenev, Flaubert, Freud, Darwin, and Marx -- labored in the vineyards of liberalism so that European liberals could finally unveil the Negro as the alternative to Christ.

In order to be God, you have to create something from nothing as God did. The liberal created the generic Negro god from nothing, from an abstraction in his liberal brain. Like Athena was spawned from the head of Zeus, the deified Negro was spawned from the abstracted mind of the liberal. It's a symbiotic relationship between the two. The liberal needs to worship the embodiment of his own abstractions, and the Negro needs the liberal to ignore his true nature so that he, the Negro, can wreak havoc in the world and be unmolested and even praised for his savagery.

If the liberal white has the pride of intellect, of what is the Negro proud? He has pride of race; he knows nothing of the love of race but everything about pride of race. Pride of race means the hatred of all other races, and pride of race means that you must subject all other races to your own race. There is no concept of loving your own without hating the other in the Negro culture of race. Nor is there any concept of humanity as anything other than a natural product of the jungle, to be used or abused according to the law of the jungle. Which brings us to the second item of commonality between the liberal and the Negro -- their mutual love of torture, rape, and murder.

The Negro tortures, rapes and murders for the simple reason that he is a natural savage. He is not a noble savage, as the liberals maintain; he is just a savage. There is no concept of mercy in the Negro's heart. It would be ludicrous to expect mercy from the Negro, because lacking the true humanity that comes from a connection to Christ the Negro can see no humanity in others. So looking for mercy in the Negro is as futile an endeavor as trying to extract mercy from Shylock. "You may as well go stand upon the beach and bid the main flood bate his usual height..." Nor does the Negro understand mercy when it is shown to him. He thinks it is weakness, and he responds to weakness as a jungle animal responds to weakness; he devours it.

The merciless Negro culture of torture, rape, and murder is in complete opposition to the Christian culture of the antique Europeans, but what about the culture of the modern liberal Europeans? At first glance the white liberal does not seem to be in favor of a culture based on rape, torture, and murder, but let's look closer. There is a fearful symmetry that exists between the white liberal and the Negro. The post-Christian liberal is an intellectual barbarian. He does the same things as the Negro, but because he was once Christian he must cloak his barbarities in angelic phrases. The institutionalization of infanticide throughout the European world is an infamous case in point that reveals the barbarity of the modern liberal. The infant in the womb is tortured, raped, and murdered by the aborting liberal doctor and his willing assistant, the baby's mother. For what reason? "You shall be as gods." How can you be a god if you don't control the procreative process? Abortion is a religious ritual to the liberal just as infant cannibalism is a religious ritual to the black man. And no one will fight for the innocent babies because neither the Negro or the liberal believe in innocence; that is a Christian concept. The age of Tell is gone.

"Thou know'st the marksman -- I, and I alone.
Now are our homesteads free, and innocence
From thee is safe: thou'lt be our curse no more."

The liberal-Negro curse extends to religious rape and murder as well. The feminists call marriage legalized rape while they encourage and approve of the rape of white women by black men. Such a position has its own satanic logic. Traditional marriage stinks of Christianity, so marriage within the Christian tradition must be condemned as legalized rape, while consensual and non-consensual intercourse between black men and white women must be sanctioned because mixed race intercourse is anti-Christian and therefore holy. The same perverse logic applies to murder. When blacks murder whites the white liberal regards the murder as a necessary cleansing of the white race. And the Negro regards the murder of whites as the natural order of things; the law of the jungle demands that the strong destroy the weak.

It's easy, once we see what the liberal barbarians and the negro barbarians worship, to see why they hate Christian Europeans. Their religion of intellectual pride and racial pride would be an anathema to Christian Europeans. That is why the liberal joined with the Negro to destroy Christian Europe, and why the halfway-house Christians are afraid to become European Christians. They don't want to fight against principalities and powers, but innocence, the type of innocence that

believes in the foolishness of God, is being destroyed. How can a European Christian man not respond to the liberal and the Negro as Tell responded to Gessler?

Every so often I get literature from a neo-pagan who is trying to run for President. He wants to “get the message out to white people,” but I can never determine what the message is. What should a white leader tell white people? I think the neo-pagan Presidential hopeful is confused because he doesn’t know what white people are. Are they simply walking genes?

The white European is a man who crossed a spiritual Rubicon. He, and he alone, forded the impassable river and saw the light that shineth in darkness on the other side of the river. But the light was too much for the European. Now he wants to go back across the Rubicon and lose his European identity by blending with the barbarians. And so the European has built a great liberal bridge over the Rubicon so he can get away from the light and live in peace and harmony in the land of Babylon.

The neopagan Presidential wannabe who advises the European to return to Babylon and fight for his right to live in Babylon ignores the essence of the white man. The man who swam the Rubicon can never be content to graze with the barbarians on the safe side of the river. It’s all or nothing. Having crossed the Rubicon we can’t go back to the land of the Negro and the liberal. We must go on to the heights. The glory of the antique European was that he was not wise and prudent, he was a fool, as Cyrano was a fool:

DE GUICHE

(Who has recovered his self-control; smiling)
Have you read Don Quixote?

CYRANO

I have – and found myself the hero.

A PORTER

(Appears at the door.)
Chair
Ready!

DE GUICHE

Be so good as to read once more
The chapter of the windmills.

CYRANO

(Gravely)
Chapter Thirteen.

DE GUICHE

Windmills, remember, if you fight with them--

CYRANO

My enemies change, then, with every wind?

DE GUICHE

--May swing round their huge arms and cast you down
Into the mire.

CYRANO

Or up—into the stars!

Cyrano, Alfred, and the sacred legions of antique Europeans who lived and died under His leadership, had the foolishness to want to build Jerusalem in Europe’s green and pleasant land. It is their foolishness that we need, “Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men...”

Back in my halcyon days as a young, substitute English teacher, I read with my class D. H. Lawrence’s short story, “The Rocking Horse Winner.” If you recall the story you’ll know that the young boy in the story sells his soul to the devil, which enabled me under the guise of a literary analysis to discuss the Christian God and his archrival, Satan.

A student who stayed after class wanted me to clarify something. He knew rational thinking human beings who had attended universities did not believe in the devil, but something I had said in class made him think that I believed there was an actual devil who roamed about the world seeking the ruin of souls. When he discovered that I did indeed believe in

an actual devil and his divine opponent, he was pleasantly surprised. My belief opened up a new world for him, a world where heroes existed. And every young man wants to believe he can be a hero in some endeavor worthy of a man.

In the absence of faith in the Christian God, who does battle with Satan, the European is lost in the darkness. He can't fight for pride of race as the colored tribes do. He must fight for the sacred things that heroes like William Tell fought for, but without faith there are no sacred things for the white man to fight for. The heroic European no longer exists because the European has forsaken the Hero-God. I hope that student from long ago was not just an enthusiast for one hour; I hope he endured the attacks on the Hero-God, which he was bound to hear ad-nauseam at the college he attended, and clung to the heroic faith of the European: Mortal man struggling against the wickedness and snares of the devil and hoping, with God's aid, to prevail against the devil.

It is the sacred duty of every European not to go quietly into the dark night of Liberalism. We should rage against the dying of the light and refuse to let His light, the light of our world, be extinguished. +

On the Shores of Babylon - FEBRUARY 19, 2011

"Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Every English teacher has to deal with the problem of Cliff Notes, those poorly written summaries and shallow interpretations of great works of literature written for indolent and dishonest students. I once gave a student two F's on a Cliff Noted paper he had turned in. "Why two F's?" he asked.

"One for cheating, and the second F for turning in such a terrible interpretation of the book," was my reply.

Cliff Note students could never bring themselves to believe that a student who read the literature with his whole heart and soul could come closer to the great author's meaning than a panel of erudite experts trying to write condensed literature for moral eunuchs and intellectual midgets. If the meaning of a work of literature could be condensed into Cliff Notes, it wouldn't be a great work of literature.

It is the contention of the people I call the halfway-house Christians that the Gospel of Jesus Christ can be condensed into religious Cliff Notes. The Protestant Cliff Notes tell us that Christ was not the Son of God in whom St. Paul believed. He is only the son of God in the way a great prophet is the son of God. In the inane Cliff Notes of the Protestants, the Son of God, the Messiah, has not come yet. How else can I interpret Cliff Notes that claim that the Jews are the chosen people of God? In vain do I point out to the evangelical Protestants that the Christian Europeans of the past did not think references to the "chosen people" meant that the unconverted Jews had been accorded divine status, regardless of whether they accepted Christ or not. It is in vain because the halfway-house Protestants hold the personal testimony of the European people, who lived and died with a faith in Jesus Christ as true God and true man, of no account. They believe in their Cliff Notes handed to them by a committee of educated idiots.

The Cliff Notes of the halfway-house Roman Catholics also go against the traditional faith of the European people. In the Roman Catholic Cliff Notes, Christ is a lesser god in a pantheon of gods, living and dead. He is on a par with Mohammed and Buddha but beneath Nelson Mandela, Martin Luther King Jr., and Gandhi. As with the Protestant halfway-house Christians, it is useless to point out to the Roman Catholic halfway-house Christians that the antique Europeans did not place any other gods above the one true God, Jesus Christ. It is useless because the Roman Catholic does not believe that a traditional faith resides in the blood of the people who believe. Tradition, to the Roman Catholic, means the preservation of external forms and rites. A bred-in-the-bone faith is an alien concept to the halfway-house Roman Catholic. He can't find anything about such a faith in his Cliff Notes.

The Cliff Notes of the halfway-house Roman Catholics and the halfway-house Protestants agree on one essential point: The Negro is the star at the top of the halfway-house Christians' tree. The presents under the tree, the ornaments and tinsel decorating the tree, all pale in significance to the shimmering star at the top of the tree. The Cliff Notes descended from on high, according to halfway-house Christians, and revealed the new Christian doctrine of the divinity of the Negro. The halfway-house Christians love to excoriate the Mormons, but I find the halfway-house Christians' new revelation of the divinity of the Negro much harder to believe in than Joseph Smith's vision of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. At least Christ maintains His primacy in the Mormons' church.

The literary Cliff Notes give us a bare skeleton of a book, and they give us a false interpretation of the book. And that is what the "Christian" Cliff Notes do as well. The Bible is streamlined for sectarian purposes, and the people who lived and

breathed the full meaning of the Bible are completely eliminated from the religious Cliff Notes. We can't understand the Christian faith if we are not connected to the people who had faith. The fusionist Christians of today will lead us to a confusion of tongues, not to a place where we can see the true God reflected in the faces of his people.

The halfway-house Christian reserves the right to politely criticize and vote against certain aspects of the liberal's satanic agenda. But he still uses the liberals' Cliff Notes, thus allowing the liberal to redefine Christianity. In the new definitions, which we are all supposed to learn by heart, the Negro is divine and the European is evil. Who ultimately does the halfway-house Christian serve then? He serves the liberal, who serves the enemy of mankind.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem..." The European has forgotten what it means to live in a Christian culture. It means loving one's kith and kin above all others, which means that we should keep the barbarians at bay and out of our homes. I live in an area of the United States that is still predominantly white, but virtually every black I see is connected to a white family; either a wigger is cohabitating with a black, or a white family has adopted a black child. It is especially tragic when white parents who already have white children adopt one or more black children. The blacks invariably run amuck within the family, causing untold misery.

And it is always the Man of Sorrows who is brought in to justify race-mixing and Negro worship. Blasphemy! The antique European believed that salvation came from a belief in Jesus Christ, not by virtue of our belief in the sacred Negro. There is nothing remotely connected to genuine Christian love in the liberals' and the halfway-house Christians' deification of the Negro. The men who did humanitarian work and Christian evangelization among blacks, such as Albert Schweitzer and Edmund Hodgson, believed in strict paternalism and segregation. (1) Rape, torture, and murder are the favorite pastimes of the natural savages we have brought amongst us. How can a man with a heart that still lives allow such creatures to reign? Prospero knows his island will be hell if Caliban is allowed to rule, so he keeps Caliban under his control, and even Caliban comes to see that Prospero's hierarchical but benevolent reign is the only type of government to live under.

The liberal and the halfway-house Christian who rides with the liberal on his burn-and-pillage raids against the European people present their "love" of the Negro as the fulfillment of Christ's injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself." Nothing could be further from the truth. In the first place, genuine love of thy neighbor does not mean you hate the people of your own household. And secondly, a man learns to love by the family hearth fire. God made "our hearts small" so we could learn to love through the little human things. The universal love represented by the infamous Coke commercial and the song "Age of Aquarius" is not love. Ask yourself why the ideologies of the universalists, the great 'lovers' of mankind as generic human beings such as Marx and Robespierre, always spawn totalitarian states in which millions of individual human beings lose their lives. If you repress the little human things, such as love of kith, kin, and place, you will render a man incapable of love. The charitable outreach of such men as Schweitzer and Hodgson only took place because they learned how to love at the European hearth.

The true God can only be reached through the human heart. Without depth of feeling, we can't know God, which is why only a counter-revolutionary of the spirit can know God in our modern satanic world. The counter-revolutionary must stay in the depths and not allow himself to be overwhelmed by the narrow superficiality of modernism that kills the soul.

In Ben Jonson's profound tribute to Shakespeare he tells us that Shakespeare has surpassed even the great Greek and Roman dramatists:

And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a stage : Or, when thy sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!

Of course Jonson is right. There is greater depth, more humanity in Shakespeare's plays than in the Greeks' and Romans' works. And how could it be otherwise? The living God had entered human history and revealed to mankind that God lived in the depths of the human heart. Just as the pagan Greco-Roman shame-culture gave way to the European guilt-culture, so did the Greco-Roman culture of kindness give way to the deeper European Christian culture of charity. In a very real

sense there was no perfect love, the love that includes charity, on the face of the earth until the marriage of the European and Christ. That special type of love, which can only be found at the hearths of the antique Europeans, has just about disappeared from the earth. My own nation, which is not really a nation, has set Caliban on the throne. And throughout the other anti-nations of Europe the remaining Europeans burn incense at the altars of the savage gods of color. Our only recourse against the modern age of Satan is to seek the depths and refuse to give up the little human things that link us to the Son of God. +

(1) Northern Katanga was also the territory of a renowned English Missionary, Edmund Hodgson of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, who had been in the Congo for forty years before he was murdered by the Baluba. He was a surgeon, builder and teacher. He founded 157 churches in the Congo, roofing many of them himself. His pay, if it may be mentioned, eventually reached the grand equivalent of £17 a month in Belgian currency, which in the Congo is enough to buy you a good meal and a haircut. He built schools, where for the first time the tribal language was set down in writing. He built a motor launch, which he used as an ambulance; and as the years went by he built several more, giving each one away to the Natives as a new one was finished. He was also a crack shot, ridding the villages of a rogue elephant and marauding lion. On one occasion he was called out to deal with a pride of six lions that were stalking a village, and shot all six of them the same day. His biggest enemies in the early years - as in the later - were the witchdoctors and secret societies, who of course ruled by terror. Hodgson wrote to the C.E.M. headquarters in England: "The witchdoctors are like banks and bookies. They win every time. To denounce a witchdoctor is the worse sin known." But, traveling on a battered old bicycle through hundreds of miles of swampland for months at a time, he set out to break them. A fellow missionary said of him: "Often he would walk into the middle of a secret society meeting to rescue the young girls they used for their orgies. He was a mild man, but he would risk any danger to prevent these children being tortured, wading in with his fists if necessary."

In 1952 Hodgson's wife died; and he toiled on alone, taking his leave every five years but still having to work to make ends meet. But, following Independence, he saw his life's work literally going up in flames. He wrote: "This last six months has seen the bottom drop out of this fast-created world. Now there is no Belgian or African authority in this district. The sad part of it all is that it is the innocent ones who suffer..."

Shortly after Hodgson wrote this report he visited the 'parish' of the New Zealander, Elton Knauf. He was at something of a loose end now, as his churches had been burned down and he had been forced to leave his own parish by the tribesmen he had spent his whole life slaving for. He and Knauf went on a mercy mission, taking food and medical supplies and even money to distressed villagers. It was in an area where, like his own, nearly all the mission posts had been plundered and burned down. Soon their truck was stopped by Balubas, and the two men were dragged out. The tribesmen offered to let Knauf go. But he refused to leave Hodgson, and so both men were put to death. According to a Christian tribesman it was a slow death, and both men died praying. Unlike the witchdoctors who ruled the people by terror and had survived through the ages, the white men had tried to inspire the people by self-sacrificing example, and had succeeded only in making the supreme one.

Of white men like these, tribute seems inadequate. Silence seems more fitting. But normally, while they are alive, they receive the sort of silence of which Kipling wrote: "The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends."

-- from *White Man Think Again!* by Anthony Jacob

Hating One's Own - FEBRUARY 12, 2011

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England...

I recently saw a British press release which stated that the head of the West Mercia Police Department in England called for an end to the silence regarding the "tidal wave" of rape and prostitution rings in which thousands of white girls were being passed around by Pakistani gangs and "used as meat." And along with that edifying little story came a report that 70% of British converts to Islam were white women. I suppose the logic of the female converts is: "Better to become a Muslim wife and be used as meat in one polygamous marriage than to be passed around and used as meat by a whole gang of Muslims. At least Muslim men will stop other men from raping me."

I don't have to live in Britain to know how the British establishment will respond to the head of the West Mercia Police Department; they will respond the same way the white liberal establishment always responds to black-on-white crime in America. They will denounce the man who warned Britons about the colored rapists and murderers and call for his resignation. Quite possibly they will add jail time to his resignation. Britain is slightly worse than the United States in terms of jailing alleged 'racists'. In the U.S. accusations of 'racism' often end with the loss of a job. But let us not forget the Rodney King affair, and many others like it, when police officers who had tried to arrest black criminals were found guilty of racism and sent to jail.

The response of British white males to the Pakistani rape squads should be immediate and violent. Every Pakistani even remotely involved in the “white meat” gangs should be killed. And the remaining Pakistanis in Britain who were not involved in the torture-rape squads should be thrown out of Britain. Of course such a sensible and Christian course of action will not be followed because if white Brits had the Christian innards to kill the Pakistani rapists and remove the remaining Pakistanis from their country, they would never have let the Pakistanis in their country to begin with.

The toleration of the rape of their women is not a simple case of cowardice on the part of the British white males, although that most certainly is the assumption of the Pakistani males. Like the jackal, who is a coward himself, the Pakistanis attack only those who are weaker and more cowardly than themselves, and to them it seems obvious that the white Brits are cowards. But it is not because of fear that the British white male does not fight for his own. The British male does not fight for his own kind because he doesn’t believe there is any such thing as kin or kind. There are only generic people, all moving toward a generic, colored utopia. And that’s the main point: the white European male has been told for upwards of fifty years that white people are evil and have no right to exist. So why should he care when white women, mothers of the future, either lose their lives or are ruined for life? By liberal logic he shouldn’t care, and in point of fact he doesn’t care. Walter Scott would care, Rudyard Kipling would care, but the Brits and their European counterparts do not want to live in Scott’s and Kipling’s Europe.

It’s not a case then of no innards; it’s a case of no Christian innards. The British male will fight for a multi-racial Britain, but he will fight against a Christian Britain. And because of that fact, the Brits’ unwillingness to fight for a Christian Britain, the warning of the Mercia Police Inspector will go unheeded. The Chief Inspector was proceeding on false assumptions. He assumed the white British males did not know about the rape of white British girls, and that once they did know, they would want to do something to stop it. But they did know, they do know, and they don’t want to stop it; in fact they approve of the rapes because they regard the white victims as sacrifices to the colored gods. And that is to be expected when a people who once worshipped the God of mercy no longer understand what Christ meant when he said, “I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.”

The ‘get out the information’ boys of the BNP and the American Renaissance always fail to make a breach in the liberals’ fortress because they think: 1) white people will “wake up” if they get the information about colored atrocities, and 2) once awakened, white people will “vote” the colored people away. ‘Tis not so. As we have seen time and time again, white people do know about the colored invasion and about colored atrocities, but they approve of the invasion and think the atrocities have to be tolerated so that the greater good, a multi-colored society, can become a reality.

As regards the second point, the notion that the colored hordes can be voted away: that is pure fantasy. The colored jackals will never leave so long as they can get easy “white meat” in their adopted country. The consequences for the crimes described by the Mercia Police Inspector must be as severe as or more severe than the crimes perpetrated if the barbarians are to be driven from “this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear’d by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world’s ransom, blessed Mary’s Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas’d out,—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.

Prophetic words indeed! Of course the modern European, whether British, French, American, Scandinavian, or any other type of white European, does not believe in blessed plots of earth or in blessed Mary’s Son. That is what separates the modern European from his ancestors: faith. The Europeans who kept Europe free from the barbarians were not physically stronger than the modern Europeans. How much could Sir Henry Havelock or Charles Martel bench press? No, it was not physical strength, it was inner strength that marked the antique European. To put it in the vernacular: “The antique European had Christian innards.” A man fights for what he holds dear. The Christian hearth was sacred to the ancient

Europeans, and they fought for their sacred hearths. The modern European? His vision of a multi-racial utopian state is sacred to him; for that he will fight.

The non-liberal European makes a great mistake when he assumes that because the liberal will not fight for kith and kin he is a coward who will not fight at all. The liberal is the most loathsome creature on the face of the earth, but he is not a doctrinaire coward. He will fight for Liberaldom. General Franco thought the Germans would win World War II because, being a non-liberal European, he thought that if the English and Americans were too cowardly to fight Russian communism they wouldn't have the courage to fight Nazism. But you see it wasn't a lack of courage that stopped the English and Americans from fighting communism, it was their liberalism. They held virtually the same egalitarian beliefs as the Russian communists, so they saw no reason to fight the communists. The Nazis they fought. So it remains today. The liberals will fight for Liberaldom, and the coloreds will fight for pride of race, pride of kin, and pride of place. The Christian European will fight as he always has fought: for love of hearth, kind, and place. The racial war and the religious war are one. When Europeans' believe in Christ they will fight for their hearths, and white women will not become "white meat" for savage colored tribesmen. But so long as white people believe in foreign gods, white victims will continue to die on the sacrificial altars of the colored tribes.

The bulk of white Europeans are mad-dog liberals and gutted, burned-out nihilists of the type depicted by Camus and Samuel Beckett. A tiny minority are halfway-house Christians, trying to fuse Christianity with Negro worship, Judaism, and Islam. Of the three groups, only the nihilists have produced converts to European Christianity. A man needs to look at the hopelessness of existence without God before he can move toward Christ. The liberals and the halfway-house Christians have their gods of sacrifice, so they don't feel any need for the God of mercy.

One of the saddest things I've had to witness over the last thirty years was the spectacle of the "get them the information" and the "get out the vote" boys, as exemplified by the late John Tyndall and the late Samuel Francis. Those white warriors had good intentions, but they persisted in trying to appeal to white pride and white self-interest as if the white man was the same as the colored man. They never seemed to understand, probably because they ignored the religious aspect of the white man's history, that the white man is different from the colored man. (1) Having exchanged pride of race and pride of kin for love of race and love of kin when he became Christian, the European can never be "won back" by an appeal to his pride of race and pride of kin. The appeal must be to his love of race and his love of kin. The European is dying out because he has ceased to love Christ, from whom his love of race and kin flowed. White awareness campaigns that don't confront that tragedy are useless, even harmful, endeavors.

The tragedy of white British girls being used as meat by Pakistani savages is not a tragedy that can be prevented by abstract thought. And abstract thought is all the white man, liberal or conservative, is capable of. Fitzhugh put his finger on the white man's Achilles' heel when he stated that the problems of existence were too complex to be solved by intelligence, but the Christian heart would always find a way to prevail where intelligence failed. Europeans with Christian hearts would not let white girls be raped by barbarians – it's that simple. No barbarian can contend against a white man with Christian innards. And no white man who has given his heart to multi-racial Liberaldom has ever lifted a finger to aid his own people. If we can't convert liberals and halfway-house Christians to European Christianity we can at least bring fire and sword to their world and let them know there are faithful hearts who know the difference between the gods of sacrifice and the God of mercy. +

(1) Despite the fact that there had been legions of bred-in-the-bone Christians, like Walter Scott and Thomas Nelson Page, who could have been brought to the fore in a defense of a fighting, non-democratic, all-white Europe, the older neo-pagans never invoked Christian Europeans and their God. The appeal of the older neo-pagans was always to whiteness, devoid of any religious faith other than a faith in white genes. Such an appeal led one to believe that the old guard neo-pagans really believed that the liberals were right about Christianity: it was about universalism and Negro worship.

The younger neo-pagans have simply taken the old guard's reluctance to invoke their Christian ancestors to its logical conclusion: they have rejected Christianity. I think the young Turks have accurately interpreted the older neo-pagans, but I think the old guard neo-pagans were acting on false premises. The bred-in-the-bone Christianity that was the religion of the Europeans for over one thousand years gives the lie to the liberal and the neo-pagan. There is only one valid democracy, the democracy of the dead. Our ancestors cry out to us with one voice: "Fight as Christians and for Christian Europe!"

The Hollow Oak of Liberaldom - FEBRUARY 05, 2011

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

--Idylls of the King

I have an older cousin I view as the embodiment of the diseased white man. He is a farmer who no longer can make a living from his farm and who supplements his income by driving a truck. His sons do not work on the farm; they work at various manufacturing jobs, all dependent on the U.S. government continuing to renew its contract with the manufacturing firms.

My cousin is a halfway-house Christian of the fundamentalist variety; he still believes that Christ died and rose again on the third day, but he also believes that the white European has no right to love his own people and culture over all other peoples and cultures. During the last Presidential election, for instance, my cousin told me how much he despised Hillary Clinton, but he liked and respected the Obama. The beginning of a disconnect? In the same vein, my cousin frequently has complained of the trailer trash living on the borders of his farm. When I've pointed out that the trailer trash are Mexicans, my cousin immediately chimes in that he has nothing against Mexicans, he loves them as his brothers; he just wishes they would stop coming on his land and littering, defecating, and stealing.

My cousin is just one of the millions of halfway-house Christians who is willingly self-destructing in the name of some abstract principle, invented by liberals, which neither my cousin nor his halfway-house companions, remotely understand. And the pity of it all is that my cousin is a decent man. My nation, and the world's nations, would be better off if such men as he filled up the ranks of their citizenry rather than the colored individuals that all white people are called to worship. Let me rephrase that – if my cousin would divest himself of his anti-European prejudice, then he would have the innards to make a good citizen. No nation needs a man who will not stand up for his own people, whether they be living or dead.

It's easy to find excuses for the halfway-house Christian, particularly if the halfway-house Christian is a blood relation: "He is confused, the liberals are very clever" – "He has been sold a multi-racial bill of goods by his pastors". All those reasons are true, but ultimately I can't excuse my cousin's betrayal of his race. A man's heart should be able to counter-balance the weakness of his head. "You make what sounds like a good case, but I can't go against my heart, and my heart tells me that what you're saying is wrong." That, or something like that, is what the European men and women should have said to the liberal utopians and their halfway-house Christian pastors. It's a mystery to me why more Europeans do not "just say no" to Liberalism.

There is a song of John McDermott's in which he tells of a crippled soldier returning home. When he exits the ship, he sees his countrymen waiting on the shore: "They just stood there and stared, And turned all their faces away." Those lines describe my own feelings about my "fellow white countrymen."

Once, at an adult Bible class, I was so moved by the similarities between the spiritual journey of the Hebrew people and the spiritual odyssey of the European people I let myself go and spoke of my love and reverence for La Fanu, Dostoevsky, Walter Scott, and the gentle Bard. "They, like St. Paul, like Jeremiah, like Isaiah, pointed to Him." All that I said, and more, and they looked at me and "turned all their faces away." "Can ye drink of the cup I will drink of?" No, I cannot. Only He could bear the loneliness that engulfs a man who has been rejected by his own people.

The European people are suffering through their own Babylonian captivity, but unlike the ancient Hebrews the Europeans do not know they are in captivity. They go to liberal churches, fusionist churches, and Super Bowl parties, and they profess themselves to be a free people: free to worship God, whoever and whatever God may be, free to send their children to state-run public or state-supporting private schools, and free to work for the advancement of the new, liberal Babylon, which as a state entity is much more inimical to Christianity than the old Babylonian state was to Judaism.

Can we say that the European people are suffering under their Babylonian captivity? On the surface the answer might seem to be, "No, they are not suffering," but look closer. An anesthetized man is different from an integral, full-blooded man who can stand up to existence and say, "come what may, I'm in God's hands"; anesthetics simply push suffering deeper into the soul; they do not enable a man to stand up to existence. The European currently is seeking the oblivion that comes with racial melding, because he finds existence unbearable.

Man cannot live without a connection to God. And God can only be reached through the human things: love of kith, love of kin, and love of a place above all other places. All those human things are denied the white man. The liberals have decreed that the white man must die, so he must be denied the essentials of life. And halfway-house Christians, in an effort to please the liberals, have 'discovered' that human things are unnecessary – in fact they are evil; men don't need human conduits to an incarnate God, they can fly to heaven in a cosmic, universalist rocket ship.

Yet some people are more equal than others. The colored peoples are allowed -- not just allowed, they are encouraged -- to keep the human things: love of kin, kith, and place. Ah, there's the rub. The colored peoples were never Christianized. They have pride of kin, pride of race, and pride of place, which is diametrically opposed to the antique Europeans' love of

kith, kin, and place. The only permitted human things then are the subhuman rites of the colored people. Virtually every day there is some kind of celebration of the Noble Savage: Martin Luther King Jr. Day, Jackie Robinson Day, Black History Month, Rosa Parks' Day, Hispanic Heritage Month – the list is endless. Whites celebrate those holidays with more fervor than the colored people because whites have a longing to have some contact with the human things, even if they are the subhuman things that degrade and debauch. It's an insane, satanic world when whites hate their own and love only the colored races.

I've spent a lot of time at public parks in the last twenty years. When my children were younger, I had to be ready to prevent the thousand and one potential falls that can occur on playgrounds. For at least the last eight years now my services as a catcher have not been needed. So I've had a chance to observe other families. And what have I observed? White boys wear the sport jerseys of black athletes, but no black boys wear the sport jerseys of white athletes. An insignificant phenomenon? No, it isn't. From birth to their graves white people are told their life has meaning only to the extent they can blend with the colored races. Even when a white boy wears the jersey of a white athlete, he is blending with a sports organization, a microcosm of the state, which is a universalist, race-mixing organization. And white girls are encouraged to adore the black athletes as well so that they can mate with the black when they come of age. Indeed it is a small miracle when a white girl marries a white male, considering how the white male is portrayed in print, film, and television. A friend told me recently of a made-for-television movie he had started watching. A Negro was accused of a violent crime. Of course he was innocent, and a white female detective discovered his innocence. The guilty parties? You know the answer – a white, blonde, blue-eyed teenager and his white, Bible-toting father. It would be hysterically funny if it wasn't for the fact that young white people have come to believe such bilge. In Liberaldom there is nothing more evil than the white male. And because that gospel of Liberaldom is so untrue the liberals must keep up an unrelenting propaganda campaign in order to maintain their maniacal, obscene lie about the white male.

The colored tribesmen are at least given a chance at life. Without a white man to point them to the light it is not very likely they will escape the blood and sex cults that are the usual fare of the colored tribes. But the white European has been consigned to Merlin's oblivion, betrayed by the whores of Liberaldom, he lies "as dead, And lost to life and use and name and fame." The halfway-house Christian and the liberal have joined together to deprive the white European of his soul. He lives, but nothing of life remains. If he is denied the human things, denied his one eternal moment to live and die as God ordained, it's as if he never existed. The hate of the system that consigns one's fellow men to such a fate, and the love of the people who are being damned to such a fate, should put steel and fire into the heart of the European. Even if all the halfway-house Christians turn their faces away and join with the mad dogs of Liberaldom, still the European defies them: "My name is Alexander Smollet. I've flown my sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones."

A man who wrote so eloquently about the human things, the blood ties that make a man a man, was Rudyard Kipling. The liberals speak disparagingly of him, and the halfway-house Christians generally undervalue him by accepting the liberals' assessment of him: "He was a reactionary and a pagan; he had no religion other than British imperialism." Of course nothing could be further from the truth. Kipling saw God through the human things, and consequently his faith was forged in the furnace of reality where the first European Christians' faith was forged. If you read nothing else of Kipling's, read his short story called "The Gardener," in an anthology called *Debits and Credits*. At the end of the story you will see why there is no other way to the Son of God than through the human ties that the colored tribes pervert and the liberals deny to the white man. If we keep faith with our ancestors, such as Rudyard Kipling, and cling to the human things, we will defy the liberals and see the living God, Jesus Christ.

One grave to me was given
One watch till Judgement Day;
And God looked down from Heaven
And rolled the stone away.

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

--Rudyard Kipling

Houses of Desolation - JANUARY 29, 2011

And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.

--Isaiah 13:22

I'm often asked, usually at Christmas time, why I don't attend church or go to Mass since I profess to believe that Christ is the Son of God. If the questioner is just a busy-body who could care less about Christianity or about me, I just ignore the question or reply with a flippant remark. But if I run into a person who wants an honest answer I tell them why I don't attend Mass or go to church: I tell the inquiring mind that I, like all human beings, crave communion with kindred souls, but faith is a precious and precarious thing; better to hold to the faith you have than to risk losing it by worshipping with those who want to blend Christianity with liberalism. And if the inquiring mind tries to tell me that all churches do not blend Christianity and liberalism – his own church, for instance – I tell the querier it has been my sad experience that the “conservative” Christian churches blend liberalism and Christianity while the more liberal “Christian” churches have dispensed with Christianity altogether and just preach liberalism.

A case in point: a young ‘born-again’ lady of my acquaintance kept encouraging me, over the course of a year, to come to her “very conservative church where we really believe in the Bible.” I never for one moment considered going because I’ve had my fill of “conservative” churches. But if I had been considering going to the young lady’s church her enraptured recounting, one Monday morning, of her pastor’s sermon on the sanctity of Martin Luther King Jr. would have queered any desire I might have had to ‘worship’ in her church.

Liberalism is a virulent poison that kills even when taken in very small doses. The failure of the Christian churches to understand that liberalism is satanic and must be fought to the knife is the central tragedy of the 20th and 21st century.

The Christian churches’ capitulation to liberalism was the result of a new way of looking at Christianity. When the antique Europeans saw Christ as the beginning and the ending of the riddle of existence, they built their nations and their homes around their faith. And likewise when the modern Europeans came to believe, as Caiaphas believed, that incorporation into a pharisaical system was more important than knowing and loving the true God, they built their new nations and homes around their new faith. “My faith and my church are one,” reasons the halfway-house Christian, “so whatever keeps my church alive keeps the Faith alive.” Yet the churches exist at the sufferance of liberals, so what is necessary to keep the churches alive? A blending of Babylon with Christianity, a strong dose of Negro worship, another dose of feminism, and more than a touch of Judaism and Mohammedanism are all necessary in order to ensure that the churches will survive. But will faith in Christ survive? The halfway-house Christian is past caring; he wants his church, where he has access to the magic system of salvation. What about Christ? He first becomes the equal of the Babylonian gods, then He becomes inferior to them, and finally He becomes the God who is not there.

The Christian churches institutionalized apostasy when they jettisoned the human element, which was the European culture, from their respective churches. “Bare, unaccommodated man,’ in his heart needs a faith that is true. Because he is frail and weak he can be tempted by the Grand Inquisitor’s false church of “authority, mystery, and bread.” But in the end man, and especially the European man, needs to know that Christ really did conquer death and that He waits for us at the crossroads between life and death. The halfway-house Christian is like Jonah; he is trying to escape his destiny. The tragic sense of life that ultimately transcends tragedy existed in the European people prior to the 20th century until the hope that science could eliminate the necessity of a tragic sense of life replaced the traditional faith of the European people. But the new faith, as we have seen, comes with a price. Instead of Christ, we have the Negro. A poor substitute in this world and an even poorer one in the world to come.

The mad-dog liberal has completely eliminated Christ from his church. That is why he has elevated the Negro to such an exalted status; he needs some touch of humanity, even if it is primitive humanity, in his inhuman church. The halfway-house Christian does not, like his liberal cousin, eliminate Christ from his church. He blends Negro worship with Christian worship, which the liberals permit so long as Christ is reduced to a supporting role and the Negro is the main deity in the pantheon of gods.

The liberal wants nothing to do with antique European civilization because the liberal, who views the incarnation of God as pure myth, rejects everything that comes from a culture in which the people believed in the incarnate Son of God.

And the halfway-house Christian rejects the antique European culture because he thinks he doesn’t need to stay in union with a people whose faith is bred in the bone, because he receives the faith directly from God through the good offices of his local church. Putting aside the obvious fact that it was antique Europeans who created the systems that make the halfway Christian believe he can dispense with the blood faith of his ancestors, let us ask the halfway-house Christian to find another people who lived with and loved the son of God long enough to have seen His face and heard the beating of His Sacred Heart. He can’t think of any others because there aren’t any others. When we are in communion with those racist, non-utopian, antique Europeans we see the face they saw and hear what they heard.

The halfway-house Christians out-Caiaphas Caiaphas. The Jewish leader thought it expedient that one man should die so a people could live. The halfway-house Christians think it expedient that all European Christians should die so that their

Christian-Babylonian churches can survive. This is why the most vehement denunciations of “racism,” “sexism”, and ethnocentrism come from halfway-house Christians. They are afraid that the liberals might mistake them for antique Europeans and they will have to share the same fate as the hated European “white supremacists.”

The halfway-house Christians have tried to present their betrayal of Christianity as a ‘cleansing’: “We are simply trying to present a pure, non-European Christ to the darker races.” Oh, really? If it was a case of German Christians making African natives drink beer and eat pretzels, and Swiss missionaries making native islanders eat cheese, the halfway-house Christians would have a point, but such was not the case and will never be the case. European Christianity is not culture-bound; it is Christianity. If you remove the European element from Christianity and permit native cultures to weave non-European elements into their versions of Christianity, you will get voodoo Christianity, Aztec Christianity, and God knows what other kind of Christianity, but you won’t get the type of Christianity preached by St. Paul.

And even if we pretend you could transport some kind of ethereal, pure Christianity to the non-European people why should that necessitate that the European give up his Christianity in order to appease the colored races? Colored Christianity is always a pagan Christian mix. Why should the European be forced to kneel to the heathen gods rejected by his ancestors?

The original Martha accepted Christ’s gentle rebuke; Mary had chosen the better part. But the anti-European halfway-house Christians are the daughters of Martha gone mad. They want the antique Europeans, the sons of Mary, eradicated from the face of the earth. And they have no compunction about joining the liberal Sons of Herod in order to accomplish the “cleansing” process.

Yes, those Europeans, whom I love and revere, did choose the better part. And because of their choice I was vouchsafed a glimpse of the living God. If I allow His image to fade from my eyes because I allow their world to be eclipsed by the mad-dog liberals and the halfway-house Christians, I will deserve to spend eternity in hell with the liberals. I have seen time and time again the complete collapse of “conservative” churches who do not build their churches on the good European soil. In vain do you tell them that you can’t build a church by blending with Babylon; they cling to Babylon like the proverbial dog returning to his vomit.

In Dostoyevsky’s novel *The Brothers Karamazov*, the author gives the atheist brother, Ivan, a chance to state his case for atheism. And Ivan’s case is superior to St. Augustine’s and Aquinas’s case for God, but Ivan’s case against God is ultimately defeated by Alyosha, who places Christ the Hero in the lists against all the facile, theological explanations of the reason for suffering. Only the Hero God, the Hero of charity, can defeat Ivan’s formidable and true refutation of the facile Christian theologians.

And that is what it comes to for the last Europeans. We have seen the ruin of Christendom because of apostasy and because of fusionist (or what I call halfway-house) Christianity. The first Christian Britons got it right; it is all or nothing. We must believe in either Christ the Hero or Christ the lackey god of the liberals, who plays a supporting role to Martin Luther King Jr. Which Christ is the true God? Our ancestors stood with Christ the Hero. Why should we desire any other God?

It’s not a question, as I so often hear in the ranks of the Right, of whether a call to follow the path of the Heroic Europeans is practical or likely to succeed. Hamlet knew. It is what we are bound to do, whether it is practical, impractical, doomed to failure, or destined for success. That’s more than we know or should seek to know. Europeans face a Rorke’s Drift of the soul, to fight without yielding is all that matters. +

The Dark Gods of Liberalism - JANUARY 22, 2011

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God,
and Him only shalt thou serve.

-Luke 4:8

In Shakespeare’s *King Lear*, Edgar, the faithful and wronged son, philosophizes about facing the worst; he is homeless and penniless, so he thinks he need not fear existence.

Yet better thus, and known to be contemn’d,
Than, still contemn’d and flatter’d, to be worst.
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune
Stands still in Esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Edgar is soon shown the error of his philosophical stoicism when he sees his blind father staggering toward him:

But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that they strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age...

O gods! Who is't can say, "I am
At the worst?"
I am worse than e'er I was...

And worse I may be ye; the worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Heeding Edgar's cautionary words, I won't say that the recent Martin Luther King Jr. festivities were the worst. They were horrific and appalling, but worse they yet may be. It is a sign of the times when the only miracles we see are satanic ones. And it is indeed a satanic miracle when an individual such as Martin Luther King Jr. commands more respect and reverence on his day than does Jesus Christ on Christmas day. Indeed, Christ is only deemed important, even on Christmas day, because He is viewed as a forerunner of the civil rights "champions" of the 1960's. (1)

Of course, there isn't much real love for Martin Luther King Jr., the man. It is what he symbolizes that means so much to the liberals. He stands for the Negro race before whom every man, woman, and child of the white race is supposed to fall down and worship. State and church tell us on an hourly basis that we must do so. Does anyone even ask why we must worship the Negro? No, they don't. It is a given that we simply must worship the Negro.

The enemy of mankind has chosen the race card to destroy mankind. Let no European call himself a Christian who is not willing to fight where the battle rageth. How can a professed Christian bend his knee to the Negro race? It is a blasphemy wedded to a degradation. The future about which Thomas Nelson Page warned us has come upon us:

It has appeared to some that the South has not done its full duty by the negro. Perfection is, without doubt, a standard above humanity; but, at least, we of the South can say that we have done much for him; if we have not admitted him to social equality, it has been under an instinct stronger than reason, and in obedience to a law of self-preservation. Slavery, whatever its demerits, was not in its time the unmitigated evil it is fancied to have been. Its time has passed. No power could compel the South to have it back. But to the negro it was salvation. It found him a savage and a cannibal and in two hundred years gave seven millions of his race a civilization, the only civilization it has had since the dawn of history.

We have educated him; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our aid; but we will not be dominated by him. When we shall be, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk.

This new world -- a better world, our pastors tell us -- was built by men who believed that Christianity, as preached by Europeans, was the foulest, most pernicious heresy ever foisted on mankind. The Utopians built their new world using many of the forms and phrases of the old religion, but there is nothing Christian in the new faith of the modern Europeans. In Christian Europe, faith meant a belief in Christ's divinity and humanity. In modern Europe faith means a belief in the divinity of the black savage. In old Europe hope meant the expectation that we and our loved ones would see our Lord face to face. In modern Europe hope means the expectation that science will cure all physical ills, the white race will be purged from the earth, and a multi-colored race of sub-human creatures will live in peace and harmony in an earthly paradise. And in old Europe, charity was the "greatest of these" because it included faith, hope, and love. In modern Europe, charity means the murder of innocents in the womb, and financial support for colored people who make war on white people.

All people throughout history have institutionalized the values they hold dear. The European people are no exception. When they loved Jesus Christ, they institutionalized Christian values. Now, when they hate Christian Europeans and love the black, they have institutionalized that hate and that love. (see 'Resisting Institutionalized Negro Worship').

About twenty years ago, the American Roman Catholic bishops came up with a neat little trick to avoid their responsibilities to unborn children. They wove abortion into a "seamless garment" with such issues as nuclear disarmament, capital punishment, integration, low cost housing, etc. They were all "life issues." So a liberal politician such

as Ted Kennedy could end up scoring higher on the “life issues” than an anti-abortion politician such as Jesse Helms, and no Catholic need suffer any qualms of conscience for voting for a pro-abort candidate. Pretty clever, wasn’t it?

In the aforementioned case of the clever bishops there was no seamless garment; the bishops merely used the seamless garment gambit to further the cause of Liberaldom. “Whatever serves Liberaldom” is the battle cry of liberals. At present it serves the liberals’ purpose to deny the existence of a seamless iron-clad garment strangling the last remnants of white Europe. But in reality there is such a garment: Church and society are one seamless garment of support for the generic black man, who is the main god in a polytheistic, liberal pantheon of gods including feminists of all colors, people of color, sexual deviants, Jews, Muslims, Indians... the list of lesser gods is endless. So long as they are not heterosexual white males, every type of people can achieve deified status in Liberaldom. But the black will always be the cornerstone god because he is the liberals’ guarantee that satanic confusion shall reign. So long as the natural savage, devoid of all the spiritual attributes of a man, is set up as the king of the gods, the liberal will know that he lives in a land devoid of Christianity. That assurance allows the liberal to build utopia.

It is the Utopian element that fuels Liberaldom. Halfway-house Christians who try to make Christianity compatible with liberalism so that their individual church can survive (“we are not racist, we are not sexist”) are part of Liberaldom, because they do nothing to stop the Utopian express train of Liberaldom. During the American Civil War, the halfway-house Christian Abraham Lincoln said of the radical abolitionist zealots of the North, “I find them personally repulsive, but we are both moving toward Zion” -- “He who is not with me is against me.” You can’t blend Utopian aspirations with Christianity. Only Europeans who want no other world but their own Sussex-by-the-sea, sustained by their Creator, have the stuff to resist the satanic, Utopian dynamo that is liberalism. (2)

In one of my favorite short stories by Kipling, “My Son’s Wife,” he introduces us to a Utopian European:

He had suffered from the disease of the century since his early youth, and before he was thirty he was heavily marked with it. He and a few friends had rearranged Heaven very comfortably, but the reorganization of Earth, which they called society, was even greater fun. It demanded Work in the shape of many taxi-rides daily; hours of brilliant talk with brilliant talkers; some sparkling correspondence; a few silences (but on the understanding that their own turn should come soon) while other people expounded philosophies; and a fair number of picture-galleries, tea-fights, concerns, theatres, music-halls, and cinema shows; the whole trimmed with love-making to women whose hair smelt of cigarette-smoke. Such strong days sent Frankwell Midmore back to his flat assured that he and his friends had helped the World a step nearer the Truth, the Dawn, and the New Order.

Fate intervenes to save Frankwell Midmore from Utopian liberalism. He inherits a farm from his aunt, and in the course of trying to make the farm viable, he learns the necessity of hierarchy, order, and a commonsensical concern for other human beings within his own walk of life, as distinct from an abstract love for all mankind. And, joy of joys, when he acts the part of a genuine man rooted in the eternal things, he earns the love of a real feminine woman, as distinct from the unsexed women whose hair smelt of cigarette-smoke.

Kipling’s indictment of the Utopian dynamo is our own indictment. The liberals’ Utopian world has nothing in it worth living for. Yet we are told we must love the black gods and honor the values of polytheistic liberalism. No, that we will not do. There is no love or honor in the world the liberals have commanded us to live in. Love and honor exist only in the world the Utopians have condemned, a Europe where every hearth fire was warmed by His Sacred Heart.

Black-worshipping, Utopian liberalism is a plague, and you can’t remove a plague without eliminating the breeding grounds for the plague. The breeding grounds for Utopian liberalism are situated in academia, from 1st grade through college, and in the Christ-less Christian churches. I am always surprised to hear a conservative, such as Phyllis Schlafly, warning parents that the schools are teaching perversion and anti-European propaganda. I’m surprised because such writers are assuming there are good, solid parents who believe that perversion is perversion and that anti-Europeanism is a bad thing. We are reaping what we sowed. The 1960’s radicals are grandparents now, and the gutted nihilists of the 1980’s are parents.

And what can we say about the European who has made a whited sepulcher of his local church? When Richelieu was made bishop, a French wag said, “The Bishop of Paris should at least believe in God.’ Yes, and the pastors of Christian churches should at least prefer Christ to Martin Luther King Jr.

The satanic mills of utopia will grind on, and there is little I can do to stop them. But I don’t have to be part of the grist for their mills, nor does any European who prefers Prospero’s prayer -- “Which pierces so that it assaults Mercy itself and frees all faults” -- to the liberals’ hosannas to the natural black savage. +

(1) The Ghost of Christmas Present tells Ebenezer Scrooge that Christmas is not just one day of the year. A man is supposed to keep the spirit of Christmas in his heart 365 days of the year. And nowadays, the white European is told that Martin Luther King Jr. Day is not just one day; we are commanded to worship the Negro all 365 days of the year.

(2) It is now glaringly apparent that halfway-house Christians will permit any and every liberal blasphemy in their churches so long as they are allowed to congregate in their churches. They don't care about the content of their worship so long as they are allowed to meet and worship. This suits Satan; he would much rather use existing structures to spread his teaching than have to build his own sanctuaries. Besides, it is best not to be too blatant. Satan always prefers to rule by proxy. So long as the Christian churches teach satanic doctrines he sees no need to intervene.

Apostate Europe - JANUARY 15, 2011

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,...
--Shakespeare

I'm sure I'm not telling the reader anything he doesn't already know when I say that the life insurance business is a racket. This not-so startling fact was brought home to me recently when my insurance company told me that they were quadrupling my term insurance rates because now I was indeed a risk. When I was young and no risk, they were quite willing to give me the bargain rate, but now that I'm past mid-fifty I'm a big risk and I must pay. Yes, I must pay, but I won't pay quadruple rates, so I contacted another insurance company who offered me less coverage at a lower rate. It's a difficult tightrope to walk, trying to stay out of debt in the here-and-now while endeavoring to leave something for one's children even if it's nothing more than the money for funeral expenses.

So here I go again -- a new insurance company requires another physical examination. Why are they so depressing? Partly because no one likes to be poked and probed by a stranger, but there is also something metaphysical behind our revulsion to doctors and physicals. When in the hands of the medical community a human being becomes a body part, a person defined by his or her generic disease, a cancerous lung, prostrate, or breast, high blood pressure, a bad heart, etc. The human spirit rebels against that type of classification. Even those people who deny the soul have a tiny protesting voice inside them saying, "A personality dwells here; don't treat me as a generic disease." Of course, the liberal, who has chained his humanity to the dungeon of his soul where the tiny voice of a human personality is seldom heard, need only anesthetize himself with modernity in order to quell the tiny voice of his soul. And it is my belief that there has never been a time in the European's history when he has more resembled a man devoid of all humanity than at the present time. Edmund Burke feared, when he looked at the spectacle of the French Revolution, that the men of his time were "spending the unbought grace of life." The modern European has spent it all.

H. V. Morton once pointed out that Dickens' characters were not exaggerated. Such people, people with personalities, used to exist in Europe. When God's grace, the grace that makes us human beings instead of soulless, cookie-cutter automatons, was rejected Europe ceased to produce Pickwicks, Sam Wellers, and Wilson Micawbers. In his novel *Ebb Tide*, Robert Louis Stevenson describes his hero as one who has the "animation of the European in his eyes." Who put that animation in the European's eye and why has it died out?

The first apostles put forth their story of God. The European people believed that story was true and their faith was reflected in their culture. In *Treasure Island*, Ben Gunn, who has been marooned on Treasure Island, says that he hasn't eaten Christian food for three years. In *The Mask of Fu Manchu*, the evil Fu Manchu tells the captive Englishmen that he hates the white Christians. All cultures are not the same. Ben Gunn didn't have to say he wanted to eat European food; it was a given that 'Christian food' meant 'European food.' And Fu Manchu didn't have to say, "I hate Englishmen," it was a given that all Englishmen were white Christians.

Now it is a given that most Europeans are apostate Christians who worship at the shrine of a faith that blends Negro worship and the worship of science. To be racist or non-scientific are two terrible sins in modern, faithless Europe. Pope Benedict XVI is an exemplar of the new faithless faith. He recently repudiated man's connection to a personal God, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul by asserting his faith in the 'Big Bang' theory with the caveat that God created the Big Bang. Move over, Voltaire -- you have company in your pantheon of deists. What can be expected from a man who stated, when a cardinal, that the next pope should be black? The Pope is addicted to modernity; he worships at a shrine that combines Negro worship with the worship of all things said to be 'scientific.'

The presence of an apostate Pope in Rome is a terrible tragedy, and the presence throughout the nations of Europe of apostate Protestant religious clergy is also a terrible tragedy, because the faithless clergy have produced a faithless people, devoid of any of the traits usually associated with Europeans in the Christian era. The heirs of the people who produced real-life versions of Maud Ruthyn, Ivanoe, and Alyosha Karamazov now produce creatures devoid of humanity who have only one desire: to lose the last remnants of their humanity by blending with the black race. With the blessing of modern

science, which declares everyone equally soulless and devoid of a distinct personality connected to a personal God, the modern European pursues oblivion.

In the Gospels there are people who immediately grasp that Jesus is divine. And there are many that see nothing special about Him. Pilate, for instance, looks right in Christ's face without seeing the divine personality that animates His face. I see this drama of moral blindness unfolding in modern Europe. All around us are still the stories, the paintings, the sculptures, and the recorded histories of a people who loved Christ and believed He was the Savior of mankind. But the modern Europeans can look at the Divine Face that appears in the stories, the paintings, the sculptures, and the histories and see nothing special in what they see. They turn from the Christ of antique Europe and embrace their heathen gods of blackness and science. What a falling off!

A second Europe has been built over old Europe. Dostoevsky's short novel *Notes from the Underground* was aptly titled. The Christian European now lives below the surface of modern civilization, plotting -- a counter-revolution? his death? his surrender? I can't say; I hope it is a counter-revolution, but it is best to face the worst and act on the assumption that if you act according to the code of the ancient Europeans you will be acting alone.

The term 'humanity' is often on the lips of the modern European, which is quite an irony since the European no longer has a human personality. He is now, having lost his soul, only part of a generic human species. Broad-based schemes to save humanity are quite common today, but do such broad-based schemes help individual human beings who still yearn for a God with a human heart?

Recently some nut-case tried to assassinate a Democratic congresswoman and in his unsuccessful attempt he shot and killed a number of innocent bystanders. Many Democrats blamed the shooting on their Republican brethren, and some Democrats called for a coming together "in our common humanity." Isn't such a plea like closing the proverbial barn door after the horse has already left the barn? The Republicans and most especially the Democrats, including the pro-abortion, pro-illegal immigration congresswoman who was shot, have repudiated any ties to humanity when they repudiated every single value of their Christian European ancestors. What "common humanity" can there be amongst the followers of Satan? The Republicans and the Democrats can unite in their common inhumanity, but a European who still feels connected to his European ancestors and to his ancestors' God does not want to be united to the modern liberal Europeans, "for who would be wedded to hell"?

And for all the liberal blather about compassion and humanity do you think the same people who sneer at the torture-murder of white people and the death of innocents in the abortuaries really feel one ounce of pity or compassion for the wretched congresswoman or any of the other victims of the madman's rage? No, of course they don't. You, dear reader, if you are an antique European feel more genuine compassion for your enemy, the congresswoman, than any of the liberals, because the antique European is still connected to an older civilization in which the people believed, heart and soul, in a God whose mercy passeth all understanding.

In Christendom men and women had personalities because they were receptive to the grace of God. In Liberaldom there are no human personalities because the citizens of Liberaldom have cut themselves off from God's grace. What we see in Liberaldom as a substitute for genuine God-given humanity is assigned personhood. Some of the generic humans are told they are persons, as a liberal defines 'person'. Representative Gifford, for instance, is a person because she does good liberal things. If she had been a white anti-abortion senator such as Jesse Helms, or if she had been someone whom the liberals called a white racist, she would not have been deemed worthy of personhood and therefore would not have received even the fake compassion of the liberals. We must never forget, when dealing with liberals, that there will be no mercy shown to non-liberals, because liberals have denied Christ, who is the source of all mercy.

To look for humanity in Liberaldom is the same as looking for pirates' gold in your backyard. You won't find either. Better to stay in the underground with proscribed Europe and make small guerilla raids on Liberaldom. You might start something that others will bring to a glorious finish. At the very least, you will know that "a personality stands here!" +

The Tide Rises - JANUARY 08, 2011

But I don't doubt of you, and so I send you forth. Christ is with you. Do not abandon Him and He will not abandon you.
--*The Brothers Karamazov*

A few days ago I saw the most obscene thing I have ever seen on a television screen. Was it a porno movie? No, it was something infinitely more obscene. What I saw was a roundtable of ministers, rabbis, and priests talking about the necessity of allowing Moslems to build a mosque at the 9/11 site. And please don't think the clerics' zeal for a mosque

struck me as obscene only because the mosque was to be built on the 9/11 site; 9/11 was a tragedy, but it pales in comparison to the ongoing slaughter of whites by blacks on our city streets, and the ongoing slaughter of the innocents in their mothers' wombs. The clerics' zeal for a mosque is an obscenity of monumental proportions because through their advocacy they are blasphemers and mass murderers; they are blasphemers because they are blending Christianity and Islam, which is a denial of Christ, and mass murderers because Islam is a religion in which the murder of the infidel is viewed as a holy act. To tolerate any mosque on your native soil is to encourage the mass murder of your people. But of course white witch doctors -- indeed every member of the panel was a Ph.D. -- have no "people"; they came into the world on a satanic whirlwind and they will go out the same way.

There can be no excuses for the blaspheming, murdering scum at the roundtable discussion. They are worse than any of the past enemies of Christian Europe. At least Attila the Hun was a straight-forward, honest pagan. He didn't cloak his hatred of Christian Europe in ecumenical gas. And Julian the Apostate came at Christians head-on; he didn't support their enemies and then tell them he was their friend.

It's customary to talk about the aforementioned clerics in sympathetic terms: "They are just high-minded men with their heads in the clouds; we must forgive them because their hearts are in the right place." But that is not so. Precisely the opposite is the case. The "high-minded men" do not have their hearts in the right place for the simple reason that the high-minded men have no hearts. They killed that affective organ long ago, and as a consequence they serve Satan and Satan alone. The roundtable clerics were not an isolated gathering of lunatics who had escaped from a nearby asylum. They are representative of the Christ-hating (and therefore white-hating, because the white civilization was the Christian civilization) clerics who currently occupy the European churches and the European universities. Nor is their unorthodoxy confined to the subject of Islam. If the panel discussion had been about Negro atrocities, every panel member would have echoed the "loving forgiveness" of the late Pope John XXIII and voted to continue to worship the blacks despite their atrocities. "Though they slay thee, yet will we worship them."

The clergy have all become the type of men our Lord warned us about: "Beware of the scribes, which desire to walk in long robes, and love greetings in the markets, and the highest seats in the synagogues, and the chief rooms at feasts; Which devour widows' houses, and for a shew make long prayers: the same shall receive greater damnation." Luke 20: 46-47

These men of intellect, who cannot think and have no heart, have brought about the death of the European people. If the European people could break free of them, they could still find life in this world and life abundant in the next. I hear the cynic's reply, "And if horses were wishes, then beggars would ride." I can't deny that the European seems to have no spiritual pulse, but neither I nor the cynic can see the future. Nothing is written. The statistical Buchananites may be quite right about the death of Europe, but there is still our Shakespearean answer to the Buchananites: "We defy augury."

Many years ago when I first read *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, I fell in love with the Arnold of Rugby described by Thomas Hughes in the book. When I went to my school library for more information about Arnold of Rugby, I was very disappointed. The reference books stated just the facts, like Jack Webb in *Dragnet*. Arnold wrote a few books, made some reforms at Rugby and was the inspiration for a book called *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Those were the facts of Arnold's life as related by the "just the facts" reference books. The facts seemed quite cold and lifeless compared to the personal testimony of Thomas Hughes. But how could it be otherwise? Hughes loved Thomas Arnold, and what he wrote about him flowed from that love. And love sees and knows things that the factoid mind cannot fathom. So it was with the people of Christian Europe. They knew Christ because in their heart of hearts they loved Him. The modern intellectuals who have no hearts cannot tell us anything about Christ other than the bare-bone facts of His life. And they can't even agree on the facts of His life. Nor can they respond to the testimony of His apostles because they don't believe in the testimony of His apostles. They have eyes, but they see not, and having no hearts they believe not. The storybook, heartfelt faith of the European people has been changed to an intellectual faith in the goodness of the natural savage and the equality of all religious faiths under the all-seeing, impersonal eye of nature.

The evil men on that religious panel were not halfway-house Christians, they were full-fledged, mad-dog liberals without a trace of Christianity inside them. Their modus operandi is to use the external symbols of Christianity and certain key catchwords of Christianity to bring the halfway-house Christians completely into the liberal tent. They are succeeding at a rapid rate. Halfway-house Christians are a dying breed, which would be a good thing if they were leaving halfway-house Christianity to become European Christians, but such is not the case. If the shadows cast by the all-pervasive religious experts are not altered, there soon will be no faith on earth. And as faith recedes, everything that makes life worth living fades away like pixie dust. It's difficult under such circumstances to avoid suicidal despair. Depression pills and other "happy pills" only push despair deeper into the soul; they don't eliminate the despair caused by a life lived within the confines of Liberalism.

Jean-Paul Sartre, the sometime Marxist, full-time atheist, and hero of the French avant-garde, once wrote a play called *No Exit*. The simple message of the play was that life on earth was hell and there was no exit from hell. Sartre was partially

correct. Life in Liberaldom is hell, and the modern world is Liberaldom. But there is an exit. The walls of Liberaldom are mind-forged walls, created by the type of men who were present at the religious roundtable. Such walls are impenetrable to all modern Europeans who live in thrall to the “this world only” theology of the “men of intellect,” but they are not impenetrable to Europeans who do not worship at the proscribed liberal shrines. The liberal shrines to the black man, the feminists, and the “sexually enlightened” are all shrines to the perfectibility of man within the confines of Liberaldom. And every liberal shrine is built on the materialist assumption that there is no spiritual realm that exists over and above Liberaldom.

The European who has maintained his links to the past cannot be confined within the walls of Liberaldom. The European past is always past, present, and future to the non-liberal European, because the living God is always past, present, and future. Only in the purely material realm is it impossible for three to be one. All the blathering blasphemies of the roundtable “religious men,” blasphemies that have become part of the fabric of modern Europe, cannot negate the reality of God’s world, the world of yesterday, today, and tomorrow, where He shall reign forever and ever. I have never had a mystical vision or a prophetic dream, but there have been white moments in my life when He seems close at hand. Such moments come to me when I feel all the forces of hell are closing in on me. Now that the men of intellect have built hell on Europe’s pleasant pastures, the forces of hell seem to be exerting a constant, malignant pressure on my soul. They can’t prevail, because He always provides the force to resist. When I read through the poets of Europe’s Christian era, I see that they saw this spiritual law operating throughout European man’s history. When Satan attacks, Christ comes to our defense. As Hansel and Gretel’s father declares:

When hope is nearly gone
God’s relief to us is surely won.

The gates of hell are real. The modern European can certainly testify to their reality. But if the modern European would look to the storybook Europe of his European ancestors, he would see, and know that what he saw was true: the gates of hell shall not prevail. +

Christ of the prophesied cross, who knows me, will guide me
Past hell, the painful isolated abode.
The creator who created me will receive me
Among the pure people, the folk of Enlli.

--Old Welsh Poem

The Tragic Misalliance - JANUARY 01, 2011

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

--Wm. Shakespeare Twelfth Night

I must confess to a certain relief when the Christmas season is over, not because I share the ‘bah, humbug’ sentiments of the pre-repentant Ebenezer Scrooge, but because at Christmas time I often have to spend time with relatives outside of my immediate family. And the relatives outside of my immediate family are mad-dog liberals and halfway-house Christians. You would think that I would get along better with my halfway-house Christian relatives than my mad-dog liberal relatives would get along with them, but such is not the case. The mad-dog liberals get along better with the halfway-house Christians than they do with me. And my extended family seems to mirror the outside world; in Liberaldom the halfway-house Christians get along better with mad-dog liberals than with antique Christians of European heritage. Why is this?

I think the mad-dog liberals and the halfway house Christians are more compatible with each other than with the Christian Europeans because of their mutual belief in progress. The liberal is committed heart and soul to his belief in the perfectibility of mankind. He worships the future because that is where the cosmic act of perfection will take place. The liberal hates the past and all those who seek to maintain a bridge to the past, because in the past is imperfection, and imperfection is evil. The antique Christian hated Satan and his works. The modern liberal hates the antique European and all of his works.

The liberal's faith in the future is consistent with his godless belief in the perfectibility of man. But what can we say about the halfway-house Christian who professes to believe in original sin and a God who redeemed mankind from the consequences of original sin? Why would a professed Christian believe as fervently as the liberal in the upward and onward perfectibility of mankind? The halfway-house Christian of the fundamentalist variety will deplore the liberal's espousal of Darwinian evolution, yet he will join with the liberal in lauding the democratic egalitarianism of the Western democracies as the endpoint of an evolutionary process that somehow cleanses all men who participate in the process. And halfway-house Christians like John Paul II will criticize legalized abortion and then turn right around and praise the feminists for moving mankind onward and upward to a new, compassionate, better world. O brave new world that has such schizophrenic creatures in it!

The Roman Catholic has some justification for siding with the liberals. His church has always been open to an evolutionary, adaptable Christianity. The secular historian Carroll Quigley praised Roman Catholicism for being evolutionary rather than static and moribund like Protestant fundamentalism. But the fundamentalists have given the lie to Quigley and evolved beyond "mere Christianity" like their Roman Catholic brethren.

The halfway-house Christians of the Roman Catholic and the Protestant persuasions feel akin to progressive liberalism because they have fallen prey to the universalist heresy. "If Christ calls all men to salvation," the halfway-house Christian reasons, "then the people who call for a universal faith (the liberals) have their hearts in the right place and are closer to us in spirit than the narrow-minded Europeans of the past." What the halfway-house Christian fails to see is that the Lord who calls all men to salvation also destroyed the Tower of Babel. Christian universalism and Babylonian universalism are as different as heaven and hell. Christian universalism respects the human personality; it respects the distinctions between peoples, between persons, and between the sexes that help man to know and love his creator. The liberal, who worships Satan, is being true to his faith when he condemns the Christian European in the name of a Christ-less future. But the halfway-house Christian is betraying his god by condemning the Christ-centered, non-progressive Europe of his ancestors. There is no Christ in the Babylonian future of the liberals. The halfway-house Christian with his Bible or rosary in hand will ultimately drink from the same satanic trough as the liberal unless he gives up his dream of a universalist Christianity in which the unity of mankind is more important than the distinctiveness of Christ.

The historians of the European people such as Bill Cooper (*After the Flood*) and Mike Gascoigne (*Forgotten History of the Western People*) tell us that it was the descendants of Ham who built the Tower of Babel. The black man seems to be the cornerstone of Babylon. If Satan can mix the black with the white, then he can erase the image of God from the face of the earth.

Before destroying the Tower of Babel, the Lord destroyed the earth by flood. And we are told in Genesis 6:4 that God destroyed the earth because demons had slept with mortal women, creating a race of giants who had no knowledge of the true God. The similarities between the Tower of Babel account, the story of the flood, and the modern liberal chronicles are striking. Satan seeks to destroy by integration --the demon with the mortal, the sons of Ham with the sons of Shem and Japheth.

The liberals, who follow the father of all lies, cloak their evil with God-words such as 'universal' and 'integration.' No decent person is supposed to be against the integration of the races into one harmonious entity called 'mankind.' More evil has been perpetuated under the guise of the universal brotherhood and harmonious integration of all mankind than any other satanic artifice. And the halfway-house Christians have joined with the liberals to help further the cause of satanic universalism and integration. In fact the halfway-house Christians are even more zealous than the liberals in their pursuit of universal integration, because they want to prove they are not like the racist, exclusive Christians of the past. "Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, they were racist, I am not; Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, they excluded, I do not," is the earnest, self-congratulatory prayer of the modern, halfway-house Christian.

There is a European response to the halfway-house Christian:

1) Nothing good comes from betraying your own people in the name of some abstract principle of universal brotherhood. If the halfway-house Christian asks me why mixing with the black constitutes a betrayal of his own people, I will tell him it is a betrayal because when whites mix with the black, the few whites who are not exterminated become heathens. From Babel to Haiti, to the New Orleans Superdome, the story is always the same when the white blends with the black.

2) Is God a democratic egalitarian? Why does segregation and a hierarchically structured society in which the black man is subordinate constitute a lack of love on God's part or on the part of the rulers of the hierarchically structured society? Let's suppose a father has three sons, one of whom is retarded. Let's further suppose that the retarded son has certain violent, irresponsible tendencies that manifest themselves when he is left unattended by his two brothers. When his brothers are with him, the retarded son behaves himself and actually shows himself capable of behaving in a humane manner toward his brothers and other people. Knowing and loving his retarded son, the father, in his last will and testament, leaves the care of the retarded man-child to his older brothers. At the father's death, the two normal brothers keep their sacred trust

and maintain a benevolent but strict guardianship of their brother. Is God a democratic egalitarian? No, He is not. He loves us all differently and in the way that is most conducive to the salvation of our souls.

As I mentioned at the onset of this article, I have seen this coalition between the halfway-house Christian and the liberal at close range within my own extended family. It is not a pretty sight. The halfway-house Christian who makes the misalliance demonstrates ingratitude and moral cowardice -- two of the worst human sins -- ingratitude to his European ancestors who fought the good fight against principalities and powers, and moral cowardice in the face of the liberal threat to impoverish and ostracize all those who do not sing hosannas to the savage gods of universalism and integration. But the antique European must endure to the end because the savage gods of the liberals and the halfway-house Christians are not his gods. The European has only one God, the Man of Sorrows, who placed a wreath over the graves of our European ancestors and bid us be true to them unto death. If we don't love and protect the people that God ordained us to love over all, we will not be a people; we will be liberals. +
